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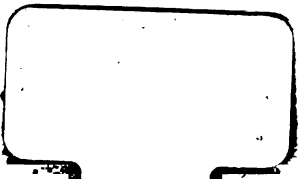




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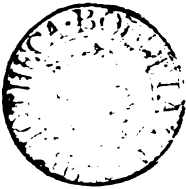


THE  
SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

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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 recognises 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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THE  
Spiritual Magazine.

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Vol. I.]

JANUARY, 1860.

[No. 1.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

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IN presenting this, the first Number of the *Spiritual Magazine* to our Readers, we wish briefly to state that our object is to establish, if possible, a Periodical which shall be in every way worthy of the respectful consideration of the Public at large, and of the sacred and important cause it is intended to advocate.

Ours is peculiarly a labour of love. We do not expect nor desire to make the Magazine a remunerative speculation; on the contrary, we are prepared to sustain it by sacrifices both pecuniary and personal; and whilst inviting contributors from all parts of the world to help us in our task, we must be permitted to exercise our humble judgment in rejecting all matter which we may deem unsuited to the object we have in view.

Believing that "Spiritualism" inculcates no Sectarian prejudices, but that its facts and its teachings are needed by every denomination of religionists, and by all classes of philosophers, we especially deprecate and will endeavour to avoid all dogmatism.

We are aware that the subject may be viewed, even by those who accept its reality, from many points, and therefore we shall deem it a duty to give prominence to all communications of sufficiently literary merit, whether their tendency be to advance the spread of Spiritualism or not, feeling assured, that "if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."



## THE END AND AIM OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

THERE is no topic connected with this subject less thoroughly understood than this, even by firm believers in the Intercourse, and even my conceptions of it, imperfect as they must necessarily be, can hardly be detailed within the limits of this paper. I can attempt only to refer briefly to a few of the more important considerations:

1. No man or woman has probably ever lived who has not at some time felt a yearning yet once again to hold communion with some loved one whom death has removed from sight; and this prayer, so instinctive and so universal with the whole family of man, is now, in the beneficence of a Divine Providence, answered more specifically and more generally than ever before known. And the first thing demonstrated to us is that we can commune with the spirits of the departed; that such communion is through the instrumentality of persons yet living; that the fact of mediumship is the result of physical organization; that the kind of communion is affected by moral causes, and that the power, like all our other faculties, is possessed in different degrees, and is capable of improvement by cultivation.

2. It is also demonstrated that that which has been believed in all ages of the world, and in all religions, namely: intercourse between man in the mortal life, and an intelligence in the unseen world beyond the grave—after having passed through the phases of revelation, inspiration, oracles, magic, incantation, witchcraft, clairvoyance, and animal magnetism, has in this age culminated in a manifestation which can be proved and understood; and, like every other gift bestowed upon man, it is capable of being wielded by him for good or perverted to evil.

3. That which has thus dealt with man in all time is not, as some have supposed, the direct voice of the Creator nor of the Devil, as a being having an independent existence, and a sovereignty in the universe of God, nor of angels, as a class of beings having a distinct creation from the human family, but of the spirits of those who have like us lived upon earth in the mortal form.

4. These things being established, by means which show a settled purpose and intelligent design, they demonstrate man's immortality, and that in the simplest way, by appeals alike to his reason, to his affections, and to his senses. They thus show

that they whom we once knew as living on earth do yet live, after having passed the gates of death, and leave in our minds the irresistible conclusion, that if they thus live we shall. This task Spiritualism has already performed on its thousands and its tens of thousands—more, indeed, in the last ten years, than by all the pulpits in the land—and still the work goes bravely on. God speed it! for it is doing what man's unaided reason has for ages tried in vain to do, and what, in this age of infidelity, seemed impossible to accomplish.

5. Thus, too, is confirmed to us the Christian religion, which so many have questioned or denied. Not, indeed, that which sectarianism gives us, nor that which descends to us from the dark ages, corrupted by selfishness or distorted by ignorance, but that which was proclaimed through the spiritualism of Jesus of Nazareth in the simple injunction—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

6. As by the inspiration through a foundling of the Nile there was revealed to man the existence of one God over all, instead of the many deities he was then worshipping; and as by the inspiration of Him who was born in a manger, there was next revealed man's immortal existence beyond the grave, of which even the most enlightened had then but a faint idea, so now through the lowly of the earth comes a further revelation, confirmatory of those, and adding the mighty truth, what is the existence in which that immortality is to be spent.

Throughout all the manifestations—in every form and in every language—whatever the discrepancies, uncertainties, and contradictions on other topics, on this of the nature of man's future existence, all coincide and harmonize. It comes in broken fragments of scattered revelations, here a little and there a little, part through one and part through another, but forming when gathered together a sublime whole, from which we can surely learn the nature and condition of the life on which we shall enter after this shall have ended.

This, as I understand it, is the great end and object of the movement, all else being merely incidental to it. But it has only begun, and its progress is slow; not from want of power to communicate, but from want of capacity to comprehend. Much that has already been revealed, has not from this cause been received even by the most advanced Spiritualists, and of course not given to the world. But the work is going on; more is added day by day, and it will not be long before enough will be received by all, to open to their conception a knowledge of our future

existence, whose value no man can calculate, whose effects no man can imagine.

7. Enough, however, has already been given to show that man's destiny is PROGRESS, onward, upward, from his birth to eternity. Circumstances may retard but cannot interrupt this destiny, and man's freedom is that he may accelerate or retard, but he cannot prevent it. He may hasten it, as did one whose life on earth had been devoted to doing good to his fellows, and who said to me that he had passed away in the full consciousness of the change, had found himself surrounded and welcomed by those whom he had aided while on earth, and had paused not one moment in the sphere of Remorse; or he may, by a life of sin and selfishness, retard it for a period long enough to satisfy the vengeance even of an angry Deity—if such a thing can be.

8. Our progress is to be alike in knowledge, in love, and in purity. Alike in all it must be. And any circumstance which causes us in any one of these elements to lag behind the advance of the others is sure to bring unfortunate consequences in its train, though not always unhappiness. So clear, so universal is this injunction to progress in all three of these elements, that the heresies which spring up among us from our imperfect knowledge of them need give us no alarm. While the command is "Love ye one another," so ever attendant upon it is that other, "Be ye pure, even as your Father in Heaven is pure."

Incidental to these more important points are many minor considerations on which I cannot now dwell. By a careful attention they will all be found consistent with these weightier matters. Distorted sometimes by the imperfection of the mediums through which the intercourse comes, and sometimes perverted by the passions of those who receive it, carefully considered and patiently studied until understood, I can safely assert, after nearly nine years' earnest attention to the subject, that there is nothing in Spiritualism that does not directly tend to the most exalted private worth and public virtue.

True, to some it is a mere matter of curiosity, and to others a philosophy; but to many it is now, and to all, in the end will be a religion,—because all religion is the science of the future life, and because it never fails to awaken in the heart that devotion which is at once a badge and an attribute of our immortality.

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"But we shall never marry, neither one or the other of us; we shall go on apart and alone, till the next world. Perhaps she will come to me then, I may have her in my heart there."—*John Halifax*, p. 167.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCH OF THE  
UNITED BRETHREN.

By the Author of "Confessions of a Truth Seeker."

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THERE is much in the character and history of the Church of United Brethren, or Moravians, which, if considered, cannot fail to excite the interest and sympathy of earnest and thoughtful men, and especially of all those who profess the reformed faith, to whatever Christian denomination they may belong. Mr. Wilberforce, in his well-known work on Christianity, describes the Brethren as "a Body of Christians, who have perhaps, excelled all mankind in solid and unequivocal proofs of the love of Christ, and of the most ardent, and active, and patient zeal in his service. It is a zeal tempered with prudence, softened with meekness, soberly aiming at great ends, by the gradual operation of well-adapted means, supported by a courage which no danger can intimidate, and a quiet constancy which no hardships can exhaust."

The ancestors of the United Brethren had been a church of martyrs for many ages before the Reformation. They gave their testimony against the evils and corruptions of the Church, and maintained it faithfully even unto death. They performed their church worship in their own tongue, and never gave the Bible out of their own hands. Their Church lays claim to Apostolical succession, and certainly exhibits many Apostolic virtues;—and their history proved that they retained many of the Apostolic gifts. Among their confessors and martyrs they reckon John Huss, and Jerome of Prague. So great was their reverence for the Scriptures, that when in the fifteenth century the bloody hand of persecution struck at them to exterminate them, they kindled midnight fires in the thickest forests, and assembled around them to read the Word; and in the deep and solemn silence offer up their heart-felt prayers to God.

About the year 1470, they availed themselves of the newly-discovered art of printing, to publish in the Bohemian language a translation of the whole Bible, Wickliffe's excepted—the first translation of it that we have upon record into any European tongue.

In the year 1722, the Church of the Brethren was raised, as it were from the dead, by a persecution intended to crush its last remnant in Bohemia. Some families flying from thence, found refuge on the estates of Count Zinzendorf, in Lusatia, where they built a humble village called *Hernhut*, (signifying the Watch of

the Lord) which soon became the principal settlement of the Brethren. Their numbers gradually increased, and they have now various small congregations throughout Germany, as well as in Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Holland, North America, and Great Britain. They were the first Protestant Church to send out Missionaries to the heathen, and they have continued to be emphatically *the* Missionary Church. Such was the devotedness of their first Missionaries that they had determined *to sell themselves for slaves* in order that they might have an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the Africans, should they find no other way to accomplish their purpose. In the same spirit, one of their first Missionaries to Greenland writes, "There was no need of much time nor expense for our equipment. The congregation consisted chiefly of poor exiles who had not much to give, and we ourselves had nothing but the clothes on our backs." These Missionaries to Greenland travelled to Copenhagen on foot, and when told that in Greenland they could get no timber with which to build themselves a house, "then," said they, "we will dig a hole in the earth and lodge there."

Such were the men among whom occurred the remarkable manifestations we are about to relate. As their historian tells us, "The congregation, of which the Church then consisted, had for its germ the choice of Bohemia and Moravia. A great part of them were witnesses who had resisted even to blood, and even to tortures; who had seen with joy the spoiling of their goods, and in whom the spirit of their ancestors lived again. With them were united other Christians, who had been previously attached to other Protestant Churches, but who had all felt the need of a more vital religion, and of a closer spiritual union." Of Count Zinzendorf, who subsequently joined them and became their bishop, and devoted his life and fortune to the service of the Brethren and the Church; he remarks that never, perhaps, did a candidate for the sacred ministry undergo, or challenge a more severe examination."

The work from which our examples are taken, is the Rev. A. Bost's History of the Church of the Brethren (the author, I believe, is not a member of the Brethren's Communion). He remarks, "as to the truth of the facts, I think that my authorities may be accounted most respectable. Not to mention that the German nation in general, to which I am indebted for them, as an established character for honesty and solidity; the Moravian Brethren in particular, and their writers, share the same character in the highest degree; and their writings possess every quality that can entitle them to it."

In a general description of the Brethren's Church, (1740) it is stated very simply that "in respect to church matters, there are

occasionally observed Apostolic graces, *miracles, gifts of seers, &c.* They are received in a child-like spirit, and there the matter ends." Again, in the same paper Zinzendorf declares, "I owe this testimony to our beloved Church, that Apostolic powers are there manifested. We have had undeniable proofs thereof in the unequivocal discovery of things, persons, and circumstances *which could not, humanly, have been discovered*:—in the healing of maladies in themselves incurable—such as cancers, consumptions when the patient was in the agonies of death, &c., all by means of prayer, or of a single word. We have seen hypocrites publicly unmasked, without anything that was the occasion externally;—visible signs, both of condemnation and also of recovery, in men who had offended with respect to the Church;—we have seen wild beasts stopped at the moment of their attack, by the word of the Lord, without any external aid, and without having themselves received any hurt, &c." Again, in 1730, "At this juncture, various *supernatural gifts* were manifested in the Church, and miraculous cures were wrought. The Brethren and the Sisters believed, in a child-like spirit, what the Saviour had said respecting the efficacy of prayer; and when any object strongly interested them, they used to speak to Him about it, and to trust in Him as capable of all good: then it was done unto them according to their faith." The Count, "did not wish the Brethren and Sisters to make too much noise about these matters, and regard them as extraordinary; but when, for example, a brother was cured of any disease, even of the worst kind, by a single word or by some prayer, he viewed this as a very simple matter; calling to mind, even that saying of Scripture, that 'signs were not for those who believe, but for those who believe not.'"

David Nitschman, one of the Brethren, wrote an account of his life, and "of the miraculous escape which the Lord vouchsafed to him." From this narrative we extract the following passage:—"When all this investigation was over, they shut us up again all together, chained two and two—I, however, was ironed apart.

"One Thursday evening, I told my brethren that I had thoughts of leaving them that night: 'And I, too,' instantly added David Schneider,—'I mean to go with you.' We had to wait till eleven. Not knowing how I should get rid of my irons, I laid my hand upon the padlock which fastened them, to try and open it with a knife; and, behold it was opened! I began to weep for joy, and I said to Schneider, 'Now I see that it is the will of God that we should go.' We removed the irons from our feet, we took leave of the other Brethren in profound silence, and crossed the court to see if we could find a ladder. I went as far

as the principal passage, which was secured by two doors; and I found the first opened, and the second also. This was a second sign to us that we were to go. Being once out of the castle, we hung our irons on the wall, and we crossed the garden to reach my dwelling, where we waited awhile, that I might tell my wife how she should proceed when I sent some one to fetch her."

There are some persons, we know, who will regard the circumstances of this deliverance—the sudden purpose of escaping expressed by both prisoners before the means of escape were known,—the deliverance from irons without visible agency,—and the finding the two prison doors open, as mere coincidences; and doubtless the earthquake, the loosening of the prisoners' bands, and the opening of the prison doors in the case of Paul and Silas, would admit of the same easy explanation at their hands. The Brethren, like the Apostles, thought otherwise; they regarded it as a manifestation of supernatural power in their behalf, and gave praises unto God.

A considerable portion of the spiritual experience of the Brethren consisted in *previsions*, *presentiments*, and *spiritual impressions* and *impulses*, and these were faithfully recorded and acted upon by them, with a great attendant blessing. We can give only one or two instances of each of these. When Zinzendorf was about to take, in his circumstances, the extraordinary step of entering into holy orders, he conferred with his wife upon the subject, "who, with astonishing distinctness, shewed and foretold him all that happened in consequence." On one occasion, upon hearing of an order of banishment, Zinzendorf declared that he should not be able to return to *settle* at Hernhut for *ten* years. Through interest in his behalf he was enabled at the end of a year to return for a short time, but through new intrigues was soon again compelled to depart under an order of banishment for life. This order was taken off at the end of *ten* years, when the Count returned and *settled* at Hernhut as predicted. The following account is given of a premonition or presentiment which occurred to Zinzendorf, and of the event which proved that presentiment to be well grounded:—

"In the course of this same journey, a very remarkable circumstance befel him;—having stayed, one day, with a Count of his acquaintance, and having according to custom continued the conversation very far on in the night, he prepared to retire to rest; but a singular presentiment impelled him instantly to continue his journey. Having thereupon consulted the Lord in prayer, he was confirmed in this feeling; he took his leave of the Count, had his horses put to, and had scarcely set out, when the ceiling of the room where he was to have slept, fell in! The Count, in whose

house this took place, retained a deep impression of the occurrence; and Spangenberg, who relates the fact, had himself seen both the individual and the room."

Again, one of their first Missionaries, Leonard Dober, when the perils of his missionary project were pointed out to him, and he was told terrible stories of the cruelty of the Cannibals, and of their rancour against Europeans, "used to answer that he himself was astonished when he thought upon his project; but that he could not help following the impulse which he felt, and obeying therein the will of God."

But, perhaps, the most singular custom among the Brethren— one clearly evincing their belief in Spiritual and Divine guidance, was "to refer the decision of doubtful cases, where opinions were divided, to the *lot*, or rather, under this title, to the Lord himself." For this practice they found Apostolical warrant and precedent in the New Testament. (Acts i., 24-26) It is to be remarked, however, that the decision of the lot was not enforced upon any one, for instance, in the case of a person so elected to any office, in opposition to his conscientious conviction to the contrary. Again, the lot was always required to be used publicly and by those who bore office in the Church, and by common agreement. It was never used when the subject was clearly decided in Scripture, or by a fixed rule in the Church, or when the will of God was distinctly marked out by Divine Providence; and never except as a religious act, and with all seriousness and due solemnity of preparation.

If, as the Rev. J. B. Marsden asserts, the Brethren attach no infallibility to the use of the lot, this would seem to indicate their belief that the Lord operates mediately by ministering and sometimes fallible spiritual agency, as they would never have attributed even a possible fallibility to the immediate and direct guidance of the Lord himself.

Sometimes, when a subject appeared to the Brethren more than ordinarily doubtful, and they had referred it to the lot a second, and even a third time, the original decision was again and again confirmed, and the blessing that followed in abiding by it, even when it was that which least commended itself to the natural judgment, was most marked and striking; for instances of this, we must refer the reader to the work already quoted.

Ministers and bishops in the Church were appointed by lot— Zinzendorf himself, was determined by lot in entering into holy orders. The same course was pursued by the Brethren in sending forth their first Missionaries. The very existence of the Brethren as a separate community, was at one time put to the decision of the lot. The Count, at the time referred to, was desirous that the Church of the Brethren should blend with the Lutheran Church.



Others, on the contrary, urged that their existing constitution and discipline had been attended with such a blessing that they could not abandon them;—ultimately “the Church agreed to refer with him, the decision of this so solemn question to the Lord himself, by the method of the lot. Thus the Church of the Brethren and all its future destinies—its continuation or its extinction, were to depend on a yes or no that should issue from the urn.”

“According to the ancient custom of the Brethren, they made two lots; on the first of which they wrote ‘To them that are without law, be as if you were without law; being not without law, since you are under the law to Christ; but in order to gain them that are without law.’ The other was, ‘Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught.’ The Church prayed that the Lord would graciously reveal to his own the purposes of his wisdom; and we may suppose with what reverential expectation they saw a child, not four years old, bring out one of these two lots. . . . ‘Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught!’—Such was the Lord’s decision.”

“Then, as one soul, and with a heart penetrated with thanks to God, the Brethren renewed in a body, their covenant with the Lord; and cordially promised him to abide from that time forth, without variation, in the same ecclesiastical constitution, boldly to employ themselves in the work of Christ; and to proclaim his Gospel throughout the world, and to all the nations to whom he should send them. The Count himself was charged with addressing the Church in a discourse upon the subject; and he did so with extraordinary power and copiousness.”

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### THE SONG OF THE SURVIVOR.

Where is the form of girlish mould,  
Under the spread of branches old,  
At the well-known trysting tree;  
With the sunlight lighting her tresses of gold,  
And the breezes waving them fold upon fold—  
Waiting for me?

Where is the sweet voice, with the cadence deep,  
Of one that singeth our babe to sleep;  
And often turns to see  
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,  
And watches the lazy dial creep—  
Waiting for me?

Long since those locks are laid i' the clay;  
Long since that voice hath passed away,  
On earth no more to be;  
But still, in the spirit-world afar,  
She is the dearest of those that are  
Waiting for me.

*Once a Week.*

MODERN SADDUCISM; OR HARD-SHELL CHRISTIANITY;  
OF THE EARTH EARTHY; A MOLE-EYED INSANITY.

*A Jeu d'esprit;*

By one who has seen

HOWITT

really is.

MOLES don't believe in eagles, nor even in skylarks; they believe in the solid earth, and earth-worms;—things which soar up into the air, and look full at the noon sun, and perch on the tops of mountains, and see wide prospect of the earth and air, of men and things, are utterly incomprehensible, and, therefore, don't exist to moles. Things, which, like skylarks mount also in the air, to bathe their tremulous pinions in the living æther, and in the floods of golden sunshine, and behold the earth beneath; the more green and soft, and beautiful, because they see the heavens above them, and pour out exulting melodies which are the fruits and streaming delights of and in these things, are equally incomprehensible to moles, which having only eyes of the size of pins' heads, and no ears that ordinary eyes can discover, neither *can* see the face of heaven, nor hear the music of the spheres, nor any other music.

Learned pigs don't believe in pneumatology, nor in astronomy, but in gastronomy. They believe in troughs, pig-nuts, and substantial potatoes. Learned pigs *see* the wind, or have, credit for it—but that other Πνευμα, which we translate SPIRIT, they most learnedly ignore. Moles and learned pigs were contemporaries of Adam, and have existed in all ages, and therefore, they *know* that there are no such things as eagles, or skylarks and their songs; no suns, skies, heavens, and their orbs, or even such sublunary objects as those we call men and things. They *know* that there is nothing real, and that there are no genuine entities, but comfortable dark burrows, earth-worms, pig-troughs, pig-nuts, potatoes, and the like substantials.

There are occasional moments, like “angels' visits, few and far between,” when moles, in a sudden phrenzy, dash up out of the earth, but the hurry they are in to get back again shows that they look upon this upper world as a frightful vacuity; that their little pins'-point eyes, scorched by the light, see only deepest darkness, and though they may perceive dimly those objects which we term “men and things,” they are positively convinced that they are only illusions, delusions of the senses, hallucinations, and phantasmata.

When the mole was called up by Adam, to be named with

the other beasts, doubtless our great ancestor had scarcely time to say—"Mole!" ere the creature had disappeared out of this our phantasmal world into his *lower* and *real* one. When Adam said "pig!" that learned animal, undoubtedly, instead of gratefully receiving the appellation which should be his for all time, returned a conceited grunt, which, being interpreted, meant "gammon!"

The learned pig does not believe that, at his death, he shall be translated or metamorphosed into pork, bacon, spareribs, and sausages, which things, nevertheless, are undoubtedly true, but he ignores them; they don't and can't exist and realize themselves to him; and he is all the more serene for it. Wrapped in his comfortable carboniferous grease, and eschewing what is "too big to swallow, and too hard to bite," he passes his days in rest and quiet; and if there be a folly in man, it is to drag him out of his corpulent tranquillity. Once and once only did the devil get permission to torment the learned pig, and he did it by forcing upon his consciousness the presence of SPIRIT: and we all know the tragic result,—he and all his learned brethren ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and were—choked.

Why, then, I would tenderly ask Spiritualists, should they be so continually desiring to lead the learned pig into the same catastrophe? Why try to force the existence of spirit on his poor lardy brain, and pig-nut smelling snout, and get him choked in the vasty deep a second time? Good Spiritualist, let the learned pig follow his safe and unerring instinct; let him wallow voluptuously in the slough of theory, and feed amongst the troughs of materialistic faith, and don't drive any spirit into him, which must by nature and all her laws—choke him. The learned pig, in his own sphere and character, is a respectable and useful, if not always a shining character. Once I saw him taken for a lion, when attempting to escape from a show, where he had been teaching clowns their letters—he raised a dreadful roar, and a whole fair fled before him. But the learned pig is usually no lion, therefore let him alone in his sty, and don't choke him with spirit; and don't persist in dragging moles into this upper and phantasmal world. Neither when an ostrich sticks his sapient head into a hole, that he may not be convinced of things that will force themselves disagreeably on his attention, trouble yourself to pull it out of it.

Yet this is what Spiritualists are continually attempting to do. They will neither let learned pigs, moles, bats, nor ostriches alone. They think it most natural that because they see spiritual entities, these creatures should see them too, and they fret and worry themselves to convince them of the truth. But this, though it is natural to the spiritualist, is most unnatural and agonizing to the learned pig, for the more spirit you pour

upon him, the more he must be choked—and to the mole, for the more you show him the light, the more you blind him.

There is a grand old axiom which has flourished ever since the Flood, which would save spiritualists a world of trouble if they would only act on it, namely,—“There are none so blind as those who won't see.” Now, since the days of Hobbes, Tindal, and Hume, and all their continental herd of inoculated learned pigs, the Voltaires, Volneys, D'Alemberts, Diderots, and Rousseaus, their Strausses and Comptes, have made it unfashionable, ridiculous, and a mark of credulity, superstition, and imbecility, to believe in spirit and revelation. You might as well attempt to open an oyster with a spade, or shave yourself with a crosscut saw, as to persuade any of our genus *Homo-Sus-Eruditus*, or our *Homo-Alpæus* that there are any such things as spirits, apparitions, spiritual revelations, or spiritual gifts and power.

Compte is *positive* that there is no such thing. Hume is equally certain that no amount of evidence *can* prove the existence of a miracle, though he expects us to believe implicitly eight octavo volumes of assertions in his *History of England*, upon often very little evidence whatever. Michael Faraday tells us that we must not believe impossibilities; and, therefore, not a mole or a learned pig will believe their own eyes, much less yours, however much you may implore them to do so. You may never have been in the habit of mistaking posts for ghosts, or ghosts for posts; you may see tables go up to your ceilings, and rap out through the alphabet any amount of information and eloquence; you may see wonderful drawings and paintings by people who never drew or painted in their lives, may hear wonderful music by persons who never learned a note; may hear the most startling facts regarding yourselves or your connections, in this world or the next, answered by mediums who never knew you or yours, may see written the most wonderfully appropriate prescriptions by people without a particle of medical knowledge, and a thousand other things proving their own spiritual origin; but neither mole nor learned pig will ever see them to the end of time, for the simple reason that they are not in their natures. They have no faculties of that kind, any more than a clever dog has the faculties of a man. *Suum cuique*. You will never gather figs of thistles, nor grapes of thorns. “The natural man receiveth not the things of God, for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually* discerned.”

When Michael Faraday told us that we must first settle what is impossible, and then refuse to believe these so-called impossibilities, even though they stare us in the face, and run bodily against us, that was on a Farrow-day, when learned pigs were coming into the world. That he said as a learned pig; but

as a Sandemonian preacher, he goes into the pulpit, opens his bible, and preaches from this text:—"With God ALL THINGS are possible!"

Now, we have lately been wading through a considerable amount of the learned-pig mire, amongst it Hibbert's "Philosophy of Apparitions;" Boismont's "Hallucinations," and Madden's "Phantasmata:" all of which undertake to convince us that all the spiritual demonstrations since the foundations of the world—for their theory goes to that extent, if their pretensions don't, and wipes out the bible with all its phenomena of this kind as completely as possible;—are all illusions, delusions of the senses, phantoms, or diseases. Well, they have completely convinced me,—that Hibbert's theory is a spectral illusion; that Boismont labours under a violent hallucination, and that Madden is a Mad'un, and his "Phantasmata," of all phantasms mater.

These are your pleasant fellows of the true mole and learned pig school, whom the more evidence you give them, the more they are blinded and choked. Pleasant fellows indeed, most beautifully illustrating the old axiom of "there are none so blind as those who won't see." Pleasant fellows, and right philosophical, who set out in the search for truth with a patch over one eye, and a magnifying lens stuck in the other; who, therefore, honestly assure you that they can't see what you try to shew them, but see all on the other side five times the size of life. With stomachs that are turned at the slightest scent of an unwelcome truth, but with a Jack-the-Giant-Killer's bag, instead of a stomach for all that favours their preconceptions. Hot pudding, cold bones and stones, and sticks and dirt all go into it, and make a show, if they never are digested. Pleasant fellows are all these, with their heads set on hind-before, looking backwards, but neither around nor forward; knocking their blind occiputs against a hundred facts, and yet never perceiving them. Of all these the most pleasant is Madden, who wades on through two large octavos, dealing with all ages and nations, beautifully unimpressible by what such poets as Bacon, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, Locke, Luther, Melancthon, and the like simple souls believed in, and yet at the end finds himself pulled up hard by the convulsionaries of St. Medard, and confesses that his philosophy is at fault.

A few weeks ago an incidental mention having been made by me of a captain's ghost, the *Times* astonished the inmates of the War-Office, by calling it "The Ghost at the War-Office," and the newspapers all over the country have been busily discussing this apparition, of which no authentic account whatever has been published. How very rational! In consequence, I have received an invitation and a challenge. The invitation was from a German gentleman, who, dating from

Eastcheap, merely asked me a moderate and modest request—to put him in the way of seeing a ghost, or the devil himself, which he intimated would be equally acceptable. I could only reply that holding no commission to furnish ghosts to order, I was afraid I could not accommodate him, but as for the devil, he might see him any day without going out of Eastcheap. To prevent any undue disappointment in the novelty of the interview, should he succeed, I reminded him of his countryman Heine's experience:—that desiring to see the devil, and seeing him, he found him a pleasant gentlemanly fellow—but merely an old acquaintance.

Ich rief den Teufel und er kam,  
 Und ich sah ihn mit verwund' rung an,  
 Er ist nicht häszlich, und ist nicht lahm,  
 Er ist ein lieber, charmanter Mann.

\* \* \* \*

Er frug: ob wir uns früher nicht  
 Schon einmal gesehen bei'm Span'schen Gesandten?  
 Und als ich recht besah sein Gesicht,  
 Fand ich in ihm einen alten Bekannten.

The challenge was from Charles Dickens, to point out any haunted house within the limits of the United Kingdom, where nobody can live, eat, drink, sit, stand, lie, or sleep without spiritual molestation; with the assurance that he had a champion who would, he believed, try the effect in his own person. Though myself preferring a comfortable bed these cold nights, and leaving the ghosts to come to me, if sociably inclined, and promising myself no particular pleasure or profit from the most brilliant success of this shivering pneumatomoxos in search of a ghost, but rather shivering myself at the idea of his lonely watchings in windy and dilapidated old mansions, I have disinterestedly pointed out a few such places, and probably my readers can point out more. Especially I have recommended the far-famed house at Willington, near Newcastle, in the following encouraging words:—"The ghosts there who tormented Mr. Procter, a plain unimaginative Quaker, and his family for years, have been seen by numbers of people with whom I have conversed; people as wide awake as yourself or your champion. Though Mr. Procter has been compelled, for the sake of his children, to quit the house, the hauntings I hear, still go on. There your champion would certainly be successful, for one of the ghosts some years ago, was so obliging as to favour just such a valiant ghost-detector with an interview. Dr. Drury, of Sunderland, a valiant and self-confident man, like your man, said if Mr. Procter would allow him to make the experiment, he would soon solve the mystery. Procter said he would be much obliged to him. Drury went there armed with pistols, and accompanied by a friend. They

first explored the whole house, cupboards, cellars, garrets, and all, to make sure of no contrivances being played off upon them, though they confessed that Mr. Procter's character was a sufficient guarantee against any imposition. They took their stations, one in a chamber much frequented by the ghosts, and one on the landing to watch all movement on the stairs; with candles burning. About midnight, the well-known female figure issued from the closet near Drury, walked or glided slowly past him, and approached his friend on the landing. At that interesting moment when the champion should have collared or shot the ghost, he gave a most frightful yell, and fell on the floor in a swoon. Mr. Procter had to rush from his bed to his assistance, but he went out of one fit into another till three o'clock in the morning, and they began to think it was all up with him. He got through it, but was laid up for many weeks with the effects, and on his recovery published the account himself, which I have." Well, that is just the place for your man, who I hope will prove more staunch than Drury.

To the programme of operating laws, I appended a few remarks, which I also recommend to others who may form any too fond hopes as ghost-hunters:—"But suppose your Goliath does all, or any part of this, *cui bono*? If he sees nothing, his nothing can't set aside everything that thousands of people, just as sharp and sane, have seen. If he does see a ghost, that may satisfy himself, but would not convince *you*; for if good, substantial, unexceptionable evidence of apparitions be all that is wanted, that exists already and in superabundance. Your man's additional evidence would not amount to an infinitesimal fraction in addition to the vast mass already in existence, and would not be sensibly perceived by the world at large. Such phenomena as these, like all other matters in question, will not be decided by any individual case, but by the general accumulation of substantial evidence. Such evidence exists to any amount, accumulated through all ages, up to the present hour, and by men of all classes, and of the most clear and practical intellects:—Judges, statesmen, philosophers, lawyers, logicians, theologians, the brawny-minded thinker amongst the rest. By all kinds of people.

Now, if all this does not convince the world, is any experience of your friend's likely to do it? Not a bit of it. If even the miracles of our Saviour did not convince the knowing fellows of His day, is anything less brilliant likely to convince the clever fellows of our time? Are there half a dozen literary or scientific men in London, now, who had they lived in Christ's time, would have believed on Him? Certainly not! Had they been told there was an old carpenter at Bethlehem whose wife had a son supposed to be illegitimate, and that the old man gave

him out to be the Son of God, what would our clever fellows have said? "Bah!—blasphemy!" Had they *seen* his miracles, what then? They would have had a ready answer, as their clever congeners then had,—“Oh! that is the devil.”

Well, let us see what will come of this;—perhaps we may have to wait “All the Year Round;” but, no matter, let us wait. Whether an individual sees something or nothing, that makes no difference to us. We are of the same opinion as Dr. Johnson:—“There are no people, rude or learned, amongst whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion could become universal only by its truth.”

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### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

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THE *Spiritual Telegraph* has hitherto fulfilled the office of a record of some of the strangest marvels of which human nature or human experience are the subject. It has also in some measure discussed these marvellous things with opponents, and as a rule, made common cause with narrators. A page or two may now be profitably devoted to the exposition of principles, or rather to a consideration of the written Word, as the repository, perhaps, of divine wisdom digested into practical rules, by the observance of which the state of mind properly called “Spiritual,” may really be attained.

The earnest conviction of the writer, that a standard of this kind is indispensable—a conviction that has ever gained in strength and depth, as he became better acquainted with the phenomena of spiritualism, and the doings of spiritualists—has induced him to forward some preliminary observations on the character of Luke’s Gospel, which may, or may not, be followed by a particular elucidation of the history, as circumstances direct. At present, he only seeks to awaken the attention of spiritualists to the great fact, that *their guide is the Word*, and that no codex of principles will ever be compiled on another foundation. Not, indeed, a guide to the practice of incantations or other magical rites, but a treasury of that interior wisdom, the perversion and self-application of which becomes magical, and the right procedure of which is what it teaches, line by line, as it unfolds to human comprehension its marvellous order and beauty.

We turn to the Gospel of Luke for this order, especially, because we find that apostle writing under a deep sense of its importance. He remarks, in effect, that many distinct accounts



and declarations existed concerning Jesus, acknowledged the Christ, but a connected and full history was yet wanting:— (1.) *“Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a narration (or history) of those things which are (most surely) fulfilled in us. (2.) Even as delivered unto us by those who were eyewitnesses of the same, or by others who were the reporters of their accounts. (3.) It seemed good unto me also, having exactly traced all things from the very first, to write unto thee in (such) order, O excellent Theophilus, as that thou mayest know the absolute firmness of those words (or things) in which thou hast been instructed.”*

While affirming that Luke was moved by the Spirit of the Lord to set forth the narrative, as he says, “in order,” we do not attribute want of order to the other Gospels, but so many different perceptions of order. The narrations alluded to by Luke were of the same character perhaps, as the ill-considered reports which Papias mentions, who says: “I will not hesitate to set down in writing to you whatever things I formerly well learnt from the Elders, and well remembered, maintaining the truth about them. For I did not take pleasure like most men in those who spoke the most, but in those who taught the truth; not in those who quoted the commands of others, but in those who delivered the commands given by our Lord in the faith, and springing out of the truth. But, if by chance any one came who had followed the Elders, I examined the words of the Elders; what said Andrew, or Peter, or Philip, or Thomas, or James, or what John, or Matthew, or any other of the Lord’s disciples? As for instance, what Aristion, and the Elder John, our Lord’s disciples say, “For I did not consider that what came out of books would benefit me so much as what came from the living and abiding voice.”

On comparing these words with the above Preface to the Gospel of Luke, it will be seen that the same uncertainty in the multitude of narratives concerning the life of our Lord is alluded to. If it be supposed that his words, on the contrary, apply only to the other received Gospels, we must still understand that the order he perceived was complete and full as addressed to a certain state of the heart and mind, being that of the indwelling light as born in man after his purification. The greater fulness of Luke carries with it the absolute assurance that it contains the particular form of special doctrine that we seek. Even Papias, in another fragment, very curiously says, “Mark became the expounder of Peter, and wrote accurately whatever he delivered, not indeed in a regular order, such things as were either said or done by Christ. But afterwards, as I said, he followed Peter, who delivered his teachings as occasion served; but did not make a regular arrangement of our Lord’s words;

so that Mark made no error, thus writing some things as he delivered them. For he took forethought of one thing, not to leave out anything of what he heard, or to make a mistake about anything therein." . . . . "Matthew, he adds, in the Hebrew dialect, wrote the oracles, and each person interpreted them as he was able." (*Writings of the Early Christians, collected by the Rev. Dr. Giles*).

Papias convinces us that each of the Apostolic writers faithfully recorded so much of the truth as he knew, either by hearsay or experience, and this is all that we require in the external history. That the record in each case was overruled and inspired with the divine wisdom itself is what we may reasonably believe, and what would certainly appear if a complete exposition could be given.

The key to the interpretation of Luke is contained in the name itself—it is the Gospel of Light. If the example of the Mosaic books were followed, its title might very justly be written not *Luke*, but *Light*, from the meaning of the name in Greek. It is the light given in man, the things fulfilled "in us," that Luke was inspired to describe "in order." This at least, is what we believe and wish to affirm. It is the study of the eternal light, in the order of its genesis and procedure, until man is made spiritual, that we submit to all who devoutly believe in the reality of spiritual intercourse, and in spiritual influences.

By the Light of the Word, we understand a substantial thing—a power in the concrete—a something much more potent than the electric spark, as certain to grow in the regenerated nature and manifest the CHRIST, as the mere point of vitality in the ovum is to become a human being. John identifies the light with the creative and formative power, and then treats of it in its deepest sense as pure love, and as the very life of man. Luke, we have already observed, treated of it rather in the order of its procedure as the light of truth, or the eternal word; its everlasting procession, or its ceaseless flowing through soul and spirit, and body, being expressed in the historical figures of that Gospel.

The importance of this threefold distinction in the interpretation of the Gospel, may serve for the subject of a separate communication. One concluding remark, however, on the doctrine of representation—which at once veils over and reveals the existence of such an order in man's nature. If this doctrine be true, and its truth or falsehood must soon be manifest from the attempt to expound it, all the persons named in the history, all the events, must be regarded as celestial and spiritual expressions of an allegory having a divine meaning. Instead of many persons, one is meant—He in whom celestial light has its

birth. One speaking, and another speaking, going, doing, &c., are to be interpreted as figures of the soul's experience,—that is to say, of the procedure of perceptions, thoughts, and affections, good or evil, in relation to the birth of light. The historical record of the miraculous conception and life of Christ is therefore a sublime mystery, teaching us that He who came in the flesh eighteen centuries ago, is really ever coming as the Saviour of men—ever clothing himself with humanity, and bearing its sins—ever creating, or perfecting in those who receive him, a truer manhood than their own. This doctrine, which appeals directly to religious experience, is thus recognized by one of the most heart-searching of the genuine poets who still walk the earth in brightness.

“————— O God, take care of me !  
 Pardon, and swathe me in an infinite love,  
 Pervading and inspiring me, thy child.  
 And let thy own design in me work on,  
*Unfolding the ideal man in me ;*  
*Which being greater far than I have grown,*  
*I cannot comprehend.* I am thine, not mine.  
 One day, completed unto thine intent,  
 I shall be able to discourse with thee ;  
 For thy idea, gifted with a self,  
 Must be of one with the mind whence it sprung,  
 And fit to talk with thee about thy thoughts.  
 Lead me, O Father, holding by thy hand ;  
 I ask not whither, for it must be on.”

E. R.

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Mr. J. R. M. Squire, one of the editors of *The Banner of Light*, published at New York and Boston, has recently come to London, and will be happy to find Subscribers for that paper amongst the English Spiritualists. He is furnished with letters of introduction from The Hon. R. D. Owen and from Judge Edmonds, the latter of whom speaks of him as having been one of the most wonderful physical mediums he has ever seen. The power has, however, we understand from Mr. Squire, almost ceased for some time. Mr. Squire has given us an account of some of the manifestations through him, one of the most remarkable being that he was frequently lifted to the ceiling of the room, in the presence of large circles of friends, and that he remained there long enough to write on the ceiling, and so often, that the ceiling of one room in which this most frequently occurred was blackened with the marks of his pencil ! This would be a difficult fact to account for by “the reflex action of the mind,” or even by Dr. Carpenter's theory of “unconscious cerebration.” The same wonderful phenomenon has also occurred to Mr. D. D. Home, both here, and in France and other countries.

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## ELIZABETH FRY.

RARE readers of spirit have some Quaker preachers been. Many times in their meetings have they been enabled to make hidden things in the hearts of those present manifest, to speak comfort to silent misery, words of rebuke to secret thoughts of sin, and words which were strength to souls in which heaven with hell was struggling. Even more markedly has this been the case in private ministry than public, when the preacher goes from house to house, visiting families and individuals, and after a period of silent waiting on the Great Spirit, he ministers to the states of those before him, having with such awful sanction and help, entered into their heart with no end but to work in them the Divine will.

Many are the cases which rise to my mind of such searching and revealing, and one connected with a celebrated woman let me relate. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry was a Quaker Preacher, and in one of her religious visits among the families of her sect in a northern city, she closed her duties by inviting to her inn persons not in membership with the Society of Friends, but who attended their meetings; so that she might have with them "a religious opportunity." Amongst these "outsiders," was a lady who went to meet Mrs. Fry, and together in her room they sat for a period in solemn silence. At last Mrs. Fry spoke. "My dear," she said, "I have felt much troubled whilst sitting with thee. I am afraid thy mind is not at peace with itself; that thou art trying to walk in two ways with thy Lord and the world, which can never be; that thou also art sometimes in vain company, and now art reading some profane book. Is it not so, my dear friend?" The lady struggled with surprise, and the sense of the awfulness of a presence that could thus pierce the secrets of her life. "Is it not so, my dear?" repeated Mrs. Fry. "It is," answered her companion. "I am at present reading *Paine's Age of Reason*, and my mind is filled with doubts and torn with cares." "I knew it was so," returned Mrs. Fry. I pray thee, my dear, abandon such reading; if the book is thy own destroy it—if another's return it, and beg the lender to do so." With some earnest words of spiritual counsel and sympathy, which kept their savour for many days, this curious interview ended.

Quakerism could render up thousands of such stories occurring all down its history of two hundred years. They are witnesses to Spiritualism—to Spiritualism, without which this world has never been; and when Spiritualism has its history written these testimonies of Quakerism must not be forgotten.

W.

## THE REV. DR. MAITLAND ON SPIRITUALISM.

No man is entitled to claim credence for his asseveration of the existence of seemingly impossible things out of the range of ordinary occurrences, and apparently at variance with the generally recognized laws of nature, until he has seriously and thoroughly investigated them, and has placed himself in a position to say that the conditions under which he has witnessed them place the reality beyond question.

On the other hand, it is only reasonable to say that no man, howsoever elevated his position in society may be, who has not thoroughly considered the subject upon which he ventures to pronounce a dogmatic opinion—who would set aside the serious and well-supported testimony of his friend and neighbour, pronouncing the thing impossible and absurd, because it passes his comprehension, is entitled to the slightest respect or consideration. Yet this is the too common condition of the human mind. Tell a man that you have witnessed a wonder—something marvellous in itself—and to him previously unheard of, or at least never seen by him—he will, without stopping to question his own deficiency in knowledge, or the value of human testimony, either commiserate your weakness, descend for the want of argument to ridicule, or pronounce it impossible, because it is plainly opposed to the laws of nature.

Ask this *savant* if he then is prepared to say that *all* nature's laws are known to him, and that anything beyond *his* knowledge cannot be—it is certain his self-sufficiency will vanish at once. Great truths have thus to struggle against the ignorance and educated prejudices of mankind; and it would appear that it is in the order of Providence they should be recognized in the first instance by a comparatively small number only, and of those so privileged it becomes a sacred duty to give the truth fearlessly to the world, and let mankind reject it if they dare!

Here and there, however, we do find men who are not enthralled by foregone conclusions, whose reason will not be led captive by explanatory philosophers, who cannot make up their minds to recklessly reject human testimony, and who can believe on faith! Spiritualism and its phenomena have found one at least, who, though knowing nothing from his own experience, has in bold and eloquent terms demanded a hearing for its advocates, and who mercilessly exposes the feebleness of scientific explanations. Such advocacy is the more remarkable, coming as it does from a learned and orthodox divine, the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.

The Rev. Doctor, in an Essay published three or four years since, makes the following remarks on a lecture delivered by Professor Faraday:—

The professor says very truly, "You do not hear of this as a conjuring manœuvre to be shown for your amusement; but are expected seriously to believe it; and are told that it is an important fact—a great discovery among the truths of Nature." We are indeed all this and something more. We are not merely called on to receive it as a truth of *Natura*. It is not content to be shut up in the cabinet of science, or only exhibited as a natural curiosity. It forces itself upon society as a manifestation of spiritual agency, as a revelation of unseen worlds, as a new religion that is to take the place of effete superstitions, remodel society, and regenerate mankind.

This is just where the shoe pinches. It must be met as a religious or an irreligious thing. It thrusts its religion in our faces, and is shocked at the idea of a conjuring manœuvre.

And again, Dr. Maitland, speaking of those who reject testimony, says:—

"It is, however, certain that not only in the higher mysteries of religion, but in the formation of opinion generally, 'faith cometh by hearing.' It is plainly the will of God that man should, by this method of testimony, obtain a great part of his faith—of that unmitigated faith which has the full acquiescence of all his intellectual faculties, so that he is no longer turning it over and scrutinising it as a cashier does a bank note; but has locked it up in the safe, and carried it to the account of what he calls—not faith, but knowledge. This knowledge I say—this accepted and funded faith in a great measure 'cometh by hearing;' and so it is that we have learned most of what we know; and this faith—I repeat that I am not speaking particularly of religious faith—which springs from testimony and ripens into knowledge, is not only much greater in the extent and variety of its objects, but also incomparably more intense and influential than sight.

"All this is consistent with—in truth it leads to, and demands—the most strict and searching enquiry respecting facts.

"Let witnesses be examined and cross-examined with rigour; but let it not be settled beforehand that if their testimony is not such as we would have it to be, we will denounce them, and all who listen to them, as knaves or fools, &c."

"But be this as it may, it is quite clear that an assertion which (as Professor Faraday says), 'finds acceptance in every rank of society, and among classes esteemed to be educated,' cannot be easily and at once got rid of. A man cannot step out and put his foot upon it as if it were a spider."

The learned Doctor does not, however, stand alone among those of his order. There are other clergymen (of course of the orthodox faith, as none other might find favour with many of our readers) who have given proofs of Spiritual enlightenment. When a goodly amount of such testimony is collected, it may give courage to the more timid men of God to investigate for themselves; and if the conversion of the infidel be their real aim, they may perhaps find their task much less difficult, by an open advocacy of Spiritualism.

C.

## PHILOSOPHY AND SPIRITUALISM.

MR. J. D. MORELL'S TRANSLATION OF FICHTE'S NEW WORK.

PHILOSOPHY, if we are not misinformed, is usually understood to be an attempt on the part of rational man to discover and explain in accordance with the requirements of the human mind, certain facts, material or spiritual, and to show their necessary connection. If these facts be offered to the philosopher, his first business is, philosophically to ascertain whether they are facts, and indeed *the* facts which he requires, and if he finds that they are not so, it will be his duty to discover them for himself before he sets about philosophising respecting them. Now it must be confessed that this is no easy task with most of us. What with our little biases, and what with our eagerness to clutch great and brilliant results, we find this verifying and discovering of facts a very troublesome, not to say tedious, occupation; and hence arises the temptation on *subjectively* satisfactory grounds, either to select facts which will admit of a solution most compatible with our preconceived opinions, or else we turn discoverers ourselves and find facts where in reality they do not exist. No one need read far through the chapters of the *History of Philosophy*, to find these observations completely confirmed.

It would seem that the present is a very philosophic age, at least for England. There are Philosophies of Prayer, Philosophies of Religion, and so on, down I believe, to Philosophies of Brewing and Baking. But there has not yet appeared any thing like a Philosophy of Spiritualism. Spiritualism hitherto has received not a syllable of encouragement from philosophers. They have hitherto passed it by and ignored it, or tried to refute it, by suggesting how tables may be turned and raps produced by means entirely sublunary. We are, therefore, very agreeably surprised, and already begin to feel a little proud of our position by the discovery that quite lately a real philosopher, and moreover a speculative philosopher—and not least though last, a *believing* philosopher, has been kind enough to take notice of the so called Spiritual phenomena, in order, *if possible*, to explain them.

This philosopher is *Mr. J. D. Morell*, the well-known author of a valuable *History of Philosophy, &c.*, and of several other philosophical productions. The work in which his remarks on Spiritualism occur, is a translation from the German, of a small work of J. H. Fichte.\* Mr. Morell has premised to this

\* *Contributions to Mental Philosophy*, by J. H. Fichte. Translated and edited by J. D. Morell, A.M. — London: Longman, Green, Longman and Roberts, 1860.

little work a somewhat lengthy preface of his own, in which he gives an account of the character and the history of the book, with a view to create an interest in the reader in favour of the subject as well as of the manner in which it has been treated by the author. And here it is where Mr. Morell also touches upon the subject of Spiritualism, whose phenomena, he says, now almost (?) demand some share of attention from the mental philosopher! This attention, he continues, he has paid to these phenomena, "having had repeated opportunities of witnessing and examining the processes of spirit-writing, spirit-drawing, and all the methods by which the denizens of another world are *supposed* to communicate their thoughts through the instrumentality of those now living on earth." He allows, it would seem in consequence of these researches "that the arrogation of mediumship is not generally by any means a wilful deception:" and adds, "*Moreover, I for one am not prepared to deny that all spiritual communication between this state of being and other more developed ones, is IMPOSSIBLE. There may perhaps (?) be facts well attested, which are not accountable for on any other supposition; and it is but too easy for those who are tending to superstitious views to lay hold of a few really valid facts, and blindly carry out the analogy to cases in which other agencies, wholly different, are at work.*"

This is the passage from which we thought ourselves entitled to call Mr. Morell a *believing* philosopher, that is to say one who believes at least in the principle of Spiritualism—the possibility of a spiritual communication between this state of being and other more developed ones. Mr. M., as a philosophic writer, is expected to weigh the import and bearing of his words and the *almost odd* way in which he employs his "may's" and "perhaps's" is sufficient evidence that he has done so. Moreover, as he admits the reality of "a few really valid facts," we do not care much, for the present, about the compass of his belief. It is true we should have been glad to be informed of what nature these few really valid facts are,—to what kind of spirit-manifestations they properly belong—but Mr. Morell having withheld this information from us, we have no alternative but to make the best of his explicit statement that they are facts, which are not "accountable for on any other supposition," *i. e.*, on any other than that Spiritualism—or the actual spiritual communication between the denizens of the visible and the invisible world—is a reality.

With this belief in the general and fundamental principle of Spiritualism, however, Mr. M. combines a decided incredulity as to the spiritual origin of certain phenomena usually classed under this head, such as writing, drawing, and the like. In these cases the mediums are, if not deceivers, certainly deceived;



and deceived in consequence of their ignorance of the latest discoveries in mental philosophy, made by J. H. Fichte, for being thus ignorant of the real nature of their case, they are so much influenced by "the natural credulity of the human mind (?) which yearns for some sort of intercourse with the world of spirits;" they are so much beset by "the prompting of personal vanity which is flattered by the idea of being made a *special vessel* for spiritual communication;" that they necessarily prevent "the healthy suspicions of delusion, which from time to time arise in the mind from having their natural weight, or bringing the intellect back to a sounder state." And all this mischief is done because they do not know that the real cause of their mediumship is *preconscious* thought—we repeat it, *preconscious* thought—*preconscious* thought. What that means we shall presently endeavour to explain. For the present the reader, if he or she has the misfortune to be a medium, must consider that his or her state is not a normal, but an abnormal one; not so much as it would appear on account of the natural credulity of the human mind, and the promptings of personal vanity, which of course, does not look like very normal,—but on account of that unfortunate *preconscious* thought, which it seems must be generally allowed to sound very abnormal.

However, let us see whether we can understand what it means. Mr. Morell does not give a clear and precise definition of this "*preconsciousness* of the soul;—he states that the doctrine—that the regions of intelligence and of consciousness are perfectly co-extensive, has of late years come into deserved discredit. Sir W. Hamilton, many years ago pointed out the fact that there is a process of latent thought always going forward more or less energetically in the soul. Dr. Carpenter designated the same phenomena under the term, *unconscious cerebration*. Dr. Laycock has brought them under the general category of reflex action," &c. Then Mr. M. goes on to point out some instances of this *preconscious* state of the soul. There are first, the animals with their wonderful instincts where a certain law of intelligence is said to work blindly. (*i. e.* *preconsciously*).

Mr. M. then goes on to say, "If we turn from the instincts of animals to the structure of the human frame, here we meet with new evidences of a *preconscious* intelligence being in operation. Some intelligent principle *must* exist there from the first moment the formation of the human frame commences, or it could not be adapted from that moment, according to a fixed type, to the nature and exigencies of its after life. We cannot say here, either that it is a direct act of the Deity, which builds up every cell, disposes of every atom, and impels each individual physical process, any more than we can suppose it to be an act

of Deity which causes every impulse of the nervous system, produces every reflex action, and intervenes in every sensation." To which he subjoins, "The same preconscious region, however, penetrates much further than the mere physical processes above alluded to, even into the very interior of our mental life. We find it not only framing the organs of the body, but also guiding us to their proper use. It re-appears in all the various phenomena of reflex action, in the wonderful adaptability of the instincts, in the formation of habits," &c., &c.

These are bold assertions, which to establish properly one thing only is required, and that one thing is—proof.

This is not the place to enter into the labyrinth of questions which is opened to us by these assertions. We will for the present content ourselves with making one or two remarks.

*First*,—It does not seem to us at all evident how Mr. M. could bring this theory together, with the views either of Sir W. Hamilton, or Drs. Carpenter or Laycock. They do not assume a *preconscious* state of the soul in the sense of Fichte, but an *unconscious* one in connexion and contrast with one which is conscious, and we are almost sure that Mr. M. is aware of this circumstance.

*Secondly*,—Allowing that such a preconscious intelligent activity as described by Mr. M. were conceivable, we cannot see how that can apply to animals. How can the instincts of animals be called a *preconscious* activity of their soul when they confessedly never reach a state that could be called conscious. But is not the comparison of what is thus called the preconscious state of man with the instinctive performances of animal life altogether an incongruity. If the construction or formation of the human body is the result of the activity of the human soul in its preconscious state, it is only a legitimate inference to assert that the bodies of animals are the result of the preconscious intelligent activity of the souls of animals. Nor can we stay here. We shall by the same necessity of analogy be forced to believe that also every plant forms its own body in the same way, for surely if we cannot say in the case of the human physical organism "that it is a direct act of the Deity which builds up every cell, disposes every atom, and impels each *individual* process," we do not see the shadow of a reason why this same law should not exclude the operative and constructive power of the all-present and ever-working God in the procreation of the meanest worm or the most unseemly herb. This view of life, if any, would certainly involve us in a full-blown Pantheism, for it *must* end in our banishing the God in whom we live and move and have our being from His universe, and investing the aggregate of the souls of things with all the divine attributes. And this is a

subject which constitutes a life question in the present aspect of speculative philosophy, for the discussion of which we have no space here.

Finally, Mr. M. observes, "How the theory of unconscious mental activity is enabled to throw light upon the abnormal mental activity of the mind, is now tolerably obvious, and will become much more so if the following pages are attentively perused."

With a view to realize if possible, Mr. Morell's promise, we have fulfilled the condition under which the promise is made, and will very shortly report what has been our experience.

Turning to the work of Fichte himself, we find that he considers the human soul under a three-fold aspect. *First*, it exists as a mere "human monad" in a state of pre-existence, dating from all eternity. To think of it in this manner is necessary, because God cannot be conceived to add an atom to his creation or time. *Secondly*, as soon as the *material* of life and the outward conditions of its realisation meet together, the whole process of realization in time begins, first in the form of *incorporation* and then of *consciousness*. This latter is its third state. How and where these unconscious millions upon millions of human monads managed and now manage to exist in their first stage of pre-existence; how they happen to meet with the "material of life"—and that the right one—considering that they are quite unconscious of anything, even of their own existence, these and similar questions the author does not answer. Some of the older divines assure us that they were all of them located in Adam, by which ingenious assumption, they found it easy to explain the fact that all mankind were involved in Adam's sin and fall. But it is evident that this theological view differs somewhat from the philosophical one of Fichte.

The second stage of the "human monad" commences when it meets with its material of life and is incorporated. This state of the soul is described as "a dreamy unconsciousness," but at the same time also as essentially and specially a "process of *speaking*—without, however, its thoughts as yet touching the threshold of consciousness." However, when the soul has reached this stage of its existence without knowing that it is, or where it is, it begins to be intelligently active, and indeed with *intelligence which is not only superhuman*, since the most strenuous researches of the deepest and most acute thinkers have not yet been able even to master the rudiments of the wisdom and power displayed in this process, but with *a wisdom altogether divine*. Its object is to form a body fit for its wants. This object it accomplishes unerringly. It takes the proper gases, earths and metals, as they are required for the individual members. It plans

and puts together the brains as well as the stomach. It shapes and proportions the bones; it weaves the tissues, it places and fits the nerves; and all this it does without knowing the least what it does, with absolute intelligence. And so it goes on till it becomes conscious and normal in the growing man, and then if it would know what it has been doing to its body when in a preconscious state—it must go to the books which have been written by men in a normal state—and must be contented with what it can learn there. It would be comparatively easy to point out the fallacies which lie at the basis of this, we must call it, crude view of life. If the soul possesses this unconscious divine intelligence, how does it apply it to the production of that mysterious organic process which we call *life*, which the farther we trace it the farther it recedes, till it is lost in the Creator? It is useless to compare the results of the instincts of animals. They are *mechanical* not *vital organic processes*. A spider, for instance, spins the web just as man lifts up his legs if he wishes to ascend a staircase. The parallel would hold good if it were maintained that the spider, that is to say, the spider monad, deliberately though unconsciously constructed its own body, for there is certainly not only a higher intelligence, but also a very different kind of power displayed in this latter performance.

How such palpable objections to his view could have escaped Fichte is passing strange.

However, even such as Fichte assumes it, this theory is not a powerful instrument in the construction of his philosophical edifice. Its power is soon exhausted. The phenomena which he tries to explain from this view are: *dreams with their pictorial visions, deceptions of sense or hallucinations and memory pictures, fancies or reflections in a symbolical form, double consciousness in walking and in sleep, and religious madness*, but very little is said in explanation of any of them, nor are any illustrations given. Nor is there anything remarkable or wonderful about these phenomena as described.

With reference to phenomena which really touch the questions about which spiritualists feel a more immediate interest, Fichte makes plain and honest confessions and concessions.

For instance, with regard to second sight, he observes: page 59, "Clearly the previous grounds of explanation are here insufficient; a new series of operations and relations appear to begin. In dream-waking of the kinds before mentioned, it was still possible to explain all that was characteristic in them from internal conditions springing out of the preconscious, but special nature of the soul. This possibility now ceases; a prevision so peculiar, and entering so much into detail, cannot possibly spring from the preconscious region. It necessitates us to draw the

astounding but unavoidable conclusion, that a real and perceptive knowledge lies at the basis which consequently can have its seat only in the consciousness of a personal mind, and from this mind be carried over into the consciousness of the seer."

And again, page 60: "As our mind has its root beyond the world of sense so will it also stand, in a hidden and unconscious way, in mutual communication with the real existences of this higher region, and that too with those who, like itself, hold intercourse with the world of sense, as also with those who are already removed from it."

The remainder of the book is occupied with matter of a more formal philosophic nature which does not concern our main subject.

In concluding our remarks, we beg to remind the reader that we have merely quoted from Mr. Morell's translation, which as he states in his preface is rather free and in some instances abridged. How far this may have affected our comprehension of the leading points of Fichte's reasoning, and the completeness of our estimate we cannot say, but leave the verification of them to those who may be inclined to study its pages.

X—.

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## CONSIDERATIONS ON THE FORCES OF NATURE, AS CONNECTED WITH SPIRITUALISM AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.

BY DR. ASHBURNER.

SPIRITUALISM of the higher order in America, as well as in England, appears to insist on the same class of exalted principles. Whatever may be the modifications introduced by the real personal influences of the medium, provided his aspirations be ambitious in the direction of benevolence, the same Christian doctrines are inculcated—the same class of communications are made by the spiritual beings who have manifested themselves.

These observations appear to be a necessary introduction to the following views, because the vague fancies of many persons on spiritualism would lead them to think that the science had no basis, on account of the many apparently inconsistent reports that have been made on the nature of spiritual manifestations, and on the discrepant character of the resulting revelations. Judge Edmonds and others have had communications from spirits, which have exhibited the characteristics of various calibres of intellect. I may add an experience of six years' constant practice as a medium, in corroboration of the fact, that

unless the rules inculcated by the higher spirits be strictly adhered to, the nature of the communications will vary much; and the temporary possession of the medium will generally be by an inferior rather than a superior class of spirits. The rules I allude to are those inculcated by the Christian precepts; and most especially self-abnegation, and the habitual practice of self-control. To those who, in early youth, have not been accustomed to the discipline of self-control, the struggle for a victory over self becomes a very severe one. We may be assured that few have the courage to pursue it. There is no battle more difficult; none in which the probabilities of defeat appear more formidable. Without success in self-conquest, however, we are told that none of the higher rewards of spiritualism are open to us. What is this but a reiteration of the principle of carrying the cross of Christ? The highest aim of the real philosopher is success in the search of truth; and if we strictly analyse the meaning of these words, tied up as they are, with all our pursuits, we shall find involved in them all moral and physical science—all religious and mundane considerations.

The world has been too full of folly to look into our subject, except as an exciting pastime, or to furnish themselves with amusement from the scoffs and jeers of multitudinous atheists and pitiable bigots. The would-be scientific have been enemies to the cause, from the simple fact that their habits of self-glorification appeared to be in some danger of overthrow—and partly, perhaps, from a sordid fear of some interference with their money gains.

The whole subject of spiritualism is closely connected with magnetism. Here is one of the causes which retard the progress of holy truths. The so-called men of science have resolved to keep magnetism down to the level of mineral facts. They taboo vegetable and animal magnetism. The consequences of their conduct, in this respect, have been very seriously detrimental to the best interests of society.

Many times, in the course of our reflections on subjects connected with animal magnetism, have we decided on giving loose to ideas so grand and so sublime that we could have wished for the power of placing them at once on record. No ideas are, however, more stupendous than the universe, of which the earth we inhabit forms so small a portion. There are many men who cannot imagine that animal magnetism may possibly have a scope so vast as to belong to any system which shall embrace the forces regulating the whole of the mighty fabric of God's creation. When we survey the heavens with the telescope, we see thousands of worlds, and we know that they are each and all controlled by a law emanating from the *will* of God. This

expression is another form of producing an idea, with which only those can be familiar who have had the advantages of studying animal magnetism. It is not possible for any man to conceive of the force of the human will, unless he has witnessed the wonders that have been performed by it. I have demonstrated the fact that the human will is a *motive power*. (see note at p. 29 of the *Translation of the Researches of the Baron von Reichenbach*, Baillière, 1850) We are not now to enter on the arguments to convince men that our proofs are not to be controverted. We are sure that all the philosophers of England would not be able to disprove the facts.

We shall be asked, what is this motive power of the human will? Those who, like myself a while ago, have not gone deeply into the distinctions between matter and spirit, or force, will find it difficult to embrace the idea of entity or substance, which is not matter. No one can deny the position that all matter is inert. If it be inert, it requires a stimulus or a force to move it. Stimulus is not a right word, for it is applied to an object that has a desire to remain at rest, and would move if stimulated; now matter cannot move unless actual force be applied to it. Matter has no will or choice. It must, of a necessity, obey force. Matter has ponderable relations. Why? Because it must obey gravitation. Spirit, on the contrary, does not partake of ponderable relations. It has powers which enable it to form matter. Thus, there is really no end to the combinations of organic matter, which may be formed under the direct agency of forces that are brought to bear on the elements of matter. Muscle, sinew, and bone are the results of certain magnetoid or electroid forces. These are formed in months or years out of what—but of the materials furnished to the digestive organs by the previous accumulations of the elements of matter in an aggregated form? But what kind of form of aggregation? Nothing exists that is not subject to a law. The law that has regulated the forces, magnetoid or electroid, to deal with the matter in its elementary forms, has produced not only new aggregations, but new organisms. Every thing obeys a law of series—matter as well as force. No series of organic arrangement can take place under the operation of these forces without the result of organic substance. Will the advocates of positive philosophy ask us to meet them, in order to shew that they mean what we mean? No! there can be no mistake! We mean that matter is inert—thoroughly obedient to that law we may call the law of force. Force obliges the elements of organizing matter to assume geometrical arrangements. This is too much of a fact to be a supposition, or an imagination. Those who scoff at imagination, however, and boast of their logic, do not

reflect that every hypothesis is an imagination;—and they are apt to believe their hypothesis to be a sufficient warrant for the idea, fanciful though it be, for the geometric forms of matter to think. My ideas, or my will may have created a number of pencil drawings illustrative of geometrical propositions in dozens. They ought according to the positive philosophy to have reached some stage of the progress of arrangement which would enable matter to think; whereas, unassisted by mental explanation, they would remain inert matter, incapable of themselves communicating thought.

It is very true that as symbols they might create associations of thought. Letters are but symbols; and they are enough, when nicely combined, to make us think deeply. But all symbols obey a law of association, and here we re-enter the domain of spiritual and magnetic law. It would be as idle to try and teach our leaders of science that symbols acted upon the cerebral phrenological organs to produce ideas, as to teach them that the moon was made of green cheese. It is, however, a fact—and a magnetic or crystalline fact. It is a fact dependent on the existence of subtle forces, of which most of them cannot conceive. Language and the intercommunication of ideas by letters, or written and printed symbols are alike productive of ideas, from exciting magnetic forces in the brain, which would be impossible, but for a principle of consciousness which regulates every part of the organism, which receives impressions and emits ideas, according to a law of give and receive, or attraction and repulsion, analogous to the force of gravitation.

The laws regulating the universe may be said to resolve themselves into one great trunk force. This is the puzzle which has bothered the brain of poor Mr. Faraday. Loaded with such honours as the voices of his admirers could bestow upon him, he has lost himself in egregious vanity; and misunderstanding the simple propositions of England's pride, and the world's great astronomer, Sir Isaac Newton, he has ventured to compare his own mind to that of this extraordinary man. (In Mr. Faraday's Lecture on the Conservation of Force, at page 4 occurs this passage on Gravitation:—"The usual idea of the force implies direct action at a distance; and such a view appears to present little difficulty except to Newton, and a few, including myself, who in that respect, may be of like mind with him.") We should be sorry to interrupt the professor's self-complacency, were it not a duty to place him on a pedestal for the world's edification. Mr. Faraday, after writing and printing the words we have quoted, may be told that his great compeer was most remarkable for his *humility*. He was a Christian in every sense of the word. He was prone to fits of abstraction—and in these,



perhaps, he received the intuitions of his magnificent genius. We cannot compare the small but ingenious mind of the electrician at the Royal Institution to that of Sir Isaac Newton. We must be excused for saying it would be quite impossible that Mr. Faraday should venture to grasp such an idea as that of universal gravitation. We are far from disparaging Mr. Faraday's labours, but we have read his abstract of a lecture on the Conservation of Force, and we feel pity for the mind that could venture to publish such a farrago of confusion. There are other matters on which a man of powerful scope of mind might have distinguished himself. The late Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, whose fallacies are not without their claims to severe reproof, was an example, nevertheless, to Mr. Faraday. Prejudiced, and at first intolerant on animal magnetism and its higher developments, he certainly never committed himself so foolishly on the matter of the forces, which are supposed to be operative in the once fashionable pastime of table turning. The phenomena, far above the capacity of Mr. Faraday's powers, were grappled with by Dr. Hare, and his solution of the difficulties was as simple and beautiful as Mr. Faraday's was childish and silly. Nevertheless, Mr. Faraday is backed by what is called the science of England, and unenviable is his position, notwithstanding. It is a great comfort in these days, to feel that one is not backed by weak flatterers, and still more superficial sciolists. One can think for one's-self, and care nothing for the maudlin sympathy of cliques.

Mr. Faraday is unable to understand Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine, and equal as he considers himself to that most wondrous mind, he confesses that the force of gravitation is too much for him. We now propose, therefore, to shew that this trunk force, as we choose to designate it, is no other than that which has been the severe trial of Mr. Faraday's wits for a number of years—and if the trial has produced a weakening of his intellect, we have no desire but to pity him. Still we are bound to go through with our duty.

The great trunk force takes its origin from the *will* of God. It is designed to co-operate with all other forces, and may be is the origin and modifier of each and every force in nature's wide domain. Having reflected much on this subject, we are at a loss to account for Mr. Faraday's difficulty. He has made out much that is vastly ingenious in physics, and it is strange that he does not, out of his own views on magnetism and diamagnetism, contrive to solve the difficulties which oppress his mind. These are of a nature to us unaccountable. How a man can have reflected on the diamagnetism of the electric current, and have failed to apply it to the process by which our earth receives its

magnetism from the sun, is difficult to conceive. It may be said, by the way, that Mr. Faraday's facts on the axial and equatorial bases, on which rest magnetism and diamagnetism, are neither new nor original. I have shewn in a note on the curious phenomena that have been observed for a long period of years, by philosophers as well as by peasants, to accompany the relations of a hazel twig or rod, to the organization of the human being, in my edition of a translation of the researches of the Baron von Reichenbach, that M. de Thouvenel discovered, prior to the year 1784, the principal facts on which Mr. Faraday relies.\* The use of knowing that other men have discovered what we believe to be original, is to share the credit of discovery with those who have been our predecessors. Mr. Faraday is so "sharp," to claim all he can, that it behoves us to shew he has not only not been original, but that he has not deduced all which could have been elicited from his pet facts. The science of magnetism considered as belonging to the explanation of the phenomena of the universe, is of the highest importance. It explains why, and how worlds upon worlds remain in their orbits. It explains the facts relating to the influence exerted by the sun upon the solar system. It explains the analogies between all the forces in nature. It varies our views according to the facts we are capable of classifying. It does all this, and a great deal more. We proceed to show how all the phenomena we have alluded to are brought about.

Let us try, first, to clear the way. It is strange that Mr. Faraday should be unable to comprehend the natural sequence of his own facts. He is, he flatters himself, the discoverer of M. Thouvenel's great truths. M. Thouvenel found that certain metals were arrayed by an invisible but constant law, in an axial direction in relation to the meridian of the earth. He found that certain other metals were arranged by a force he could not see, in an equatorial direction. What was this but the discovery of which Mr. Faraday is so vain? What was this but magnetism and diamagnetism? We are not now to insist upon unseen forces. Mr. Faraday would surely not be so ungenerous as some ignorant persons have been, to object to the indicating powers exercised by the hazel, because forsooth the force emanating from that peculiar crystalline vegetable arrangement of matter was not capable of being *seen*. He, who is so familiar with magnetic phenomena, would not venture to use such arguments. But let him beware lest the *non sequiturs*, in which he is so apt to indulge, may not lead some of his followers to be guilty of

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\* Reichenbach's Researches—Note, p. 98.

blunders as discreditable as declaring that animal magnetism is not science. This Mr. Faraday has himself said in my house in Grosvenor Street. This gentleman accompanied my friend, the late Mr. Andrew Crosse, to witness some experiments on living sensitive subjects, in which he saw the influence of the opposite poles of rock crystals in effecting sleep and wakefulness. The facts he witnessed were incontrovertible. He had not the philosophic patience I expected to find in him. There peeped through his manner a wilfulness which was not creditable. From that day it was clear to me that he was a much over-estimated character. It is impossible to class the man, so absolutely wanting in philosophical humility, with those who are deep thinkers. Vanity was his characteristic; and he has fully redeemed the conclusion I came to by comparing his own capacity of intellect to that which God bestowed on Sir Isaac Newton.

Engaged as we are in a pursuit which is very absorbing, it appears impossible not to bewail the obstacles which fall in the way of truth. Either our science shall be recognized, or it shall not. It is not to be obstructed by the vanity of man. It stands with its sponsor, sacred truth, on a solid rock, and it must be our task to shew that it has claims to the most serious consideration of really scientific men.

M. Thouvenel's discovery, established by the assistance of a hazel rod in the hands of a sensitive man, who was accustomed to find springs of water and metallic lodes in the earth, caused me to reflect rather more deeply on Sir Isaac Newton's force of gravitation, than Mr. Faraday seems to have done. Whether not being trammelled with the weight of many discoveries be an advantage or not, it is not easy to say. Mr. Faraday was in too great haste about table turning, and too confused about conservation of force. The idea, which led to a question of the axial and equatorial antagonisms, was based on the current or currents necessarily coursing from the great magnet called the sun to the minor magnet called the earth. We know that every magneto-electric current is accompanied, in its travels, by an equatorial, or what is the same thing, by a spiral current, which, in mathematical language, is said to be at right angles with the axial current. In other words, M. Thouvenel's east and west metals were placed at right angles with his north and south metals. In other words, the current was a marriage between magnetism and diamagnetism. The couple left Mr. Faraday's iode the sun, and arrived together at his cathod the earth. Here a separation of interests took place. Why? They were arrested in their course by a magnet. A reversal of polarity was the consequence. The earth's current rushed back to the sun, but not before the usual

requisite gyrations, which, necessarily, under the planning laws of the grand formula, impressed, on the earth's matter, the bearings and directions of that which we call the magnetic compass. A radiant force, one and indivisible, the trunk force of gravitation reaches the spheroid magnet, the earth; reaching the centre, its reversal is accompanied by a pinning of the globe on its axis, for in no time its polarity has been reversed. Iron and some other matters have, according to law, obeyed its axial force; other metals obeyed its equatorial tendency. When it has become a centrifugal or repulsive agent, it has impressed some metallic objects with an attractive, others with a repulsive force.

What we may now call the earth's current, has rushed back to the sun. But having been reversed, it is no longer an attractive current. "No!" says Mr. Faraday; "Prove that to us." Dr. Noad might have taught you this. But it is to be feared that that gentleman may be bowing to the clique which holds the influence in its hands. Dr. Noad does not dare to look at Mr. Rutter's magnetoscope; and is even, perhaps, afraid to ask for Mr. Faraday's permission to do so. Dr. Noad ought to know that, animal magnetism aside, there is no way of shewing the most important fact of the direct current being attractive and the inverse one being repulsive, except by the experiments first made by him with his single coil electro-magnetic apparatus, and by myself on my subjects influenced to sleep, and to become awake by the opposite currents. Dr. Noad's letter on this subject is appended in a note to my paper on the theory of sleep in the fourth volume of the *Zoist*. Animal magnetism shows that the direct current is an attractive force,—that the inverse current is a repulsive agency. What further proof need we to show how far seeing—how deep thinking was Sir Isaac Newton? He knew what he meant when he thought of centripetal and centrifugal forces. He was not so bother-headed as not to unravel the mystery of the sun's current and the earth's current. But then, the simple equal of the conceited author of conservation of force, he had not confused himself with the cross purposes of magnetism and diamagnetism. Nevertheless, his idea of God's great trunk force, involving the two antagonistic currents of attraction and repulsion, was quite sufficient to account for that important anticipation by M. Thouvenel, of what is considered Mr. Faraday's distinguishing discovery.

Enough has been said to show that our Royal-Institution philosopher need not have sneered so hastily at animal magnetism. He is powerfully patronised, and the world may continue its idolatry; but he may be assured that time will force upon him the very disagreeable truth, that humility is a virtue to be prized far above the blandishments of pride and vanity.

The reflections which arise in our mind upon God's great trunk force of gravitation are so numerous, that it becomes difficult for us to establish a starting point whence we can begin our considerations. Mr. Faraday need be under no apprehension that we propose to allow him a monopoly of credit in the matter of conservation of forces. If he will be so humble as to read what was written in an essay on the analogies between the mesmeric and magnetic phenomena, which appeared in the number for April, 1846, of the fourth volume of the *Zoist*, he will find the following sentences:—"Some of the most interesting as well as most important among the facts which have come under the observation of the cultivators of mesmeric science, relate to the analogies between the mesmeric and magnetic fluids. That these exist is an assumption, based upon the direction taken by certain currents of forces, and by the light emitted under certain circumstances, when particular arrangements of matter are attended by its evolution. Abstractedly considered, there is no proof that magnetic matter exists; and its entity is granted only to account for numerous phenomena which require explanation, and which can be accounted for only by a hypothetical reality. In the present state of our knowledge, the eagerness to carp at new facts, and the tendency to disputation, form the drag-chain to stay the rapidity of scientific progression; and it is only by such a cultivation of the mind of the masses as to permit the reception of new ideas, new trains of reasoning, the original thoughts of intellects wider than those of the common herd, that the vulgar opposition to truth can be overcome.

Assuming that electric and magnetic currents exist, we may infer that a fluid in many particulars analogous to magnetism may be proved. We may be led to infer from numerous observations, made at different times by numerous persons, that certain effects are produced by the operation of an influence from one living human being upon another. An endeavour will be made to show that this influence, indebted for its existence perhaps to psychological causes, operates by the agency of a supposed fluid, which producing physiological phenomena similar to those produced by the magnetic fluid, may be inferred to be analogous to it. Striking facts may be adduced, too, which may tend to the conclusion that the *exercise* of the faculties of the human mind, and particularly that of the will, is attended by the emanation of a fluid from the brain, from the fingers, seats of the functional extremities of nerves, or from some part of the person who may be exercising the mental faculties. I propose to show that the same series of events may be produced in individuals of a certain nervous diathesis, by the impingement of a fluid, evolved by the will of another,—or by manipulations attended by

the emanation of the same fluid,—or by certain emanations from magnets, or from some metallic wires, through which currents of electricity are passed; or from the direct application of certain metals. I do not attempt to establish the identity of these fluids, for the facts daily developing themselves tend to show, that the distinctive properties of these fluids are as various as the substances from which they emanate; and it may be that the great power, antecedent to all consequents, may ordain the simplicity and unity of one electric, and gravitating with centrifugal, force—evolving an infinite complication and variety of cohesive and repulsive agencies, the entire system emerging from the *volonté directing La Grande Formule!*

Under these circumstances, there can be no doubt as to who first thought of the conservation of force. Mr. Faraday may imagine that his original views are far superior to mine. There is this difference between our views,—that whereas mine, in 1846, were clearly stated—Mr. Faraday's, in 1858, are so confused, that I defy any one to comprehend them. I have defined the accordance of my views, without having had the presumption to differ from those of Sir Isaac Newton; whereas Mr. Faraday tells the public, their minds not being upon a par with his own, which is quite equal to that of Sir Isaac Newton, he is bound to tell them that the great astronomer was not quite clear about his meaning. This is pretty well for one who had made so egregious a blunder about the forces implicated in turning tables.

We do not mean to tease our readers with more details on the idle doctrine of conservation of force. We know that forces are in being. We know that, without creative forces matter would not now be existing. We know that animal magnetism has enabled us to start conjectures on the high probability that creative forces are analogous to what we are apt to call *genius* in man. Man creates, by God's permission, when he writes a fine poem. Shakespeare was a man of creative mind. Our great John Milton was another; James Watt, though greatly differing, in creative force was not inferior to either of them. They were all three moulded after God's own image. Gifted like Sir Isaac Newton, with creative force. It is fashionable to say with a creative brain. Why should we yield to the fashion, when we know, from the just conclusions, our strict logical trains of reasoning have compelled us to adopt, that brain can neither *create* nor *think*. When we speak of creative force, we must own we do not allow ourselves to believe in the absurdity of inert matter acting in any way. We are bound to acknowledge the existence of an *infinite series in the gradations of forces*. Minerals are subject to the lowest forms of force, and the highest is, as far as we know, that which we call God's will,—a creative power which produces not only

all which we see and feel around us, but much that we can neither feel nor see: much too, that is so far more refined than anything we can conceive of, that our vulgar tastes lead us to conclude nothing can exist, which we cannot comprehend as some form of matter. This is the great stumbling-block of modern philosophy. This is the natural child of the absurd doctrines we derive from the schools of the metaphysicians. These men have bewildered themselves in a maze of verbiage, and hence refuge must be sought in something *tangible*—or, as the modern *slang* goes, in *positive philosophy*.

Sad are the inferences we are obliged to draw from the texts of the positive men. We cannot rest upon any conclusion they arrive at, simply because they are for determining on finality. Their philosophy is false, if for only this great flaw, that in all nature there is only change and progression. All that is conservation is opposed to change. All that is retrogressive is destructive, like the wave, that in the ship's wake, recedes into the fathomless abyss. We prefer to look forward, and to exert all our forces, mental and bodily, in looking through nature up to nature's God. There we know there is no fear of receding. All nature is progressive, and we look there in vain for a substantial basis on which to build our fanciful theories of thinking matter and creative brain.

The mind is too subtle an essence or entity to be comprehended in our present state of existence. We cannot grasp here much that we shall know hereafter. We can, however, reason from facts. We can draw our inferences. We can arrive at conclusions. We cannot always persuade our neighbours that our conclusions are correct. They may be strictly so; but they may not be met in a confiding or in a philosophic spirit. There is a reason for all this, but the reason is itself too recondite for those who cannot accept facts, unless they tally with their own limited experience. We are not warranted in urging our neighbours to adopt views they can neither believe nor comprehend. We may leave them to become more enlightened.

Few subjects have been so much discussed as that which now occupies our attention. The matter, however, which most presses upon us, is, the welfare of mankind. All objects, compared to this, appear trifling. We have no idea of the importance of our own efforts in endeavouring to ameliorate the lot of our fellow beings. The great majority of us are led away by the impulse of the moment—the meaning of which is, that we are creatures of impulse.

Impelled by what means? Do we know what impelled us? A motive, no doubt. What motive? We do not understand mesmerism. We have not studied the subtle philosophy of the

human will. We have yet to learn that the will is a motive power—consequently, a motive. We can now suppose that the philosophy of Gall is not so frivolous. But that deep in the recesses of our brains are organs influenced to action by motive forces, which impel us to act as we do. Whence do these motive forces reach us? They arrive from the concentrated will of spirits. This, we shall be told, is a madman's idea. Dr. Haslam published a remarkable book on what he termed *Illustrations of Madness*. It contained a single case of a wretched maniac, who was teased perpetually by evil spirits. Nobody would believe the poor man, when he made his statements, that he could see the agencies set in motion to produce what he called lobster cracking. Years of reflection on the facts of clairvoyance—much experience of the operations of the mind among the insane—have convinced me that poor Matthews actually saw what he described. If my readers do not give me credit for being a madman, instead of a deep thinker, they will ask "To what are you leading us?" No wonder that ideas so new are startling. But my good friends may be assured that they are led only to reflect on the necessary consequences of the establishment of certain truths. Not one of the statements now advanced can be refuted. If they could, there would be nothing in nature to be reasoned upon. If our philosophy were false, we should be at a loss to know where to look for the truth. But we are sure of our ground. *The human will is a motive force*. This position cannot be controverted. The ignorant may sneer. The vain and conceited may use their common, but very silly weapon of ridicule. We are not to be biassed or bent by such weak forces. We rely upon facts; and when once our opponents can detect a flaw in our facts, we will yield them the palm of victory.

Many considerations impel us to reconsider the subject of the human will. We are engaged in proving that animal magnetism derives its chief importance from the illustrations it bestows on the philosophy of the mind. Our readers must divest themselves of all the trash which even such able writers as Dugald Stewart have included amidst the real philosophy in their books. It is sickening to read, in many of the best polemical divines of our church, such quantities of false reasoning—such heaps of erroneous conclusions; because they are based upon propositions unsupported by a sufficient foundation of facts. The facts were not wanting, but a preconceived judgment had completely obfuscated some of the clearest intellects. We may thus call much of our accepted erroneous philosophy hereditary, for we have inherited it from those who have preceded us. Not to be outdone in error, we persist in regarding obvious truths as fallacies, and wallow in the mud of our own obstinate wilfulness.



Man, we are told, is the reflected image of his Creator: he is so, with the exception that the image is easily defaced. We cannot imagine a more melancholy consideration, than the idea of a reflected image of a perfect God being submitted to the spoiling process of a mischievous mutilation by a miserable fiend. We hear of fine altar-pieces in churches, painted by the artists who reflect a glory on their country, being destroyed by some wretched being impelled by fiends to an act of barbarity; but this is only the type, or rather copy, of the mutilation we allude to. God's image would necessarily be holy, if the will he vouchsafed to that image had been properly cultivated—if the organ of Concentrativeness had not been allowed to be weakened by wrong training—if, in fact, due *self control* had been cultivated from the earliest period of life. Men may rail at this new philosophy; men may fancy themselves wonderfully gifted with old facts, and with invincible powers of reasoning: they must succumb to the truth—there is no way of escape from the cogency, and the wisdom, and the absolute correctness of the mode of reasoning here adopted. We are apt to recur to our former convictions, notwithstanding the truth is against us: we are as bad as the Hindoo, who refuses to be converted. There is, however, in the end, no escape from just conclusions. The world may lag behind for a time; royal societies may become old and decrepid; we may all be sure, however, that time does not stay for the indolent, the lazy, the ignorant, and the obstinate.

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A HAUNTED HOUSE.—At the Glasgow Small Debts Court on Thursday last, a very singular case was heard. This was a claim restricted to £13, being rent of a furnished house at Strone. The defender served a counter claim on the pursuer, which amounted to £33 1s., being damages sustained by the defender. One of the items in the account was as follows:—"That the house let to the defender was under a bad name, and no person that knew it, would live in it. That the pursuer did not inform the defender of this although he knew well that the house had the name of haunted ever since his brother hanged himself, and was stretched on the kitchen table. That the defender obtained a lodger, and from a fright he got from a vision in the night, he became deranged, and went and drowned himself. To loss sustained on not being apprised of the character of the house, £20." The counter account was not entered into, as there was a wrong date in the original account, and the Sheriff dismissed the case.—*Perthshire Gazette*.

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## Correspondence.

### PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

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

SIR,—In compliance with the request of several friends, I have much pleasure in placing at your disposal a few of the phenomenal facts I have recorded during my investigation of the deeply interesting subject of spirit intercourse, and in the first place permit me to say to your readers, that I am not learned in the laws of physics. I am a plain practical man of business, and I believe an ordinarily sagacious observer. I have gone through all the phases of doubt, and exhibited the usual amount of ignorance, free however from bigotry and dogmatism. I have read much, and heard almost everything that could be said upon the subject, either in denial or explanation of the facts, and am at length forced to admit, that (as all other solutions entirely fail to explain the phenomena,) I do accept the one claimed for them of "spirit manifestations," and I now most implicitly believe that the disembodied spirit can and does manifest its existence to man on earth.

It is now about four years since I first witnessed the manifestations at the house of a neighbour, where Mr. Home, the American medium, was then residing. The occurrences so opposed to my pre-conceived ideas were indeed startling, and sufficient to satisfy the mind of any rational man that something—call that something what you will—more than natural agencies was at work. Among other wonders witnessed by me at that time, an accordion, brought from one end of the room to the other by no mortal agency, placed in my hand, and held by me apart from any one, all around having their hands visibly placed on the table, was played upon in the most beautiful manner, and the particular air I asked for executed; there being no possibility of any one touching the keys of the instrument. At another time the table around which seven persons were seated, rose slowly from the ground and ascended nearly to the ceiling, out of the reach of all but myself, descending steadily, and returning to the floor with no more force than if it had been a feather's weight. To talk of such things being delusions, or effected by a well-contrived trick of any kind is simply ridiculous.

I compared notes at that time with Sir David Brewster, who in company with Lord Brougham, had also witnessed phenomena differing somewhat from my experiences, but not less marvellous. Sir David admitted he could not suggest a solution, but said emphatically, "Spirit, sir, is the last thing I will give in to." It might I think be fairly asked if biblical history is to be relied upon, why spirit should not be the *first*. Some time after, when Sir David Brewster saw in the London journals a paragraph copied from an American paper (to which Mr. Home deceived by the apparent frankness of Sir David had sent it) announcing "the conversion of Sir David Brewster and Lord Brougham to the belief in spirit rapping," he wrote a letter to the *Morning Advertiser*, denying the statement in the strongest terms, and heaping ridicule and contempt on the whole subject. The result was a correspondence between Sir David and myself, and, when pressed by me to say what he had really seen, and to give if he could, an explanation of the plain matters of fact submitted to his senses, this philosopher made the following remarkable statement, which, as it might be doubted, I beg to say is an extract from a letter addressed to me, dated October 9th, 1855, published about that period by Sir David Brewster in the *Morning Advertiser*, he says:—

"At Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself, sat down to a small table; Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine whether there was any machinery about his person; an examination which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard, rappings in abundance; and finally when we rose up, the table appeared to rise from the ground. This result I do not pretend to explain," &c.

We have here the assertion that the table really did rise from the ground, or rather that it *appeared* to rise, and Sir David could not explain how; if it did, we may allow Sir David to reconcile such a statement to the satisfaction of Professor Faraday, who about the same period, in a lecture delivered by him at the Royal Institution, said, in effect, that the man must be a fool who asserted that a table in subversion of Newton's law *could* rise from the ground. However, upon this point, Professor Faraday may very easily be satisfied, as among other scientific "impossibilities" he can see a table, or a chair rise from the ground and float mid air, without any human support whatever. It is a fact witnessed by me and many others frequently, and, therefore, Professor Faraday, without over-riding Newton's, may add to his well-stored mind another law which he has not yet recognised. Will the Professor accept the invitation? *Dare* he? Let me remind him that the Faraday of America, Professor Hare, examined the phenomena, declaring they were explainable by known natural laws; but in the course of his investigations he converted himself to the belief in spirit power, and, as a natural consequence to the belief in a life hereafter, which he had previously been unable to accept, and with a candour which reflects the highest honour on his memory, he had the boldness to make known his conversion to the world.

After the departure of Mr. Home for the continent, where he was well received, and his remarkable powers recognised at almost all the courts of Europe, and especially by the Emperor Napoleon the Third, I lost the opportunity of pursuing my investigations by practical tests, and had to content myself with reading and hearing what others had to say, regretting that when speaking of occurrences I had witnessed, I had no means of satisfying the natural curiosity of those to whom my statements appeared too marvellous to be readily credited; and, notwithstanding I could appeal for corroborative testimony to many friends, and to a mass of well-attested facts of similar phenomena recorded as having taken place in France and America—yet they were met by many wise people with a shrug of compassion, and no doubt—out of my hearing by some remarks not very complimentary to my sanity, if not in strong condemnation of my venturing to impose on their credulity by a wicked fabrication of what they *knew* on the authority of "scientific philosophers" to be wholly impossible.

However, after the lapse of a year or two, I met with two humble individuals, Mrs. Marshall and her niece, Mary Brodie, in whose presence I have witnessed phenomena almost as remarkable as any on record, and thus I have found the means of demonstrating to the sceptical, the undoubted reality of a super-mundane agency. I may here explain, for the information of the uninitiated, that the so-called "spirit power" is manifested in various ways, and only in the presence of "media," male or female; sometimes by rapping sounds, or by a rocking movement of the table, at others by hand-guiding, &c. It is not my intention to trespass on your space, or the patience of your readers, to whom many of these things are familiar, by recording messages purporting to come from the spirits of departed friends and relatives, many of which are highly interesting and instructive, but I shall confine myself to a recital of a few of the most remarkable of the physical manifestations I have recently witnessed.

In the month of May last, I was residing with my family at M— House, Malvern, kept by Mr. W—, his wife and daughter, who had on a visit with them, a Mr. M— and a Miss L—. Mrs. Marshall and her niece had come from London at the request of several of the members of Dr. Wilson's establishment, and having a spare afternoon, Mr. W— asked them to spend it with his family and friends. They formed, as I was told, "a circle," and soon obtained many manifestations that greatly interested them; and in reply to the questions usually put to the spirits, it was intimated that Mr. W— and his daughter were both mediums.

The Marshalls left the house early in the evening, and after their departure the family and their friends sat round a good-sized breakfast table, trying if they had any power to produce the raps and movements. I knew nothing of this at the time; but about eleven o'clock, Mr. W— came to my sitting room begging me to go down stairs, as he really did not know what to do; he seemed distressed and excited, and explained that they had been trying to get the

table-movements, and had succeeded beyond their wishes, as, after answering their questions, the table began moving about without *any one touching it*, and "Now, sir," he said, "I don't know what to do, for we cannot stop it." I went to their sitting room, and as I entered, the table, much to my surprise, made three *skips* and a *bow* (no one being near it), as if to welcome me. I walked up to the end where two of the females were screaming hysterically, and the table *whirled* round and followed me.

I succeeded first in calming the females, and then in bringing the table to a stand still. Mr. M. then assured me that the table had been answering their questions and moving about for more than an hour without any one touching it. Now let me pause to ask Professor Faraday and his disciples how they will reconcile this fact to their theory of "involuntary muscular action."

I have in my possession several messages *written* by the unseen agencies in a *legible* hand on paper with a lead pencil; I have frequently obtained writing (in the presence, of course, of the media, having no power of myself), both on a slate and on paper, sometimes whilst the paper was laid on the floor, at others whilst held in my own hand; the movement of the pencil being distinctly felt, though the agency was not visible.

As a further test of the existence of an independent intelligence, I have placed a closed book on the floor, all hands being on the table, and have requested that some specified page might be turned down. All present could hear the book opened, the leaves deliberately turned over as if by human fingers, the book closed again; and on taking it up I have found the page indicated turned down lengthways. I have repeatedly seen a table raised from the ground and suspended in the air, while those around were standing, all hands as usual being on its surface. I have seen, in fact, more startling phenomena than most of your readers will be prepared to believe—I mean more startling even than those I have here spoken of, and too extraordinary I am sure to be accounted for by any other than a super-ordinary agency of *some* kind. I think however I have said enough to show that there is in this much-derided "Spirit-rapping" more than is usually thought by those who have not investigated the subject; that as the facts are capable of direct and immediate proof, there is no necessity to dispute longer about what is possible or what is impossible; that the serious asseverations of men like myself, who pretend to no more than to give a truthful record of what they have seen, should be treated with the respect due to serious investigations; and that the last and most feeble of all oppositions is the attempt to destroy such testimony by descending to deal with it in an unreasoning tone of banter and ridicule. An avoidance of the whole subject on the ground of conscientious religious scruples is perfectly fair, and I think entitled to all respect. That state of feeling however implies an admission of a *reality*, which is all that believers in spirit manifestations desire in the first instance to enforce. The *cul bono* so constantly asked is answered in the unquestionable fact, that thousands have within a few years been converted by these manifestations to a belief in a future life, and when we so constantly hear the clergy of all denominations assuring their congregations that the safety of even one soul brought by their individual efforts to a state of repentance would be an ample reward for a lifetime of earnest endeavour, may we not rejoice that spiritualism opens the way more readily to a recognition of divine truths.

Let those whose vocations place them in the position of guides and instructors of the human family reflect on the significant fact that many master minds, after a due and calm investigation of the subject, have written volumes in support of their new-born convictions. Among these are the Howitts, Ashburners, Wilkinsons, and others, of London; and of Judge Edmonds, Governor Tallmadge, the Honorable Robert Dale Owen, Professor Hare, and the Rev. Adin Ballou, of America. To this let me add the fact that a catalogue has been recently issued by Mr. George Bumstead, of seven hundred works published at different periods during the last three centuries, all more or less bearing upon the same subject, and recording facts on facts. How can all this testimony be ignored by attributing (as is too frequently done), to these authors gross delusions, or the practice of a deliberate fraud on the credulity of their fellow-creatures? Let me in conclusion admonish these *savans*, in the words of an orthodox and learned divine, the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., who, in a clever

little book, "Superstition and Science," published by Rivington, says, "Knowing that I am liable to be misrepresented, I will repeat that I am not writing with a view to maintain that clairvoyants see all or any of the things they profess to see, or that any rapping or tapping, or table turning, is done by one thing or another, by spirit or by matter; but I do most earnestly say, that whether with reference to this or any other subject, broad, sweeping charges of fraud cast about at random, unsupported and unauthenticated, are in a high degree injurious to the morals and the happiness of the human race. They go directly to destroy the faith of mankind in God and in one another, and they tend to promote in those who are simple enough to listen to them, a general, stupid, unreasoning scepticism.

"Explanatory philosophers when they find their explanations laughed at as less intelligible than the mysteries which they are brought to explain, seem to think that they have no alternative but to fall back on wholesale reckless denial, as they 'must admit any solution rather than a miracle,' so they must make any shift rather than confess ignorance.

"At the same time these modest philosophers expect us to believe whatever they tell us. They demand from us a credulity as stupid and unreasoning as their own. They really require a baser and more degrading abnegation of understanding. Their explanations are, to say the least, as incredible and unintelligible as the mysteries themselves."

I am, sir, your's obediently,

INVESTIGATOR.

*P.S.*—Although I have not subscribed my name to the foregoing, you are at liberty to give it to any serious inquirer who may think it necessary for a fuller corroboration of the facts of which I have spoken.

We have received from Judge Edmonds a most obliging letter, from which we are enabled to make the following extracts:—

"It seems to me now that the most acceptable topic for an article from me would be a history of the rise and progress of the Cause with us, and a statement of its present condition.

"Mr. Owen's book will be out in December, I perused a copy of his MS. here at about the same he was reading the original to you in London; and I was so much pleased with it, that I wrote a notice of it for one of our papers, in which I spoke of it as one of the best of the works in our field.

"I was particularly struck with one feature in it—where he quoted from many writers of old, their views—because I had just been doing the same thing, and making the same quotations. When his book comes out he will be in danger of the charge of plagiarism, or I shall. But that can hardly be, for I published my lecture before I saw his MS., and he wrote his book before I prepared my lecture. To the world outside it may be deemed at most a coincidence, but we can readily understand how the spirits can impress two or more minds with the same train of thought, at about the same time.

"I send you a copy of my lecture, as well as others of my tracts, which may interest you—and I will add that, if they can be of any use to the friends in London, I can supply you with any number without any expense except transportation."

## Notices of New Books.

*Spiritualism, and the Age we Live in.* By CATHERINE CROWE, Author of the *Night Side of Nature, etc. etc.* Newby.

The expectation excited by the announcement of a work on Spiritualism by the author of the *Night Side of Nature*, has not, on the whole, been disappointed on a careful perusal of the book itself. Without subscribing to all the opinions therein expressed, we cannot but commend the earnest, out-spoken, yet modest way, in which it is written.

The author reviews the present state of thought and feeling in relation to the highest questions which affect humanity. Religion, she regards as being, practically, all but inoperative. Theology is more and more tending to formalism, and science to materialism. Men do not live by faith. They hold it: it does not hold them. How is religion to be made a living power instead of a dead formula? Has God withdrawn himself from the world; or, is it that the world is withdrawing itself from God? The author believes in continuous revelation. God is ever revealing himself, in nature—in science—in art—in history—in literature, and in human life. But He never at once and fully reveals himself. He sheds his rays of light into the hearts of those who are prepared to receive it; and though men may despise, and hate, and persecute those who accept it—the light itself they cannot extinguish. But men have to be fellow-workers with God. He requires that they should exert the faculties He has given them to follow out these divine glimpses and suggestions. Not only must we bend our ear in reverent expectation to catch the faintest whispering—the least syllable of the divine utterance; but we must watch and labour as well as pray. *Laborare est orare.* And if, working faithfully by the light we have, we need and seek more light, then assuredly more light will be vouchsafed. God's revelations come to us through human and therefore imperfect media; we must learn to separate the human imperfection—the possible error from the absolute truth which can alone emanate from the All-perfect. Practically, men do so in all departments of human thought except the highest. Here, they accept or reject *in toto*. Why should this be so? Why should this alone be treated as an exception to the universal rule?

But revelation by voice and pen being now all but universally scouted, how are our religious convictions to be strengthened and deepened? How is modern sadducism to be met? How are the powers, prerogatives, and destiny of the soul to be re-established? How is the pride and self-sufficiency of men to be effectually humbled? How?—Just in the old way. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." God speaks to us by facts as well as by words; and in the facts of spiritual manifestation—to the reality of which Mrs. Crowe gives the weight of her personal testimony; we, with her, recognize, at least, one of the means, by which, and in a great measure, through the doubt denial, and conflict which such manifestation necessarily encounters, is demonstrated the realities of the spiritual world; and both the possibility and the fact of a continued intercourse with the departed fully established. The extent to which this must operate upon the conscience and the life in those who are the subjects of this conviction is, we believe, scarcely to be estimated, especially by those who have had no experience herein.

There are many interesting speculations, inquiries, and suggestions started by the author, concerning which the reader must consult the book itself. We cordially welcome Mrs. Crowe as an avowed fellow-labourer in the spiritual vineyard, and we hope she may be encouraged to augment still further the thoughtful literature of spiritualism. The argument of the book is so closely connected throughout that we have thought it better to attempt to give the reader some idea of the spirit of it, than to select paragraphs for extract; the cogency of which must necessarily be weakened by detachment.

*Footfalls on the Boundary of another World.* London: White, Bloomsbury-street.

This Work, from the pen of the Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN, is daily expected in England, and we cordially recommend it to our readers.

From the careful and personal scrutiny of the author, the wonderful instances it contains may be entirely relied upon. Many of them were read to private audiences in England; and unbelievers, we hope, will save themselves trouble by accepting them as true. It will then only remain for them to meet Mr. Owen's arguments upon philosophical grounds, founded on the facts he adduces; and if they can find a better theory than his, they shall have every opportunity we can afford them, of bringing it before the world.

That such a mind as his has accepted these facts, involving as they did his construction of a philosophy entirely opposed to the ideas of a lifetime, is of itself a criterion of their truth. In our next number we hope to give a review of the work.

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## Foreign Intelligence.

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### FRANCE.

Paris now boasts of two excellent journals devoted to Spiritualism, each commanding a large circulation; one is entitled *The Revue Spirite*, conducted by M. Allen Cardec, formerly of the College of Jesuits; and the other, *The Revue Spiritualiste*, the editor of which is M. Piérart, a gentleman of no ordinary ability, and conspicuous for the great interest he takes in spiritual matters. From a recent number of the latter journal we extract the following letter, from M. P. F. Mathieu, of Montmatre, recounting an interesting case of direct spirit writing; he says:—"Mdlle. Huet (a medium) dined yesterday with my wife and family at Montmatre; the meeting was a friendly one, and no manifestation of her power was expected. During dinner I casually asked if she thought we could obtain direct writing from the spirits; she replied that she did not know, but that we could try. I therefore, when the table was cleared, took out of my pocket-book a sheet of note paper, on which the words "Faith in God" had been previously written by the spirits in the church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, and begged Mdlle. Huet to ask that something else might be written upon it. I placed the sheet of paper, folded in four, by my side upon the table; Mdlle. Huet, who was sitting on my right, placed her left hand on the paper and breathed a mental prayer. A few minutes afterwards we found the word *God* followed by the sign of the cross written upon the exterior fold of the paper which faced the table. This new word appeared to have been written as the previous ones in pencil, but much darker and more firmly impressed. I was astonished at the great facility with which Mdlle. Huet obtained a result which two hundred years ago would have rendered her in the eyes of the world a saint or a sorceress."

### GERMANY.

A friend residing near Frankfort on the Maine, who has promised to act as our Special Correspondent, informs us, that in that city several spirit circles have been formed, and that in one family known to us numerous communications have been received by means of the *Planchette*. He adds that now Spiritualism is more openly discussed in society than formerly. We anticipate with much interest further letters from our esteemed correspondent.

### HOLLAND.

Major Revius, of the Netherland Army, at The Hague, states that since Mr. Home's visit in 1857, numerous spiritual societies have been formed in Holland, he himself being a member of one of them: he mentions that his son has become a powerful medium, and that they daily witness very interesting instances of spirit manifestations; we intend to insert in an early number, an account of some very remarkable instances of direct spirit writing furnished by the Major.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. I.]

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[No. 2.]

## THE MANIFOLD PHASES OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE gentle British public is constantly, from one source or another, hearing something about *Spiritualism*, or *Spirit-rapping* as it is popularly designated. This very Christmas, one of our brightest literary luminaries has condescended to enlighten as well as enliven us by his portraiture of a Spiritualist; from which it appears that a Spiritualist is a "goggle-eyed gentleman," who "passes the night, as indeed he passes the whole of his time," in listening to spirit-rapping and noting down inquiries made in this way by Socrates about his health, and how he likes travelling; and information from Galileo, that water will freeze when it is cold enough,—and so forth.

Now this is all very well in its way, and perhaps very seasonable. We take it with our mince pies and roasted chesnuts; we laugh at it as we do at the Olympic burlesque or the Sadler's Wells pantomime, and are in no more danger of taking it for a reality than we are when we see Robson wheeling a barrow on a tight-rope over a cataract, à la Blondin, for the amusement of the Danish court, or the wicked old pantaloon when he purloins the sausages. But when Mr. Dickens, in his choice phraseology, designates a Spiritualist as a "Rapper," and would have us believe that both terms are synonymous, he does but ignorantly echo the popular representation and belief upon this subject; *Spiritualism* and *Spirit-rapping* being in fact generally used as convertible terms. This view is however an erroneous one, and is calculated seriously to mislead. The term "Spirit-rapping" expresses but one of the simplest of the varied external phenomena of modern Spiritualism; and its employment to express even all these phenomena in their totality, is altogether inadequate and false, tending only to excite a low, meagre, and ridiculously erroneous conception of the whole subject.



Having for some years past investigated the external phenomena of Spiritualism, and availed ourselves of the opportunities afforded us for personal observation of them, under circumstances precluding all suspicion as to their genuineness, we think that, with a view to dispel the foolish notion to which we have referred, it may be well to present a brief general statement of the leading phenomenal phases in which, at the present day, Spiritualism is presented to us. A particular and exhaustive enumeration of them would be tedious, and perhaps impossible.

Before doing so, however, as a preliminary observation, necessary to a right understanding of the matter, we would remark that there are persons in some way peculiarly constituted, whose presence appears to furnish conditions requisite to enable spirits to act upon matter, or to manifest their agency in any way cognizable to men. In what this peculiarity consists, whether it be chemical, electrical, magnetic, odyllic, or in some combination of these, or in what else, it would lead us too far from our present purpose to consider. At present, we would only point out the fact that the presence of one such person at least is necessary in every circle before any spiritual manifestations can be obtained. Such persons are now technically designated *Mediums*.

The most common form of the manifestations, and that which is most easily obtained, is seen in:—

1.—*The Rappings, Table-tippings, and other sounds and movements of ponderable bodies.* The company assembled place their hands lightly on a table, and, if a suitable medium is present, in a short time sounds, like raps or detonations, are heard on the table, the chairs, the walls, or the floor, often varying in power and tone. We have heard them faint, as if made by the fingers of a young child; again, as if made by the knuckles of a strong man; and again, upon the floor, as if produced by a crutch: in the latter case, a lady present informed the circle that that was the mode in which the spirit of her grandfather signalled his presence to her; and that when living, he was in the habit of thumping his crutch upon the floor, producing just such sounds as we had heard. All present saw exactly the spot whence the noise came, though no crutch or other means of making the sound was visible. Again, “sounds such as are occasioned by the prosecution of several mechanical and other occupations, are often heard; there are others which resemble the harsh voices of the winds and waves, with which occasionally harsh creaking sounds are mingled, similar to those produced by the masts and rigging of a ship while it is labouring in a rough sea. At times powerful concussions occur, not unlike distant thunder or the discharge of artillery, accompanied by an oscillatory movement of surrounding objects, and, in some instances, by a vibratory or tremulous motion of the

floor of the apartment, or it may be of the whole house wherein the phenomena occur." At other times, instead of sounds being heard, extraordinary movements of the table are seen, it rising and falling vertically or perpendicularly, and to different elevations off the floor, or sliding along the room first in one direction, and then in another, or moving rapidly round it. These phenomena, as we have said, usually take place with the hands of some or all of the persons present resting lightly on the table; this, however, is not always necessary, as, on more than one occasion, we have seen the table rise from the floor without any contact, and respond by signals, or by the alphabet, to questions that have been put, and even beat time to an air that was played, no one being nearer the table than from two to three feet of it. Human beings also have frequently been raised off the floor and floated round the room in the presence of numerous persons.

The obtaining of intelligent responses in the way above indicated is a hard nut for anti-spiritualists to crack; they might very plausibly allege that sounds and movements, however strange, were not of themselves alone sufficient to satisfy a reasonable mind that there was any spirit *ab extra* concerned in their production; but when these sounds and movements are made to serve as a code of signals by which questions are answered, intelligent communications given, and numbers indicated, and these often of a kind unthought of, and unexpected by all present,—then we think it evident that a more occult force is at work—an intelligent though invisible actor is demonstrated. Published and authenticated facts of the above kind are before the world in abundance, and they may be multiplied to an extent to meet any reasonable requirement.

2. *Spirit Writings and Spirit Drawings.*—The former of these modes of communication is not unfrequent. Usually, the medium holds a pencil in hand as for writing, and, sometimes immediately—sometimes after a few minutes, the hand goes into involuntary motion, forming letters, words, and sentences, making an intelligible communication or reply to some question, verbal or mental, that has been asked. These communications are written sometimes slowly, at other times with almost inconceivable rapidity, and in various handwriting, and sometimes in foreign languages. The name of a deceased friend or relative is frequently appended; sometimes the signature is given of an entire stranger. With some mediums the hand is simply used mechanically, the medium not having the slightest idea of what is being written; with others this is accompanied by impression as to the immediate word or sentence that is to be written, but no further. I know one medium who sees before him in the air, or upon the table, the word he has to write. Sometimes, instead of writing, the hand will go into drawing

geometrical forms; or even fruits, flowers, figures, and symbolical representations will be thus produced. I know a lady, who of herself has not the faculty of drawing, but through whose hand most exquisite flower and fruit pieces have been drawn; these, however, are not of a kind that the botanist would recognise; they purport to be drawings of spiritual fruits and flowers; and certainly they appear to accord with this representation.\* Cases of direct spirit-writing—that is, not requiring the intervention of a mortal hand, are comparatively rare. Baron Guldenstubbé of Paris, has, however, furnished incontestible evidence that this direct spirit-writing, and in various languages, has been obtained.† The Hon. Robert Dale Owen has obtained this direct spirit-writing on paper supplied and examined by himself, marked with his own crest, and written upon before his eyes, without the possibility of any one touching it. It has also been obtained in the presence of the Emperor and Empress of the French.

3. *Trance and Trance Speaking*.—Trance is a state of abnormal unconsciousness spiritually induced. In this state the trancee frequently speaks as from a spirit—sometimes in long and sustained discourse; and even, at times, in a foreign and (to the trancee) unknown tongue. We have scores of times heard persons of but little education discourse when in this state, with an amplitude of knowledge which we are sure they did not in themselves possess, and with a logical coherence and power of expression, of which in their normal state they were incapable; and this, too, under circumstances precluding all possibility of premeditation; being in reply to questions by ourself or friends upon topics of an abstruse or technical nature, and of which no previous intimation had been given, or could have been conveyed; and the ideas so communicated being sometimes alike foreign to the minds of speaker and hearers. This state is similar, if not identical with that which in the same persons may be induced by Mesmerism. Indeed, spirits frequently aver that it is the result of *spiritual magnetisation*, that in both cases there is a *de-magnetising*—a temporary removal of the magnetism of the body—a tearing down of the veil which hides the unseen, and thus enables the spirit of the magnetizee to come into *rapport* with spirits and spiritual realities. This leads us to notice

4. *Clairvoyance and Clairaudience*.—It matters not what the opinions of clairvoyants and clairaudients may be in the normal condition; in the above states, they almost invariably, when their minds are not purposely directed otherwise, speak of

\* Those who wish for further particulars concerning these drawings, may consult "Wilkinson's *Spirit Drawings: a Personal Narrative*." Chapman & Hall.

† See *La réalité des Esprits et les Phénomènes: merveilleux de leur Ecriture directe démontrées*, par Le Baron de Guldenstubbé. Paris, 1857.

seeing and hearing spirits; they describe them, they enter into conversation with them, they frequently give medical prescriptions as from some deceased physician whom they name, they speak of seeing spiritual scenery; and, as to their spirits, they seem to be intruded into the spiritual world. In this article we cannot offer examples, but there are some remarkable instances of clairvoyance in illustration of Spiritualism, in Dr. Dixon's *Hygienic Clairvoyance*, to which we would refer the reader.

5. *Luminous Phenomena*—are sometimes seen at spiritual sances. They are usually described as very brilliant, sometimes they appear as stars, or as balls of fire, at other times they shoot meteor-like through the apartment, or gleam over the walls; or appear as luminous currents circling round a particular centre, such as the hand of the medium, the pencil with which he is writing, or some object in the room.

In a memorial to Congress, signed by thirteen thousand citizens of the United States, praying for the appointment of a Scientific Commission to inquire into the facts of Spiritualism; among other phenomena, the memorialists state that "lights of various forms and colors, and of different degrees of intensity, appear in dark rooms, where no substances exist which are liable to develop a chemical action or phosphorescent illumination, and in the absence of all the means and instruments whereby electricity is generated, or combustion produced."

6. *Spiritual Impersonation*, or the representation or reproduction in a medium of the actions and manner, gait, deportment, and other peculiarities which distinguished the actuating spirit in his earth-life.

7. *Spirit-Music*.—A musical instrument, say a harp, or an accordion, being held or suspended in the hand of the medium, or of some person near him, tunes are sometimes played on it by invisible agency, often in a very superior manner—sometimes it will be a known and familiar tune—at other times spirit-music will be thus improvised.

We know persons, who often, when alone and unexpectedly, hear delightful music—apparently in the air, resembling and yet unlike any other they have heard. In the obituaries of eminently religious persons, we have seen the same fact recorded of them. In the memorial to which we have already referred, it is stated that "harmonic sounds are heard, as of human voices, but more frequently resembling the tones of various musical instruments, among which, those of the fife, drum, trumpet, guitar, harp and piano, have been mysteriously and successfully represented, both with and *without* the instruments, and in either case, *without any apparent human or other visible agency.*"

8. *Visible and Tactual Manifestations*, such as the appearance

and touch of *Spirit-hands*.—Some striking instances of this kind occurred about two years ago at Ealing, and were attested in a letter to the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* by one of the most eminent of our London Physicians, and republished as a cheap tract, entitled—*Evenings with Mr. Home and the Spirits*. A published lecture by Mr. Rymer on *Spirit Manifestations*, also records the same facts, which have likewise been corroborated to us by other witnesses. We might also mention

9. *Spirit-intercourse by means of the Mirror, Crystal, and Vessel of Water*.—A mode of communication which, though not very prevalent, deserves to be named, if only for its antiquity. To these modes of spiritual manifestations, we may add such well-known phenomena as—

10. *Apparitions of the Departed*.—Attested as they are by a mass of evidence, which to us appears incontrovertible. And all the laboured efforts to account for them on any theory which excludes their spiritual reality, in our judgment suffer under this defect, that they are inadequate to meet the world-wide facts by which such theories are confronted.

11. *Visions and Previsions*.—That men have had visions of the spiritual world, and of spiritual things, we suppose no Christian will deny, as many instances of the kind are related both in the Old and New Testament; and we see no warrant either in Scripture or reason, to believe that they have ceased. We find many cases of spiritual vision recorded in the lives of pious men of which we have no reason to doubt. Human nature is the same now as in the olden time; men are subject to the same physical and psychical laws now as then, and if subject to the same conditions, why should not the same results follow? Why may we not believe that the spiritual sight of Swedenborg was opened as well as that of the prophet's servant? Why may we not believe in the spiritual visions of Col. Gardiner or of Judge Edmonds, as well as in those of Balaam, the hireling prophet? Our object now, however, is not to argue the fact of spiritual vision, but to instance it as one of the modes of spirit manifestation.

12. *Dreams*.—Of course we do not mean that all dreams, nor even that all dreams of a spiritual kind, are to be regarded as verities, or as communications from the unseen world, but simply that communications from thence are *sometimes* made to us by this means—that facts and truths are *sometimes* revealed to people in dreams which cannot rationally be accounted for on any other hypothesis.

13. *Presentiments*.—True, people may mistake their own fancies for presentiments, but often the presentiment is too clear and definite, and its correspondence to the event too exact to admit of such explanation, and, in the lives of some persons, too

frequent to allow of their being regarded as mere coincidences. This phase of the subject, it is obvious, is closely allied to—

14. *Spirit Influx*.—By which ideas and sentiments are infused into the mind. Of all modes of spiritual intercourse, this is probably the most universal and the least understood. Swedenborg has written on this more fully and to the point than any author whom we know, and to him we must refer the reader who is desirous of a further exposition herein. This branch of the subject is the largest of all, and, perhaps, would be seen to comprise all the others; at all events it is immediately connected with the deepest things of the soul, and of its union with the spiritual world.

15. *Involuntary Utterance*.—Of which the speaker is himself incapable, is not the least noteworthy of the modes and evidences of spirit-intercourse. This is not confined to the trance state, or to modern mediums. In the history of the Camisards, in the preaching epidemic in Sweden, and in the Ulster Revivals of the present day, children and people unable to read, under spiritual influence have prayed, preached, and quoted Scripture with an eloquence and power and felicity of expression which amazed all who heard them. In Mr. Irving's Church, "the utterances" were frequently in foreign languages, as well as in the unknown tongue. This was called by them, "speaking in the power," and its supernatural character was avowed.

16. *Possession*.—We believe that many persons treated as insane are only so in the same sense as were the demoniacs of old. We have the high authority of Esquirol for believing that there are cases of possession even now; and Dr. Wilkinson, convinced of the same fact, has recently published a "Proposal to treat Lunacy by Spiritualism," as a curative agency. Judge Edmonds, of America, writes—"I know something of the disease of insanity. My professional and judicial life has compelled me to study it, and I have communed with several who died insane; and I am convinced that there are no means known among men that can do so much to cure and eradicate the disease as spiritual intercourse well understood and wisely guided. How long it will be before those whose speciality the disease is, will have the good sense to look into it, instead of condemning it without inquiry and without knowledge, time must determine."

The foregoing *catalogue raisonné* of some of the various modes of spirit manifestation, as we have before intimated, is by no means an exhaustive one; but we trust we have said sufficient to satisfy our readers that the question is of a large and comprehensive character. We might easily show that essentially it is not limited to our own time, that its roots lie deep in history and in human nature, and that it branches naturally

into some of the deepest questions in Science, Philosophy, and Theology; but to this we shall have occasion to refer again and again, as well as to the evidence in proof of the reality of spiritual manifestations: meanwhile, we would ask our readers to make themselves acquainted with the evidence already extant upon this question, and not to trust what the newspapers may say about it. It is the custom of the press (with but rare exceptions) totally and systematically to ignore all facts and evidence favourable to Spiritualism, while it prominently brings forward any statements or representations which may place it in an unfavourable light. In conclusion, we may say that while we do not care to court controversy, our columns will be open to friends who may differ from us, and who are willing to discuss these differences in good temper and in good faith, with a view to arrive at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The reader will also understand that this is no manifesto of a spiritualist's creed, but rather, is a list of some of the observed facts of spirit-manifestation. These facts are each and all only the portals to a true spiritual reading of the soul and the universe of God, and give us light, which it is our especial object to bring before the world, to arrest, if we can, its serious thought. Even the full acceptance of them as facts will not, in the highest sense, make a man a Spiritualist, but they will enlarge his knowledge, and make him more open to receive the holy inner teaching of his soul, when he allows it to be spoken to by the kingdom of God which is within him. True Spiritualism is God in the soul.

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### PROFESSOR AGASSIZ' EXPERIENCE.

LOUIS AGASSIZ is a man of whom America is justly proud. He is one of her greatest sons; and his reputation is not confined to his own country, for it is as wide as civilization. Although, like many other men, both very great and very little, he is not satisfied of the facts of Spiritualism, he has had a wonderful experience of his own, which he himself tells of, but wisely says he cannot account for. Our readers, however, will not be in great difficulty to place it amongst the facts to which it belongs.

Agassiz is a great physiologist and geologist—a second Humboldt in fact—and had been deeply cogitating on a fossil which had been recently discovered, having new and remarkable peculiarities. It was apparently the connecting link between vertebrate and the lower animals, as the mud-fish from Africa, exhibited in the Crystal Palace, is the connecting link between

fishes and reptiles ; but what was mortifying and puzzling to him was, that the very part of the fossil which should have shewed the most interesting part was covered with the strong deposit in which it had been imbedded.

Whilst pondering the subject in bed he fell asleep, and in a dream he was delighted to have the whole of the hidden part and all its mechanism and differences clearly displayed before his eyes, and besides to see intuitively the exact place which it filled in comparative anatomy. He awoke in the morning with the subject fresh in his mind ; but alas, no sooner did he try to recall it, than the whole of what he had seen, vanished from his memory, and all he could remember was that he had seen it in its most satisfactory extent.

The next night, again thinking deeply of it, he fell asleep, and the whole scene was again presented before his mind. He determined to try to remember it, and to make an effort to awake, but he still slept on, and in the morning had again forgotten all that he so desired to remember. He determined, if he should ever dream it again, that he would make the strongest effort to awaken, and have paper by his bedside on which to fix the information.

Accordingly, on going to bed, he placed some paper and a pencil beside him, again thinking of his wonderful fossil, when what was his delight during his sleep, at finding the whole for the third time clearly pictured before him. Now then to awake, and transfer it to the paper ! But no—he still slept on, and in the morning was distressed beyond measure to find that the whole had entirely vanished from his memory.

In this disconsolate state he commenced to dress, but had not proceeded far when his eyes fell on the paper and pencil by his bed-side, and, going to them, he was astonished to find upon the paper an accurate drawing of the complete fossil, with all its parts. It was in fact the picture of his vision, and gave him again all he had seen in his sleep. He tells this himself, and says that he cannot account for the picture being there—whether he got up and did it himself, or whether it was done by other means with which our readers, who are acquainted with direct spirit-writing and drawing, are familiar.

Having secured his drawing, the Professor compared it with the fossil, and as his curiosity was now largely excited, he ventured on endeavouring to uncover that part of it which was concealed under the stony deposit : applying a fine chisel to the part, he was fortunate enough to remove the covering, and then was displayed before his eyes the exact counterpart of his picture and his three dreams. If he were not a Professor, we think he might, after such a fact, believe in spiritual laws and energies, and in himself.



## MR. HOWITT AND MR. DICKENS.

IN reproducing the following masterly letter of Mr. Howitt to "*The Critic*," on the subject of a certain house at Cheshunt, which was haunted for many years, and from which successive occupants were driven after short tenancies, we desire to say a few words on the general question of Mr. Dickens's supposed scepticism of such cases. We can hardly believe that Mr. Dickens does really disbelieve in haunted houses, nor in other phases of spiritual phenomena and operation. At all events if he do, he is certainly neither very comfortable nor very confident in his disbelief. It rather would appear that he is a believer, from the frequent reference he makes to the subject in his publications; in fact he can neither accept fully the facts, nor let them alone. They form the favourite framework of his stories; he inserts well-attested ghost stories from literary contributors in his periodical; and when appealed to by Mr. Howitt, as to whether they are not dished up for his readers as well-written jokes or hoaxes, he solemnly assures him that they are neither the one nor the other, but on the contrary, are well attested and well-believed accounts by his able contributors.

His own earlier works, in which his genius was more fresh, and smacked less of the mercantile element than it does now, contain beautiful touches of the higher forms of spiritual life. He is now a middle-aged genius, and the fire does not flash through him as of yore. Perhaps when he penned the most beautiful passages, even his outer man was but dimly cognizant of the truths with which in his best moments his spirit was inspired. What did he mean when he said, "It would almost seem as if our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in this life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover over us watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!"

Will Mr. Dickens kindly tell us in plain words, if he believes this passage in his writings, or is it a deliberate piece of what in America is called "bunkum?" No:—in his best moments he not only writes so, but believes so; and it is a pity that he does not more cultivate those higher portions of his soul, and give us the benefit of his deeper intuitions of the holy truths.

It is nothing uncommon for men of genius to cover up their inspirations till they themselves deny their existence. But all genius, as it is called, is nothing but inspiration, or the deep intui-

five perceptions of the soul, when under favorable conditions it sees beyond this realm of sensuous limitation.

We think that in conceding to Mr. Dickens's modest request to be furnished with ghosts to order, it would be better first to have put the question to Mr. Dickens, whether or not he denied altogether the fact of haunted houses, spirit appearances, and the whole range of spiritual phenomena. Whether in the face of all that has been written and said, giving detailed accounts of such things, in this and other countries, he believes or disbelieves the alleged facts, all and each of them. One of such facts is as good as a thousand. Let him say aye or no to this—If aye, then we are satisfied; if no, he will at all events be pinned to his answer, and be made, by his own act, a scarecrow and a warning to others of that meagre race which kicks against the pricks.

One of our first points against him would be to ask him to reconcile his denial with the closing words of his last Christmas haunted-house story, in which he invokes his Christian readers "to believe in one another, and in that great Christmas book, the New Testament." Does he overlook the fact, that besides being a great Christmas book, it, as well as the Old Testament, is a great spiritual book, dealing with the spiritual things of the soul, and filled with spiritual facts, such as we are now pressing upon our readers? We shall want him to point out the cognate differences between the man of to-day and the man of the Bible, and the precise time when the spiritual possibilities of the soul, which we see exhibited in the Bible, were cut off from mankind. Above all, what is meant by the promises of spiritual gifts there made by the Redeemer of mankind? There were "haunted houses" then; and men saw the spirits and angels then as now who "haunted them," as the phrase is. Are they all untrue? Does Mr. Dickens dare to disbelieve them?

Then again, as to his advice to "believe in one another." His own conduct is a practical refutation of his advice. Does he believe in another's evidence? Oh, no! He has a high respect, he says, for his informants, but he doesn't believe a word they say on the subject. In other words, he sets up his ignorance against their knowledge. And suppose that, after all, the great Mr. Dickens did condescend to announce his belief in a fact now well known to actual millions in Europe and America. What then? Is he so much more clever and so superior to other persons who have eyes and ears, that they will all with one accord believe him in preference to Mr. Howitt or to A. B. or C? We have seen nothing in either Mr. Dickens or his writings to mark him out as "the coming man," who is to settle all these things by the mere word of his breath. No, Mr. Dickens is only one person after all, and by no means so entirely above his fellow-men that they will recognise him to the extent he fondly thinks. We know

scores of instances in which the most determined sceptics have been convinced; and the only consequence is, that when they tell their friends of their convictions, the friends won't believe them, and insist on being converted themselves. In fact, men do not believe in one another, any more than Mr. Dickens does.

If scepticism had only one head, however much timber there might be in it, we should enter upon the business of convicting it with great alacrity and confidence of success; and even now we will throw down a serious challenge to the literary and philosophic world, that if they will appoint Mr. Dickens to investigate for them, and will be bound by his statements, we will take some personal trouble with him for the sake of the whole.

We are however keeping too long from Mr. Howitt's letter to the "*Critic*," the Editor of which, is content to be one of Mr. Dickens's lacqueys, and to applaud the shortcomings of his master. We hope in an early number to enlighten the public, as to these gentlemen of the press and "their manners and customs," for we are well acquainted with their natural history.

*To the Editor of the "Critic."*

SIR,—I am quite sure that you would not go on, week after week, propagating the grossest untruths, if you knew them to be so; yet in your journal of December 17, you say that Mr. Dickens and some friends of his took it into their heads to go down to a reputed haunted house at Cheshunt, "and they found *no house, no ghost, &c.* . . . So that, unless we are to believe that the ghosts have *removed the house bodily*, and have bewitched the inhabitants at Cheshunt, so as to destroy all their recollections of it, we must presume that such a house *never had existence.*"

Again, in your number for December 24 you repeat the same thing. "Here is a tale about a house, locality named, witnesses named, ghosts described, and lo! when the matter comes to be closely examined, not only do the ghosts disappear, *but the house with them*, and no one can be found near the indicated spot who knows anything about it."

Your statement resolves itself into two assertions—that there was no house to be found, and that nobody had ever heard of a haunted house at Cheshunt.

What are the facts? Mr. Dickens wrote to me some time ago to request that I would point out to him some house said to be haunted. I named to him two—that at Cheshunt, formerly inhabited by the Chapmans, and one at Willington, near Newcastle. The former, I told him, I had never seen; the latter I had, and that Mr. Procter, the proprietor, was still living, a member of the Society of Friends, highly esteemed in his neighbourhood for his clear, sober sense and high moral character. That Mr. Procter had always shown every disposition to gratify inquirers into the extraordinary phenomena which had taken place for years in the house whilst he inhabited it. That I had seen and conversed with various people, all of superior intelligence, who had visited him and been witnesses of the most undoubted marvels. Mr. Dickens, however, chose to visit Cheshunt as the nearest. Neither he nor I knew the condition in which it now was, nor, (as the proprietor was said, years ago, to threaten to pull it down) whether it positively still remained. Mr. Dickens, therefore, had no right to be disappointed if he found the conditions formerly predicated now changed, and had only to turn his steps elsewhere, if disposed to still go ghost-hunting.

Now hear what he says as to the house in a note to me, dated December 17: "The house in which the Chapmans lived has been greatly enlarged, and commands a high rent, and is no more disturbed than this house of mine."

So then, there was the house, the same house to which I directed him, and so far from having been whisked away by the ghosts, "greatly enlarged."

Very well, that point is clear: contrary to your repeated statement, the house was there. The next point is, that they could find no persons near the indicated spot who had heard of this house being haunted. If that had been strictly true, this *not hearing* could not set aside the positive evidence of the Chapmans themselves and their celebrated relatives. Their negative evidence could not annihilate this positive evidence. You say, "witnesses were named," and even the name of a definite person, the sister of a well-known actress. So far, quite correct. The witnesses are the Chapmans themselves and their celebrated relatives—Mr. and Mrs. Kean. The account given at p. 332 of Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" was written down from their own mouths by a gentleman equally eminent as a publisher and author. I have his copy of Mrs. Crowe's book now before me, with the whole of the names of place and parties written by him in the margin.\*

That same account, only fuller and with all the names, was detailed to me by the same near relatives of the Chapmans long after, and has by them been told to many others.

Here, then, to the positive evidence that this house is still standing, you have the equally positive evidence of the Chapmans who lived and suffered in the house. Its not being haunted now is a mere accident, which, if Mr. Dickens and his friends had ever acquainted themselves with the laws of pneumatology, would have been perfectly intelligible to them. Surely a ghost is not bound to remain in any particular spot for ever; surely he may be allowed to leave his accustomed haunt, just as much as Mr. Dickens and his friends were at liberty to leave their own homes to go ghost-hunting. I have given Mr. Dickens a perfectly parallel case, where a house known by me and numbers of other persons from actual observation for years, being partly pulled down and rebuilt, was wholly freed from the visitation; and neither "the contagious fear of servants," nor any machinery of rats, cats, old hats, rusty weathercocks, or keys, could to this day ever again raise a ghost there—the ghost having in fact departed.

But you say they could find no person who ever heard of this house being haunted. It would be wonderful, when a set of jovial and quizzical authors and artists go down into the country, ready with a ludicrous array of rats, cats, old hats, rusty weathercocks, and Ikeys, to laugh at the ghosts they professed to seek that they might figure in a funny Christmas number, if they *did* find any sober old gentleman willing to incur their ridicule by confessing to the weakness of ghost faith. We know, some of us, those in London tolerably high in art and literature, who, whilst they affect to laugh at the superstition of belief in ghosts, really, like some other gentlemen to whom I should be sorry to compare them, "believe and tremble." What wonder, then, if the ghost-hunters in question found nothing? But did they learn nothing? Mr. Dickens says in his note to me, that "the well-informed" accounted for the reports about Mr. Chapman's house "by rats, and a certain man, Frank by name, who was addicted to poaching for rabbits at untimely hours!" Our ghost-hunters prove too much.

It certainly did not need a journey to Cheshunt by a knot of jolly fellows, though I hear it was a merry day, to learn the rumour of this haunting, from people who know that neighbourhood. Without crossing my threshold I hear it. Soon after receiving Mr. Dickens's note, announcing that the ghost was out when he called, a military officer born in that vicinity, and who had lived in and about Cheshunt for years, a gentleman of first-rate education and endowments, came in. I asked him, "Did you ever hear of a haunted house at Cheshunt?"

He replied, "Yes, often, and for many years?" I showed him the statements in the *CRITIC*, where it says they could not even find the house. He said, "Where did these gentlemen go to? I think I know every person of consequence there, and I tell you the report is common enough."

Thus every one of your statements receives positive contradiction. Mr. Dickens and his friends did find the house—did hear that the reports were accounted for by rats and a man Frank. The parties who lived at the time specified, have put their solemn and substantive statement on record, and a

\* (Ed.) a few days ago, Mrs. Chapman asseverated to a friend the truth of all there stated, and more. [Ed.]

person well acquainted with the locality testifies to the report of this case of house-haunting. I have already still further proofs offered.

Allow me on my own account to say that, my name having been lately much connected with ghosts without my own seeking, but merely to oblige ghost-hunters, I have no particular taste for these particular forms of spirit-life, but am just as willing to hear evidence on their behalf, as I should on behalf of Brown, Jones, and Robinson if their entity and identity were denied.

And now, Sir, allow me a word or two of more seriousness. The theory of apparitions maintained in all ages, and by greater minds than any we can boast among us at present, is but the lowest fringe in the sublime mantle of mystery which wraps the universe; but it is still a real fringe. As for Spiritualism, I would recommend those who desire to know what it really is, not to form their judgment by the idiotic animal which Mr. Dickens introduces into his Christmas Number, and which sort of creature he professes the highest respect for, but to go and listen to Mr. Harris, the celebrated American medium, at the Marylebone Institution, in Edward Street, Portman Square, where he will preach for the next ten or dozen Sundays, at 11 a.m. and 6½ p.m.; and if they do not return with very different ideas of Spiritualism, I shall be much surprised.

Mr. Dickens, in his Christmas Number, concludes with the pious desire that we may all "have faith in that great Christmas Book, the New Testament, and in one another." Amen! a very fine sentiment; but how does he carry it out? By devoting the whole of that number to destroy our faith in one another, and to ridicule Christianity. I say to ridicule Christianity; for, whether Mr. Dickens and our literary caterers for mere amusement know it or not, Spiritualism is but a reassertion of primal powers and privileges of the Christian faith. It is but the assertion of our charter as immortal beings to enter into daily communion with God and his Christ, and with those spirits which every Church, however formal, professes to believe are "ministering spirits to all those who shall be heirs of salvation."

That was the faith of George Fox; that has always been my faith: it is nothing new with me, but has, I thank God, been most consolingly confirmed by the striking phenomena and beautiful revelations of spiritualism. Sir, I value more one simple and affecting communication of a departed brother, yearning to atone for past injustice and unkindness, than I do all the sermons that were ever preached and all the literature that was ever penned. And if we have minds amongst us yet muscular enough to grasp the faith of Luther, of Milton, of Pascal, and of Fénelon—minds which are not completely emasculated by the frivolities of a literature of mere amusement, or rendered deaf by the mere squibs and crackers of the poor pantomime of our superficial life—they may yet feel a sense of that tender spot left often in the most callous and secularised heart, when they think of all the souls who have gone into eternity, who would give years—aye, cycles of their existence—to carry back to those on earth, words of reconciliation, confessions of forgiveness, or assurances of pardon; to wipe from the sacred ground of life, the pollution they have left there to fester and become pestilence; to rekindle faith in the souls of beloved ones which they have darkened with words of materialistic death. Such minds may then conceive, perhaps, why the poor despised table has become in thousands of domestic circles a genuine family altar, through which still flow the oracles of God and "the communion of saints," so continually prayed for in our churches. Why, thousands and tens of thousands, by means of this reassured and confirmed faith, care nothing for the sneers and mockeries around, because they have heavenly light in their dwellings, and the peace of eternity in their souls. Take my word for it, that this despised power will yet dash to atoms the mere figure of traditionary faith, all its forms of brass and its feet of clay, and will roll over the mere shell of a defunct formalism, crushing it into the dust. Let us see whether we have yet masculine minds among us capable of receiving its great truths, or the mere weeds of the literary stubble-field, which will be burnt up in it as the weeds of a tropical plain by the sun—whether we are yet capable of the heroic daring of a Paul and the childlike but deep-souled faith of a Newton, or merely of grimacing on a rubbish-heap of rats, cats, old hats, rusty weather-cocks, and vulgar Ikeys.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

West Hill Lodge, Highgate, Dec. 26, 1859.

## DOUBLE APPARITIONS.

THERE are such numberless well-attested instances of apparitions seen by one only, of deceased friends and relatives at the moment of death, that we should hardly be justified in taking up our space with them, unless they should be accompanied by some striking collateral proof. The two instances, however, given below, we are glad to place on record, as they are each not only attested, but seen by more than one person, separately, and from different points of view. Indeed, so far as human testimony goes, it can hardly be seen to better effect than in these two cases.

In the first, there is this remarkable distinction from the more common vision of the dead or dying friend, that instead of its being the spirit, or ghost as the public calls it, of the dying man, the spirits of his wife and mother appear not only to him but to his man-servant.

Such facts are valuable not only in themselves to the persons more immediately concerned in them, but to religion and philosophy, which stand in deep need of their teaching. What can more ennoble our lives, and soothe our last hours than the knowledge that those near and dear to us are, under God's providence, allowed to be our ministering angels, instead of slumbering in corruption in the cold grave, in abeyance for thousands of years, till some unknown "end of the world?"

Is that false idea so delightful to us, and so consonant with God's love, and the reason with which He has endowed us, that we are in favor of it to throw over God's permitted facts to the contrary? Read the following, and ponder on the probabilities and the teachings contained in them.

We vouch for the perfect good faith and character of the narrators. If such things are "impossible" in your philosophy, you must either enlarge your knowledge, or deny the similar apparitions of the Bible.

"Ex.—It will give me great pleasure if any communication of mine should be thought worthy of appearing in the *Spiritual Magazine*. I send you an extract from a letter I received some time since from a gentleman, himself a disbeliever in spectral appearances—all the first part of the letter being an argument against them; at the same time he concludes by the narration of one which occurred to a friend of his own; and which he, singularly enough, remarks, "has one guarantee of its truth more than many I have heard related, namely, as *extra witness*. The relator of the story is a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, a canon of Manchester, a man of superlative sense, and undoubted integrity and truthfulness. I had the story from his own mouth, at his own table. The relator's father, in his last illness, and when near his end, was watched and waited on each night, in alternate watches, (or on alternate nights—I forget which), by an old man-servant of the family, and by his son, (the relator) himself. One night, during the servant's watch, the narrator of

the story was suddenly aroused from his slumbers by the old domestic, and informed that he (the servant) had seen such a sight in the room of the dying man, his master, that he could stay no longer, nor dare return to it. He then hastily related that he had seen his deceased mistress (the wife of the master, and the mother of my friend) standing at the foot of his master's bed, looking on her husband, and apparently speaking to him; that she wore a well-known gown; that she was stationed in the centre of the half-closed curtains of the bed; and that on her left hand stood also the grandmother of my friend (both in their lives being well known to the old domestic); and that his fear at the apparitions was so great, that he quitted the room as speedily as possible, and proceeded to that of the son, to acquaint him of the circumstances. The narrator bethought himself to enquire of the servant, if he had spoken to his father of what he had seen, or if his father had said anything to him. On being assured that not a syllable had been spoken, he proceeded to the bedside of his father, whom he found awake, and apparently very comfortable. As soon as the father saw the son, he said, 'O—d, I have just seen your mother; she urged me to come, and I shall soon follow her to heaven.' The young man enquired where he had seen his mother. The father told him that 'she stood at the opening of the curtains, at the foot of the bed;' and I believe he also described the dress she wore, just as the servant had described it. The son then enquired whether he had seen any one with his mother. His father said 'No.' (The narrator then explained to me, that the grandmother, situated as described by the servant, could not have been seen by his father, because she stood behind the curtains; but to the servant, who sat by the side of the bed, the curtains would not necessarily have impeded *his* view.) The son then enquired of his father, if he had said anything of what and whom he had seen to the servant. His father assured him that he had not. This is the tale, and you will perceive that my informant took unusual precautions to test the truth of the two persons by whom these appearances were seen; and that the corroboration of the two versions of the tale, as they were told by the dying man and the servant, are unusually satisfactory. I laid the story by in my memory for the future use and benefit of all to whom such revelations may be of any interest, and I have taken the liberty of presenting it to you, without alteration or embellishment, under the impression that you will find it sufficiently interesting to repay the trouble of perusal." I forward to you this extract from Mr. E—d D—y's letter to me, and repeat to you the same wish. It is by no means the first instance I have found, in which those who have commenced ridiculing all who believe in such things, relate anecdotes which tell so severely against their disbelief.

H. O. S.

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"SIR,—After reading the relation I am going to give, you will not be surprised at my belief in the opinion that spirits do sometimes return for a brief space to the earth. In my account I shall mention no names nor the exact locality in which the event occurred, because I have a brother still living there, and he would not like publicity given to an almost forgotten circumstance. My grandfather had only two children—a son and a daughter; the former the idol of both parents, and who, having ruptured a blood-vessel in early life, was a constant source of anxiety, and when a little indisposed, of alarm. However, notwithstanding the prognostications of doctors, he reached the age of twenty-three, and, according to all appearance, was likely to live to that of seventy-three. A cold caught from sleeping in a post-chaise with open windows, caused his friends a slight uneasiness, but, on the third morning after the attack, he appeared at the breakfast table, declared he felt much better, and that as soon as Newell (his doctor) had been he would take a gallop. My grandfather said, "Shall I wait for you, Harry? I am going to A—, to see how the workmen are getting on; come with me, and give the directions about your own rooms." "No, no," replied my uncle, laughing, "I will join you there—perhaps be there before you; you have your daily calls to make—all those old women to listen to—I really cannot stand those visits; but, if I should not meet you, do what you like about the rooms, and tell Barrell not to go on in the shrubbery till he sees me." Nothing more passed, my grandfather's pony was led to the garden gate.

and my uncle walked up the gravel path to see, as he said, that his father packed all his nostrums for the old women safe in his pocket, and himself safe in the saddle. As my grandfather was about to ride away, his son held out his hand, saying with a smile, "a whim has seized my mind; shake hands, father, and if I do not meet you at the Rookery, make haste back." They parted—one to linger in the garden, the other on his daily errands of charity to the sick poor, after which he proceeded to A—, pondering as he crossed the heath, the strange request of Harry to shake hands, when they were to meet again in an hour or two. As he turned the corner of the road leading to the Rookery, he started, exclaiming to himself, "How long I have loitered on the road, Harry is here first; but how imprudent of him to be walking without his hat!" and quickening his pony's pace, he rode to meet his son whom he saw stop and lean upon the shrubbery gate, and then as if changing his mind again, advance towards him. "Go back to the house, Harry," called my grandfather, "you have no hat on!" once more touching his slow pony, just as he seemed to come near my uncle, he suddenly vanished, and the astonished father gazed about in alarm and dismay. There was nothing but the wide open heath to look on, no form of either man or beast visible; a few minutes of painful thought, and then a sudden impulse made my grandfather turn, and instead of going to the house, he resolved to proceed to C—, and hear what Mr. Newell thought of Harry. On reaching that gentleman's house, he found him just returned from his visit, to L— Lodge, and he declared his patient to be better, but, that as his pulse did not quite please him, he had advised quiet on the sofa instead of a ride. This account did not soothe my grandfather's anxiety, and, after relating the vision of the heath, and using a little persuasion, he induced Mr. Newell to retrace his path and pay a second visit, who, nevertheless, grumbled as he did so, about the unreasonableness of parents in regard to an only son. Side by side the two gentlemen took the road through the woods to shorten the distance. Just before reaching the house, my grandfather called to a man a little in advance, who had approached by an opposite path, "Barrell, what do you want? Where are you going?" "Please, sir," replied the man, "I am scared-like, and am going to the lodge to see Mr. Harry." Further questioning produced the assertion, that while at work in the shrubbery, he saw Mr. Harry come from the house, and that when he saw his young master stand still at the gate, he was preparing to go to him, but looking on to the heath, he saw, as he termed him, the old master coming down the road, and Mr. Harry go off to meet him, instead of going to look at the periwinkle he had been planting by his order. Being sure they would come into the shrubbery, Barrell resumed his work, but his masters did not come, so he would go in search of them; on reaching the house, he could find neither young nor old master, nor had any of the men seen either; Barrell at first fancied the workmen were joking, because, as he declared, it warn't at all likely Mr. Harry would come from the lodge without a hat upon his head, so he must have been in the house. The denials were repeated, and Barrell declaring there was something strange in it, determined to leave his work, and go to the lodge to make enquiries. Hearing this tale, my grandfather became dreadfully agitated, and even Mr. Newell was excited. He hastily drove to the entrance—jumped from his chaise—passed quickly through the garden into the house, followed by the father and the man Barrell. They found their worst forebodings verified—my uncle was dead!

It appeared that on the departure of Mr. Newell, my uncle had returned to the breakfast room, and asked his mother to leave him for half an hour; he said she might go and gather him some flowers, and he would ring the bell when she was to bring them in. My grandmother complied; and on passing the window of the room a short time afterwards and looking in, saw her son was lying on the sofa, his face covered with his handkerchief. The bell rang shortly after the expiration of the half-hour, and his mother answered the summons. My uncle was speechless, and in a very few minutes—dead. A servant boy was dispatched to A—, to tell his master to return, but when he saw him coming, he had not courage to speak such a calamity, therefore turned into a field, and when my grandfather passed on to C—, the boy followed, and returned with him and Mr. Newell, carefully keeping out of sight.



From the day of the funeral my grandfather was never known to mention his son's name, therefore his account of the vision I never heard from him, but previously he told my mother, and I have frequently heard her and Mr. Newell talk of it—speculate upon it and wonder, but I never heard them question the reality; and Barrell has related the tale to me many times. He constantly attended to the cultivation of the periwinkle,\* planted on that morning, and as I have stood asking question after question about my uncle, he would point out to me the very spot on the heath where, as he used to tell me, the spirit vanished at the very moment my uncle died.—Yours,

S. S.

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## OUR PUBLIC TEACHERS AND THE STUDY OF SPIRITUAL LAWS.

By D. D. HOME.

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THE certitude of having much to contend with, must await every one, who, in the present contentious and uncertain state of society, comes forward as the champion of a new philosophy. The very idea of there being any thing new under the sun, without the aid of A. B. and C, being called in, is of course preposterous, and ought at once to be assailed, and its originators sneered at, and without more ado, stigmatised as either impostors or madmen.

Has A. not passed his youth, nay, and his manhood's riper years in the investigation of the subtle laws of chemistry? How vain then even the endeavour to prove that unseen and unknown laws—laws far beyond the reach of electricity, chemical action, or mechanical powers—are, and ever have been in operation in the world within and around us.

In reference to B, a long lifetime with all its trials, has gone by in the mere solving of mathematical problems, and to-day he could not solve the most simple life-problem; yet he is a great man, and no rational man dare come forward and say to him, "Give us a revelation of the mysteries contained not only in sacred writ, but in every-day life." Question either A. or B. on the Bible, they will gravely shake their heads; and should you profess an ardent belief in its Divine origin, they will not contradict you; though, could we but fathom their thought, we should find that this not unfrequently arose merely from a want of moral courage; for (and I speak from the knowledge of many that I have met) the more a man of this stamp has improved in the natural sciences, the less has that soothing faith been developed in him which points the weary soul to the haven of rest beyond this world. And this is but natural: may we not take a simple untutored mind, and direct it to any belief we choose; and when

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\* The periwinkle was the death-flower of the Greeks.

once that course of training has taken root, will a second and different course of teaching not be much more difficult ?

These men then are not to be blamed if they have narrowed their souls down to the small compass of natural effects; nor can we be surprised to find that they wish to devote no time to studying what appears to them mystical or unreal. Yet society is entirely at fault when it looks to them for the solution of a class of facts that are in no way connected with the pursuits of their philosophy. As well expect a child to solve you a problem from Euclid. Indeed, "a child may be nearer to a solution of soul-problems than a philosopher, for it may be nearer an angelic state." The fact is, our philosophers are too subservient to society, and society defers too much to them in matters outside of their special province; and thus they mutually retard progress in new spheres of thought: for these philosophers will not devote time to studies out of their plane, and society dare not accept an idea not fully sanctioned by these philosophers. But you will answer me, that the study of spiritual laws is not apart from theological studies: very true,—but it is apart from the studies of the theologians of our day. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." And where, and in what field of study do we find such antagonistic differences as in the theological? Could our so-called religious teachers but be brought to inculcate the Divine principles taught by Christ, or did they illustrate these principles by the example of their lives; then, indeed, we should listen to them with greater deference: but when on the contrary, both their lives and teachings shew us but the strife of party feeling, they inevitably forfeit that respect which would otherwise attach to their sacred office. We believe that where God is taught and is present in the heart, there can be no room for strifes and party feeling. He is all in all. Men destitute of deep spiritual experiences, however clever they may be, cannot become to us exponents of religious truth, or speak profitably to us of God and his ways. He it is who is speaking alike to them and to us; but we being mortal men, and occupied with mundane things, stand in need of men who are willing to devote their lives to the teaching of these higher truths, and to our instruction in those duties which we owe to God and our fellow-creatures. Needful it is that such men should from time to time speak to us of that Divine love that has forborne with all our short-comings, and bid us strive to be united with Him in the furtherance of every idea connected with the enlightenment and progress of our race. God in his creation has not shewn self-love; what right have we then to be more selfish than the Creator; and by what right shall one man say to his brother, "Believe as I do, otherwise hell fire shall be thy portion?"

Far be it from me to wish for a neglect of the natural laws of Creation; no reasoning mind can for a moment imagine that the laws of Nature were intended for ever to remain mysteries. As we are capable of appreciating them, and of admiring their harmony, we acquire a knowledge of the natural as it ought to be understood: Yet I do most assuredly repudiate the idea, that spiritual and natural causes can never be conjoined. Why is it that Atheism, Pantheism, and hundreds of other *isms* are so rife in our age? Is it not, that we have forgotten how much we are dependent on the all-sustaining power, and have felt over confident in our own powers? We create electric telegraphs, &c. &c., but we forget that God has created us. Young men are taught that society will bow the knee to them, if they will but attach themselves to the most fashionable and powerful sect; and then, in many instances, they are taught to sacrifice the finer and nobler feelings of the soul, in order to adapt and fashion themselves to "public opinion." What wonder then, that so trained, and seeing the hollowness of this life, they neglect all studies, and despise all culture in regard to the life beyond, lest they should be considered enthusiasts or fanatics? For the finer religious feelings are but too often regarded as effeminate, and not calculated to develop those faculties necessary for our present life. I say, what wonder, if after a time, we find that they adopt the Atheistical, or at least the Deistical idea of all that is, or is to come. A man, in our day, does not dare (for it is at the risk almost of starving, should he be dependent on society for his income) avow his candid belief in a doctrine not received by Church and State. Some there may be that will have the kind-heartedness to consider him as being the dupe of his senses, or of his imagination, or of designing persons; but the generality will brand him as an impostor or a madman, and will soon bring their intercourse with him to an end. The man that is in advance of his time has ever been the leper of society, and as such has been shunned. It ought not then to surprise us to find that Spiritualists are, even by those who should know better, branded as fools or knaves; for when we take into consideration the struggle which all truths have had to contend with, it ought rather to unite us the more, and make us all the more patient. Were Jesus visibly to return to earth, he would soon either be placed in an insane asylum or be taken up as an impostor; and our philosophers and theologians might, if they thought the occasion required it, give in their evidence against him; yet I greatly fear that, with but poor fishermen as followers, he would not be considered as worthy of their attention. 'Tis true, he would not be nailed to a cross, yet he would have to bear a cross composed of the contempt of society; and had he not a title to put before his name, or the

right to place a few capital letters after it, how could he even dare to advance an opinion, or expound the great truths of life and immortality? How then can we, who are but simple mortals, wonder that we should be scoffed at? Let us never forget the lesson that Christ has taught us, to love our enemies, and to bear with patience the scoffs of those who revile us on account of the spiritual truths we proclaim; for verily, "they know not what they do."

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## SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE SHAKERS.

By the Author of "*Confessions of a Truth Seeker.*"

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FOLLOWING the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1688, in the mountainous districts in the south of France, there arose a class of persons believing themselves to be under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and receiving what seemed to them "the spirit of prophecy." We are told that "their bodies were greatly agitated—they trembled, staggered, and fell down, and lay as if they were dead." They recovered, twitching, shaking, and crying for the Divine mercy; after which they delivered their utterances—calling upon the people to repent and amend their lives, and proclaiming the near approach of the Kingdom of God and the millennial state. An unfriendly critic remarks—"They professed to see heaven open—the holy angels, paradise, and hell. Their assemblies at times consisted of three or four thousand persons—men, women, and even very young children hurrying to the appointed place . . . . People of good understanding knew not what to make of it, when they heard boys and girls, of the very dregs of the people, who could not so much as read, quote with fluency many texts of the Holy Scriptures."\*

The United Society of Believers, or *Millennial Church*, commonly called SHAKERS, trace their origin, to these *Camisards*, or French prophets. About the year 1715, three of the most distinguished of the *Camisards*—Elias Marlon, John Cavilier, and Durand Page, left France and repaired to England, where they found many followers, some of whom received a similar gift of prophecy.

Among others who joined the French and English prophets, were James Wardley and Jane his wife, formerly *Friends*, living at Bolton, in Lancashire. About the year 1747, a small society was formed, without any established creed or particular mode of

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\* For a full account of the *Camisards*, see William Howitt's "Prophets of the Cevennes."—*British Spiritual Telegraph*, Nos. 10 & 11, vol. iii.

worship, professing perfect resignation to be led and governed, from time to time, as the Spirit of God might dictate. James and Jane Wardley conducted their meetings. From taking the principal lead at these meetings, Jane was called "Mother."

In one of the society's printed works, we read that "sometimes after assembling together, and sitting awhile in silent meditation, they were taken with a great trembling, under which they would express the indignation of God against all sin. At other times they were affected with a mighty shaking, and were occasionally exercised in singing, shouting, or walking the floor under the influence of spiritual signs, shoving each other about, or swiftly passing and repassing like clouds agitated by a mighty wind." It was from these strange exercises that they acquired the name of *Shakers*, or Shaking Quakers.

There may be some who will ask, why should these inspirations be attended by the agitations described above? We may ask the same regarding all forms of inspiration since the world began. They have attended prophets in all ages, including those of Israel. The Pythian priestesses of Greece were agitated by convulsions, styled sacred madness, *manisai*. There was something that distinguished the delivery of the Hebrew prophets. When the prophet went to announce to Jehu that he should be king of Israel, the captains at table with Jehu, asked, "What wants that mad fellow with thee?" Or as in the Septuagint—"What wants that *shaking* fellow with thee?" The saints of the middle ages of the Roman church, as St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Hildegarde and others, had their cataleptic trances. The early Friends were partly called Quakers, because they shook and trembled in their delivery. These are symptoms of a spiritual possession or inspiration, probably appointed to denote the advent and presence of it. Let us leave, however, the wherefore for the facts themselves.

In 1758, the Society was joined by Ann Lee, a native of Manchester, the daughter of a blacksmith; and in the year 1770, in consequence of a spiritual revelation received by her, she was received and acknowledged by all the faithful, as their spiritual mother in Christ, and the true leader whom God had appointed for the Society. Henceforth in the community she received the distinguished designation of "Mother Ann," sometimes called "Ann the Word."

Mother Ann was zealous to enthusiasm; this, and the strange practices of the Society of which she was the head, led to her being often shamefully ill-treated by the mob; and also to her being many times imprisoned, and once put into the madhouse, and kept there several weeks. About the year 1773, Ann received a revelation to repair to America, where, as she proph-

sied, there would be a great increase and permanent establishment of the Church. Accordingly, as many as firmly believed her testimony, and could settle their temporal concerns and find means for the voyage, concluded to follow her; and in May, 1774, embarked with her for America. When they landed, being poor, they separated to seek a livelihood; but in 1776, they collected and settled near Albany. At first they were viewed with a jealous eye, Mother Ann being thought by many in the neighbourhood to be a witch. Here they remained in retirement till the spring of 1750. At this time the Society consisted of but ten or twelve persons, all of whom were from England; but during the next seven years, they steadily increased in numbers, they then built two other settlements, about thirty miles from Hudson, called New Lebanon, and Hancock. The establishment at New Lebanon is still regarded by them as the Mother Church. Several societies established on the same principles were subsequently formed in both the Eastern and the Western States.

In an account of the Shakers, written by Seth Wells and Calvin Green, of the establishment at New Lebanon, the following testimony is given of the spiritual gifts and manifestations among them:—"The remarkable supernatural and spiritual gifts showered down upon the Apostles and Primitive Christians on the day of Pentecost and onward, have not only been renewed in this Church and Society, but extensively increased. The gift of speaking in unknown tongues has been often and extensively witnessed. The gift of melodious and heavenly songs has been very common. The gift of prophecy has been wonderful, by putting forth a degree of light and understanding never before revealed to mortals. The gift of healing has been often witnessed, but not so common as many other gifts."

The *Millennial Gazette* for April, 1856, contains a letter to Robert Owen, signed, "F. W. Evans, Shaker Village, New Lebanon, N. Y.," from which we take the following extracts:—

"The *Shakers* aim to create a *new heaven*, as well as a *new earth*; impelled thereto by the motive power of *Revelation* alone, which, quickening the conscience as the *primal* faculty of the spiritual senses when moved upon by the religious element, has resulted to them in wisdom—not their own, and for which they, as men and women, take no credit—*supernal*, and, as they believe, *Divine* wisdom.

"Their initiatory or *first* purpose was simply from the *religious* plane, as moved by the love of God, the fear of God, the dread of hell, and the desire of heaven—with which they were inspired by *spiritual* intelligences with whom they daily (and often hourly) communed—individually to *cease from doing evil*;

*i. e.*, to refrain from all that their own consciences, when aroused to the highest state of activity by supernal influences operating upon them, decided to be contrary to that spiritual light by which they were illumined.

“This light shone back upon their whole past history with an intensity not to be appreciated by any except those who have in some measure experienced its effects; recalling to the consciousness of the persons influenced thereby so vivid a recollection of every particular transgression, error, and sin, against either themselves, their fellow-men, or God, during the entire of their former lives, as brought the matter just as present with them as at the time of its actual commission or perpetration. From the guilt, horror, and condemnation which this spiritual retrospection of themselves produced, their spirit friends distinctly informed them that they would never find releasement until they *circumstantially* narrated, in the presence of some supernaturally-appointed person or persons, and as a confession to the Divine Being, each and *every* identical sin, error, or transgression, *exactly as it occurred*, and also made restitution (as far as it was in their power) for every wrong committed against a fellow being.

“After obeying these—to *them*—sacred and divine injunctions, the most extraordinary results often followed. Their whole soul would be filled with joy unutterable, finding expression in shaking or dancing with all their might: shouting or speaking in some language with which the person in his or her normal state was perfectly unacquainted; and other equally singular and marvellous operations, which secured to them from outsiders the appellations of witches and wizards—inspired by the devil, &c.

“The *fact* that this inspiration led them to be good to each other, and to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, even when they were of their own persecutors, has tended gradually to soften the prejudices and to puzzle and perplex the orthodoxy of the religious world.

“From this time the young Shaker novitiate was *inwardly* laid under the most solemn obligations *never to repeat* any act which had been a subject of his or her confession; *forsaking sin* and righting wrongs being the only form of atonement or repentance toward God that the ministering spirits would accept. Again, they were not merely to “cease to do evil,” but were also to “learn to do well,”—to practise every active virtue.

“And now an unlooked-for and very unexpected consequence flowed from this novel manner of being converted, and of getting religion, which distinguished its subjects from all other so-called Christians in existence. It was a distinction so palpable that all men could easily perceive it, how natural or external soever they might be in their own state and condition. They loved one

another so genuinely, so practically, that each one felt it a privilege and a duty to let every other brother and sister possess all that they possessed, and enjoy all that themselves enjoyed. They had all things common, and laid claim to nothing as *private* property, whether in chattels, land, or houses. They thus learned by experience that the direct tendency of their new *spiritual* religion, was not only to throw all who would embrace it into the form and relation of *community*, but that it was a legitimate, an inevitable effect. . . . GOD the *primal* cause; LOVE, the Agent; and 'ALL THINGS COMMON,' the *consummation*.

"Friend Robert, it is a fact which cannot be called in question, that *eighteen Communities of Shakers* are now in existence in the United States, all of which have been founded upon the principles, and in the manner above briefly set forth. It is also a fact, that some of them are more than fifty years old. These all claim to be of *spiritual* origin; to have *spiritual* direction; to have received, and to receive *spiritual* protection. . . . Ministering spirits ever have watched, and ever will continue to watch over them for good, so long as they continue to be their simple and obedient children in *millennial truths*."

"It appears that you, my friend, are now a Spiritualist. *Spiritualism* originated among the *Shakers* of America. It was also to and among them, a few years ago, that the *avenues* to the spirit-world were first opened; when for seven years in succession a revival continued in operation among that people, during which period hundreds of *spiritual mediums* were developed throughout the eighteen societies. In truth, all the members, in a greater or less degree, were mediums. So that physical manifestations, visions, revelations, prophecies, and gifts of various kinds, (of which voluminous records are kept,) and, indeed, 'divers operations, but all by the same spirit,' were as common as is gold in California.\*

"These *spiritual* manifestations were constituted of *three* distinct degrees. The *first* had for its object, and was judiciously adapted to that end, the complete conviction of the junior portions of the associations—junior either in years or in privilege. The *second* had for its object a deep work of judgment—a purification of the whole people by spirit agency. Every thought, word, and deed, was open to the inspection of the attending

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\* In a communication to the "*Spiritual Telegraph and Fireside Preacher*," Nov. 19th, 1859, Mr. Evans remarks "For seven years previous to the advent of *Spiritualism* in the world, spirit manifestations were doing their work in the Divine order in all the societies of *Shakers*. And the *Shakers* then constantly predicted its rise and progress in the world, precisely as they have occurred up to this time," and he considers that the "*Shaker* order is the great medium between this world and the world of spirits."



spirits; even the motives, feelings, and desires, were all manifest to their inspection. '*Judgment began at the house of God.*' The *third* had for its object a ministration of *truths*—*millennial truths*—to various nations, kindreds, tribes, and people in the *spirit-world*, who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness. 'These all died in faith, not having received the promises; God having provided some better thing for *us*, that *they* WITHOUT US should not be made *perfect*;'—'which things the angels desire to look into.'

"*Spiritualism*, in its onward progress, will go through the same *three* degrees in the world at large. As yet it is only in the *beginning* of the *first* degree, even in the United States."

Spiritual manifestations are regarded by the writer of this letter as God's answer to the heart's cry of earnest men and women, seeking *facts*, not words, in attestation of "the Word of Life." He concludes that God "will continue to answer it, as fast as it arises from individuals, classes, or nations, until every man and woman upon the earth shall be as fully convinced of the following propositions, as they now are of the existence of the sun."

"That there is a God;—an immortality;—a spiritual, no less than a natural world;—and the possibility of a social, intelligent communication between their inhabitants respectively;—a time and work of judgment, to which all will progress, in either this or the spirit-world, and in which each individual will read, from the book of his own immortal memory, 'an account of all the deeds done in the body,' so that he may, *if he will*, put off the unfruitful works of darkness, and lay hold of eternal *truth*; and thus find an endless progression in faith, virtue, knowledge, brotherly kindness, and love to God and man; or an equally endless progression into the bottomless pit of "the lusts of the flesh and of the mind," that will not only 'war against the soul,' but will continually separate it further and further from the fountain of all goodness."

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HEAVEN ON EARTH.—Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

TRUTH.—The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.—*Bacon*.

## FACTS.

MR. HOWITT tells us that at an eminent literary man's house the other evening, he met Mr. D. D. Home, now so well known through the Courts of Europe, and Mr. Squire, from New York, one of the editors of the *Banner of Light*, mentioned in our first number. There were present also four authors of long-established reputation, two editors of Journals, an artist of eminence, in all eleven persons, all well known to each other, and none of them likely to pick a pocket, or to make a trick of what they believe to be a great law of God's universe, as old and as universal as the universe, whether men will recognise it or not.

In the course of the evening they sat down round a large and heavy dining table, that would have accommodated one or two more. On this table were quickly heard abundance of distinct and often loud raps; communications were made much more intelligent than any objections that are made to Spiritualism. There were no such platitudes as Mr. Dickens seems unfortunately only to have heard, as "Evil communications corrupt good manners," or even as "He that is earthly, let him remain earthly still." The table rose repeatedly into the air during their sitting at it, though it would have taken a very strong man with his back under it to have lifted it. Once it turned itself round so as to stand across the room instead of lengthwise, as it had been placed. Then a concertina placed on the floor, quite away from all contact, played a beautiful fantasia. Then the concertina passing under the table, placed itself in the hands of first one person and then another; playing in some hands and not in others. It played excellently in the hands of a lady who never learnt a musical note in her life. When it came to Mr. Howitt, rising up and striking against his knee, he felt all round it, as it continued suspended in the air, to discover, if possible, anything palpable which supported it: though he certainly did not expect, like Mr. Dickens or the *Critic*, to handle a spirit, as a butcher does an ox, and find it well covered on the ribs, and well tallowed on the kidneys. Like Mr. Dickens, by his father's presentiment, he found—nothing! Yet there the concertina stood in the air, awaiting his taking it. He took hold of one handle, and it remained hanging in his hand.

Next, direct spirit-writing was obtained repeatedly by placing a pencil on a piece of cardboard, and a medium holding it in his hand, with the pencil untouched by him. To make it more satisfactory, the cardboard was laid on the floor at a distance from every one, and immediately was written upon it, "I am glad to see you all here to-night, God bless you."

Next appeared spirit-hands, both seen and felt by several of the company. It was announced that a deceased female relative would shake hands with the host, and so perfect was the hand presented—all the human hands present being at the same time laid on the table—so perfect in substance, softness, and warmth, that the host was greatly agitated, and required a good draught of wine to recover his spirits.

Mr. Howitt himself had his hand touched three times by a spirit-hand, every other hand being laid visibly on the table; and the spirit-hand, which felt like the hand of a man, not a woman, was laid on the back of his hand, warm, soft, and solid as any hand that he ever felt: a second time the thumb of the spirit-hand was pressed strongly against his thumb, and a third time the spirit-fingers were put point to point with his extended fingers, and this time with so strong an electric quality, as to prick his fingers exactly as the sparks from an electric machine. These facts, which are only such as thousands of sane people have long been, and are daily, experiencing, are yet marvels and fables to our men of science and literature, who, thinking themselves in advance of the age, are simply as far in the rear of it as the Grand Council of Portugal, and the Archbishops and all the learned men of Spain, when they laughed at Columbus, and tried to cheat us out of America. But if we are to believe Sam Rogers, the banker-poet, Columbus was too profoundly a SPIRITUALIST to be thus jeered out of a continent by all the learning and the authority of the time; to be defrauded of the glory laid on him by the inward behest of the Eternal.

“He seemed to wait

Some sudden change; and sought in still suspense  
*New spheres of being, and new modes of sense:*  
 As men departing, though not doomed to die,  
 And midway on their passage to eternity.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 ‘Thee hath it pleased: Thy will be done,’ he said—  
 Around him lay the sleeping as the dead—  
 Then by his lamp, to that mysterious guide,  
 On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,—  
*That oracle to man in mercy given,*  
*Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven;*  
 Who over sands and seas directs the stray,  
 And, as with God’s own finger, points the way,  
 He turned.”

ROGERS’ POEM, “*The Voyage of Columbus.*”

On what an age are we fallen! when the lights of it are inspissated darkness! when they deny the continuity of the spiritual power which led, quickened, animated, and made heroic all the great patriarchs and fathers of philosophy in old times; which surrounded Christ and lived in him, and descended through all ages, creating its heroes and mighty souls to our own days; who gaze with lack-lustre eye on the pages of those just

gone from amongst us,—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Roger even with his ingots and his bank-bills,—and cannot see the grand recognition of the ever-present soul of the universe blazing there; cannot perceive how even the habitual jester of the Green Park—the retailer of the gossip of literary and fashionable life at his noted breakfasts; how even he, when he retired to his closet, came into contact with that all-vivifying power which compelled him, like Balaam, to utter solemn oracles in spite of himself. Well might Rogers quote the words of Dante on such an occasion:—

Chi se' tu, che vieni?  
Da me stesso non vengo!

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### “THE BANK OF FAITH.”\*

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In 1744 was born of peasant parents, in Kent, William Huntington—a man destined pre-eminently, amongst the numerous souls aroused by the breath of the Holy Ghost in the Methodist spiritual awakening of the last century, to proclaim the old, but ever-living, ever-vitalising truth of the efficacy of prayer and faith. To him was given in “full measure overflowing,” a child-like, unhesitating belief that the words of our Saviour, “Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you,” were no mere forms of speech, but living realities. The Holy Spirit, responding to the fervent cries of his soul for aid, guidance, and enlightenment, descended into him, and, poor and unlettered as he was, filled him with spiritual light and wealth, and kindled a simple yet burning eloquence, which brought conviction to the hearts of his listeners with a keen and overwhelming astonishment. Steeped in poverty to the very dregs; suffering, and seeing around him his wife and children suffering cold, hunger, and even nakedness; beset on all hands by difficulties, material and spiritual, he threw himself and all belonging to him unhesitatingly upon the fatherly mercy of God, and not only was saved by the Divine hand out of the floods and fires of affliction, but became a champion for the Truth, and one especially fitted, through his life's experience, to lead onwards towards Christ an army of the ignorant and poor in this world's learning and wealth. The banner which he unfurled above them, and under which they conquered, bore as its motto, “*The Almighty power of the Prayer of Faith.*”

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\* “*The Bank of Faith*,” by William Huntington, 1s.—London: ALLMAN.

A biographical sketch of William Huntington informs us that he terminated his life in affluence, having become a popular preacher amongst the Calvinistic Methodists, and a writer of numerous tracts and theological works, which contain curious particulars of his remarkable religious experience. It is from a little publication of his, in fact his autobiography, entitled "*The Bank of Faith*," that we will now extract a few passages illustrative of "*The Dynamics of Prayer*."

"When I was about seven years of age," says Huntington, "I heard a person say that God took notice of children's sins. The wonderful workings of my mind upon these words I shall not at present descant on; neither shall I mention the many trials I underwent at the bar of my own conscience while the impression dwelt on my mind. I also remember to have once heard a person say that all things were possible with God; which words I secretly treasured up and pondered in my heart; and as I had great desire at that time to live in the capacity of an errand-boy with a certain gentleman in the place, being very much in want of the common necessaries of life, it came into my mind, that if all things were possible with God, it was also possible for Him to send me to live as servant-boy with Squire Cooke; though at the same time he had a boy who I believed was well approved of. Notwithstanding this last circumstance, I privately asked God, in an extempore way, to give me that boy's place; and made many promises how good I would be, if He granted me this request. For many days I privately begged of God this favour, which nobody knew but God and myself, till now I relate it. I believe I went on in this way praying, sometimes under a hedge, or on my bed, for a week or two, and I thought if God granted me this favour, I should know whether all things were possible with Him or not; having prayed for many days and finding no likelihood of an answer, I readily concluded that there was no God, and that therefore I had no cause to be so afraid of sinning, nor had I any occasion to pray to Him any more. Accordingly, I left off praying for some time, and then began again, till at last I left off entirely. Some few days after this, there came a man to my father's house, and said, 'William, Squire Cooke wants a boy. Why don't you go after the place?' I said, 'John Dinky lives there.' He answered, 'No, he is turned away.' I asked, 'for what?' He replied, 'Old Master Coley, the oyster-man, went there a few days ago to carry some oysters, and while the old man was gone with a measure of them into the house, the boy robbed the pads as they hung on the horse, while he was tied up at the gate, and the mistress seeing him, discharged him for it.'

"The compunction which I felt—the thoughts that I had—the various workings of my mind—the promises I made, and the petitions I put up as I went after the place—I choose to conceal; for I think they would hardly be credited, considering that I was no more at that time than eight years old. However, to my astonishment, I got the place, and the bargain was struck at twenty shillings per annum. For many days and weeks an uncommon impression concerning the power of God, lay fresh on my mind. But soon after this, a sudden temptation brought me to believe that there was no God; that if there were, He took no notice of such creatures as we are, nor of any of our affairs, and that it was by chance I obtained the place; wherefore I imagined that I had no occasion to pray, nor to pay the vows which I had made. This temptation made a sufficient breach for me to creep out at, and proved an awful inlet to vice and vanity, which for some months I gave way to. Soon after this I offended my master, was discharged from my servitude, and went home as deeply stung with regret for my folly, as I had been before lifted up at the sight of God's mercy."

After this early initiation into a knowledge of the power of prayer, there arrived in the experience of Huntington a period of faithlessness, in which for some years he was pursued by

Deistical principles, which brought, as their sequence, insensibility and stupor.

"I do not remember," he resumes, "any particular Providence attending me, till about three or four years after I was married, when I was brought savingly to believe in Jesus Christ for life and salvation. At this time I dwelt at Sunbury, where my eldest daughter now living, fell sick at about five or six months old, and was wasted to a skeleton. We had a doctor to attend her, but she grew worse and worse. Having lost our first child, this was a dear idol to us; and I suppose it lay as near my heart, as poor Isaac did to the heart of Abraham. However, it appeared as if God were determined to bereave us of her. At last, I asked the doctor if he thought there was any hope of her life. He answered, 'No.' This distressed me beyond measure; and as he told me he could do no more for her, I left my room, went to my garden in the evening, and in my little tool-house wrestled hard with God in prayer for the life of the child; but upon these conditions—that if my request were granted, and she should live to arrive at the full stature of life, and in future times turn wicked, and be damned for sin, and that my earnest prayers should be the cause of it, I besought God not to regard my petition for the child, though she were dear to me as my own life. I went home satisfied that God had heard me; and in three days the child was as well as she is now, and ate as hearty, only her flesh was not perfectly restored. This eventually convinced me that all things were possible with God."

And now gradually, whilst enduring the bitter trials of hunger, cold, and unceasing bodily labour, mental anxiety and persecution, the desire unfolded even stronger and stronger within this brave man's soul to become the active servant of Christ, and the teacher and encourager of his fellow-sufferers, in whom as yet no Divine life had taken root. He had already commenced his living upon faith, and sweet were the rewards, though purchased by terrible sufferings of mind and body. Here are his own words :

"These things so endeared my God to me, that I often called Him 'my Bank, my Banker,' 'my Blessed Overseer;' and earnestly begged that he would condescend to be my Tutor, my Master, and my Provider; and never leave me in the hands of mortals, either for tuition, protection, or for temporal supplies. I no longer envied the rich in this world; for if they are full of grace, they only see one side of God's face, having an independent stock in hand; and if graceless, they are of all flesh, the most miserable. I clearly perceived that the most eminent saints in the Bible were brought into low circumstances; as Jacob, David, Moses, Joseph, Job and Jeremiah, and all the apostles; in order that the hand of Providence might be watched."

And again he says, further on in his narrative :—

"I found God's promises to be the Christian's bank-note; and a living faith will always draw on the Divine Banker; yea, and the spirit of prayer, and deep sense of wants, will give an heir of promise a filial boldness at the inexhaustible bank of heaven.

"Indeed the providence of God is a great mystery: nor could I unriddle it, even while I was daily exercised with it. During my residence at Ewell, I have often begun the week with eighteen or twenty pence, sometimes with two shillings, and sometimes with half-a-crown; and we have lived through the whole week upon that only, without contracting any debt; and I found it impossible at the week's end, upon the best reflection that I could make, to tell how we had been supported during the week. At other times I have found that my craving appetite had lost its keenness, insomuch, that I have been able to work hard for two days together, without any food at all. And sometimes God

has indulged me with such heavenly views of a glorified state, and entertained my mind with such sweet contemplations on futurity, that my dinner hour has passed away unnoticed; nor have I once had a thought about it till four or five o'clock or near the time of leaving my labour. But these blessed acts of God's providential regard are nothing new; for He took away the appetite of Moses and Elijah for forty days together; and He is the same God still. Nor is his bountiful hand at all shortened, though the faith of the necessitous has so often stretched it out. 'I will leave in the midst of thee, a poor and an afflicted people; and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.'

"All things worked together for my good; for being kept daily dependent on God's providence by faith, I had the precious enjoyment of sweet communion with God; and every day did His providence and gracious care appear more or less over me. I generally found those blessings the sweetest which had caused me the most importunity in prayer.

"Soon after this, I was obliged to borrow a guinea of a certain friend, which I promised to pay him on the Thursday night following, if he would call for it. And I begged God to send it me from some quarter or other; firmly believing that He would do so. The day before my friend had appointed to call on me for the money, I was to go out to preach among my friends; and I earnestly besought God to send it to me that day, if it were His will and pleasure; of which I had no more doubt than my own existence. However, I returned home without it, and wondered how it could be, seeing that the Saviour says, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask, believing, ye shall have it; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.' I told the Lord that I had prayed in faith for it, firmly believing that I should have it, but had not obtained it. This text of Scripture came with power to my mind. 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.' I had from that time, a sweet view of that passage; and delivered several discourses from it, which God seemed to bless with power. But to return to my subject, As soon as I came home, I began to fret, because I had not got the money that I expected; but still the text answered me, 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for.' I replied, 'If it be the substance, it is sure as the thing itself. Upon this, the good man came into my study, and I was going to make an apology to him; but before I opened my mouth, he said, 'I came to desire you not think of paying me the guinea, for I have made you a present of it; and God bless you with it.' As soon as he was gone, the same passage of Scripture returned to my mind with much comfort. Thus my faith was not confounded, nor my hope disappointed; all my troubles sprang from my own sin, which was limiting the Holy One of Israel. I was expecting money to pay the debt; but God took away from my creditor the expectation of payment.

"About that time a person called upon me, and offered to let me the house he then lived in, which he was going to leave. I own I had a desire after it; because there was a large garden belonging to it, which I could look after myself, and raise many vegetables that would help to support my family. The rent was only six pounds ten shillings per annum. But the man told me it would cost seven or eight pounds to take the fixtures of the house; wherefore I gave up the thoughts of it, as I had no view of raising such a sum: so I drove it from my thoughts though I wanted it much. But God 'hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of our habitations; that we should seek the Lord.'

"A few days after this, a friend called to see me, whom I consulted about the house, and showed it to him. He persuaded me to take it, which I accordingly did; but was obliged to wait a few weeks, till the person I was to succeed could provide himself with another situation suitable for his business. I therefore asked God in prayer, to enable me to purchase the fixtures of this house, if it were agreeable to His sovereign will and pleasure; for I knew that God had 'set the bounds of His people, according to the number of the children of Israel.' And the Providence of God appeared so conspicuously, that I shortly obtained money enough to pay for the fixtures; but the person desired me to wait a few weeks longer, as he had been disappointed of the house he expected to go into: so I waited two months, during which time the money was all spent. Then I begged God to frustrate my going into the house at all, if it was dis-

pleasing to Him, although I much wanted it; because my little cot was placed in a very vulgar neighbourhood, and the windows so very low, that I could not study at any of them, without being exposed to the view of my enemies; who often threw stones through the glass, or saluted me with a volley of oaths or imprecations. However, Providence soon began to shine again; and indeed I had nothing else to live on, from year's end to year's end, but what God sent me in answer to prayer. At this time a person gave me five guineas; which kind providence I rather wondered at. But the following night I had a dream. (I hope my brethren will not hate me yet the more because of my dreams, seeing that we have a scriptural warrant for the relation of them:—'He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word.' *Jer.*, xxiii., 28.) I dreamed that the person before mentioned, sent to inform me that he was going to leave his house; that the things were to be appraised on Friday morning; and that he should expect me to pay him the money down for the fixtures. I said in my dream, 'Lord, thou knowest I cannot go, for I have not money enough.' Then came the answer, 'Go to Mr. Munday's, cutler, at Kingston-on-Thames, and he will lend you as much as you want! I soon after awoke, and behold it was a dream;—therefore I took no notice of it. But in a few hours the person sent me word that he was going to leave his house, and should expect me to come and see the things appraised the next morning, and pay him for the same. Then I began to think that it was more than a dream. The same night, Mr. Munday, of Kingston, called on me, and to the best of my remembrance, he had never been at my house before. I asked him if he would lend me a little money; he replied, 'I will lend you all that I have in my pocket; and if you will call on me to-morrow, at Kingston, I will lend you five pounds if you want it.' He accordingly lent me what he then had with him; and the next morning, after the things were appraised to me, I paid for them, having just nine shillings left. This is the end of my dream.

"My year being now expired, I wanted a new parsonic livery; wherefore, in humble prayer, I told my most blessed Lord and Master that my year was out, and my apparel bad—that I had nowhere to go for these things but to Him; and as He had promised to give His servants food and raiment, I hoped that He would fulfil His promise to me, though one of the worst of them. Seeing no immediate signs of my livery coming, I began to omit praying for it, though God says, 'For all these things I will be enquired of by the house of Israel, that I may do these things for them.' It fell out one day that I called on a poor man, who complained that he could not attend the Word of God for want of apparel. This drove me to pray again for my new suit of clothes, that I might give my old ones to him. A few days after this, I was desired to call at a gentleman's house, near London. Indeed, it had been impressed on my mind for six weeks that God would use that gentleman as an instrument to furnish me with my next suit. And so it fell out; for when I called on him, upon leaving his house, he went a little way with me; and while we were on the road he said, 'I think you want a new suit of clothes.' I answered, 'Yes, sir, I do; and I know a poor man who would be very glad of this which I have on, if my Master would furnish me with another.' When we parted, he desired me to call on him the next morning, which I accordingly did; when he sent a tailor into the room, and generously told me to be measured for what clothes I chose, and a great coat also.

"When I got the new, I furnished the poor man with my old suit. This was the fourth suit of apparel that my Master gave me in this providential manner, in answer to the prayer of faith. Thus God, who kept Israel's clothes from waxing old, though in constant use for forty years, gave me a new suit every year.

"I was soon afterwards brought into another strait. Having contracted a debt of five pounds, for some necessaries which I wanted, I promised to pay it on a certain day; and I put up many prayers that God would enable me to fulfil my promise. At last the day arrived, and I had not one farthing towards it. About ten o'clock the bell rang at my gate. Supposing it to be my creditor, I kneeled down, and begged of God not to let him come till He had sent me the



money to pay him. It proved not to be the man I expected; but soon after, the bell rang again, and I knelt down again and prayed the same words; and was informed that a stranger wanted to see me. He had much to say to me about the things of God; and when he left me he gave me two guineas. Soon after that, I took a walk in the fields, and met with two gentlemen who feared God, and who came from London on purpose to see me. They gave me two guineas. The next day my creditor came, and his money was ready for him. This is like the Lord's dealings with the poor widow of Elisha: when the creditor came to take the mother and son for bond-servants, God sent the creditor all his demands in a pot of oil.

"At this time I had many doors opened to me for preaching the gospel, very wide apart. I preached at Margaret Street, in London; at Richmond; at Ditton; at Cobham; at Woking; at Warpleston; and at Farnham, in Surrey. This I found too much for my strength. However, I continued for a considerable time, till at last I was generally laid up sick about once a month.

"I found I had great need of a horse, but feared I should not be able to keep one if I had it. However, it happened that I had a very severe week's work to do, but before I could complete my work, I was so far spent, that I thought I must have lain down on the road. Finding myself wholly unable to perform all this labour, I went to prayer, and besought God to give me more strength, less work, or a horse. I used my prayers as gunners use their swivels; turning them every way, as the various cases required. I then hired a horse to ride to town; and when I came there, went to put him up at Mr. Jackson's livery stables, near the chapel in Margaret Street; but the ostler told me they had no room to take him in. I asked him if his master were in the yard? He said 'yes.' I desired to see him; and he told me he could not take the horse in. I was then going out of the yard, when he stepped after me, and asked if I were the person that preached at Margaret Street Chapel? I told him that I was. He burst into tears, saying he would send one of his own horses out, and take mine in; and informed me of his coming one night to hear me out of curiosity, because he had been informed that I had been a coalheaver. He then told me that under the first sermon God showed him the insufficiency of his own wretched righteousness, and the necessity of the spirit and grace of Christ Jesus the Lord to change his heart. This was good news to me.

"He also said that some of my friends had been gathering money to buy me a horse, and that he gave something towards him. Directly after, I found the horse was bought and paid for; and one person gave me a guinea to buy a bridle; another gave me two whips; a third gave me some things necessary for the stable; another trusted me for a saddle; and here was a full answer to my prayer. So I mounted my horse and rode home; and he turned out as good an animal as ever was ridden. On my road home, while meditating on the manifold blessings I had received from God, both in a way of grace and providence, how unworthy I was of them and how unthankful, I told God that I had more work for my faith now than heretofore, for the horse would cost half as much to keep him as my whole family. In answer to which the Scripture came to my mind with power and comfort; 'Dwell in the land and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.' This was a bank-note put into the hand of my faith, which when I got poor, I pleaded before God—and He answered it; so that I lived and cleared my way just as well when I had my horse to keep as I did before; for I could not then obtain anything to eat, drink, wear, or use, without begging it of God. Sometimes I found much murmuring in my heart against being held in with so tight a rein, for which I was sure to suffer afterwards; so I found, by daily experience, that I could not add one cubit to God's stature, no not even in the least thing, therefore it was in vain for me to take thought for the rest."

With the widening of his field of labour, yet heavier became Huntington's pecuniary responsibilities and consequent trials of faith in this peculiar realm of anxiety.

"I had not only," he observes, "the care of the Church, the care of a large family, and for a long time the principal care of the poor, till they made me

poorer than themselves; but I had also the whole burden of chapel debt, and ten thousand cares how to get that burden off."

But help was always at hand when the weight of anxiety became too heavy to be longer endured, and when probably the trial had wrought its intended work in his soul. We will conclude our article with Huntington's description of an encounter with the Evil One, to which it will doubtless be easy to find a *pendant* in the religious and spiritual experience of many of our readers.

"At this time I was encompassed about with a whole crowd of creditors. A gentleman of the city who had a little house at Peckham, asked me to go on a week-day evening to preach in that neighbourhood, and to take a supper and bed at his house, which I agreed to; and being without either purse or scrip, gold or silver, when I set off, I called on my invaluable and never-failing friend, Mr. Baker, of Oxford Street, and asked him if there were any of the chapel money in his hands? He told me, "No." So I borrowed a few shillings and set off. But that I might give vent to my grief and bemoan my fate in secret, I called a coach and got in, the old Adam and the Devil both following me; so we went all three together, like the adulterous woman and her accusers. And to be sure I had not one sixpenny or shilling debt in all the world but what the Devil set before me, together with various prisons for poor debtors; and aggravated my misery by setting before me the power of God to help me if he would, the wealth that He gave to many wicked persons, and His hard dealings with those that loved Him. I listened to mine enemy till I was in such a frame of mind as Elisha was when the forty children followed him, crying, 'Go up, thou bald head.' But at length recollecting myself, I bantered the Devil. I said, "Satan, hast thou got any cash by thee? If thou hast, bring it; but if thou art as poor as myself, let my debts alone." The Devil left me at this. 'Resist the Devil,' says God, 'and he will flee from you;' and so he did, and my soul was delivered as a roe from the hand of the hunter, or, as a bird from the hand of the fowler. When I came to the end of St. George's Fields, I got out and walked the rest of the way, and that night had a glorious time in the Lord's work; Satan had for a season left me, and I returned in the power of the spirit. I had a most uncommon time in prayer by myself at going to bed, and in the morning I arose sweetly becalmed and much resigned to the will of God. However, on my road home, the old serpent set at me again, but having found faith strong in exercise over-night, he could not make such inroads on my soul as he had done the day before. I called on my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and told them that I should have a lift-up, as I usually called it; and that I had got it already in faith, and should shortly have it in hand. These poor souls and I moved in concert, like the cherubim and his wheels, for when I was down, they were down; when I was exalted, so were they. On the next Sunday morning came a gentleman of the city into the vestry to me, with a bank note in his hand, and gave it to me, saying, 'I am desired to give you that.' I asked him who it came from? He replied, 'You do not know the person, you never spoke to him but once; but he told me that it was strong upon his mind that you were in want, and he put it into his pocket for you last Thursday, and it had burnt in it ever since, but he knew not how to convey it to you.' That same Thursday was the day on which Satan beset me so violently, and whilst Satan was reproaching me with my debts, God's good spirit was preaching to that gentleman to lessen them. There was also another gentleman, to whom God had made me useful, who generously offered to lend me eight pounds to answer my present demands, and to take it of me as I could pay it. This I gladly accepted, and then answered the present demands of those who at times stood in need of their money."

Huntington's life presents various striking instances of remarkable dreams, prophecy, and pre-vision, but it is not with this portion of his psychical experience that we have now to deal,

but simply to speak of him as one amongst many of God's simple-hearted children, who have dared to rely implicitly upon Christ's words of promise in their temporal as well as eternal sense, and have found in all things the Holy Spirit, truly "*The Comforter.*"

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## Correspondence.

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

DEAR SIR,—I have received the following from an old friend, well known and respected among the friends of the estimable Robert Owen. I send it without comment. I think you will agree with me, that the simple narration of facts which it contains may offer good "materials for thinking," to those of your readers who may be of Professor Faraday's way of regarding and explaining the phenomena under view.

I asked permission of my friend to send it to you for publication, and he answers—"Willingly; truth is to be obtained through facts: however we may differ in reasoning, we cannot stir a step without them. If every one stated the facts he knows, we should be able to come to a *rational* conclusion on this strange subject all the sooner."

Fully concurring in this opinion, and hoping that more may follow the example of my friend,—I am, Mr. Editor, yours respectfully,  
25, Bedford Row, Jan. 1860.

J. D.

"FRIEND DIXON,—Some time ago you interested me not a little by your account of certain phenomena witnessed by yourself, and which you termed *spiritual*, but which seemed to me, as I told you, akin with those which Faraday had reckoned up as *physical*, and which, to my mind, had been pretty satisfactorily accounted for by him, in a paper of his which I had read, I think, in the *Athenæum*.

"But I considered that such phenomena as those you related, were worth observation, even as *physical* curiosities; and so, a little after your conversation with me on the subject, finding one Sunday afternoon my young people in the vein for trying the "table movements," I joined them, and some phenomena, certainly curious, were soon elicited—similar ones indeed to those which you had talked about:—the table, for instance, went round, backwards and forwards, tilted, emitted sounds, and upon my putting questions, the *apparently* intelligent responses of one, two, or three tilts were made in answer. One thing struck me,—the table seemed disposed to move more particularly towards a perambulator that was in the room, and to a certain other part of it, over which part was the cot of the surviving infant of my twins. If, thought I, my friend Dixon's notion of spirits being mixed up with these phenomena be correct, then one might almost think that the spirit of little Phœbe was wishing to identify itself to us, by moving the table to the perambulator in which she used to ride, and as near as she can, to the cot in which she used to lie with her twin sister. But this was but a passing thought, and on reflecting a moment, it appeared to me that imagination backed it more than fact. It was unquestionable that the table had moved so and so, and that such and such sounds had appeared to be emitted by it, but it was reasonable to refer the agency to ourselves; the young people were disposed for fun, and were not fit coadjutors in a philosophical experiment. Altogether I was of opinion, that although some effects witnessed by me on this occasion were difficult of explanation after the manner of Professor Faraday, yet that they were more likely to be the results of *physical* action, exerted consciously or unconsciously, than of any so-called *spiritual* action.

"Still my experiment so far as it went, I admit, had left a certain impression on my mind, inclining me to wish to look, under better auspices, a little further

into phenomena, which I found attracting the attention of one friend after another, some of them concurring in your conclusion.

"I was therefore pleased when, a few weeks since, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, kindly invited us—for Mrs. Pears's interest was a little raised in the matter—to meet Mr. Home, who had equally kindly consented to afford us the opportunity to witness some of your curious phenomena under the looked-for better auspices. We accepted the invitation with alacrity, and having been introduced to Mr. Home and his wife—both amiable and unpretending—we chatted for half an hour upon general topics, and then a card table was drawn out into near the middle of the room, and we all sat round it—Mr. and Mrs. Cox sat opposite each other, Mr. and Madame Home on one side, Mrs. Pears and myself on the other, all with our hands lightly placed on it. Almost immediately the table tilted towards Mr. H., who, raising his hands from the table, which still retained its inclined position, invited me to look under it, to see that no material means were used to produce this result. I did look, and saw none. On resuming my seat, the table returned to its position, and then it passed into an undulatory movement, as if it were in motion on waves; it seemed, indeed, almost as if the top of the table were flexible; then from this movement it passed into a perfectly horizontal state, so that a vessel filled to the brim, would not, I think, have spilled a drop, and rose from 18 to 24 inches clear from the floor, all hands at the same time continuing on the top of the table; and finally with perfect evenness gradually descending to its place.

"Raps were then heard on the table, in the vicinity of Mrs. Cox, which, by reference to the alphabet, purported to be produced by a deceased child of hers. Then faint deliberate raps came near to Mrs. P., purporting—by the same mode—to come from Phoebe, our deceased little daughter to whom I referred before.

"Raps were then heard under my own hands, and at the same time the depending cloth covering the table seemed to be moved up by something under it, and was made thus to strike against my wrist. I called my wife's attention to this, and she confirmed the fact, that it really did seem as if some one's hand was under the cloth, trying to touch my wrist. I said, half laughing, which you might expect from my scepticism, that I should not wonder if there were not some one to me also. Immediately there were raps under the same hand, strong enough to shake the table.

"Perhaps I looked dubiously at a phenomenon so unexpected, for Mr. Home said, "I should like Mr. P. to be convinced that we do not make these sounds; perhaps he would get under the table and observe." I did so; and while I saw that they were not produced by any visible agency beneath, they were sounding as vigorously as ever; Mrs. P. being witness to their not being produced by the hands, or any other visible means above board.

"Resuming my seat, the raps came again under my hand. Mr. H. said he thought the "Spirit" wanted to communicate to me, and recommended me to assume the presence of some "Spirit," and ask a question. I said that I would assume it to be my grandfather. Again came the vigorous rappings and sounds.

"But I ought to have said that after the first tilting of the table, Mr. H. had fetched from a side table two accordions and two bells, a small and a large one, the latter weighing about a couple of pounds. The accordions he had placed before him, and the bells on the floor, by his side. Soon after the raps had been heard near the hands of Mrs. Cox, the little bell, a child's toy bell, was heard ringing under the table. Mrs. Cox seemed to take it for granted that the bell was rung by her little child's "spirit;" and on her asking, the bell was placed into the hand which she held forth under the table. She suggested to Mrs. P. that she should ask her Phoebe to do the same: the bell was taken out of her (Mrs. Cox's) hand, and passed into that of Mrs. Pears.

"When I found that the raps under my hand purported to come from my grandfather's "spirit," I asked if he could take the large bell from me if I held it. It had already been taken out of Mr. H.'s hand and rung under the table. The response to my question was given by strong knocks. I held it under the table, being careful to hold it in the direction of my wife, whose hands were on the table, and I felt it tugged with strength out of my hand; it was rung, and then deposited on the floor.

Mr. H. took one of the accordions and held it with one hand, keys downwards, and several slow tunes, like psalms or hymns, and the well-known tune of "Home, sweet Home," were played by it. Mr. H. said he thought these tunes were played by the children-spirits. I asked Mr. H. if the accordion would play in my hand. He invited me to try. I held it as he had done: it produced sounds, but no music. Mr. H. observed that the "spirit" was not a musical one. The raps which had hitherto represented my grandfather's "spirit" were heard again, as if in assent. My grandfather was certainly not a musical man. Mrs. P. held the accordion as I had done, and obtained snatches of tunes.

Many little things which struck me at the time, occurred during our *séances*, which lasted between two and three hours; but I think I have said all that will interest you, and I have already written at too great length. But there was one part of the *séance* which forcibly struck me, and which I must relate. Mr. Home, soon after I had assumed the presence of my grandfather's spirit, passed into a singular state—half unconscious as it were—and said, "Here's a tall, old, upright man, Quaker-like, yet not a Quaker;" then he seemed to take on the manner and gesture, as closely as a young man can, those of an old one—held out his hand to me and grasped it in a way that further reminded me of my grandfather, and addressed me in words somewhat characteristic of him, and went on to speak of one whom he had held very dear, but from whom he had been long separated to his great grief, but that they had happily met in the other world and were reconciled. All upon this point was said in a broken way, but with gestures and allusions which were intelligible solely to myself, as the person and events so alluded to touched closely upon my grandfather's history in conjunction with my own. My astonishment was increased, when, from Mr. H.'s lips, fell the name of her to whom the allusion had been made—my grandfather's daughter! both dead when Mr. Home must have been a boy in America! Long as I have known you, friend Dixon, I think I never told you that my grandfather was of a Quaker family, which was the case.

I was, by this incident, astonished beyond expression, and acknowledged to Mr. Cox, that the history which had been sketched, and the reflections upon it, were just what I should have expected might have been made by my grandfather. I have not exhausted all I have to say, but must reserve the rest till I see you.

I have not yet found a place in my system for these phenomena, but that they are genuine phenomena, is settled in my mind; all that I have to say about them at present, is, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Great Russell Street, January, 1860.

FRANCIS PEARS.

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

Grand Duché de Baden,  
Allemagne.

Carlsruhe, Lange Strasse,  
2nd January, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you sincerely for your letter and for the *Spiritual Magazine*, which we received Tuesday last, on our return from Heidelberg. It was at this seminary of learning that, about six years ago, we were first of all attracted to the phenomena of table-turning, and there were then meetings, or large soirées, at Professor Mole's, for the express purpose of shewing off his round table, encircled by ladies and gentlemen, that danced about his large salon in a wonderful way. The opinions of these learned wise men of the University were different in character, but all of a material cast; they could arrive at no satisfactory solution of the table turning, based on their own academic principles; but a few persons at length seemed inclined to give credit to the *ipse dixit* of young Dr. Chalmers, who asserted that the phenomena were the result of natural fluidical principles co-operating with the muscles and nerves of the hands, set in movement by the *will*. We went to Paris shortly after this, and it was there, a couple of years ago, that we made the acquaintance of Mr. Home, whose wonderful physical manifestations and apparitions were exhibited to us in the most convincing way possible, on different occasions. My wife was carried up towards the ceiling; the atmosphere became, alternately, *hot* and *cold*;

the tables, chairs, and sofas, *moved about*; all sorts of *noises* and *knockings everywhere*; *exquisite music* played by the *concertina*, as well as a *duet* between it and the *piano*; *apparitions* of a multitude of *hands* that were familiar to the touch of *each one present*; there was a *hide-and-seek game* with a *small hand-bell*, in which the *hands* played a most active part, to the wonder of the company. No one's individual strength could keep possession of the bell when seized hold of by a hand. A detailed account of all this was published in *Pierart's Revue*. There could be no doubt to us then of the *reality* of spiritual and psychical phenomena, and that the agent or source was *above matter*, human art, or science. Being thoroughly convinced in my own mind of this fact, I bought Baron de Guldenstubbé's learned work on the Spiritual World, and "*Ecriture directe*," then made his acquaintance, as well as that of Comte D'Ourches, General de Bèwern, and Prince Dimitry Schalovsky—all first-rate Spiritualists. The latter is a most remarkable medium; it was through his power principally that we obtained, at our house, the *direct writing* of "*spiritus vobis*," on a *blank sheet of letter paper, shut up in a box for five minutes*, during which time the *medianimic power* was concentrated round a sofa table. *Since, we have obtained direct writings, independent of others*. I became a member of Allan Kardec's Spiritual Club, made a study of his remarkable work (*Le Livre des Esprits*), and took a part in the weekly *séances* of that Society, *now become a large one*. Evocation of the spirits of the dead was, and is still, the order of the day with this class of Spiritualists; the best *writing* and *speaking* mediums are procured; all spiritual knowledge, in this way, seems to proceed from spirits of another world. It was only after this that I got acquainted with Mr. Bertolacci and the doctrine of the "*Light of the Soul*," by Emah Tirpsé. The instantaneous cure of my wife, through the *Planchette*, as well as the wonders of this new phenomenon, in an intellectual, conversational, and religious point of view, based on the Scriptures, made me at once decide to take up the *Planchette* as a medium of investigation. We were initiated into this practical mystery by Mr. B. Our *Planchette* was named *Luos*, which means *Soul*—the same as Emah Tirpsé (*âme-esprit—à rebours*). We had the good fortune to have in our second son, aged 16, a *rare* example of medianimic power, who, along with my wife, at the *Planchette*, went on successfully under my direction; the progress, however, was slow, after Ernest's departure for school; with our eldest daughter less powerful than her brother, the *intonation* with him being of the *most lucid nature*. A great deal of patience and perseverance was then required at our hands, as if to test our faith, to which we had to submit with true Christian resignation, for some months, under the *teaching* of our spiritual mentor, *Luos*. The collective harmony and unity of sentiment of the mediums is an essential ingredient of success, as well as the spiritual co-operation of those sitting round in *communion*. The progress that we have made during the last year, in the development of the phenomena, is quite miraculous, in a *curative, intellectual, and religious* point of view, and far beyond what the Hon. Robert Dale Owen witnessed at our house, in April last. We have also had, several times, *direct writing*. The letters too, which *Luos* writes to *solve* the name of the spirit of one of our friends at Paris, is really wonderful. Their correspondence has now lasted since May last, a couple of hundred letters having passed between them, the intercourse still going on. Our part in the matter is simply to post *Luos's* letter, a part of which is often written *à rebours* (backwards), *forbidden* of course *for us to read*. The clairvoyance too is remarkable. I will only mention a single instance in regard to myself: when I returned home one day from the club, and asked *Luos* (out of curiosity) if he could tell what I had been about the whole of the day, he mentioned every particular, and, amongst other things, that I had played at billiards and chess with our new clergyman, *all of which was true*. *Luos* tells us sometimes what is doing politically at Paris, and writes most instructive letters to our children at Heidelberg. I am not astonished at your not understanding the whole of this doctrine of the *Light of the Soul* in *communion*, as set forth by Mr. Bertolacci in his "*Preface*." It is easier to comprehend, sometimes, than to explain. Our daily experience on this subject enables me to see *further into the doctrine* than I am at present able to explain to others in a rational way; the same sort of difficulty as stood in the way of

St. Athanasius, in describing the doctrine of the Trinity, which he made out after all to be *incomprehensible*; and yet, *without it*, the *doctrine* of the *Redemption* would fall to the ground. What we cannot comprehend therefore of a spiritual nature, as coming from God, we must adopt and believe in Christian *faith*, according to St. Paul, who tells the Hebrews that "*Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen*," and that "*Without faith it is impossible to please God*;" and to the Corinthians (chap. v., 7), "*For we walk by faith, not by sight*." The *Light of the Soul in communion* may be as one of those mysteries "*which the angels desire to look into*," "*for now we see through a glass darkly*." This imperfect sight or knowledge of *Providence*, *Nature* and *Grace*, should make us *humble* and *charitable*, and disposed to accept spiritual gifts, although we may not altogether comprehend the working power in detail, for it is the "*self-same Spirit that worketh all in all, dividing to every man severally as He will*." (1 Corinthians, chap. xii., 4, 11). We know nothing that is doing in Spiritualism in this part of Germany. At Berlin there is a Spiritual Society, with Mr. Horaung, a writer of note; also Kerner, of Heilbronn, in Wurtemberg, whose works are better known by our friend, Captain Bernard, than by myself. I have no doubt, however, much more is doing in Spiritualism, in Germany, than we are aware of. In Paris there is great activity afloat in the investigation of the phenomena, Allan Kerdec and Piérart taking the lead through their respective organs, *Revue Spirite* and *Revue Spiritualiste*, which I subscribe to. Enclosed is the *original* of what our Planchette has just written, as a specimen of commentary or paraphrase of the New Testament. It is curious to see how it goes over the writing in search of orthographical faults; *all is original*, even to the *dotting* and *stops*, &c. Some of our *séances* are highly *prophetic*; and the conversational dialogues are edifying and instructive. We could have, if we liked to devote our attention to it, physical manifestations of a high order. We prefer, however, the intellectual; and hope, *if God permit us*, to be the organ of communication, to give some rational idea of this doctrine of the *Light of the Soul*—not easy at the present moment to explain.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,  
A. KYD.

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To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

January, 1860.

SIR,—Towards the end of last December, an excellent and intelligent friend of mine from Liverpool, paid me a short visit. While here, he received a polite invitation to join a select party of inquirers into the truth of Spiritualism; among whom was expected to be Mr. D. D. Home, who has within a few years acquired distinguished fame and notoriety with believers in what are called spiritual phenomena.

My friend kindly asked me to accompany him, and as an opportunity offered of possibly meeting a person I had heard such wonderful things about, I most willingly complied.

It may be proper that I should inform you that my friend has been a diligent practical student for many years, that he is an accurate observer of men and things, and qualified above many to deduce inferences correctly. He has, after much experience and many opportunities for forming an accurate judgment, come to the conclusion, that the phenomena of Spiritualism can only be philosophically accounted for by an admission of the principle that forces are exerted upon us, consciously or unconsciously, by intelligent non-corporeal entities.

As I don't at present admit the validity of that conclusion, but wait patiently for "*more light*," some of your readers may the more readily think my testimony better worth receiving, as I am on that account less likely to overstate my experience on that interesting occasion. It is, however, only fair, and I am in duty bound to relate frankly, fully, and truthfully, what I believe I then saw, heard, and felt; although it should be at the risk of troubling some well-meaning people, who have already perfected their inquiries, to remark, "*Oh, he's just as mad as the others*."

It may not be generally known to your readers, that Mr. Home is a native

of Scotland, that he has resided nine years in the United States of America, and that he has been in Europe for the last four years. While in London he has had interviews with several of our most distinguished literary and political citizens and statesmen; and I am informed that he has enjoyed the friendship, and perhaps even the confidence, of the Emperors of France and Russia; besides having ultimately crowned these successes by marrying a Russian countess.

On reaching — Villas, which are situated in a fashionable part of the west-end of this modern Babylon, we were shown into a large and handsome room, thrown into two compartments by a sort of semi-archway. In the centre of the largest space, there stood upon four legs with castors, a massive telescope table of considerable dimensions, not less, I may safely say, than 7 ft. by 4 ft. Round this table sat (including ourselves) three ladies and nine gentlemen. We all rested our hands in an easy, careless manner upon it, sometimes forming an unbroken circle by touching the fingers of each other. Mr. Home sat at the end of the table, which was towards the ante-room. Mr. J. R. M. Squire, from New York, was at the opposite end; one only was between Mr. Home and myself, and my friend was immediately on my left.

When we had sat in this way from five to ten minutes, the table began to move, first one foot rose off the floor, then another, then it gave a sort of wave-like motion from end to end, which was distinctly felt and seen. Mr. Squire then remarked that he felt as if he could write; so a large sheet of paper was laid before him upon the table, and a pencil put into his hand, which soon became violently agitated, and in a minute or two he commenced writing very rapidly, in large running letters, several unimportant statements. At a later hour he recited some poetry, but it was of an inferior sort, and would not have helped the sale of any English publication of the day. The written communications referred to, informed us that we should make some slight changes in our relative positions, to "put out the lights," and to "make the room quite dark." Before all these requests were complied with, however, a pretty large what-not, with castors, measuring about 5 ft. high, by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, and supporting many books, &c., moved four or five times from the wall in the direction of the table. No visible agent helped it forward.

Mr. Home then laid his left hand on the table and with his right lifted an accordion, which he held under the table. My friend and I were asked to look below, when we distinctly saw it move up and down, apparently held and touched by one hand only.

We continued to sit round the table. The room was made so dark that we could not see each other. The table gave a violent stamp upon the floor; still we kept our hands upon it. Then it rose in a mass, twelve or fifteen inches quite off the floor, so far as I could judge.

Mr. Home now said that he held the accordion under the table by one hand only, when it played our beautiful English tune, "Home, Sweet Home," in a most finished style.

Shortly after this occurred, a very curious affair took place, in explanation of which I cannot hazard a conjecture. Mr. Home remarked, "I feel as if I am going to rise." The room was quite dark. He said, "I am getting up," and as I was only a few feet from him, I put out my hand to him; I indubitably felt the soles of both his boots, some three feet above the level of the floor. On my doing so, he said, "Don't touch me, or I shall come down;" of course I instantly desisted, but down he came. In less than five minutes after this, he remarked, "I am again ascending," and from the sound of his voice, we could not but infer that he was actually rising towards the ceiling of the ante-room.

He then appeared to float under the archway, then to rise to the cornice of the room we were sitting in, and we heard him quite distinctly make three X marks on the ceiling, besides doing some other writing. Then he came softly down, and lay stretched out with his back upon the table, in which position we found him when the gas was lighted, and when we distinctly saw the marks on the ceiling, which we had heard him make.

I am well aware there is a ready answer by many well-disposed persons to what I have written—that it is all done by collusion and trick. In many countries at the present time, and in our own not a century back, all phenomena



of a then *extra-ordinary* kind, were quickly put down to the account of the devil. He prompted Galileo to the adopted system of astronomy; Harvey to the circulation of the blood; he was the cause of witchcraft in Scotland, and had much to do with the wonders of chemistry, before it attained its present scientific certainty and value to the arts and agriculture. But the testimony of thousands of excellent witnesses cannot be set aside by any such plea. Not many years ago it was fashionable to deny the facts and uses of chloroform, homœopathy, hydropathy, magnetism, mesmerism, &c.; now the curative powers of these agents are commonly received amongst us as "household words." There appears to be a law of progressive development in the universe. Should the supposed facts of Spiritualism be found to be real, after oft-repeated experiments, we cannot doubt but they also will have a permanent place with recent discoveries. No one, now-a-days, who thinks at all, can be so bold and unwise as to deny that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," but at the same time, let us not shut our eyes to the converse of the proposition, that there are very many things in the day-dreams of our philosophy: that are utter strangers to both earth and heaven.

In the simple statement which I have given, of what my friend and I were satisfied occurred on the evening of our visit to ——— Villas, I have avoided colouring the events, and for the sake of greater definiteness, have given figures of sizes, which, however, must be taken merely as a near approximation to the actual measurements.

J. G. C.

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**THE REV. T. L. HARRIS.**—This eloquent Spiritualist preacher has now removed to the Marylebone Institute, in Edward Street, Portman Square. The service commences at 11, a.m., and half-past 6, p.m. His audiences have largely increased, and will no doubt soon overcrowd the large room of the institution. Those who wish to hear the highest flights of eloquent and poetic preaching to the heart, should avail themselves of the opportunity which the next few Sundays will afford them. One of his recent sermons in which he presented in bold relief the dangers of giving ourselves up to the production of the physical phenomena, and allowing our minds to be held captive by the teachings of the low forms of Spiritualism, has led to an article of a very rampant kind in the *Morning Advertiser*, which has been re-produced, of course with the usual additions, in other papers. It is enough to say that the delinquent writer, whom we are fortunately able to point out as Mr. James Grant, entirely misrepresented the purport and statements of the discourse, and that he amusingly erred in treating of Mr. Harris as a seceder from the holy cause. So far is this from being the case, that Harris is himself one of its highest examples and most eloquent exponents, being a highly-developed and inspirational medium, and constantly the subject of magnetic trance. This very discourse was delivered by him in a mediumistic state, as are all his prayers and sermons, and in this fact lies the wonder, not less than the beauty of his high poetry and preaching. Mr. James Grant we suppose will be as much disconcerted at this discovery, as those who read his article will be surprised to hear that Mr. Grant himself has been a frequent seeker after and devotee of the physical phenomena. It was only on the Friday previous to the sermon, which he so mis-reported, that he was assisting at these same manifestations, which it now suits him, or perhaps rather his masters in the newspaper, to condemn, at a company in the City of London, composed of fourteen of its leading merchants and others. So much for newspaper editors! But even if Mr. Harris had so grossly perverted known facts, as Mr. Grant reports, we should deem it of little consequence to any one but himself. The golden rule for Spiritualists and for their revilers, is not to allow themselves to be taken captive either by spirits out of the flesh, or by spirits in the flesh; and the same rule which Mr. Harris worthily insists upon as to spirits out of the flesh, applies with equal force to his own teachings. Spiritualists will only accept his inspirational preaching so far as it is consistent with facts, with their highest reasons, and with the Word of God.

## Notices of New Books.

*Foregleams of Immortality.* By EDMUND H. SEARS. Allman, 42, Holborn Hill, 2s. 6d.

There are, and always have been, certain excitable and excitement-loving people, whose chief delight it seems to be to look forward to the coming of some great crisis, which their imaginations usually paint in the shape of some dreadful catastrophe. Whether they prefer the political aspect of things, and predict some awful social convulsions, some universal war and carnage to be at hand, or whether they purchase a peep at the religious heavens through the apocalyptic spectacles of some popular interpreter of the signs of the times, or in whatever manner this propensity may manifest itself; at all events, it seems to follow as a conclusive fact, that there are actually very many people looking forward to some sort of crisis, as either really at hand, or at least preparing.

We are, of course, not obliged to take the alarm which people of the kind mentioned are but too prone to raise whenever they have an opportunity, for these people cannot help being alarmists: they are mostly born so. But as nothing human, as the proverb hath it, ought to be indifferent to a human being, it is doubtless the duty of every right-minded man, to ascertain whether there may not be some grain of the gold of truth in the rubbish, which, in the hands of some political or religious alarmists, raises such a blinding cloud of dust.

Now if we were asked for our opinion on the matter, or as this is not just now the case, if we asked ourselves what we thought on the subject, we would say: "By all means let us hold fast the thought and the belief that a crisis, and perhaps a great crisis is coming; but do not let us on that account get excited and alarmed." The Divine government of the universe, whether physical, intellectual, or moral, implies the necessity of re-occurring crises. What we know of the history of the world proves this, and study and reflection confirms it, by tracing the working of their laws. The globe we inhabit has confessedly gone through its periodical convulsions, in which myriads of living beings have been swept away, to make room for a new form of organized life. The social life of the human race has again and again witnessed revolutions, which from their violence and hideousness seemed to portend nothing less than a general destruction and dissolution; whilst on the intellectual plane of human life, especially in its religious aspects, history exhibits scenes from which the human heart turns with shuddering; scenes which would almost suggest the thought that humanity had run its course, and that Pandemonium had obtained a license to settle the game of poor human nature. No wonder that at the sight of such events the courage of many a "loving heart" waxed faint, whilst the worldly-wise who saw the hurricane approaching which they had themselves been instrumental in conjuring up, comforted themselves with the consoling thought:—"Aprez nous le deluge," "When we are gone the crash may come."

No much for human wisdom, nor can it be denied that the children of the world are wise, or rather, clever in their generation. However, there is a higher wisdom than theirs, and it is the duty of every God-fearing man, to try to read the signs of the times, rather in the light of the Lord, than in the fallacious summer of worldly prudence.

Suppose we are travelling in a railway-train: the train has started very tidily and pleasantly; but after a while we are roused from our sense of security by a very unpleasant jolting and swinging hither and thither of the carriages. What are we to make of it? Are we to go frantic with alarm, as some of our fellow-passengers do, and resign ourselves helplessly to our fate? Or ought we to imitate the example of others who are full of confidence in the discretion and ability of the officials, and are confident that they may pursue their journey in full safety, as long as these officials give them no warning of any danger? Probably we should do neither; but, stopping the train, if we had any means of communicating with the guard or engine-driver, we should try to ascertain the

cause of the unusual motion with a view to rectify it, if it were in our power, sooner than being made the unwilling partakers of a necessary revolution of our train down a precipitous embankment.

The application of this simile is neither forced nor difficult. Each of us is in some manner engaged in a national, social, moral, or intellectual railway journey, with a number of his fellow-beings. He cannot help it—he must go with them; and it may be his lot to encounter difficulties and dangers on the way. The question is, whether in such an emergency he will manfully try to make use of the light and the strength which the Lord has granted to him, in order, if possible, to prevent a crisis for which others are incapacitated either by their excessive fear or by their thoughtless reliance on routine and tradition. We have no desire to overrate the peril which may threaten us from any evils which are now at work in our social life; but at the same time we may think it our duty to point out the stumbling-blocks which may lie in our path.

But perhaps we may be asked, "What is this all about? What are these crises and catastrophes and revolutions to us? We live in a country and under circumstances which do not fill us with apprehensions lest we should have to go through such ordeals." Perhaps not; but in some manner and to some extent we are all voluntarily or involuntarily engaged in bringing certain principles to a final issue, that is in bringing matters to a crisis. The life of man is in no instance stationary, whether taken individually or collectively; and even if a man, or a nation, or the whole human race would make up their minds not to move on, they would find their task a hopeless one. Nay, their very efforts to effect that which in itself it is impossible to accomplish, would only tend to give an additional impetus to the working of the forces which they vainly endeavour to arrest. But nevertheless there are men, and indeed not a few, who seem resolved to try their very best practically to disprove such an assertion; men who, having learned their lesson from a bygone age, seem determined not to learn anything from the age in which they live. Whether it be in the domain of politics, or science, or art, or religion, we meet with men who glory in what they call their conservative principles, but who forget that the secret of the true conservatist is to yield to the force of circumstances which result from the altered spirit of a new age.

This tendency of clinging at all hazards to old traditional forms, is confessedly nowhere more observable than in the province of religion; the word "religion" being understood not in the sense of a heaven-tending life, but in the sense of a man-made creed. Certainly, if the very essence of religion consists in nothing more than the nothing-doubting reception of certain statements respecting man's relation to God, and God's relation to man, warranted by certain professional gentlemen to be the true exposition of the revealed will of God, we will have nothing more to say on the subject; but the case is very different if, according to a more satisfactory principle, the burden of verifying these statements be laid upon every individual believer personally. It is easily seen, and pretty generally admitted, that only the second part of this alternative is really compatible with the intellectual and moral freedom and personal responsibility of man, though it is equally evident from the not-quite encouraging experience of the past, that it is difficult to say in what manner, and to what extent this theory may admit of being practically carried out, as long as we are encumbered and encompassed by the difficulties and hindrances of our present mortal state.

It is therefore, not a little refreshing in this age of expediency and routine, to meet with men who have looked at and investigated topics of truly human interest and importance with singleness of eye, with an unbiassed judgment, and with a grasp of intellect which is able to discover the homogeneous points and elements of a question and to let truth speak for itself, instead of parading it through entangled mazes of an inconclusive amount of fine or dull writing, as the case may be.

Such a man is the author of the work above quoted, and such a theme is the subject of the book, described in the title page as "Foregleams of Immortality."

The subject is one of general human interest, at least it ought to be so. Most men would be glad to be able to come to some satisfactory conclusions and tangi-

ble results on this question. To most eyes it is more or less shrouded in a mysterious haze. Death to most men appears more or less in the shape of a closed door, which once shall be opened to him for entrance. Through it he knows he must pass, but he is not at all sure what scenes will meet his eye, and what will be his own state in the land into which this dark gate leads.

It might prove an instructive as well as amusing task, if one were to collect and classify all the views which man, from the time that he first grasped the idea of a life after the death of his body, has formed respecting the mode in which he pictures to himself that life; and on which, if on any, he embodies his dearest hopes, longings, and aspirations, which are suggested to him by his present position. The great question however, is—what has been the effect of the light which Christianity has thrown upon this subject? Has it dispelled the cloud which seems to hang over it as long as we scan it merely from a human point of view? We might feel diffident in asserting that it has done so, if we were to gather the proof from the notions which, like so many fossils of a bygone age, lie embedded in the stony strata of popular or ecclesiastical creeds, but which on that very ground not a few seem inclined to look upon as the very rocks on which we ought to build, as the sure foundations for our “everlasting mansions.”

One fundamental notion common to most views held by the so-called orthodox, respecting the future life of man, is, that the material body which now serves us as a vehicle of communication with the world of sense, must needs be restored to us after a certain time for the same uses in the world of spiritual realities. Why this should be so, since reason, experience, every analogy in nature, and not only the whole tenor, but many direct passages of the Bible are opposed to such a view, it is difficult to imagine, except that there is that in human nature which clings to matter by a thousand ties of habit and desire. There is, therefore, no great difference between the views of the savage and of the Christian; if the one hopes that since the opportunity was denied him to slay his enemy in this life, he will have ample leisure for doing so in the other; whilst the orthodox Christian promises himself the pleasure of seeing his spiritual enemies, including Satan and his angels, for ever roasting over intensely hot fires; or, if the savage has a decent supply of provisions buried with his dead body, hoping that they will last during his journey to the other land, whilst the Christian hopes there to consume, if not to enjoy, his daily ration of manna, “the food of angels.”

Such views are crisis views, that is, they are apt and sure to produce a complete revulsion in the mind of any man who uses the liberty which God has bestowed upon him as his birthright, to examine by the light which has been granted to him, whether the coin called Truth, which circulates among men, and of which every one seems to think he has a very handsome supply, be genuine or not, before he takes it and perchance also passes it. Oh that all who glory in the simplicity of their belief, (which, in but too many cases, means no more than a marvellous simplicity in adopting a creed which bears the stamp of untruth on its brow). Oh that all such people would consider what mischief they are likely to do to their fellowbeings, whom they would make believe that what they hold, and what they teach, is nothing but the truth! Who are those Infidels and Atheists whom we so much pity? Probably they are the men whom we have driven away from the truth by first presenting it to them in a form so distorted and hideous, that they have gone away, resolved never to look at it again. Who are those hypocrites and deceivers in the garb of sanctity, whom we so often meet in life? They are the men whose consciences we seared, by forcing them under the high-pressure power of fear and selfishness, to believe (if that word could be used here), in certain propositions as Divine truths, which had the stamp of human ignorance and error plainly stamped upon them. Such, as one instance among many, is the way in which simple, that is, unreflecting, unthinking believers, unwittingly produce a crisis in the mental and moral life of their fellowmen, and when they at last see the result, they stand aghast and throw the whole blame upon wily Satan.

If people were only allowed, or would only take upon themselves the responsibility of judging for themselves, and of giving free room to their higher instincts in matters of religion, then we think there would be little doubt as to the

manner in which Mr. Sears's book was likely to be received by the earnest among believers of all kinds. They would doubtless hail it as a word spoken in season, as a truth which they had themselves more or less clearly perceived, but for which, perhaps, they were unable to find the right form and expression. But even under present circumstances, we expect that it will create for itself, a wide sphere of usefulness.

The book itself to whose character and value we should hardly do justice by a mere formal analysis, is divided into three leading parts, the first bearing the inscription, "*The Immortal Life*;" the second, "*The Excarnation of the Son of Man*;" the third, "*The Pneumatology of St. Paul*;"—the whole being an elaborate demonstration of the fact that, whilst the "foreshadows" of the spirit-life of man to come, press themselves in this form of existence already clearly and visibly upon his attention, the Bible, in numerous instances, both directly and indirectly, exhibits the most evident tokens of the "foreshadows" of that life which now, hidden in God, though overlaid for a while for disciplinary ends by the dazzling, blinding, and numbing forces of our present way of sojourning in the flesh, shall one day be freed from the trammels which now encompass and clog it; the sheet anchor of our faith and our hope, being that "*now we are the children of God*," and it does not yet appear what we shall be; but when it shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. In conclusion, we propose making one or two extracts, the truth and beauty of which we hope our readers will consider an ample apology for their selection. In the chapter on "*Everlasting Youth*," page 101, Mr. S. says:—

"How specious and deceptive are natural appearances! What seemed to the outward eye the waning of existence and the loss of the faculties, is only locking them up successively, in order to keep them more secure. Old age, rather than death, answers strictly to the analogies of sleep. It is the gradual folding in and closing up of all the voluntary powers, after they have become worn and tired, that they may wake again refreshed and renovated for the higher work that awaits them. The psychological evidence is pretty full and decisive that old age is sleep, but not decay. The reason remains though its eye is closed, and will some day give a more perfect and pliant form to the affections. The memory remains, though its function ceases for a while, and all its chambers may be exhumed, and their frescoes, like those of the buried temples of Meroe, will be found preserved in unfailing colours. The whole record of our life is laid up within us, and only the overlappings of the physical man prevent the record from always being visible. The years leave their *débris* successively upon the spiritual nature, till it seems buried and lost beneath. In the old man's memory every period seems to have obliterated a former one, but the life which he has lived successively, can no more be lost to him or destroyed, than the rock-strata can be destroyed by being buried under layers of sand. In those hours when the bondage of the senses is less firm, and the life within has freer motion, or in those hours of self-revelation which are sometimes experienced under a more pervading and burning light from above, the past withdraws its veil, and we see rank beyond rank, as along the rows of an expanding amphitheatre, the images of successive years called out as by some wand of enchantment. There are abundant facts which go to prove that the decline and the forgetfulness of years are nothing more than the hardening of the mere envelopment of the man, thus shutting in and repressing the inmost life, which merely waits the hour to break away from its bondage."

And again, in the chapter on "*Home*," pp. 110–29, "*Our home is always where our affections are*. We sigh and wander, we vibrate to and fro, till we rest on that special centre where our deepest loves are garnered up. Then the heart fills and boils over with its own happiness, and spreads sweetness and fertility all around it. Very often when the eyes are closing in death, and this world is shutting off the light from the departing soul, the last wish which is made available, is "*to go home*." The words break out sometimes through the cloud of delirium, but it is the soul's deepest and most central want, grasping after its object, haply soon to find it as the clogs of earth clear away; and she springs up on the line of swift affection, as the bee with unerring precision shoots through the dusk of evening to her cell.

How admirable are the arrangements of Providence, by which he gradually removes the home-centre from this world to the other, and so draws our affections towards the heavenly abodes. We start in life an unbroken company; brothers and sisters, friends and lovers, neighbours and comrades are with us; there is circle within circle, and each one of us is at the charmed centre, where the heart's affections are aglow, and whence they radiate outward upon society. Youth is exuberant with joy and hope; the earth looks fair, for it sparkles with May-dews wet, and no shadow hath fallen upon it. We are all here, and we could live here for ever. The home-centre is on the hither side of the river, and why should we strain our eyes to look beyond? But this state of things does not continue long. Our circle grows less and less. It is broken and broken, and then closed up again; but every break and close make it narrower and smaller. Perhaps before the sun is at his meridian, the majority are on the other side: the circle there is as large as the one here, and we are drawn contrariwise, and vibrate between the two. A little longer, and we have almost all crossed over: the balance settles down on the spiritual side, and the home-centre is removed to the upper sphere. At length you see nothing but an aged pilgrim standing alone on the river's brink, and looking earnestly towards the country on the other side. In the morning, that large and goodly company rejoicing together with music and wine; in the evening, dwindled down to that solitary old man, the last of his family, and the last of his generation, waiting to go home, and filled with pensive memories of the long ago."

X—.

*New Series of Yorkshire Spiritual Tracts.* London, F. Pitman. Edited by B. MORRELL, *Keighley, Yorkshire.* One Penny.

We are happy to draw attention to this new series by Mr. Morrell, which is a continuation of his labours in the cause of Spiritualism, and of which the first number was published on the 15th of November. We hope our readers will support the issue by their subscriptions, and preserve so valuable a record of the facts of "ancient and modern spirit-intercourse."

"*At Home and Abroad,*" by BAYARD TAYLOR.

This book contains many interesting autobiographical facts, and is remarkable for its geniality and manliness. In a word, it is one of the most interesting books of travel in the English language, and it has received just such a welcome from the press as usually awaits every fresh record of that distinguished traveller's experiences.

Among others, the reviewer of Mr. Taylor's book in the *Literary Gazette* (Dec. 10th), acknowledges its merits, and seems well aware of the author's standing in the world's esteem. But in this particular volume, Mr. Taylor has travelled rather out of bounds. As Newton was mad at the moment when he shut up Kepler and opened the Apocalypse; as Pascal was crazy when he conceived that something more than a system of mathematical laws was essential to the explanation of things; and as Swedenborg was equally insane when he exchanged his scientific doctrines of the soul for those revealed to him by life and immortality,—so in the opinion of this reviewer, Mr. Taylor has revealed his weakness, and betrayed the dangerous tendency of his belief, in certain chapters, headed, "My Supernatural Experiences," and "More of the Supernatural." One of the cheeriest and manliest voices of the season serves only to cloud the brow of CHRISTMAS; and because there is snap-dragon in prospect, the rustle of the holly affords him little pleasure.

The reviewer, in allusion to the above mentioned chapters, agrees that "Mr. Taylor's Spiritualism is modest and free from defiance;" and it must be acknowledged that he has treated the subject with some degree of moderation in return. There is a point, however, in which he does Mr. Taylor a certain amount of injustice, and at the same time, makes it manifest that he has not comprehended the claims of Spiritualism itself, as a doctrine. "Belief in this manifestation," he observes, "has been so frequently attended by the most

deplorable mental effects, that the most tolerant must utterly doubt its celestial origin; and as any other supernatural power is out of the question, we must come to the conclusion that there are things which appear supernatural, simply because we cannot define the limits of nature." No one would suppose after such an observation, that Mr. Taylor had guarded himself at this very point, and had related his "experiences" as avowed contributions to our knowledge of well authenticated facts, in the serious trust that they might hereafter help in the elucidation of some general law. In fact, the thorough-going Spiritualist might be rather angry with Mr. Taylor, for his very readiness in suggesting natural explanations of the marvellous circumstances he has attested.

But what is meant by the "limits of nature," and by "overstepping" those limits?" In the tiniest blade of grass, can any philosopher point to the limit of nature, on the one hand, or of the spirit-world influence, or of Divine power which transcends nature, on the other? Where is death?—where is life?—where is the line of demarcation between them?—who can say that the whole universe—spiritual and natural—is not contained in the least particle of what is called matter?—that the whole spiritual realm is not within the phenomenal, which we call Nature, point for point?—that Heaven itself is not within us? Without discussing the reviewer's plausibilities in detail, we may roundly affirm that no one can reasonably exclude from the domain of philosophical inquiry the marvels alluded to. If visions and dreams are all easy of explanation on common principles, let the explanation be forthcoming. If not, on what pretence are mental and psychological phenomena to be placed under ban, and tabooed by the high priests of philosophy, while the advent of every fresh inquirer, and the discovery of every new truth in the field of the experimental sciences, is welcomed with rapture.

The reviewer uses the old argument, that "If supernatural events take place, they must have a grand purpose; hence, if we read of occurrences wherein nature seems to be overstepped, and find that they were purposeless, we surely have a right to surmise, that these aimless circumstances are not due to supernatural agency, but rather to some *natural process* of which we are totally ignorant." Why then should not this occult natural process be made the subject of a serious inquiry—and what better way of preparing for inquiry, than the accumulation of such authentic facts as those recorded by Mr. Taylor? The instances of "natural clairvoyance" from which the reviewer cites a short passage, are as interesting to the lover of truth, as any unexpected disturbance of the magnetic needle, or any unwonted appearance in the heavens. But really the air with which the self-elected guardians of common sense presume to dogmatize on what they regard as legitimate subjects of inquiry, would lead to the belief that *mind* is not a part of God's universe, and that its operations may not be too closely scrutinized.

The reviewer urges, as a strong objection to "this supernatural business," that it tends to Fatalism, and in proof of this, refers to an instance of second sight, in which Mr. Taylor strongly affirms that a certain event, literally and minutely fulfilled the foreshowing three weeks previously. Spiritualists will hardly agree with him, for if the foreshowing of an event leads by a logical inference to Fatalism, then the attribute of foreknowledge assigned by common consent to the Almighty and Allseeing must also lead to it. Edge-tools are dangerous weapons in some hands.

E. R.

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TO READERS OF THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Bacon*.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. I.]

MARCH, 1860.

[No. 3.

## SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE ON SPIRITUALISM.

WE have no doubt that there are many of our readers who frequently amuse themselves by looking back upon those steps which have brought them to their present position in connection with what is popularly called "Spiritualism." We can readily follow those who thus reflect upon the past, and we can fully realize the dangers and difficulties through which they have safely steered their course. We can start with them from that period when the names of "spirit-rapping," "table turning," and "manifestations," were merely used as terms to indicate a species of insanity, mental delusion, or imposition. We can again accompany them when they found their curiosity excited, by the direct evidence of some friend in whose judgment they placed confidence, and who stated that he, or she, had seen facts occur, and which were totally inexplicable by any known laws.

From this condition of enquiry to the next, namely, of investigation, we are also with the reflecting reader, when he remembers how he first witnessed some strange movements of a table; how he heard noises which appeared to be guided by an intelligence; how questions were asked by him, and answered by these noises, by a system of telegraphing; how he first doubted the sitters, then his own senses; and, lastly, when he reflects how he retired from the meeting, as he may have expressed himself, "not knowing what to think."

In the next stage of his reflections, he is not without companionship, for we are with him still, when he has to encounter the ridicule of those to whom he speaks of what he saw. We know that he had to listen with patience to the illogical arguments of empty-headed friends, who endeavoured to explain what he saw (but what they did not), by means of "toe joints cracking," "electricity," "unconscious cerebration," &c., &c. We can sympathize with him as he endeavoured to explain that toe joints cannot crack in parts of the room where there are no toes; that



electricity has its limits of power, and cannot tap out the name of a deceased friend of whom you were thinking, or remind you of events which no other mortal knew; that unconscious cerebration cannot cause a heavy table to rise in the air, and to remain suspended there for some time, &c., &c. In fact, we can follow him through the phases of scepticism, doubt, belief, and certainty. We can fully appreciate that spirit of perseverance and observation which led him, time after time, to attend sittings and to apply tests, until, to doubt the fact of what he had investigated, would be a greater sign of mental imbecility, than to discredit that we have alternate day and night.

We need not dwell upon those other steps by which he realized the importance of what he had investigated and proved, nor upon the results which followed this realization, nor need we refer to that boundless extension of ideas which came like a great light upon his mind, and which showed him that from one end of Scripture to the other, spiritual communication was all-important—the only means, in fact, by which we possessed a Bible.

Perhaps the not least interesting part of these reflections, is that which refers to those of our friends who started upon the same investigation as ourselves. We look back too often with feelings of regret at those who, either from a want of observation, perseverance, or from weakness, are now much in the state that they were, before the facts of Spiritualism were submitted to their notice.

Some of our friends have made no advance beyond the sceptical phase—they had not the energy to enquire—it was easier to rest in their then condition; besides, to seek might be wicked;\* or, it might occupy too much of their attention; or,—any excuse would be sufficient to prevent the idle, or the wise in their own conceit, from even investigating.

Then others, we may remember, were too weak to withstand the ridicule of buffoons, and such ceased to enquire; some feared to displease friends, as though that individual could be a friend, who was anxious to prevent us from enquiring into what might be, and what might not be true.

Many were content to take one sitting as a type of all, and if from disturbing conditions no great facts were elicited, then all that had been reported, must, they concluded, be false. A want of perseverance, and a deficiency of the logical faculty, would be found to be the retarding influences in such a case; for it is not by one, nor even by ten experiments that we ought to judge of the possibility of a fact, but, it may be, by some ten score.

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\* "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

When we reflect upon the variability of results when investigating physical manifestations, we may understand the remark of Bacon, that "one fact is often worth a thousand." For if we sat with a physical medium one thousand times and obtained no results, and then continued once more, and saw a table rise in the air, the latter fact, as a proof of the *possibility* of such things would be more valuable than the one thousand which gave us no tangible results. Thus we may conclude that at least nine-tenths of those who know the truth of spiritual communication, have in their enquiry adopted the following method.

They have first, strictly, impartially, and closely investigated phenomena, making observation the base or groundwork of all else. They have, secondly, by fair deduction, drawn conclusions from the facts which they have carefully, impartially, and strictly investigated.

It must be highly gratifying to our readers to know how entirely the system which they have adopted is that which is approved of in the present scientific schools.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the new President of the Royal Society, delivered lately in Burlington House his inaugural address. After speaking at some length with reference to the advantages to be derived from a knowledge of the physical sciences, he said, "The first step in all physical investigations—even in those which admit of the application of mathematical reasoning and of the deductive method afterwards—is the observation of natural phenomena, and the smallest error in such observation in the beginning is sufficient to vitiate the whole investigation afterwards. The necessity of strict and minute observation is the first thing which the student of the physical sciences has to learn."

We believe that no lover of truth could devise any more logical or more sound directions than these, and no investigator would wish for better data upon which to act. To strictly and minutely observe, and then to reflect, must undoubtedly be the very soundest method of proceeding; and therefore the above advice ought to be duly appreciated by all those who having acted in accordance therewith, and who having satisfied themselves upon certain points, are desirous that others should do likewise.

To preach, however, is one thing, to practise what we preach is another; and when we read the remarks of such an able man as the present President of the Royal Society, we are naturally disposed to wonder why, in even his own profession, the system which he advocates is not strictly carried out.

"The necessity of strict and minute investigation is the first thing," says Sir Benjamin Brodie. Then may we not ask why the gentlemen of his own profession do not adopt this first step? If we are told that they do, then we would ask how can those

strange and opposite conclusions be arrived at, which are so frequent amongst the heads of the profession? Can it be possible that two sane men, each observing the same fact, can yet come to directly opposite conclusions? If they do not, how can we explain why some men of eminence treat rheumatic fever with citric acid, and others no less celebrated, employ carbonate of soda.

Are not such men as Clutterbuck and Armstrong well trained as observers? and yet they differ in nearly every point of doctrine and practice, the one insisting on blood-letting in nearly every disease, the other as vehemently condemning it.

Thus, there appears to be something else required besides a strict and minute investigation to enable us to come to just conclusions; for the veriest tyro in logic would at once perceive the impossibility of "letting blood" and "not letting blood" being both correct methods of proceeding, and as there is an equal chance of the one being wrong as of the other, which, we would ask, is the correct?

Again, Dr. James Johnson, in his work on the Diseases of Tropical Climates, recommends *calomel* and *bleeding* as the basis of all successful treatment; whilst Dr. Dickson, equally as well trained, according to orthodox ideas, as an observer, asserts that the most deadly enemies in a tropical climate are *calomel* and *bleeding*.

If the study of the physical sciences and observation are to render men *fully* qualified to come to conclusions upon all scientific subjects, surely the study of physic ought to render men qualified to form opinions upon matters of medicine.

How unhappy are the actual results, the preceding examples, and some hundreds of others which we might have quoted, will amply prove.

Sir Benjamin Brodie would have given appropriate advice had he remarked that the first step in *all* enquiries should be an entire removal from one's mind of prejudice—a perfect desire to accept truth let it come in whatever form it might. Then a strict and minute investigation of facts, and lastly, a fair deduction from the facts. If individuals would follow these steps, we should have far less useless controversy than we now have, and we should not quite so often have to read, or to listen to, the nonsense spoken by so-called learned men.

"Do as I say, not as I do," was the response of a clerical gentleman, whose practice was at variance with his preaching: we will not say that this remark would be uttered by Sir Benjamin Brodie, were we to question one portion of his address. We are not *positively certain* that he has not been present some twenty or thirty times, when such physical mediums as Mr. Home, Mr. Squire, Mrs. Marshall, and others have convinced the investigators of the fact that tables do rise in the air, by what is commonly called "supernatural means." That accordions have

been heard to play when no mortal hands touched them; that pencils have written upon paper when both pencils and paper have been laid upon the floor, and no hands, or feet, or flesh, or even mortal have touched either.

All this Sir Benjamin Brodie must have investigated closely and strictly; not once, or twice, but at least twenty times, or he would be but a superficial enquirer.

Although we have never heard that this distinguished gentleman has so strictly examined the phenomena to which we refer, still we conclude that he must have done so, if he acts up to what he says, or he would never have made the remarks which he has put forth upon the subject.

"It was from a want of knowledge," says Sir Benjamin Brodie, "that Roger Bacon was persecuted by the Franciscan Monks and Galileo by the Inquisition." Not quite right upon the latter case, for the principal cause of the persecution of Galileo was, undoubtedly, something much more applicable to the so-called science of the present day than a want of knowledge. Nicholas Copernicus, the propounder of the theory of the earth's movement happened to be a priest, and it may be remarked as singular that the priests did not persecute him. Galileo was a layman, who advocated the system of Copernicus, and him the priests did persecute. It was not impossible that bigotry and prejudice had as much to do with the persecution of Galileo, as had a want of knowledge.

"It is from a want of knowledge," the learned president proceeded to state, "that at the present day grown-up ladies and gentlemen occupy themselves with the humbler and less romantic mysteries of turning and rapping tables." This statement at once places before us a very interesting phenomenon, one in fact which is well worthy of a strict and searching enquiry, after which a fair deduction may be made.

Here is Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, we must conclude, has witnessed several times all the apparent phenomena of rapping tables, &c., and who comes to the conclusion that it is from a want of knowledge that people amuse themselves therewith.

Other men, with equally as sound reasoning faculties, having witnessed several times the same type of phenomena, come to the conclusion that it is from a want of knowledge that every person is not acquainted with the fact, that under certain conditions tables do rap; that immortal beings cause the raps, and that this is the elementary phase of the phenomenon.

There are, then, two varieties of men, each of whom examines the same facts, and yet comes to directly opposite conclusions; just as the blood-letter and the blood-saver, and as the calomel man and the no-calomel man did.

The interesting phenomenon to be investigated would be, by what steps of reasoning does each individual come to his conclusions?

We have taken it for granted that Sir Benjamin Brodie has *strictly* examined the phenomena to which he refers. Not as some men examine, that is superficially or partially, but by a close, searching, and persevering investigation; for if he has not done this, then, whilst advising his hearers to be cautious lest they committed error, to observe strictly, and then to reason, and to avoid the mistakes of former learned men, he has, unfortunately, fallen into the very snare from which he was warning others; for he has attempted to bring under contempt a subject of which he was entirely ignorant.

If he *has* investigated the subject, and differs from other investigators, he is merely like some of the leading members of his own profession *who differ* from each other.

We have, however, good reason to believe that Sir Benjamin Brodie has never been fortunate enough to witness any of those astounding physical manifestations which it is well known are now occurring almost daily in various parts of the metropolis. Consequently he has, on this occasion, committed the not uncommon error of speaking in ridicule of a subject, simply because it is popular so to do.

There can be no proceeding which the lovers of true science will so much regret, as that hasty, hap-hazard method of speaking and thinking, which some men of celebrity so often adopt. They invariably have to regret such thoughtless steps themselves, but regretting does not remedy the evil, for an amount of harm is done to the cause of science, and which their regret cannot readily redeem.

The more celebrated a man may be, the more need is there for him to be cautious. Some of our philosophers appear only to understand the half of this truth, and whilst they are cautious as regards belief, they are absolutely reckless as regards scepticism, forgetting that "unlimited scepticism is equally the child of imbecility, as is implicit credulity."

Let men of the type of the President of the Royal Society but act up to what they say, and those who have examined strictly, and proved what they believe, will not long be in the minority. Anything which may be new, or which has been lost sight of for a time, usually exposes its advocates to ridicule or pity. What can afford a better illustration of this, than the persecution of Galileo, or the inveterate opposition to Newton's system of gravitation, or the malignant conduct of medical men when Harvey made known the circulation of the blood, and when Jenner introduced vaccination?

Those who nobly encountered the abuse with which they were assailed, were charged with being guilty of crime, and some pious but mistaken persons announced from the pulpit, that "vaccination was the invention of Satan."

The directions which Sir Benjamin Brodie has given to the Royal Society, are worthy of all attention; but what is the use of thus continually preaching one thing, and practising another? Who for a moment doubts the truth of the statement, that observation must be the base of all else? and who will question that it was from a want of observation and knowledge, and from an excess of vanity, that astronomers persecuted Galileo, physicians reviled Harvey and Jenner, and that medical men in the present day are so virulently opposed one to the other?

But who can be sanguine enough to hope that such proceedings will cease, when even the President of the Royal Society is found to act just as did those whose conduct he by word condemns but by act imitates.

Who that has investigated closely the physical facts called spirit manifestations, doubts for one moment that it is principally from a want of knowledge, and from not having investigated, which causes Sir Benjamin Brodie, not only to be ignorant of, but also to attempt to ridicule those whom he calls "grown-up ladies and gentlemen, who amuse themselves with rapping tables."

It is not our object to call attention to the individual, but to the *system* which has like a great weed spread over the waters of truth. There is at the present time a type of mind which must be carefully watched by all who desire that truth and the right should prosper. This type of mind is common amongst those, who in consequence of a long course of mental mill work, are great as *minute* philosophers, and whose names stand before the world as cautious, learned men, but who too often forget their own minute orbit, and venture to express recklessly their opinion upon that which they know only by hearsay.

If such proceedings ended in words only, the world might laugh at such men; but reckless expressions are soon followed by reckless deeds; thus it was not so long since, that in consequence of an imperfect chemical investigation, either a guilty man escaped punishment, or an innocent one was near being hung.

This might have arisen from an error in judgment, still to come to an erroneous opinion after investigating a fact is bad enough. To express a decided opinion after an imperfect scientific investigation, is even worse; but what are we to say, when a President of the Royal Society, and a high medical authority, expresses publicly an opinion upon a subject of the elementary facts of which he is entirely ignorant?

## MR. HOWITT'S LETTER ON MR. HARRIS.

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MR. CANNING said, that if you let a lie get an hour's start it will be weeks before you can overtake it. However this may be in point of time, it is certainly curious to observe with what immense rapidity falsehoods and misrepresentations are propagated, with what eagerness they are improved upon as they pass from mouth to mouth and from pen to pen, and how difficult it is, in the exciting game of their propagation, to get in a word on the other side.

It does not argue much for human nature, that it should be so much more easy to disseminate what is false, than what is true; but as a matter of fact it seems to have been so since the fall of man, all down the ages, and to have culminated in our day by means of the press and the worthy editors who consider themselves the leaders of the time.

If we want a special example, the whole course of the press, with reference to the facts and the deductions, both philosophical and religious, of Spiritualism, furnishes one of the strongest. During now several years' close observation of the press, we do not remember scarcely a single instance, in which either the facts or the doctrines have received one good, frank, or honest recognition; whilst on the other side, almost every notice has been confined to misrepresentation and abuse of the whole subject and its defenders.

Now this of itself would not be enough to stamp the conduct of the press with absolute dishonesty; but there is this fact in addition, which we are sorry to say does so, namely, that there are many of the editors and persons connected with journals, who fully believe the facts, and yet who allow their papers to be the medium of these false representations.

We were fortunately able, in a short notice in our last number, to put our finger upon the writer of the scandalous misrepresentation of Mr. Harris's sermon on Modern Spiritualism, and, for whatever it may be worth, to name him as Mr. James Grant, of the *Morning Advertiser*.

His perversion of what he heard appeared the next morning under the heading of "Extraordinary and Triumphant Exposure of Spiritualism," and at once went the round of the press: some of the editors culling the most untrue disjointed sentences to give point to the misrepresentations.

The *Critic* thinks this a fine opportunity to ask Mr. Howitt what he thinks of Spiritualism and of Mr. Harris *now*, and we have much pleasure in giving at the end the frank and able answer which this question elicited from Mr. Howitt.

Such a document, whilst it is a manifesto of the basis of true

Spiritualism, should be a great discomfiture to the first and second-hand slanderers of the press who chuckled over Mr. James Grant's misrepresentations; but it would by no means suit their notions of their honest calling to give insertion to Mr. Howitt's letter. Oh, no! that is not the method of the press. "Never acknowledge yourself to be wrong, nor insert anything that goes against the infallibility of the editor, or that may be unpalatable to the ignorance of your readers," is the first lesson which a baby editor has to learn; and truth to tell, they are apt scholars at such "useful knowledge."

But a further heavy blow and great discouragement has befallen Mr. James Grant and his copyists, in the recent publication of the sermon itself, \* "revised and extended" by Mr. Harris; and it is only due to truth to say that anything more unlike its tenor than Mr. Grant's description of it can hardly be imagined.

Who could have conceived from reading Mr. Grant's "Extraordinary and Triumphant Exposure of Spiritualism," by Mr. Harris, that his sermon contained such statements as the following, with which the sermon opens?—

"MODERN SPIRITUALISM may be defined, as a series of actions on and in the human spirit and body, and on the objects of the natural world; produced by the more abundant descent of the Divine Spirit into Christendom and the world, for the purpose of unfolding the more interior and spiritual, as well as natural, human faculties, into higher states of force, perception, and utility. It may be defined, in its counter movement, as the results produced, in man and on nature, by the opposite efforts of infernal Spirits, to take advantage of new openings, to invert to evils, and to destroy the faith."

Why should it have been so congenial to Mr. Grant to have entirely omitted all reference to the former part of this definition, and to have put forward, and that imperfectly, only the latter? It will be seen, moreover, that none of Mr. Grant's misrepresentations could have been of any weight if the fact of spirit-manifestations had not been a truth. In these early days, the existence of this fact is what we are mainly urging. Now hear what Mr. Harris gives in his sermon as to these so widely-denied manifestations, under the heading of—

"OVER-ruLED RESULTS OF SPIRITUAL DEMONSTRATIONS.—Circles for spiritual communications are dangerous for reasons thus specified. While, however, from my own experience, I am convinced that an habitual attendance upon them is extremely prejudicial, in the Divine Providence these perils have been overruled beneficially in classes of instances which I specify. First,—*Where Materialism and gross Sadduceeism have been disproved by the demonstration of the existence of departed spirits, and their ability to operate on matter and mind.* This has been the chief end of positive utility thus far accomplished. Second,—Where the prevalent tendency to soul-worship and the deification of the internal principle in man, accompanied with the idea that any spirit, freed from bodily limitations, whatever the prior character of the individual, must *per se* be of a highly refined, ideal, æsthetic nature. It requires but a brief observation to satisfy the intelligent, that the life of the human spirit, after physical decease,

\* *Sermon on Modern Spiritualism.* White, 36, Bloomsbury Street.



can be as debauched and degraded as while it had the natural body for its medium. *A few facts of this character utterly disprove the heresies of the Gnostics and Manichees, alarmingly prevalent in our own day.* Third,—In proving that spirits possess knowledge of secret facts of individual history and experience; thus establishing, beyond a doubt, that thoughts and actions radiate their impressions into the spiritual world. Fourth,—As disproving the vulgar error that the intellect of man, free from the body, possesses unerring prescience or foreknowledge; while many spiritual predictions are verified, an equal number remain unfulfilled. Fifth,—As demonstrating the fact that spirits, in one portion of the earth, are cognisant of events transpiring in other portions. Sixth,—That wit, humour, the love to mystify and torture, fondness for dramatic display, huge self-esteem, and ever-changing states of chimerical speculation, often distinguish them;—that gossip and small talk, with the perpetual desire to intermeddle in human relations, are also characteristics. Seventh,—That those spirits whom results prove deceptive, are able to simulate virtue and give advice to a good life—which is often the case on earth. Eighth,—That spirits profess every shade of religious doctrine, whether Pagan, or of the various denominations in Christendom, while no profession is a guarantee for the purity of their aims, or the sincerity of their declarations. Ninth,—That spirits are able in a most remarkable manner, though as was seen before, without a demonstration of identity, to inspire within the human breast, for a time, boundless confidence. This feature is one of the most important, proving the existence of occult influences, which impress mesmerically the mental faculties. Tenth,—The imprinting of signs and tokens on the human body, proving the power of spirits, in all times, to have brought results such as make up a large share of alleged Roman Catholic miracles, particularly that of the *stigmata*. Eleventh,—*For the first time, in the light of these phenomena*, the so-called miraculous evidence of the various religions, both of antiquity and of recent date, *is brought within the purview of a rational investigation*, of which the first result is to show that possibly even Mahomedanism was no fraud on the part of its author, but a genuine spiritualism;—that the Romanist legends of the middle ages contained at least a large element of fact;—that the visual experiences of Ignatius Loyola and François Xavier, and Catherine of Sienna, and the more astounding physical manifestations accompanying the ecstasies of St. Theresa, are all susceptible of verification; but at once removed from the catalogue of frauds, and from that of Divine evidences of the truth of any special creed. *I am aware, of course, that, in the finale, we are gathering facts and adducing principles for a trial of the Divine claims of the Gospel itself.* I rejoice in it. Every step which the clear-minded, sound-hearted man takes in this vast realm, verifies anew the absolute divinity of the Christian Religion.

“But there are exceptional instances, where attendance at the *séance* confirms the wavering belief in Christianity, or calls out a more Divine spiritual life. The mind grasps at phenomena that demonstrate an unseen world, and with the Spirit of God in the heart, and a pure conscience, and a mind capable of the best exercise of reason, the inquirer soon finds himself acting with a calm caution. *He allows the manifestations to go on; he classifies them and obtains results which, as we have seen, can hardly be over-rated.*”

Can this be “the extraordinary and triumphant exposure” to which Mr. James Grant referred? Or read the following valuable testimony from the preacher:—

“For the generality of the inquirers into the phenomena of Spiritualism, I claim high merit, *for honest dealing with phenomena which, from any standpoint, are most worthy of investigation.* They are important, especially, to all professional men. To the physician,—as connected with, and throwing light upon, the most subtle problems of health and disease. *It indicates a shrinking from the duties of his position, for the Divine to stand aloof.* I hesitate not to say, that one year of thorough investigation of accredited spiritual phenomena now occurring, *will throw more light on the real meaning of the New Testament* than any amount of mere critical reading of the expounders of the text; for here we see human nature wrought upon visibly, *alike by the Spirit of the*

*Living God* and by the *myrmidons of darkness*, and exhibiting all the sublime or terrible movements and counter-movements of the tremendous fight. Till the theologian *has seen media* in their varied states, *he has never seen human nature stripped of its disguises*. The shallow clergyman may, it is true, become an infidel,—to the Lord, to the Word, and to regeneration,—as the sophistries which he encounters find a congenial soil within his own inner man. But the Christian at heart will come out of the study in the highest sense orthodox and evangelical, and, *will superadd a knowledge beyond that extant in any creed*.

"It is deeply to be regretted that so many, on all other points candid and judicious, *have scoffed at the inquirers*."

Again speaking of those who have become open to Christian mediumship, and to the promised gifts of the spirit, Mr. Harris says:—

"Such as in any degree attain to it are conscious of being led by a Divine dictate, *which, at times, becomes an absolute voice within the breast*. We are led by it in perfect freedom, and, under its influence the will continually becomes more energetic, the understanding more harmonious and perfect, the personality more reverent and august."

And of their heightened spiritual vision, and its new-born powers:—

"It is such a sight as a man might have in nature, who could at once see *bodies and emotions*,—the trunk of the tree, and its hidden sap,—the flowers, and their diffused aromas. It is a perception of realities within all semblances; of qualities within all objects; yet including form and semblance, quality and object."

At the close of his sermon, after stating the case on both sides, he says:—

"I foresee two classes of friendly objections. One, to my statements concerning the sublime and beautiful, the true and holy developments of the spiritual field. I solemnly affirm, that, from the best of my knowledge, *results have been produced, through a heavenly spiritualism, within the last seven years, equal in quality*, though not in quantity, to the best results from the labours of Whitfield or the Wesleys, of Oberlin or of the early Friends. Since the great tide-wave of revivalism, harmonising with the best of the two contending influences in Spiritualism, has begun to flow (and the revival movement is all a spiritual phenomenon, though not the work of individual spirits, in its inception, but of Almighty God), we may doubtless expect an extension of its startling but elevating results. I design this remark for my religious reader, who has only seen that view of the subject commonly presented by the public press, which, while it has, with a few exceptions, earnestly enforced the extravagancies, deceits, or diabolisms attending spiritual phenomena, *has suppressed a series of facts not less important, pregnant with evidences that the Lord, with His holy angels, moves wonderfully upon mankind*. No earthly consideration could induce me to forego my own spiritual experience, or recede mentally into the dim twilight of my perception before these manifestations began.

"The other class of objections will rise from those who, while they accept every favourable view, will be disposed to think that I grossly exaggerate the dangers of mediumship, or the possible perils of the *séance*. There is in Modern Spiritualism, as it seems to me, *an absolute equilibrium, between the light, as set off against the darkness; the good and true, against the evil and false; the heaven against the hell*."

We may have to make some more critical examination of Mr. Harris' statements on a future occasion; but the reader will now be in a position, not only to judge between Mr. James Grant and the truth, which are by no means convertible terms, but of

the little satisfaction which Mr. Howitt's letter would give to the editor of the *Critic*, who fondly hoped for a very different answer.

Common honesty and fair dealing are all that we ask at the hands of the press. For how long may we have to wait before we attain to this modest requirement?

"SIR,—I have no wish to go into the general question of Spiritualism, having so lately, through your courtesy, expressed my conviction, founded on experience, of its nature and value. But I would beg permission to say a word or two in vindication of myself and it. In your very fair remarks on the article of a cotemporary on Mr. Harris's sermon of Sunday morning week, you doubt my being quite so enthusiastic in my estimation of Mr. Harris's ministry, after that discourse. I assure you that I entertain precisely the same admiration of it as a noble Christian oratory, and as pure Christian Spiritualism—nay more, that, after further hearing, I am the more confirmed in my opinion. I can recollect no man to be compared with him in the essentials of a finished preacher: for power and originality of mind, for poetry of diction, for breadth and copiousness of argument, for affluence of historic and philosophic illustration, for vivid and acute analysis of the elements of modern society, for a courageous trampling on all conventionalities—in a word, for the effectual stripping from the Gospel of the cobwebs of a dusty, worn-out divinity, of the hampering bandages of creeds, and for planting Christianity before us in her divine and undisguised lineaments, in her free and noble beauty. I speak advisedly, for neither to Mr. Harris nor to any man would I surrender the independence of my judgment.

"I am glad that Mr. Harris gave that energetic warning against the *abuses* of Spiritualism; and I expressed to him my satisfaction before I left the place. I should be glad to know whether all who heard that discourse believed it—whether the writer referred to believed it; for, if so, they believe in Spiritualism being a great and unquestionable power. There were things in that discourse which made every face turn pale. If these things are facts, then Spiritualism is the greatest and most startling fact which has pressed itself on the attention of the present age. Did Mr. Harris establish a belief in that colossal and superhuman agency, the reality of which he asserted by all past and present consciousness? Then Mr. Harris rendered a transcendent service to Spiritualism.

"I care not whether a reality is presented in its terrors or in its amenities, so that it is planted as a truth in the heart's and soul's convictions. Let its entity be admitted, and we shall have time enough to learn all about it. It will no longer depend on the dicta of individuals; it will be placed in the arena of the world, and must be touched, handled, probed, and tested, till all its qualities and tendencies are ascertained as those of any other principle or substance.

"Mr. Harris's discourse, let me then say, was not directed against Spiritualism, but against the *abuses* of it; not against Christian Spiritualism, but against the inversion of it—un-Christian Spiritualism. Christianity needs its continual warnings; shall Spiritualism be exempt from them? Christ came warning Christianity against false Christs, false disciples, false doctrines—against wolves in sheep's clothing—against devils and delusions. The need of these warnings was soon evident in a plentiful crop of spurious gospels, of spurious doctrines, of Nicolaitanes, Gnostics, Sabellians, and the like. Christianity has to be warned every week from a thousand pulpits against the dangers which daily beset it and its disciples. It is warned in solid books, whole libraries of them—in thousands of tracts and pamphlets; but does any one on that account denounce Christianity, or make it responsible for its inversions?

"According to all my experience, and all my reading, ancient and modern, there is nothing more clearly established than that Spiritualism is a fixed law of God's economy in the education of His rational creatures. The records of all countries, of all times, of all the greatest men of all times, bear testimony to this law. We are not creatures of matter, but spirits merely enveloped in it—existing, not in some remote and isolated corner of the universe, but in the very midst of it, surrounded by eternity with all its worlds, and spirits, and influences. In being swathed in these bodies for a time, I do not conceive that we are cut

off by our physical integument from the spiritual existences outside of this enclosure, but merely veiled from them. There is a door opened, a door which God in the hour of creation opened, and which no man can shut, by which spirits of all kinds can, in obedience to certain eternal laws, communicate through this physical partition. All Christian life, said Mr. Harris in the same discourse, is a warfare. Where good influences enter, bad influences can and will enter too. There were sorcerers to contend with Moses before Pharaoh, who could do almost all that he did by Divine power. But has any one ever thought of condemning the exercise of the Divine power because the devil brought up his sorceries against it? Nor does Mr. Harris mean to condemn Christian Spiritualism because of un-Christian Spiritualism.

“Mr. Harris now announces his intention to state his real views of Spiritualism through the press; and I think we shall find that he will acknowledge the fact that this great power, like all things in nature, has *two* sides; and that, as you may derive the highest advantages from the exercise of the pure, or, according to his own phrase, “orderly Spiritualism,” so you may receive injury from “disorderly Spiritualism,” as from disorderly Christianity, if not aware of it, and guarded against it by faith and prayer. That is something to know.

“If Mr. Harris should really attempt to disparage spiritual circles and manifestations under pure and holy conditions, I would be the first to tell him that without these manifestations he would not have had a dozen people to listen to him. I say confidently that these manifestations are doing, and have long been doing, what neither “saint, sage, nor sophist” could do in this day—knocking on the head Materialism. Any one who has tried to convince sceptics must know that Mr. Harris, or any other man, however learned or able, may preach through his whole life, and preach to them in vain.

“The manifestations of the present age are peculiar, for a most obvious reason—the conditions of the age are peculiar. A triumphant Materialism has established itself far and wide, originating in this country with Hobbes, Tindal and Hume, but perfected in Germany and France—a Materialism invulnerable to argument, defiant of eloquence, but compelled to bow in astonishment to the *proofs* which it has long demanded. For sceptics and materialists always turn round with this pertinent remark: ‘It is all very well to tell us of miracles, and a history occurring nearly 2000 years ago; but if God then condescended to convince souls of the reality of a spirit-world, by unquestionable physico-spiritual manifestations, why should he not now? Is God grown old? Or is he less regardful of humanity! Don’t *preach* to us, but give us *proofs*.’”

“And the greatest theologians, men without a flaw in their logic or a hiatus in their inductions, *could give no proof*, and, therefore, could not satisfy the doubter of their premises. Well, here are the proofs to be seen any day by those who will approach them in a candid and philosophic spirit; and thousands of sceptics and atheists who have seen them, have been confounded and convinced. And you may take my word for it, that nothing else will convince materialists. Therefore these physico-spiritual manifestations are invaluable. They are the alphabet to the teachings of belief. They are the means to the end; and had not Mr. Harris passed through the whole mysterious world of these manifestations—see his works—he could never have reached the place he now occupies on the heights of Christian Spiritualism. It is through his combats with inverted and antagonistic influences that he has become armed at all points, and thoroughly furnished to every good word and work. To kick down the ladder by which he has ascended, he must kick down with it a great piece of nature and a great piece of the Gospel. He must demolish the ministry of angels as well as of devils—angels ministering to “all who shall be heirs of salvation,” and who ministered to Christ himself in the wilderness of the temptation, and in the black hour of the garden of Gethsemane. Mr. Harris is no such one-sided monitor.

“As to the real condition of Spiritualism in America, I leave the leading American Spiritualists to decide. I have only to observe that, as to Spiritualism in London, the writer whom you quote, entered Mr. Harris’s chapel for the first time, heard one discourse, and rushed away—seized, as it were, a single brick, and thought he had the plan of the whole house. Sir, a man might as well, of all the days and nights in the year, rush forth into darkness and tempest, and

then tell us that the world has nothing but darkness and tempest. *There will be light, and calm too, for those who will duly wait for them.*

"It may save such skip-and-go observers some trouble to let them know that they are only beginning a battle which has been fought à l'outrance in America for the past ten years, only to leave Spiritualism more rooted and multiplied than ever. And I say, let the press in this country, if not instructed by that fact, try to kill Spiritualism if it can. If it can be killed, it is no truth, and we shall be well rid of it. Let then all heresy-hunters go forth—all wolves in sheep's clothing prowl through the camp of Spiritualism—let the pulpits beat all their drums ecclesiastic, and the press throw up all its batteries, frowning with rifled cannon and Armstrong guns; and if among them, or altogether, they find that they have killed one or both of the twin sisters, Christianity and Spiritualism, they will, no doubt, report upon it. Till then—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"WILLIAM HOWITT."

## WHAT IS THE TRUE ELIXIR OF LIFE, OR THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE?

THE following essay requires a few words of explanation. The writer has been acquainted with its author since the 5th of August of 1858, when he first wrote, through the hand of a lady member of the writer's family. His station in life was that of a country curate, and his favourite subject in communication with the writer, has been Christian morality. Several previous essays have been published in the *Biological Review*, and the present was received in the same manner—the hand of the lady being used, she being in a semi-conscious condition. The conversation which preceded its delivery is here added.

"December 3, 1858.

"I explained that I had no subject for enquiry, but wished to receive the essay promised on the 1st of December.

"A.—I will commence. Have you any idea as to what you would like?

"I should prefer the subject being named by you.

"A.—I have said I will write. I will presently name one.

"Here there was a pause.

"A.—On the soothing influence of spiritual belief, and the blessings it brings on its beams. If you do not like this I will name another. I will write in a short time. Keep the pen ready.

"We did so.

"A.—What is spiritual charity? or, What is the true Elixir of Life, or the Philosopher's Stone? Will either of these subjects please?

"The latter, I think, would be most interesting.

"He then wrote down to the paragraph ending with the word *angels*, when I observed that it was late.

"A.—It is. Good night.

"December 6th, 1858.

"After some other conversation I read to the spirit the first portion of his essay, and he continued and concluded it."

Such is a condensed extract from the writer's Spiritual Diary written at the time, and which may be interesting to the readers of the essay itself. The text of it has been revised by the spirit, in the proof, on the evening of February the 18th, 1860, and he has promised to contribute another essay on a future occasion.

K. R. H. M.

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During many ages learned men wasted their substance and their time in searching after what was called the Philosopher's Stone; which, as they imagined, was to turn everything into gold. How sad it was that such should be the case! and evident it must be to all thinking minds that spiritual influence must have been very weak at such times, or the true meaning of this long sought-for treasure would have been known. Now, when the light of Spiritualism sheds its bright beams over the earth, man will know that the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life are within the reach of every one, but for better uses than to make the metal called gold, or to live in the material world for ever. Such powers would be curses rather than blessings. The gold which is to be made is true happiness, and the place in which to seek it is in the mind. Every one possesses this blessed gift; let each examine his conscience and enquire of it whether he is using the gift to the benefit of others and himself. Indeed, no one can do good to another without the blessing also falling on himself. First of all, the consciousness of doing right will cast a bright, calm, pure feeling over his whole being. If he seek diligently for this stone it will teach him that one of the first duties in life is to study how the happiness of those around can be increased. Think what a heavenly feeling it must be to know that many sorrows have been soothed by your means, and that those around await your coming with happy faces! Such joy is the joy of angels!

If then, it be in our power to create happiness to ourselves and others around us, we may truly say we possess the Philosopher's Stone; and to turn sorrow into joy, and misery into happiness, must surely be a beautiful explanation or definition of the metaphor of turning the base metals into gold. Let us now see how this lies in the power of all.

Some have worldly wealth, and if this gift be used properly it will prove a blessing, as they who possess it may supply their poor brother-mortals with the necessaries they are in want of; and by so doing, they bring the blessing of the Lord upon

themselves, who has given them such duty in life to fulfil—as the rich on earth are the stewards of the Lord, and must endeavour to act so as to obtain that sentence:—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Many others who have no wealth to give are able to give their time to their poorer brethren, and thus to assist them in various ways, such as instructing them in what may be fitting to their station—teaching the young children, advising them when they are in need, and in laying their poverty and sufferings open before those who have the means to assist them. Again, in a household how absolutely incumbent upon each member to seek this wonderful stone! It will cause each to smooth their evil temper—never to seek to find fault, and if anything merit reproof, to do it in gentleness and kindness. It will also teach us not to make troubles of trifles, and to repress those irritable and angry feelings which sometimes arise, and which, if not repressed, cause more misery often than great troubles, grieve those we love, and are generally the wreck of all family happiness and harmony. Let each, then, use his power according to the position in which he is placed. The wants and sorrows of the poor, the ignorance of the untaught, the evil tempers which arise in our hearts, the vexations of petty annoyances, and our vices, are all materials for turning into gold, if we will: and think how blessed he will be who seeks earnestly to do this. See the difference between a household, the members of which do not dwell together in charity and love, and one where they dwell in love and unity, each seeking for the benefit and peace of the whole.

There is but little more to say, I think now; as it must be evident to all, that they who seek and use the Philosopher's Stone possess the Elixir of Life;—for to what else can it allude but to the blessed life we shall lead when we have laid down the flesh, and when the spirit enters on the true life? Then, indeed, will he have drunk of this blessed Elixir, and will know that he is entered on immortal life. S. J.

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**HAPPINESS.**—The fountain of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.

**SHALL WE BE RE-UNITED TO OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN?**—Just as surely as God gave to friendship all its charms and worth; just as surely as He has made love, and friendship, and the interchange of friendly offices our necessity as well as our joy, and an inseparable portion of our immortal nature; just as surely as God himself is love, and the truest, warmest friend in the universe; just so surely will He re-unite Christian friends in heaven.—*James William Kimball.*

## LORD BACON AND SPIRITUALISM.

A GREAT modern writer—Mr. Henry Hallam—has some allusions to the singular resemblance in certain characteristics of philosophy and language, between Roger Bacon, the Franciscan monk, and Francis Bacon, the great Chancellor; and while he affirms that it is impossible to deny that “credulity” is one of the points of resemblance between them, he very appropriately characterises and defends what we may venture to call the comprehensive credulity of the philosopher as contrasted with the credulous incredulity of the vulgar. No doubt a vein of superstition and a confidence in the occult sciences runs through the *OPUS MAJUS* of the more ancient Bacon, and perhaps imbued the mind of him of Verulam, when in his youth he ambitiously projected the *TEMPORIS PARTUS MAXIMUS*; and indeed he certainly categorises together the magician and the alchemist, with the mechanic, the mathematician and the physician, as those who become practically versed in Nature, “but all, as matters now stand, with faint efforts and meagre success;” adding, moreover, that it “would be madness and inconsistency to suppose that things which have never yet been performed, can be performed without employing some hitherto untried means.”\* But let it not be forgotten that to the “credulous” monk we owe the then incredible discovery of the most wonderful agent in practical chemistry, and which has since governed all civilized warfare, and that the other (for example as regards the transmission and decomposition of light),† anticipated truths of nature and science which it required the rigid inquiry of after ages to substantiate.

Mr. Hallam says:—“The thirst for hidden knowledge by which man is distinguished from brutes, and the superior races of men from savage tribes, burns generally with more intenseness in proportion as the subject is less definitely comprehensible, and the means of certainty less obtainable. Even our own interest in things beyond the sensible world, does not appear to be the primary or chief source of the desire we feel to be acquainted with them: it is the pleasure of belief itself, of associating the conviction of reality with ideas not presented by sense: it is sometimes the necessity of satisfying a restless spirit, that first excites our endeavour to withdraw the veil that conceals the mystery of their being. The few great truths in religion that reason discovers or that an explicit revelation deigns to communicate, sufficient as they may be for our practical good, have

\* *Novum Organum*, Book ii., Aphorism 6, 7. † *Ibid*, Aphorism 46.



proved to fall very far short of the ambitious curiosity of man. They leave so much imperfectly known, so much wholly unexplored, that in all ages he has never been content without trying some method of filling up the void. These methods have often led him to folly and weakness and crime. Yet as those who want the human passions, in their excess the great fountains of evil, seem to us maimed in their nature,—so an indifference to this knowledge of invisible things, or a premature despair of attaining it, may be accounted an indication of some moral or intellectual deficiency, some scantiness of due proportion in the mind.”\*

Unhappily there is something more actively opposed to religious or spiritual investigation than a mere indifference or despair of truth; the timid scepticism which in the guise of science and under the shelter of orthodoxy, repudiates the “right of search” for more and farther truth than has received the *imprimatur* of sectarian pontificates.

It is greatly to be desired that the same principle of practical elimination which, since the first momentum given to it by Lord Bacon, has tended to establish the sciences on a sound and exact foundation, may be brought to bear upon investigations into the nature and conditions of the embodied and disembodied life, and of the human spirit. Lord Bacon did not wish to make such inquiries an exception to his great rule of practical experimentation; and the breach of his principles has retarded spiritual or psychological science, as much as the observance of it has advanced the progress of physical discovery.

The following remarks and quotations may exemplify what is above crudely indicated:—

There are evidences in the “*Novum Organum*,” and the “*Advancement of Learning*,” that Bacon recognised the possibility of a *science* of psychology; and he is not very positive in denying that this may be brought about by spiritual agency, which he evidently implies under the term “fascination”—“fascination and divination” being what he calls “the two appendices unto this part of knowledge touching the nature and state of the soul.”

He first distinguishes between psychology and metaphysics:—

“Human knowledge, which concerns the mind, hath two parts—the one that inquireth of the substance or nature of the soul or mind; the other that inquireth of the faculties or functions thereof. Unto the first of these, the considerations of the original of the soul, whether it be native or adventive, and how far it is exempted from laws of matter, and of the immortality thereof, and many other points do appertain; which

\* *Hallam's Literature of Europe*, vol. i., pp. 275, 6.

have been not more laboriously inquired than variously reported, so as the travail therein taken seemeth to have been rather in a maze than in a way."

He goes on to say that all inquiries in this direction must have reference to religion, and are hard of solution by the ordinary processes of induction, inasmuch as it is not possible (seeing that the substance of the soul was not extracted out of the mass of heaven and earth, but was immediately inspired from God") that it should be subject to the laws of heaven and earth, which are the subject of philosophy; and therefore he concludes that "the true knowledge of the nature and state of the soul must come by the same inspiration that gave the substance."

But knowledge is knowledge, and to know the nature of soul or spirit we must proceed by the same or by analagous processes to those adopted to know the changes and laws of chemistry or physiology.

I have said that he had reference to spiritualistic energy when he used the word "fascination." He says, "fascination is the power and act of imagination, intensive upon other bodies than the body of the imaginant."

It is further evident, that by the faculty of imagination he meant to indicate an active power of the mind, capable of cultivation and intensification, for he says:—"Incident with this is the inquiry how to raise and fortify the imagination; for if the imagination fortified have power, then it is material to know how to fortify and exalt it."

And he adds that "the disciples of natural magic have exalted this power of imagination to be much one with the power of miracle-working faith;" but that "others that draw nearer to probability, calling to their view the secret passages of things, and especially of the contagion that passeth from body to body, [*quære* mesmerism?] do conceive it should be agreeable to nature that there should be some transmissions and operations from spirit to spirit, without the mediation of the senses; whence the conceits have arisen of the mastering spirit, and the force of confidence, and the like."

What follows is specially remarkable, and has peculiar signification in reference to what to many minds will appear the childish preparations and accompaniments of Spiritualism, the table-touchings and alphabetical arrangements, in connexion with spiritual manifestations. Yet, after all, what *à priori* rational relation can we possibly predicate between most causes and most effects in the material world? We only know that certain effects follow certain applications of certain laws: that if we open our eyes, we see; and if we mingle certain chemical

ingredients, we produce a detonating and explosive and wonderfully destructive compound; and if we boil water, we produce an expansive power that can move the physical universe; and if we adjust pieces of glass in a particular manner, we can bring the sun and the moon and the stars within the range of accurate observation; and if we place a length of wire in connexion with chemical agencies, we can communicate our thoughts to the uttermost ends of the earth in an hour.

What more can be said of these relations than is thus deprecated by Lord Bacon, in respect of the discovery of spiritual truths, by what he calls, and what in those days was called by the name of "Ceremonial Magic."

"And herein comes in," he says, "crookedly and dangerously, a palliation of a great part of ceremonial magic; for it may be pretended that ceremonies, characters, and charms do work not by any tacit or sacramental contract with evil spirits, but serve only to strengthen the imagination of him that useth it, as images are said by the Romish Church to fix the cogitations and raise the devotions of those that pray before them."

That after mature reflection he modified his views in this regard, may appear from the following striking passage with which I would sum up these remarks and quotations:—

"Otherwise it is of the nature of angels and spirits, which is an appendix both divine and natural, and is neither inscrutable nor interdicted; for although the Scripture saith, 'Let no man deceive you in sublime discourse touching the worship of angels, pressing into that he knoweth not,' &c., yet notwithstanding, if you observe well that precept, it may appear thereby that there be two things only forbidden;—adoration of them, and opinion fantastical of them; either to extol them farther than appertaineth to the degree of a creature, or to extol a man's knowledge of them farther than he hath ground. But the sober and grounded inquiry which may arise out of the passages of Holy Scriptures, or out of the gradations of nature is not restrained,—so of degenerate and revolted spirits, the conversing with them, or the employment of them is prohibited, much more any veneration towards them. But the contemplation or science of their nature, their power, their illusions either by Scripture or reason, is a part of spiritual wisdom. For so the Apostle saith, 'We are not ignorant of his stratagems,' and it is no more unlawful to inquire the nature of evil spirits, than to inquire the force of poisons in nature, or the nature of sin and vice in morality. But this part touching angels and spirits, I cannot note as deficient, for many have occupied themselves in it; I may rather challenge it, in many of the relations thereof, as fabulous and fantastical."

## MR. DICKENS AND HIS HAUNTED HOUSE.

THERE is a passage in Dickens's Christmas Number against the theory of apparitions, which probably the writer thought a very clever hit. It is where his hero comes out of the old house in which he had been bothered by odd sounds and appearances, and finding it a calm and beautiful evening, moralizes on the beauty and sublime harmony of nature, so unlike the grotesque apparatus of ghosts. Probably Mr. Dickens thinks that logic, or even knowledge of Nature.

According to general experience, however, for these six thousand years, Nature and the economy of Nature, have as many discords and grotesqueries, not to say meannesses or horrors, as they have harmonies and sublimities. Nature that made man, made monkeys too.

It might just as well have been a dirty, drizzly, foggy night, with oceans of mud below, and damp and pitch darkness above, suggesting anything but ideas of beauty and harmony. The moralizer might just as well have been on the strand of Beaumaris Bay, when the Royal Charter was going down amid the fierce rage of the elements, and he may depend upon it that none of the miserable four hundred perished with any great consciousness of the peace, beauty, and harmony of Nature.

Nature, to our notion, is a many-sided reality; and amid her avalanches, which bury whole villages—her earthquakes, which swallow up a Lisbon or a Callao in a moment—her volcanoes, which overwhelm whole cities and districts in a fiery death—her pestilences, choleras, simooms, siroccos, yellow and scarlet and putrid fevers—her outbursting rivers, like the Rhone and Saone a year or two ago, drowning all before them—her tempests at sea, like those the other day, scattering the shores of many countries with wrecks and corpses—might just as well leave room for a quiet ghost or two.

Nature condescends to greater vagaries and apparent absurdities than these. Her stink-plants, which convert whole districts of Australia into one great Cloaca—her tropical land-licees, pestering the traveller—her fleas, lice, bugs, itch, and a host of worse and more uncleanly things, are not, to our conception, either very sublime or beautiful. We don't remember that either Longinus or Burke have given them a place in their essays; the serpents, scorpions, mad dogs, lurking lions, tigers, and alligators, may be rather more dignified, but by no means accordant with the harmonies of Nature.

But if we come to man, who is at the head of visible Nature,

the case is worse. There is no absurdity or eccentricity, nothing however ridiculous, abominable, repulsive, or monstrous, which can be imagined, which is not merely existing but abounding in this very highest part of God's mundane creation. There is nothing which has been conceived or stated of hell and devils which can come up to the whole history of mankind. Their torturings and cursings of each other; the WARRIOR IN HIS GLORY, sweeping with his mustered assassins over whole peaceful kingdoms, massacreing, burning, violating, and destroying in the exultation of his rascality, both life and the arts of life, and all for a NAME—as if *his* name were worth an egg-shell to mankind; their Inquisitions, Black-holes, exterminations of one another for religion; their constant and daily contempts and calumnies, and robberies of each other, present such a monstrous and frightful idea of disorder and folly, that really so far from presenting any argument against an occasional apparition, makes it wonderful that any decent ghost will come amongst us.

Surely, amid all this, when Mr. Dickens apostrophizes a fine evening as an argument against ghosts, Burchell, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, would say "Fudge!" and Christopher North, "Balaam! my dear sir, Balaam!"

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## ON SPIRITUALISM; AND SOME OF ITS PHASES.

By DR. ASHBURNER.

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THE admirable article which appeared in the second number of this Magazine, on the Phases of Spiritualism, was so good a "*catalogue raisonnée*" of the subject, that it may be considered bold to allow the title of the present paper, written in ignorance of the existence of its precursor, to remain. It will readily be perceived, however, that the facts here reasoned upon do not trench upon the powerful evidence afforded by the gifted author, on a subject on which she can discourse with the highest authority;—that of a thorough experience derived from having herself been the medium of the most pure and exalted manifestations.

There are various points of view in which the evidences of Christianity may be regarded. A list of different works on the subject, if they could be accompanied by a digest of their contents, would soon convince us of this fact. The focal distance of nearly 1900 years is so long that the thickened sight of our men of science requires powerful binocular instruments to see the object clearly. The best glass is, perhaps, that put forth by

Professor Smyth, of Cambridge. The second edition of his *Evidences of Christianity*, published by Pickering, in Piccadilly is not only clear in statement, but is the most convincing book out of many it has been my lot to study. How is this connected with Spiritualism? would be the first impatient objection of our cavillers, and of our men of science and of literature. Christianity was the grandest of all the phases of Spiritualism.

It is needless to refer to the history of the Resurrection and to that of the various phases recorded by the Evangelists and Apostles, with whose simple narrations of the truth the hypocrites of this age are as little contented as those who were the precisely analogous sectarians of the Christian era. I know well that Pharisees and Sadducees abound, now, among our men of knowledge, as they did 1860 years ago. The bitter enmity to the modern phases of Spiritualism is but the hereditary property of the modern Pharisee or Sadducee. Still, in considering the claims of Spiritualism to the highest grade of the sciences, we are bound to give an account of the faith that is in us; and to shew that the causes, which have led us on from our studies in animal magnetism to our convictions on the powerful evidences of a future state, corroborating all the careful statements of a host of writers on the testimony of Christian truth, are worthy of a summary statement. Agreeing, then, fully with the writers alluded to, we have to regard our subject in a point of view other than that which has occupied their attention. This is easily done, considering all that has of late years been written upon the subject; but our object is to disjoint the links, in order to shew that the chain is complete, when only a few of them remain attached together. We shall thus realize our title by shewing that in whatever phase our subject be regarded, it is dependant on the phenomena that have usually been ascribed to animal magnetism, and that if the votaries of this science have been persecuted, they have suffered from the bitter hostility of the enemies to the cause of truth; and hence, that they come within the category of those who were warned by Christ to beware lest they abandoned the holy cause of His mission. Spiritualism is, in fact, a most holy subject; and we are bound to be thankful that we are partakers in the advantages it offers to mankind.

We may now try to enquire into the nature of our first phase, and we shall find that it is not only one strictly material, but from the nature of the subject so very full of matter, that our great divines would hardly sanction its admission into any of the creeds of the Church. We are not content to place ourselves under the authority of any set of men, however learned in booklore. Our book is the volume of nature; and we have no occa-

sion to go very deeply into that, to discover that man is made up of flesh and blood. Here is our first position:—we respect the prejudices of the learned, but we cannot yield to them our reasoning powers. They are sufficiently aware of their own strength, and if they be wise they will endeavour to husband that strength by a due regard for the progress of knowledge.

Our first proposition refers to the fact that—now many years ago, even when I was lecturer on Chemistry in the Medical School of the Middlesex Hospital (the date was about 1819)—it fell to my lot to make experiments on oils and resins. Among other facts that presented themselves to my notice, was one which rivetted my attention. It related to cocoa-nut oil. I had carefully cleaned, and afterwards digested in alcohol some of this white butter-like substance, which may be said at our ordinary winter temperature to be frozen; for in India it is a fluid and limpid oil. In England then it is the ice of the oil, as ice in its common acceptation is the crystal form of fluid water. But it was found that the cocoa-nut oil in alcohol, having been set by in a dark cupboard, in a long twelve-ounce phial, shewed me that the crystalline form of this substance was spheroidal. It was in fact, a vegetable nucleated cell. The reflections to which this fact gave rise led me to consider the analogies that must necessarily exist in all the crystalline forms of nature, organic as well as mineral. That I may not assume to myself more credit than is my due, I must say that the idea of the existence of a mathematical law of minute structure in vegetables, had been inculcated in the lectures of my good friend, Dr. Allman, Professor of Botany in the University of Dublin. We are not advocates for stealing the doctrines of our predecessors. The original ideas may have suggested themselves from the works of Malpighi and other careful observers. We are not to dispute this point. Our task is to show that we fairly reasoned out our theories from the facts before us. Our conclusion was, that each form of crystalline substance required for its adjustment, a law. If this law existed, we had a right to conclude that forces must exist obedient to the law. The force productive of a globular crystal of cocoa-nut oil must be different from that productive of a crystal of Epsom salt, or of the salts of iron, or of the numerous forms of carbonate of lime. Hauy had taught us, however, that all primitive forms of crystal were spheroids, or spheroidal, and we may be sure that all crystals are the subjects of a law which is *universal*. This is the foundation of all our principles.

Then let us ask, if we have established an universal law, what follows? Necessarily, that we must trace all the modifications of that law; for if we see around us such an infinite variety of results from the operation of this universal principle, each

different result must owe its origin to a different agent: but this agent need not be a different law, but simply a modification of the one great catholic regulating principle of the universe. All we see around us is held together by a law of attraction; but change is unceasingly at work. How is this to be explained? Change must result from a law which opposes the static condition of bodies. Change must then be owing to a law opposed to that of attraction. This is the force of repulsion. How can we reconcile it to ourselves to deny that what we have called the great trunk force of the universe is that which originates all the other forces in nature? We are sorry for those who insist upon our having wandered into the regions of the imagination in our search for logical sequences. If we are wrong in our reasonings, let our critics shew us where we have erred. We should be inclined to doubt the powers of reasoning of those, who would desire to prove that our doctrine of the causes of change, as emanating from forces analogous to those proved by Sir Isaac Newton to exist in that, to which we have given the title of the great trunk force, is quite erroneous. There is no fear that our opponents will have the whip-hand of us. We shall steadily pursue our reasoning.

If our convictions be founded on imagination, they must necessarily be not only visionary, but, like castles in the air, have no existence in facts. We have already endeavoured to place our facts in a clear point of view; but we are opposed, not only by men learned in dialectic art, but by those who have no pretensions to reasoning power. We cannot admit that men can reason who are habitually disposed to shut their eyes to facts. Is it a fact that we are made up of various organs? Do we believe that these organs perform certain functions, each different, according to the different laws ruling the individual organs? These laws are applicable to all the functions of the body. Shall we deny to the brain the function of regulating under the law which rules it, the operations of the mind? We now state once for all, that physical laws are as cogent as those applied to the mind. As physiologists, we have no right to separate the obedience to law of one organ from another. Our position does not invalidate our reasoning.

We are ready to go on asserting our principle, that each separate function requires a separate force; but it is not necessary to make that separate force obedient to the caprice of false reasoning. We say that the force regulating the liver is one; that regulating the heart is another; that which presides over the operations of the mind is another. Each has separate functions, and each is distinguished by a preponderance of that quality which ensures its due harmony with the rest. It is unnecessary to make ourselves accountable for the confusion which pervades the minds of



our opponents. We know rather better than they do, the causes of this confusion. In a former communication to this journal, we were under the necessity of stating our belief in the influence exerted by spiritual beings on the mental operations of man. For this we are, forsooth, entirely given to imagination. We are not so sure, but that when we have carried our readers a little further, and a little deeper into the mysteries of the truth, that they will continue their vain ridicule. Many are disposed to attribute the belief in ghosts to a weakness of intellect. Many are not so weak as to come to this conclusion. Mr. William Howitt is not known for his weakness of intellect. Dr. Johnson, whom he has quoted, was certainly not distinguished for feeble powers of mind. But it is idle to pursue this frivolous assertion. Either ghosts or spirits do exist, or they do not. If they do not, the world has been sadly led astray. Its best teachers have been all wrong. But this does not influence our positive philosophers. They tell us that there is no proof that we live hereafter. Now furnish us with such tangible proof, that we, as men experienced in natural philosophy, cannot in fairness repudiate. We have already furnished these, and the answer is invariably, a dogmatic denial of the truth. Sir David Brewster emphatically announced that he could not explain phenomena, the only rational explanation of which implied the agency of unseen rational intelligences; but that the last thing he would admit was the existence of spirits!

What matters the blind and obstinate wilfulness of men of science? Are there or are there not spirits? We shall not insist on the arguments deduced from all we know of the facts in the Bible. There are so many professing Christians, who are no Christians at all, that we prefer not to ignore their hypocrisy. We merely pity them because they have allowed themselves to be led away from the strict logical sequences of the subject they flattered themselves they were investigating. We pity them, because, having gone rather deeply into the laws regulating the operations of the mind, we know that they have been the victims of a want of self-control. To reason correctly, it is necessary, not only to have the whole of the facts of a subject before one, but to watch attentively all the sources of fallacy that can possibly slip into the mind. It is useless now to repeat our conviction, that the motive forces operating to introduce fallacies arise from *external will-power*. This cannot be understood except by those who have studied the facts in phrenology made known by Dr. Leger, the facts of phreno-mesmerism, and the facts of those experienced in the habit of mediumship. No one can controvert my reasonings on the facts relating to the motive force of the human will, which were published both in the *Zoist* and in my notes to the *Baron von Reichenbach's Researches*. (See pp. 30, 31, 32, of that work.)

Some have relied on their own vanity, and have thus been led to conclusions at variance with correct reason. We are not prepared to go into all the causes which obfuscate men's intellects. They are numerous, and may all be traced to the want of concentrative power. It is the power of concentrating the reasoning faculties which is the distinguishing characteristic of the man who can reason correctly. It may be asserted, as a general and an undeniable fact, that when the organ of Concentrativeness has not been sufficiently cultivated, the individual—subject to the deficiency of its power—is a bad reasoner. Many suppose that the ample size of the organs in the forehead indicates a sure test of the power of reasoning. This is a great mistake. The organ of Concentrativeness presides over all the other organs, and where its force is weak we are not warranted in concluding that the faculty of Self-control has been duly and habitually exercised. Without the habit of self-control, the organs of the propensities, and even of the moral and intellectual faculties, may run riot, and produce a very unenviable character.

We are not sure that we do not encroach on the province of the divine, when we say that without Self-control an excess of Conscientiousness may form a most bigoted character. The poor man is sure in himself that his conscience teaches him he is right, even when he gives himself up to envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness. For this reason we have always insisted on the cultivation of self-control. Spirits do exist, and do most easily influence the person who does not habituate himself to the virtue in question. There are many reasons for this opinion. We may be assured that the pastime of table-turning was not without an ulterior object. It established a new fact; and the subsequent development of intelligent manifestations, though ignored by the world of science, was probably adapted to succeed this fact, and to make its way simultaneously with some of the other phases of the same subject. When we state that there exist in London, numerous persons who daily practise the art of communicating with friends long deceased, we only notice a well-known truth. Simply because men will not believe that which daily occurs, we are not bound to be very nice with them. They take their choice. If they do not choose to believe, let them please themselves.

We are sure that the number of mediums is increasing, and consequently that there is soon to be more thought devoted to the matter. Many think that we are not only mad, but that our hallucination is not confined to mesmerism and to Spiritualism. They have an idea that we imagine fiction to be truth. This is so common an error, that we must deprecate all discussion with those who require private proofs of our medium power. A man

once applied, who was anxious to hold communication with a departed spirit, but when he discovered that the spirit knew too much of him, answered his questions, and was fully aware of all his proceedings, he took himself off, and never appeared again. It has been well said, that when the truth of Spiritualism is properly established, we shall have the full advantage of a second public opinion. Each man will know that every thought he thinks, every word he utters, will be immediately recorded and commented upon by a thousand minds, all intent on embracing an opportunity of investigating character. The world of spirits is not an imaginary sphere. We are able to quote many writers who agree, marvellously, in the accounts they give of the structure of society that is established in the spirit-world. It would be trite to refer to Emanuel Swedenborg. He is, nevertheless, high authority in Spiritualism. But the remarkable fact on this point, is that of the *Seeress of Prevorst*, the Seeress described by Werner in the work translated in America, by Mr. Ford, and of all the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, corroborating the writings of Swedenborg, without one of them having been cognizant of the existence of the others. So striking an accordance in testimony, is not only unusual in the affairs of our mundane sphere, but is quite unprecedented. Some of us are apt to believe that we are not warranted in entertaining thoughts on such subjects. We should be glad to excuse ourselves, if we were sure that we could escape from all the consequences of our ignorance. Why be wilfully blind? Why not investigate? Many say, what can be the use of the thing, if it could be clearly established that the spirits of the departed are able to communicate with us? We can at once answer this question. We say that there are very numerous uses. In the first place,—many will not believe in the existence of a future state. Many refuse to think of the subject. They go on in this life as if they were not accountable beings. Reason has little influence upon such. But if our neighbours have studied the matter, and believe that they are bound to communicate with their old friends and dear and near relations, we are such imitative animals, that we necessarily catch the infection of belief; and then by degrees we become more and more interested, until the conviction overwhelms us that we cannot deny the accumulated evidence which reaches us.

How can any one doubt, if he has been several times in attendance upon circles where raps or other intelligent signals have announced, by sentences, that the party at the table is surrounded by numerous spirits? Evidence is afforded of the presence of dear friends, of relations, and of strangers who are known to only a few at the table. This evidence is not of a frivolous kind. The habits, the dispositions, the modes of thought,

in some cases, the handwriting of the person who had lived on earth are undeniably assured. There can be no doubt of an autograph signature, and these are now very common manifestations.

We proceed to enquire, why—if we can ascertain all these points—should any one remain sceptical? We could point out many reasons. It would take us long to give more than a list of them. Envy darkens the soul, and obscures its perceptions of truth. Moreover, vanity does the same. Pride is in no way an inferior obscuring power. The scientific man is not at all unfrequently teased with the harrowing feeling of envy. Sheridan, in his *Critic*, says, that it is the strongest feeling in the human heart; and he is not far wrong. Every one knows that scientific men are often appealed to, and the world is so blind to its own interests, that it yields assent to the dictum of a man of science, though he may be profoundly ignorant of his subject.

How many of us would question the dictum of a man celebrated for some branch of knowledge. Yet this is very ridiculous. We should enquire first, whether he has specially studied the questions on which we may wish to be informed. There is a wide difference between a man who has devoted all the energies of his mind to astronomy, and one who has studied only the *belles lettres*. We should not think of asking the latter on the value of the evidence on the nature of a comet, or on the question of the respective merits of Leverrier and of Adams touching the new planet.

But men do worse than this: they go to a man who has studied surgery, and ask him questions on animal magnetism. Folks worship names; and names are very easily, and often more surreptitiously, acquired. A man may be the veriest sciolist, and obtain by finesse and the arts of intrigue a reputation quite unmerited by any of his works, or by all of them put together, and finally reach an eminence which places him in the chair of the Royal Society. It is not our object at present to find fault with the great body which goes by that name; but, *en passant*, we may say that we are prepared on a future occasion to shew that the subject which is now occupying our attention, ought to have been investigated long ago by them, and very probably would have been, but for the obfuscations of the intellects of many of them, arising from the causes we have mentioned.

We have thus endeavoured to shew that the science of Spiritualism rests, like all other sciences, on ordained laws. To trace how these laws operate is the duty of the philosopher, another term for the lover of wisdom, and necessarily the lover of truth. There is no disputing the proposition, that he who obstinately refuses to listen to the truth can be in no frame of mind to judge correctly: and it is to be feared that our leaders of science in

England are mostly now, as they have been for years on all subjects that shall connect the science of magnetism with the science of mind, in this position. They refuse to listen to the truth on animal magnetism, although without it, the physiologist cannot explain the phenomena of living beings; without it, the physician and pathologist cannot account satisfactorily for the phenomena of health and disease; without it, the psychologist must necessarily wander in the muddy quagmire of metaphysics; without it, the physicist cannot obtain a clue to the *universal gradations in the forces of Nature!* Nevertheless, obstinately they refuse to listen to any account of the phenomena of this wondrous science. It should be more generally known that in Lardner's Manual of Electricity, (in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. 1, p. 47,) a fact is stated which bears a striking analogy to the behaviour of the leaders of science in this day:—"When these and other papers (proposing that an iron rod should be raised to a great height in the air, to convey electricity from the clouds to the earth), by Franklin, illustrating similar views, were sent to London and read before the Royal Society, they are said to have been considered so *wild and absurd*, that they were received *with laughter, and were not considered worthy of so much notice as to be admitted into the "Philosophical Transactions!"*" Dr. Fothergill, who appreciated their value, would not permit them to be thus stifled and burked. He wrote a preface to them and published them in London. *They subsequently went through five editions.* We may well congratulate our readers that the contempt of the Royal Society cannot crush even the *Spiritual Magazine*, and that the electrical facts which created such roars of laughter among the *savans*, were in many respects analogous to the facts which, in these pages, are destined both to enlighten and to shame the opponents of the progress of truth!

A summary of our ideas must lead us to conclude that *Christianity is the grandest of all the phases of Spiritualism*; that all *Spiritualism emanates from God's catholic law of the grand trunk force*; that *the knowledge relating to the existence of Ghosts or Spirits, and to all the other phenomena of mind and matter, and to their ever-varying changes, lead us to concentrate our attention to the prime cause of all—the Will of God!*

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,  
Are but the varied God!"

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We extract the following from the *Revue Spiritualiste* :—

"Mr. Home is again in London. We hear that he has convinced several high persons, amongst whom is Lord Lyndhurst. If we may repeat a communication that we have reason to believe is strictly true, he and Mr. Squire, an American medium, were in presence of several witnesses raised to the ceiling."

## VISION OF A LADY JUST DECEASED.

The following brief narrative was written seven or eight years since, at the time the event occurred, for a lady who was collecting analogous facts with a view to publication, but not having been used as originally intended, it has been recently returned to me, and I beg leave to forward it for insertion in the *Spiritual Magazine*, if considered acceptable. Readers who do believe that natural death is merely emancipation of the spirit (which ever lives) from its material body, will not find anything especially remarkable in its perusal; but those who cannot yet believe that the spirit has a future which commences immediately after death, must either presume me guilty of asserting that which is not true, or admit the facts as a dream with a death, "in extraordinary coincidence."

217, Piccadilly.

GEORGE BARTH.

"I recently had under my care Miss S— H—, a lady residing at Kentish Town, who was suffering from an intensely painful and presumed fatal disease, pronounced to be schirrhus of the uterus by two of the most eminent practitioners in the metropolis. Mesmerism was not tried with a hope of curing but in order to obtain relief. Probably the disease was not schirrhus, but one of those anomalous uterine affections which often mislead the most able men in the faculty; be this as it may, I perfectly cured my patient of her sufferings and of the physical conditions which probably determined the diagnosis. The nature of the case, and the mesmeric incidents which attended the cure, are not called for here, excepting to state that intense pain, large quantities of morphia and other narcotics, with a belief that the disease was malignant and certain to terminate in death, had brought my patient into a very peculiar mental and nervous condition, previously to mesmerism being tried.

"The first trials of mesmerism produced very little perceptible effect, but after eight or nine visits, I succeeded, after a very long and earnest effort, in putting my patient into a state which was not deep sleep, nor mesmeric coma as to mind, but was decided coma as to body. The body was perfectly insensible; the eyes, when the lids were raised, did not contract or move if a candle was suddenly approached, the nostrils could be tickled with a feather, or the arms pinched, without causing any sensation, but the lady could hear my voice, and, if I unlocked her jaws, respond to my questions. In this state she had no cognizance of her material place or condition, (that is of the room in which we were). She had no amount whatsoever of clairvoyant faculty, but was always passing into the state of 'spiritual exstasis,' which I could only keep away by conversing with her. If I allowed her to be quiet for ten or fifteen minutes, the 'spiritual exstasis' was certain to overwhelm. Now, this state was a very troublesome one to me, for if any person came into the room and spoke to me, or if I left the room, or if I from any cause withdrew my attention from her, she immediately began to throw her arms out as if keeping off some imaginary beings who were annoying her, and loudly implored me to drive 'those black things away.' I only found two ways effectual to relieve her from the impression of the "black things;" one was to awaken or restore her to the natural condition, the other plan was to sit down by her side, take her hand in mine and silently, (or more properly mentally) repeat the Lord's Prayer. If I used the first plan, although she had totally forgotten her feelings of annoyance when aroused, she remained for hours unhappy and dejected; if I adopted the other, the 'black things' speedily dispersed, and she was soon calm and

happy again. She sometimes became highly excited in this state, declaring she saw things too wonderful for my comprehension or belief, and that her mouth therefore could not speak them. As this state, however interesting as a psychological condition, did not seem to afford much physical benefit and caused me much trouble and anxiety, I always endeavoured to prevent its accession.

"This lady had removed to lodgings near my residence, during the mesmeric treatment. I called *one Friday evening*, about seven o'clock, and found a sister from Kentish Town with her. I presently mesmerised my patient on a couch, and in a quarter of an hour left her sleeping very quietly, while I entered into conversation with her sister. By withdrawing my attention I allowed the exstasis to invade; of this I was made aware by hearing Miss S— H—, weeping aloud. I at once enquired gently, 'Why do you cry? What is the matter? Endeavour to be composed, for you have nothing to cry about. What distresses you? Tell me about it.'

Miss S. H.—"I can't help crying; I have seen my poor dear Rosa; I little thought she would go away first when she came to see me before I left home; now she has gone from us all, and two bright angels are taking her to that beautiful place that I can't get into.'

Mr. B.—"Indeed! How is she moving? Is she walking or flying?"

Miss S. H.—"They are carrying her; they have their arms around her; she came to see me as she went away. Oh! my dear, dear, Rosa!" (with an outburst of weeping).

Mr. B.—"You do very wrong to cry! you ought to be thankful that she is in so happy a condition; you ought not to grieve about her.'

Miss S. H.—"I don't grieve about her—I grieve that I can't go with her; my vile body stops me; it is sin!—sin—sin—that keeps us down! She is nearly gone; she fades away. Oh, oh!" (another fit of loud hysterical weeping).

"I now told her to 'cry her cry out,' and then compose herself, and as the whole matter was strange to me, crossed the room and asked the sister who Rosa was, and when she died. The lady replied, 'that Rosa was a young married lady, a very particular friend of her sister's, but that she was not dead, as she had called on her that morning, and although she was ill, and had been 'spitting blood;' the doctors all said there was no immediate or present danger.' I told her, in reply, that her sister had been dreaming, I supposed, and fancied that her friend, Rosa, was dead—and it was this she had been crying about; and requested her not to mention the subject of the dream on any account to her invalid sister.

"I awakened my patient, who wondered why her cheeks were wet, and leaving the couch, took her seat by the fire-side. Her sister prepared to return home. Miss S— H— sent her love to her mamma, and 'be sure to call on Rosa and tell her I am better and I hope she is; and send a servant if you don't come every day to let me know how all are at home.'

"This was on *Friday evening*; on Saturday I visited my patient, but I would not allow any exstasis. On Sunday I mesmerised my patient, who I found rather vexed at not having heard from home, and strongly impressed with an idea that a very particular friend (Rosa) was not well. On Monday made my usual call.

"Well! Miss H—, how do you feel?'—'I am very tired and have had a great shock? I can't compose myself—it is so sudden.'—I enquired what had tired and disturbed her? She replied, 'I was so fidgetty and anxious to hear from home, that I made an effort and went in an omnibus, and when I got there I found that Rosa —, the dearest friend I had, was dead; it has given me a very great shock.' I asked, 'When did she die?' Reply.—'Last *Friday afternoon*, at a quarter to four.'"

## SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE MORMONS.\*

By the Author of *Confessions of a Truth-Seeker*.

THAT a new—a latter-day—church, with a new religion, or, at least, a new and very remarkable phase of Christianity, based on a new Bible, and claiming spiritual gifts of vision and revelation of tongues and prophesy, of healing and exorcism, should arise in this material money-making age, among a proverbially hard-headed, shrewd-witted people of our own race, and speaking our own tongue; that, under every discouragement, it should grow and extend its organization to nearly every city and town in both continents, and in the United Kingdom; that its followers, after undergoing persecutions and hardships almost incredible, should form themselves into a state, with a population sufficiently numerous to claim admission into the American Union,—and with a thousand miles of wilderness, and a still more formidable barrier of ideas and social usages, to separate them from the Gentiles from whom they had achieved their exodus; and that the church, which in little more than a quarter of a century has accomplished this, should have been founded by a poor illiterate country lady without visible influence or resources, is indeed not the least of the wonders of the nineteenth century, and if well considered, may teach us many lessons worth the learning; among other things, it illustrates how, despite the hostility of *savans*, and the infidelity of our churches, a belief in the operation of living spiritual agencies upon our world is latent in the heart of humanity, and when appealed to, seldom fails of eliciting a response.

We waive here all discussion as to the doctrines and practices of the "Saints;" we neither seek to attack nor defend Mormonism, but simply to present modern Spiritualism as illustrated in its records, and in the life of its founder; and, as far as possible, we shall do this in the language, or from the statements of the persons who were the subjects of the facts narrated.

Joseph Smith, "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," was born in Vermont, U. S. in 1805. When ten years old, his parents with their family removed to the vicinity of New York; and in this neighbourhood Joseph resided for about eleven years, and as he tells us, obtained "a scanty maintenance by his daily labour." He appears to have had but little education. "He could read without much diffi-

\* The present is one of a series of papers illustrating spiritual belief and action in and upon our modern churches, several of which have already appeared in the last series of the *British Spiritual Telegraph*.



culty, and write a very imperfect hand, and had a very limited understanding of the elementary rules of arithmetic. These were his highest and only attainments." Soon after the Smiths' removal to this place, a religious revival commenced among the Methodists, which "soon became general among all the sects in that region of country, indeed, the whole district seemed affected by it." During this time of great excitement, Joseph tells us his mind "was called up to serious reflection and great uneasiness;" he attended the several religious meetings of the sects, and became somewhat partial to the Methodists, and felt some desire to be united with them; but so great was the confusion and strife among the denominations, "that it was impossible," he says, "for a person, young as I was, and so unacquainted with men and things, to come to any certain conclusion who was right and who was wrong. \* \* \* In the midst of this war of words and tumult of opinions, I often said to myself, What is to be done? Who of all these parties are right? or, Are they all wrong together? If any one of them be right, which is it, and how shall I know it?"

"While I was labouring under the extreme difficulties, caused by the contest of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading the Epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth unto all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' Never did any passage of Scripture come with more power to the heart of man, than this did at this time to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart. I reflected on it again and again, knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God, I did; for how to act I did not know, and unless I could get more wisdom than I then had, would never know; for the teachers of religion of the different sects understood the same passage so differently, as to destroy all confidence in settling the question by an appeal to the Bible. At length I came to the conclusion that I must either remain in darkness and confusion, or else I must do as James directs, that is, ask of God. I at length came to the determination to ask of God, concluding that if he gave wisdom to them that lacked wisdom, and would give liberally and not upbraid, I might venture. So, in accordance with this my determination to ask of God, I retired to the woods to make the attempt. It was on the morning of a beautiful clear day, early in the spring of 1820. It was the first time in my life that I had made such an attempt, for amidst all my anxieties, I had never as yet made the attempt to pray vocally.

"After I had retired to the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me, and had such astonishing influence over me, as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction. But exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair, and abandon myself to destruction, not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such a marvellous power as I had never before felt in any being. Just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared, than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me, I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy

all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said (pointing to the other), 'THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, *my Son.*'"

This personage spoke to him on the subjects that were agitating his mind; cautioned him not to join any of the sects, and promised him that at a future time the true doctrine, the fulness of the Gospel, should be made known to him. The vision then withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable. Smith related this vision to one of the Methodist preachers, who treated it with contempt; and its being reported about, a great deal of prejudice and ill-feeling was excited against him.

"I have thought since," he says, "that I felt much like Paul when he made his defence before king Agrippa, and related the account of the vision he had when he saw a light and heard a voice," but still there were few who believed him: some said he was dishonest, others said he was mad, and he was ridiculed and reviled; but all this did not destroy the reality of his vision \* \* \* \* \* So it was with me, I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did in reality speak unto me, or one of them did; and though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true; and while they were persecuting me, reviling me, and speaking all manner of evil against me, falsely, for so saying, I was led to say in my heart, why persecute for telling the truth? I have actually seen a vision, and 'who am I, that I can withstand God?' Or, why does the world think to make me deny what I have actually seen? For I had seen a vision; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it, neither dare I do it; at least I knew that by so doing I would offend God and come under condemnation."

He confesses that a little after this, being young, and mingling with all kinds of society he fell into divers temptations and the gratification of many appetites offensive in the sight of God.

"In consequence of these things," he says, "I often felt condemned for my weakness and imperfections, when on the evening of the 21st of September, 1823, after I had retired to my bed for the night, I betook myself to prayer and supplication to Almighty God, for forgiveness of all my sins and follies, and also for a manifestation to me that I might know of my state and standing before him; for I had full confidence in obtaining a divine manifestation as I previously had done.

"While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in the room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noon-day, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant; his hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist; so, also, were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no clothing on but this robe, and it was open, so that I could see into his bosom.

"Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him I was afraid, but the fear soon left me. He called me by name, and said unto me, that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Nephi. That God had a work for me to do, and that my name should be heard for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues; or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among

all people. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Saviour to the ancient inhabitants. Also that there were two stones in silver bows, and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim; deposited with the plates, and the possession and use of these stones was what constituted Seers in ancient or former times, and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book.

"After telling me these things, he commenced quoting the prophecies of the Old Testament. . . . He quoted many other passages of scripture, and offered many explanations which cannot be mentioned here. Again, he told me that when I got those plates of which he had spoken, (for the time that they should be obtained was not yet fulfilled,) I should not show them to any person, neither the breast-plate with the Urim and Thummim, only to those whom I should be commanded to show them; if I did, I should be destroyed. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I could see the place where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly, that I knew the place again when I visited it.

"After this communication, I saw the light in the room begin to gather immediately around the person of him who had been speaking to me, and it continued to do so until the room was again left dark, except just around him, when instantly I saw, as it were, a conduit open right up into heaven, and he ascended till he entirely disappeared, and the room was left as it had been before this heavenly light had made its appearance."

Before morning the vision was twice renewed; "the very same things, without the least variation," were again related to him, and he received further information "concerning the great work of God about to be performed on the earth."

In the morning he went out to his work as usual, but soon the angel again appeared to him, and repeated his previous relations, and commanded him to go to his father and tell him of the visions and commandments he had received.

"He says, I obeyed; I returned back to my father in the field, and related the whole matter to him. He replied to me that it was of God, and to go and do as commanded by the messenger. I left the field and went to the place where the messenger had told me the plates were deposited, and owing to the distinctness of the vision which I had had concerning it, I knew the place the instant that I arrived there. Convenient to the village of Manchester, Ontario county, New York, stands a hill of considerable size, and the most elevated of any in the neighbourhood. On the west side of this hill, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size, lay the plates deposited in a stone box; this stone was thick and rounding in the middle on the upper side, and thinner towards the edges, so that the middle part of it was visible above the ground, but the edge all round was covered with earth. Having removed the earth and obtained a lever, which I got fixed under the edge of the stone, and with a little exertion raised it up; I looked in, and there indeed did I behold the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the breast-plate as stated by the messenger. The box in which they lay, was formed by laying stones together in some kind of cement. In the bottom of the box were laid two stones crossways of the box, and on these stones lay the plates and the other things with them. I made an attempt to take them out, but was forbidden by the messenger, and was again informed that the time for bringing them forth had not yet arrived, neither would it until four years from that time; but he told me that I should come to that place precisely in one year from that time, and that he would there meet with me, and that I should continue to do so, until the time should come for obtaining the plates.

"Accordingly as I had been commanded, I went at the end of each year,

and at each time I found the same messenger there, and received instructions and intelligence from him at each of our interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner His kingdom was to be conducted in the last days."

At length, on the 22nd of September, 1827, the angel delivered the records into his hands. "These records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one end with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving." With the records was found the curious instrument of which mention has been made, consisting of "two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow," and alleged to be the ancient Urim and Thummim, by the use of which seers in those days "received revelations of things distant, or of things past and future."

He was again cautioned by the angel not to let the plates be taken away through any carelessness or neglect on his part;—that he would be held responsible for them; but that if he would use all his endeavours to preserve them till he (the angel) called for them, they should be protected.

"I soon found out," continued the seer, "the reason why I had received such strict charges to keep them safe, and why it was that the messenger had said, that when I had done what was required at my hand, he would call for them; for no sooner was it known that I had them, than the most strenuous exertions were used to get them from me; every stratagem that could be invented was resorted to for that purpose; the persecution became more bitter and severe than before, and multitudes were on the alert to get them from me if possible." To escape these annoyances he sought a new house in Pennsylvania. In packing up his goods for removal, he secreted the plates in a barrel of beans, by which precaution he baffled the search made for them by his persecutors on the road, who would have taken them from him.

He now, in his new home, commenced translating the records through the means of the Urim and Thummim; and being a poor writer, he was under the necessity of employing a scribe to write the translation as it came from his mouth. Some of the original characters were carefully transcribed, and, together with the translation, taken to the learned Professor Anthon, of New York, that he might examine them by one of Smith's earliest disciples,

named Martin Harris. Mr. Harris gives the following account of what took place:—

“I went to the City of New York, and presented the characters which had been translated, with the translation thereof, to Professor Anthon, a gentleman celebrated for his literary attainments. Professor Anthon stated that the translation was correct, more so than any he had before seen translated from the Egyptian. I then showed him those which were not yet translated, and he said that they were Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyriac, and Arabic, and he said that they were the true characters. He gave me a certificate, certifying that they were true characters, and that the translation of such of them as had been translated was also correct. I took the certificate and put it into my pocket, and was just leaving the house, when Mr. Anthon called me back, and asked me how the young man found out that there were gold plates in the place where he found them. I answered that an angel of God had revealed it unto him.

“He then said unto me, ‘let me see that certificate,’ I accordingly took it out of my pocket and gave it to him, when he took it and tore it to pieces, saying, ‘that there was no such thing now as ministering of angels, and that if I would bring the plates to him, he would translate them.’ I informed him that part of the plates were sealed, and that I was forbidden to bring them. He replied, ‘I cannot read a sealed book.’ I left him and went to Dr. Mitchell, who sanctioned what Professor Anthon had said respecting both the characters and the translation.”

[As Professor Anthon's version of what took place at this interview somewhat differs from that given in the text, we present here his statement concerning it, as it appeared in a published letter from him, dated *February 17, 1834*. He says, “Some years ago a plain, apparently simple-hearted farmer, called on me with a note from Dr. Mitchell, of our city, now dead, requesting me to decypher, if possible, a paper which the farmer would hand me. Upon examining the paper I soon came to the conclusion that it was all a trick—perhaps a hoax.” But on hearing Harris's “odd story” about the plates, the professor goes on to say, “I changed my opinion about the paper, and instead of viewing it any longer as a hoax, I began to regard it as part of a scheme to cheat the farmer of his money, and I communicated my suspicions to him, warning him to beware of rogues. He requested an opinion from me in writing, which of course I declined to give, and he then took his leave, taking his paper with him.”

“This paper, was in fact a singular scroll. It consisted of all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time, a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses, and flourishes; Roman letters inverted or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns; and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the *Mexican Calendar*, given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived. I am thus particular as to the contents of the paper, inasmuch as I have frequently conversed with my friends on the subject since the Mormon excitement began, and well remember that the paper contained anything else but Egyptian hieroglyphics.”

Mr. Mayhew, in his work on the Mormons, in reference to the above letter of Professor Anthon, admits that “in this it would now appear that Professor Anthon judged too hastily. Some American glyphs discovered by Professor Rafinesque, and of which *fac-similes* were given in his *Asiatic Journal* for 1832, (two years after the publication of the *Book of Mormon*), agree very much with the description of the specimen as shown to him by the Mormon emissary. Thus, we are told by Professor Rafinesque, that ‘the glyphs of Otolum are written from top to bottom, like the Chinese, or from side to side, indifferently, like the Egyptian and the Demotic Lybian. Although the most common way of writing the groups is in rows, and each group separated, yet we find some formed, as it were, in oblong squares or tablets, like those of Egypt.’ The glyphs found by the professor in Mexico, were arranged in columns, being forty-six in number. These the learned professor denominates ‘the elements of

the glyphs of Otolum,' and he supposes that by the combination of these elements, words and sentences were formed, constituting the written language of the ancient nations of that vast continent. By an inspection of the *fac-simile* of these forty-six elementary glyphs, we find all the particulars which Professor Anthon ascribes to the characters which he says Martin Harris presented to him. The 'Greek, Hebrew, and all sorts of letters,' inverted and in different positions, 'with sundry delineations of half moons,' planets, suns, 'and other natural objects,' are found among these forty-six elements. This 'plain-looking countryman,' according to Professor Anthon's testimony, got, says Mr. Orson Pratt, 'some three or four years the start of Professor Rafinesque, and presented him with the genuine elementary glyphs years before the *Atlantic Journal* made them public; and what is still more remarkable, 'the characters,' Professor Anthon says, 'were arranged in columns like the Chinese mode of writing,' which exactly corresponds with what Professor Rafinesque testifies, as quoted above, in relation to the glyphs of Otolum. We see nothing in Professor Anthon's statement that proves the characters presented to him to be a 'hoax,' (as he terms it, unless, indeed, their exact resemblance to the glyphs of Otolum, and their being arranged in the right kind of columns, is a 'hoax'). But as Joseph Smith was an unlearned young man, living in the country, where he had not access to the writings and discoveries of antiquarians, he would be scarcely incapable of forging the true and genuine glyphs of ancient America; therefore we consider this testimony of Professor Anthon, coming as it does from an avowed enemy of the *Book of Mormon*, to be a great collateral evidence in its favour. Professor Rafinesque says, that 'the glyphs of Otolum are written from top to bottom, like the *Chinese*, or from side to side, indifferently, like the *Egyptian*.' Now the most of the *Book of Mormon* was written from side to side, like the Egyptian. Indeed, it was written in the ancient Egyptian, reformed by the remnant of the tribe of Joseph."

Other glyphs too, have since been found. From a letter in the *Times and Seasons*, signed *W. P. Harris, M.D., a citizen of Kinderhook*, we learn that in April 1843, that "in excavating a large mound near this place," after removing some rock which appeared as though it had been strongly burned, there was found, in presence or himself and a number of citizens, along with some charcoal, ashes, and human bones that appeared as though they had been burned, "a bundle that consisted of **SIX PLATES** of brass of a bell shape, each having a hole near the small end, and a ring through them all, and clasped with two clasps. The ring and clasps appeared to be iron very much oxidated." The plates having been properly cleaned, "it appeared that they were completely covered with characters, that none, as yet, have been able to read." A certificate to this effect, signed by nine citizens of Kinderhook, accompanies this letter. Mr. Mayhew, in his book presents an engraved copy of one of these glyphs. Other plates of gold and brass, with ancient characters inscribed upon them have been discovered in various parts of America. Some that were found in Ohio in 1847, contained characters beautifully engraven upon fine gold, which, by Dr. Wise, a learned Rabbi, and editor of a Hebrew paper in Cincinnati, were pronounced to be ancient Egyptian.

"Much nonsense has been vented by the press about the origin of his Bible, or the *Book of Mormon*. The most ridiculous, as well as the most current version of the affair is, that the book was originally written as a novel, by one Spalding, a Presbyterian minister in Pennsylvania, and that Joe got hold of the manuscript and published it as a new Bible. This version is refuted by a simple perusal of the book itself, which is too much and too little to have had such an origin. In his normal state, Joe Smith could never have written the more striking passages of the *Book of Mormon*; and any man capable of doing it, could never have written anything so weak, silly, utterly unmeaning as the rest. No man ever dreamed of writing it as a novel, and whoever had produced it in his normal state, would have made it either better in its feebler parts or worse in its stronger passages.

The origin of the book was explained to me by one of Joe's own elders, on the authority of the person who, as Joe's amanuensis, wrote it. From beginning to end it was dictated by Joe himself, not translated from plates, as was generally

alleged, but apparently from a peculiar stone, which he subsequently called his Urim and Thummim, and used in his divination. He placed the stone in his hat, which stood upon a table, and then taking a seat, he concealed his face in his hat above it, and commenced dictating in a sleep-waking state, under the influence of the mysterious power that used or assisted him. I lived near the place where the book was produced. I had subsequently ample means of investigating the whole case, and I availed myself of them to the fullest extent. For a considerable time the Mormon prophets and elders were in the habit of visiting my house. They hoped to make me a convert, and they spoke to me with the utmost frankness and unreserve.

"Numerous miracles, or what seemed to be miracles—such miracles as evil spirits have power to perform—and certain marvellous cures were alleged to be wrought by the prayers and laying on of the hands of the Mormon elders. Some of these were wrought on persons closely related and well known to me personally; and I have heard others confirmed by persons of well-known intelligence and veracity, whose testimony was as conclusive for me as would have been my own personal observation. That there was a superhuman power employed in founding the Mormon Church, cannot easily be doubted by any scientific and philosophic mind that has investigated the subject; and just as little can a sober man doubt that the power employed was not Divine, and that Mormonism is literally the Synagogue of Satan."]

Smith continued his work of translation until he had finished the unsealed part of the records, called the Book of Mormon, and purporting to be an abridgment, by an ancient prophet named Mormon, and his son, Moroni, of the sacred records of the people of ancient America, of which it professes to give the history to the year 1420 of the Christian era. This book, together with the *Doctrine and Covenants*, consisting of revelations subsequently given, developing the Ecclesiastical Polity of the Mormons, constitutes their modern Bible,—a kind of supplement, as they consider it, to the Old and New Testament. The translation of the records given to Smith by the angel being thus completed, "according to arrangement," he says, "the messenger (*i. e.* the angel) called for them, when I delivered them up to him, and he has them in charge until this day." Three witnesses "declare with words of soberness," that they saw the plates and the engravings thereon, which an angel of God brought to them, and laid before their eyes. There is also the separate testimony of eight other witnesses prefixed to the Book of Mormon.—"That Joseph Smith, jun., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work and of curious workmanship. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it."

While engaged in the work of translation, Smith, and Cowen, his scribe, one of the three witnesses, were one day in the woods, praying, and inquiring of the Lord concerning baptism for the remission of sin, of which they had found mention in the records,

when a messenger from Heaven, purporting to be John the Baptist, appeared to them, and conferred upon them "the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins." After they had baptized each other, they immediately received, and began to exercise the gift of prophecy; and the true meaning of the more mysterious passages of Scripture were revealed unto them "in a manner," they say, "which we never could attain to previously, nor ever before have thought of." Subsequently, Smith was called to the Melchisedec priesthood, which holds the authority "to administer the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost." Peter, James, and John appeared as ministering angels, and conferred the Apostleship upon Joseph Smith and others; after which they were authorised to confirm the Church by the laying on of hands. Thus it will be seen that the authority of the Apostles of this Church of Christ was not derived through a succession of popes and bishops in the Apostate Church of Rome, but it was restored direct from Heaven by those who hold the keys thereof." Having thus a special revelation and an authorised divinely-appointed priesthood, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, consisting at first of six individuals was instituted on the 6th of April, 1830.

We are not now writing the history of Mormonism, and therefore cannot trace here its subsequent vicissitudes and developments — though constituting one of the most wonderful chapters in the Romance of History. But we would point out that there is no modern church, that we are aware of, that so distinctly maintains the doctrine, and lays claim to the possession of continuous revelation, miraculous powers, and gifts of the spirit, as the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. They make this claim, not feebly and faint-heartedly, but openly, earnestly, defiantly! Irving had declared that "the Christian Church *ought to be* all instinct with supernatural communications." They affirm that their church *is so*, and the absence of these from other professedly Christian churches, they regard as one of the proofs of the universal apostacy. They endorse the saying of Wesley's, that "the real cause why the gifts of the Holy Ghost were no longer to be found in the Christian Church, was, because the Christians were turned heathen again and had only a dead form left." Their organ, the *Millennial Star*, says "Latter-Day Saints *know* that angels do now converse with men.\* They *know* that the gifts of the Holy Ghost are manifested in these days by dreams, visions, revelations, tongues, prophecies, miracles, healings."

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\* The Latter-Day Church agrees with the New Church in this, that all angels are the spirits of glorified men.



Orson Pratt, "one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church," says, "We believe that wherever the people enjoy the religion of the New Testament, there they enjoy visions, revelations, the ministry of angels, &c. And that wherever these blessings cease to be enjoyed, there they also cease to enjoy the religion of the New Testament." The same writer elsewhere remarks, "New revelation is the very life and soul of the religion of heaven, it is indispensably necessary for the calling of all officers in the Church, without it, the officers of the Church can never be instructed in the various duties of their callings, where the spirit of revelation does not exist, the Church cannot be comforted and taught in all wisdom and knowledge,—cannot be properly reprov'd and chastened according to the mind of God,—cannot obtain promise for themselves but are dependant upon the promises made through the ancients. Without new revelation the people are like a blind man groping his way in total darkness, not knowing the dangers that beset his path. Without prophets and revelators darkness hangs over the future,—no city, people, or nation understand what awaits them. Without new revelation, no people know of the approaching earthquake—of the deadly plague—of the terrible war—of the withering famine, and of the fearful judgments of the Almighty which hang over their devoted heads. When the voices of living prophets and apostles are no longer heard in the land, there is an end of perfecting and edifying the saints; there is a speedy end to the work of the ministry; there is an end to the obtaining of that knowledge so necessary to eternal life; there is an end to all that is great, and grand, and glorious, pertaining to the religion of heaven; there is an end to the very existence of the Church of Christ on the earth; there is an end to salvation in the celestial kingdom."

The same writer elsewhere remarks, "There are now, (1851), about six hundred branches of the Church of Christ in the British Island, consisting of upwards of thirty thousand believers, and between three and four thousand elders and priests. Now there is scarcely a branch of the saints among this nation but have been blessed, more or less, with the miraculous signs and gifts of the Holy Spirit, by which they have been confirmed, and know, of a surety, that this is the Church of Christ. They know that the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, that lepers are cleansed, that bones are set, that the cholera is rebuked, and that the most virulent diseases give way, through faith in the name of Jesus Christ, and the power of his gospel. These are not some isolated cases that occasionally take place, or that are rather doubtful in their nature, or that have transpired a long time ago, or in some distant country; but they are taking

place at the present period; every week furnishing scores of instances in all parts of this land: many of the sick out of the church have, through the laying on of the hands of the servants of God, been healed. It is not something done in a corner, but openly, and tens of thousands are witnesses."\*

Parley P. Pratt, one of the apostles and martyrs of the Latter-Day Church, in an article in the *Millennial Star* on Modern Spiritual Manifestations, contends that they have been set up by Antichrist to counteract the said Church, as the magicians of Pharaoh sought to counteract the miracles of Moses; and his judgment concerning those who accept them is, "that God has sent them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned, who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness." Spiritualists are pretty well used to this kind of imputation, and to this perversion of Scripture language, but "we know, brethren, how that in ignorance they did it." It must be remembered too, that the Mormons have suffered much persecution,—which is apt to sour the temper even of Saints. We suppose that saints in these latter-days are not holier than the arch-angel Michael; and he durst not bring even against the devil a railing accusation. We, in all humility, submit that a better understanding of Spiritualism would have given Parley P. Pratt a more tolerant and discriminating judgment concerning it. Perhaps the Mormons generally would be none the less Saints, if they were to exercise a little more charity to the Gentiles, and draw their inspirations from the New rather than from the Old Testament.

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### THE SOUL.

O lady! we receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does nature live;  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!

And would we aught behold of higher worth  
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the earth;

And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,

Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

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\* As we have not space here to give instances of Mormon miracles, we would refer the reader to a little tractate, entitled *The Book of Mormon confirmed by Miracles*. To be had at the Society's depôt, Jewin-street,

## SPIRITUALISM AT THE TUILERIES.

It is quite the fashion with the learned Brodies, Brewsters, Dickens's, and other philosophical and literary persons of completed educations, to consider, and write down, all who believe in the common facts of Spiritualism, as incapable of forming an opinion on those facts. Now it does not appear to us to require any great philosophical acumen, to come to a very accurate conclusion, as to whether or not knockings are heard on a table, or in other parts of a room—whether or not a clean sheet of paper is written upon by a visible hand or by an unseen power—whether or not raps are made on your own hand, or whether an accordion is played upon, on the floor, apart from any one in the room.

If there be so much, or any difficulty, in deciding upon such questions as these, it should be quite dangerous for any of us to go out of doors, without having the President, or at all events one of the Fellows of the Royal Society, to take care of us, as a nursemaid does of the baby. How could any one of us ever be safe in crossing the street, or in eating a mouthful, or in listening to a burdy-gurdy, without one of these philosophical old ladies at our side, to rectify our untrained sensations.

By the goodness of God it has not yet come to this:—that it should be necessary to have even heard of this royal scratching post of the learned, or to have been a graduate of Cambridge, or a doctor of medicine, to enable us to settle, with much conclusiveness, that we have heard these raps; that we have seen paper written upon; that we have seen spirit hands, and that we have heard the music played, apart from bodily organisms.

We suppose, however, that these courtly royal sciolists, who claim the exclusive privilege of being able to see with eyes, and to hear with ears, would, one and all, prostrate themselves with low obeisances before the powerful presence of the mighty Emperor of the French. We doubt not they would do the same in honor of his graceful Empress, and lay their learning at her feet. The Emperor, at all events, has given "material guarantees" that he has eyes and ears, not less than that he knows how to use them, and that he has a terrific force of will behind them, by which he brings them in, to carry out the marvellous game he is playing. He, at all events, is no sucking dove—no gentle shepherd with his lute—no country swain nor village Hampden. Perhaps he could puzzle the whole Royal Society, President and Fellows to boot, as readily as he does the potentates and statesmen of Europe. It does not strike us, either, that he would be a very likely person to play off a hoax upon. We should not easily be tempted to try one on him.

It is necessary to have this long exordium, and thus to shew him to be in possession of the ordinary faculties of sense, which we possess in common with the lower animals, and the members of the Royal Society, before we dare venture to tell a little story of him and of the Empress which has recently come to our knowledge, and for the truth of which we can vouch.

During the time which Mr. D. D. Home spent in Paris, he was a constant visitor and guest of the Emperor and Empress. On his first visit, in a room of which the Emperor and he were the sole occupants, the wonderful manifestations of which he is the medium, were rigorously scrutinized by the Emperor, and were repeatedly displayed under conditions prescribed specially by the Emperor, in order to enable him to pronounce definitively upon the phenomena. No jumping to conclusions, but rather a jumping on table and chairs, to obtain more accurate demonstration of their truth. After all the conditions of the Emperor had been satisfactorily complied with, and not a doubt could longer remain upon his innocent mind, he said "The Empress must see this;" and he went himself to bring her from the *salon* where all the court were assembled. Upon her coming with the Emperor, for two hours the three were seated together at the table, wonder-struck at the phenomena which were produced before them.

After this, Mr. Home became a constant guest, and in repeated sittings nearly the full range of spiritual manifestations were made familiar to both the Emperor and the Empress, as well as to most of the French court and aristocracy.

A record was kept of these different sittings by direction of the Emperor, and fifty copies were printed at his private printing press for distribution.

The Emperor, not being a fellow of our Royal Society, makes no secret of what he saw and heard, but on the contrary, has made it a subject of frequent conversation; and amongst others of his acquaintance, both he and the Empress have informed our Queen and Prince Albert of all the wonders he has seen.

On one occasion four persons were sitting together at the Tuileries. The Emperor and the Empress, the Duchess de Montebello and Mr. Home. A pen and ink were on the table, and some paper. A spirit-hand was seen, and presently it took up the pen, and in their sight and presence dipped it in the ink, went to the paper, and wrote upon it the word "NAPOLEON," in the autograph of the great Emperor. The Emperor asked that he might be allowed to kiss the hand, and it went to his lips, and then to those of the Empress, and afterwards, on Mr. Home making a humble request, he was permitted to kiss its warm and soft texture. The autograph is now amongst the valued contents of the Emperor's spiritual portfolio.

## Correspondence.

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

SIR,—I was much pleased with the article in your second number, on "The Various Phases of Spiritualism," and it strikes me that, if your readers would give their practical experience in the phase or phases of the subject, with which they are acquainted, you would have some correspondence of great interest. I should like to see incidents related of all the phenomena quoted. With your permission I will relate some of my own experience.

In the early part of 1851, Mr. Welton took a house in York Buildings, New Road. Soon after entering upon our occupation, coming down stairs one evening, I was startled by feeling my dress pulled from behind. I turned round, saw no one, only that my dress was extended as if caught by a nail: but the stairs were carpeted: I examined them—there was nothing that could have entangled my skirt. This happened several evenings in succession. Then I began to feel as if some one gave me smart knocks in various parts of my body. After a few evenings of this experience, I told my husband that I would not continue to live there, for I thought the house must be haunted. I remembered to have heard talk, when a child, of haunted houses, and of such things happening in them. Under this idea when my husband was out in the evening, I used to take my child and pace the garden. The other inmates were similarly annoyed, and used to talk of hearing noises as if some one, whom no one could see, were shuffling up and down the stairs, and tapping and opening their doors. One of them was frequently disturbed in her own room.

My husband, at this time, was attending to magnetise a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Manchester Square, and Mr. Hoyland, the well-known surgeon, was consulted professionally in the case, as to how the magnetising should be conducted. Mr. Hoyland, one day, spoke to my husband about the manifestations then beginning to be talked of in London, and said something particularly about "rapping" phenomena. Mr. Welton said, that knockings were heard in the house he was living in, and told him how I had been alarmed. Mr. H. offered to bring to the house Mr. Stone, the American lecturer on the phenomena, who might be able to throw some light on the subject. To this my husband willingly assented. Mr. S. came accordingly. He asked Welton, whom Mr. H. had spoken of as a magnetiser, whether he could put me into the magnetic sleep. I had been habitually put into the sleep for several years on account of my health. I was accordingly put, at his request, into the magnetic sleep. I was told afterwards that, in order to test the faculty in me, he asked questions about his family, and that I had described his wife and child, predicting that the latter could not be kept alive, but that the former would recover under appropriate remedies. He then questioned me respecting the knockings and other singular phenomena in the house, of which Mr. Hoyland told him. I said that I perceived now, in the sleep, that they were produced by the unhappy spirit of a man who had hung himself in it some years back; that I was a medium through whom he could divulge his thoughts. I then said many things from the spirit about other matters. The spirit said "that thus communicating made him feel happier; that this was the first opportunity he had had of throwing his thought through any other person." Singularly enough, Mr. Stone had had application, as he said, from a nephew, a believer in such communications, of this man, who wished, for family reasons, to get information from him, through Mrs. Hayden, with whom Mr. Stone was acting. I believe Mr. Stone communicated with the nephew after this.

On enquiry it was ascertained that a man had hung himself in the wash-house at the back of the house, while under intoxication.

Mr. Stone told my husband that he thought I should become a good spiritual medium by clairvoyance, if care were observed as to who magnetised me. He came five or six times afterwards with reference to his wife in America. The child had died. I indicated remedies for the wife, and we heard through him afterwards that she recovered.

Mr. Stone recommended us to form a circle for obtaining the phenomena, as was usual in America, as he thought I was a medium for other modes of spiritual manifestation.

We formed a circle with several friends, among whom were Mr. Tiffin and Mr. Slater, and we were sometimes joined by Mr. Hoyland, Mr. Stone, and others, and sat nearly every evening for two or three months. We heard knocks or raps, in reply to questions, and without, of every degree of loudness, on the table and in every part of the room—the wainscot, floor, and fire-place. My husband's brother, and sometimes his sister, used to pay us a visit of a few days at a time about this period, and they "bivouacked," as Welton called it, on the sofa in this room, but they were so disturbed by knocks, shufflings, and noises, as if the furniture were pushed about and broken, that they ceased to favour us, with their accustomed visits, avowing their belief that there were ghosts in the place, although they did not see them.

At our sittings, to one question we would receive various kinds of raps, as if by several spirits, which produced great confusion in our mind. To obviate this and to prevent objections which were made by some with respect to the table being moved unconsciously to themselves, by those sitting at it, Welton constructed an instrument like one of Dr. Leger's:—from the brass mounting at the apex of a large bell-glass was suspended a long hair taken from my head, from which hung a small magnet enclosed in sealing wax; this oscillated over a card, laid flat, with the letters of the alphabet and the numerals on it, around in a circle. Welton has the apparatus by him still.

When sitting in our circle, I, as medium, held my finger, without contact, over the orifice from which the hair hung, requesting the spirit to communicate by moving the bob to the letters required for making the communication. By this mode we received many communications, but in the end with no greater satisfaction than through the table. Through it, however, Mr. Stone received the name of a spirit, which on reference to a letter which he had in his pocket, was found to be correctly spelled. The truth, however, we found was not to be expected, as a rule, in our communications. Some of us thought the spirits were evil. One of the spirits who visited us was certainly troublesome: he used to rap at the back of the grate, distracting attention from otherwise orderly communications. We found, however, that he would, at request, keep silence for a while—suppose it was for half an hour—at the end of that time he would begin again, and hammer on and on, regardless of any thing but a direct request made by Welton. Finding this, he asked him to discontinue for a longer and a longer interval, until at length we hoped he was gone altogether. One evening, however, Welton and I, accompanied by the children, one in arms, went to where a circle was held, nearly a mile off, and there to our chagrin, no manifestations could be got, except from our, as we had hoped, departed stove-knocker. He monotonously thumped, now regardless of Welton's request, until our patience was exhausted, and Welton exclaimed, "I insist on your leaving." The noise ceased, but no other manifestation of any kind following, we prepared to leave. While standing on the top step of the doorway, waiting for a cab, my husband and Mr. Moule, the photographer of Hackney-road, and my little girl standing at my side, I was thrust, as if by a hand at my back, off my feet with such sudden force, that I fell forwards quite clear of the steps, my infant in my arms, upon the pavement. My husband and Mr. Moule rushed down—there were three steps—but I was already on my feet as if I had been lifted up. They thought the baby must have been crushed, but she was unharmed, and had not even awakened: as to myself, I had felt, strange to say, no shock by the fall, not so much as I should if I had fallen upon water. As I regained my feet, my elder child—whom I regarded then as a medium—said, "Oh, mamma, the naughty knocks—the naughty knocks!" Whether offended by our treatment of him, or not, this was the last manifestation to us by this spirit.

Welton, dissatisfied with the uncertainty of the communications through the table and the instrument mentioned, proposed to receive them through me, in the magnetic sleep, as in the first instance. I was not unwilling. He was desirous of receiving some communications from a deceased friend named Oxley. An appointment was made, through the raps, by a spirit purporting to be that

of Mr. Oxley, for eleven the next evening, when he would communicate through me in the magnetic sleep. On the evening mentioned, business or forgetfulness, or both, prevented Welton from being at home at the proper time. Our time-piece had stopped; but knowing it must be approaching the hour, I was expressing a hope to myself that W. would not fail to be punctual,—when the church clock struck eleven, and the last stroke was followed by three knocks on the table, which happened to be turned up and standing on one side of the room. I was startled, and trembled at the abruptness of the sounds, and instead of requesting the spirit's patience, sat stupidly silent. In a minute or so, the knocks again, louder; and again a third time; but now with such violence that I thought the table must be split; the room seemed to shake, and I felt giddy and confused in my sight as if I looked through a cloud, and I thought I heard a continued hiss. I caught up a large shawl from the sofa, threw it over my head, and my baby in my arms, rushed into the front garden, and there I remained although it was raining, keeping near the gate until Welton made his appearance—nearly half an hour. He had remembered the appointment only as he heard the clocks strike. I told him what had happened; and returned with him into the house: he examined the table, and not finding it in any way damaged, tried to argue me into the belief that my *fancy* had deceived me, that no doubt he said, "the spirit had announced himself at the time appointed, and not being received, had made his presence known in a more unmistakable manner;" and he proposed to have the sitting then, without further delay. But I declined: his easy explanation did not satisfy me. I knew that I *had* heard and felt what I told him, and I thought that such violence belonged only to an evil spirit, and that it would be wrong to invite his presence. I went to bed ill, and was not in my usual health for several days. My conviction in this case was so strong that I felt, now, quite averse to the approach of the spirit's manifesting through the table; and as the last one had come at the time I was to have been magnetised for spiritual clairvoyance, I thought it was the same spirit, more particularly as he had come as a rapping spirit, who had proposed to communicate through me; and my disinclination extended to the clairvoyant mode also. Our friend Oxley had, when alive, promised some particular information to Welton, but died shortly afterwards, rather suddenly. In the previous year, while living a few months on the coast of Sussex, Welton had ascertained by a series of experiments, that I was impressible to the reflected rays of some of the planets, each planet producing a different effect upon my nervous system. He had related these experiments to Mr. Oxley, who interested himself in astrology, and Mr. O. had promised to extract from his books the observations of old philosophers on that head, so that W. might compare them with those he had made through me. This was the information which W. had been promised by the spirit of Mr. Oxley. He was therefore annoyed at not being able to overrule my reluctance, but I could not muster courage enough.

From this time I confined the exercise of my faculty exclusively, so far as depended upon myself, to looking at cases of sickness, and at medicines, &c.

But within the last three years I have been present at various circles where communications have been received in several ways, including that which I found so unsatisfactory to myself, and now I entertain, and venture to express, a more qualified opinion as to the kind of spirits that communicate through tables and produce physical manifestations. From what I myself have witnessed, I am compelled to think that every mode of spiritual manifestation is for our benefit, and that this is the greater in proportion as we receive them in a religious spirit, or at least in an orderly manner; which was not the case in our own earlier enquiries. I have met with many who have not been fully convinced of their own spiritual nature until they had witnessed the manifestations through rapping and moving mediums, and some have been thereby brought to an entire alteration of character for the better. When I hear any class of spirits spoken of injuriously, I call to mind the Scripture maxim, "*By their fruits shall ye know them.*"

My later observations in this mode, as well as my experience in other modes, of spiritual communication, I may offer at a future opportunity.

SARAH WELTON.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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## THE REV. T. L. HARRIS AND AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM.

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It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Grant's disingenuous report of Mr. Harris's Sermon should not have produced some little response, when it reached his own countrymen across the Atlantic, and they found in what terms their aspirations towards holy truth, were represented by their travelling brother. We should have thought, however, that many years experience of the press of their own country, would have made them a little careful in accepting as true, anything that emanated from an organ avowedly opposed to the facts and deductions of Spiritualism. The report of the sermon by Mr. Grant was eminently false and unfair, as we shewed in our last number, but there is still a residuum of fact of which his brethren in America may fairly complain of Mr. Harris. There is no doubt that he has on several occasions spoken in far too unmeasured terms of the course of Spiritualism in America; and also of the physical and psychical phenomena, which we are in the main almost entirely indebted to America for having brought so prominently under our notice. To us it appears, that had it not been for the attention which these phenomena have called to the subject, the very existence of spiritual forces, would to-day have been without the recognition of the millions who now have been compelled to believe in them, and we should still be in the same scepticism, as to a spiritual cosmogony, which has throughout the ages shortened the vision of mankind.

If it be true, as we affirm, that Spiritualism is the broadest and deepest philosophy, and that it is the key so long lost to the inner world of man, it would follow, that none of its phases should be viewed alone, and apart from their general bearing. Any man who from momentary impulse, or from an imperfect mediumship, (and where are we to look for the perfect medium?)



condemns utterly whole classes of facts and phenomena, and what is worse, whole classes of his striving brethren, in all their infinitely varied states of mind, must have within himself some short reaching of perception, which distorts his vision, and removes him from the category of infallibility.

From a long personal acquaintance with the literature of Spiritualism in America, we are in a position to state that the description of it by Mr. Harris is manifestly erroneous, and we would even say that with all its shortcomings, and of its English literature, we may say the same, it is quite equal in kind, and in honesty of statement is far superior, to the publications of any other special line of inquiry we are acquainted with. The only argument which Mr. Harris brings to bear in aid of such a statement is, that its literature shews a wide denial of many of the doctrinal points, upon which he insists, but as to which men have never been, and never will be agreed, and with a weakness which is at once apparent, he attributes all this to the teaching of Spiritualism. Now, we are only stating what all will admit, when we say that the wide-spread infidelity of the day, numbering perhaps three-fourths of Christendom, is not in any degree owing to Spiritualism,—and because Spiritualism has mainly fallen amongst this free-thinking portion of humanity, and they begin wildly to inquire in print what it all means, and how they are to get at a higher truth, does it follow that they are all obscene, blaspheming pagans, and made so by Spiritualism? What were they before they heard of the physical phenomena which have so set their brains whirling in immensity? What were they before they got any of the “communications” from the satanic spirits, of which Mr. Harris makes so unsparing use? They are clearly no worse, but only better, by at least one fact of stupendous import than they were before, and a larger charity and a deeper vision would strive to teach, and to “gently lead those that are with young,” and it may even be, near the time of their deliverance.

We are willing to concede to these gravid ones, much indulgence for their many fantasies, and their strange longings, and even to welcome the ill-looking and worse-shaped little strangers which they bring forth, and fondle with such mother's pride. There is much to be done with them and for them; but it is in the name of Christ, and not of the devil, that we will begin the work. We have no faith in the devil, for we believe that Christ overrules the whole legion who infest every man of us, and that an infidel who believes in spiritual phenomena is more near the truth than one who does not; nay, that he may be more near a holy life than many professing Christians. It is a mistake not to be borne, that a mere belief in what is called Spiritualism,

we mean in merely the outward phases of it, is to be considered as involving the broad truths of a world-wide system, in any errors which its youngest baby may fall into. Nevertheless, this is the error which Mr. Harris occasionally makes; nor are we sorry, but rather glad, to find that his wonderfully-gifted inspirational discourses should, not seldom, be marred by such transparent failings. Were it otherwise, there would be the greater danger that many should listen to his inspirations, as if they came direct and all clear from the Divine fountain, without any of that admixture of a less pure element, which is a necessity at all events of all modern inspiration. No! Mr. Harris is only a man, though he be such as is not of the common. His organism, so delicately sensitive, and so wonderfully attuned in harmony with the inner breathings of his soul—so deep and far his contact, that the poetry of the inner life comes welling and gurgling through, like the song of birds, so rich and full that its strivings for utterance only break it into notes of greater beauty; his intuitions so constant to the truth, that one is left to wonder why each child did not see as far before; his noble views of a Christianity wide as the universe, and including all the things of a material world, as illustrative of the soul of man, and its yearnings towards its Creator and its loving God! With all these, still he is but a man, and his out-breathings partake of the earthly element through which they pass, and are not at all times equal to the highest intuitions of his soul.

He is a medium of the spiritual powers, and of a high order of mediumship, but yet not of the highest; perhaps may not ever be numbered amongst those who are the typical teachers of the race. How many rarest qualities must not be gathered in one organism, to make one such of these best men? What great cerebral development! What wondrous quickness of the judging power, and what capacity in quantity are not needed! What exquisite and deep emotional and affectional nature must not be ever spreading out the soul to bathe in the sunlight and warmth of the Divine! Let one of these be either partially wanting, or too fully developed, or not equipoised by the other parts of his nature, how the grand whole is marred, and the holy inspiration, which should enfill the whole breadth and depth of the man, becomes diverted into too much head or into too much heart. In one case into dry logic, in the other into rhapsody,—and neither of them with power to reach the souls of his hearers. What an infinite organism is man's. One small want only, prevents perfection, and therefore infallibility, and we suppose that the imperfections of the most perfect are infinite. In mediumship the same law prevails, for the inspiration must still pass through in some mode of its own the organism of the man, taking up both

of his strength and of his weakness, and becoming tinged with his individuality.

Add to this generic law, that an inspirational medium, by the very force and depth of the inbreathing, is more likely than another to be carried away by the impulse of the moment ; that if there should be any subservience in the cerebral to the affectional, he may be whirled away by the moment, into realms but little governed by the head,—and fancy and even fantasy may have possession of his tongue.

We think we can detect this subservience in the discourses of Mr. Harris: his poetry and his emotions are so exuberant, his imaginative powers are so developed that the cerebral organs have not been able to keep pace with them. Take, for example, the fact that in his discourses it is seldom you hear of the text with which he commences, after the first few sentences. Beginning with a logical explication, he is presently carried away by some striking and abounding imagery, or by some truth embodied in his burning words, of glowing and poetic beauty, till picture after picture rises before his eyes, and he is hopelessly but blissfully lost in the mazes of ever-opening delights. You may, nay you must, travel with him in his entrancing flights, thrilled with emotions of your own, never felt before, for not before were you in the presence of such glowing thoughts. Enjoy them to your soul's content ; give yourself up to them, for the moments are short that they will remain to you: they lack the element that will enable you to bear them in your mind, and to recal the combinations from which their beauty comes. The thread of nervous manly intellect is wanting, and they fall and fade like the sparkling sunlight on the ripples of the waning day.

It is nothing to say that Spiritualism has not yet shewn forth its greatest man. It is well that, in the great void of those who can touch our souls, there should be one who can so nearly come to us, as the man of whom we speak. Mediumship is in its very germ, its infancy, just born into the world, and now observed and scanned for the first hour. It is not understood, even by many of the constant hearers of Mr. Harris, what is the meaning of his being a medium ; and those who admit it, consider that all that falls from his lips must be revelation, because it is given in an inspirational state. Thus, that whatever he says must be true and must be holy. We would earnestly warn our readers, and his hearers, against any such supposition ; and we insist that all who claim to be mediums, should be subject to a criticism by the enlightened reason, all the more severe, because of the inspirational origin of their discourses.

It is urged in the most strenuous way by Mr. Harris, that in many mediums the possession is of a demonic instead of an

angelic origin. We are told that devils may put on the robes of angels, and convey subtle poison through human souls. It is doubtless true that this may be so, but if once we succeed in inculcating the necessity of a continual appeal to our highest and most enlightened reason, and to the divine standard of God's Holy Word, we need fear no mixture of devils' work, in what may come to us either in a mediumistic, or by a more ordinary process.

If there be any doubt as to the wisdom of this advice, and of the observations we have thought it necessary to make, in reduction of the value of inspirational preaching or speaking, let us proceed to consider the disturbing causes which doubtless exist in a very high degree in all mediums, and in none perhaps more than in Mr. Harris himself. No one can have heard him often, without noticing the fact to which we have alluded, of his being frequently carried away from his subject, by any striking thought which is presented to his mind, whether relevant or not to the matter of his discourse. There is nothing in his public preaching more apparent, than that from the delicate sensitiveness of his mediumship he is peculiarly open to impressions of a distressing kind, which he attributes rightly or wrongly to demonic agency, and frequently, far too frequently, the chord or the discord of these devils from pandemonium is struck; when, as if entranced by the subject so vividly presented to his mind, he leaves his sermon and his hearers, and rushes with unthinking impetuosity through all the broad avenues of the hells. On these occasions his peculiar sensibilities run riot with his reason. He sees only a universe of hell, peopled with devils of almost divine subtlety, and ruled by a mystic devil, who is the culmination of all that is great in intellect, and in governmental science, in developing his myrmidons for infernal uses. In the zealous pursuit of this idea, any ordinary notion of hell-dom does not come up to his necessities, but he must needs build up a system of devilry more than human, and bring to his aid the demonic services of a lost planetary sphere; a world planet revolving round us in all the mazes of a recondite hell. We lose sight of our God, of our Father, of our Redeemer, and of all His holy angels and ministering spirits—of His providence and fostering care and protection, as if there was no existence for them, but all was handed over to this master devil. We hear of demonic mesmeric processes, of the damnable results which must flow from hearing a few raps on a table, and from attending seances, of the wicked tendencies and inspiration of spiritual literature and teachings, of 999 out of 1000 mediums being lost souls, and other such foolish fantasies. There is only one man who can save; there is only one man through whose mediumship

truth can come—and that man is Mr. Harris. In all his changes he only has been always right, and he must always be the founder of a new and true church, outside which there is no salvation. Now, here indeed it is time for us to use our reason, and not to be led by his fantasies, as if they were unchangeable truths. We see nothing in Mr. Harris which excepts him from the common lot of having his statements questioned, whether they be inspired or not. He has the ambition to be at the head, and to teach when it would often be as well that he should learn. There is no divine right in him or in any other that we know of, to put down inquiry and the divine right of reason, and for us we definitely decline to accept all his sayings as true or even as fair. To us he is a warning, as well as a prophet, for we see in him how the weaknesses of a great man may be blown into, as into a bladder, till they push aside the nobler portions of his mind, and distort his utterances.

And Mr. Harris often tells us how often and how deeply he is subjected to the attacks of these subjective devils of his. How is this? One would think that he of all others, so capable of teaching, should now be more than others enjoying that inner peace and love which should make their attacks less frequent and perplexing. If not so, why does he tell us that his case is to be the type of all mediumship—If otherwise, we will have none of it.

Did we not know that he has got his idea of his wandering disembodied world-planet, from his previous acquaintance with the writings of Fourier, we might attribute it to some of his impressions derived from his peculiar state. It is sheer nonsense about this ideal planet, inhabited by disembodied demons seeking the destruction of human souls on our earth, and his affirmation of its existence brings no proof to our minds. Were it true, we should be prepared to admit that no human being was responsible for his actions, and that all theories of morals, from self-help and spiritual nutrition from the Word and the Holy Spirit, would be vain and futile. That would not suit the glorious views we are taught of God's love and providence. It is more probable that over excitement in mediumship has impaired the common-sense powers of judgment in the medium, and that his own notions of what is said in Scripture concerning the powers of darkness have been whirled into a vision of forms and powers, such as he describes. It exists only, along with its system of devils, in his own mind, and there it feeds; and such a state in the mind of an individual, who holds it to the extent of possession or obsession thereby, is commonly called monomania. This is only a matter of extent, and is quite consistent with the medium's being both highly gifted and entirely conscientious, as we believe Mr. Harris to be.

A more manly and vigorous religious frame-work, which should enable him to take a more broad and comprehensive and healthy view, would keep away such fantasies and all their attendant devils. Both the mind and the body are somewhat to blame for this state, and surrounding circumstances must also bear a share. A weakly and enervated physical system, made so, possibly, in the mode suggested in the remarks which we append, taken from the *New York Spiritual Telegraph and Preacher*, has an action on the mind of an unhealthy kind. The mind, in its turn, reacts upon this physical organism and heightens its imperfections, whilst the little knot or clique of admirers who always congregate about a minor prophet, feed him with flattery, and prevent his mixing in the freer air of a more general and genial opinion. All these causes combine to prevent him taking up the healthier position of a more brawny religionist. Luther had his devils, but he did not lie in bed with them: witness the ink marks still to be seen in his old room. Luther threw the inkstand at their head, and they found, thereafter, no congeniality in the stalwart and robust old man.

What we have just said indicates sufficiently the mode in which Mr. Harris and all other mediums, who are troubled inordinately by such visitors, should get rid of them and assume the mantle of a more triumphant and broader Christianity.

If there be any truth in the Christian scheme, it is here that it should avail, or it is not good where it is most required. Man should be militant in the name of Christ, and with the spiritual power which Christ has promised to all his true sons. Christ has promised that all things shall be restored. We believe his saying, and we do not believe in all this devildom as a rampant power in Christendom. The true devils are much nearer to us than outside of us, and may be sought and found by the process of self-examination.

A careful perusal of the following remarks by the American editor will complete the information which we wish to lay before our readers to enable them to judge of the truth of our remarks. In the commencement they refer to the article which was produced by the inventive genius of Mr. James Grant of the *Morning Advertiser*, and they proceed:—

"If 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. H. 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 help him to magnify his assumed 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 he 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 delinquencies in 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 Mr. 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.

"The Spiritualists' creed, if they have any, respecting the Divine rights and duties of man as to faith, knowledge, and conduct, is that each person shall be permitted to observe, experience, reflect, reason, and judge of the truth for himself. *Truth*, rather than man, is their oracle. We can conceive of no objections to this, except by those aspiring to be oracles. Spiritualists of America have no inquisitions to try men's faith and conduct—to accept or reject men; but each person who believes that spirits communicate with mortals is called a Spiritualist. Consequently, there may be Spiritualists who are otherwise Pantheists and sensualists, as they may be otherwise grocers or blacksmiths; and so, perhaps, there may be some persons who do not believe in Divine revelations precisely as Mr. Harris teaches them; but what authority does a man derive from these facts to denounce the great body of Spiritualists in America as Pantheists, sensualists, and deniers of Divine revelations? We only put the question, and leave others to answer.

"These accusations against Spiritualists are but a duplicate of those 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 sanctify his denunciations of them.

"While Brother Harris was settled over the Universalist 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 these 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. H. 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 to him their leave of absence, and subsequently replaced him by the Rev. E. H. Chapin. Brother Harris subsequently relinquished his order 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 Stuyvesant Institute, and while laboring here he tried to acquaint himself with the dynamics of matter and mind, and to show 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 a Mrs. Benedict, then residing in Auburn, N. Y. In the presence of Mrs. Benedict slight raps occurred, and St. Paul purported 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 in Brooklyn, and deliver the oracles of St. Paul to twelve chosen persons, and, if possible, that St. Paul should develop or re-model Mr. Harris, so that he should be henceforth 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 his 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 and the Apostles as the mediums 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, supernal wisdom 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, amidst the criminations and recriminations, and denunciations which have generally attended the various changes in Brother Harris's enterprises and views.

"Mr. Harris then returned to this city, and the Spiritualists received him as if he became 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 he 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 mortification 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 could not 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.

"Mr. 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 name of '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. 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.

"Subsequent to the time when he withdrew himself from Dodworth's Academy, he took the persuasion that the higher spirits were constantly around him warding off the evil ones, and that they were trying to develop him into a higher plane; and that to do so, it was necessary that he should keep his bed, and he did so. He ate but little, and that little was brought to his bed; and indeed he wrote, or rather dictated to his amanuensis, what appeared in his publications. He was persuaded that he acted in accordance with the dictation of the apostles, Christ, and the very God, and only got up when he thought they so impressed him, which was only on Sundays, to preach.

"Thus we have, with pain and sorrow, responded to the demands of the article from the *London Critic* in giving a very brief history of Brother Harris, during some fifteen years. We have not done this to injure him, far 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, 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 persuasions, and thus binding him more strongly in psychical chains, we shall be thankful.

"Mr. 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.

"In a self-consecrating spirit, Mr. Harris has, as it seems to us, sacrificed his manhood for a supposed Divine influx, and he is reaping the consequences of that error. It is a gross mistake we think, in Mr. Harris to suppose that he is a living proof of the danger, mentally and physically, of cultivating the science of Spiritualism. On the contrary, he is a living proof of the danger of a too prevalent hot-house process of making mesmeric subjects, and of the practice of women magnetizing men. We have been acquainted with several cases of this kind, and the uniform result shows 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 sensor nerves at the surface, by which physical impressions are permanently fixed upon the brain, deranging its normal functions, and ruling the whole man. Will and judgment are subjugated 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, as by some fell disease. And yet Spiritualism has suffered, and is daily suffering, from the lack of discrimination in these matters.

"Mr. Harris has never examined spirit facts to any considerable extent through different mediums, but has confined his spirit-investigations chiefly to himself, and has subjected himself to these disorderly influences, and accepted their results as a boon from the highest and sweetest angels. This, with his peculiar organization, accounts for his censoriousness, and for his speaking in favor of Spiritualism in one lecture, and against it in the next. True spirit-mediums are seldom, if ever, made by artificial processes. Mesmerism, we believe, always defiles them.

"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 mortal who do not indorse his disorderly fantasies, are sensual and evil.

"We answer finally that the cause is inherent in Brother Harris's organization, but aggravated by the blending of incongruous spheres or influences through a disordered magnetization, excited by censorious indulgence against rivals and sceptics. His judgment is thus impaired and subject to impulses, with an indomitable self-will and lust for leadership.

"It has pained us much to write this article relating to a Brother with whom we have long been intimate, and one whom we have ever cherished and highly esteemed, notwithstanding his idiosyncracies, but the accusations have made it imperative that we should thus write, or yield truth and duty to personal regards, which we cannot consent to do."

## INSTANCES OF THE DYNAMICS OF PRAYER.

WHEN one of Count Zinzendorf's children lay on her death-bed, her mother was absent; and the servants apprehending that the babe would die without her mother again beholding her, the Count asked the Saviour to keep her alive; expressly adding, however, that he knew not what he asked, and that he was resigned to the event, whatever it might be. At the same instant the violence of the symptoms ceased, and the child remained till the first of December, the day when the mother returned, in a state that no longer appeared at all alarming. The moment, however, that the mother arrived, the child relapsed into its former state. The day after the mother's return the child died.

When the Count arrived at St. Thomas, the missionary brethren there had been in prison three months. The interposition of the Count obtained the brethren's release; and, when they were brought to him, he kissed their hands on receiving them, and that, before the officer who conducted them, to testify his respect for these pretended culprits. "The day of my arrival," wrote Zinzendorf to his brethren in Europe, "my brethren, who knew nothing whatever of my voyage, but thought they stood in need of me, had prayed the Saviour to send me to them. To us there is nothing extraordinary in such occurrences, we are pretty well used to them."

Jean de Watteville had a childlike confidence in our Saviour's promise to hear his children's prayers. Of this he often had experience: one example we will here offer. A married sister became extremely ill at Hernhut. The physician had given up all hope, and her husband was plunged in grief. Watteville visited the patient, found her joyfully expecting her removal, and took his leave, after having encouraged her in this happy frame. It was, at that time, still the practice for the unmarried brethren, on Sunday evenings, to go about singing hymns before the brethren's houses with an instrumental accompaniment. Watteville made them sing some appropriate hymns under the window of the sick sister; at the same time praying in his heart that the Lord would be pleased, if He thought good, to restore her to health. He conceived a hope of this, so full of sweetness and faith, that he sang, with confidence, these lines:—

Cross, upon Calv'ry lifted high,  
When Jesus gave himself to die;  
Come, warm a heart redeemed by grace,  
And kindle gratitude to praise.

When, at the last, I pant for breath,  
 Name but the Cross, my hope in death ;  
 Soon as I hear the blissful words,  
 My voice returns to praise the Lord.

What was the astonishment of those who surrounded the bed of this dying sister, when they saw her sit up, and join with a tone of animation, in singing the last line :—

“ My voice returns to praise the Lord.”

To his great amazement and delight he found her, on re-ascending to her chamber, quite well. She recovered perfectly, and not till five and thirty years after did he attend her earthly tabernacle to its resting place.

Luther attributed his recovery from severe illness, in several instances, to the efficacy of the Church's prayers, and the prayers of his friends in his behalf. Thus, to the elector, John Frederic, who had sent him medical aid, he writes, thanking him, but attributing his cure to the prayers of Pomeranius :—“ I could gladly have seen that our dear Lord Jesus had graciously removed me, for I am now of little use on the earth. But Pomeranius, by *his persevering intercession in the Church*, defeated my expectation, and I am now, thank God, better.”

Luther's friend Myconius, lying apparently at the point of death, wrote to Luther a farewell letter. Luther wrote a letter to him in reply, in which he says, “ May the Lord never permit me to hear of your taking your passage while I remain behind, but make you the survivor. SO I ASK, AND SUCH IS MY WILL, AND MY WILL BE DONE.—AMEN. Because this will seeks the glory of God's name, certainly not my own pleasure or advantage.”

Myconius so fully believed that his life was restored by the prayers of Luther, that six years after, when again at the point of death, he wrote to Luther *not to detain him by his prayers*. “ I pray him,” he says, “ *to dismiss me with his blessing*, yet so, that the Lord's will may be done.”

The following is from *Fuller's Church History* :—

Speaking of Edward VI., he says, “ When crowned king, his goodnesse increased with his greatnesse, constant in his private devotions, and as successfull as fervent therein, witness this particular : Sir John Cheeke, his schoolmaster, fell desperately sick, of whose condition the king carefully enquired every day ; at last my physician told him that there was no hope of his life, being given over by them for a dead man. ‘ No,’ saith King Edward, ‘ *he will not die at this time, for this morning I begged his life from God in my prayers and obtained it,*’ which accordingly came to pass ; and he soon after, against all expectation, wonderfully recovered. This was attested by the old Earl of

Huntingdon, bred up in his childhood with King Edward, unto Sir Thomas Cheeke, still surviving, about 80 years of age."

A similar instance is given of the recovery of Melancthon by Luther's prayers. It is related by Leckendoye "in the words of Solomon Glasse, superintendent-general of Gotha," of whom he says, "so great a man needs not my commendation."

"Luther arrived, and found Phillip about to give up the ghost. His eyes were set, his understanding was almost gone, his speech had failed, and also his hearing; his face had fallen; he knew no one, and had ceased to take either solids or liquids. At this spectacle Luther is filled with the utmost consternation—turning away towards the window, he called most devoutly upon God. . . . After this, taking the hand of Phillip, and well knowing what was the anxiety of his heart and conscience, he said, 'Be of good courage, Phillip, thou shalt not die.' . . . . While he thus utters these things, Phillip begins as it were to revive and to breathe, and, gradually recovering his strength, is at last restored to health."

Melancthon himself, writing to a friend, says, "I should have been a dead man, had I not been recalled from death by the coming of Luther."

COPY of an old LETTER from the REV. MR. ARTHUR BEDFORD  
to the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER.

[By the kindness of Dr. Ashburner we are put in possession of this Letter, which contains so many points of interest that we feel sure it will please our readers.]

Bristol, 2 August, 1703.

My Lord,—Being informed by Mr. Shute of your lordship's desire that I should communicate to you what I had known concerning a certain person that was acquainted with spirits to his own destruction, I have made bold to give you the trouble of this letter, and I have my desire to gratify your lordship in every particular, which may be an apology for the length hereof. I had formerly given an account to the late Bishop of Hereford, in which there are probably some things contained which I do not now remember, and which, if your lordship would procure from his lady, who now lives at Gloucester, would be more authentic. About 13 years ago, whilst I was curate to Dr. Read, rector of St. Nicholas, in this city, I began to be acquainted with one Thomas Perks, a man about 20 years of age, who lived with his father at Magnatsfield, by trade a blacksmith, and contracted an intimacy with him, he being not only a very good-tempered man but extremely well skilled in the mathematical studies, which were his constant delight, *viz.* arithmetic, geometry, gauging,

astronomy, and algebra. He had a notion of a perpetual motion much like that wheel in *Archimedes's Mathematical Magick*, to which he had made some improvement, and as he said was demonstrable from mathematical principles, though I could never believe it. Accordingly I have seen an iron wheel to which he intended to add several things of his own invention, in order to finish the same; but thinking it of no use, and being unfortunately engaged, it was never perfected. He gave himself so much to astronomy, that he could not only calculate the motions of the planets, but an eclipse also, and demonstrate every problem in spherical trigonometry from mathematical principles, in which he would discover a clear force of reason, though he frequently would mistake in the quantity of syllables. When one Mr. Bayly, minister of St. James's, in this city, endeavoured to set up a mathematical school, I advised him to this Thomas Perks for an acquaintance, in whom (as he told me) he found a far greater proficiency in those studies than he expected or could have imagined after he applied himself to astronomy; and would sometimes calculate nativities and resolve orrery questions, which he told me he oftentimes proved very true, but he was not satisfied with it, because there was nothing in it which tended to a mathematical demonstration. When, by the providence of God, I was settled in Temple parish, I having not seen him for some time, he came to me (and being in private) asked my opinion very seriously concerning the lawfulness of conversing with spirits, and after I had given my thoughts in the negative, and confirmed it with the best reasons I could, he told me he had considered all these arguments and believed they only related to conjuration; but there was an innocency with them which a man might use if he made no contract with them, did no harm by their means, or was not curious in prying into hidden things; and that he himself had discoursed with them, and heard them sing to his satisfaction. He gave an offer to me and Mr. Bayly, that if we would go with him one night to Kingswood, we should see and hear them sing, and talk with them whatever we had a mind to, and we should return very safe; but neither of us had the courage to venture. I told him of the subtilty of the devil to delude mankind, and that he could transform himself even into an angel of light,—but he would not believe it was the devil. I had several conferences on the subject, but could never convince him, in all which I never observed the least disorder of mind. His discourse was very rational, and I proposed (to try him) a question in astronomy relating to the projection of the sphere, which he projected and resolved, and afterwards did so demonstrate from the mathematics as to shew at the same time that his brain was free from the least tincture of madness or dis-

traction. Having this opportunity, I asked him several questions concerning the methods he used and the discourse he had with them. He told me he had a book, whose directions he followed; and accordingly, in the dead time of the night he went out to a cross-way with a lanthorn and candle, which was consecrated for the purpose with several incantations. He had also consecrated chalk, consisting of several mixtures, and with this he used to make a circle at what distance he thought fit, which no spirit had power to enter. After this he invoked the spirit by using several forms of words, some of which he told me was taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and therefore he thought lawful without considering how they might be wrested to his destruction: accordingly the spirits appeared to him which he called for, in the shape of little maidens, about a foot and a half high, and played about the circle. At first he was somewhat affrighted, but after some small acquaintance this antipathy in nature wore off, and he became pleased with their company. He told me they spoke with a very shrill voice, like an ancient woman; he asked them if there was a God, they told him there was; he asked them if there was a heaven or a hell—they said there was; he asked them what place heaven was, which they described as a place of great glory and happiness; and he asked them what place hell was, and they bid him ask no more questions of that nature, for it was a dreadful thing to relate that the devils believe and tremble. He asked them what sort of method or order they had among themselves, they told him they were divided between three orders; that they had a chief whose residence was in the air; that he had several councillors which were placed by him in the form of a globe, and he in the centre, which was the chiefest order; another order there was employed in going to and fro in the earth to carry intelligence from these lower spirits, and a third upon the earth according to the directions they should receive from them in the air. The description was very surprising, but being contrary to the account we have in the Scriptures of the hierarchy of the blessed angels made me conclude they were devils, but I could not convince him of it. He told me he bade them sing, and they went to some distance behind a bush, from whence he could hear a perfect concert, but of such music he never heard the like; and in the upper part he could hear something very harsh and shrill, like a reed, which gave a particular grace to the rest. But a quarter of a year after he came again to me; he said he wished he had taken my advice, for he thought he had done that which would cost him his life, and which he did heartily repent of, and indeed his eyes and countenance did show a great alteration. I asked him what he had done, he told me that being bewitched to his acquaintance, he resolved to proceed further in

this art, and to have a familiar spirit at his command, according to the directions of his book of what he called virgin's parchment, and consecrated with several incantations, as also a particular ink horn, ink and pen, for this purpose; with these he went to go out (as usual) to a crossway, and calling up a spirit, asked him his name, which he was to put in the first page of his book, and this was his familiar; thus he was to do by as many as he pleased, writing their names in different pages, only one in a leaf, and then, whenever he took the book and opened it, the spirit whose name appeared also appeared. When he did this, the familiar spirit was called Mulchi, a word in the Hebrew of an outward signification. After this they appeared faster than he desired and in most dismal shapes, like serpents, lions, bears, &c. and hissing at him or attempting to throw spears or balls of fire at him. This did very much affright him, and the more so because he found it not in his power to lay them; in so much that his hair, as he told me, stood upright. He expected every moment to be torn in pieces; this was in December, about midnight, where he continued till break of day, when they left him, and from that time he was never well so long as he lived. In his illness he came frequently to this city to consult with Mr. Jacobs, an apothecary in Broad-street, concerning his cure, but I know not whether he told him the origin or not. He also came to me at the same time and owned every matter of fact until the last, and insisted when he did anything of this nature, he was deluded in his conscience to think it lawful, but he was since convinced to the contrary. He still said he made no contract with any of those spirits; he never did any harm by their means; he never pryed into the future fortune of himself or others, and expressed a hearty repentance and detestation of his sin; so that, though those methods cost him his life in this world, yet I have a great reason to believe him happy in the other. I am not certain whether he gave this account to any other but myself, though he communicated something of it to Bayly, the minister of St. James's, in this city. Perhaps your lordship may be further informed from his relations and neighbours in Magnatsfield, who live in Gloucestershire, not above a mile out of the road from this city to Bath. I have frequently told the story, but never mentioned his name before, and therefore if your lordship have any desire of printing such an account, I desire it may be done with such a tenderness to his memory as may not in the least be prejudicial to his relations, who have the repute to be honest and sober people; however, I never heard anything to the contrary.

I am, your lordship's most dutiful son and servant,  
ARTHUR BEDFORD.

## FACTS, BY DR. ———

With a Moral by the Editor.

“Jetzt erst erkenn’ ich, was der Weise spricht :

‘Die Geister Welt ist nicht verschlossen ;  
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt !  
Auf! bade, Schüler, unverdrossen  
Die ird’sche Brust im Morgenroth !”

GOETHE.

THE following illustrations of the physical manifestations of (so-called) Spiritualism occurred in the house of the writer on the evenings of the 25th and 26th February, 1860, in the presence of two of his friends and of himself, through the mediumship of J. R. M. Squire, Esq., of Boston, U. S., at present on a visit in England. The writer of this narrative solemnly pledges his word of honour to the strict and literal accuracy, and to the careful sifting by himself and his friend, of every statement contained therein. He has the honour of a slight professional acquaintance with the President of the Royal Society. He is a member of the medical profession and a graduate of the University of Cambridge. He has classified the physical manifestations which he witnessed on these two occasions, by which they will be more readily narrated than if a strict chronological detail were given.

1. *Rapping*.—The raps on the dining table were loud, frequent, and intelligent, *i. e.* they responded to the wish of the medium, imitating his raps, rapping the numbers requested and giving responses by the alphabet to questions put.

The writer is positive that no attempt on the part of Mr. Squire, artificially, to produce *such* raps as he heard would have succeeded.

2. *Moving of Tables*.—The dining table, a large heavy oak table, 5 feet by 7 feet, was frequently lifted up and moved about the room, and this not by any of the four persons present. Again, a writing table on which the four witnesses seated themselves was twice tilted over with a strange unearthly facility, and they landed on the floor. These two facts, the raps and movements, the writer is fully conscious can only be received by those who have faith alike in his accuracy of statement, and in his power of observation and detection of fraud. What follows requires only faith in the truthfulness of his narrative.

3. *Writing by an unseen Agent*.—Mr. Squire held a pencil on a sheet of paper with one hand under the table. It was rapidly and audibly written on, and then pulled forcibly out of his hand and thrown across the room. On one sheet was written



the surname of the writer, and on the other, *O tarry thou*. (On the chimneypiece in the dining-room is an illuminated card with the verse from the Psalm, *O tarry thou, the Lord's leisure, &c.*)

Farther, the writer placed below the dining table, on two occasions, a piece of blank paper and a cedar pencil. The fire, partly wood, was burning brightly. The four persons present formed a circle with their hands on the table. Writing was distinctly heard on the paper. On examining the paper, the word "God" was three times written in a cramped hand, and on the other occasion the writer's surname.

No one present had the slightest chance of even touching the paper either before or after it was placed by the writer under the dining table.

4. *Ringing Bells, playing an Accordion, breaking the Cedar Pencil, &c., &c.*—A small hand bell placed on the paper under the table, and the hands of all four persons present being all the time, as before, held on the table in a circle, the bell was frequently and loudly rung; the number of times asked was rung, and the bell was thrown about the room, and thrown on to the table by some unseen agent. An accordion, similarly placed as the bell, was played by no human agent or power, and it was also freely moved and played while held in the writer's hand. The sensation thus produced resembled a bite of a strong fish at a line. The bell was tossed about and twisted and played with as if an ape had it in his paw, and also wrapped up in a pocket handkerchief which was on the ground. The cedar pencil, on the writer expressing the wish, was snapped in two, and one half thrown on the table. The chairs and a book were thrown across the room, falling as lightly as if they were an article of clothing. While the bell was being played with, the writer was five times distinctly touched on the leg under the table. The sensation was most unpleasant. Mr. Squire was also about this time, as far as the writer could judge in the dark by the sound of the voice, lifted about two feet in the air. This was accompanied with marked tremor and nervous exaltation.

5. *Lifting Weight and breaking a large Table.*—A heavy circular table, made of birch and strongly constructed, was lifted a somerset in the air and thrown on the bed, the left hand only of Mr. Squire being placed on the surface, his other hand held, and his legs tied to the chair on which he sat. The table was afterwards twice lifted on to the head of the writer and of Mr. Squire. Only a strong force applied at the further side of the circular top could have produced this result. This force Mr. Squire, as is evident from his position (standing close to the writer at one point of the circle with his hands tied), could not have exerted. The efforts of the writer to prevent this lifting of the table, had

no influence on the strange unseen force applied to lift the table thus against his wish and force.

At the writer's request, this table was afterwards smashed and broken,\* and one fragment thrown across the room, the table at the time being held by the writer and Mr. Squire. This occurred in half a minute. The writer has since vainly endeavoured, with all his strength, to break one of the remaining legs. The one broken was rent across the grain of the wood. The noise of the table thrown and knocked about by unseen agency on the floor, while the writer held *Mr. Squire's hands*, was really awful and mysterious, and it was *impossible* for Mr. Squire to have taken any part in the operation.

6. *Medium Writing*.—The sudden seizure of the hand of the medium with a desire to write, and the writing itself require to be seen to be credited. The writer contents himself with adding to this record three of the messages thus written, and afterwards, with some difficulty, spelt out. They do not appear to him at all worthy of the spiritual origin ascribed to them by Mr. Squire and the Spiritualists, still less does he regard them as a fraud. He feels satisfied that they were written by Mr. Squire, his hand tracing what his mind was quite unconscious of.

A.—*I do not desire to intrude myself upon you, gentlemen, but I may be able at some future time, to add somewhat largely to your ideas upon this subject, and will do so hereafter.*

B.—*I am quite well aware what a mind tinged with science most requires, and I am for one, quite proud to add, that I have perhaps a higher respect for such, than my friend the attorney, and so you may trust if we ever do chance to meet again, I shall bear such need in mind.*

C.—*Kind gentlemen, will you allow me to thank you for your strict attention, and to regret, if I may, your table. May a kind Providence guide and protect you and keep you in Christ Jesus.*

While these sheets are passing through the press, the writer had another opportunity, on the evening of the 16th March, of testing the truth of these phenomena, in the chambers of a

\* The phenomena related in this section were all performed in the dark, with a screen before the fire and in the presence of the whole party, a candle being from time to time lighted. The hands of Mr. Squire were held by the writer, who is as positive, as it is possible for a witness to be, that Mr. Squire neither could nor did aid or contribute to the production of these phenomena.

The writer is of course aware of the objection, that the dark offered an opportunity for fraud, and that it is faith in his honesty as a witness and capacity as an investigator of phenomena, opposed to all his previous prejudices and views, which must determine the reader how far he may be capable of deciding this question. He is most positively of opinion that such fraud was entirely and utterly impossible and impracticable.

Barrister, in the Temple. Two independent witnesses and himself and Mr. Squire were present. Suffice it here to record, that again the several phenomena of rapping, moving tables, writing by an unseen agent, touch, ringing of a bell, and medium writing were repeated and subjected to the most searching scrutiny.

The writer can only renew the expression of his unqualified belief that these phenomena were produced by some unseen agent, and that it was utterly and entirely out of Mr. Squire's power to perform them by legerdemain, had he been so disposed. The writer may be allowed to add his impression that anyone acquainted with Mr. Squire would at once acquit him of attempting such an imposture. Still this is not important, inasmuch as the opportunity was not given for such an attempt.

The writer of the above narrative solemnly re-asserts the truth of every incident detailed, all of which occurred in his own house and presence, and in that of his friend X. He can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of (*so-called*) Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place, or chance of any legerdemain or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing any one, by a mere narrative, of events apparently so out of harmony, with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet, he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts, of the truth of which, he is so thoroughly convinced.

Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our enquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil.

But to the thoughtful reader of the Word of God the recognition of spiritual agencies is no new doctrine, nor is it so to the student of ecclesiastical history. The writings of the fathers abound with statements of spiritual manifestations. Singularly enough, in the Apology of Tertullian, we find a reference to physical manifestations similar to those we are here considering. In speaking of the Christian miracles, he says that they have been imitated by persons who, by forming a chain with their hands, obtained by means of divining tables and chairs, miraculous manifestations. In the narrative in the Acts, of the damsel pos-

essed with the spirit of Python (*i. e.* of the oracle of Delphi\*) and of the evil spirits at the command of the Jew exorcists, in both of which instances the spirits are spoken of as a personality, and as recognizing the Lord Jesus and the Apostle of the Gentiles. It is interesting to compare the commentary of divines who admit the existence of spiritual agencies with that of those who deny the same. The painful effort of the learned Lardner, in his *Credibility of the Gospel history*, to explain away the power of that spirit of Python, which dwelt in the damsel of Philippi, is a curious illustration of how men twist the plain narrative of Holy Scripture to fit their own notions and theological tenets.

In surveying this new world of thought opened to him by the physical manifestations here recorded, the writer feels it due to his position distinctly to state that he does not accept the interpretation which the American sect, terming themselves *Spiritualists*, place on these phenomena. He does not believe that the raps, and table-tiltings, and strange fantastic freaks, which he here records, are the acts of the spirits of the departed, nor of their efforts to communicate with the living. Still less is he prepared to receive the doctrine that the trashy commonplace evangelical dicta, enunciated by medium-writing and raps, are communications from the Spirit of God, in support of the truth of Revelation. It is his opinion that the doctrines of the *Spiritualists*, as set forth in their American and English writings, tend, in the few instances in which they soar above vulgar credulity, to materialist teaching of the most objectionable kind. It is not the place here to enter into this wide question; only in recording his belief in the physical manifestations here related, the writer has felt it due to himself, as a member of the Church of England, to guard against the implication of thereby accepting the opinions of the American professors, who have related and theorised on such manifestations.

The writer would in conclusion add, that the strange physical manifestations he has related, remind him more of the vagaries of *Puck* in the *Midsummer's Night Dream*, or of the wild scene in the *Walpurgisnacht*, in *Faust*, than of anything else.

At any rate, believing as he does, that reason is the highest attribute of his nature, and the reflected image of his Creator, the writer cannot accept as emanations from the Spirit, revelations of a spiritual nature inconsistent with his intuitive conceptions of

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\* The opinion of scholars is divided on the question of the oracle of Delphi, as to whether it possessed the power of answering questions relating to the future, or were merely a skilful contrivance of priestcraft. Cicero's testimony is positive: "Manet id quod negari non potest, nisi omnem historiam perverterimus, multa seculis verax fuisse id oraculum." Such was also Milton's opinion: "The oracles are dumb," &c., &c.

the nature and attributes of God. He cannot trace the dignity of the Divine power, in breaking cedar pencils, and tables, or ringing bells, nor its wisdom in the mild communications of the medium-writings. He believes that if God meant to reveal to him that this Spiritualism was the work of His Holy Spirit, He would not have given His will, in the very heathenish oracular manner here recorded. He fails to see anything like Divine wisdom or Divine power, in these unreasoning medium-writings and grotesque physical phenomena, and he desires the aid of those better qualified than himself to explain the nature of the unseen agency which he here attests.\* His own impression is, that the power is similar to that manifested at the Delphic Oracle, and by the ancient sorcerers and magicians, and he believes that the spirit of Python, silenced by the incarnation, has revived, with some of its ancient power.

M. R. C. P.

[Now, gentle reader, who is this member of the Royal College of Physicians who has so kindly given us his experience, and his theory? The facts, at all events, seem to be pretty strong, even if the theory should be a little of the weakest, and we would under ordinary circumstances have left both to speak for themselves, but that the case is an interesting and instructive one, and contains a moral capable of very wide application.

Let the world of science and letters know that this candid physician was, until those fatal "evenings of the 25th and 26th February, 1860," one of themselves. He was hand and glove with the learned editors and sciolists who deny all these manifestations, and attribute either folly or knavery to those who profess to have witnessed them. Nay, he was one of them himself. It is but three years ago, this very auspicious and appropriate first of April, since he himself came forward, in his capacity of editor of a scientific psychological journal, with an elaborate essay of thirty-six pages, in which he committed himself to the hilt, in all the ways so common to the craft, against not only the fact, but the possibility of these very manifestations.

As to the higher manifestations of a true Spiritualism, of which the Bible is full, and which are the base and substance of Christianity, and of the dealings of God with man, and the continuance of which may be traced through all the intervening times, they were to him explicable only by the "great mental and physiological law of unconscious cerebration." Inspiration, genius, and the actings of God's providence in the affairs of men

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\* Any communication for the writer will be received and forwarded by the publisher of the *Spiritual Magazine*, Mr. Pitman.

and the moral government of the world, were resolved into "automatic action."

These innate powers and faculties of the soul, being in their nature incapable of being handled, heard, or seen, still less of being put under a microscope, or pounded in a mortar, were absolutely denied as spiritual powers or possibilities, and unfortunately it is impossible to demonstrate their existence or their origin, except to those who have spiritual discernment. But that same spiritual philosophy, which has these highest forms for its fitting crown, has also lower down, through an unbroken chain, certain phenomena which are capable of demonstration, even to the most unbelieving F. R. S. of modern London. These gentlemen, however, for the most part, content themselves with sitting at home and denying the existence of the facts. Their years have been spent in mastering the physical manifestations of the laws of gravitation, far too closely to enable them to see the spiritual base of those and of all other laws; and being clever above the common, they look upon these new phenomena as impertinent intrusions into their small domain.

So this Doctor in his essay, when he came to treat of the knocks and table movings, which occurred at Ealing, in the presence of Mr. Home, as described in Mr. Rymer's pamphlet, says of them—

"These are strong facts, and it is allowing a great deal to say that we think Mr. Rymer to be in earnest in stating his belief in them. *For ourselves we cordially disbelieve them, and shall gladly give any one the opportunity of convincing us.* In the meanwhile, we venture to recommend to Mr. Rymer's attentive study, an old fashioned college text-book, which we suspect he has never opened—*Pratt's Mechanical Philosophy.* He will there learn of those immutable laws which the unchanging God has impressed once and for ever on creation; and reading of the wondrous harmony and order which reign by their operation throughout the wide bounds of creation, he may perhaps come to share our doubts and disbelief of those imaginings which tell us of their violation in moving tables and shaking lamps, and dancing chairs; and he may perchance, should his study prosper, catch also a sense of the pitying scorn with which those nurtured on the strong meat of the inductive philosophy, within the very courts and halls that Newton trod, view these sickly Spiritualist dreamers, thus drunk with the new wine of folly and credulity."

This is pretty strong; but there is a good deal more of the same sort, which would do the greatest credit to Sir B. Brodie, or any of the fellows of the society over which he presides. It might be written in the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, the *Examiner*, or the *Critic*, with great approval by their readers. But how sad a commentary upon it, are the "facts," from the same pen, at the head of the article! Let us take another specimen:

"The Spiritualists are not content with their asserted victory over the physical laws which govern nature. That tables and chairs should move by spiritual aid, and rap out by unseen knocks theological common-places, does not content them. Their art invades even the domains of the senses. *They farther calmly record,*

and call upon us to credit the statements, that music and sweet sound is produced by these spirits without any human agency, and that hands clothed in flesh, and belonging to none present, are seen at their circles, and endowed, too, with muscular power and a will to direct them; that those hands take rings and put them on, and greet with the accustomed pressure the friendly touch. Mrs. Crossland says 'there are hundreds of persons who have been touched by spirit hands, have seen the writing of spirit fingers, have beheld the spirit hands become incarnate, and move and handle visible objects, and have watched their material covering fade away, even as a thick feather of steam dissolves into nothingness.' These manifestations Mrs. Crossland states, and Mr. Rymer has also told us the same 'do not occur except in the presence of such a powerful medium as Mr. Home.' *Our own opinion is that Professor Wiljalba Erikell, now performing at St. James's Theatre, would probably be found to be a medium of at least equal power.*

"Again, the assertion that musical instruments play without human agency is equally bold, as also testimony to the fact, that certain favored mediums (we again suggest Professor Erikell) float about the room."

The doctor then quotes, with high approval, and with *italics*, some words of Coleridge:

"All these stories, and I could quote fifty equally well authenticated, as to the fact of their having seen and heard such and such sights and sounds, are as much like one another as the symptoms of the same disease in different patients. And this, indeed, I take to be the true and only solution, a contagious nervous disease, the acmè or intensest form of which is Catalepsy."

And the Doctor then concludes:

"These notes of Coleridge appear to us to settle the Wesley raps and sounds quite effectually, despite of Southey's apparent belief in their reality."

Surely all this should furnish a lesson to the learned world not to form opinions without more knowledge, and to have a little less elevated notion of themselves, and a better opinion of the visual and audient powers of other people. Surely now the whole body of the learned will believe, after the honest and frank statement of one of themselves, of the error into which he had been led by the neglect of their own great rule of scientific investigation.

Unfortunately there is not the smallest chance of this. They will be just as unbelieving as ever, and the battle must go on for years yet to come. Observe another pregnant fact. Why does not the doctor give his name at the end of his facts? To his honor be it known, he was not only willing but anxious to give it, as the only reparation he could now make to those whom he had so bravely aspersed, and to the facts which, from his little knowledge, he had so derided and denied. But he was strongly recommended by the writer not to give his name, in deference to the consequences which in all probability would ensue in a few weeks were he to do so. He is the honored and very competent head of an institution which is a credit to this England of ours, but which it is most likely would be placed in other hands were he to avow his belief publicly in these facts. Think of that, ye learned, and ye editors of leading journals and reviews, in whose hands are the advance-

ment of the race. What an unenviable position is yours, thus to be so far in the rear of knowledge that it must not be even mentioned in your presence!

The doctor's friend too, who also joins in the responsibility of what he has stated, is connected closely with a learned body which reckons the Prince Consort amongst its members. He too for that reason cannot give his name!

There was, however, another piece of advice which was given at the same time to the doctor by the writer of these remarks, namely, that as he now acknowledged, for the first time, the facts which are at the very bottom of the ladder of Spiritualism, he should observe them and turn them over in his mind, and read and study for a twelvemonth, or even two years before he began to theorize upon them. It would have been more in accord with the true method of scientific analysis, and of the inductive theory, had he followed this advice, and probably had he been less learned he would have done so, but unfortunately he is acquainted with Tertullian and has read of the *Oracle of Delphi*, of *Puck* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and of the *Walpurgisnacht*. Experience has not, in the short interval between those "evenings of the 25th and 26th February, 1860" and the time of penning his facts, been able to teach him wisdom, and so he comes out with a full-blown theory, by which the facts are to be explained.

To be sure, in order to lay his foundation for this eminent superstructure, he has to invent a fact which has no existence, namely, that the believers in these physical phenomena attribute them to the working of the Holy Spirit; and as he can see that this is not the probable cause of them, he has no difficulty in broaching his theory, that "the spirit of Python, silenced by the incarnation, has revived with some of its ancient power," and in a private note he adds, (not that his own inveterate scepticism made it necessary, but) that "the wickedness of men is the cause of it," and "the grotesque physical phenomena remind him more of the vagaries of *Puck*, or of the wild scene in the *Walpurgisnacht* in *Faust*, than of anything else." Now, when all this classical writing is turned into plain English, we have no difficulty in recognizing our old friend the Devil, who is the *Deus ex Machina* of the parsons, and by whom they account for everything they cannot comprehend. Only in the doctor's hands, he takes the form of a classical devil, and is called a Python, or a Puck.

The writer, however, who was present at all these "grotesque physical phenomena," and who vouches for the truth of the doctor's narrative, failed to see anything of the devil in them, and as to Mr. Puck, he does not even know who he is, nor where



he lives, nor what may be his powers. He never heard of Puck's writing the holy word "God" three times on a paper, nor of the devil desiring that "a kind Providence may guide and protect you, and keep you in Christ Jesus."

The writer had been for three years, at intervals, endeavouring to convince the doctor, by insisting on the higher psychical phenomena of spiritual laws, but entirely without success. Indeed, in the letter which the doctor wrote, asking for the interview with Mr. Squire, which terminated in those two memorable evenings, he used these words, "I am no further than I was three years ago in my examination of the question; *my requirement is not theory, nor dim Spiritualist musings, but facts. I deny that the law of gravitation can by any possibility be reversed, and so a table move, without the application of a lever.* I am willing to attend anywhere in London, and at any time, to witness facts, provided I be permitted to bring one friend, (I shall select a Cambridge graduate,) and if I do see any of the laws which I hold alone to govern the physical world, reversed, as the Spiritualists assert they are, I shall of course publicly, like an honest man, retract my printed denial of the possibility of the occurrence of those facts."

Now, how is a mind of this order to be convicted? The appeal to its higher reason had been found for years to be fruitless. Its higher reason told it that the whole was impossible, because it went beyond that "old-fashioned college text-book, *Pratt's Mechanical Philosophy,*" and it therefore denied all spiritual dynamics, although it can be demonstrated that Christianity itself is based upon them. It cried aloud for physical facts as the only elements on which it could exercise its powers, and it got them. Even whilst the facts were occurring in such rapid succession, *there was not one which was not in immediate answer to a request for it. The direct writing, the music, the table lifting, the bell ringing, the pencil-breaking, and the smashing of the heavy iron-clamped table; the spirit touches, and the throwing of the table a somerset in the air were equally and severally asked for by the doctor.* Even when the writer interposed a word on behalf of the poor table, which the doctor was most anxious to see broken, the answer was, that it must be broken even if it were worth twenty pounds; and, so smashed it was, and great was the smashing of it, and one of its legs ripped off, was thrown across the room at the writer's feet.

There is a want of generosity, even in dealing with the devil, in not publicly thanking him for such compliance as he shewed on those two evenings, instead of throwing it in his teeth as the doctor does.

After all, this pythonic agency seems to have done the doctor

a signal service, because if it exist in such alarming power it is well we should know of it, and it has certainly enlarged his perceptions to a great extent already as to spiritual laws. There is, however, much for him, as for all of us yet to learn. He would find, by extending his classical reading, that the power manifested at the ancient oracles was not silenced either at nor by the incarnation, but that, on the contrary, it existed for some centuries afterwards, and is frequently mentioned by many writers of the times. Neither have the other manifestations of spiritual power ever ceased, but they may be clearly traced through all the ages up to the present. Tertullian himself, from whom the curious extract is made, has frequent mention of the higher phases of spiritual power. The mediæval philosophy was neither more nor less than a search after this hidden key to the soul. In a word, Spiritualism, which is the science of spiritual creative laws and of God's providence and mode of acting upon the inmost of man, cannot ever have been absent in its manifestings, though sometimes it has come in grotesque forms either to arrest the attention, or at the bidding of those who could not otherwise be persuaded of its existence.

The doctor must take our advice, and wait for a better theory. Our readers will not be satisfied to be told that the devil has begun, in consequence of the wickedness of men, to convert members of the College of Physicians to a belief in spiritual dynamics.

The hobby of "undignified manifestations," which the doctor brings out for an airing, will not carry him far, when he remembers that he only got what he asked for, and what was most suited to the state of mental negation, which was so rampant in him. We would rather believe it the office of a high angel thus to come down to the requirements of his mind, as a loving mother does to the infantile comprehension of her child, than to suppose the arch-fiend interesting himself to remove the unreasoning denial of a fact of stupendous import.—*Ed.*]

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THOMAS PAINE, in his *Age of Reason*, after stating that he had not studied matters of government, and with a view of showing how he acquired the knowledge of them which earned him such fame, says—"Any person who has made observations on the state and progress of the human mind by observing his own, cannot but have observed that there are two distinct classes of what are called thoughts: those that we produce in ourselves by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that bolt into the mind of their own accord. I have always made it a rule to treat those voluntary visitors with civility, taking care to examine, as well as I was able, if they were worth entertaining; and *it is from them* I have acquired almost all the knowledge that I have.

## PENNY-A-LINERS' TRASH.

WHAT quantities of rubbish having no foundation in fact, or only in the old proportion of a grain of wheat to a bushel of chaff, we, the simple public, are continually treated to, as news. The poor penny-a-liner, necessitated to make up matter enough for the newspapers, to pay for his loaf and lodgings, gives us inventions for facts, and we think we are duly informed of the world's thereabouts. It is only when we stumble upon a subject that is familiar to us that we discover the cheat, and even then do not comprehend that the same cheat runs through the whole system of journalism. Spiritualism has of late excited a considerable share of attention, and the penny-a-liner has begun to seize on it as a profitable topic, and to spend some of his most amusing fancies upon it. The following statement has been going the round of the country papers, and the simple provincials, who think all is gospel that comes from London, have read, believed it, and exclaimed, "How very odd!" It would have looked much odder had they known how the penny-a-liner was laughing in his sleeve as he wrote it.

"**SPIRIT-RAPPING AMONG THE ARISTOCRACY.**—Mr. Home, the great Caledonian 'medium,' the Cagliostro of our days, has returned from Russia with a young and beautiful wife, possessing uncounted bags of roubles, and is again hunting our West-end routs and soirées. A few days ago he was seen in a private circle, of which Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Devonshire, and others formed part; and it is said that by his astonishing feats of Spiritualism he succeeded in converting the above noblemen, as well as many of the fair sex who happened to be present, among them Lady Byron, Lady Stuart, and the wife of the Right Hon. Thomas Milner Gibson, M.P. Another night the great medium took part in a discussion at the residence of a distinguished literary man at Chelsea, and the conversation falling on Newton and the laws of gravity, boldly asserted that the said laws were counteracted by higher spiritual causes, all of them at the command of inspired humanity; to prove which Mr. Home was seen lifting himself up from the ground and ascending to the ceiling by the mere force of his will and without any visible external assistance. Numerous persons witnessed this extraordinary feat, and are repeating its details wherever they go. It must be remarked, however, that Mr. Home had an assistant in these and other performances—an American, named Squire, who accompanies him everywhere. Mr. Squire is a long, thin, wiry man; ghostlike in all his movements; with bloodless cheeks, and fingers which seem to twist and crawl about like spiders' feet. When in his mesmeric sleep, Squire looks positively ghastly, the very picture of one whom the tomb has returned to the upper world. But the ladies—dear creatures, they have such strange tastes—are one and all expressing their unbounded admiration of Mr. Squire, and it is whispered that numerous offers of marriage from most eligible parties have already been conveyed to him in a discreet, indirect manner. On the recommendation of the master, however, who is fearing a loss of Spiritualism, the disciple has made a solemn vow of celibacy. Mr. Home, too, had made this vow, and kept it until his recent journey to the land of the Czar, where he was informed by three distinct visions that the time had come for him of choosing a partner. The partner so indicated having the same visions at exactly the same time, nothing remained but obeying the will of the Unknown Voice. Yet, even though committed under inspiration, Mr. Home freely confesses that by his marriage he

has lost a certain quantity of Spiritualism, to recover which he had to associate with his new American friend. The compensation has proved perfect, as all now who have seen the master since his return."—*Court Circular*.

Now, let us sift this chaff-heap. Yes! there is just one grain of truth, and that we have no doubt the penny-a-liner got from the *Spiritual Magazine*: namely, that Mr. Home has returned from Russia with a beautiful and amiable wife, and plenty of money; and, therefore, has no occasion to "hunt" the West-End routs for any man's notice or for any profit of any sort. That is one-half of the grain of truth; the other is, that he is occasionally lifted into the air by the spirits, as we saw in this journal repeatedly stated, and where also the public might have found all the other truths about Mr. Home. As to the very circumstantial account of the *séance* at which the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, Lady Stuart and Lady Byron were present, we are in a condition to assert that no such *séance* ever existed. That many of our aristocracy are happy to see Mr. Home at their houses, and to satisfy themselves of the marvellous power which acts through him is true enough, and the aristocracy therein show a much greater amount of sense than most men of literature and science, who go on protesting that there is no such power amongst us; when it is as notorious a fact, as that men bigotted to any creed in science or religion are the blindest men that exist. Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham have shown that they have the common sense and the courage to inquire, "whether these things are so:" but that the Duke of Devonshire, or Lady Byron, or Lady Stuart ever witnessed the wondrous manifestations of Mr. Home is a pure fiction.

Equally penny-a-line trash is that statement that Mr. Home has lost any of his power, or is obliged to seek aid from Mr. Squire. This Mr. Squire, "who accompanies him everywhere," has been in the same company with Mr. Home not more than four or five times in his whole life. And really if Mr. Squire were the ghostlike figure, "with bloodless cheeks, and fingers which seem to twist and crawl about like spiders' feet," he could put the West-End routs to the rout pretty quickly by his very appearance. The dear ladies there, who express their unbounded admiration of him and overwhelm him with such offers of marriage, must rather take him for a spectre, that Mr. Home has conjured up for his use. The simple truth is, that these gentlemen are as much gentlemen, as simply well-bred, as personable and presentable as any gentleman or nobleman that they are likely to meet in West-End routs or any other companies. And we give the ladies credit for more taste than the poor penny-a-liner of the *Court Circular* does, who probably never was in the company of real ladies in his life. As to the marvellous mani-

festations presented by Mr. Squire, we have this month, a very wonderful example given in the article "Facts, by Dr. —."

Such is the trash circulated in this country in the face of the extensive circulation of the true statements on all these subjects every month in the *Spiritual Magazine*. Whenever, therefore, any one hears a question about Spiritualism, and *wishes to know the truth*, he has only to turn to these pages and he will find it. For those who prefer penny-a-liners' trash, let them by all means continue to delude themselves with any hoax which

"Lies like truth, and yet most truly lies."

### SPIRITUO-MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.

THE Rev. T. L. Harris, in his sermon of the morning of the 19th February, 1860, said, as far as my memory serves me:—"Every flower, fruit, and tree emits into nature the best portion of its being—its essence. But who has seen the aromal essence of a flower? Who has beheld the essential form thus given off into the universe?"

This question caused me to remember a curious circumstance which occurred some months ago at the residence of two relatives, neither of them sharing those spiritual beliefs which I hold dearer than my life. I will briefly relate the facts, for there are two. The first is as follows:—

Another near relative and myself had visited my two lady relatives; and after tea, in the evening, a beautiful night-stock was placed on the table underneath a gas lamp with two burners, one of which only was lighted, with a green shade to throw the light down. As the fragrance of the flower diffused itself through the room, it was remarked by all of us, and I not being familiar with the plant, was led to examine it more closely. And as I looked there seemed to be a floating mist rising from the flowers of the plant, which I immediately mentioned to my relatives; one of them, the one who accompanied me, and whose hand is used for spiritual communication, looked intently, and after a long time saw the "smoke," as we termed it, and then another of the party saw it—one of those who are incredulous on the subjects discussed in this magazine. But the fourth person did not see it.

I have long noticed, it is here necessary to remark, that when I put my two forefingers nearly together, a spark invariably passes from the extremity of the right forefinger to the corresponding extremity of the left. Nor have my own eyes alone

seen this; it has been seen by others, and I have no doubt that under conditions, and if experiments be instituted on the point, this will be found common to all persons who, like myself, possess sanguine-nervous temperament.

But I was not prepared for the result of my experiment with the night-stock. I mentioned this peculiar flash, electric or odylic, to my relatives, and tried it in the usual way with the usual result. I then approached my left forefinger to the flower of the night-stock, to within half an inch distance of the plant, and immediately perceived and felt an electric or odylic flash pass from the flower. I am not sure that any other person saw this, although I think it was perceived by the lady relative resident in the same house with me, and on referring to her such is the statement made by her. On approaching the leaves, the flashes were obtainable at the distance of more than an inch, but less than an inch and a half. The right forefinger produced similar flashes, but of less intensity.

I regard this as a matter of science, although I do not for one moment doubt that spirit pervades all matter; the question for consideration is, what caused the flash *from* the flowers and leaves? It could not be with force of my own, as I was unprepared for the result; more probably, I throw it out only as an opinion, I had broken in upon the odylic sphere of the flower, which thus reacted upon the electro-odylic battery of my nervous system. Cornelius Agrippa (whose three books on Occult Philosophy contain a mass of wonderful speculations upon nature, man, spirit, and God), suggests the existence, throughout his work, of a subtile essence, sympathetic and antipathetic, between all things. It is a matter for investigation; and until a series of facts are eliminated by independent observers, must remain uncertain.

Now for my second anecdote, which is more singular still in one respect. That, namely, of its origin and the circumstances under which it was related. I have mentioned that there were four persons in the room, and that three saw the "smoke" from the night-stock, but one did not, but laughed at the whole affair, and at my deductions, and at the possibility of communicating with spirits at all. But this fourth person at once said that she had seen in her flower gardens, of which she is very fond, the following remarkable phenomenon:—

Among her flower beds she had one of Indian pinks. My relative had armed herself with the needful gloves, spud, and what other appurtenances might be necessary, and one day proceeded to this bed for the purpose of clearing it from those plagues and destroyers of flowers—the slug. As she stooped down in one portion of the bed, she saw a white slug standing upon its caudal

extremity (if they have such things) and, as my relative thought, trying to reach one of the lower leaves of the plant. But, as my incredulous relative looked, instead of the slug stretching itself to the plant, more than its whole length from it, the leaf gradually bent down, and was attracted by the slug who, at last, swang himself on to the leaf, a joyful tenant, and I trust his pain and patience were recompensed, for my relative had not the heart to kill it.

This points to some, as yet occult, magnetic law on which it would be interesting for observations to be recorded. It possesses more value as coming from one who neither has a scientific theory to sustain, nor a spiritual belief—as the opponents of our subject would say—to blind the judgment.

I have mentioned these matters to friends privately, but have not thought on them for a long time. Mr. Harris's remarks have re-awakened my reminiscences, and I communicate them at once.

K. R. H. M.

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Owing to the miscarriage of a proof sheet, the article in our last number on "Spiritualism among the Mormons" contains a few typographical errors, and the following paragraph was omitted at page 135, fifteen lines from bottom:—

There are three different hypotheses, or statements, concerning the origin of the Book of Mormon. *First*—The revelation of an angel. This is the origin assigned to it by Joseph Smith, and which is accepted by the Mormons. *Second*—Fraud. Those who adopt this view, usually trace its origin to a religious manuscript novel by a clergyman named Spalding; this novel professes to give a history of the ten lost tribes—the supposed progenitors of the Indians. It is alleged that Smith, or an accomplice, surreptitiously obtained possession of this manuscript, and interspersing with it some religious matter, published it as the Book of Morinou. This is the popular version that we find in books and newspapers, and is said to have been attested by some of Spalding's relatives and neighbours. Concerning this theory, we would refer the reader to an article in the *Millennial Star*, by Elder F. Harrison, (Vol. xix, No. 4.) in which he challenges a comparison of the two books, and by an analysis of them endeavours to show that the history in the Book of Mormon "annihilates his (Spalding's) theory, explodes it entirely, and is at variance with it from first to last. The *third* version, that of Dr. Brownson, assigns the Book of Mormonism generally, mainly to diabolical agency. We present his statement entire, as it is but little known, and is too curious to be omitted. The reader must take it with the rest for what it may appear worth, regard being paid to the fact that Dr. Brownson is now a zealous partisan of the Romish Church. He says, "Joe Smith was an idle, shiftless lad, utterly incapable of conceiving, far less of executing the project of founding a new church. He was ignorant, illiterate, and weak, and of bad reputation. I knew his family, and even him also in his boyhood, before he became a prophet. He was one of those persons in whose hand the divining rod will operate, and he and others of his family spent much time in searching for watercourses, minerals, and hidden treasures. Every mesmerizer would at once have recognised him as an impressible subject. He also could throw himself, by artificial means—that of a peculiar kind of stone, which he called his Urim and Thummim—into the sleep-waking state, in which only would he or could he prophesy. In that state he seemed another man. Ordinarily his look was dull and heavy, almost stupid; his eye had an impressive glare, and he was rough and rather profane. But the moment he consulted his Urim and Thummim, and the spirit was upon him, his face brightened up, his eye shone and sparkled as living fire, and he seemed instinct with a life and energy not his own. He was in those times, as one of his apostles assured me, 'awful to behold.'"

## SPIRITUALISM AND JOHN WESLEY.

By the Author of *Confessions of a Truth Seeker*.

It required to point out to whom among our countrymen the title of Christian apostle is pre-eminently due, we think we should but express the universal judgment of Protestant Christendom in unhesitatingly naming John Wesley. Sore need was there in his generation of such a man. The then state of England is described as "awfully irreligious." An easy-going indifference to the claims of religion and the needs of the poor permeated the higher and middle classes of society. The fire of Puritanism burned low, and the Church of the land thought she sufficiently did her duty to God and society in taking care of herself and her tithes; the thunderclap of the French Revolution not having yet startled her from her slumbers. "The majority of the clergy were ignorant, worldly-minded, and irreligious, and many of them scandalized their profession by open immorality." The poor were in a state of practical heathenism, "a mere animal existence was considered as their best condition, religious or intellectual instruction was never supposed to require a direction towards them, perhaps not thought capable of descending so low in the scale of society. They were in a state of the most deplorable ignorance that can be imagined, and with that, too generally, in a state of corresponding brutality." The first impulse towards a better state of things, towards that sympathy with, and interest in, the condition of the poor and ignorant, which happily from that time has gone on steadily increasing, and towards a religious awakening and earnestness among all classes and in all churches, was given by the labours of John Wesley and his fellow-workers.

To this work of preaching the Gospel to the poor—to those who were then neglected and uncared for, to colliers and miners, to the rudest and roughest of the population, he devoted the best energies of his life. He did not confine his gospel ministry to sacred times and places, but hallowed all times and places in which he moved, by consecrating them to God's service: travelling day and night, preaching in the field, the market-place, in private or public rooms, whenever and wherever he could get the opportunity. Religion to him, was eminently a personal and practical thing, to be worked out in the conscience and the life—a quickening of the soul by the operation of God's Holy Spirit co-operating with the individual will. Hence he always appealed to the hearts of his hearers, exhorting men everywhere to repent, and reasoning with them concerning temperance, righteousness and judgment to come; and God's Spirit worked in him and with



him. His self-denial, earnestness, and faith, were rewarded with a degree even of immediate success, that falls to the lot of but few men, and much of the good that he did lives after him.

Wesley was a man of conscience and of Christian courage, who had learned the lesson—

“Above all to thine own self be true.”

He was a Spiritualist, and dared to avow his spiritualism in the midst of the faithless, we had almost said, godless eighteenth century in which he lived. Yes, we repeat it, Wesley was an avowed spiritualist; even in the modern restricted sense in which that designation is now frequently employed. He (in common with all who witnessed them) believed in the spiritual origin of the strange phenomena at his father's house,—the Rectory, Epworth; phenomena exhibiting the characteristic movements of objects by invisible agency, apparitions, rapping responses, &c., which are found in the spiritual manifestations of the present day.\*

In his *Reply to Middleton's Free Inquiry*, he maintained the continuance and manifestation of spiritual gifts in the Christian church in the first three centuries of its history, and avowed his conviction that in the Gospel there was no limitation of them to any age of the world.

He believed in the agency of both good and evil spirits. In his *Journal*, and in the *Arminian Magazine*, he narrates several instances, some under his own observation, of demonic invasion and possession; and he records his “solemn protest” against the violent compliment to religion of those who would give up all account of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables, affirming this opinion to be “in opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrages of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations.” Again, in speaking of witchcraft, or commerce with evil spirits, he affirms that this belief has its foundation not only in Scripture, “in abundance of passages, both in the Old and New Testament,” (as he shows by citation of several passages) but also “in the histories of all ages and all nations throughout the habitable world, even where Christianity never obtained,” and adds, “I cannot believe that the whole body of the heathens, for so many generations, were utterly destitute of common sense, any more than of common honesty. With my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels, one great proof of the invisible world; I mean that of witchcraft and apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages.”

On the other hand, Wesley, with equal earnestness, believed

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\* We propose to present a full account of the spiritual manifestations at Epworth, in a separate article.

and preached the ministration of good spirits and the guardianship of angels, in temporal, as well as in spiritual concerns; that especially we were under God frequently indebted to them, not only for the inspiration of holy thoughts and feelings, but for deliverance in danger, and for the cure of bodily disease. Many events in his own life, as well as in the lives of others, he attributed to their invisible guidance and protection. He believed in spiritual visions and presentiments, and in divine dreams; and, as remarked by Southey, "he related cures wrought by his faith and prayer, which he believed and represented as positively miraculous." "How often are spirits with us when we do not think of it!" he exclaims in his *Journal*; and he anticipates and answers the "*qui bono?*" with which all narratives of the spiritual kind are commonly met, with the remark that, "if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their (the unbelievers) whole castle in the air (deism, atheism, and materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer this weapon to be wrested out of our hands."

In the last sermon that Wesley wrote, (on Heb. xi. 1) he remarks, "It is a pleasing thought, that some of these human spirits, attending us with, or in the room of angels, are of the number of those that were dear to us while in the body."

' Can death's interposing tide,  
Spirits one in Christ divide?'

..... How much will it add to the happiness of those spirits which are already discharged from the body, that they are permitted to minister to those they have left behind? An indisputable proof of this we have in the twenty-second chapter of the *Revelations*. When the apostle fell down to worship the glorious spirit, which he seems to have mistaken for Christ, he told him plainly, *I am of thy fellow servants, the prophets*; not God, not an angel, but a human spirit. And in how many ways may they minister to the heirs of salvation? Sometimes by counteracting wicked spirits whom we cannot resist, because we cannot see them; sometimes by preventing our being hurt by men or beasts, or inanimate creatures. . . . It may indeed be objected that God has no need of any subordinate agents of either angelical or human spirits, to guard his children in their waking or sleeping hours; seeing He that keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep. And certainly He is able to preserve them by His own immediate power, without any instruments at all, to supply the wants of all His creatures, both in heaven and earth. But it is, and ever was, His pleasure not to work by His own immediate power only, but chiefly by subordinate means, from

the beginning of the world. And how wonderfully is His wisdom displayed in adjusting all these to each other! so that we may well cry out, '*O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!*'"

In another sermon, speaking of dreams, he observes, "We know the origin of dreams with some degree of certainty; there can be no doubt but that some of them arise from the present constitution of the body, while others of them are probably occasioned by the passions of the mind. Again, we are clearly informed in Scripture, that some are caused by the operation of good angels; as others undoubtedly are owing to the power and malice of evil angels. From the same divine treasury of knowledge we learn, that on some extraordinary occasions, the Great Father of Spirits has manifested himself to human spirits, *in dreams and visions of the night*. But which of all these arise from natural, which from supernatural, influence, we are many times not able to determine." And he proceeds to show that as dreams are "a kind of digression from our real life," so, "there is a near resemblance between these transient dreams and the dreams of (our mortal) life."\*

In order to weaken the force of Wesley's testimony in favour of Spiritualism, it is common to say, "Ah! yes, Wesley was a good man, but he was so exceedingly credulous." Southey speaks of his "voracious credulity;" but the only evidence offered in support of this statement that we have met with, amounts to this, that Wesley was as willing to accept evidence in proof of spiritual agency as his critics are to reject it. True, he did not at once set aside a well-attested narrative of spiritual experience, because he could not fully understand it. "This," he says, "is no considerable objection to me, as my understanding is not the adequate measure of truth." That he was never deceived or imposed upon in these matters, we will not undertake to assert, but we believe that with all their sagacity, these critics are far more frequently imposed upon, especially by themselves, deceived by their own "voracious credulity" in the opposite direction. We have always found that these gentlemen will welcome any theory, however inadequate, accept any explanation, however far-fetched, rather than believe in the intelligence and honesty of a fellow-Christian, when his testimony to facts would establish the reality of spiritual agencies operating in the midst of us. Offer them as an alternative to this, an hypothesis which will enable them either to deny the facts in question, or to explain them in a way that shall exclude all spiritual action in the case.

\* See also his sermon on Heb. i, 14. Those who have not Wesley's Sermons to refer to, may find a portion of it quoted in my Essay on "Guardian Angels and Ministering Spirits."—*British Spiritual Telegraph*, vol. iii.

and then there is no limit to their gullibility, or at least, none that we have succeeded in discovering.

Wesley was not so easily duped as these parties would have us believe; he could distinguish between facts and fancies, between physical excitement and spiritual operation, and detect artifices to enlist his sympathies as readily as most men. He knew, not only how to observe facts, but how to reason upon them, as his critics may discover if they will take the trouble to refer to his "Compendium of Logic;" and in doing so, they will certainly do themselves no harm. Those who know what Wesley was, and what he did, will know that he was not a dreamer but a worker; not a lover of extravagancies but a lover of order; that his was an orderly, noble, Christian life; and that in shrewdness and sober good sense few men have been his superior.

The religious revival, under Wesley's preaching, presented the same evidence of a spiritual action on the bodies of many of those "convicted," as we have seen in the recent Ulster revival. Men and women were struck to the earth, or were seized with tremblings and convulsions, declaring that they felt a pain as though pierced with a sword, which made them cry out with anguish. Of some, we read that "they were in strong pain, both their souls and bodies being well nigh torn asunder." Some of the stricken ones, involuntarily, and even against their will, would cry out in unpremeditated language; some few with laughter and profanity, but the greater number in prayer for mercy and deliverance from sin. Nor was it merely those predisposed by sympathy and expectation who were stricken; as in the Ulster revival—some who disbelieved and jeered at the stricken were struck themselves. For instance, Wesley tells us of one who "had been remarkably zealous against those that cried out and made a noise, being sure that any of them might help it if they would. And the same conclusion she was in still, till the moment she was struck through as with a sword, and fell trembling to the ground. She then cried aloud, though not articulately, her words being swallowed up. In this pain she continued twelve or fourteen hours, and then her soul was set at liberty." And again, "I called on one, who being at Long Lane on Monday the 4th instant, was exceedingly angry at those that 'pretended to be in fits,' particularly at one who dropped down just by her. She was just going 'to kick her out of the way,' when she dropped down herself, and continued in violent agonies for an hour. Being afraid, when she came to herself, that her mother would judge of her as she herself had judged of others, she resolved to hide it from her; but the moment she came into the house she dropped down in as violent an agony as before. I left her weary and heavy laden under a deep sense of the just judgment of God."

These things being misrepresented to Wesley's coadjutor, Whitfield, occasioned in his mind a prejudice against them; but they occurred under his own preaching also. Thus, in Wesley's *Journal*, we read that "no sooner had he (Whitfield) begun to invite all sinners to believe in Christ, than four persons sunk down close to him almost in the same moment. One of them lay without either sense or motion; a second trembled exceedingly; the third had strong convulsions all over his body, but made no noise unless by groans; the fourth, equally convulsed, called upon God with strong cries and tears. From this time I trust we shall all suffer God to carry on his own work in the way that pleaseth him."\*

Would to God that we all did so! We then should be much nearer the Millennium than we are; but our fingers are always itching to tinker the handiwork of Providence. We can't trust God's facts alone, just as they are, to speak their own language; that is generally the hardest thing we find to do, the last lesson that we learn. We must put our gloss upon them; show that their tendencies are evangelical, and fit in exactly to our articles and confessions; or, if we can't make them do this, why then—God's facts, we find, come from the Devil. Sometimes we can't see the use of a particular set of facts, and then we affirm that they *are*

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\* It would be easy to multiply instances of the same phenomena under different preachers, during this Revival. Men, women, and children were alike the subject of them. At Everton, under Mr. Berridge's preaching, as described by an eye-witness, "the greatest number of those who fell were men . . . . Some sinking in silence fell down as dead; others with extreme noise and violent agitation. I stood on a pew seat, as did a young man in the opposite pew,—an able-bodied fresh healthy countryman; but in a moment down he dropped with a violence inconceivable. The pew seemed to shake with his fall. I heard afterwards the stamping of his feet, ready to break the boards, as he lay, in strong convulsions at the bottom of the pew." Again, while Mr. Hicks was preaching at Wrotlingsworth, "fifteen or sixteen persons felt the arrows of the Lord, and dropped down."—*Smith's Wesley and his Times*.

Wesley's views on what may be called the philosophy of the matter may be seen in the following extract from his *Journal*.—"The danger *was* to regard extraordinary circumstances too much, such as outcries, convulsions, visions, trances, as if these were essential to the inward work, so that it could not go on without them. Perhaps the danger *is* to regard them too little; to condemn them altogether; to imagine they had nothing of God in them, and were an hindrance to His work. Whereas, the truth is, I.—God suddenly and strongly convinced many that they were lost sinners; the natural consequences whereof were sudden outcries and strong bodily convulsions. II.—To strengthen and encourage them that believed, and to make His work more apparent, He favoured several of them with divine dreams, others with trances or visions. III.—In some of these instances, after a time, nature mixed with grace. IV.—Satan likewise mimicked this work of God in order to discredit the whole work; and yet it is not wise to give up this part any more than to give up the whole. At first it was doubtless wholly from God. It is partly so at this day; and He will enable us to discern how far, in every case, the work is pure, and where it mixes or degenerates."

On this subject, see a recently published book, *The Revival*: by W. M. Wilkinson. Chapman and Hall.

not; at other times they are too mean, too vulgar for us, they shock our delicate sensibilities. We are ashamed that they should go naked as God made them, so we clothe them with our conventionalities, put them into a canonical suit, or a court dress, and trim them up to suit our dainty fancies, determined, at all events, that we will bring them up respectably.

O, brothers! in all seriousness, let us not build up the walls of our small systems and petty conceits to bar out God's facts. Let us pray that the spiritual sight within us may be so strengthened that we may have no need to put, as it were, a green shade before our eyes to temper and colour the light of heaven to suit their morbid state. In small, as well as in great things, there is need that we, not alone in the language of the lip, but still more in the habits of the life, breathe forth the devout prayer—  
FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.

## A REVIVAL ON THE CONTINENT,

By an EYE-WITNESS.

Read at a Prayer Meeting of United Christians in Belfast, on Sept. 23, 1859.

We have found the account of which the above is the heading, in the weekly paper called *The Revival*, and the story it tells is as valuable in a spiritual view, as that it contains within itself the true type of the more world-spread Revivals which have of late attracted so much attention.

The spiritual portents of Revivals have not yet been enough recognised, nor their deep-seated causes sufficiently inquired into. It is almost by a mistake of the editor, that such a story as follows, has found a place in his columns, for he has no theory by which to account for the spiritual phases which the Revival at Möttingen assumed; but it is well adapted for our readers, who are prepared for it, by their habit of accepting facts in preference to opinions.

The Revivals have not amongst their many friends and many enemies, had fair play for their great facts—for those great spiritual facts which a careful inquiry on the spot, would bring to light, and when found, would place in a proper setting. The whole moving causes of Revivals are to be found in spiritual forces, and in their culminations they exhibit the law of their origin in unmistakeable forms. And yet these forms are precisely those which Revival leaders and their journals make it their especial business either to ignore or to excuse, as not belonging to them. It is now becoming difficult to find the slightest allusion made to any of

these spiritual facts, and the editor must blame himself for giving insertion to a fact which he is utterly unable to ask his readers to believe. And yet if it be true, and we cannot doubt its truth, so identical as it is with the facts we are frequently laying before our readers, how it should gladden the world's heart to find that the great Apostolic gifts of healing are not only no delusion, but that they exist to-day, as they have done through all time, when men are found in a state to receive and to impart them! How glorious to find the Bible stories of the divine attributes of the soul, receiving proof among us, amounting to a demonstration of the truth of God's Word!

Shame to say, that men have so fallen away from the simple truths of the Bible, that such proofs are needful, and that by man's removing his soul from God, he sees them now only as phenomenal facts, instead of as the normal conditions of a regenerated life.

If God's Word be true, the science of healing is to be extended in this direction, by the Elders of a true Church, and not by the physicians of the body.

In what year to come of the Christian era, will our Elders dispense the healing art, which brought the thousands of maimed and sick, to be cured in their bodies and souls, by the good pastor Blumhardt, of Möttingen?

The author of this narrative, the Rev. Marcus Spittler, supplied it to the undersigned, who has just returned from the continent, and heard while there, from very trustworthy authorities, of the matter treated of in these papers. These authorities were pastors of the Swiss Church, and were formerly colleagues with Mr. Blumhardt, now of Boll, Wurtemberg. Only want of time hindered the undersigned from visiting the scenes themselves, he being assured that there is no wilful exaggeration in these accounts.

RICHARD GREAVES.

Pittville, Cheltenham.

"There is, in the Black Forest of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, in Germany, a small Lutheran village of the name of *Möttingen*, which had had throughout a whole century the most devoted and excellent ministers (the last but two was the well-known writer for the young, and distinguished missionary, the Rev. Dr. Barth), but seemed at last, as the latter used to say, 'to be preached to death,' until at the beginning of the year 1844, on a sudden, God's Spirit wrought there a most remarkable change. The change in that little village was preceded by the almost superhuman sufferings of one of his parishioners, the frightful details of which, you will kindly permit me not to mention in this place. The medical man who attended the person was perfectly at a loss as to that case; he said, 'Is there no clergyman in this village who can pray? I can do nothing here.' The minister (Blumhardt) who had then the spiritual care of the village, felt the force of such a reproach; he went and tried. The more frightful the manifestations of the destroying power of Satan became, with the more unshaken faith in the all-overcoming power of the living God, that pastor continued to struggle against the assaults of the infernal powers, till at last, after a tremendous outcry of the words, '*Jesus is Victor! Jesus is Victor!*' heard almost throughout the whole little village, the person found herself freed from all the dreadful chains, under which she had sighed so long, and often come to the very brink of death.

"That voice '*Jesus is Victor!*' sounded like a trumpet of God through the village. After a week, one man of very loose and deceitful character, whom the pastor on that account felt almost afraid of approaching, came trembling and

ple to Blumhardt into his study, and said, 'Sir, is it then possible that I can be pardoned and saved? I have not slept for a whole week; and if my heart be eased it will kill me.' He made an astonishing confession of iniquity, which for the first time opened the pastor's eyes to the multitude and enormity of sin prevailing among the people. The pastor prayed with him, and put Christ before him in his readiness to pardon even the vilest of sinners that would come to Him for mercy. When the man seemed completely cast down and almost in despair, Blumhardt found it his duty, as an ambassador of Christ, solemnly to assure him of God's mercy in Jesus Christ, and lo! immediately his countenance was changed, beaming with joy and gratitude. The first thing which now the man did was to go to his fellow-sinners from cottage to cottage and to tell them what he had just experienced. First they were astonished, could not understand it; yet they saw the marvellous change in him. He urged them to go to the minister about their souls, some he even dragged as it were in triumph to the manse, till about twenty persons were in the same way convinced of sin and found grace and forgiveness in Jesus. Then came 'the monthly day of humiliation and supplication,' as it is termed in the Lutheran Church of Wurtemberg, on which Blumhardt preached from the text, 'The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.' 'The address,' writes the pastor himself, 'given on that occasion, was the signal of a universal breaking of the ice. My house was, from that day, actually besieged by my parishioners. I had to attend to them, almost without sleeping, from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven in the evening. You could see men, who had never before cared for their souls, sit in my parlour for hours, and patiently wait till their turn came. In about two months, there were scarcely twenty persons that had not thus come to me; they all deeply regretting, and bewailing, and confessing their sins, and I comforting them with God's mercy in Christ Jesus.'

"A peculiar feature of the Revival at Möttlingen, to which I would now refer, is the healing of bodily and mental diseases in answer to prayer. Let us hear Blumhardt himself on this point:—'It was especially,' he writes, 'in that awful case of illness,' alluded to at the beginning, 'that I discovered how the testamentary words of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover,' are not yet quite out of power, if applied with an humble, penitent, and believing heart. Everything concerning illness in my parish began to be changed. Seldom did a medical man appear in it; the people would rather pray. Certain diseases, especially amongst new-born children, seemed entirely to cease; and the general state of health became better than it was before.' Yet never did Blumhardt in the least urge the people to give up medical means; they did it all of their own accord. Nor did he consider his personal presence and mediation necessary. Hundreds and thousands that came, in course of time, from all parts of Europe, yea, from the remotest parts of the globe, or applied to him, either through friends and relations, or by letter, were directed by him to search themselves before the Almighty, to repent, to give themselves entirely up to God with all their families, and He would then, in answer to a child-like petition as to their peculiar necessities, do according to His holy pleasure. But others without number came or were brought to Möttlingen, specially on days of public worship; scores of them were accommodated inside the church, outside in the church-yard or listened to the sermon from neighbouring houses. From early in the morning till after the third service in the evening, Blumhardt had scarcely a minute of rest. Hundreds came, one after the other, desiring to lay their spiritual and bodily complaints in particular before him. I myself, who am writing this, was an eye-witness during eighteen months. Two years after the beginning of the Revival, one Sunday morning, with a friend, I counted more than a hundred villages and towns of Wurtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden, from which either a few or whole bands of thirty to fifty had come to hear the Word of God, or to receive release from diseases. It would take me time to testify what the Lord has, through a series of years, done for many a distressed family or individual, who, when all human means seemed to fail, looked up to God as a compassionate and merciful Father. God knows the cases, and those who were concerned know them, and praise Him here on earth as long as their breath is within them."



## DANIEL DE FOE.

It is not generally known that the great author of *Robinson Crusoe* was wise enough to believe in the unseen world, and in its connexion and correspondence with the things of this state of being. A mind like his, so practical and far-seeing in the politics of his day, and so full of nature as to write that inimitable story for children of all ages, was not without a deep sense of the powers that surround the sons of men, and he was man-like and child-like enough to believe in all the things of God.

Mr. John Forster, his recent accomplished biographer, treats of this part of De Foe's character, and gives us some instances of it, which we shall lay before our readers, that they too may take courage when they see the great names which have not feared to connect themselves with the subject of Spiritualism.

We make the following extract from an Essay on Daniel De Foe, by John Forster, pp. 67, 68:—

“I ought here to mention, that, besides innumerable passages in his general writings to the same effect, he published a formal treatise on apparitions and spirits, and the strong probabilities of their direct communication with the visible world. There can be little doubt that De Foe's religious convictions and belief sought help and sustainment from speculations of this nature, and that he believed it to be the moral and material defect of his day that the spiritual element in life obtained such small recognition. “Between our ancestors laying too much stress on supernatural evidence,” he says, and the present age endeavouring wholly to explode and despise them, the world seems hardly ever to have come to a right understanding . . . . Spirit is certainly something we do not fully understand in our present confined circumstances; and, as we do not fully understand the thing, so neither can we distinguish its operation. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it converses here—is with us and amongst us—corresponds, though unembodied, with our spirits; and this conversing is not only by an invisible, but to us an inconceivable way.” Such communication he believes to take place by two modes; first, by immediate personal and particular converse;” and, secondly, by “those spirits acting at a distance rendering themselves visible, and their actions perceptible, on such occasions as they think fit, without any farther acquaintance with the person.” It was his conviction that God had posted an army of these ministering spirits round our globe, “to be ready, at all events, to execute His orders and to do His will; reserving still to himself to send

express messengers of superior rank on extraordinary occasions." These, he adds, "may, without any absurdity, be supposed capable of assuming shapes, conversing with mankind by voice and sound, or by private notices of things, impulses, forebodings, misgivings, and other imperceptible communications to the minds of men, as God their great employer may direct." But upon the power of man to control, or communicate, at his will, with such spiritual beings, he entertains doubts, and gravely protests against the acts of conjuration. I subjoin, also, the curious and somewhat touching passage in which De Foe accounts for the strength of these beliefs in him by the ordinary current of his daily experiences. "I firmly believe," says he, "and have had such convincing testimonies of it, that I must be a confirmed Atheist if I did not, that there is a converse of spirits, I mean those unembodied, and those that are encased in flesh. From whence else come all those private notices, strong impulses, involuntary joy, sadness, and foreboding apprehensions, of and about things immediately attending us, and this in the most important affairs of our lives? That there are such things, I think I need not go about to prove; and I believe they are, next to the Scriptures some of the best and most undeniable evidences of a future existence. It would be endless to fill this paper with the testimonies of learned and pious men; and I could add to them a volume of my own experiences, some of them so strange as would shock your belief, though I could produce such proofs as would convince any man. I have had, perhaps, a greater variety of changes, accidents, and disasters, in my short unhappy life, than any man, at least than most men alive; yet, I never had any considerable mischief or disaster attending me, but, sleeping or waking, I have had notice of it beforehand, and had I listened to those notices, I believe might have shunned the evil. Let no man think this a jest. I seriously acknowledge, and I do believe, my neglect of such notices has been my great injury; and since I have ceased to neglect them, I have been guided to avoid even snares laid for my life, by no other knowledge of them than by such notices and warnings; and, more than that, have been guided by them to discover even the fact and the persons. I have living witnesses to produce to whom I have told the particulars in the very moment, and who have been so affected with them, as that they have pressed me to avoid the danger, to retire, to keep myself up, and the like." At a time (1855) when this subject has been revived, in a form as little likely to recommend it to the right feeling, as to the rational understanding of the community, I have thought that these extracts might be interesting. I will add, that this very essay on apparitions contains one of the best pieces of prose

satire I know, descriptive of a class of men rife in De Foe's day, and not extirpated since, to whom it would be as ridiculous to talk of such a subject as to listen to its discussion by them. "To see a fool," he says, "a fop believes himself inspired—a fellow that washes his hands fifty times a day, but, if he would be truly cleanly, should have his brains taken out and washed, his skull trepanned, and placed with the hinder side before; so that his understanding, which nature placed by mistake with the bottom upward, may be set right, and his memory placed in a right position. To this unscrewed engine talk of spirits, and of the invisible world, and of his conversing with unembodied souls; when he has hardly brains to converse with anything but a pack of hounds, and owes it only to his being a fool that he does not converse with the devil? "For I must tell you, good people," adds De Foe, "He that is not able to see the devil, in whatever shape he is pleased to appear in, is not really qualified to live in the world; no, not in the quality of a common inhabitant." I venture to commend these sentences to the admiration of Mr. Carlyle."

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## A NARRATIVE FROM JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

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"WEDNESDAY, May 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down, from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read; and yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud; the nature of the circumstances themselves excludes the possibility of a delusion. The reader may believe it, if he pleases, or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Meantime, let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.

"Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found her peace with God, and from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

"On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large; but it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:—

"From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them, either just when they died, or a little before; and I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed, many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them both by day and by night. Those that came when it was dark brought light with them. I observed all little children, and many grown persons had a bright glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

"I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there, and I had myself often seen men and women (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go

just by me, and vanish away. This morning as I came toward it, I heard a confused noise as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on till I came near the gate. I then saw, on the other side, a young man dressed in purple, who said 'It is too early; go back from whence you came, the Lord be with you and bless you;' and presently he was gone.

"When I was about sixteen my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field, coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside, he clasped his arms round my neck, and bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God. He kept his hold till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him dead or alive.

"From that time I was crying from morning till night and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning, about one o'clock, as I was lying crying, as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up saw him come to the bedside. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

"About a week after, I took to my bed and grew worse and worse; till, in six or seven days, my life was despaired of. Then, about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after, at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceedingly glad, and kept my eyes fixed on him all the time he stayed. If I wanted a drink or anything, though I did not speak or stir, he fetched it, and sat on the chair by the bedside. Indeed, I could not speak; many times I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning, when he went away, he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

"In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing, one night, whether I did well in desiring he might come; and I was praying that God would do his own will, when he came in and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress; he had on a white robe, which reached down to his feet. He looked quite pleased. About one o'clock there stood by him a person in white, taller than him and exceedingly beautiful. He came with the singing of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled, and waved his hand toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

"In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he proposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door, with his hands in his pocket and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him and reached my hand to put up his hat; but he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane, part as he went through, and immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

"A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded as if he was stepping in water. He then came to the bedside in his sea jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast, and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife who lay with me, but I could not any more than if she was dead. Afterwards I heard he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away; but he came to me every night for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away, I always heard sweet music. Afterwards he came both day and night; every night about twelve, with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sunrise, noon, and sunset. . . . On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro; still looking wishfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the

third, I lay down about eleven on the side of the bed; I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling that any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back, on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?' He answered, 'Betsy, God forgive you, for keeping me so long from my rest. Have you forgot what you promised before I went to sea? To look to my children if I was drowned? You must stand to your word or I cannot rest.' I said, 'I wish I was dead.' He said, 'Say not so, you have more to go through before then; and yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died. You may bring the children on in their learning while they live,—they have but a short time.' I said, 'I will take all the care I can.' . . . . The elder of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking; after that, I saw him no more.

"A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas-day, about midnight, I saw him standing by my bedside, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed, split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

"On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was laying awake, and I saw my brother John standing by my bedside. Just at that time he died in Jamaica."

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

### FACTS!

SIR,—It is suggested that your first number was deficient in the recital of facts; and I therefore send you one or two incidents of spirit phenomena which have recently occurred in my presence.

I was introduced by a mutual friend to Mr. S——, a merchant of the city, for the purpose of telling him some of my experiences in Spiritualism. I found him an unusually intelligent man, and a deep thinker, but a most decided sceptic, and unable to receive (as he said), such statements as I made to him, on any amount of testimony whatever. Our conversation ended in a proposal to shew him some evidence of the reality, and we proceeded to the Marshalls in Red Lion Street, who (as your readers no doubt know), are mediums.

We took our seats at an ordinary round table, which Mr. S, as a precaution, previously examined, and in less than a minute, the table upon which all our hands were visibly placed, rose with a bound from the floor, and remained suspended for a short time, to Mr. S's astonishment, as evinced in his countenance, and in his very emphatic and repeated exclamations of "Good God! is this possible?"

I had prepared him to receive this class of physical manifestations as among the lowest of the phenomena, though I submit that they are the most necessary, as they are the most startling to all who have never seen anything of the subject; and they serve, I think, when nothing else would, to fix a reality, and introduce the serious enquirer to a vast field, which you and I, sir, *know*, lies beyond. A variety of facts followed. A guitar was played upon as if with a natural hand and fingers, whilst Mr. S. held the instrument.

A large hand grasped his leg, and rapped the number of times asked for, on his boot. The table, at our request, again rose from the ground whilst we were *all standing* and resisted a pressure made by Mr. S. equal, he said, to 100 lbs.

I placed my pocket book on the floor, and requested the spirit to open it and tell me the contents. We heard the jingle of three pieces of gold, and on looking found the book had been opened, by the removal of a strong elastic band, and all the papers scattered about, &c.

I am happy to say that Mr. S. was an honest and a candid enquirer, and notwithstanding his previous strong prejudices, he at once declared himself satisfied. It is, he said, a great reality. I am astounded! It is really wonderful! I must bring some friends to see it, who I am sure will not believe what I shall tell them.

On his return home, Mr. S. told his wife all he had witnessed, and instead of exciting her surprise, as he naturally expected, she calmly told him that she always believed in spiritual intercourse; and added, "I frequently see my departed mother and daughter; I have met them on the stairs, and they sometimes tap me on the shoulder, but I have never told you of it, thinking that your mind was not prepared for these things, and that you would probably suspect me of giving way to hallucinations."

I was speaking recently to another City man on the subject of spiritual manifestations. "I have never seen anything of that kind," he said, "but my father's and my brother's spirits visit me frequently. I see them in their natural forms as plainly as I see you; it is no illusion I assure you." Now, we are constantly asked, how is it, if these things be true, that they are not more common? The question should rather be, how is it that we are so ignorant of existing facts? For despite all attempts to overcome them by self-satisfied scepticism, they are plain, unmistakable, incontrovertible facts, to be found in thousands of instances in the circle that surrounds us all.

C.

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

Sir.—A very intimate friend in whose testimony I have the highest confidence, and who, moreover, is amongst the many who positively reject the evidence of their own senses in such matters, because belief is un-orthodox, related to me about six months ago the following circumstance:—

"My friend, E. R., and his half-brother, W. L., left this country for the colony of Victoria some time in the year 1853, leaving their mother and sisters with whom they had resided at Hammersmith. Some months after their departure the sister stood at the drawing room window one afternoon, on a clear fine day, when she saw her brother W. L. leaning over the low wall at the end of the garden, looking jaded and ill, and pensively gazing up at the house. The sister at once called to her mother, "Oh, bless us, here's poor William!" The mother came, and she, too, distinctly saw her son, who almost immediately moved away towards an opening, which led by a side road to the front of the house. Believing that the unlooked-for traveller had come home on some sudden impulse (no intimation of such intention having been previously received) both mother and daughter were excitedly speculating as to the cause of his arrival, and all those rapid interchanges of sympathy and surmise were passed, consequent upon so unexpected a visit, the street door being thrown open to receive their welcome guest. He came not, and the bewildered ladies were left in amazement as to the cause of their disappointment. The incident, however, was recorded, the time was noted, and nothing occurred to throw any light upon the matter, until the arrival of the Australian mail some two months afterwards, when a letter from E. R. was received, announcing the melancholy death of W. L. by consumption, at the precise time of his strange appearance by the garden wall at Hammersmith."

S. J. C.

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

SIR,—The following Poem was given through the mediumship of Mr. J. R. M. Squire, under three distinct phases of Spiritual communication.

We had received several important messages, when it was intimated that a spirit who was present wished to communicate. I asked if the spirit was known to any of the circle. The answer was, "No." A lady sitting at the table, who was one of the spirits, described the spirit as a tall female, with long black hair, of a Spanish cast of countenance, and of haughty mien. I called over the alphabet, and received the first four lines by "raps." They were so faint, however, as to make it tedious to proceed, when Mr. Squire's hand was moved, and with great rapidity the next verse was *written*; we complained that the writing was illegible, and the lady "seer" said, "The spirit is trying to entrance the medium." Immediately after, Mr. Squire dropped the pencil, his eyes closed, and he proceeded to speak in a calm and measured tone of voice, and dictated the remaining verses of the Poem without the alteration of a word, and I doubt not but that your readers will think with me, that it is of unusual merit, and worthy of a place in your Journal.

C.

## THE PENITENT FORGIVEN.

- "My heart, like some fair spot in Eden's bower,  
Will blossom o'er again with *hope*; and tears,  
Like morning dews upon the opening flower,  
Will keep its petals bright and fresh for years.
- "That I have wayward been, I know and feel,  
And I am sad, oh earth! from thee afar,  
And like the poor idolators who kneel,  
And through the midnight praise their flaming star.
- "With feeble voice I lift my sorrowing prayer,  
And, like a guilty thing, beside Thy throne  
I trembling stand; while all the amber air,  
Is loud with welcomes, 'Thou art not alone!'
- "Great God! and is it true I am not lost?  
I see Thee not, but some vast influence leads  
My spirit on. Like Him, who suffered most,  
I kiss the scourge, though all my being bleeds!
- "I'd rather live outcast from all my kind,  
Walk earth's most desolate and barren sod,  
Than feel that love again which made me blind,  
To barter life, hope, happiness, and God!
- "But ah! that sweetest word in all the chain,  
Which unto earth God drops afar from heaven,  
Which touches all our human hopes again,  
Is this one word from God's own lips—'*Forgiven!*'"

THE  
Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. I.]

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[No. 5.

THE THREEFOLD DEVELOPMENT  
OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

HARRIS AS POET.

THE stirring orations of T. L. Harris, during his appearances last spring and the recent winter in London, the articles in the *Spiritual Magazine*, the onslaught of the *Morning Advertiser*, circulating through the exulting press, and the refutations of the *Advertiser* in the *Critic*, also circulated, but reluctantly, through the newspapers, have to some extent made known the extraordinary character of Mr. Harris's preaching. Yet the awakening to the reality of this ministry in its fulness, and its depth, and its greatness, has been by no means commensurate with its importance. Some four or five hundred persons have weekly assembled at the Marylebone Institution to listen in wonder to the gorgeous outpourings of this great Medium, to thrill under the quick contagion of his spiritual life, to breathe the intoxication of his poetry, to bathe in the mingled aromas of love and tenderness, and touching sympathies with the outcast, the suffering and down-trodden which saturate his spiritual atmosphere, and to electrify or to be confounded by the startling dogmas of his faith; but how far they have been convinced, much less conformed, remains yet to be discovered. For the rest, great London, with its millions of population, with all its statesmen, and state affairs embracing the world in their arena, with all its archbishops and bishops and clergy of every degree, representing the theology and faith of the nation, with all its legislators discussing daily the interests not only of this but of every country to the remotest seas and climes, with all its learned and literate, with all its philosophers, its journalists, its poets, its novelists, its metaphysicians—with all its merchant princes and traders, myriad in their types—with all its great artists and mechanists in matter and in mind—with all its

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theorists, and essayists, and speculators in intellectual regions, in every possible direction, and with all their monster train of worshippers making up the great, quivering, restless, impulsive and many-headed multitude; all those who are in impassioned quest of novelties and marvels, and those who have such to offer—all have rolled on their way as if no Jonah were in the modern Nineveh. Some few stragglers from the camp of letters, from the regions of the pulpit, or the high places of society, have occasionally wandered into the Marylebone Institution, but the great Mammoth of London life has remained unmovedly grazing in its usual haunts.

The secret of this strange apathy amongst a population which sends its ten thousand to listen to the homely commonplaces, sprinkled with some few jokes and stinging ideas of a Spurgeon, is palpable enough. The press has a most salutary and well-founded fear of Spiritualism. It has been taught caution by the utter failure of its combined efforts in America. There, thinking only to trample down a "reed shaken by the wind," it has run its head against a rock. Here, it has affected to laugh and sneer, but has sagaciously stood at a safe distance; the *Advertiser* assault only resulted in damaging reaction; the Dickens' escapade only introduced, on the part of its originator, a most expressive silence. Had Mr. Harris not been a Spiritualist—and there has been a vigorous effort to strip him of that character—all the world would have run after him. The open-mouthed throng always belted for a race after the extraordinary, would have poured breathlessly into his lecture-room, and Exeter Hall alone would have been capable of containing a tolerable tithe of his hearers. But the press, whose first energetic trumpet-note would have stirred the whole giant camp of London wonder-hunters, of that great modern route of Athenians who spend their time in hearing, and telling, and making news, has been sagely dumb. It has neither sounded its *reveillé* or its warning. It has found it best to ignore, where it cannot grapple, and keeps a wise silence as to the monthly statements and facts of the *Spiritual Magazine*, though many of its copies are extensively and duly furnished to the leaders of the press and the pulpit.

The least wary and clear-sighted of journalists only have ventured to break a jest on what they call those "*foolish* physical manifestations," those raisings and speaking through and smashing of tables, such as were recounted by a Dr. Blank, M.R.C.P. in the last *Spiritual Magazine*. They venture on this because they do not see that these physical manifestations are inseparably linked to the higher and more spiritual ones—yes, to the very highest. They no more see that the "foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of man," than the Jews did at the adven

of Christ. That God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. That the first movements of the Deity in all ages and all dispensations are pronounced foolish, because they stand alone in the vision of these wise ones, the second and subsequent stages of the development of the divine plan being yet below or above the human horizon. It is thus that God's foolishness is again exciting the contempt of the wise of the earth, as it did when this same divine folly swathed omnipotence in the swaddling clothes of infancy, and laid it in a manger in Bethlehem. Which nailed the Saviour of the world to the accursed tree, after having spat in the face of the Eternal Majesty, instead of receiving the Messiah and making him a king, as the self-wise and ambitious Jews wanted to do with him, had they known him. The Jews could not tolerate God's foolishness, nor can our Scribes and Pharisees of to-day. They cannot see that the development of Spiritualism is *three-fold*. First comes this wave of foolish physical manifestations from the secret but illimitable ocean of the divine economy—comes as the auray and absolutely necessary harbinger of the higher developments, the Intellectual, and, finally, the Spiritual. They cannot see that the Holy Ghost, in its great work of the ages, is bringing every man to judgment, and that before the judgment there must be LIFE. God cannot judge a stone or a clod, because they have neither life, consciousness, nor responsibility, and the mind sunk into the death of materialism is but a clod or a stone so long as it is in that state. The great realm and condition of materialism must be first broken up, its stony deadness dashed to pieces, its dormant life excited by that other stone which is cut out of the mountain without hands, which is already on its way crushing and grinding to powder the whole inert mass of materialism, and evoking in agony and astonishment the souls compressed and embedded in it. Not only the materialism which denies all soul and spirit, all Creator and created life beyond the mechanical life which it supposes is the physical organisation, but that other materialism which pervades all churches and religions. A materialism which rejects the real life of the divine, the real presence of Christ in his immediate healing, restoring, and wonder-working potency. A materialism which boasts of its faith, but of faith only in the past. Whose religion is not a living form but a tradition, which, like the church of Sardis, "Has a name that it lives, yet is dead." All this vast and varied mass of materialism must be first shattered and destroyed, and it can be destroyed only by material manifestations. No higher or psychical or ethcal operation can touch it, for it is incapable of perceiving it. It must be plucked naked from its material petrification, from its dead, dark, and deaf incrustations, and raised to life

before the living spirit can become apparent to it and operative upon it.

This is the work of "those foolish physical manifestations," low and undignified as they seem to the yet unsealed vision; they are God's physical hammer pounding and pulverizing the material crusts which eighteen centuries of a failing faith—of an ever accumulative secular residuum of selfishness and grossness—of death-exhaling philosophies, have wrapped about the souls of men. *Similia similibus curantur* in this case as in pharmacy. The material element must be destroyed by the material; but that material ensouled and actuated by the power of God acting directly, or by his host of ministering angels; and if the devil shall intrude himself with all his angels into this great work, as he undoubtedly will do, he shall be compelled to work the will of God, and affect those ends which he most abhors.

First comes this great wave of physical manifestation, destroying physical death, rousing up the deadened souls of men, whether they will or not, dissolving the cerements of skepticism and compelling them to stand in their ranks, living and conscious entities, knowing that there is a spirit-world, and a spirit-life, and a spirit-God, and thus prepared for judgment. When this first development shall have done its appointed work, and materialism is dead indeed, and the soul of humanity stands thrillingly conscious—believing, per force, the dread realities of time and of eternity, then will come the second wave of life, entering into the intellectual portion of man; and after that the third, entering into, occupying, vivifying, and glorifying the spiritual nature, and perfecting the divine scheme of the complete restoration of humanity—for the threefold nature of man must receive the influences of the threefold dispensation of the triune God.

They shall come, do we say? In fact all these developments have arrived already. There are men in whom the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual transformations have already taken place—and amongst these stands pre-eminently T. L. Harris. Mr. Harris is no full-blown medium, bursting at one creative bound into his present condition. He has passed through the metamorphoses of spiritual progress from the first and physical, to the last and spiritual. We have his history as given by his own friends and countrymen, and reproduced in the *Spiritual Magazine* of last month; we have it in his own works. In the introduction to the *Lyric of the Golden Age*, we find his publisher, Mr. Brittan, stating various instances of his being the medium of those physical manifestations on which he has lately cast so much suspicion. These, says Mr. Brittan, then acting as his amanuensis, were produced "by invisible beings, who lift the veil from the universe, and thus reveal scenes of immortal life." By the

agency of these spirits, he possessed the power of thought-reading, that is, reading the minds of those around him, was "employed by spirits in the transmission of a healing power," was led by them, not by the immediate and undelegated agency of God, into other worlds; was enabled to give to a sorrowing widow news of her husband in the other world, to convince the most sceptical by the statement of the most startling facts, known before only to themselves; was led by a spirit to New Orleans, and shown the approach of the yellow fever which in 1853 desolated that city, carrying off upwards of 10,000 people; was enabled to prevent the premature burial of a gentleman by such agency. And on one occasion had diffused through him aromatic odours to such an extent as to fill the large three-storied inn of a Mr. Robbins, of New Orleans—a proof of the actuality of the odour of sanctity believed in by the Roman Catholic Church, which we ourselves have frequently witnessed in a person now living.

From this physical mediumship, Mr. Harris has passed up through the other. Of his wonderful intellectual manifestations it is the ultimate object of this paper to speak; from that, but without losing that intellectual afflatus, he has ascended into the spiritual and apostolic state in which the splendour and trenchant force of his sacred oratory have so much charmed and astonished his hearers in this country.

But not only have the blind scoffers at the "foolish physical manifestations" failed to perceive the present status of Harris as the direct sequence of them, but they have not discerned the equally remarkable fact, that all these grades of development are simultaneously at work in this country, not only in hundreds and thousands of families, but in the most prominent public examples of the different mediumships.

It is a singular and significant fact, that three of the greatest mediums all proceeding from that country in which the new wave of Spiritualism eventuated—the United States of America, are all actively exercising the powers conferred on them in England at this moment. Mr. Home and Mr. Squire, as physical media, are carrying the knowledge of the spirituo-physical phenomena far and wide amongst the ranks of the aristocracy, the literary, and the middle class. Mr. Harris is demonstrating the other two grades of the new dispensation in his marvellous extempore preaching.\*

Does the public perceive the real meaning of these facts? Does it perceive that the prophets of a new era are abroad?

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\* Mr. Harris and Mr. Squire are born Americans. Mr. Home, though not born there, spent his early youth there, and there received his spiritual investiture.

That the men who turn the world upside down are come hither, as they went in the first days of Christianity to Thessalonica? That the word has gone out as clearly as that which came to Jonah—"Go to London, that great city, and cry against it, for its wickedness is come up before me?" That is the actual cry of Harris. Suddenly he stands in the midst of this great and luxurious metropolis, not like a simple fact, but as a phenomenon. It is not simply a preacher from the New World who stands there, but it is SPIRITUALISM in his person, which stands and lifts the clarion voice of denunciation, and rudely pulls the Lamia mask of *soi-disant* Christianity from the easy, self-indulgent, unregenerate form that has so long worn it, and reveals the hideous impostor beneath. Never was there man, not even Knox or Fox, who made us feel how immense is the gulf betwixt the great, stern truths of the gospel on which he takes his stand, and the present civilized world which clothes itself with the name of Christianity! A Christianity in all European lands, crying Lord! Lord! to the Prince of Peace, and yet armed to the teeth, and ready to deluge the world with blood. A Christianity—even in this country, the most Christian of them all, in every vein and artery, and bone and muscle of its moral constitution, corrupt to its core. Corrupt in state and church, in law and literature, in commerce, and general society. A Christianity which is but another name for as much selfish paganism, when measured by the genuine principles of Christ, as the world pleases to indulge in under that sacred name. A Christianity which, finding the cross of Christ too heavy for it, has cut little shaving-crosses from it, which it may carry without any inconvenience. It is Spiritualism, which in the name of Harris is stripping naked this foul and thoroughly corrupt pseudo-christianity, just as Home and Squire and others are knocking to pieces its petrified materialism, with its own material mallets.

But it is not merely as a preacher that Harris is thus making war to the death on the old wolf in sheep's clothing, which has so long usurped the name of Christianity: it is equally as a poet that he wields the weapons of remorseless extermination against the blasphemous sham. Whether in the pulpit or out of it, Harris is essentially the poet. His sermons are prose poems, as his poems are the most eloquent and uncompromising of sermons. No one can have heard him without feeling that his whole soul and intellectual constitution are absolutely and throughout poetical. Independently of the poetical imagery that irradiates his language, his flights of imagination are those of the poet rather than the preacher, and we perceive that he arrives at his conclusions by flashes of intuition rather than by the muscular and laborious processes of the reasoning faculties. His truths are thrown forth

by inspiration not elaborated by strenuous induction. But as a poet, perhaps Mr. Harris occupies a more *sui-generis* and extraordinary position than as a preacher. It is wonderful to pronounce such sermons as his, without the slightest preparation, as from processes conducted by spiritual power though our own minds, we are satisfied that he does; but how much more wonderful to pour forth epic poems in the same way, and epics which may challenge the most triumphant comparison with any productions of our own time.

The history of these poems is most curious. When Harris had passed through the spirituo-physical phase, and the inspiration had invaded and permeated his intellectual system, he was occasionally seized with trance, and in his trance he dictated these poems, a volume at a time, or fast as his amanuensis, generally his publisher, could write it.

The chief of these poems are "The Epic of the Starry Heavens," "The Lyric of the Morning Land," "The Lyric of the Golden Age," and "Regina, a Song of Many Days." The whole of these poems, though they contain from 200 to 381 pages each, have been thrown off within the last ten years, the bulk of them within much less time. "The Lyric of the Golden Age" was published in 1855; "Regina" last year, during the author's residence in this country. But the apparent fecundity of this spiritual muse is a mere trifle compared with the rapidity with which the individual works were thrown off. Mr. Harris has himself informed us from his platform that "The Lyric of the Morning Land" was dictated in *thirty-six* hours, though it would have done honour to any first-rate poet to have elaborated it in twelve months. "The Lyric of the Golden Age," Mr. Brittan, the editor and one of the publishers of it, and by whose hand the greater part was written from the dictation of the medium, was completed in *ninety-four* hours, though it consists of 381 pages; that is, these were the number of hours actually employed in the dictations, though the space of time during which this dictation went on at intervals amounted to some months.

When we regard well the quantity and the quality of the matter produced, and the time and mode of its production, we may well say with Mr. Brittan—"It must be admitted by every intelligent reader, that the 'Lyric of the Golden Age,' is a splendid triumph of the ideal. The sublime heights of the ancient Parnassus are lost beneath the heaven of the imagination, from which the poet

Stoops to touch the loftiest thought.

There is a startling reach and boldness in many flights, while the ideas look like stars that rise in heaven to illuminate the world. The elements of ethereal beauty, of exquisite pathos, and almost

unapproachable grandeur here mingle in sublime accord, while the spirit that pervades the whole is pure, lofty, and sublimely just. The moral influence of the poem must be good, and in all respects worthy of the high estate of its immortal authors. Error, vice, crime, every species of tyranny and slavery, and all forms of evil are condemned and spurned. Truth and love are crowned with divine honour, while personal virtue, practical justice, and universal holiness, are hymned as the appropriate graces and accomplishments of purified and perfected humanity. In all respects, and in whatever else is most essential to true poetic excellence, this 'Golden Age' may be measured with any poem of ancient or modern times."

To me this language appears by no means exaggerated, nay, I can subscribe freely to what follows:—"This lyric has scarcely less than Miltonic grandeur, while in parts, at least, it has more than Miltonic splendour. The descriptive parts are wonderful as illustrations of the compass of our language. It would severely tax the capabilities of the most gifted mind to coin its phraseology alone, which, however, is neither strained nor far-fetched, but natural, flowing, and melodious as a valley brook. The poem contains many passages which are not surpassed in exquisite delicacy and beauty by anything in the whole range of English poetry.

In fact, the mode in which these poems have been produced, taken in connection with their surprising character, has no parallel in the annals of literature; and the opinion of Mr. Brittan can scarcely be deemed an exaggeration, that "the wonderful gift of improvisation in Mr. Harris so far excels the unaided powers and normal operations of the human mind, that he may, perhaps, be destined to stand alone in the literary annals of our time" in this respect. The poems contained in this particular volume are given expressly as dictations from Rousseau, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Pollok, &c. These spirits are represented as purified and evangelized in the spirit world. Pollok has renounced his hard and damnatory Calvinism. Their presence is represented as having been sensible to the spirits of those in *rapport* with Harris; the very sound of their voices, and the hymnings of attendant choirs of angels heard. I presume Harris would now doubt the express identity of these fame-crowned poets, since he has in his late sermons expressed his belief that devils assume the shape of angels of light, and deceive even tender mothers in the guise of their departed children. But whatever the form, the product proves it to be a great and good one. These strains could come only from mighty poets, or the Creator of them. Numerous persons attended these *séances* during their delivery.

I propose in a second paper to bring the most popular poetry of the present age into comparison with this, and to shew the wonderful difference of the planes whence they arise, of their scope, and grasp. For the present it is enough to state that they have a most extraordinary vigour and elasticity; that they take their stand, not on the partial arena of earth and its interests alone, however elevated and majestic; they assume the platform of time linked to eternity; they take into their substance the whole being and duration of man, and range through the imperishable splendours and realities of the infinite. *The Golden Age* opens in this noble style:—

“As many ages as it took to form  
The world, it takes to form the human race.  
Humanity was injured at its birth,  
And its existence in the past has been  
That of a suffering infant. God through Christ  
Appearing, healed that sickness, pouring down  
Interior life: so Christ our Lord became  
The second Adam, through whom all shall live.  
This is our faith. The world shall yet become  
The home of that great second Adam's seed;  
Christ-forms, both male and female, who from Him  
Derive their ever-growing perfectness,  
Eventually shall possess the earth,  
And speak the rhythmic language of the skies,  
And mightier miracles than His perform;  
They shall remove all sickness from the race,  
Cast out all devils from the church and state,  
And hurl into oblivion's hollow sea  
The mountains of depravity. Then earth,  
From the Antarctic to the Arctic Pole,  
Shall blush with flowers; the isles and continents  
Teem with harmonic forms of bird and beast  
And fruit, and glorious shapes of art more fair  
Than man's imagination yet conceived,  
Adorn the stately temples of a new  
Divine religion. Every human soul  
A second Adam, and a second Eve,  
Shall dwell with its pure counterpart, conjoined  
In sacramental marriage of the heart.  
God shall be everywhere, and not, as now,  
Guessed at, but apprehended, felt and known.”—p. 1.

I will take, as a fair specimen of the poetry and broad Christian philosophy of this spiritual epic, the recipe for writing a poem. In this we see how far the requirements of Spiritualism are beyond the standard of the requirements of the world in poetry. They include the widest gatherings of knowledge, and still wider and loftier virtues and sympathies.

“To write a poem, man should be as pure  
As frost-flowers; every thought should be in tune  
To heavenly truth, and Nature's perfect law,  
Bathing the soul in beauty, joy, and peace.  
His heart should ripen like the purple grape;  
His country should be all the universe;



His friends the best and wisest of all time.  
 He should be universal as the light,  
 And rich as summer in ripe-fruited love.  
 He should have power to draw from common things  
 Essential truth!—and, rising o'er all fear  
 Of papal devils and of pagan gods,  
 Of ancient Satans, and of modern ghosts,  
 Should recognize all spirits as his friends,  
 And see the worst but harps of golden strings  
 Discordant now, but destined at the last  
 To thrill, inspired with God's own harmony,  
 And make sweet music with the heavenly host.  
 He should forget his private preference  
 Of country or religion, and should see  
 All parties and all creeds with equal eye;  
 His the religion of true harmony;  
 Christ the ideal of his lofty aim;  
 The viewless Friend, the Comforter, and Guide,  
 The joy in grief, whose every element  
 Of life received in childlike faith,  
 Becomes a part of impulse, feeling, thought—  
 The central fire that lights his being's sun.  
 He should not limit Nature by the known;  
 Nor limit God by what is known of him;  
 Nor limit man by present states and moods;  
 But see mankind at liberty to draw  
 Into their lives all Nature's wealth, and all  
 Harmonious essences of life from God,  
 And so, becoming godlike in their souls,  
 And universal in their faculties,  
 Informing all their age, enriching time,  
 And building up the temple of the world  
 With massive structures of eternity.  
 He should not fail to see how infinite  
 God is above humanity, nor yet  
 That God is throned in universal man,  
 The greater mind of pure intelligence,  
 Unlimited by states, moods, periods, creeds,  
 Self-adequate, self-balanced in his love,  
 And needing nothing and conferring all,  
 And asking nothing and receiving all,  
 Akin by love to every loving heart,  
 By nobleness to every noble mind,  
 By truth to all who look through natural forms,  
 And feel the throbbing arteries of law  
 In every pulse of nature and of man."

But this vast panorama of the accomplishments of the great Christian poet is too far-stretching for our limits. We must refer the reader to the volumes themselves, where they will find every form of poetic beauty, both epic and lyric, as rich in harmonies as they are affluent in moral and celestial truths. I could select whole pages of gems, any one of which would stamp the poet and the philosopher. So this very description of the poet's needful endowments—

" He should hold,  
 His gift is reverence. He should mould his life  
 In beauty's perfect fashion, holding on

Columbus-like through floods of thought unknown,  
Till tropic archipelagoes of song,  
Till virgin continents of stately verse,  
And undiscovered worlds of harmony  
Repay the bold adventure."

What a profound truth, and how poetically expressed is this on creeds :—

"Creeds are the leaden weights dead corpse-men wear  
When they are buried from lone ships at sea,  
Freighted wherewith they never rise again!"

Such thoughts are sown through these poems, thick as glow-worms on a summer-heath; and ever and anon come snatches of rhythmic beauty, like those which Shakspeare plants in the shades of his great dramas, like primroses in the early spring woods.

"When swelling buds their sheaths forsake—  
Sing, cuckoo, sing, in flowering tree—  
And yellow daffodils awake,  
The virgin Spring is fair to see.

"When streams through banks of daisies run—  
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
And skylarks hymn the rising sun,  
Spring holds her courts in grove and lea.

"When cowslips load with sweets the air—  
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
Spring braids with flowers her golden hair,  
And bids the mating birds agree."

Such are slight indications of the noble poetry of these extraordinary volumes; the most extraordinary circumstance connected with them being, that the poet through whom they have issued to the world, renounces all merit and authorship in them! Mr. Harris says freely and positively—"These are not mine. They are the works of mighty poets in their glory above." Can a man be a poet and not estimate the vast sacrifice of such a renunciation? There is nothing like it in the history of literature: the nearest approaches to it are, when Macpherson renounced the poems of Ossian, and Chatterton those of Thomas Rowley. They were actual and great mediums, and stripped sturdily far more resplendent laurels from their brows than they won in their own names. Thomas Harris throws down at the feet of departed masters of song far nobler lays. Now if there required one evidence of the reality of Spiritualism greater than another, it seems to me to be this, that a man alive to all the thrilling charms of poetic fame, voluntarily discrowns himself, and gives the glory to another. Here is a system which lays prostrate all the pride of intellect. Which takes the most precious gifts and talents and lays them on the thresholds of other minds, or at the sublime footstool of Deity. If this be not a self-renunciation embodying

the height of our Saviour's command—"When ye have done all this, say we are but unprofitable servants"—we know not where to look for it.

Yet who reads these unique poems? Certainly not the critics. In America, Mr. Harris's poems were received with the utmost applause, till he announced them as spiritual productions: then the critics became dumb. Yet, so numerous are Spiritualists in America, that most of these volumes have gone into several editions. In this country, the press observes the same instinctive caution. The members of it feel that to acknowledge the real greatness of this poetry would be to acknowledge an outburst of Christianity which, in its power and its truth,—would render pale and hideous the pride of genius, the absence of justice in criticism, of love and sympathy, and magnanimous conduct towards unfriended genius, which now so cruelly abound amid equally shameless cliqueism and favouritism.

It is now more than two years since I endeavoured to induce the editor of the *Westminster Review* to notice these poems as they deserved. I read to him many passages from them, and he exclaimed, "Very extraordinary! very remarkable." I urged him to notice them, simply on their basis as poetry, which he might do without any reference to their origin; and mark!—soon after he gave an article on Spiritualism, in which he raked together everything he could render ridiculous. He gave not the slightest sign of his knowledge of the existence even of Harris's poems, but quoted some wretched doggerel as a specimen of the average poetry of Spiritualism! And such dishonest and wilful perversion of truth and fact is what, in this country, dares to plume itself as—Criticism!

In conclusion, I would not imply that these poems are faultless. They have their imperfections, as they have their beauties; and in my next paper I shall notice them. This, however, is certain, that Harris is at present the representative of the poetry and the preaching of Spiritualism. To what heights he may yet be led the future alone can disclose. It was well observed in the opening article of the *Spiritual Magazine* of the last month, that "it is nothing to say that Spiritualism has not put forth its greatest man. Mediumship is in its very germ—its infancy, just born into the world, and now observed and scanned for the first hour." If it be the divine power which we believe it to be, it has before it greater men and greater glories than the world has yet seen. In Harris's own words:

" Each nation shall unfold  
A separate type of mind,  
Of separate Seers,  
Of Sages vast in thought,  
And Prophets inly wise,

And Heroes nobly strong,  
 And Hierophants ablaze  
 In Soul with Deity,  
 And princely Kings of Space,  
 Religion, Art, and Song,  
 Building the second Thebes  
 Of myriad-gated truth ;  
 Building the second Rome  
 Of universal power,  
 Rearing anew to heaven  
 Sweet Poetry's divine  
 God-animated sphere."

*Golden Age*, p. 95.

This is the grand truth which Mr. Harris is continually insisting upon. That we have only to open up our souls to the infinite Master of the Universe, and the plastic powers and the colours of the highest regions of the universe, and the Pæans of the innermost empyrean will descend upon science, literature, and art.

"Open thy soul to God, O Man, and talk  
 Through thine unfolded faculties with Him  
 Who never, save through faculties of mind,  
 Spake to the Fathers."

*Golden Age*, p. 116.

STON, ISLE OF WIGHT,  
 April 5th.

## THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS, A SPIRITUALIST.

THE late Duchess of St. Albans (Harriett Mellon) sent for the gaol chaplain to enquire into the character of a young woman, whose mother had befriended Harriett when they were actresses, and the following conversation is reported by the chaplain to have taken place between the Duchess and himself:—

"My interference hardly cancels the debt I owe her mother's memory—that mother, my early, kind, and firm protectress. Alas; alas! that she herself should be for ever beyond the reach of my gratitude.

*Chaplain.*—"But she may possibly be conscious of your kindness to her child.

"Hah! said she, starting—now, we meet on common ground. You believe then, that the departed take cognizance of what is passing in this world of care and sorrow? That has long been my conviction. But, think you further, that they are ever permitted to revisit this fallen scene—that the veil which shrouds the invisible from the visible world is ever withdrawn—and that they who have long since departed from amongst us return to those whom they have loved, to admonish and to warn them? I fully believe they do. Your looks say No! Oh, yes! I am aware it is a creed which is ridiculed, despised, and scouted by the million, but nevertheless it is mine."

"It is a debatable subject, and I would rather not moot it, &c."—*The Gaol Chaplain*, p. 104.

## REMARKABLE SPIRIT MANIFESTATION.\*

By MR. S. C. HALL.

AT Worcester, a few weeks since, I accidentally met, at the house of a banker in that city, a lady whom I had not previously known; and from her lips I heard a story of a character so extraordinary that no commonplace voucher for the veracity of the narrator would suffice, in the eyes of most people, to establish its authenticity.

Nor was it an ordinary testimonial which, on applying to our host, he furnished to me. He had known the lady, he said, for more than thirty years. "So great is her truth," he added, "so easily proved is her uprightness, that I cannot entertain a doubt that she herself believes whatever she says." Blameless in her walk and conversation, he regarded it as an incredibility that she should *seek* to deceive. Of strong mind, and intelligent upon all subjects, it seemed almost as difficult for him to imagine that in the narrative he had himself frequently heard from her lips—clear and circumstantial as it was—she should have been a self-deceiver. And thus he was in a dilemma. For the facts were of a character which he was extremely reluctant to admit; while the evidence was of a stamp which it seemed impossible to question.

My own observation of the lady, stranger as she was to me, confirmed everything which her friend the banker had told me in her favor. There was in her face and manner, even in the tones of her voice, that nameless something, rarely deceptive, which carries conviction of truth. As she repeated the story, I could not choose but trust to her sincerity; and this the rather because she spoke with evident reluctance. "It was rarely," the banker said, "that she could be prevailed on to relate the circumstances,—her hearers being usually skeptics, more disposed to laugh than to sympathize with her."

Add to this, that neither the lady nor the banker were believers in Spiritualism,—having heard, as they told me, "next to nothing" on the subject.

I commit no breach of confidence in the following communication. "If you speak of this matter," said the lady to me, "I will ask you to suppress the name of the place in France where the occurrences took place." This I have accordingly done. I may add that the incidents here related had been the frequent subject of conversation and comment between the lady and her friends.

\* From Owen's *Footfalls*.

Thus premising, I proceed to give the narrative as nearly as I can in the lady's words.

"About the year 1820," she said, "we were residing at the seaport town of —, in France, having removed thither from our residence in Suffolk. Our family consisted of my father, mother, sister, a young brother about the age of twelve, and myself, together with an English servant. Our house was in a lonely spot, on the outskirts of the town, with a broad open beach around it, and with no other dwelling, nor any outbuildings, in its vicinity.

"One evening my father saw, seated on a fragment of rock only a few yards from his own door, a figure enveloped in a large cloak. Approaching him, my father bid him 'good evening;' but receiving no reply, he turned to enter the house. Before doing so, however, he looked back, and, to his very great surprise, could see no one. His astonishment reached its height when, on returning to the rock where the figure had seemed seated, and searching all round it, he could discover no trace whatever of the appearance, although there was not the slightest shelter near where any one could have sought concealment.

"On entering the sitting room, he said 'Children, I have seen a ghost!'—at which, as may be supposed, we all heartily laughed.

"That night, however, and for several succeeding nights, we heard strange noises in various parts of the house,—sometimes resembling moans underneath our window, sometimes sounding like scratches against the window frames, while at other times it seemed as if a number of persons were scrambling over the roof. We opened our window again and again, calling out to know if any one were there, but received no answer.

"After some days, the noises made their way into our bedroom, where my sister and myself (she twenty and I eighteen years of age) slept together. We alarmed the house, but received only reproaches, our parents believing that we were affected by silly fancies. The noises in our room were usually knocks,—sometimes repeated twenty or thirty times in a minute, sometimes with the space perhaps of a minute between each.

"At length our parents also heard both the knockings in our room and the noises outside, and were fain to admit that it was no imagination. Then the incident of the ghost was revived. But none of us were seriously alarmed. We became accustomed to the disturbances.

"One night, during the usual knockings, it occurred to me to say aloud, 'If you are a spirit, knock six times.' Immediately I heard six knocks, very distinctly given, and no more.

"As time passed on, the noises became so familiar as to lose

all terrifying, even all disagreeable, effect ; and so matters passed for several weeks.

“ But the most remarkable part of my story remains to be told. I should hesitate to repeat it to you, were not all the members of my family witnesses of its truth. My brother,—then, it is true, a boy only, now a man in years, and high in his profession—will confirm every particular.

“ Besides the knockings in our bedroom, we began to hear—usually in the parlor—what seemed a human voice. The first time this startling phenomenon occurred, the voice was heard to join in one of the domestic songs of the family while my sister was at the piano. You may imagine our astonishment. But we were not long left in doubt as to whether, in this instance, our imaginations had deceived us. After a time, the voice began to speak to us clearly and intelligibly, joining from time to time in the conversation. The tones were low, slow, and solemn, but quite distinct : the language was uniformly French.

“ The spirit—for such we called it—gave his name as GASPAR, but remained silent whenever we made inquiry touching his history and condition in life. Nor did he ever assign any motive for his communications with us. We received the impression that he was a Spaniard ; but I cannot recall any certain reason, even, for such belief. He always called the family by their Christian names. Occasionally he would repeat to us lines of poetry. He never spoke on subjects of a religious nature or tendency, but constantly inculcated Christian morality, seeming desirous to impress upon us the wisdom of virtue and the beauty of harmony at home. Once, when my sister and myself had some slight dispute, we heard the voice saying ‘ M—— is wrong ; S—— is right.’ From the time he first declared himself he was continually giving us advice, *and always for good.*

“ On one occasion my father was extremely desirous to recover some valuable papers which he feared might have been lost. Gaspar told him exactly where they were, in our old house in Suffolk ; and there, sure enough, in the very place he designated, they were found.

“ The matter went on in this manner *for more than three years.* Every member of the family, including the servants had heard the voice. The presence of the spirit—for we could not help regarding him as present—was always a pleasure to us all. We came to regard him as our companion and protector. One day he said, ‘ I shall not be with you again for some months.’ And, accordingly, for several months his visits intermitted. When, one evening at the end of that time, we again heard the well-known voice, ‘ I am with you again !’ we hailed his return with joy.

"At the times the voice was heard, we never saw any appearance; but one evening my brother said, 'Gaspar, I should like to see you;' to which the voice replied, 'You shall see me. I will meet you if you go to the farthest side of the square.' He went, and returned presently, saying, 'I have seen Gaspar. He was in a large cloak, with a broad-brimmed hat. I looked under the hat, and he smiled upon me.' 'Yes,' said the voice, joining in, 'that was I.'

"But the manner of his final departure was more touching, even, than his kindness while he stayed. We returned to Suffolk; and there, as in France, for several weeks after our arrival, Gaspar continued to converse with us, as usual. One day, however, he said, 'I am about to leave you altogether. Harm would come to you if I were to be with you here in this country, where your communications with me would be misunderstood and misinterpreted.'

"From that time," concluded the lady, in that tone of sadness with which one speaks of a dear friend removed by death,—“from that time to this, we never heard the voice of Gaspar again!”

These are the facts as I had them. They made me think; and they may make your readers think. Explanation or opinion I pretend not to add, further than this: that of the perfect good faith of the narrator I entertain no doubt whatever. In attestation of the story as she related it, I affix my name.

S. C. HALL.



The following is extracted from *The Memorials of Shelley*, recently published and edited by Lady Shelley.

"One night loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses fled out of their room in alarm! Mrs. Shelley also endeavoured to reach the door, but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon the Williamses found Shelley lying horribly into the air, and evidently in a trance. They waked him, and he said that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned him; he followed the imaginary (?) figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of the mantle, ejaculated "*siete sodisfatto?*" (are you satisfied?) and vanished."

Another vision appeared to Shelley on the evening of May 6 (1822) when he and Williams were walking on the terrace. The story is thus recorded by the latter in his diary.

"After tea, while walking with Shelley on the terrace, and observing the light of moonshine on the waters, he complained of being unusually nervous, and stopping short, he grasped me violently by the hand, and stared steadfastly at the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing him thus visibly affected, I demanded of him if he was in pain, but he only answered, 'It is again! there! He recovered after some time, and declared that he saw as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child (Allegra, who had recently risen from the sea and clasp its hands, as if in joy smiling at him.'"



## SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

By the Author of *Confessions of a Truth-Seeker*.

SPIRITUAL manifestations, we are sometimes told, may be credited by ignorant enthusiasts and visionaries, by idolatrous papists and fanatical sectaries; but sound orthodox Protestantism we are assured, knows nothing of these idle fantasies and old wives' fables. Well, let us see—is it so? You, my orthodox brother, are a sound churchman; you regard our National Church as the bulwark of Protestantism; you subscribe to its creeds, collects, canons, and homilies; and respect the views of its eminent divines. Let us see then what some of these authorized formularies of the Church teach on this matter, and what some of these distinguished divines, usually appealed to as authorities in the Church, have thought about it. I have no intention of conducting you through the whole body of Church-divinity on its relation to this theme, and should be ill fitted for such a task; but I may serve as a finger-post to point the road, and may report what I have myself found in that direction.

That the Church of England (in common, with I think I may say every Christian church) teaches Spiritualism in its most sacred and highest sense—that of the action of the Spirit of God upon the individual human spirit and consciousness; will, I think, not be gainsaid by any who are conversant with the Book of Common Prayer. Probably, however, few who make that admission consider what it implies, even according to the Church's own teaching. Let me then direct attention to the fact that the Church of England recognizes, as a consequence of the operation of God's Holy Spirit indwelling within us, the continuance and permanence of those spiritual gifts promised in connection with the gifts of the Spirit, and manifested so powerfully at its first outpouring on the Christian Church. We cannot do better than quote the demonstration of this point, by the *Morning Watch*, in reply to an attack of the *Edinburgh Review*, on the spiritual manifestations in London at the time of Mr. Irving's preaching.

“The Church of England expressly teaches us to expect and pray for the gifts of the Spirit. The whole Liturgy is full of proof that such an expectation was continually present in the minds of those who set it forth. Almost every prayer expresses it: as that for the king—‘endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts:’ that for the royal family—‘endue them with Thy Holy Spirit; enrich them with thy heavenly grace:’ that for the people and clergy—‘Almighty and everlasting God, who alone

rkest great marvels, send down upon our bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their charge, the healthful fruit of thy grace.' And that our forefathers made no distinction between the gifts we are instructed to pray for, and those bestowed on the apostles at Pentecost, is manifest from the Collect for Whitsunday :—' God, who as at this time didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people, by sending to them the light of the Holy Spirit, grant us, by the same Spirit, to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort;' and in the Collect for St. Barnabas's day—' O Lord God Almighty, who didst endue thy holy apostle, Barnabas, with singular gifts of the Holy Ghost, leave us not, we beseech thee, destitute of thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them always to thy honour and glory.' And, lest it should be supposed that the gifts thus expected and prayed for were in any respect different from those bestowed upon the Church at the day of Pentecost, we subjoin a passage from the Homily for Whitsunday :—' On the gifts of the Holy Ghost,' one of those homilies mentioned by the thirty-fifth article of the Church of England, and, as 'godly and wholesome,' enjoined to be 'read in churches by the ministers diligently and distinctly, that they may be understood of the people.'

Here is now that glass, wherein thou must behold thyself, and discern whether thou have the Holy Ghost within thee, or the spirit of the flesh. If thou see that thy works be virtuous and good, consonant to the prescript rule of God's word, savouring and tasting not of the flesh but of the Spirit, then beware thyself that thou art endued with the Holy Ghost: otherwise, in thinking well of thyself, thou dost nothing else but deceive thyself. The Holy Ghost always declare himself by his fruitful and gracious gifts; namely, by the word of wisdom, by the word of knowledge, which is the understanding of the Scriptures; by faith; in doing of miracles by healing them that are diseased, by prophecy, which is the declaration of God's mysteries; by discerning of spirits; diversities of tongues, and so forth. All which gifts, as they proceed from one Spirit, and are severally given to man according to the measurable tribulation of the Holy Ghost; even so do they bring men, and not without cause, into a wonderful admiration of God's divine power.\*

And in the second part of the same Homily, it is said :—

Our Saviour, Christ, departing out of the world unto his Father, promised his disciples to send down another Comforter, that should continue with them for ever, and direct them into all truth. Which thing to be faithfully and truly understood the Scriptures do sufficiently bear witness. Neither must we think that this Comforter was either promised, or else given, only to the apostles, but to the universal church of Christ, dispersed through the whole world. For, as the Holy Ghost had been always present, governing and preserving the church from the beginning, it could never have sustained so many and great tribulations of affliction and persecution with so little damage and harm as it hath.

\* The *Morning Watch* might also have quoted here the following passage in the next page to that above cited. "Much more might here be spoken of the manifold gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost, most excellent and wonderful to our eyes; but to make a long discourse through all, the shortness of time will not serve."

And the words of Christ are most plain in this behalf, saying, that the Spirit of Truth should abide with them for ever; and that he would be with them always (he meant by grace, virtue, and power), even to the world's end.

And so, in the Third Part of the Homily for Rogation Week:—

I promised to you to declare, that all spiritual gifts and graces come specially from God . . . . God, the Father of all mercy wrought this high benefit unto us, not by his own person, but by a mean, by no less a mean than his only beloved Son . . . . It is He by whom the Father of Heaven doth bless us with all spiritual and heavenly gifts . . . . To this, our Saviour and Mediator, hath God the Father given the power of heaven and earth, and the whole jurisdiction and authority to distribute the goods and gifts committed to him: for so writeth the apostle (Eph. iv.) To every one of us is grace given, according to the measure of Christ's giving. And thereupon, to execute his authority committed, after that he had brought sin and the devil to captivity, to be no more hurtful to his members, he ascended up to his Father again, and from thence sent liberal gifts to his well-beloved servants; and hath still the power to the world's end, to distribute his Father's gifts continually in his church, to the establishment and comfort thereof."

Again, I do not see how those who assert the doctrine of apostolical succession can consistently deny the succession of those spiritual powers and gifts by which the apostles evidenced their divine commission. The two are conjoined, and they who disclaim the one, forfeit, as it seems to me, all just pretensions to the other. Rogers, an eminent and learned divine, in his work on the Thirty-nine Articles, published 1681, plainly represents what are called miraculous gifts, as still forming part of the qualification for the ministry. He says, "Lastly, we do read that God hath ordained to the Church some to be Apostles, some prophets, some teachers, some to be *workers of miracles*. (1 Cor. xii. 28.)" And, that he speaks this of times present as well as times past, is evident from his telling us "that the church, as it hath been, so it shall, till the end of the world, be provided for. They who are thus called *have power either to work miracles, as the apostles had*, or to preach and minister the sacraments where they will, as the apostles might: but they are tied every man to his charge, which they must faithfully attend upon; except urgent occasion do enforce the contrary." The calling of these men is termed a *general calling*: and it is the *ordinary*, and in *these days*, the lawful calling, allowed by the word of God."

The Rev. Thomas Boys remarks:—

The Book of Common Prayer, in its *unabridged* form, contained a distinct recognition of *miraculous gifts*. I refer to the *gift of healing*, said to have been exercised by the kings of England. The reality of this gift thus exercised is a subject which I am not called upon here to discuss though, if any feel disposed to reject the idea at once, as absurd, they will only betray their own ignorance: for people are little aware how much has been written on this subject; and perhaps it would surprise them to be told that there yet exists a mass of evidence to the fact, which would be deemed amply sufficient to establish any other fact in English history. The point now to be mentioned is, that the service used on the occasion, when people came to be healed, and the king performed the ordi-

of touching, was formerly a part of our Prayer Book; and I understand there are editions as late as 1721 or 1723, in which it yet retains its place.

It remains to be added, that the Church recognized this as a spiritual gift in her distinctive Protestant character. That is, that while she expunged from her services the peculiarities of the Romish faith, such as the invocation of the virgin, this recognition of a miraculous gift was deliberately retained. Bishop Bull, (who died 1709-10) speaks of it as "the relique and remainder of the primitive gift of healing:" "the touch of the royal hand being assisted with the prayers of the priests of our church attending," and of the fact of cure thereupon being supported, not only by "the faith of all our ancient writers," but by "the concurrent report of hundreds of most credible persons in our own age attesting the same."

Another gift, that of the *casting out of devils*, is also recognized by the Church of England. The Seventy-second Canon directs, somewhat quaintly, that no minister or ministers shall, *without the licence of the bishop of the diocese*, "attempt upon any pretence whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or cosenage, and deposition from the ministry." Here the reality of "possession" and "obsession" by "devils" or evil spirits, and also of dispossession is admitted. The Canon requires only that the latter be not attempted without due authority from the diocesan, in order that irregularities may be suppressed.

This brings us to another stage of the argument. Spiritualists recognize the operation amongst men of separate spiritual intelligencies, both good and evil. What says the Church of England to Spiritualism under both of these divisions? We have seen that it recognises "possession" and "obsession" by wicked spirits; and, the following passage from the Homily, "Against Peril of Idolatry," seems to evidence still further a recognition of their agency. "Neither ought miracles to persuade us to do contrary to God's word. For the Scriptures have for a warning hereof foreshewed, that the kingdom of Antichrist shall be mighty in miracles and wonders, to the strong illusion of all the reprobate."

On the other hand, what means that clause in the Apostles' Creed, recited by minister and congregation ever Sunday—"I believe in the communion of Saints." Communion, according to Webster and Johnson, signifies "mutual intercourse, converse, fellowship." This "mutual intercourse, converse, fellowship," with Saints, or glorified spirits of the departed, is just what Spiritualists affirm. Bishop Pearson, in his "Exposition of the Creed," writes, on this article of it, as follows:—"The Saints of

God, living in the Church of Christ, are *in communion with all the Saints departed out of this life, and admitted to the presence of God*. And in a marginal note to this, he remarks,—“This is that part of the Communion of Saints, which those of the Antients especially insisted upon, who first took notice of it in the Creed.” And, he thus sums up his observations on it:—

To conclude, every one may learn from hence what he is to understand by this part of the Article, in which he professeth to believe *the Communion of Saints*; for thereby he is conceived to express thus much; I am fully persuaded of this *as of a necessary and infallible truth*, that such persons as are truly sanctified in the Church of Christ, while they live among the crooked generations of men, and struggle with all the miseries of this world, have fellowship with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as dwelling with them, and taking up their habitations in them: that they *partake of the care and kindness of the blessed Angels*, who take delight in the administration for their benefit: that beside the eternal fellowship which they have in the Word and Sacraments with all the members of the Church, they have an intimate union and conjunction with all the Saints on earth, as the living members of Christ; nor is this union separated by the death of any, but as Christ, in whom we live, is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, so have they *fellowship with all the Saints, which, from the death of Abel, have ever departed in the true faith and fear of God*, and now enjoy the presence of the Father, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. And thus, I believe *the Communion of Saints*.

Again, what language can be more explicit than that of the *Collect for St. Michael and all Angels*.

O EVERLASTING GOD, who hast ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order; Mercifully grant, that as thy holy Angels alway do thee service in heaven, so by thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen*.

That, is eminently a Spiritualist prayer. I have known it used by Spiritualists at their circles and meetings: it embodies in a devotional form the Spiritualist faith, in so far as it is truly believed, earnestly felt, and sincerely offered by any Church,—that, is a Spiritualist Church. And however the Spiritual faith may have declined in the Anglican Church of our day; it is a standing witness, and protest against that declension, and an evidence of the larger faith and deeper insight of the Church of the Reformation.

Whatever may be thought in other respects of the tendencies of the Tractarian party in the Church, it is gratifying to find that in this they cherish and seek to revive the genial faith of their Church in its earlier time. In their devotional poetry especially, (and here, if anywhere, the deepest faith and feelings of the soul find expression), is this manifested. Perhaps, no work of this kind has been more acceptable to them, or more fully represents their best religious thoughts and aspirations than **THE CHRISTIAN YEAR: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays throughout the Year**. Its object, as stated in the INTRODUCTION, is, to bring our “Thoughts and feelings into

more entire harmony with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book." As indicating, therefore, the belief of at least a considerable, and influential section of the National Church, I freely quote it. My references are to the *fifty-third* edition, 1858. In the verses, page 343, we read—

If thou hast lov'd in hours of gloom,  
To dream the dead are near,  
And people all the lonely room,  
With guardian spirits dear.

Dream on the soothing dream at will.

and at page 304—

They who nearest stand  
Alway to God in Heaven, and see his face,  
Go forth at his command ;  
To wait around our path in weal or woe,  
As erst upon our King.

In the verses on the " Visitation and Communion of the Sick."

O soothe us, haunt us, night and day,  
Ye gentle Spirits far away,  
With whom we shared the cup of grace,  
We to the lonesome world again,  
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain,  
Practis'd with you at Eden's door,  
To be sung on where Angels soar,  
With blended voices evermore.

Again in those on " St. Barnabas,"

O! happy Spirits, marked by God and man,  
Their messages of love to bear ;  
What though long since in Heaven your brows began  
The genial amaranth wreath to wear,  
And in th' eternal leisure of calm love,  
Ye banquet there above ;  
Yet in your sympathetic heart,  
We and our earthly griefs may ask and hope a part.  
Comfort's true sons! amid the thoughts of down  
That strew your pillow of repose ;  
Sure, 'tis one joy to muse, how ye unknown  
By sweet remembrance soothe our woes!

I am sure I need make no apology for introducing yet one more extract from this delightful volume: it is from the verses on the " Third Sunday after Trinity:"—

In vain: the averted cheek in loneliest dell  
Is conscious of a gaze it cannot bear,  
The leaves that rustle near us seem to tell  
Our heart's sad secret to the silent air!  
Nor is the dream untrue; for all around  
The heavens are watching with their thousand eyes,  
We cannot pass our guardian angel's bound,  
Resigned or sullen, he will hear our sighs.  
He in the mazes of the budding wood  
Is near, and mourns to see our thankless glance  
Dwell coldly where the fresh green earth is strew'd  
With the first flowers that lead the vernal dance.

In wasteful bounty shower'd they smile unseen—  
 Unseen by man—but what if purer sprights,  
 By moonlight o'er their dewy bosoms lean  
 To adore the Father of all gentle lights.

From the *LYRA APOSTOLICA*, a volume similar in tone to *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*, let it suffice to quote the concluding lines, in which the voice of a spirit is represented as saying—

“ I still am near,  
 Watching the smiles I prized on earth,  
 Your converse mild, your blameless mirth.

Now too I hear,  
 Of whispered sounds the tale complete,  
 Low prayers and musings sweet.”

In the hymns used at All Saints Church, Margaret-street, London, (the model church of high churchmen, recently built at a cost of £70,000) the reader will find verses like these:—

From high angels Thee attending,  
 Thou dost faithful guardians send;  
 In mysterious ways descending,  
 May they keep us to the end.

All who circling round adore Thee,  
 All who bow before Thy throne,  
 Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,  
 Thy bequests to carry down:  
 To and fro twixt earth and heaven,  
 Speed they each on errand given.

It would, however, be a grave error to suppose that the belief in question attaches to any one section only of the National Church, or that it is held as a sentiment merely, not as a conviction. It has been put forth by Church divines of every shade of opinion; it has been enforced from the pulpit as well as in the poem, in works addressed to the reason as well as those which appeal chiefly to the imagination and the heart. It is not very long since that the Bishop of London, in a Sunday service at Westminster Abbey, according to the *Times'* report, used the following language:—

“ The especial lesson taught by Jacob's dream was, that God constantly controlled our thoughts, and that we were constantly in connection with the world of spirits, whilst we thought we were far away amid earthly things. He entreated those whose thoughts turned heavenward not to check them, for they might be certain that they were enlightened by the same glorious presence which cheered Jacob in the wilderness.”

This “ especial lesson ” requires to be particularly enforced at the present time, for, as remarked by the Rev. E. Bickersteth:—

“ No part of divine truth can be neglected without spiritual loss; and it is too evident that the deep and mysterious doctrine of revelation respecting evil spirits and good angels has been far too much disregarded in our age.”

Travelling backwards, we find Archbishop Tillotson, in his sermon “ Of the joy which is in heaven at the repentance of a sinner ” (Luke xv. 7), concluding “ that the blessed spirits above

we have some knowledge of the affairs of men here below, because they are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner;" and he speaks of "their *ministry* here below for the good of the elect, and their *continual intercourse* between heaven and earth." And in his sermon on "The nature, office and employment of good angels" (Heb. i. 14), he remarks that—

God's wisdom and goodness has thought fit to honour his creatures, especially this higher and more perfect rank of beings, with his commands, and to make them, according to their several degrees and capacities, the ordinary ministers of his affairs in the rule and government of this inferior world. . . . And that *the angels of God are the great ministers of his providence here in the world, both not only been the constant tradition of all ages, but is very frequently and plainly asserted in Scripture.* . . . . So that according to the persuasion of these two excellent persons, and of greatest renown for piety in all the Old Testament (Abraham and David), very much of the safety and the success of good men, even in their temporal concerns, is to be ascribed to the vigilant care and protection of good angels. And though this be seldom visible and sensible to us, yet we have great reason, upon so great testimonies, to assent to the truth of it. And there is no reason, I think, to doubt but that God's care extends now to Christians, as well as it did to the Jews; and that the angels are as much kindness for us as they had for the Jews; and there is no reason to think that the angels are now either dead or idle. . . . Evil spirits are believed by Christians to be as active now, to all purposes of harm and mischief, as ever; and why should any man imagine that good spirits are not as intent and busy to do good? The apostle (I am sure) tells us in the text, that the angels in common (all of them) do employ their service about us, and wait to do good offices to us: *are they not all (says he) ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them that shall be heirs of salvation?*

Again, Bishop Hall, in his treatise on *The Invisible World*, speaks of the relations in which men stand to both good and evil angels and spirits. In the section entitled, *Of the Apparitions and Assumed Shapes of Evil Spirits*, he writes: "I doubt not but there were many frauds intermixed both in the acting, and relating divers of these occurrences; but he that shall detract from the truth of all, may as well deny there were men living in those ages before us." And in speaking of various physical manifestations which they have power to effect, he remarks that "By applying active powers to passive subjects, they can produce wonderful effects," as "were easy to be instanced in whole volumes, if it were needful, out of history and experience." In speaking of good angels, he remarks: "This we know, that so sure as we see men, so sure we are that holy men have seen angels." That he was himself conscious of their presence, and sensible of their services, seems apparent from the following passages:—"O ye blessed spirits ye are ever by me, ever with me, ever about me; I do as good as see you, for I know you to be here; I reverence your glorious persons, I bless God for you; I walk carefully because I am ever in your eyes, I walk confidently because I am ever in your hands." "O ye invisible guardians, it is not sense that shall make the difference, it shall be my desire to be no less careful of displeasing you, than if I



saw you present by me clothed in flesh. Neither shall I rest less assured of your gracious presence and tuition, and the expectation of all spiritual offices from you, which may tend towards my blessedness than I am now sensible of the animation of my own soul." Finally, in treating of *The Employment and Operations of Angels*, he thus speaks of some of the benefits we derive from their ministrations. "Have we been raised up from deadly sicknesses, when all natural helps have given us up? God's angels have been our secret physicians. Have we had instinctive intimations of the death of some absent friends, which no human intelligence hath bidden us to suspect, who but our angels hath wrought it? Have we been preserved from mortal dangers, which we could not tell how by our providence to have evaded, our invisible guardians have done it."

The learned and judicious Hooker observes, that—

Angels are spirits, immaterial and intellectual. In number and order they are large, mighty, and royal armies, desiring good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men; in the countenance of whose nature, looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves; beside which, *the angels have with us that communion* which the Apostle to the Hebrews noteth, and in regard whereof they disdain not to profess themselves our fellow-servants. And from hence there springeth up another law, which bindeth them to works of *ministerial employment*.

Bishop Heber, too, as is evident from a passage in his *Indian Journal*, inclined to the belief that the spirits of the just were sometimes permitted to hover over those they love; and he has also expressed his conviction that there are recorded instances of spiritual apparitions in modern times, "which it would be exceedingly difficult to disprove." Bishop Beveridge thought "that those who are truly pious, have every one his angel always with him, is very probable." No doubt, too, the reader has often admired these simple lines of Bishop Ken:—

O may thy angels while I sleep,  
Around my bed their vigils keep;  
Their love angelical instil;  
Stop every avenue of ill.

May they celestial joys rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse.

Whether, then, we refer to the Church's confession of faith; to her standards of doctrine, devotion, and discipline; to the devotional poetry which finds favour with, and may be presumed to represent, to a great extent at least, the faith and feelings of her worshippers; or, to the views of some of her most distinguished theologians and representative men, we are brought to the same conclusion, that Spiritualism (however it may be ignored or put out of sight by those of her communion who cannot make it square with the philosophy in vogue, and who worship at *that* shrine), is an important constituent element of the Church's

belief; not something externally attached to it, but an integral part of it.

In urging this view I am not anxious to shelter Spiritualism under the robe of orthodoxy; my wish is rather to remind churchmen of some of the principles they profess, and of the duty of being true to those professions and accepting them with all their consequences. I regard Spiritualism as something belonging to all churches, and anterior to all churches:—a golden thread interwoven with the texture of every religious creed: an instinctive belief of humanity, and one warranted by revelation, tradition, universal experience, and the highest reason. Nothing can be more unfair, and no mistake in the consideration of Spiritualism can be more fatal than the common practice of confounding its principles with its accidents, or with particular modes of its manifestation; for, if its principles are true, its present modes of manifestation might all disappear to-morrow, and new modes of manifestation and new phases of the subject be presented. Spiritualism is not that idiotic abortion with which some popular ignorantly-learned men would cheat the public mind. It is THE SCIENCE OF MAN'S RELATIONS TO THE WHOLE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE. It is not the insignificance but the magnitude of the question which prevents our theologians and minute philosophers from taking hold of it. They cannot trace its coast lines: their eyes are blinded with the mere spray that from the oceans of the spirit world beats upon our shores. Man is a *microcosm*. There is in his nature that which corresponds and enables him to stand in relation to whatever is highest or lowest in the realms of spirit. He may sink himself into a companionship with the most degraded spirits of Infernus; or, he may rise to communion with spirits of just men made perfect; with angels who stand before the face of the Eternal Father; nay, have we not authority to declare that he may become the very temple of the Holy Ghost.

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#### DIRECT WRITING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

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We find in Mr. Bateman's *Life of Dr. Daniel Wilson, the late Bishop of Calcutta* (vol. i. p. 403), that a curious tradition lingered in Malacca upon the occasion of the Bishop's primary visitation. It was in connection with a ruined church either built by St. Francis Xavier who visited Malacca in 1545, or dedicated to him by the Portuguese after his death in 1552. And it is stated, that on occasion of the signature of St. Francis being required to give validity to an important deed, a hand came from the chapel where he lies buried at Goa, and signed his name.

## THE FORCE OF A FACT.

DURING the visit of Mr. Home to London in 1855, I was privileged to witness some wonderful spirit manifestations, such as raps on the table, on the floor, walls, and ceiling, the table moved, a bell carried round the room in the air ringing, and a concertina played without earthly hands. I also felt the hands of spirits laid upon me, and more, I saw a spirit-hand manifest in the air. In relating these wonders I usually have to tell my hearer that I know he must believe me to be deluded, albeit they took place in the company of some dozen gentlemen known to me, and strangers to Mr. Home, in a friend's house, in clear candle light, and in a room which Mr. Home until that evening had never entered. Were he to have told me a like story I should have been incredulous. Nothing I expect can convince of the reality of such marvellous phenomena but a similar personal experience. Doubt does not offend me, for I know that were I to change places with my listener, I should be even as he is.

I speak thus, because towards the fact of true revelations, at times, made by clairvoyants I was sceptical until an incident in connection with myself changed my mood. One Sunday in the Autumn of 1858, I was dining with some friends at a house not far from Windsor. Towards eight o'clock I had to leave the table and make my way to the Wraysbury Railway Station, in the dark, alone. I knew the road, and would have no lantern nor guide. The night was pitch dark. There had been heavy rain, and the streams with which the country abound were flooded. I walked rapidly, and met no one. Suddenly I thought I heard footsteps behind me, and paused to listen. In the silence I discovered it was only the noise of a swollen river. Re-assured, I resumed my walk, and soon reached the railway station.

Some days after a friend I had left at the dinner table called to see me. "Well," said he, "how did you get to the station on Sunday night?" "O, quite easily," I answered. "With no trouble!" "None?" "No, none." "Think a little," he said, "do you really mean none? Did you not once come to a stand still, thinking some one was behind you, and then press on, saying, "all right?" "Yes," I replied, so I did, "but how on earth did you get to know?" "Don't you know," said he, "that Miss Snow, who was with us, is a clairvoyant? When you left, I put her into the sleep, and asked her to follow you to the station. She did so, described your quick walk, then said, he stands still in some fear; now he says, "all right," walks again, and soon after that you had reached the station."

Of the truth of this relation I have no doubt. It gave me a sense of the fact of clairvoyance, no second-hand testimony could. Such hardness of faith I know is weak, but it is human nature.

W. W.

SUGGESTED BY LINES IN "PUNCH" ON MACAULAY  
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Oh, say not that from life and ease  
He is gone down, whom England weeps ;  
Say not that our Macaulay sleeps :  
False are drear phrases such as these.

With those in life, who star-like shone,  
Say not he doth in silence lie ;  
But that he now holds converse high  
With those whose genius fired his own.

That, while friends laid his coffin low,  
Mid ashes of the illustrious dead,  
While all round mourned the spirit fled,  
And some fond breasts were wrung with woe.

He then, in form more grand and bright,  
Was drinking in new life, new power ;  
Feeling in that to us, sad hour,  
Glad influx of supernal light.

No more to us shall he recount  
The steps by which our country rose,  
In language which resplendent flows,  
As some great stream from charmèd fount.

No more to life shall seem to start,  
Evoked by magic of his pen,  
The actors of past times—the men  
Who bore, in stirring scenes, a part.

No more bright pages, richly fraught  
With noblest wisdom from that mind,  
Formed to instruct and charm mankind,  
For us shall studiously be wrought.

But gone from us, in loftier land,  
Where glorious truths around unroll,  
Macaulay lives, and bends his soul  
To tasks, than those of earth more grand.

H. D.

## M. LOUIS BLANC ON THE MARVELLOUS.

AMONG the noticeable events of the present time should be mentioned the fact of the delivery of a lecture, on the 3rd April, at the Assembly Room, St. John's Wood, before some of the most eminent personages of our day, by M. Louis Blanc, late member of the Provisional Government of France, upon the "Mysterious Personages and Agencies in France towards the end of the Eighteenth Century." M. Louis Blanc enlarged upon the love of the marvellous innate in our being, and pointed out, in eloquent language, how near a sceptical age will ever be found to its contrary; that, in fact, the encyclopædists, with their negations of all things, produced the affirmation of occult science in such instances as those of St. Germain and Cagliostro. The lecturer passed in rapid review the phenomena of the "Convulsionnaires," and in word-pictures painted the mystic tub of Mesmer and the magic chamber of the Count Cagliostro. The latter he affirmed to have been an emissary of the Illuminati supplied by that secret body with the funds which he so lavishly spent. The object of the society was presumed to be the spread of revolutionary doctrines, communicated to the initiated in the lodges of Egyptian masonry. Such a view, although eloquently and forcibly advocated, needs no refutation. The very fact that Cagliostro affirmed his mission to be curative, and nothing more, being sufficient to disprove it.

M. Louis Blanc then recounted to his audience the prophecy of Cazotte relative to the future revolution—a prophecy which he considered to have been shaped after the fact—and in a peroration of great brilliancy the lecturer pointed out that the combined efforts of the sceptical philosophers and of the occult associations of those days, culminated and burst forth into the fearful revolutions which convulsed all Europe.

The strong relief into which the lecturer brought his theme will do much towards raising reflection in many minds, and may help to shake the sceptical stronghold. The hall was crowded, nearly eight hundred persons being present. Among the company we observed Hepworth Dixon, Esq., W. M. Thackeray, Esq., O. Delepierre, Esq., the Belgian Consul, Mrs. Milner Gibson, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, D. D. Home, Esq., the well-known spiritualist, Dr. Ashburner, Colonel Addison, R. Bell, Esq., Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, Esq., Mrs. Longman, the Rev. J. W. Bellew, Mr. and Mrs. Bensussan, Dr. Nelson, Mr. Church, &c. &c.

## CAN FORCE CREATE MATTER?

By DR. ASHBURNER.

question is the stumbling-block of the Materialist. The of the positive philosopher must be in the negative. Why necessarily in the negative? Because it is a question of power. A positive philosopher can allow only of limited power. To power is limited by the capacity of man to comprehend. A once started the proposition that there could be no atmospheric pressure. All the arguments deduced from the force of gravitation had no influence on his mind. He would, after all efforts to abstract his mind, confess that he could not comprehend the idea suggested to him, that the atmosphere necessarily weighed with a force equivalent to a certain number of pounds to a square inch. His friends charitably gave to his weakness the name of monomania, for he was for years engaged, at no small expense, and repeatedly becoming salivated with the quantities of quicksilver necessarily handled during his experiments, without being able to convince himself of the correctness of the suggested ideas. Notwithstanding the excellence of our friend's intellect, this twist in his perceptive power became occasionally a great bore.

The positive philosopher will never consent to acknowledge that any amount of false reasoning, in a circle, out of the limits which he refuses to entertain a proposition, can constitute a truism or an impertinence in philosophy. He insists that his perceptive faculties are not limited. Answer me the question, he asks, how can force create matter? Then he must have you name what is force? and what is matter? *A la bonne heure*—*si*, if he be rational, we have him.

We do not ask others to define our meaning for us. We perceive objects around us in all directions. All objects are relative to ourselves. If we had no perceptive powers, we should be ignorant of the existence of surrounding objects. Those objects would, nevertheless, not be non-existent because we were deprived of all our powers of perceiving them. It is idle to discuss the various characteristics of the forms of the objects surrounding us. Those who have the necessary faculties are well aware that all the objects in nature are resolvable into certain forms known as solid, liquid, and gaseous or aëiform. I have, on a previous occasion, illustrated a portion of our present subject by selecting the lightest substance known as matter—hydrogen gas, in order to express our meaning of infinitely attenuated matter, when a repulsive force operates to

keep its particles asunder so as to prevent its combining with any other form of matter. The force of repulsion, then, obliges hydrogen to remain in a state of negative polarity, for unless its particles can be approximated, it cannot alter its state or its conditions. Nor can any matter without the intervention of force, for all matter is known to be inert or passive. If man be operating on matter, in any course of experiments, it would be idle to say that he was not exerting his will to fashion those experiments. It has been shewn that the will of man is a force, attractive or repulsive, according to circumstances. (See my *Essays* in the fourth volume of the *Zoist*). Man can cause matter to be dissolved. It can be dissolved as a salt in water, which is itself a form of matter, capable of expansion and attenuation in the form of vapour or gas. But in order to effect this change in water, the introduction of a repulsive force is necessary. Under all circumstances, matter is subject to force. Cannot force dissolve matter? What do we mean by electro-metallurgy? Does not in this case electricity dissolve metal? In the formation of vapour in the atmosphere, does not force dissolve water? Is not all attenuation of matter more or less a solution in force?

This idea, expanded, takes us on to that of infinite space. We can suppose all matter to be so far attenuated as to form universal gas; to be dissolved by force in infinite space; resolved into such minute particles, as to be no longer subject to attraction. This the positive philosopher will not allow to be positive destruction. We do not say it is; for we contend, that a power exists superior to the attenuating power of all the repulsive agencies in nature. That power must determine the balance of polarities. Creation of matter must require a power analogous to that of the human will. If a will-power can direct force, so to operate upon matter as to dissolve it in space, in such wise that human perception is not able to distinguish between infinite attenuation and non-existence, what is to prevent that will from using those forces to annihilate and then to re-create matter in forms perfectly different from all that the past and present experience of man would suggest.\* One is now met with the plausible objection that the experience of man knows not of *nothing*.

It is very true that man's capacities are limited. His life, in period, is but a span; and if there be, about some individuals of this kind, an idea approaching to illimitable faculty, it is that *pride, vanity, and obstinacy*, which, in combination, repel all the light of truth! An impermeable blackness, defying the entrance of exalted thought, or high aspiration! A blackness opposed to

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\* *Proust's Bridgewater Treatise*, 3rd edition.

the attractions of light and truth, tending to the lethal abyss of that bourn whence no traveller returns.

All nature is *relative*; and when the positive philosopher insists that, with our limited powers, we cannot by that force which we call mind, create *any form* of matter, he forgets that poets create poems; that engineers create new forms of machines; that positive vanity creates material obstructions in various forms to the progress of knowledge. He will call these ideas, confusions between matter and im-matter—between something and nothing.

Such confusions have formerly occupied my mind; but it was when I did not see, *clearly*, that there must be a great distinction between inert matter and active force. Yes and no are not more distinct. Positive and negative are not more clearly defined.

The positive philosopher thinks he has the advantage of a stand-point. How full of arrogant vanity is his idea! Time hurries his idea into the eternal abyss of forgotten vanities, and even the ridiculous old Poz himself will soon be merged into the vortex of change, no longer able to pirouette on his stand-point, which has not even an ideal imaginative existence.

The objective creations of old Poz, as well as his subjective absurdities, are buried deeper than the unfathomable abyss.

That the *force* of God's *will* has created all matter, is too clear a proposition to be gainsaid by those who have not studied dreams. The realities of creation are as objective in dreams and in clairvoyance, as that which old Poz would call matter, can possibly be to himself. It is quite unnecessary to assert that in every dream, matter is created by the force of mind. If so, is the power of an Almighty mind to be called in question by a positivist?

On Monday evening, April 9th, the friends who had attended and sympathised with the recent ministrations in London of the Rev. T. L. Harris, took tea with him at St. James's Hall, Regent Street; about 300 were present. After tea, the chair was taken by Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, who, on behalf of the meeting, briefly expressed their sympathy with Mr. Harris, and their thankfulness for the teachings he had imparted; to which Mr. Harris replied in feeling and eloquent terms. An address, written by a lady on behalf of the ladies of his congregation, was then presented, and the meeting was subsequently addressed by Mr. Wallis, Mr. Brotherton of Manchester, Dr. Gardiner, and other gentlemen. At the close of the proceedings a liberal collection was made to defray the expenses of Mr. Harris's labours, and the publication of his works.

Mr. Harris intends resuming his ministrations at the Marylebone Literary Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, for a few Sundays, commencing May 27th, at 11 A.M. and 6.30. P.M. His temporary retirement is to enable him to write a work in development of the celestial sense of the Apocalypse, to form the Second Part of his *Arcana of Christianity*.



## LIGHT AND COLORS.

LIGHT is the magic brush which the Divine Author uses to paint all the beautiful and varied shades and tints that please the eye, and beautify and adorn the landscape; and until we know *more* of this subtle element, we shall not be able fully to solve the problem of the causes of color. The immediate cause of color is the reflection of one or more rays, which gives the color, and the absorption of the remainder, or, in the case of black (which is the absence of all color), the absorption of all the rays, leaving the object visible only by contrast with surrounding objects. White, on the other hand, has been proved to be the reflection of all the rays. A simple experiment will illustrate this: Take a circular plate and arrange it so that it may be made to revolve very rapidly, paint upon its surface the seven primary colors in their order, set this to revolving, and it will soon change from a varied hue to a perfectly *white* color! In this experiment the light from each of the primary colors reaches the eye so nearly at the same time that they make an impression which gives the color of the *whole* of the rays of the spectrum, which is white. The law of differentiation, which is simply a higher play of affinities—in which each particular organ acquires the power of selecting elements of a particular kind and character, and appropriating them to building itself up—will explain the reason why different parts of plants vary in color.

Light is food for plants and animals, and each one of the primary colors furnishes a peculiar kind of food. Most of the organs of plants require and absorb all but the green ray, and this is the color which is presented to the eye; and this is a beautiful display of the wisdom of the Creator, in making the ray which is most grateful and pleasing to the eye, the one which is rejected and thrown off from the carpet which is spread over the earth. In the case of the flower, the law of differentiation causes it to absorb portions of the spectrum; thus, a red flower absorbs all except the red ray, and so of other colors; a black flower absorbs all the rays; the white flower, which is an emblem of purity, reflects all the rays equally, presenting a harmonious blending, which is very significant.

We have spoken of life as the lever for raising matter to a higher plane—a more progressed condition. But it may be well, before proceeding in our consideration of vegetable life, to refer to a phenomena called *Isomerism*, a term which signifies the same elements, having different propensities. The law of progress is moving through all grades of matter, and an eloquent writer has said: "In the drama of the universe, each actor performs his part, whether leading or obscure, and though he may retire from the scenes, the play goes forward to its catastrophe. Whether it be an individual or a race, each, by the actions of its life, has given some turn to the general course of events. In the undulations that circle on a quiet lake, each particle alternately rises up or sinks into repose; but that particle, minute as it was—that motion, small as it might be—was absolutely necessary to keep up the onward motion of the waves. Under this point of view, the destiny of each individual is connected with the destiny of the world."

Recent discoveries in the science of chemistry have revealed to us the singular and important fact, that similar elements, when combined under different circumstances and conditions, present substances having very different characters. The endless variety of forms, of which we have spoken, results not alone from varied combinations of different elements, but also from a change in the order of arrangement of *similar* elements and primates. Thus, what could be more striking than the contrast between that dull and lustreless substance known as charcoal, and that magnificent jewel that is chosen to adorn the brow of humanity—the diamond? and yet the chemist finds that *each* is carbon!

A friend asked why the Seers who described the spirits in the inner life, spoke of some of them as being bright and others as dark! The response was, "Brother, why is charcoal dark and the diamond bright? Because, in the first

the elements are thrown together in apparent disorder and confusion, whilst in the latter (the diamond) they are all arranged in beautiful symmetry, according to heaven's first law, 'ORDER!' Know then, oh man, that as thou comest more and more under this perfect law, thy soul will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."—DR. H. T. CHILD, *Herald of Progress*.

## EVENING MUSIC OF THE ANGELS.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,  
 Were heard among the angels, touched and tuned  
 As to an evening hymn, precluding soft  
 To cherub voices. Louder as they swelled,  
 Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,  
 Mixed with clear silver sounds, till concord rose  
 Full as the harmony of winds to heaven ;  
 Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies  
 To some worn Pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes,  
 Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds  
 Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,  
 The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,  
 The dash of waters, reed or rustic pipe,  
 Blent with the dulcet distance-mellowed bell,  
 Come like the echo of his early joys.  
 In every pause, from spirits in mid air,  
 Responsive still were golden viols heard,  
 And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

HILLHOUSE.

We are indebted to K. R. H. Mackenzie for some curious extracts from an unpublished MS. in the British Museum, formerly belonging to Sir Hans Sloane. Mr. M. says:—"It is described as *Journals of Magical Processes, Appearances of Angels, Spirits, &c., and Conferences with them, from July 24, 1671, to December 18, 1683*. It is in five volumes, and there are not less than two thousand and fifteen pages, and, from its abrupt commencement, it is evidently but a portion of what originally existed. Probably, not any spiritual MS., equal in extent to this, if we except those of Dr. Dee, has remained to our times. Dr. Dee's *Journal* extends from 1583 to 1607. If we had therefore wished for a link between the times of Dee and our own, this anonymous MS. very happily fills up the interval. No doubt, in course of time, other records will be discovered, so as to show an uninterrupted series. If any reader knows of such we beg that he will communicate with us, and aid in the completion of this chain of evidence respecting spirit-intercourse by contemporary documents." The intercourse seems, as in the case of Dr. Dee, to have been carried on chiefly by visions and communications seen in the mirror. We have not space for the extracts sent, but any of our readers who have admission to the library of the Museum may consult the MS. at their leisure. The press mark is 102 d.

## Correspondence.

In order to make intelligible to our readers, who are not acquainted with the Planchette, the following letter of Mr. Kyd, it may be useful to reprint a short description of the instrument given in the last April number of the *Telegraph*:—

“THE PLANCHETTE.—We have had several opportunities of late of seeing this in action, and have noted some remarkable phenomena resulting from it. We gave a short description of it in a former number, it having then been just brought to this country from Paris, where it has been for some time extensively used. The name is French, signifying “a thin board.” It is formed of a thin piece of mahogany or cardboard, cut in some convenient shape for holding a pencil at one end, with two moveable castors at the other, the whole thus forming a tripod, and easily moving with rapidity in any direction on the slightest pressure. Our readers are acquainted with the mode and phenomena of ordinary automatic, or “involuntary” writing, and the Planchette appears to be but an extension and experimental proof of the truth of this, for instead of being the involuntary writing of one person only, the best use of the Planchette is when two persons or even more place their hands upon it and thus produce movements which are formed into writing by the pencil. Of course those who use it should be mediums more or less developed, (our theory is that every person is a medium), and like every thing else in this world, the results flow best and purest through willing hearts, and practice and use are necessary in most cases, to produce great results, though occasionally it moves readily even at a first trial.

“The intermediate cause, which Philosophers would, if they believed in it at all, from their very nature, place as the first cause, appears to be some magnetic emanation or force which is communicated to and through the instrument, and as corroboration of this we are told by a Clairvoyante on whose perceptions we deservedly rely, that some woods are better than others to attract and hold this force—for instance, that Sandal wood is the best, then Acacia, which is nearly as good, and then Pine, Oak, and Mahogany; which are about equal. An additional circumstance leading to the same conclusion of magnetic emanation, is the fact known to us that after using earnestly these Planchettes, they have on several occasions been seen in the act of moving by themselves, and at other times in drawers have been found to have made marks on the paper on which they were placed.

“Certainly there appears in them to be some receptive power through which intelligence of a high order flows upon the paper in writing and drawing, quite independent of and above the intelligence of any of the persons whose hands may be upon them. Only a few days ago, we saw one write several lines in the following extraordinary manner:—After writing several lines with great rapidity, backwards, and which we had to read from the back of the paper, by holding it against the lamp, it commenced with equal rapidity the first letter of the line, and then jumped to the other end of the line, and wrote the last letter, and then back and wrote the second letter, and then to the end and wrote the last but one, and so on backwards and forwards until words were formed at each end and until they met in the middle, and the sentence was completed. This was repeated several times.

“There is much to excite wonder in watching the rapid evolutions of the pencil, not less than at the surprising continuity and newness of what is written through those who are accustomed to the use of it, and it appears to us in our simplicity, that it would be impossible for any one to try it without being impressed with the fact of some new form of intelligence being at work.

“Again, however, as these lines may be read by some who may not have had much experience in Spiritualism, we would add the caution that nothing proceeding from the Planchette, or from any Spirit, should be received as absolute truth without careful inquiry, and the exercise of calm reason. Let intrinsic merit

alone be the ground on which we receive anything into our lives. A disregard of this main rule has led to much trouble, and many bad effects to our holy cause, and is the rock on which many short-sighted but worthy mediums, have wrecked themselves.

"The Planchette may be purchased price 7s. each, at Mr. Welton's, Surgical Instrument maker, No. 29, New Compton Street, Soho. W."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Carlsruhe, 158, Lange Strasse,  
10th February, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—I am only now able to send you a continuation of my last letter, and shall be well repaid if I can give light on the subject of Spiritual Phenomena, but more especially on the phenomena, as it has now declared itself, of the "Light of the Soul in Communion," which I regard by our own daily experience to be the keystone, or rather organ, of elucidation of the Bible miracles and the wonders of the present, as of preceding ages. The soul being an essence of God's spirit in us, becomes naturally, when quickened, the direct principle of action, and then acquires force from communion with spirits in and out of the flesh of the same category, as also from God's messengers on high, or from the powers of darkness, according to the moral medianimic influence. In an analogical point of view with the Trinity in unity, so is man composed virtually of three distinct spirits, individualised collectively in communion, viz: 1st, the universal spirit; 2nd, the incorporated spirit or soul; and 3rd, the temporal spirit or mind. It is this last earthly spiritual power, with the bad propensities of the heart to work upon, that checks the inspirations of the soul, led into good or evil, through medianimic influence. Thus it is when God's word and glory are rejected for worldly display and egoism, that the spiritual medium so often falls into the region of darkness, and becomes identified with witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, &c., all which, notwithstanding, is subservient to God's purposes, for man's progression and regeneration. Judges, v. "Then God sent an evil spirit between Abimelech and the men of Sechim;" &c. Pharaoh's heart was repeatedly hardened by God, to answer His own inscrutable purposes. "As man as I love, I rebuke, and chasten." "I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." Isaiah and Rev. "For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God." Romans, xiii. 1. As in material life, there is no end of grievous trials; so in the spirit, there are shoals and quicksands with the principle of evil to overcome. "To him that overcometh will I (saith the Son of God) grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame (in the flesh) and am set down with my Father in His throne." Rev. iii. 21. The spiritualist therefore is not exempt from his share of trials to endure, and must pray for "the gift of discerning of spirits," according to St. Paul, who tells the Galatians in ch. v. verses 22, 23, what the fruit of the spirit is, and how to distinguish between a good and a bad one. The medianimic power of the light of the soul in communion, based on Christian principles, and properly developed into action, cannot fail, as our own experience tells us, to be productive of the highest benefit to mankind. To all those who object to seek new light through a material instrument, (and who cry out "*cui bono* spiritualism through a planchette?) they would do well to point out the essential difference (as one of several examples only,) between Aaron's material rod that swallowed up all the other rods opposed to it, and the planchette, in respect to God's miraculous dealings so often manifested with material effect, and to consider that God's ways are not man's ways, and that the Supreme Deity "confounds the wise of this world by the foolish and base things of the world." I Cor. i. 26, 28. I am glad to hear that there are several planchettes in use in London, but sorry there should be no wonders or miracles. The fault may be either in the doctrine—a want of sufficient faith, or an erroneous way of developing the spiritual power. I will endeavour to give some practical hints or rules on this subject for all those desirous of progressing in this intellectual and scriptural phase of the phenomena. 1st. The mediums must keep their eyes steadily fixed on the top part of the pencil, and not on the paper, and still less

on the writing, while the planchette manifests itself. 2nd. The object being to obtain a pure spiritual effect, the minds of the mediums must necessarily be altogether dormant. 3rd. Weeks and months may pass away without any substantial progress, during which period drawbacks and discouragements innumerable of a spiritual nature are sure to spring up, often the work of foreign spirits hovering about the earth. These are but trials to the Christian spiritualist, who ought not to falter and lose heart, but go on, inch by inch, to certain victory. He must bring to his aid the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and offer up to Him daily prayers to assist the soul's lucidity, and to drive away the powers of darkness. In all serious *séances*, the thoughts of the mediums, as well as those in communion should be concentrated in faith on the Divine omnipotence, and on the power of the Spirit "to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." 4th. As soon as the miraculous power is sufficiently developed on a substantial Christian basis, and foreign hostile spirits, or interlopers, fairly put to the rout, a modification of this severe ordeal may be admitted to a certain degree, to be acquired by experience, or practical knowledge alone. The spiritual economy is but the reflection of the material; for there exists, in this world of sense, according to our instruction, no matter without spirit, and no spirit without matter. The link between God and man, through the redemption, is in a measure proof of this fact.\* The Planchette-Communion supposed then, with the spirit practitioner, to be fairly established on a rocky foundation; the light intellectual and conversational *séances* or family and friendly communions, may be introduced with profitable enjoyment and edification. The soul and the temporal mind or reason, will progress with mutual support and satisfaction, under the omnipotent direction and quickening powers of the universal spirit "poured out upon all flesh." In this wise I can see no limit to miracles and supernatural wonders of providence, as in the days of the Patriarchs, this medianimic power being but the organ or instrument of God in one of its brightest phases of the reigning phenomena.

When Captain Bernard was with us in August last, he was miraculously cured, through the planchette, of a bad leg, and myself equally of gum boils that gave me excessive pain, of which he was witness. Both these cures were performed during the night while asleep. We were told before going to bed, by Luos,† that he would magnetise us. The following morning we found ourselves perfectly well; and on going to the planchette, this spirit in communion wrote, "You see I kept my word, and that your faith enabled me to make you well." It was the will of the Holy Ghost exemplified through the direct agency of the soul in communion, and that Will is exercised by the spirit of God in us, "according to the power that worketh in us by faith in Christ Jesus." Eph. iii. 20. These sort of little cures are not uncommon with us, which alone, without other reason, is a substantial answer to all those who cry out, "*cui bono* spiritualism?" Amongst this class of opponents, or disbelievers, I regret to find clergymen of the Church of England with whom I am acquainted. In the "gifts of healing by the same spirit," we have not yet reached the high miraculous power of Emáh Tirpsé (Mr. Bertolacci,) nor is this a matter of human calculation, being a divine gift, for "there are diversities of gifts, but only one and the self-same spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will." 1 Cor. xii. Whatever the gift be then, great or small, to each of us individually, it is a talent not to be despised, neglected, buried, or allowed to perish in the earth, but must be made use of with profit, and thankfulness to the Divine giver. The spirit having been "poured out upon all flesh" through Redemption; we are consequently all and each of us mediums of the spirit. In our own family circle, for instance, we know the quality of each medianimic "gift." There should be in the Planchette-Communion no jealous feeling, no egotistical disunion or discontent, for no one can add or take away from individual talent, God's free gift, thus meted out to fructify to the best advantage. Amongst our deductions spiritual progression after death is a most important doctrine to know, as well as its mysteries, so far as the medianimic power is capable of unveiling. How far this doctrine is literally correct with Scripture

\* The periphery of the spirit's body is material. † The soul.

is yet questionable. The soul is not infallible, nor are the angels. I must therefore wait patiently until passages be met with in the Bible to clear up this point of such vital importance to humanity. I may at any rate, on some other occasion, communicate what Luos has written in regard to spiritual purification, punishments, and extreme exceptional cases of re-incarnation of the soul into animal nature. The doctrine of the "Light of the Soul in Communion" corresponds with St. Paul's sentiments as to the co-operation of man with the spirit of God, when he tells the Romans, "If ye, through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Rom. viii. 13. And speaking of himself, he says, "Whereunto I also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily." Col. i. 29. The same Apostle prays for the "Communion of the Holy Ghost." 2 Cor. xiii. 14. And both the English and Greek word imply the most intimate co-operation, and signify that the graces and virtues, on which salvation depends, are the joint Holy Ghost, or common operation of the supernatural power of the Holy Ghost, and of the natural power of man; that the Holy Ghost acts with men in such manner, that their separate or respective parts cannot be perceived or distinguished. David, as well as most of the prophets or Jews of old, were in constant communication with their souls,—an evident superiority of the soul over the mind, the one being immortal and the other temporal. Man's fall in connection with the Red-emption, however, necessitates a co-operation of the powers of the soul and the temporal reason, hence are entailed personal responsibility, free-will, and the conscientious principle of good and evil. The soul, notwithstanding its superiority to the mind, is nevertheless fallible,\* as equally so all human prophecy. It follows, therefore, in the attainment of religious and intellectual fruit, there must be a communion of action between the soul and the mind comprehending the regenerate heart, so full naturally of evil. No doubt such communion is a difficult task, in consideration of the heart being the sink of iniquity of the temporal spirit of man. God, however, independent of general laws and economy, employs direct spiritual messengers, in which exceptional cases, the soul participates indirectly with the mind. We have had two examples of this sort, which I may refer to another time.

In concluding this as the latter part only of my letter of the 2nd January, in continuation, I ought not to omit mentioning that Captain Bernard came to us from Paris, ill and dejected, that he was restored to health and strength of mind through the Planchette-Communion, the miraculous effects of which spiritually, intellectually, and physically, though inferior as to the last, to Mr. Home and Comte d'Urbes, he daily witnessed for three successive months. He is himself progressing as a writing medium, and has the merit of true devotion to the investigation of the phenomena. He has a large collection of facts that might be of use to the "Magazine." He is a thorough Spiritualist at heart, and consequently added force to our Spiritual-Communion. He is gone to Nice and will probably be in London next spring.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A. KYD.

11th Wednesday.—My wife, on saying her prayers last evening, had the most remarkable spiritual manifestations with the table and tappings everywhere, as equally answers to questions, quite equal to those of Mr. Home. My daughter heard quite distinctly the noises in her own adjoining room, and on opening the door, saw a part of the wonders exhibited.—A. K.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—Believing that, even small facts cannot but be helpful in the establishment of great general truths, provided, of course, that they have some evident bearing upon these truths, I send you a short account of a little incident relating to the well-known process of mediumistic drawing and writing, which, if you should consider it of sufficient interest, you are very welcome to insert in the *Spiritual Magazine*. Sitting, the other evening, at the table, and watching the operations of our little ones, I perceived that one of

\* We have particular *séances* from Luos on this subject.

them (a boy of five years of age) "let his hand go," as he calls it, to draw something. He is very fond of drawing, and being myself a medium, I put my hand on his in order to steady it.

He immediately began to make with his pencil the usual gyrations and zig-zag movements, till at length his hand became more settled, and he drew what turned out to be a butterfly on the wing. This being finished, the pencil descended, and began to work what seemed likely to turn out another butterfly. But no, the wings would not come, and finally it was finished in the form of a crawling caterpillar. Now the pencil went up again, and drew close to the caterpillar a mass of sedgy grass or reeds. The back-ground was now formed by a kind of low embankment, and I thought the drawing was completed. I was mistaken. The pencil stuck to the paper, right under the grass or reeds, and began again to work horizontally, as if to blot out some lines which were there. But this was not the case, for very soon it became evident that the object was to represent the dark surface of a pond, shaded by the reeds. Now, the drawing was done, roughly of course, but not without a good effect.

The explanation I got of it, was as follows:—A caterpillar was crawling along his lonely way over a barren field, in search of fresh food, for where he had hitherto been, all foliage was consumed. At length he came near a verdant spot where he expected to find a plentiful supply. But, arriving at the place, he found that he had been deceived in his expectation, for what had looked so green were only sedges and reeds, which were growing on the margin of a pool, and not at all suited for food for a caterpillar. Bitterly disappointed, he lay still on the ground, giving himself up to grief and despondency. Suddenly, however, a butterfly came near which settled upon some reeds, and seemed to look down with compassion upon the poor caterpillar. For a while neither of these spoke, but the very sight of a sympathizing being so near him, seemed to inspire the caterpillar with fresh courage. What then was his joy when the butterfly at length spoke as follows?—"Do not despond, my brother, you think you are forsaken by God, but this is wrong of you. Though you feel lonely now, yet, He has a thousand winged servants whom He can send to instruct and guide you when you err. Follow me, and I will show you where there is plenty of food for you, only have faith!"

The caterpillar followed the guiding butterfly, and they soon reached a delightful bush, full of green foliage, which he had been prevented by the rushes from seeing.

When he had eaten some of the fresh young leaves, in the presence of the butterfly, who watched him with evident pleasure, he was going to thank his benefactor for his kind and welcome aid; but, the butterfly replied, "I am a worm like you, only I have now wings, which render me less dependant on the earth in my movements, and ere long, you will enjoy the same privileges. Meanwhile, thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift, who sent me hither to help you in your need." I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, X.

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

April 20, 1860.

SIR,—Your correspondent, C. gave a correct account in the last number of your interesting Journal of my sudden and unexpected conversion to a belief in spiritual intercourse.

My surprise is only exceeded by my regret that I should have so long remained in darkness—that so great and so important a truth should have been hidden from my sight. Would that all men could see as I now see. It gives new life and interest to everything around me.

Since my first introduction to the subject, now only some three or four months since, I have lost no opportunity of investigating the phenomena; and apart from the previously-hidden fact alluded to by C., of having in my own house one who has the higher faculty of "discerning spirits," I have recently witnessed some astonishing "manifestations" through the mediumship of Mr. Squire and Mr. Home, whose manifestations are now well known throughout the leading circles of London society; and I propose, with your permission, to

make my contribution to your pages, by briefly relating the facts, witnessed by me a few days since, at the residence of the last-named gentleman, to whom I was introduced by a friend for the first time.

We called merely to make a complimentary visit, and without, on my part, the expectation of witnessing any of his marvellous powers; but, in the most affable and agreeable manner, Mr. Home proposed to have "a sitting," and in a short time various and most surprising physical manifestations took place.

The apartment was large, and a sofa, in a distant part of the room, walked, as it were, from its place without any visible agency—no one being near it. A massive drawing-room table, on which our hands were reposing, rose gradually and remained for a short time suspended a foot or more from the floor—*certainly by no human means*. We then lowered the gas, which had been burning brightly until that moment, and the table, being placed near the window, we sat around in a semi-circle, leaving the other side nearest to the window vacant. Two hand-bells having been put on that part of the table; *a spirit-hand and part of the arm presented itself, and with a natural muscular movement reached and carried away, in the visible sight of all present, first one bell and then the other, placing them in our hands, just as if the act had been done by a natural human hand.*

I need hardly say my surprise was great—my belief in the reality of these wondrous phenomena complete! The hardened sceptic mind, which, I am free to confess, was, until recently, my own state, need not trouble itself with the too common suggestions of an optical illusion or a well-contrived piece of jugglery. It is, they may be assured, a veritable reality, and one which I should have hesitated to record, but that I know there are many of your readers who have witnessed similar phenomena during the few weeks of Mr. Home's residence here, as well as at the period of his first visit to London; and marvelous and "impossible" as it may appear to many, *it is true!* J. J. S.

## SPIRITUALIST MEETING AT HOXTON.

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

Bedford Row, April, 1860.

DEAR SIR.—In one of the oldest and largest houses in the High-street of Hoxton, have for two years past assembled a company of Spiritualists, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Jennesson, well known in the ranks of the disciples of Robert Owen. To the last periodical meeting of these friends, I among others, was attracted to give a farewell greeting to Mr. Wilks, their secretary, about to leave to settle in Worcester. During tea, which socially precedes formal business among our Hoxton friends, there were arrivals of visitors from various distances, and by the time the tables were cleared there were fifty in the room. I happened to sit by the side of Mrs. Jennesson and thus had the advantage of her conversation.

Mrs. J. is a trance-speaking medium; she told me that, since she had been used as a medium, she had thought it remarkable that she had not been prevented by her engagements (those of an *accoucheuse*) from attending the circle, except on one or two occasions. A lady, Mrs. Ridley, who sat at the same table here remarked that, on one of these occasions it appeared to her that she saw Mrs. Jennesson enter the room in which the circle met, and withdraw again after standing near the piano for several minutes. Mrs. Ridley said, she remarked to others, how strange it was that Mrs. Jennesson should not have joined the circle. Several others, three of whom were now present, had also seen her enter and leave the room, as they supposed, to change her dress.

The formation of the circle had been already delayed, in the hope that she might join them; and now there was a further delay in the expectation of her returning to the room. At length, Mr. Wilks said, he would wait no longer; and proceeded. Mr. W. was one who had seen her come and go. Mrs. Jennesson, continued Mrs. Ridley, made her re-appearance before the circle broke up, and to the observations of the friends as to her deranging proceedings by coming in and out in an irregular manner, declared that she had not left her patient from the time of her being called to her, some hours before. She said that, she



had been hoping to get away in time to be present at the opening of the circle, and had, in a sort of slumber (probably magnetic), imagined herself to be with them. Can any of your critical correspondents explain this? Is it a case of *doppel gänger*, or *simulacrum*?

The president having introduced the special business of the evening,—the approaching departure of their friend the secretary,—Mrs. Jennesson, in the trance state, was spoken through. Her exhortation was to the effect that all should follow, according to their gifts, the example of their brother, anticipating a blessing upon the work, which he would find in the new field opening to him.

Mr. J. Jones, of Peckham, moved "the acknowledgments of the friends present to Mr. Wilks, and their earnest desires for a continuance of his ability to work in the cause of Spiritualism, wherever he might be called in the order of Providence." Mr. Jones adverted to his experience. He said that, the fact of spiritual existence had been demonstrated to him through phenomena, which he first witnessed through the mediumship of his esteemed friend Mr. Home, then present. He related the circumstances, well remembered by the readers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, which occurred at Sandgate.

The motion seconded, and feelingly spoken to, by several members of the circle, was cordially agreed to.

Mr. Wilks replied in affectionate terms. He thought men and women will act on earth worthily as brothers and sisters, when they know that life here is but the commencement of an existence which is immortal.

The president then said that it was customary with them, at their meetings, to listen to those who might be in possession of interesting facts, and invited Mr. Jones, of Clerkenwell, to repeat one which he had already stated to him.

Mr. Jones said, that he thought it the duty of Spiritualists to put the faculties, which they received from God, to use for the good of their brethren. As soon as he knew the truth of Spiritualism, he prayed to know how he might best apply this knowledge. He was told, through the mediums of the circle where he had acquired this blessed knowledge, that it would be imparted to him in due time. After some months, he was instructed through the same channels, that he was a medium for healing, and he had had several opportunities for using this gift. As an instance, a short time since, during the past winter, he was informed that a young man, the only son of a friend of his wife, was dangerously ill. He went to see him, and found him with a swelling in the angle of his jaw, and his jaw fixed so that he could take no food; but finding that a surgeon had been called in, and that the young man's father was averse to magnetism, he returned without doing anything. But, after finishing his day's work, he received a spiritual intimation that he should go again, and that he would be the medium for saving the young man. Although the night was stormy, and the distance great, he went at once. He found the young man worse; the father, in tears, now entreated him if he thought he could do any good to do it; the surgeon had, he said, done all he could, and had then gone to see if he could get him into an hospital. Mr. Jones, yielding to spiritual influence, placed the points of his fingers at the angles of the jaw, making occasional passes to the chin: in twenty minutes the swelling began to subside and the rigidity of the muscles to relax; in ten minutes more the young man partook of some cocoa and bread and butter. Mr. Jones not being able of himself to advise as to what further should be done, invited the mother to accompany him to his friend, Mr. Childs, at Islington, where his niece was then staying, this niece being a medium through whom he often received directions from spirit-friends. On her passing into the trance state, it was said, through her, that the locking of the jaw was the effect of a blow; that it was the spirit-friend then speaking through her, who had urged her uncle to go, that they had passed their magnetism through him; that all that remained to complete the case was to continue the magnetic action. The medium then asked for the mother's handkerchief, and breathed on it for some time, made passes over the mother's hand, wrapped the handkerchief round it, told her to keep it thus until she got home, and then to tie it round her son's face. This was done. The young man was cured. Mr. Jones, in conclusion, said that he considered this a striking instance of the beneficent action of spirits under Divine Providence.

One of the friends present said that he was able to verify the narrative of Mr. Jones and to complete it. He knew the young man's family, was present when Mr. Jones operated, and went the next morning to make enquiries as to the result: he found him sitting up eating some meat. Almost at the same moment the doctor walked in; the gentleman stood looking at the patient in astonishment, said something indistinctly about the hospital and eating things without sanction, put on his hat again and stalked out of the room, saying that he would interest himself no further about the case. From that time the young man was well, and resumed his work,—that of a lighterman; and has kept at it without interruption since.

With respect to what the medium has said as to the lock-jaw being caused by a blow—that was true: the young man had told him that he had received an accidental blow on the jaw, after which it began to get rigid until it was perfectly immovable.

Mr. Home said, such meetings as these were good for confirmation of each other in the knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism. Of its truth, and its blessings, no one could be more convinced than himself. He thought few had had more extensive opportunities of witnessing its blessings. A young and humble individual, he left America about eight years ago, had visited many parts of Europe, and as a medium, had been received into circles of every grade in society. Nothing gave him more happiness than being the means of extending a knowledge of the truth that the soul is immortal, and that as we live in this life so we are prepared for the next. Upon this subject he was happy to mix with any—rich or poor; but his preference, he confessed, was with the latter, because he found among them a greater freedom to accept the truth for its own sake, and to act in harmony with it: the poor have less to look to here; are less bound by conventionalities, and less interested in withholding from others the knowledge they may have of these truths. He hoped still to be a medium for extending a knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism, and was glad to have had the opportunity of thus meeting friends in the same cause.

Presently after this a circle of seven or eight was formed, among whom were Mrs. Marshall and her daughter-in-law—the well-known mediums. There was a general desire that Mr. Home would take a place at the table; but an engagement required that he should leave early. Mrs. Jenneson was entranced again, and delivered an appropriate address upon the subject of the harmonious and requisite in a circle. Thereupon,—and while arrangements were being made by those who like to witness "physical phenomena,"—I respectfully withdrew, having an appointment, and being desirous also of making a memorandum of what I had seen and heard, which I thought interesting in many particulars.

J. D.

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

Sir.—About a week since, William Webb, a labourer, a honest and hard-working man, at Alresford, Hants, was passing through a gateway close to a blacksmith's shop, and suddenly saw his brother John Webb, a very skilful butcher, with two buckets in his hands. He spoke to him, but, strange to say, received no reply. He spoke again, and again, and received no answer, which greatly excited his astonishment! but observing his brother receding from him, he watched him till all at once the apparition vanished or disappeared from his sight. He related this to many, and shortly afterwards heard of his brother's death, which took place about six miles from Alresford, at a place called the Milburies. He had committed suicide by hanging himself in a yard or cart-house, at the Milburies public house, about half-past ten that night. Strange to say, another relation, a labouring man of the name of West, of Spring Cottage, Alresford, also had a token of the death of John Webb. His front door and window were so violently shaken that he hastened to the door to see what it was, but nothing was to be seen. The countenances of these men, in making their statements, would lead no one to question their statements.

I am, &c.

B.

## DIRECT WRITING.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I willingly comply with your request to record in a letter the instances of direct writing, which I have witnessed (some of them in your presence) through the mediumship of Mr. Squire. I am simply a student of science, and I am neither a partisan of Spiritualism nor, I thank the Church of my baptism, are my theological tenets or inner Spiritual life in any way dependant on, or to be influenced by what the unseen agents, be they demons, as I believe, or spirits of the departed, as Mr. Squire holds, may choose to communicate. In the written Word of God, and in the living teaching of the Church of England, I have the only guides, which I either desire or should choose to accept in all that relates to the unseen mysteries of God. I neither expect nor desire any further Revelation or new light, and utterly hold in ridicule as the productions of a mystic the pretended Revelations of the spirit-world, by the late Emanuel Swedenborg. The old paths of the Church of England, in which my fathers trod suffice for all my spiritual desires and requirements, and it is simply as a problem in physical science that I consent to examine or discuss the phenomena of Spiritualism.

In my former communication, *Facts, by Dr. —*, in your last number, I gave an outline of the physical phenomena which, through the mediumship of Mr. Squire, were produced in my house. I stated my belief that these phenomena were not the result of fraud, nor the doings of a conjuror, but, were really produced by some unseen agency, and to this opinion, despite the doubting warning letters of kind friends who have read the communication, I still adhere. It is a question of scientific evidence, of which I am surely capable of judging, and as a candid witness I am constrained to state that, despite the suspicious fact of some of the principal manifestations occurring in the dark, I believe that it was utterly out of Mr. Squire's power to produce the phenomena I have recorded, by either fraud or artifice.

The following is the brief summary I gave in the paper in question of the direct writing I then witnessed:—

"3. *Writing by an unseen Agent.*—Mr. Squire held a pencil on a sheet of paper with one hand under the table. It was rapidly and audibly written on, and then pulled forcibly out of his hand and thrown across the room. On one sheet was written the surname of the writer, and on the other, 'O tarry thou.' (On the chimney-piece in the dining-room is an illuminated card with the verse from the Psalm, O tarry thou, the Lord's leisure, &c.)

"Farther, the writer placed below the dining table, on two occasions, a piece of blank paper and a cedar pencil. The fire, partly wood, was burning brightly. The four persons present formed a circle with their hands on the table. Writing was distinctly heard on the paper. On examining the paper, the word 'God' was three times written in a cramped hand, and on the other occasion the writer's surname."

I shall now give these facts more in detail, together with one or two others, which I have since witnessed:—

1. On the evening of the 25th February, a piece of paper laid on a stiff MSS. book, and a pencil, with the point turned towards his hand, were held under my dining-table by Mr. Squire in one hand, the other forming a circle with ours round the table. The fire was burning brightly; the gas turned on low. The pencil was distinctly heard to move, and on the paper was written my surname. The experiment was repeated thrice. On the second occasion the words 'O tarry thou' were written. On each occasion the book was forcibly drawn out of Mr. Squire's hand, and was thrown across the room. The words 'O tarry thou' are portion of a text on an illuminated card on the chimney-piece.

2. On the evening of the 26th February, we had, as I have recorded, stronger physical manifestations. We also placed a sheet of paper on the floor, under the centre of the dining-table, laying a pencil on it. The hands of all present were formed in a circle on the table. The pencil was distinctly heard to move, and after a time the paper was thrown across the room. On the paper was

written, in a cramped awkward hand, the word 'God' three times. On a repetition of this experiment my surname was written. It is a wide, scrawling writing, filling the whole sheet of paper.

3. On the 16th of April I received through your hands the following message, written in your presence by Mr. Squire, under that influence known as medium writing. "Will you be kind enough to ask the gentleman of whom you speak to look in a little case on his library shelf, and he will find a paper written backwards with the words, 'God bless you, Dr. —.'" I looked in the case accordingly, and there found written on an envelope, in ink, in the same cramped hand, the message in question.

As a piece of scientific or exhaustive evidence, this message is of no value whatever, as, while I would not for a moment suspect Mr. Squire or yourself of so foolish and impertinent a trick, it is, nevertheless, open to any objector to assert that you or he placed this writing in the case when you did me the honor of a visit on the 25th and 26th of February.

4. On the evening of the 16th of April, in the chamber of a friend of mine in the Temple, we had an illustration of direct writing under similar circumstances to that I have above recorded, *i. e.*:—On a sheet of paper laid under the table with a pencil on it, a writing was heard and afterwards found on the paper. It was again a surname, that of the owner of the rooms, and the word "God." The paper was afterwards placed in a very curious way under the sofa cushion, the leg of the sofa being placed on the cushion. At the end of the evening, just as we were leaving, my friend suggested that Mr. Squire might have some steel spring in his sleeve by which the writing could be performed. Mr. Squire kindly bared his arm, and then kneeling on the floor so that he could have no support for the paper, held it with his bared arm under the table. The words, 'Good night' were immediately written. The gas was then burning, and my friend was observing Mr. Squire, but could detect no movement of his body or arm to account in any way for the writing being produced by his agency.

5. On the evening of the 4th of April, at a *séance* in Russell Square, the phenomenon of direct writing was again repeated on a piece of paper placed with a pencil under the table. Several friends having, with reference to my former experiences, suggested that the writing might be produced by Mr. Squire with the agency of his feet, I procured his consent, at the commencement of this experiment, to fasten them to the chair. Immediately his hand began to write in the usual manner of medium writing, and he wrote "Untie the medium's feet: if this evidence will not satisfy you we cannot help you," or words to this effect. I did not preserve the paper. On this being done, the writing began and the words, 'Lionel David,' were written in the same cramped hand as on former occasions. By rapping and the alphabet, it afterwards was stated that this name and spirit (?) was the brother of one of the company present who was killed at Inkermann.

These are the five instances in which I have witnessed direct writing by an unseen agent. I do not class the phenomena among the most convincing of those which I have seen. The possibility of the writing being done by a trick by means of the feet of the medium, although, personally, I do not for a moment suppose that that is the case, materially weakens the value of this direct writing as narrative evidence. So also does the trashy commonplace nature of the communication when made, which is only equalled by the final suggestion in the editorial note appended to my former communication, that the cause of this wild rubbish being communicated to me was the condescension of some high angel to the requirements of my mind. I wish, Mr. Editor, you would manage to convey to the spirits that I feel equal to a little stronger food!

Before bringing this letter to a conclusion, I would desire to record the other striking physical phenomena which, on the evening of the 4th of April, I witnessed at the *séance* in Russell Square. Mr. Squire twice lifted a large, heavy, square table on to the bed, he sitting on a chair, his feet tied, and one hand held by one of the company. He also twice, in a manner similar to what occurred in my own house, lifted the same table on to his head, and that of a person standing beside him, both holding the table at one point only. The raps, also, were loud and frequent, the table-cloth was twisted round my head; and, again, while I and one

of the company held Mr. Squire's hand in a circle, one of the chairs was without effort or noise placed upon the table.

There is a strange sameness in all these phenomena, and, what is so vexing, they appear to tend to nothing. Neither Mr. Squire nor I are a bit wiser than we were. I believed in the spirit-world—the communion of saints—long before I ever heard of *Spiritualism*, and this science or art has added actually nothing to my knowledge on the subject.

Still, the undoubted physical phenomena which I have recorded in my former paper already referred to, are wonderful facts, and should as such command a diligent investigation. My narrative, I am glad to know, has attracted the notice of one or two eminent in science.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

M. R. C. P.

[We cannot agree with the Doctor's modest statement that he is not a bit wiser than he was, for we think he is wiser than when he denied the phenomena; but he has an awkward habit of thinking that he knows at once all the length and breadth of a subject which is as wide as the universe of God, and this only by observing its lowest phases. This habit prevents his being as much wiser as he would have been had he maintained a child-like attitude instead of a dogmatic one.

When he has had further time to pursue his investigations, he will find how entirely all written revelation, and "the Church of his baptism" are dependant on a true spiritual basis for their existence. An article in this number on "Spiritualism in the Church of England" will certainly be interesting in this connexion to him, as well as to our other readers.

Even this direct writing, which he finds such a "trashy common-place," gives more living evidence of the truth of the direct writing which so discomposed Belshazzar, than all that theologians have ever told us on the subject. It furnishes, in fact, a demonstration to the millions who do not believe in the Bible, because of these very seeming impossibilities and absurdities, that they must seek other grounds for their scepticism.—*Ed.*]

#### A FACT.

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

Mrs. A., a friend of mine who had recently developed as a medium, joined my family circle, and, through her, some very interesting messages were being received when another lady, Madam B—, entered the room.

I explained to Madam B— the nature of our occupation at that moment, and asked her if she knew anything of the subject. "I do not," she said, "believe in it, but my husband does, and I have always thought he was mad."

"Well Madam," I said, "take a seat and let us see what the spirits have to say to you on that head."

She accordingly came, and the first question I asked was: "Is Madam B— a medium?" Answer: Yes! I then requested all but Madam B— to remove their hands, and we left the table alone to her.

She asked several questions in French: the responses were steady and very remarkable, until at length, much affected, she burst into a flood of tears.

Recovering herself, she explained that she had asked among other questions one or two—mentally—of a family nature; and the answers satisfied her that the spirit of her mother, for whom she was then in mourning, had communed with her; and she acknowledged at once that there was a reality for which she had not been prepared.

I then asked her to take a pencil and a sheet of paper, and giving a sheet and pencil to Mrs. A——, the other medium, I requested the spirits to guide their hands, and write, if they could, the *same sentence*, through each at the same moment.

Mrs. A—— wrote in an instant, "GOD IS GOOD." Madam B—— at the same time commenced writing *backwards*; and on looking at the paper we found the words: "Dooo si doo," which, it will be observed, is the same sentence.

A gentleman present, who is an earnest investigator, said, "That is the most remarkable test of an independent power which I have yet witnessed."

I have other equally curious facts to communicate, but I forbear for the present from further trespassing on your space. B.

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

Sir—It is rather more than a year since the following occurrence took place at the temporary residence of an acquaintance of mine. Colonel H——, with his wife and daughters, had taken a house at the Isle of Wight. One morning, during the absence of the Colonel, who was not expected home till the evening, Mrs. H—— was reading aloud to her daughters, when they were alarmed at hearing her shriek, which impelled them to look up from their employment, when one of them beheld exactly the same apparition, or apparitions which had so terrified their mother. It was that of a young man lying on the ground, and over him two men were standing, as if in the act of murdering him. The other daughter beheld only two men in a bending posture, as the intervention of a table prevented her seeing the figure on the ground. I need not tell you the alarm and consternation these appearances caused; but after some two or three hours Mrs. H—— resolved on continuing her reading as the best method of calming their minds. In about half an hour she felt irresistibly impelled to look up again in the same direction, when she again beheld the same vision. She became quite ill, and was obliged to be carried to bed, where she was on the return of the Colonel, who heard with amazement what had happened during his absence. He then informed them that in returning home from the friends at whose house he had been, although he had often come after dark, and never felt the smallest idea of danger, he had suffered this evening from an unaccountable suspicion that some one was following him with the intention of murdering him, and had kept on his guard from being surprised during the whole of his walk. This feeling in Col. H—— was indeed peculiar, for he is a brave and fearless man. After a great deal of conversation on the matter, they considered that the vision might relate to a son who was abroad, and that in all probability they should hear of his having been murdered. During the interval of suspense which elapsed ere they received news from abroad, they removed not only from the house, but from the island. I rejoice to add that the vision had no reference to the son, who came to England alive and well. This is the only instance within my knowledge of three apparitions visible at the same time, and to the same number of persons. The singularity of the interrupted view of one of them, which would have been the case, in the position in which she sat, had it been a living representation, strikes me also as not the least singular feature in the case.

Yours truly,

H. O. S.

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## Notices of New Books.

*Is 1867 the Year of the Crisis?* By ? Partridge, Paternoster Row.

There is no doubt that Elliott's and Cumming's pretended interpretation of prophecy are utterly false, and no interpretations at all: and it may be freely admitted that fair proof of such falseness is offered in this pamphlet. But, notwithstanding this difference, both of these opposing parties are agreed, and, like Herod and Pontius Pilate, are "gathered together against" the plain literal meaning of the following words of Christ and His Apostles. "Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of Man be come." "There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom." "This generation shall not pass, till all these things be." "Henceforth (or from now) shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." "If he (John) tarry till I come, what is that to thee." "When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies. . . . these be the days of vengeance, that all things written may be fulfilled." "Behold, I come quickly." "For the time is at hand." "The judge standeth at the door." "The end of all things is at hand." "There came a sound from the sky as of a rushing mighty wind . . . . and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit." "Now the Lord is that Spirit." The pamphleteer agrees with Dr. Cumming that, "this generation" does not mean "this generation," that "ye" does not mean the person to whom Christ was speaking, that "quickly" does not mean quickly; and yet he is offended with Dr. Cumming for saying that, 1260 days means 1260 years. Well, if "henceforth" means only after many years have first elapsed, if a "short time" means a long time, surely, it will not be very difficult also to imagine (and the one imagination is as good as the other) that 1260 days means 1260 years. The pamphleteer is quite right in saying that Elliott's and Cumming's "interpretations are nuts for infidels to crack;" but the same may be said of himself and the Futurists. If Christ's words are true, not a single prophecy remained to be fulfilled when, A.D. 70, Jerusalem fell to "rise no more." If that did not constitute "the end of the world," the "end of prophetic time," and "the end of all things written," the Bible has but an ordinary claim to our regard. If the advent of Christ in glory, the resurrection and judgment of the last day, were there and then made manifest, then was Christ's last will and testament duly proved, administered to, and executed by His twelve executors, and His written Word has become the Magna Charta, the unutterable title deed of the Christian's everlasting inheritance. But "when the Son of Man cometh, will He find faith (of such coming as well as of other things) upon the earth?" Eighteen centuries have proved that He will not find it. Dr. Cumming has grossly tried to add to the things written in the Book. The pamphleteer has both subtracted from and added thereto. For when Christ said, "Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things," He also said, "But I say unto you that Elias is come already." With strange infatuation the pamphleteer subtracts these latter words, and most unwarrantably adds his own thus:—"Elijah, therefore, is to come."

But it is useless to argue with self-styled reverends, whether the Reverend Pope, the Reverend Cumming, or the Reverend T. L. Harris. The occupation of reverend priests (so called) is gone; if by the Babylon of the Apocalypse was meant the old Jerusalem. For in the New Jerusalem, as good George Fox said, Christ is come Himself to be the teacher of His people.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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[No. 6.]

## PUNCH'S CARTOON OF THE SPIRIT HAND. ILLUSTRATED BY THE PAST AND PRESENT.

WE have always been admirers of *Punch*, both in his working diagrams in the street, and in his broad sheet of the press. His shrill and well-known voice never fails to bring us up, in our sober walks about London, at the street corners which he selects for his exhibition, and we stand with the little boys to have another dish of his never-varying, never-flagging humour. We only feel uncomfortable when his friend with the hat comes round and finds us copperless, though he has no reason to complain that he gets an unwilling sixpence instead. We love his little mangy dog, and Judy; but the best part of the treat is that jolly ghost, which never fails of its effect either upon *Punch* or his audience.

*Punch* is not frightened of ghosts! Not he! until one appears, and then, like the rest of us, he is in a mortal funk. His hair stands on end, and his screams are dreadful. In fact, he might almost be a Christian from the way in which he takes it. And not less so, that soon after it has vanished, he recovers his equanimity somewhat, and gradually his boldness, though it is with occasional hasty glances over his shoulder, that he may be sure that the unwelcome visitor is not again close behind him. Even the boys observe this, and his weakness only heightens their fun. It is all so life-like, and so true to human nature. We shall have an opportunity of seeing the same little play performed on higher boards, and before ourselves, the serious readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, before the close of this article.

Let us now turn to the *Punch* of the press!—the weekly sheet whose destinies are presided over by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans as its proprietors. “William Bradbury, of 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of 19, Queen’s Road West, Regent’s Park, both in the parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex.” They have secured the services of those able hebdomadal writers who float on the top of literature,

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and whose forte is to give us always smart, sparkling, and pleasant paragraphs; who reproduce for us the jokes which fly out with the champagne corks. Plenty of clever and not ill-natured nor unneeded satire do we find, and we always feel glad that it applies to our friends, and not to ourselves. It is the wholesome censor of the manners and morals of the day—and, on the whole, it performs its office well; and, no doubt, its contributors are happy men, for it is very pleasant to be always picking holes in our neighbours, and giving them good advice.

One thing, however, may be noticed through its long and prosperous career—it is never more than a week in advance of the time. It always “goes in” for the steady and respectable, and shapes its literature for the masses who contribute the threepences. You don’t find it run counter to its bread and butter, by taking up new things, although they may be true things. The troublesome persons who are always boring respectable-dom, by new facts and new discoveries, find no favour here. Indeed, they rather find petty martyrdom, and are held up as good jokes and caviare for the multitude. It is all they can do with them in *Punch*, for it wouldn’t suit their readers to treat these new things seriously. It might end in “Heavy exchanges, and both down,” and a considerable reduction of the threepences.

Suppose, for instance, that *Punch* and its proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, were firm believers in the phenomena of Spiritualism. Do you suppose they would dare to tell their readers it was true? No, it would even be well if they did not imitate too many of their brethren of the press, and still continue to deny it, and to make a jest of it. At this moment we could furnish the names of some such, amongst the teachers of the press. But we hope for better things from *Punch*, and that he will henceforth be either a supporter, or silent. Hitherto, like our old friend, Mr. Dickens, who is formed somewhat after the *Punch* model, *Punch* has neither been able, thoroughly to take up Spiritualism, nor to let it alone. It has so frequently been peering out in his pages, that we may be sure it has been acquiring uncomfortable dimensions with him, and that he did not feel quite at ease in his denial of it. Besides, we send him an early copy of the *Magazine*, and he sees its facts put forward month after month by willing and unwilling witnesses, many of them giving their names to guarantee their truth. *Punch* must feel that a number of such witnesses pressing forward such plain facts, at the cost of obloquy, and at a pecuniary loss to themselves, is itself a fact of some import; and that to believe that they are all either fools or impostors would of itself involve a phenomenon not less wonderful than those which we ask the world to receive.

When we inserted the article on “Spiritualism at the

Taleries," we took care to have our facts from one of the four persons present, and we gave his name, and we again vouch for the truth of the narrative; and we affirm that a hand did appear before the Emperor, the Empress, the Duchess de Montebello, and Mr. Home, and did take up a pen and write the word "Napoleon" in the autograph of the Emperor, and that such writing is still in the possession of the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

We will give *Punch* another fact about the Emperor. Our readers are familiar with the autographs and other writings obtained through the mediumship of the Baron Goldenstubbé, consisting of a series of the names of kings, queens, and princes of the royal houses of France and of other eminent persons. These were obtained by placing blank pieces of paper on their tombs or statues. The Emperor sent for the Baron some time ago, and gave him a private audience of an hour, during which, he examined these writings, and afterwards compared them with the real autographs in the royal archives, and found them to be *fac similes!* He also granted to the Baron access to the archives, and he, too, has made the comparison with the same result. The priests at St. Denis will not allow the Baron to deposit his paper there, because they say, "it disturbs the souls of the departed." We have seen recently the whole series of these wonderful writings.

And now to come to *Punch's* cartoon, which is the "leading article" of his number of the 12th May, and which, of course, all the world has seen; we affirm that *Punch's* version of the story is not the correct one. The hand did not assume the attitude which is popularly known as "taking a sight" at the Emperor's nose; neither was it a stuffed glove, as *Punch* apprehends, moved into that position by machinery. We tried to show in that article that the Emperor was a person at the least of moderate capacity, and as able to detect a hoax as any of the *Punch* writers, but that point seems to be doubted by the cartooner. We must leave the public to decide between us. But we have an affection for *Punch*, and shall be glad to help him to a belief in spiritual phenomena, for he is a good fellow, and deserves to be right, if only that he may avoid misleading his readers in future with his clever drawings.

Is it impossible, dear *Punch*, that a spirit-hand should appear? You seem to think so. Has one ever appeared? You seem to think not. You are mistaken in both these ideas of yours. A spirit-hand has appeared, and has been seen by human eyes; by some faculty of man's soul which survives in his organism to this day. Even you are endowed with this same organism, but conditions do not appear favourable to its exercise in you just now. Nevertheless, it is there; and either in this state or the next you

will be sure to see the spirit-hands and to have them too. Let us now become serious, for we will take you back to a book, which our mothers, dear *Punch*, taught us is divine, and that it is God's message to us and His inspired word to man. It contains many things—hard of belief in this age—when men have over-eaten themselves at the tree of knowledge, and have blinded themselves to spiritual perceptions; and doubly valuable, therefore, now, are all facts of the soul, which show these hard things to be not only possible of occurrence in the older days, but show them to our wondering eyes to-day.

We will read together that fifth chapter of Daniel, which tells us of Belshazzar the king, who "made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." He was so elated, that he "commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem, that the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, might drink therein;" and "they drank wine and praised the gods of gold and silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. *In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, AND THE KING SAW THE PART OF THE HAND THAT WROTE.* Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees smote one against another." The words which were written by this hand, now so well known, were sorely mysterious to Belshazzar and his court. Dr. Blank, who, in the last number, gave us his experience of the direct writing in his presence, complained that it was written in a sprawling hand all across the paper; but this famous handwriting could not be read at all by Belshazzar and his court, and he fruitlessly "cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans and the Soothsayers" to read to him the writing, and to shew him the interpretation thereof. The queen, however, remembered Daniel, and said to the king—"There is a man in thy kingdom, *on whom is the spirit of the holy gods, and in the days of thy father, light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him.*" This Daniel reminded him of his sins, and of his worshipping of other gods, "and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified. **THEN WAS THE PART OF THE HAND SENT FROM HIM, and this writing was written.**" "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain."

You see now, that spirit-hands and spirit-writing are possible things in the conformation of man, and that they have been in divine history. This possibility, and their being facts to-day, is now demonstrated also in our profane times. The story of their

appearing at the Tuileries is true, but it is not all the truth. *They frequently appeared there.* In another article in this number we give an account of their appearing before nine persons at a well-known house at the West-end of London, on the first of May last. Take it for truth, friend, and if you have any doubts, we will furnish you with the names and other particulars, which will fully satisfy you. In like manner, the instance we have seen in Daniel is not the only one to be found. In the tenth chapter he speaks of a wonderful vision of "a certain man clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold of Uphaz." "*And behold an hand touched me, which set me upon my knees and upon the palms of my hands.*" In another verse he says "*Then there came again and touched me one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me.*"

The possibility being then established, the fact itself is reduced to a question of ordinary evidence, and we assert, that spirit-hands have within the last few years been seen and felt by hundreds of persons, perfectly competent to settle the question once for all. Have we a less belief in the Bible-miracles, or one that is better founded, for such knowledge? Nay, they receive demonstration in an age, which sad to tell, needs such proofs. And we are striving in the interest of man to make such facts known, at the cost of certain odium and satire on our heads and hearts. Is it a noble chase to hunt us down, that we are giving proofs of the immortality of the soul of man, of his spiritual body, and of his divine faculties and endowments, as a king over material things? Come and help us, friend, for we seek good ends as you do, though we take another, and an inner road. The press has been dead beaten in America, in trying to write down these facts, and you will have no better chance here. We have good men and true amongst us, not only willing, but well able to try a fall with you, or yours, in any branch of negation which you may take up.

But now for another reason why you should not publish any more such cartoons, to bring denial of what you will henceforth know as a truth. You will as soon dare it, as you would dare to publish a similar one, of the hand which Belshazzar saw, for we will bring it very near home to you. It shall be your own sons, the fruit of your loins, who shall teach you that you have been wrong.

Mr. Dickens, too, who has never omitted an opportunity of gibing at these phenomena and their asserters, will be heard no more on his favourite theme. His next Christmas story must be based on other facts than that these phenomena are not true, for his son, too, has told him that he has been mistaken throughout. Good faith, all these things can be, and are, for I have seen and heard them, father!

Mr. Dickens must moderate his earnest wish to see the Cheshunt ghost, now, that his own stalwart son shrinks from grasping one of its hands. It was a mercy both for father and son that they did not find a ghost, when they thought they so wanted one, and could so well bear the sight.

In the beginning of May, Mr. Evans, jun., the son of one of the firm of Bradbury and Evans, the proprietors of *Punch*, was introduced at dinner to Mr. Squire, and during the evening was a witness of several of the striking spiritual phenomena similar to those which are recorded in the paper of Dr. Blank in our April number. This was enough to raise the anger of Mr. Punch, and it was found that when the wonders were narrated to another son of Mr. Evans, and to Mr. Dickens, jun., they, after the manner of their parents, began to scoff, and to suggest that their informant was not quite sound in his head. However, on his asseverating the story, it was determined that the Messrs. Evans and Dickens, jun. should go together to discover the hoax, which they had no doubt they could easily do. The evening was arranged for Friday the 11th of May, at a house in Russell Square, and thither they repaired, accompanied by the gentleman who had a few nights before witnessed the phenomena in the presence of the other son of Mr. Evans.

The result was entirely satisfactory for those who believe in Spiritualism, and also to the gentleman who had been laughed at for repeating what he had seen on the previous occasion. Both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Evans carefully scrutinized the table in search for some of the occult mechanism which Mr. Leech depicts in his cartoon, and which these gentlemen generally wildly suppose to be the cause of the knocks and table-movings. They were, however, unable to find any, and were assured by the owner of the table that he had bought it some years ago of Messrs. Herrings, in Fleet Street, who had made no charge for any such machinery, and he, therefore, did not suppose any was put in. Notwithstanding, the knocks were uncommonly loud and various in their tones, and intelligent replies were given to questions. The table, a very heavy one, was raised from the ground, and, as a good test, the two outer cases of Mr. Squire's watch were opened, and the cap taken out, and the cases re-closed, without the possibility of human agency. A search was made for the cap by the party present, but it could nowhere be found, and by raps it was indicated to lower the gas. A complete circle of hands was formed, when the cap was heard to fall on the table in the midst of them, and there it was found when the gas was again turned on. The two sceptical sons of sceptical parents were rather more than convinced, and looked at each other in wonderment.

It was now proposed by Mr. Dickens that above all things he

would like to be touched by a spirit hand, and on the question being asked, if his hand would be grasped by one, it was answered in the affirmative by three loud, measured, and meaning knocks on the table. He wished it, he said, above all things; and was then told to put his hand under the table, which he did a little way, but hastily drew it back. Again he put it under, but not so far, and again, but more hastily withdrew it. Once more he essayed, but all his courage had now vanished, and he gasped out that he "*would rather not—he could not stand it!*" He was reminded of his father's Cheshunt ghost-seeking, and of what he would have suffered had one really come to him. It was, indeed, a mercy that he was spared the trial. However, Mr. Evans was not daunted, and wished that his hand might be grasped, and again the three loud mysterious knocks gave the promise, on his putting his hand under the table. Alas! for the honour of Mr. Leech and his cartoon, which had appeared but two days before, as if to give him courage for the handling; his hand, too, was put under, but very hastily withdrawn, and after two or three attempts to keep it under, it would not stay, and he, too, "*couldn't stand that.*"

Poor Punch! and has your philosophy come to this? Are your sons so degenerate, and are your views so little practical? Truly this is a poor commentary on your "taking a sight" with a spirit-hand. You would as little like one of them at your nose as these gentlemen did in their fists. How can you expect the public to believe in you, when you cannot convince your own sons?

There were other manifestations in their presence, which did not at all make the matter better. An oval table, weighing seventy-five pounds, was several times lifted a somersault in the air, and thrown on a bed, the left hand only of Mr. Squire being placed on it, and his other hand held by Mr. Dickens. At the request of Mr. Dickens, this was done on both sides of the bed, and afterwards from the foot, having to pass over a high foot-board in the way.

One leg of the table was broken off, and the table was lifted successively on to the heads of Mr. Squire and Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Squire and Mr. Evans, whilst Mr. Squire's hands and feet were tied to prevent the possibility of his, in any way, assisting it. The two gentlemen hurt their hands in trying to prevent the table rising, and sent it out of its course by their efforts, but down upon their heads it came, nevertheless. Should *Punch* wish for a true picture instead of a false one, for one of his forthcoming numbers, we would suggest his making a cartoon of this little incident.

The gentlemen acted in a perfectly frank and candid manner

throughout, Mr. Dickens taking notes, which, no doubt, his father has seen and will make use of. We do not feel that any apology is needed for giving the above account, with the names of the two gentlemen, identified as they are with the most prominent deriders of the facts of Spiritualism. We do not find either that Mr. Dickens or *Punch* are very squeamish in attributing falsehood and foolery to those who say in all seriousness that they have witnessed similar facts; and we know of no patent which any one enjoys to witness these striking phenomena, without being made to testify what he has seen before the public. Hitherto we have rather scrupulously avoided giving names; but it is only fair that the world should have the benefit of such testimony as names can give, and it may be that they will not be concealed for the future. We have already a goodly list, a perusal of which would electrify some of the quiet people who think that "All's well in Badajos."

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### A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHELLEY.

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THAT Shelley had visions\* and dreams of immortality—that he had "ministering spirits" upon his earthly track, ever and again creating within him bright gleams of heaven, we have gratifying concurrent testimony. His habits were well known at Great Marlow, and permit me to affirm, upon undoubted authority, that notwithstanding an assumed materialism in his early poems, and a metaphysical bewilderment in "*The Revolt of Islam*," composed at his house in West Street, Great Marlow, Bucks, he had also at that time set periods of the day for reading and studying the Scriptures;† and often did he rise from a perusal of the sacred word and go forth with melting tenderness to help the poor and the needy. His brotherly love and benevolence have been fully attested by the dwellers in that locality. Nay, like Robert Owen, he longed earnestly and worked for the progress of human perfectability. He loved his neighbour as himself; and he not only went his daily rounds among the poor, helping them from pure singleness of heart; but he had a list of the most industrious among them, who drew, periodically, from his bounty, as from a bank. But, as to the warm, earnest aim, and active labours of Owen, so to the gentle aspirations and benevolence of Shelley, *material* perfection had no abiding sunlight. Praised be God, that Robert Owen outlived all his toil and care to die a Christian-

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\* See page 209.

† Subsequently, when passing the frontiers of Italy, his English Bible was seized and confiscated by the Papal officers.—W.

spiritualist! The metal was well tried, and it proved to be true gold at last. He saw the light and declared it—happy moment! "His name liveth for evermore!"

Shelley was a believer in the curative uses of mesmerism, and was on more than one occasion magnetised. It was after being operated upon by a lady that he wrote some verses entitled "*The Magnetic Lady to her Patient*," beginning as follows:—

"Sleep on—sleep on—forget thy pain,  
My hand is on thy brow,  
My spirit on thy brain,  
My pity on thy heart, poor friend,—  
And from my fingers flow  
The powers of life; and like a sign  
Seal thee from thine hour of woe,  
And brood on thee, but may not blend  
With thine."

We read of Mrs. Shelley being awakened by the poet walking in his sleep towards a window; but, for many reasons, the details of such circumstances have been veiled from the public eye. An intelligent medium, in spirit trance, would certainly be at home with Shelley in some of his glorious visions, when, as he tells us:—

"Earth's distant orb appears  
The smallest orb that twinkles in the heavens;  
Whilst round the chariot's way  
Innumerable systems rolled,  
And countless spheres diffused  
An ever-varying glory."

Indeed, we may conclude that he was undergoing a change for some time previous to his lamentable end. He was being gradually spiritualised. Captain Medwin informs us that he mesmerised him in the presence of Mrs. Shelley and another lady, and says:—"During his trances (the experiment was repeated more than once), he always pitched his voice in the same tone as mine. He also improvised verses in Italian, a language in which he was never known to write." With what high "spiritual gifts" Shelley might have been endowed had his earthly tenure been extended, we may not say; but we can be happy in thinking that, for some time before he was called away, his mind was in some measure free from error, and the spirit prepared for its wondrous change. Byron, at that time writing to Murray, related how that himself and others were sitting at a window looking towards a wood much frequented by Shelley, and they all distinctly saw Shelley walk into the wood, although they were confident he was several miles away at the time. "And," says Byron, "alas! this was but a few days before poor Shelley died."

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## A VISION.

IN the summer of the year '53, a kind friend, who is now a dweller in the Land of Promise, had kindly procured my admission to a theological institute, situate on the banks of the Hudson. I was not a student of theology, and I frankly confess, that a slight intimacy with those who were, led me to be thankful that I was not. The institute was built on an eminence, commanding a view of peculiar beauty; below lay the city; on the right, the river was lost in its windings among the rocky hills surrounding West Point; on the left, it lay in expanse, and could be traced for a distance of many miles; behind, spread out the country, with its pretty little farm-houses dotted here and there. I have sat for hours of an evening, watching the feeble flickering lights, and endeavouring to picture in my imagination the life-emotions which must from time to time have crossed those thresholds. Now, fancy pictured a young girl, on whose form time and care had passed but as an evening breeze; and a little further off it was, perchance, a mother whose little one was suffering, and every beat of whose feeble pulse she had counted with that hope which only a mother may know as she prays God to spare the pure, gentle, and loving little one whom He has given her. Anon, it was one bowed down with age and sorrow; all that he had loved had gone to their rest, and he was alone in the world. Bright pictures of his youth flitted before him, but these only augmented his loneliness, for the light of the past had brought out in deeper contrast the shadows of the present.

These and similar trains of thought often occupied my idle hours; and, at times, these fancied scenes became as it were real, and furnished ample resource to a mind, naturally inclined to dwell on subjects beyond the little narrow circle of every-day life.

One evening, I had been pondering deeply on that change which the world calls death, and on the eternity that lies beyond, until wearied I found relief in prayer, and then in sleep. My last waking consciousness had been that of perfect trust in God, and a sense of gratitude to Him for the enjoyment I received from contemplating the beauties of the material creation. It might have been that my mind was led to this by the fact of my having watched a beautiful star as it shone and twinkled in the profound stillness of the night. Be this as it may, it appeared to me that, as I closed my eyes to earthly things, an inner perception was quickened within me, till at last reason was as active as when I was awake. I, with vivid distinctness, remember asking myself the question, whether I was asleep or no? when,

to my amazement, I heard a voice which seemed so natural, that my heart bounded with joy as I recognised it as the voice of one, who while on earth was far too pure for such a world as ours, and who, in passing to that brighter home had promised to watch over and protect me. And, although I well knew she would do so, it was the first time I had heard her voice, at least—with that nearness and natural tone. She said, "Fear not, Daniel, I am near you; the vision you are about to have is that of death, yet you will not die, as your spirit must again return to the body in a few hours. Trust in God and his good angels: all will be well." Here the voice became lost, and I felt as one who at noonday is struck blind; as he would cling even to the last memories of the sunlight, so I would fain have clung to material existence—not that I felt any dread of passing away, nor that I doubted for an instant the words of my guardian angel; but I feared I had been over presumptuous in desiring knowledge, the very memory of which might disturb my future life. This was but momentary, for almost instantaneously came rushing with a fearful rapidity memories of the past; even thoughts bore the semblance of realities, and every action appeared as an eternity of existence. During the whole time I was aware of a benumbing and chilling sensation which stole over my body, but the more inactive my nervous system became, the more active was my mind, till at length I felt as if I had fallen from the brink of some fearful precipice, and as I fell, all became obscure, and my whole body became one dizzy mass, only kept alive by a feeling of terror, until sensation and thought simultaneously ceased, and I knew no more. How long I had lain thus I know not, but soon I felt that I was about to awaken in a most dense obscurity; terror had now given place to a pleasurable feeling, accompanied by a certitude of some one dearly loved being near me, yet invisible: it then occurred to me that the light of the spheres must necessarily be more effulgent than our own, and I pondered whether or not the sudden change from darkness to light might not prove painful, for instinctively I realized that beyond the surrounding obscurity lay an ocean of silver-toned light. I was at this instant brought to a consciousness of light, by seeing the whole of my nervous system, as it were, as thousands of electrical scintillations, which here and there, as in the created nerve, took the form of currents, darting its rayons over the whole body in a manner most marvellous; still this was but a cold electrical light, and besides, it was external. Gradually, however, I saw that the extremities became less luminous, and the finer membranes surrounding the brain became as it were glowing, and I felt that thought and action were no longer con-

nected with the earthly tenement; but that they were in a body in every respect similar to the body which I knew to have been mine, and which I now saw lying motionless before me on the bed. The only link which held the two forms together seemed a silvery-like light, which proceeded from the brain; and, as if it were a response to my earlier waking thoughts, the same voice, only that it was now more musical than before, said, "Death is but a second birth, corresponding in every respect to the natural birth, and should the uniting link now be severed, you could never again enter the body. As I told you, however, this will not be. You did wrong to doubt, even for an instant, for this was the cause of your having suffered, and this very want of faith is the source of every evil on your earth. God is love; and still His children ever doubt Him. Has He not said 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you: seek and ye shall find?' These being His words, must be taken as they were spoken. It is not for men to give any interpretation they may believe or desire to believe, to what God has said. Be very calm, for in a few moments you will see us all, but do not touch us, be guided by the one who is appointed to go with you, for I must remain near your body."

It now appeared to me that I was waking from a dream of darkness to a sense of light; but such a glorious light. Never did earthly sun shed such rays, strong in beauty, soft in love, warm in life-giving glow, and as my last idea of earthly light had been the reflex of my own body, so now this heavenly light came from those I saw standing about me. Yet the light was not of their creating, but was shed on them from a higher and purer source, which only seemed the more adorably beautiful in the invisibility of its holy love and mercy,—thus to shower every blessing on the creatures of its creation; and now, I was bathed in light, and about me were those for whom I had sorrowed, for although I well knew that they existed, and loved and cared for me, nevertheless, their earthly presence was not visible. One that I had never known on earth then drew near and said, "You will come with me, Daniel." I could only reply, that it was impossible to move, inasmuch as I could not feel that my nature had a power over my body. To this he replied, "Desire and you will accomplish your desires which are not sinful, desires being as prayers to the Divinity, and He answereth the every prayer of His children."

For the first time I now looked to see what sustained my body, and found that it was but a purple tinted cloud, and that as I desired to go onward with my guide, the cloud appeared as if disturbed by a gentle breeze, and in its movements I found I was wafted upward until I saw the earth, as a vision, far, far

below us. Soon, I found that we had drawn nearer, and were just hovering over a cottage that I had never seen; and I also saw the inmates, but had never met them in life. The walls of the cottage were not the least obstruction to my sight, they were only as if constructed of a dense body of air, yet perfectly transparent, and the same might be said of every article of furniture. I perceived that the inmates were asleep, and I saw the various spirits who were watching over the sleepers. One of these was endeavouring to impress his son where to find a lost relic of him which the son much prized, and the loss of which had greatly grieved him. And I saw that the son awoke and thought it but an idle dream, and three times this impression was repeated by the spirit; and I knew that when morning came, the young man would go, out of curiosity, where he had been impressed to go, and that he would there find what he sought for. In an adjoining room I saw one who was tormented by dreams, but they were but the production of a diseased body.

I was most deeply interested in all this, when my guide said "We must now return." When I found myself near my body, I turned to the one who had remained near my bed, and said, "Why must I return so soon, for it can be but a few moments I have been with you, and I would fain see more and also remain near you longer?" She replied, "It is now many hours since you came to us; but here we take no cognizance of time, and as you are here in spirit you too have lost this knowledge; we would have you with us, but this must not be at present. Return to earth, love your fellow-creatures, love truth, and in so doing, you will serve the God of infinite love, who careth for and loveth all. May the Father of mercies bless you, Daniel!"

I heard no more, but seemed to sink as in a swoon, until consciousness was merged into a feeling that earth with its trials lay before me—and that I, as well as every human being, must bear my cross. And when I opened my eyes to material things I found the little star had given way to the sun, which had been above the horizon about four hours; making in all about eleven hours that this vision had lasted. My limbs were so dead, that at least half an hour elapsed before I could reach the bell rope, to bring any one to my assistance, and it was only by a continued friction that, at the end of an hour, I had sufficient force to enable me to stand upright.

I merely give these facts as they occurred; let others comment on them as they may. I have only to add, that nothing could ever convince me that this was an illusion or a delusion; and that the remembrance of those hours are as fresh in my mind now, as at the moment they took place.

D. D. HOME.

## SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN THE WESLEY FAMILY, AND THEIR CRITICS.

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THERE is in some men an ignorant impatience of Spiritualism. Speak to them of its phenomena or philosophy, and they shrug their shoulders and smile as though from some Alpine height of wisdom they looked down with pity on your infirmity. It never occurs to them that their pitying scorn may arise, not from a greater wealth of intellect or information, but from a destitution of knowledge in relation to the subject; or, a more than average share of that unwisdom which attaches more or less to all men.

Much of this supercilious treatment of Spiritualism, we think, grows out of their belief that its alleged phenomena run counter to the experience of at least all civilized and enlightened ages. They will tell you that idle stories of the kind were indeed admitted as true in pre-enlightened and pre-scientific times, and that similar stories may even be credited in our own time by the ignorant and superstitious; but the reality of any modern facts evincing the direct action of spiritual agencies is to them utterly incredible. Nevertheless, such facts exist, attested by the unquestionable evidence of persons having the highest reputation for veracity, intelligence, and good sense; and could they be induced to pay a little more attention to facts of this kind, and the evidence supporting them, in past as well as in present times, they would be better prepared to arrive at just and reasonable conclusions upon the subject.

Without at present going back farther than the beginning of the past century, and selecting only one instance out of many, what can be better attested than the spirit-manifestations in the Wesley family, at the parsonage house, Epworth, Lincolnshire. "The accounts given of them," says Dr. Adam Clark, "are so circumstantial and authentic, as to entitle them to the most implicit credit. The *eye* and *ear-witnesses* were persons of strong understandings and well-cultivated minds, untinctured by *superstition*, and in some instances rather *sceptically* inclined." They used "the utmost care, scrupulosity and watchfulness to prevent them from being imposed upon by trick or fraud. . . . That they were *preternatural*, the whole state of the case and supporting evidence seems to show." A diary of these occurrences was kept by the Rev. Samuel Wesley: we have also separate narratives of them by Mrs. Wesley, Susannah, Emily, Mary, and Nancy Wesley, in their letters to Mr. Samuel Wesley, jun., who was then from home; as well as the statements of Robin Brown, the man-servant in the family, and of the Rev.

Mr. Hoole, rector of Haxey, whom John Wesley describes as "an eminently pious and sensible man;" lastly, a narrative of these transactions was drawn up and published in the *Arminian Magazine* by John Wesley, who went down to Epworth, in the year 1720, and carefully inquired into the particulars; and, he tells us, "spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and took down what each could testify of his or her own knowledge." So that if testimony is worth anything, it is here ample and conclusive.

Philosophers and critics have exerted all their ingenuity to explain the phenomena described by these witnesses on purely natural principles, but in vain; their theories, like the Dutchman's oyster, are very hard to swallow. The one which, perhaps, has found most favour is that of Coleridge, who considered the cause of them to be "a contagious nervous disease;" "and this indeed," he says, "I take to be the true and only solution." In exposition of this "true and only solution," he remarks:—

First the *new* maid-servant hears it, then the *new* man. They tell it to the children (lads and grown-up women), who now hear it; the children the mother, who now begins to hear it; she, the father, and the night after he awakes, and then first hears it. Strong presumptions, first, that it was not objective, *i. e.* a trick; secondly, that it was a *contagious disease*, to the auditory nerves what vapours or blue devils are to the eye. Observe, too, each of these persons hears the same noise as a different sound. What can be more decisive of its *subjective* nature?

Now we would remark on this, that even were the facts correctly stated (which they are not), the theory does not go quite far enough. If the new man got it from the new maid, where did she get it from? If the world stands on the back of a tortoise, what does the tortoise stand on? But, unfortunately for the philosopher of Highgate, he has accommodated the genesis of the facts, and the facts themselves to the exigencies of his theory. It appears from John Wesley's Narrative, that when the noises were first heard, December 2nd, 1716, the man and maid-servants were together, and *both* heard the knockings, which, at intervals, were several times repeated, though they could not discover the cause of them; and, what is more important, though these knockings were then first heard by them, Mrs. Wesley did not when told of them, *then* begin to hear them, for, as we shall see presently, she had heard them *many years before*. Nor did Mr. Wesley, after hearing of them, awaken the next night and *then* hear the knocks; on the contrary, his words are, "that night I was *awaked* a little before one by nine distinct very loud knocks, which seemed to be in the next room to ours, with a sort of a pause at every third stroke;" nor do the narratives warrant the assertion that "each person heard the *same* noise as a different sound," though some of these noises might be described in a

slightly different way, and with different comparisons by different auditors, as would very naturally happen with any "objective" noises of an unusual nature; but *all* heard and speak of the same knocks, and most heard footsteps, &c. Mrs. Wesley writes concerning the knockings, "All the family has heard it together, in the same room, at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same place at the same time; though often before any could say it is here, it would remove to another place." But, beside the knockings and footsteps, there were other peculiar noises, varying from time to time, "strange and various," as Mrs. Wesley called them. The *differ-entia*, therefore, were in the sounds themselves, not in the different "subjective" states of their auditors. There are "thirteen general circumstances" enumerated in the narratives, of which "most, if not all, the family were frequent witnesses."

But not only the "audital nerves," but the optic nerves of the family and their sense of touch also must have been diseased, for various objects were *seen* to move, sometimes, for "a pretty while" together, though no agent was visible; and thrice an apparition was *seen* by different witnesses. Emily Wesley and her father were each, at different times, *pushed against* with great force by an invisible power; the latter, once with such violence as to be nearly thrown down by it; and, "the bed on which sister Nancy sat was lifted up with her in it." (The writer knows a similar instance to this in his own family). The "contagious nervous disease," too, must have extended to the "stout mastiff" who was brought into the house as a protection, but who was more sensitive to the approach of the "contagious nervous disease" than human creatures, giving them, indeed, notice of its presence by whining, trembling, and seeking shelter before anything was either seen or heard by the family;—and also to the *sleeping* children, for, "when the noises began, a sweat came over the children *in their sleep*, and they panted and trembled till the disturbances were so loud as to awaken them."

Again, even admitting the possible existence of a "contagious nervous disease" capable of these results (although I am not aware that it is known to medical science), the witnesses in this case were not at all the kind of persons likely to be affected by it. They were not like the servants in Dickens's *Haunted House*, who came there "to be frightened, and infect one another." They were not nervous, hysterical hypochondriacs; there was no "contagion of suspicion and fear" among them; no predisposition to regard the disturbances as supernatural if they could be otherwise accounted for; quite the contrary. "For a considerable time all the family believed it to be a trick." This belief extended even to the servants: when the two servants who

had first heard the knocks and groans told their fellow-servant what they had heard, and that one of them, Robin Brown, on going to bed, had seen on the top of the garret stairs, a hand-mill whirled about very swiftly, she only laughed at them, saying, "What a couple of fools are you!—I defy anything to fright me." And when, the next night while engaged in her work, she also heard the knocks, she took the candle and searched the place from whence the sounds came. "Sister Molly" (about twenty years of age), as she was sitting in the dining-room, reading, "heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk night-gown rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing." So she—what?—screamed and went into fits? No, nothing of the sort; but she rose, put the book under her arm, and walked slowly away."

Mr. Wesley, when told of the noises, in the same quiet way, remarked, "If I hear anything myself, I shall know how to judge."

In one of the letters to her son, she writes: "I was a great while ere I could credit anything of what the children and servants reported concerning the noises they heard in several parts of our house. Nay, after I had heard them myself, I was willing to persuade myself and them that it was only rats or weasels that disturbed us; and having been formerly troubled with rats, which were frightened away by sounding a horn, I caused a horn to be procured, and made them blow it all over the house. But from that night they began to blow, the noises were more loud and distinct, both day and night, than before, and that night we rose and went down I was entirely convinced that it was beyond the power of any human creature to make such strange and various noises." When she told her husband of these "strange and various noises," he, too, like all the rest of the family, incredulous, said to her, somewhat reproachfully, "Sukey, I am ashamed of you. These boys and girls frighten one another, but *you* are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more." However, he could not help hearing more of it; but, unable to find out what caused the disturbance, he was so angered that he was in the act of firing a pistol at the place whence the noise came, when his arm was caught by Mr. Hoole, who dissuaded him. He then challenged the "contagious disease," or "Jeffrey," as the family began to call it (Jeffrey was the name of one who had died in the house), to come to him when alone in his study, which it did, though for the first time. When, several weeks afterward, the disturbances continuing, he was advised to quit the house, he constantly answered "No, let the devil flee from me; I will never flee from the devil." A brave old man, surely, though we think a little mistaken as to the character of



his visitor, for Jeffrey was found to be "a harmless goblin." Miss Emily Wesley told her sisters: "You know I believe none of these things. Pray, let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." It was not for the want of courage that she failed to "find out the trick," for she once saw in the house an apparition in something of an animal form; and in a letter to her brother narrating the circumstance, she declared, "I would venture to fire a pistol at it if I saw it long enough." In one of the letters to her brother giving him an account of what occurred, she writes: "I am so far from being superstitious that I was too much inclined to infidelity; so that I heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings besides those we see. A whole month was sufficient to convince anybody of the reality of the thing, and to try all ways of discovering any trick, had it been possible for any such to have been used. I shall only tell you what I myself heard, and leave the rest to others," &c. Even the youngest sister, so far from having any morbid apprehensions regarding this mystery, would pursue the noises from room to room, saying, "she desired no better diversion." Priestley remarks: "All the parties seem to have been sufficiently void of fear, and also free from credulity, except the general belief that such things were preternatural." The *animus* of Coleridge is sufficiently obvious in his making the term *objective*, synonymous in this case with *trick*.

Priestley thought it "most probable" that it was a *trick of the servants*, assisted by some of the neighbours; but the servants were frequently all together with the family when these things occurred; and, as Southey remarks, "many of the circumstances cannot be explained by any such supposition, nor by any legerdemain, nor by ventriloquism, nor by any secret of acoustics." But what most completely nullifies all suppositions of the kind, is the fact, that the visits of *Jeffrey*, or, the *contagious nervous disease*, though neither so frequent nor so violent, began *long before* and continued *long after* this time. John Wesley says, "the first time my mother ever heard any unusual noise at Epworth, was *long before* the disturbance of old Jeffrey. My brother, lately come from London, had one evening a sharp quarrel with my sister Sukey, at which time, my mother happening to be about in her own chamber, the door and windows rang and jarred very loud, and presently several distinct strokes, three by three, were struck. From that night it never failed to give notice in much the same manner against any signal misfortune or illness of any belonging to the family." Dr. A. Clark tells us that these phenomena continued with some of the members of the family for *many years*; and Emily Wesley (then Mrs. Harper), in a letter

to her brother John, from *London, thirty-four years after*, writes: "Another thing is, that *wonderful thing*, called by us *Jeffrey!* You won't laugh at me for being superstitious, if I tell you *how certainly that something calls on me against any extraordinary sex affliction*; but so little is known of the invisible world, that I at least am not able to judge whether it be a *friendly* or an *evil spirit*." These facts, we think, overturn both Coleridge's theory of the *subjective* character of the phenomena, and Priestley's supposition that they were a trick of the servants.

Priestley, indeed, was compelled to fall back on the old question, *Qui bono!* There are some judicious observations in reply to this by Southey, in the extract we append; but we may quote here the remarks on it of Dr. George Smith, in his *Wesley and his Times*.

The word of divine revelation cannot be believed, in its plain and obvious sense, nor can we admit the truth of evidence which, in respect of every other matter, would be regarded as irresistible, if we refuse to allow that, in numerous cases in ancient and modern times, *visible* and *palpable* phenomena have been manifested, which can only be accounted for by supposing the immediate action of supernatural agency. And whatever such writers as Dr. Priestley may say, as to the absence of an object in such extraordinary manifestations, it is clearly the grand end of divine revelation, and the first object of God's providential government, to impress the mind of man with the great fact of the certain existence of a spiritual and unseen world; and, to this fact, such cases as the one before us, when authenticated by unquestionable evidence, bear ample testimony.

But whatever may have been the cause of these phenomena, it was something invisible that could respond to questions and observations, and its movements were heard about the house like the footsteps of a man. It could imitate Mr. Wesley's particular knock at the gate, and other sounds; repeating them any particular number of times according to request. It was "easily offended," could be made "angry," even "outrageous," and, in particular, "was more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats or anything natural." It could forewarn of impending affliction, and had decided Jacobite predilections. We note these little peculiarities, as probably some disciple of Dr. Rogers and President Mahan may proclaim that it was all *od* force, that being now the latest development—the very last thaumaturgist of anti-spiritual philosophers. We would very humbly ask them, does *od* possess these idiosyncracies and infirmities of intellect and temper, and is it a political partisan?

Spirit-manifestations, similar to those in the Wesley family, have now spread over both continents; but even in the last century they were not so uncommon as is sometimes thought. Dr. Adam Clark says: "The story of the disturbances at the parsonage-house in Epworth is not *unique*. I, myself, and others of my particular acquaintances, were *eye* and *ear witnesses* of transactions of a *similar* kind, which could never be traced to any source

of trick or imposture, and appeared to be the forerunners of two very tragical events in the disturbed family, after which no noises or disturbance ever took place." And Coleridge alleges that he "could produce fifty cases at least equally well authenticated as that of the disturbances in the Wesley family), and, as far as the veracity of the narrators, and the single fact of their having seen and heard such and such sights, or sounds above all rational scepticism."

The following condensed summary of the occurrences at Epworth is from Stevens's *History of Methodism*. Those who wish for fuller details are referred to the documents in Clark's *Memoirs of the Wesley Family*.

Writers on Methodism have been interested in tracing the influence of Wesley's domestic education on the habits of his manhood and the ecclesiastical system which he founded. Even the extraordinary "noises" for which the rectory became noted, and which still remain unexplained, are supposed to have had a providential influence upon his character. These phenomena were strikingly similar to marvels which, in our times, have suddenly spread over most of the civilized world, perplexing the learned, deluding the ignorant, producing a 'spiritualistic literature of hundreds of volume and periodicals, and resulting in extensive Church organizations.' The learned Priestley obtained the letters and journals relating to these curious facts, and gave them to the world as the best authenticated and best told story of the kind that was anywhere extant. John Wesley himself has left us a summary of these mysterious events. They began usually with a loud whistling of the wind around the house. Before it came into any room, the latches were frequently lifted up, the windows clattered, and whatever iron or brass there was about the chamber rang and jarred exceedingly. When it was in any room, let the inmates make what noises they would, as they sometimes did on purpose, its dead hollow noise would be clearly heard above them all. The sound very often seemed in the air, in the middle of the room; nor could they exactly imitate it by any contrivance. It seemed to rattle down the pewter, to clap the doors, draw the curtains, and throw the man-servant's shoes up and down. Once it threw open the nursery door. The mastiff barked violently at it the first day, yet whenever it came afterward, he ran whining, or quite silent, to shelter himself behind some of the company. Scarcely any of the family could go from one room into another but the latch of the door they approached was lifted up before they touched it. It was evidently, says Southey, a Jacobite goblin, and seldom suffered Mr. Wesley to pray for the king without disturbing the family. John says it gave 'thundering knocks' at the Amen, and the loyal rector, waxing angry at the insult, sometimes repeated the prayer with defiance. He was thrice pushed by it, with no little violence; it never disturbed him, however, till after he had rudely denounced it as a dumb and deaf devil, and challenged it to cease annoying his innocent children, and meet him in his study if it had something to say. It replied with 'a knock as if it would shiver the boards in pieces,' and resented the affront by accepting the challenge. At one time the trencher danced upon the table without anybody touching either; at another, when several of the daughters were amusing themselves with a game of cards upon one of the beds, the wall seemed to tremble with the noise; they leaped from the bed, and it was raised in the air, as described by Cotton Mather, in the "Witchcraft of New England." Sometimes moans were heard, as from a dying person; at others, it swept through the halls and along the stairs, with the sound of a person trailing a loose gown on the floor, and the chamber walls meanwhile, shook with vibrations. It would respond to Mrs. Wesley if she stamped on the floor, and bade it answer; and it was more loud and fierce whenever it was attributed to rats or any natural cause.

These noises continued about two months, and occurred the latter part of

the time every day. The family soon came to consider them amusing freaks, as they were never attended with any serious harm; they all, nevertheless, deemed them preternatural. Adam Clark assures us that, though they subsided at Epworth, they continued to molest some members of the family for many years. Clark believed them to be demoniacal; Southey is ambiguous respecting their real character; Priestley supposed them a trick of the servants or neighbours; but without any other reason than that they seemed not to answer any adequate purpose of a 'miracle,' to which Southey justly replies, that with regard to the good design which they may be supposed to answer, 'it would be sufficient if sometimes one of those unhappy persons who, looking through the dim glass of infidelity, sees nothing beyond the narrow sphere of mortal existence, should, from the well-established truth of one such story—trifling and objectless as it might otherwise appear—be led to the conclusion that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy.\* Isaac Taylor considers them neither 'celestial' nor 'infernal,' but extra-terrestrial, intruding upon our sphere occasionally, as the Arabian locust is sometimes found in Hyde Park. Of the influence of these facts upon Mr. Wesley's character, this author remarks that they took effect upon him in such a decisive manner as to lay open his faculty of belief, and create a right of way for the supernatural through his mind, so that to the end of his life there was nothing so marvellous that it could not freely pass where these mysteries had passed before it. Whatever may be thought of this very hypothetical suggestion, and of its incompatibility with the disposition of this writer, and, indeed, of most of Wesley's critics, to impute to him a natural and perilous credulity, it cannot be denied that in an age which was characterized by scepticism, a strong susceptibility of faith was a necessary qualification for the work which devolved upon him, and less dangerous by far than the opposite disposition; for though the former might mar that work, the latter must have been fatal to it.

T. S.

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A NOTICE OF US BY THE PRESS.—"The *Spiritual Magazine*.—No. 5.—We hope we shall never see another copy of this most harmful publication. It must be edited in Colney Hatch, and printed in Bedlam."—*Lloyd's Weekly Payer*.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.—So much has been said, first and last, about Spiritualism and its excitements as being the predisposing cause of insanity, that it is well to look these loose statements in the face. In a recent number of the *Woonsocket Patriot* we find the following facts and figures, which appear from an examination of the reports of sixteen Insane Asylums, in different States, for the year 1856:—Made insane by religious excitement, 417; by Spiritualism, 34. There are many other causes of insanity, a few of which are given below. The following is an extract from a report of the State Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, giving the causes from 1833 to 1857:—Excessive labour, 79; disappointed love, 98; politics, 3; fright, 25; Millerism, 10; religious excitement, 161; infidelity, 1; Mormonism, 1; Pathetism, 1; Mesmerism, 1; pecuniary anxiety, 23; pecuniary difficulty, 63; pecuniary loss, 53; strike for wages, 1; California fever, 2; poverty, 1; fear of poverty, 36; giving up business, 1; change of business, 1.—*Banner of Light*.

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\* Southey further remarks, "By miracle, Dr. Priestley evidently intends a manifestation of divine power, but in the present instance no such manifestation is supposed, any more than in the appearance of a departed spirit. Such things may be preternatural, and yet not miraculous: they may not be in the ordinary course of nature, and yet imply no alteration of its laws."

## “FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.”

[*With Narrative Illustrations.* By ROBERT DALE OWEN. Formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples.]\*

To say that this work is the best that has been published in relation to the subject of which it treats, would but inadequately express our estimate of its merits. Indeed, we know of no other, that can be put in comparison with it. It is specially valuable on two grounds:—first, it treats of those spirit-manifestations only which are of what may be called *spontaneous* origin, which have come unsought, and generally undesired. It is evidently advisable, and in the natural order, to give these, wherever practicable, the prior investigation, “just as the geologist prefers first to inspect the rock *in situ*.” “By restricting the inquiry to these, all suspicion of being misled by epidemic excitement or expectant attention is completely set aside;” and the discussion is also at once freed from all question as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of seeking after spiritual communion, a question which so frequently interrupts and embarrasses our consideration of the main issue, *i. e.*, whether these manifestations and this communion exists or not. In such instances of spiritual manifestation, as Mr. Owen brings before us, they have nothing to do with our volition, they are as much beyond our control as the comet or the aurora-borealis, and therefore may, without scruple, be as freely studied as the phenomena of astronomy or meteorology. As he remarks:—

“We may condemn as pythonism, or denounce as unlawful necromancy, the seeking after spiritual phenomena. But in so doing, we dispose of a small branch of the subject only. How are we to deal with ultra-mundane manifestations, in case it should prove that they do often occur not only without our agency but in spite of our adjuration? Grant that it were unwise, even sinful, to go in search of spiritual intervention: what are we to say of it if it overcome us suddenly and unsolicited, and whether for good or evil a commissioned intruder on our earthly path? Under that phase also (if under such it be found really to present itself) are we to ignore its existence? Ought we, without any inquiry into the character of its influence to prejudice and to repulse it? Let it assume what form it may: are we still, like the Princess Parizade of the Arabian tale, to stop our ears with cotton against the voices around us?”

Secondly, the narratives in Mr. Owen’s book have been selected with a more careful regard to evidence than in any former work of the kind, so far as we know. The great drawback on such works usually is, the almost haphazard and indiscriminate way in which the stories in them are got together. If any

\* London Agents: Trübner, Paternoster Row; White, 36, Bloomsbury Street.

principle has governed their selection, it would seem to have been a preference for the romantic and the marvellous. In the *Foofalls*, on the contrary, there is no entry without a voucher; most of the instances are of recent date, well authenticated, resting on direct and reliable testimony, some, taken from the lips of living witnesses, and others, with commendable diligence, verified by the author from official and other documents. One valuable result of this careful scrutiny has been to get rid of many of those melo-dramatic elements which we find so abundantly in legends and tales, by writers of the Monk Lewis and Victoria Theatre school. Speaking of the "disturbances, popularly termed hauntings," Mr. Owen remarks:—

"In winnowing, from out a large apocryphal mass, the comparatively few stories of this class which come down to us in authentic form, vouched for by respectable contemporary authority, sustained by specifications of time and place and person, backed sometimes by judicial oaths, one is forcibly struck by the observation that, in thus making the selection, we find thrown out all stories of the ghostly school of horror, all skeleton spectres with the worms creeping in and out, all demons with orthodox horns and tail, all midnight lights burning blue, with other similar embellishments; and there remain a comparatively sober and prosaic set of wonders,—inexplicable, indeed, by any known physical agency, but shorn of that gaudy supernaturalism in which Ann Radcliffe delighted, and which Horace Walpole scorned not to employ."

Intensely interesting as are the narratives in this work, they become still more so in the connection in which they are here given: each stands in some relation, either of evidence or illustration to the main question, or to some one or more of its collateral issues.

Among the many minor excellencies of this volume are its lucid style, its admirable classification and arrangement, its careful citation of authorities, and, if indeed we may call it a minor excellence, its freedom from all narrowness and dogmatism, on the one hand, and from all levity and irreverence on the other. Throughout, it displays the master-hand of the literary artist; nothing is left crude or unfinished, and its composition is almost faultless. In his summings up, the author at once seizes upon all the salient points of the case, *pro* and *con*; we perceive in them the workings of an acute and logical mind familiar with the principles of philosophy and the laws of evidence, weighing contending probabilities, and, in the words of Cicero, seeking only "to admit those opinions which appear most probable, to compare arguments, and to set forth all that may be reasonably stated in favour of each proposition, and so to leave the judgment of the reader free and unprejudiced." While clearly indicating his own conclusions, he is less anxious to enforce these, than to awaken attention and excite independent thought in relation to the facts and evidence on which they are based. In his concluding chapter, in answer to the question which he supposes the reader

to put to him, whether he considers the reality of occasional spiritual interference to be conclusively made out? he answers:—

“ I prefer that he should take the answer from his own deliberate judgment. In one respect he is, probably, better qualified to judge than I. It is not in human nature to ponder long and deeply any theory—to spend years in search of its proofs and in examination of its probabilities—yet maintain that nice equanimity which accepts or rejects without one extraneous bias. He who simply inspects may discriminate more justly than he whose feelings have been enlisted in collecting and collating.

“ Yet I will not withhold the admission that, after putting the strictest guard on the favouritism of parentage, I am unable to explain much of what my reason tells me I must here receive as true, on any other hypothesis than the ultra mundane.

“ Where there are clear palpable evidences of thought, of intention, of foresight, I see not how one can do otherwise than refer these to a thinker, an intender, a foreseer. Such reference appears to me not rational only but necessary. If I refuse to accept such manifestations of intelligence as indicating the workings of a rational mind—if I begin to doubt whether some mechanical or chemical combination of physical elements may not put on the semblance of reason and counterfeit the expression of thought—then I no longer perceive the basis of my own right to assume that the human forms which surround me have minds to think or hearts to feel. If our perceptions of the forest, and the ocean, and the plain, are to be accepted as proofs that there really is a material world around us, shall we refuse to receive our perceptions of thoughts and feelings other than our own, as evidence that some being, other than ourselves, exists, whence these emanate? And if that being belong not to the visible world, are we not justified in concluding that it has existence in the invisible?

“ That the rational being of which we thus detect the agency is invisible, invalidates not at all the evidence we receive. It is but a child's logic which infers that, where nothing is seen, nothing exists.”

It will probably interest the reader to learn the circumstances which preceded and produced the volume under consideration. Mr. Owen, in the preface, thus states them:—

“ To an excellent friend and former colleague, the Viscount de St. Amaro, Brazilian minister at Naples, I shall ever remain debtor for having first won my serious attention to phenomena of a magneto-physiological character and to the study of analogous subjects. It was in his apartments, on the 4th of March, 1856, and in presence of himself and his lady, together with a member of the royal family of Naples, that I witnessed for the first time, with mingled feelings of surprise and incredulity, certain physical movements apparently without material agency. Three weeks later, during an evening at the Russian minister's, an incident occurred, as we say, fortuitously, which, after the strictest scrutiny, I found myself unable to explain without referring it to some intelligent agency foreign to the spectators present—not one of whom, it may be added, knew or had practised anything connected with what is called Spiritualism or mediumship. From that day I determined to test the matter thoroughly. My public duties left me, in winter, few leisure hours, but many during the summer and autumn months; and that leisure, throughout more than two years, I devoted to an investigation (conducted partly by personal observations made in domestic privacy, partly by means of books), of the great question whether agencies from another phase of existence ever intervene here, and operate, for good or evil, on mankind.”

A part only of the results of this investigation is before us in the present volume; we hope that ere long, in another, Mr. Owen will present us with the results he has arrived at in investigating that side of Spiritualism which follows from the voluntary

and mutual effort of the dwellers on this, as well as of those on the other side the veil. Meanwhile, his present book may be regarded both as a sign, and, in some measure, as a consequence of the large and increasing interest, among all classes, in the facts of modern Spiritualism. The eminent position he has so long occupied enables him to speak with authority, especially with regard to the upper ranks of society, on this point. Spiritualism is spreading extensively, especially among the educated and what are called the *élite* of society: in America, among its public advocates are judges, senators, and statesmen; in England, as the *Westminster Review* reminds us, there are "at its head, men and women whose intellectual qualifications are known to the public, and who possess its confidence and esteem;" and now we have Mr. Owen telling us,—

"I found, in Europe, interested and earnest enquirers into this subject in every rank, from royalty downward; princes and other nobles, statesmen, diplomatists, officers in the army and navy, learned professors, authors, lawyers, merchants, private gentlemen, fashionable ladies, domestic mothers of families. Most of these, it is true, prosecute their investigations in private, and disclose their opinions only to intimate or sympathising friends. But none the less does this class of opinions spread; and the circles daily enlarge that receives them."

We allude now to these facts that critics may have no excuse to treat this book as if it were a solitary phenomenon of its kind,—as furnishing the only instance, in our time, of a man of high standing and great abilities endorsing the verity of spiritual phenomena. The book may certainly be regarded as the representative of a class; and as such, and as an important contribution to psychological science, it merits serious attention from those who profess to instruct public opinion; but we hope that its critics will *read* before they criticise it. This suggestion is not *superfluous*; we venture it as we know that it is not uncommon for periodical writers to review spiritual phenomena when they have never viewed them. We cannot, indeed, expect that that portion of the press which has recently filled its columns with details of a brutal prize fight that reminds one of the gladiator combats of degenerate and pagan Rome can find in enquiries of this nature a congenial theme; but, of that portion of the press which appeals to the human rather than the brute element of our nature,—which recognizes man as a spiritual being, and deals with topics relating to his duty and his destiny, we have a right to expect that the subject of this volume—so long shamefully ignored, or still more shamefully derided—will meet with a more earnest and respectful treatment than it commonly receives. A grave question of religion and philosophy, and a faith embraced by millions, after investigation, and on the evidence of facts is not to be bantered away. It cannot be disposed of by cheap jokes and clever sneers. If Spiritualism is to be dislodged from



its position, a heavier artillery must be brought to bear against it: the time for squibs and crackers has gone by. It must be shown either that such alleged facts as those in Mr. Owen's book are no facts, or, that though facts, they furnish "no clear palpable evidences of thought, of intention, of foresight;" or again, that these do not either involve a "thinker, an intender, a foreseer;" or, "that such thought, intention and foresight, though existing outside ourselves, is nevertheless, in some way, of mundane origin. Will hostile critics deal honestly and intelligently with the facts and reasonings in Mr. Owen's book?—dare they? We shall see. Meanwhile, it cannot fail to ventilate the subject in many new quarters, and secure for it in others a more respectful hearing.

We propose in future numbers to let some of Mr. Owen's facts speak for themselves.

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## TWO EVENINGS WITH MR. HOME.

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WE have received from two correspondents, well known to us, the following account of manifestations on the evenings of the 1st and 7th of May last, each evening in the presence of nine persons whose names have been furnished to us, and which we are permitted to supply privately to any inquirer who feels that the knowledge of the names is necessary for his belief. In the meantime we can vouch publicly for the perfect confidence which the narratives inspire us with, having heard the whole account from the lips of the narrators, previous to receiving the MS. from them.

May 1st, 1860.

The party was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Home and seven other ladies and gentlemen. We sat at the round table in the large drawing-room. Mr. Home's hand was moved to write:—"The spirit of John is one who was kind to your father during the voyage to America." No one understood this; but Mr. — entering the room a minute afterwards, expressed his conviction that it was intended for him, as his father had been to America. Three loud raps gave assent to what he said. The table then moved away from us, and we enquired if they wished us to draw it to the window. It was answered:—"Yes." We accordingly did so, leaving a vacant space against the window, unclosing the shutters, and by their directions extinguishing the candles. The fire burned brightly. It was spelled out:—"There is a little too much light." Mr. — and — screened the fire as much as possible, and the moon and gaslight from the street then alone lighted up the table; but did so completely as the moon was very bright. My dress was pulled, and the accordion was played upon. I asked if it was the spirit of N— who had pulled my dress a few nights ago when I sat alone; he answered:—"Yes," by pulling my dress strongly three times. A little baby pulled Mrs. L—'s dress—the spirit of a child very dear to her. The spirit of Albert then took the accordion and played a beautiful air of unearthly harmony. Mr. Home and I held the accordion together under the table, for the power was very strong, and

the music loud; and the instrument at times was nearly carried away from us. Then came a pause: we thought the power was gone; but there were raps for the alphabet, and it was said:—"The reason we do not do more is that we are waiting for another, more powerful, who will have the power to make his hand visible for at least five minutes."

After a short time there rose slowly in the space made by the window a most lovely hand of a female—we saw also part of the beautiful arm as it held it up aloft for some time—we were all greatly amazed. This hand was so transparent and luminous, and so unearthly and divine, that our hearts were filled with gratitude towards the Creator for permitting so wonderful a manifestation. The hand was visible to us more from the internal light which seemed to stream as it were out of it, than from the external light of the moon. As soon as it slowly vanished, Middle. —, who sat next to the open space, saw another hand forming itself close to her; and a man's hand was raised and placed on the table, far more earthly and life-like in appearance, and one that I thought I recognized (we were subsequently told that I was right in my conjecture). Then came a dear baby-hand; then the baby (Mrs. L.—'s adopted child) bowed its head; and finally, spirit-hands held up the little child so that all nine of us saw her shoulders and waist. After this, a hand and arm rose luminous and beautiful, covered with a white transparent drapery; and this hand remained visible to us all for at least five minutes, and made us courteous and graceful gestures.

Then spirit-hands held up to us an exquisite wreath of white flowers. I never saw any wreath made by human hands so perfect in form and design; and calling for the alphabet they said:—"The spirit emblem of William's mother." Then we were told they would shew us "The emblem of superstition; and a black shrivelled hand arose. On some of us remarking that we could not see it well, the curtains were at once moved aside and the blind drawn away from the top of the window. It was beyond the reach of any of us; and they then showed us the hand again so that we all could see it. The "emblem of truth" was then shewn. This was more beautiful than all the rest—a fairy-like fountain of apparently clear sparkling water which threw up showers of silvery rays, vanishing from our sight like mist, and dwelling on the memory as perfection. After this it was rapped out:—"We can do no more."

Mr. Home was put into a trance, and as he fell back in his chair a gleam of the most vivid light fell upon me. This light fell over my shoulders and gleamed on my right hand, and came from a direction whence no earthly light could have come. It came from a part of the room where the spirit of one who was a friend of mine when on earth has often stood before, and from whence he has communicated to us. This light was seen by no one but myself; but as I turned round in hope of seeing the spirit, Mr. Home said to me:—"Yes, he is there;" and added a communication from him. He then told us that the first hand that we saw had been that of his own mother; the second was my father's, as I had silently expected; and the hand and arm in drapery that remained so long, came for Prudence, and was the same that she had seen one night when alone, several years ago, at Paris, before she had ever heard of spirit-manifestations. He also gave us the full name of the "spirit John," who had gone to America with Mr. A.—'s father; and added some private information, which Mr. A.— confirmed as true.

The events of this evening having been so wonderful, I have begged my friends present on the occasion to read over this account, and to sign it as witnesses to the truth of what I have stated. \* \* \* \* \*

9th May, 1860.

Mingling with those interested in witnessing evidences of spirit power, I gladly accepted an invitation to meet a few friends on Monday the 7th of May, 1860, at a house at the West-end. At a quarter after 8 o'clock, we went into the adjoining back drawing-room, and sat down at a lloo table. There were nine of us—Mr. Home being one of the number. Immediately the table commenced vibrating and gently lifting itself off the floor. I say lifting *itself*, because no human beings in human clay were the actors. Nothing occurred

for a few minutes, during which conversation was kept up, and then the table gradually rose up *off the floor* about four feet, or rather more than a foot beyond our outstretched arms, the hands of which had rested gently on the table before its ascent. It then descended. The accordion was asked for by the raps. Mr. Home took it in his right hand, by the rim at the bottom of the instrument, leaving his left hand on the table, and then were played some beautiful voluntaries, exquisitely attenuated, yet clear and melodious. They then came out gradually fuller, and yet more full, till the room seemed filled with the volume of sound like a pealing organ, still no false note. A friend, sitting next me, forgetting himself, exclaimed "My God, how wonderful!" and after a breath, asked "if they would give us some air we knew?" and having asked for "God save the Queen," it was played at once.

A lady present, whose little boy had recently died, had indications of her son being in the room; and the accordion suddenly commenced playing a well-known air, which on earth the little boy was very fond of, as tallying with his mamma's name. Reader, was not there a truth of *life* and of *love* in the incident? The mother thought so, and her tears betrayed her thoughts.

The detonations on the table, and sometimes under my hands, were as sharp, and as clear, and as loud, as if struck vigorously with the edge of a penny-piece.

It was then rapped out by the sounds—"Go to the window;" we rose, and moved the loo table to about eighteen inches from the window. I may in passing, state that, the room was about thirty-seven feet long, by about twenty-five wide, and about fifteen feet to the ceiling, bountifully supplied with the usual drawing-room furniture. We sat down again, but more closely, so as to allow a vacant space at the side of the table, *opposite* the window. The sounds then gave out "Put out the lights," which was done. We found that though the room was dark, yet the light from the window was sufficient for us to faintly see each other. The window-blind then commenced moving up and down—no one near it—evidently to tone the light; and while we were remarking the singularity of the phenomenon, and how high it went, all looking at it—suddenly it sprung up to the top, and then came gently down to its original position. Mr. Home felt something on his head, and found it was a leaf. Suddenly the leaf of a geranium was taken and dropped into the lap of a lady sitting at the table. We heard the snap as if breaking off the stem of a flower, and immediately came down past the left ear of my friend, and on to his knee, a sprig of geranium; while he held it up for us to see, I expressed a wish to have one, when a sprig came past my right ear on to *my* knee, I picked it up, and while showing it, another came past my face as if from the ceiling. The geranium plant was in the room several feet from any of us, and the sprigs came down both on the right and left of me.

After a pause, Mr. Home said he felt as if he were about to be lifted up: he moved from the table, and shortly he said, "I am rising"—but we could not see him—"they have put me on my back." I asked, will you kindly bring him, as much as possible, towards the window, so that we may see him; and at once he was floated with his feet horizontally into the light of the window, so that we all saw his feet and a part of his legs resting or floating on the air like a feather, about six feet from the ground, and three feet above the height of the table. He was then floated into the dark; and he exclaimed, "They have turned me round, and I am coming towards you." I then saw his head and face, the same height as before, and as if floating on air instead of water. He then floated back, and came down and walked up to, and sat on the edge of the table we were at, when the table began to rise with him on it. He asked a lady to sit on the table, and perhaps the spirits would take them both up; the table moved a little and then was still. Mr. Home was then taken behind to the *settée* next to me; and while there, we heard sounds several times as of some one giving utterance to a monosyllable in the middle of the room. Feeling a pressure against my chair, I looked, and saw that the ottoman had been brought along the floor about six feet, no one touching it, and close to Mr. Home. He said, "I suppose it is for me to rest on."—he lay down, and the ottoman went back to its original position—"Oh! I am getting excited, some-one come and sit with me." I went, and sat beside him; he took my hands; and in about a

minute, and without any muscular action, he gently floated away from me, and was lost in the darkness. He kept talking to let us know where he was. We heard his voice in various parts of the further end of the room, as if near the ceiling. He then cried out, "Oh! they have brought me a cushion to sit upon—I am sitting on it—they are taking it away." Just then the tassel of the cushion of another ottoman in the room struck me on my hair and forehead as if coming from the ceiling, and the cushion was deposited at my feet on the floor, falling as if a snow flake. I then saw the shadow of his body on the mirror as he floated along near the ceiling. He said, "I wish I had a pencil to make a mark on the ceiling. I have made a cross with my nail." He came down near the door, and after a pause he was again taken up; but I did not see him but heard his voice as if near the ceiling. Again he came down, and shortly returned to the table we were at; and the sounds on the table bade us "Good night."

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## GHOSTS.\*

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ALL arguments against there being spiritual appearances, called ghosts, must necessarily be merely indirect. It is impossible, from the little knowledge we have of the spiritual world, that it can be proved, either that no such spiritual beings as are said to appear, exist—or, that being such, they cannot make themselves visible to human eyes. All negative evidence must, therefore, be indirect; and further, as we shall hereafter see, such evidence only goes to disprove the truth of the particular appearance affirmed, and not to disprove the possibility of any, or all, of such appearances. Further, the arguments of a general nature, usually urged on the negative side of the question, do not go to prove the non-existence of ghosts, but tend, merely, to weaken the evidence for their existence, and to lessen the probability of the general truth of their appearance. Or, if it be preferred, such arguments may be stated to come within the description before given of negative evidence, *i. e.*, they only go to disprove the truth of the particular appearance in question, at a particular

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\* "Ghost, (Anglo-Saxon *gast*, German *geist*,) shews its physical meaning in the cognate word 'gust,' as 'a gust of wind;' also in the term used to designate the aeriform substances called 'gas.' In Old German, the grand-parent of English, *geisten* signified to blow. In a German Bible of the year 1483, 'the breath of life' is translated 'der *geist* des lebens.' To 'give up the ghost' is literally, to surrender the breath; the 'Holy Ghost' is literally the breath of the Lord, as implied in his own words, when 'He breathed on his disciples, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.' Where the English version of the Scriptures has 'ghost' and 'spirit,' the Anglo-Saxon reads '*gast*.' Wiclif, in his New Testament, spells 'the holi *goost*.' The 'gist' of a subject, like the 'spirit' of a book, or the *animus* of an action, signifies its soul or inmost principle. In German, *geist* continues to be used in many of the meanings which, with ourselves, are conveyed by 'spirit.' Thus,—

Was der *Geist* verspricht leistet die Natur.—Schiller.

'What the Spirit promises, Nature performs.'

GRINDON'S *Life—Nature, and Phenomena.*

time. These negative general arguments are, firstly, that ghosts are optical illusions caused either by the state of the seer's health of body or mind, or by some mesmeric or other analogous influence; and, secondly, that there is no sufficient motive for the appearance of ghosts; and that, therefore, they do not, or cannot appear. It is impossible that these arguments can disprove all the current accounts of ghostly appearances, for, in the first place, the health or diseasedness of the seer's body or mind is in most, or many of these cases, unknown; and the mode of operation of mesmeric and other like influences, we are still ignorant of. But if the state of body and mind were always known, and these operations fully understood, and it could be shewn, which in many cases we believe it would be impossible to do, that all the so-called appearances of ghosts could be explained as naturally resulting from, or as being consequent upon such peculiar state of body or mind, or from such operations of mysterious influences, yet such arguments would only tend to prove that certain known natural causes could produce appearances that might be taken to be ghosts; and that they *may have* done so in each particular case, and *not* that they *must* have done so. For two causes may produce a like effect. There may be merely the appearance of, or likeness to a ghost, arising from the above mentioned natural causes; or there may be the actual presence of a ghost, notwithstanding the operation of such causes; and even such presence may be possible only through their very operation. For it is possible, and many believe it to be even certain, that it is necessary for a person to be in a particular state of body or mind to see a ghost, even though the spirit be present. And should it be a doubt amongst believers in Christianity and the Bible, that spirits are always present with and around us, though, from the impediments of the senses, their presence is generally concealed? Much of the evidence that goes to prove the actual appearance of ghosts, goes to prove this necessity also. But, secondly, the negative argument, urged from the apparent absence of motive, is even weaker than the other one mentioned. We know little of the state in which departed spirits live, their connection with the earth after their separation from the body,—nor either, in many cases, the actual motive which may urge or allow a spirit to appear to man,—or, in any case, the power of any such motive to cause a particular appearance. Departed spirits may continue, for some time at least, to take as strong an interest in the affairs which interested them before their separation from the body, as they did before such separation; and as these affairs were frequently of the most trivial character in this world, similar trivial motives may be enough for such to come back for. The motive for a spirit's appearance might, therefore, if we knew

more of the connection between the visible and invisible worlds, appear to us sufficiently powerful to cause such appearance; and even the apparent motive may not be the real one; but may, in God's providence, have a much higher and wider object. But, even if we knew the actual power of the motives for every asserted appearance, the argument to be drawn from the insufficiency of such motives could only be used to disprove the truth of the particular actual appearances asserted, unless it could be demonstrated also that no motive could possibly be sufficient for any such appearance, which would be impossible, unless we knew most intimately all the connections and operations of the invisible world.

But arguments in favour of the affirmative of the question under discussion are, however, not only indirect, but direct also. If, however, the indirect affirmative arguments are equally strong with the indirect negative arguments, the question must be decided in the affirmative. The principal indirect affirmative arguments are two. The first arises from the fact, that man's spirit, which is the real man during his life in this world, does not really die, but merely enters into a new state of existence, when disencumbered of its material body; and the second is, that not only is it probable that a spirit should appear to man, but that spirits have appeared to him throughout all recorded history, sacred and profane.

Firstly, then, disbelievers in ghosts will not, generally, deny that, after leaving the body, man's spirit still lives a man. It exists, although invisible to us, as indeed it was invisible when it was in the body; but why may it not become visible, under certain conditions? The negatist asserts, either that a spirit cannot become visible, or can do so on special occasions only—or that only particular spirits can become visible to human eyes. But what proofs are given to support these assertions? None! It is merely stated to be contrary to nature for ghosts to be seen. But it is not proved to be contrary to all nature, as a visible ghost is merely a visible existing spirit, and the argument only amounts to this:—"Spirits are not always seen, and therefore they cannot be ever seen!" But why not? We may take for granted that spirits are intensely visible to one another. A human being is but a spirit inhabiting a body; and is it absurd to suppose, that under certain conditions, of which mesmerism, clairvoyance, and Spiritualism furnish us with numberless instances, the body may lose its gross influence, and the spirit see spirit? On the contrary we know that it does so, and that the mesmerist obtains control over the mind and body of his patient, and the clairvoyant sees objects at a distance from her, and through obstacles which her natural vision could not pass through. These mysterious

agencies show, conclusively, the innate power and faculties of the spiritual being which the body encloses, and also its susceptibility. May not a disembodied spirit be able to obtain the same influence over an embodied one, as the mesmerist has over his patient, and may not the spirit so influenced see, as the clairvoyante sees things distant from her? But it may be said that if ghosts appear, they appear to the bodily eye. It may be so in some instances, but it is by no means certain. It is common that many persons have affirmed that they have seen spirits, whilst others present at the same time were unable to see them. But, if it be granted that the bodily eye must be the organ of vision, cannot spirits make themselves visible to the eye of sense? It has been suggested, with extreme probability, that some of the vibrations of light, or of ether, the motion of which conveys the impression of light, are so feeble as not to impress the human retina, and yet are sufficiently powerful to effect the retina of the eye of some of the inferior animals. It has often been observed that horses, and other of the inferior animals, have exhibited terror when nothing was visible to man to account for it; and the case of Balaam's ass will be a sufficient example of this to the believers in the truth of Scripture history. Does it not then appear that the eye is, in these cases, affected by the operation of some agent which does not affect the eye of man, and may not that operation be the interior vibration of the luminous ether to which we have just referred? It is contrary to all our ideas of the nature of mind, or at least of finite mind, to suppose that it can exist without some covering of substance, although that substance need not be material in the common acceptance of the word. We cannot imagine that mind, alone, can have station, or that it can become visible to the human eye without the intervention of something material to operate on the matter of man's sensible organs. In other words, it must be born out of its spiritual world into this sensuous world, and have a power of clothing itself for the moment in some material form. We are led to think of the spiritual body spoken of by St. Paul which seems to be the state of the spirit after death. We would ask, may not that spiritual body be to us of as subtle and invisible a substance as the luminous ether that pervades space? This ether is invisible to us, and yet it penetrates all other matter. If it be so, the presence of this body might be made visible to us in some manner corresponding to that in which the presence of the luminous ether is made visible, *i. e.* by vibration. But the intensity of light depends, ether on the length of the wave of light, or on the rapidity of vibration; and the luminousness of the spiritual covering might depend on the same law. It is very easy to believe that spirits have the power, in some way unknown

to us, of vibrating the matter of which their bodies are thus composed, so as to make themselves visible to the human eye under conditions also unknown to us. This theory might possibly explain the cause of the luminousness of most of the spirits which are said to have appeared, and further, point to the reason why spirits are usually invisible to man. Their vibrations seldom affect his retina; when they do affect it, the spirit ceases to be invisible.

This leads to the main point that the spirits of angels and also of known men have, undoubtedly, appeared to human beings. The inspired history of the Jews, and the early inspired records of Christianity contain numberless accounts of these appearances. Now, if these accounts be true, it follows that, under certain circumstances, spirits *may* become visible to the human eye. It cannot be said that these particular appearances were miraculous and therefore exceptional. Miracles are never performed by forcing nature to act contrary to its laws, but merely by bringing into operation certain higher laws of God. Nature cannot act contrary to its laws, and if therefore spirit cannot in its nature be seen by the human eye, spirits *can never* have become visible to it. But they have become visible to it; and we must therefore account for their appearance by some higher spiritual law—by virtue of which the spirit acts, and by virtue of which there is a suspension of the law of invisibility, whatever it may be. We have no right to account for any event by supposing a miracle, when it can, by higher knowledge, be accounted for as being the consequence of the operation of a larger law of nature. Nor can it be urged that the ghosts said to have appeared were the spirits of angels and not of men; for there is no warrant to suppose that there are any angels who have not been men. The word angel signifies messenger, and is frequently applied throughout the Scriptures to such appearances. There is no mention made of angels being a distinct race, nor is it easy to conceive of such, whilst it is distinctly proved that some of the ghosts or angels who appeared both in the Old and the New Testament were men. The spirits of men have, therefore, actually shewed themselves in the forms which we call ghosts. If these spirits then did become visible, it must have been by the operation of some law of their nature or of ours, or of both conjoined; and they may do the same now, or we must conceive that some essential part, either of their or of our organism, has been removed or changed, and that we or they are now less men or less spirits than in former and not far remote ages.

This brings us to the direct evidence in favour of the appearance of ghosts. Before entering on this portion of the subject, however, we will shortly compare the indirect evidence on both sides of the



question. On the negative side, we have arguments drawn from the illusions created by disease of body or mind, or the operations of the laws of mesmerism and other like agencies, and the absence of sufficient motives for the appearances. On the affirmative side we have arguments drawn from the spiritual nature of man and its conditions after leaving the body, the existence of the spiritual world, and the actual appearance of spirits in the early ages of the world, and the first days of Christianity down to the present, as our pages abundantly testify. The indirect evidence on both sides is merely probable; but when the direct evidence in favour of the appearance of ghosts is added, such evidence is perfectly conclusive. In all ages, from the very earliest to the latest—in all nations, from the most savage to the most highly civilized—in all classes, from the most ignorant to the most enlightened, has the belief in ghosts prevailed, and the fact of their appearance has been asserted throughout the pages of sacred and profane writers. The truth of the stories related of their appearance at various times has not been and cannot be disputed, and there should be no wish that they should be disproved. Wise and sober men have not hesitated to affirm their belief founded on actual personal experience, and the national archives of nations contain the most perfectly authenticated accounts of these appearances. No motive for such wholesale misrepresentations and frauds, as must have been perpetrated, if all these accounts are false, has been shewn. The evidence on which they are received is at least as strong as that on which other natural appearances have been believed, and why should credence to that evidence be refused? It can be traced but to one source. The material elements of man's nature too often preponderate over the spiritual. It is because the spirit does not aspire to the companionship of its invisible kindred, and it either refuses to believe its intimacy with man on earth, or it strives to disbelieve such intimacy. A fear of the truth, however, lurks in most breasts, and the loudest asserter of disbelief is generally the first to take alarm, and to shew, if not in words, yet by actions, his lurking fear. Rapid advances in all knowledge are now being made. The veil that hides from us the operations of the unseen world seems to be already partially raised. Perhaps, before the end, the veil will be rent in twain, and man will commune once more with the glorious beings who now dwell in invisibility, and are clothed "with light as with a garment."

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[As a fitting pendant to this chapter on ghosts, we make the following selections from Mr. Owen's book on the same subject.—ED.]

"It is within my knowledge, that a few years since, at one of the chief English universities, a society was formed out of some of its most distinguished

members, for the purpose of instituting, as their printed circular expresses it, "a serious and earnest inquiry into the nature of the phenomena which are vulgarly called supernatural." They subjected these to careful classification, and appealed to their friends outside of the society to aid them in forming an extensive collection of authenticated cases, as well of remarkable dreams as of apparitions, whether of persons living or of the deceased; the use to be made of these to be a subject for future consideration.

The society referred to was formed in the latter part of the year 1851, at Cambridge, by certain members of the University, some of them now at the head of well-known institutions, most of them clergymen and fellows of Trinity College, and almost all of them men who had graduated with the highest honors. The names of the more active among them were kindly furnished to me by the son of a British Peer, himself one of the leading members. To him, also, I am indebted for a copy of the printed circular of the society, an able and temperate document, which I subjoin. The same gentleman informed me that the researches of the society had resulted in a conviction, shared, he believed, by all its members, that there is sufficient testimony for the appearance, about the time of death or after it, of the apparitions of deceased persons; while in regard to other classes of apparitions the evidence, so far as obtained, was deemed too slight to prove their reality.

The society, popularly known as the "Ghost Club," attracted a good deal of attention outside its own circle. Its nature and objects first came to my knowledge through the Bishop of —, who took an interest in its proceedings and bestowed himself to obtain contributions to its records.

*"Circular of a Society, instituted by Members of the University of Cambridge, for the purpose of investigating Phenomena popularly called Supernatural."*

"The interest and importance of a serious and earnest inquiry into the nature of the phenomena, which are vaguely called "supernatural," will scarcely be questioned. Many persons believe that all such apparently mysterious occurrences are due either to purely natural causes, or to delusions of the mind or senses, or to wilful deception. But there are many others who believe it possible that the beings of the unseen world may manifest themselves to us in extraordinary ways, and also are unable otherwise to explain many facts, the evidence for which cannot be impeached. Both parties have obviously a common interest in wishing cases of supposed "supernatural" agency to be thoroughly sifted. If the belief of the latter class should be ultimately confirmed, the limits which human knowledge respecting the spirit-world has hitherto reached might be ascertained with some degree of accuracy. But in any case, even if it should appear that morbid or irregular workings of the mind or senses will satisfactorily account for every such marvel, still, some progress would be made toward ascertaining the laws which regulate our being, and thus adding to our scanty knowledge of an obscure but important province of science. The main impediment to investigations of this kind is the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of clear and well-attested cases. Many of the stories current in tradition, or scattered up and down in books, may be exactly true; others must be purely fictitious; others, again—probably the greater number—consist of a mixture of truth and falsehood. But it is idle to examine the significance of an alleged fact of this nature until the trustworthiness, and also the extent, of the evidence for it are ascertained. Impressed with this conviction, some members of the University of Cambridge are anxious, if possible, to form an extensive collection of authenticated cases of supposed "supernatural" agency. When the inquiry is once commenced, it will evidently be needful to seek for information beyond the limits of their own immediate circle. From all those, then, who may be inclined to aid them, they request written communications, with full details of persons, times, and places; but it will not be required that names should be inserted without special permission, unless they have already become public property: it is, however, indispensable that the person making any communication should be acquainted with the names, and should pledge himself for the truth of the narrative from his own knowledge or conviction.

"The first object, then, will be the accumulation of an available body of

facts: the use to be made of them must be a subject for future consideration; but, in any case, the mere collection of trustworthy information will be of value. And it is manifest that great help in the inquiry may be derived from accounts of circumstances which have been at any time considered "supernatural," and afterward proved to be due to delusions of the mind or senses, or to natural causes; (such, for instance, as the operation of those strange and subtle forces which have been discovered and imperfectly investigated in recent times;) and, in fact, generally, from any particulars which may throw light indirectly, by analogy or otherwise, on the subjects with which the present investigation is more expressly concerned.

"The following temporary classification of the phenomena about which information is sought may serve to show the extent and character of the inquiry proposed.

" I. Appearance of angels.

- (1.) Good.
- (2.) Bad.

" H. Spectral appearances of

- (1.) The beholder himself, (*e.g.* "Fetches" or "Doubles.")
- (2.) Other men, recognized or not.
  - (i.) Before their death, (*e.g.* "Second-Sight.")
    - (a.) To one person.
    - (b.) To several persons.
  - (ii.) At the moment of their death.
    - (a.) To one person.
    - (b.) To several persons.
      - 1. In the same place.
      - 2. In several places.
        - i. Simultaneously.
        - ii. Successively.
  - (iii.) After their death. In connection with
    - (a.) Particular places, remarkable for
      - 1. Good deeds.
      - 2. Evil deeds.
    - (b.) Particular times, (*e.g.* on the anniversary of any event, or at fixed seasons.)
    - (c.) Particular events, (*e.g.* before calamity or death.)
    - (d.) Particular persons, (*e.g.* haunted murderers.)

" III. "Shapes" falling under neither of the former classes.

- 1. Recurrent. In connection with
  - (i.) Particular families, (*e.g.* the "Banshee.")
  - (ii.) Particular places (*e.g.* the "Mawth Dog.")
- 2. Occasional.
  - (i.) Visions signifying events, past, present, or future.
    - (a.) By actual representation, (*e.g.* "Second-sight.")
    - (b.) By symbol.
  - (ii.) Visions of a fantastical nature.

" IV. Dreams remarkable for coincidences

- (1.) In their occurrence,
  - (i.) To the same person several times.
  - (ii.) In the same form to several persons.
    - (a.) Simultaneously.
    - (b.) Successively.
- (2.) With facts
  - (i.) Past.
    - (a.) Previously unknown.
    - (b.) Formerly known, but forgotten.
  - (ii.) Present, but unknown.
  - (iii.) Future.

"V. Feelings. A definite consciousness of a fact.

- (1.) Past,—an impression that an event has happened.
- (2.) Present,—sympathy with a person suffering or acting at a distance.
- (3.) Future,—presentiment.

"VI. Physical effects.

- (1.) Sounds.
  - (i.) With the use of ordinary means, (*e.g.* ringing of bells.)
  - (ii.) Without the use of any apparent means, (*e.g.* voices.)
- (2.) Impressions of touch, (*e.g.* breathings on the person.)

"Every narrative of "supernatural" agency which may be communicated will be rendered far more instructive if accompanied by any particulars as to the observer's natural temperament, (*e.g.* sanguine, nervous, &c.,) constitution, (*e.g.* subject to fever, somnambulism, &c.,) and state at the time, (*e.g.* excited in mind or body, &c.)

*Communications may be addressed to*

Rev. B. F. Westcott, Harrow, Middlesex.

[Our correspondents who send us so many incidents for publication, would greatly assist us in carrying out the inquiries to a scientific result, if they will be particular in noticing and recording the conditions prescribed by this excellent circular.—ED.]

## DR. FORBES WINSLOW ON SPIRITUALISM.

THERE is an article on "Modern Magicians and Mediomaniacs" in the last number of Dr. Forbes Winslow's *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology* which we have lost time in reading, in the hope that we might have fallen upon, at all events, some clever hits at Spiritualism, and some fair dealing with its facts. Dr. Blank, who has now favoured us with his observations of the facts in the two last numbers of the Magazine, is a gentleman of quite as high a reputation as Dr. Forbes Winslow, and in the special branch of medicine too, in which Dr. Winslow has obtained his fame, and it is in the face of Dr. Blank's solemn affirmation of the facts of Spiritualism, that Dr. Forbes Winslow can allow his journal to be the medium of such a paragraph as that which follows.

Our readers must remember that this is one of the few high-class journals in Europe, which devotes itself to the study of Psychology. What a state science must be in when its best teachers are so utterly at fault as to facts which are now the A B C of millions! We know that we are monthly teasing our readers by a repetition of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, but they must see the necessity of our doing so, when a

man, in the position of Dr. Winslow, dare stand up before the public, and flatly deny the whole range of them.

"It can need only a hint to our readers (if the thought has not been painfully present to them during the whole of their reading) to direct their attention, and to lead them at once to apprehend that the principles and practices taught by M. Levi are but a phrase of that *pseudo-scientific delusion—animal magnetism which has settled into a chronic state amongst us, as well as of the epidemic delusions of table-turning and spirit-rapping, which have so recently prevailed in this country.* We are too apt to forget that the cessation of the two latter delusions as epidemics by no means implies their total cessation. It would be easy to prove if it were needful that both delusions, as well as that of animal magnetism, exist in a chronic form . . . . .

*We assume that the substratum of these wide-spread delusions and their congeners chiefly results from a fundamental error of education, both of the emotions and intellect in early life, and that this substratum and the causes engendering it are pretty much the same in every case. We are not going to dogmatise on the precise nature either of the substratum or its causes."*

Now what can be done with this good man who thinks he is doing science and the world a service by his insane lucubrations? Can it be that one of his patients has substituted the manuscript for the real one written by Dr. Winslow? It would be a charity to think so, for it is evident that Dr. Winslow's mind is in an unsound or insane condition, when he denies facts which exist, and says they are delusions. His mind is hallucinated and . . . ; but he must supply the definition.

In our wonderment at his mental state, we unconsciously turned over other pages of the same number of his journal, and there, to our amusement, we found another article, which is in some degree a practical refutation of his own arguments. This is no uncommon case. Generally after a little talk with one of these bold gentlemen, you will have to listen to some ghost or dream-story, which they know to be true, and which is enough to make your hair stand on end, and so it chanced that we had turned to a review of Mr. Morell's translation of *Fichte's Contributions to Mental Philosophy*, of which there was a somewhat exhaustive and not entirely complimentary notice in our first number.

Fichte talks largely of "the preconscious powers of the soul" as accounting for many of the wonders of Spiritualism, which is only another phrase for Dr. Carpenter's "unconscious cerebration," and for Mr. Morell's "reflex action of the mind;" but it sounds well and has no definite meaning, and is therefore very philosophical; but when Dr. Forbes Winslow, or his contributor, comes to this portion of Fichte's work, he illustrates it the wrong way by a fact in his own knowledge, which destroys his settled idea of delusion. It is a case of *felo de se*, in which he has fortunately the power to drive the stake through his own body, and to bury himself in the four-cross-roads of publicity, as a warning to others whose theories are killed by their own facts.

His story is a pretty little one, very well told, and evidently true; and our readers will be much obliged to him for it.

"The writer of this article, some years ago, called upon a widow lady, whose only son was then in New Zealand. The writer was received by the lady's daughter, who stated that her mother was too unwell to see visitors, having been much distressed during the previous night by a very painful dream. She dreamed that she saw her son pursued, struck down, and killed by two New Zealanders, whose countenances were pictured to her with perfect distinctness, and she related her son's dying exclamation. In due course the mails from New Zealand brought intelligence that verified this prevision in a general way. The young man was last seen by his companions flying for his life from two of the natives, who were believed to have killed him immediately afterwards, and that at the very time of his mother's dream. In this case, neither the faces of the murderers, nor the last words of the victim, could be compared with the details of the vision; but the general coincidence was remarkable, and the writer relates it because the dream was brought under his notice so long before its verification was received. He is able to state, moreover, from personal knowledge, that the lady was not one of those habitual dreamers, who are almost certain to meet with a coincidence in the course of a lifetime."

We should be glad if Dr. Forbes Winslow will tell us, whether the belief of his contributor of the fact of this dream "*chiefly resulted from a fundamental error of education, both of the emotions and intellect in early life,*" and whether that "*substratum of these wide-spread delusions*" was the cause of the Emperor Louis Napoleon and his Empress, and the Duchess de Montebello seeing a spirit-hand take a pen from the inkstand and write the word "Napoleon" in the autograph of the Great Emperor, and another hand appear at the same sitting, and write "Hortense" in the autograph of the Emperor's mother? Was it a fundamental error of education in Dr. Blank, which broke his table, threw a chair from one side of the room to the other, and caused the "*grotesque phenomena*" which so puzzled him? Is Lord Lyndhurst still so oppressed by the errors of his early education that he cannot give a correct opinion as to his table being raised without contact nearly to the ceiling, and a leg broken in its descent? Or, that an accordion played a tune in his own hand, without his touching the keys? What was the precise want in the education and present powers of perception of the nine gentlemen and ladies, who vouch for the marvellous appearances which happened this month of May, and are recorded at page 266 of the present number?

Was the late Robert Stephenson unqualified by his education to examine and pronounce a positive opinion on the phenomena of Spiritualism? What is the "*substratum*" which interposes a veil before the eyes and mind of Sir Bulwer Lytton?—or of the Emperor of Russia?

Who are these critics, and what was their early education, which they appear to think so much of? Dr. Winslow is pretty well known to a large circle, as a person of average competent

understanding, but he by no means comes out as a shining light, even in his own selected branch of study and research. The truth is in the old fact, that no man is clever beyond his knowledge, and that even Dr. Winslow cannot write with advantage, either to himself, or to the public, on phenomena which he has not observed. We happen to know that he has received private warning against pledging himself to a denial of the facts of Spiritualism, but he has unfortunately disregarded the wholesome advice that was given to him. We judge that, had he availed himself to the full of his early education, he would not have been now in the unfortunate case of denying the existence of those spiritual forces which are the lower out-croppings of those higher manifestations on which Christianity is built up.

It would be almost irreverent to apply Dr. Winslow's diagnostic allegations to the spiritual appearances and phenomena recorded throughout the Old and New Testament, but in reality they apply with equal force to the dreams, visions, apparitions, and spiritual teachings, which make up the written Word—to its miracles, and to the possibility of any acting by Providence in the affairs of this world. If those things be true, they are not only possible, but are promised as the highest inheritance of the race; and if they be not true, the Bible must fall with them, a result which would be but inadequately compensated by having Dr. Winslow for our teacher.

It is a curious psychological problem "how a man who admits the spiritual marvels of the Scriptures, as Dr. Winslow does most fully, should conclude that other events of the same kind in all ages, not recorded in Scriptures, have been and are purely natural, and the results of nervous agitation and disease."

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THE HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN arrived in England in the middle of May, by the *Vanderbilt*, and at once proceeded *en route* for Naples. He expects to return to England in the middle of June, and to make some stay amongst us. "*The Footfalls*" has now reached its fifth edition of 2000 each, and is still selling fast, as it well deserves to do. We would advise all our readers to buy it, and when they meet with a particularly sceptical person (he will sure to be an F.R.S.) to lend it to him, and insist on his reading it.

Mr. Owen mentions, that he does not expect to publish his next work till the 1st of January, 1862. We hope that, even at the risk of less polish, we may have the substantial benefit of his work on the evoked phenomena of Spiritualism, at least twelve months earlier than that long day.

JUDGE EDMONDS has sent us an article on the position taken up by Mr. Harris in his well-known sermon, and in which he entirely vindicates both the men and the cause in America from the impulsive diatribe of Mr. Harris. So much, however, has already appeared in the Magazine on this now worn-out subject, that we fear to weary our readers by pursuing it. The more so, as we have now received the second and concluding article of Mr. Howitt on the Three Phases of Spiritualism, which will appear in our next number.

## LEAVES FROM A SPIRIT DIARY.

## LEAF THE FIRST.

UNDER the above heading I purpose to offer to the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* some of the results which I have obtained during the last few years by various modes of spirit-communion, and at present, I shall more especially present such replies as I have received from spirits by means of the faculty of writing mediumship. It seems to me that chronological order is scarcely necessary—where any curious fact dips up from the ocean of investigation, it will be recorded—and as the date is proposed to be always rigidly given, such persons who may think the order of time more interesting to them, will be enabled to check and compare passages—indeed, by that means, individuality may be more evidently seen and the verity of the whole subject confirmed.

It is necessary to state that these papers are commenced under feelings of a sad and sombre hue. They are begun in the hope that a recent grief may to some extent be effaced by their composition; and that, in their usefulness, they may form a resting-place for the thoughts of others, as well as for mine.

Having premised thus much as to the origin of these papers, let me proceed to briefly state the mode in which it became possible for me to receive the results contained in them.

My attention had been drawn to the phenomena now known as *Spiritualism* in the year 1853, at which time I read some reports in relation to the subject, and subsequently purchased a volume very astounding to me, and probably to others. I mean the first volume of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter's *Spiritualism*. I read the volume with avidity, for, in common with most persons, I longed for some proof beyond mere innate suspicion of an eternal life beyond the bounds of matter. I was not, and am not, one of those who are continually thinking that other men want, upon grave and serious topics, to deceive, or to give aught but their honest testimony—especially in such cases, where worldly interests are not only not bound up with the advocacy of certain religious doctrines—as is unhappily the case now in many sects and parties of the Christian commonwealth—but where worldly advancement, personal character, even rights of property under lanacy statutes, might be impeded, lost or abrogated, by the illiberal classes. I felt, in the perusal of Judge Edmonds' book that I was reading a faithful recital of what, no matter whether in itself true or false, was, at any rate, *firmly* believed by that gentleman. I knew that on all other questions his opinion would



have due weight; his integrity stood unimpeached among his countrymen. Then, why was I to lower him to unreliability? The gratuitous assertion of such marvels would have done him no good, but when such things become matters of duty, and duty self-imposed, to hurl deception, or even insincerity in the teeth of such as labour for truth is worse than unkind.

I therefore accepted this honest testimony as to the extraordinary matters related in the book. I reserved to myself the right of an opinion upon their intellectual value, their tendency, their ultimate designs. I held myself free to judge them in every way—save to *judge them out of existence*. That would have been worse than folly, for even if forgeries, they were, in the emphatic American term "*thar*'."

I own that they first dazzled me—that they even now, in some passages, as my annotated copy would show, raise interesting speculations in my mind—but there was to me, and is still, a theatrical glare in them, as a whole, which caused me to doubt that they came from such spirits—represented as of the highest of the intellectual order—men like Bacon and Swedenborg. I was then very superficially acquainted with the latter author, and certainly, had I then read any of the earthly works of the learned Swede, I should have acquitted him of any personal share in the communications published by the Judge.

It was therefore to the personal testimony of the joint authors upon earth that I most directed my attention. Here I found store of wonders indeed, though common enough among us now—*ayc*, and transcended in every respect.

I thought these knockings, these table-turnings, these phenomena, if they can be produced in America, can they not also be brought about here? and if so to be brought about, why not by such as form my own family?

Upon these ideas I and a few others acted and obtained results, indeed; but results which only led to a final abandonment of the matter, and a recurrence to other and more terrestrial pursuits. These results, scouted then, I recognize as spiritual phenomena—"true grit," now. They consisted in tables turned, tables upset, tables tilted, and by tilts, words, and sentences spelt out amidst the recriminations and mutual accusations of all present.

The subject did drown my mind for a space—as in winter plants die down to burst into floral splendour in the early spring—died down, as uncertainty brings on scepticism, and scepticism reflection—and reflection, if patient and continuous, a glorious solution. I purchased other works:—Hare's *Investigations*; Linton's *Healing of the Nations*; *The Great Harmonia* of Andrew Jackson Davis, but still thought little of the matter; nor

would it have been anything to me further than a matter of literary interest, if the following circumstances had not taken place.

Among the few real friends I have ever had, I numbered one who, had he spared himself and been spared, might at one time have attained high position among us. His name is well known to many—Theodore Alois Buckley—his end best hidden from the knowledge of all. But long before his death, when I visited him at Oxford, and ere I had entered on the studies which these papers will, to some extent, illustrate, we had spoken of such solemn matters as death and future life; and, as others had done before, made a “compact of appearance,” and a sign to be given by the first who departed to the survivor. Mr. Crosland has given in his pamphlet on apparitions, the best account of his first apparition to me after death, which I had written in a letter to him not a month after the occurrence, and which, therefore, will be fresher than anything else I can give now. The death occurred on the 30th of January, 1856. Mr. Crosland thus writes:\*

“On the night of the 2nd of February, about twelve or half-past twelve o’clock, Mr. Mackenzie was lying in bed, watching the candle expiring, preparing his mind for sleep, and *not thinking of his departed friend*, when he felt placed over one eye and his forehead a cool damp hand. On looking up he saw Buckley in his ordinary apparel, and with his portfolio under his arm, as in life, standing at the bedside. The figure, as soon as it was recognised, retreated to the window (through which a gas lamp was shining into the room), and after remaining plainly in sight for about a minute, disappeared.”

It should be mentioned that, in the letter which I sent to Mr. Crosland, I made use of words to the following effect:—“That I had been up to see the poor fellow in his coffin that day, and, although I was not thinking of him at night, I did not know whether my imagination had been impressed by that circumstance.” This Mr. Crosland did not state to his audience when he delivered the lecture subsequently fashioned into the book. But I am glad that I made the remark, because it shews that whatever the state of my mind upon these subjects now, I was not “hallucinated” then.

On two other occasions, both remarkable and interesting to myself, the same apparition occurred, and at such time I was not in bed, but moving about in my room. The first occurrence happening when I had suddenly run up from the street to fetch something I wanted. Then the figure was seated upon the sofa, and rose and passed between me and the bright fire, obscuring

\* Crosland's *Apparitions: A New Theory*, 2nd Ed. p. 38.

it, but presently vanishing, with an indication of something I was anxious to find, and which, on the last appearance, he shewed me in his hand. What was I, in the face of such singular circumstances, to say or to conclude? Nothing but that the pledge had been fulfilled, the future rendered to me a certainty, and the conviction induced upon my mind that I had been rescued from a state of philosophical pantheism.

The letter which I had addressed to Mr. Crosland produced an acquaintance with that gentleman, and I copy from my diary the following particulars of my first visit on Monday, March 12, 1856:—

“To-night I visited Mr. and Mrs. Crosland for the purpose of examining into the subject of spirit-manifestations; and, although the weak state of Mrs. C.’s health did not permit her to sit for manifestations this evening, I obtained the following informations on the subject, always supposing that my friends are not in some manner self-deluded. Mrs. C. first heard the raps a night in her bed about twenty-three years ago, at which she was much terrified, but, by dint of prayer, she was enabled to rid herself of them, and she felt them no more until after her visits to Ealing, at Mr. Rymer’s, where Mr. D. D. Home, then recently from America, was staying. On the occasion of her visits to Ealing she saw tables of great size suspended in the air without the persons present having any influence over them; spectral hands moving about and patting and touching various objects and persons; and, in fact, all the manifestations we have already heard of as occurring at Ealing. Miss Rymer has been developed as a medium. With reference to Mrs. C. herself, she stated that not only one sense, but several, had been made the avenue for spiritual impressions. In addition to the raps, she had smelt flowers presented to her by the spirits, had seen ‘sapphire gems, five in number, in a little cloud before her, had heard music in the air, and knew that the spirits could read her thoughts by the allusions that were made at the table on latter occasions. The spirits (of which forty had communicated with Mr. and Mrs. C.), informed them that certain conditions of atmosphere, such as dryness, were more favourable than others for communicating; that the acacia and laburnum wood were better mediums than other woods; that magnetism was the power or outer mode of inter-communication, and that the raps were caused by the gathering together or concentration of quantities of magnetism.

“Prayer appeared to them to be the only certain means of inducing truthful communications; but it may be asked here very justly, what the test of truth is? Truth can only be detected by consistency, and the American communications (if not forgeries), are quite as consistent.”

The concluding passage well shows the sceptical condition of my mind, at this period, unwilling to accept anything not proved in some manner by the means of intellect.

I visited Mr. C.'s house on many occasions, and could not but be highly satisfied with the genuineness of belief evinced by my friends, proved by their subsequent publications, and the utter impossibility of trickery on the part of the medium, a young lady of the most gentle and attractive person and mind, and more like a visitor from a better place than this earth, than an inhabitant of it.

Shaken in my scepticism I re-perused such books as I had purchased, procured others, and remained in a semi-indifferent attitude until another event occurred, which I will relate in the next paper.

K. R. H. M.

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#### THE ORPHAN CHILD'S WISH.

I would I were an angel, mother, an angel bright and fair,  
To be with you in Heaven above, and dwell for ever there ;  
To hear your gentle words of love, to see your angel face,  
And nestle to your bosom in a loving long embrace.

I would I were an angel, mother, one of the shining band,  
Who wear the golden crown of love in the happy morning land,  
Clad in white robes of innocence, and garlanded with flowers,  
More beautiful than ever grow in this cold world of ours.

I would I were an angel, mother, to hear the angels sing,  
To join them in their songs of praise to Jesus, Lord and King.  
I know to me you come in dreams, I feel your warm fond kiss,  
And hear your words like music from a happier world than this.

And when I wake it seems to me as though a rich perfume,  
Did scent the air around my bed, and fill my little room.  
And I feel so glad and happy, my heart is full of glee,  
Oh! I would I were an angel! Dearest mother, may it be ?

T. S.

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At one of the recent midnight tea-meetings to promote the welfare of fallen women in the metropolis, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, addressing the unfortunates present, remarked in the course of his address:—" *Many loving fathers and affectionate mothers at that very moment were bending from their heavenly seats, and with all their power striving to lead a fallen child back to the paths of virtue and of peace.*"

## Correspondence.

### FACTS.

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

SIR,—A friend of mine, my wife, myself, and a little boy sat down the other evening to a large table, and proposed "to try and get the raps."

We had not sat ten minutes before, to our agreeable surprise, we heard some very distinct raps on the floor. I directly asked the questions—Is there a medium amongst us? Rap, rap, rap. Who is the medium—is it my wife? No. Is it myself? No. Is it my friend? Yes.

He was as frightened as surprised, and if it had not been for my oft-repeated request to sit still and keep quiet, he would have several times been off and left us. But after a few words in explanation that there was no cause for fear, we proceeded.

I placed a sheet of paper and a pencil on the floor, and requested that they would write. We asked (after waiting some minutes) if they had written anything? Yes. I picked up the paper and there was plenty of scribble, although not intelligible. I asked them to move the table, and they repeatedly raised it from one foot to one-and-a-half feet off the floor! The little boy asked, if it could touch his feet? Yes. And in about twenty seconds a large hand grasped him round the thigh: he says he distinctly felt the fingers; it so both alarmed and surprised him that he burst into tears, and it was not for some minutes that he could tell us what he had felt.

We met again a few evenings after, and then heard the raps exceedingly loud on the floor. We could not get them to move the table, but they shook it violently, and pinched the toe of a friend who was sitting next to me five or six times. At another meeting we had a spirit present, who gave his name (through the alphabet), told us that he had committed suicide—told us who his relatives were, and as far as we could ascertain, the information was correct.

The same evening a spirit gave its recognizance by telling us that a skull which we had in the house was hers when on earth, and in answer to further questioning, said, that we ought not to keep it, but return it to the person who gave it us. We asked who that person was, and the name was given us correctly. We asked what he ought to do with it, and were told that he should bury it, and that it was not right to keep such things. In answer to all our questions, we had very clear and loud responses, and were one and all thoroughly convinced that Spiritualism was not a "humbug" but a reality not to be jested and played with, but seriously to be investigated and considered.

We were also pleased that there was no professional medium present, nor stranger with us, but that the power was produced through ourselves (and if we cannot trust ourselves—who can we trust?) and that quite unexpectedly.

There are some sceptics, I believe, who if they were mediums themselves, would not even then believe it. If they see any decided manifestations that they cannot say are "trickery," "humbug," "electricity," or a score more ready-invented explanations, they then tell us it must be imagination! If their minds be so weak that imagination can so easily work upon them, then I can only say that ours are better trained and not so easily deceived, but that when we see a table raised off the floor, we can believe it is off the floor; and that when we can ourselves do it, without the help of any professional mediums or strangers, we do not think we are using legerdemain for the sake of deceiving ourselves; nor do we think that imagination can write on paper, and let us keep the result to look at for any future time, and yet keep up its deception to all futurity.

London, May, 1860.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
R. H. W.

## INTROVISION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—It has often been a matter of surprise to me, as a reader of many spiritual reports, that I have never in any of them found a mention of that great and mysterious branch of Spiritualism, which circumstances have thrown me continually in the way of. I allude to the introvisionary influence of crystals or pure waters. The operating cause of it, is as dark to me as are most other of these only just developing mysteries; but the effect is a reality most indisputable by any most rigorous investigation; that is, provided a sufficiently developed medium be chosen; otherwise, *demonstrative* evidence must give place to mere matter for faith.

My first enlightenment occurred at the house of a celebrated lady and spiritualist in London, where I was pleased to make the acquaintance of a very young lady, whose truthful innocent face attracted me on her first entrance. I was heard that she was a far-developed medium, and that she possessed a power of introvision by water or crystal influences. She offered me proof of it, and gave me choice of either present or future revelations. I chose the present, thinking it soonest subject to proof; and then clasped her wrist, while she looked into a glass of clarified water. The effect of this was the description by her of all my thoughts, and a delineation of scenes which my family or friends were then presenting. The details would not be interesting to others, and they were too many and various to recount. One, however, was rather more striking to me than the rest. It was the description of a person who appeared in my family's circle at that moment:—a young man, tall, broad, very fair, with a very large beard. I knew no such gentleman; and in writing home the particulars of that evening's illustration, I recounted this last with particularity. I was afterwards told that the gentleman was introduced at home on that very day.

Besides this young lady, I know of only one or two similar mediums; and one whom I have opportunity of testing, is my own sister, whose mediumship was formed already perfect when I first excited her curiosity to try it. She has been many many times proved by sceptics, with subjects totally unknown to her, and perhaps at an ocean's distance from her; and she has never in the closest detail failed. Indeed, she far excels any other medium I have heard of. Her pictures of the future are equally vivid. Sometimes they are presented to her allegorically, and sometimes really. The beings and things composing the pictures are coloured and moving exactly as a life scene would be, viewed through the diminishing glass of a telescope, but appearing quite close. Sometimes they are changed dissolvingly—sometimes distinctively. Their description is more beautiful than anything I have heard before; and the words she often uses in her descriptions are far above her own unaided or uninspired power; and we are careful to transcribe them at the moment.

The revelations are ever judiciously chosen; and there is a tone so exquisitely religious in many of them, that I have seen men glad to turn away with wet eyes whilst reading them.

I remember, a while since, we could not help laughing at the admission from a notably clever "University Don," that he had read himself into a "thundering fright."

I have many of these little papers at hand; but I do not see any that are not of too particular a nature for publication. None like their little future histories to be smiled at, or seen in any light less holy than their own reverence casts round their particular rights.

Oxford.

TEACHER.

[The following note in Reichenbach's *Dynamics of Magnetism, &c.*, by Dr. ASHWURDZ; at p. 466, will give some information as to the mode of making experiments by the water.—Ed.]

"A phial of clear glass, containing eight or ten ounces of filtered water, or a clear globe holding a quart of water, answers the purpose well. It should be mesmerized by some person with a large brain, by darting the odic sparks from

the fingers upon the surface of the water at several hundred strokes, and by breathing on it for some minutes. The vessel then closed, should be placed in the hands of the sensitive person, who is to look continuously into it. I have placed vessels of water so prepared in the hands of numerous sensitive persons, most of them quite unaware of the object of my requesting them to look steadily at the water. Some in the course of a few minutes have seen beautiful visions of persons and things that have given them delight, others have seen objects which have terrified them. Some have described vividly charming country scenes, with elegant companies of ladies and gentlemen, gaily attired, at boat races on a river; others have seen hunting gentlemen in scarlet uniforms on fine horses; some have seen funerals and churchyards; others sick rooms, with death's-heads flitting about the surface of the bed of sickness. Some have truly predicted to me the approach to the house of friends, who were to knock at my door at stated times."

### SIGNS BEFORE DEATH.

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

SIR,—As I have collected materials under this head, I shall be happy to communicate them, from time to time, to the *Spiritual Magazine*. My ultimate purpose is to form a volume of them, with such connecting remarks as may appear useful. At present I send you an account of its immediate interest, a slip from the *Daily Press*. It is an extract from a letter addressed to Professor Newman, and relates to the celebrated Unitarian clergyman of Boston, U.S., who has died in Italy.

"Florence, May 11, 1860.

"I have sad news to communicate. Our dear suffering friend, Theodore Parker, died yesterday evening. Yet there never was an easier end to a life but lately full of vigour. I saw him about three hours before he died, lying calmly, while life was ebbing away unconsciously to himself. He left written directions for his funeral, limiting to five persons the attending him to the grave, of whom I am one. Many Americans here are expressing their wish to appear as mourners; but it is thought right to abide by his instructions. He desired the eleven first verses of the Sermon on the Mount (the Blessings of Jesus) to be read over his grave; and then a plain grey stone, with his name and age, and nothing further of inscription. Mr. Cunningham, a Boston Unitarian minister, will read the passage. He is a sincere friend and admirer of Parker's. We hope to get a cast taken of Mr. Parker to-day. Mrs. Parker, his poor gentle wife, has hitherto borne up well. Miss Stevenson, who has so long resided with them, was also with him to the last. She thinks, from the peculiar tenderness of his manner yesterday, that he knew he was dying. He had been dreamy for some days, and talked ramblingly of two Theodore Parkers, one here, and one planted in Boston, who would finish his work; perhaps a true thought, only mystically expressed. Among his last well-connected words were these:—'Of course, you know I am not afraid to die, though I wished to live and finish much work which I longed to do. I had great powers committed to me, and I have but half used them.'

"Since writing this, I have seen him lying, O so peacefully! I have never seen death under a form so devoid of terror. The hectic colour remains on his cheek, and it is hard to persuade oneself he has passed away. He ceased to breathe without the least struggle."

Yours, &c.,

E. R.

"At the New York Spiritual Conference in May last, Mr. Drake mentioned that he had witnessed recently, a very interesting manifestation through Mr. Colchester. A niece of his in the spirit-world purported to be present, and, after communicating, as he was about to leave, Mr. Colchester spoke of a peculiar sensation of the skin on his chest, when, on opening his shirt bosom, the word Sarah (the name of his niece) was found upon the skin; the name was in raised letters, and occupied nine inches of space from right to left across the chest."—*Herald of Progress*.

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## THE EARTH-PLANE AND THE SPIRIT-PLANE OF LITERATURE.

HARRIS AS POET.

*Second and concluding Paper, by WILLIAM HOWITT.*

**EARTH-PLANE.**—What shall I do to—be for ever known?—*John Keats.*

**SPIRIT-PLANE.**—What shall I do to—have everlasting life?

*Rich Young Man in the Gospel.*

If we compare the moral and religious status of the world with what it was but a century ago, we are sensible of a decided progress. We have only to point to the condition of the most lagging states of Europe, woful as that condition is, to perceive it. Even in them, though the governments are actually rotting—the putrid carcases of effete superstitions—the people have advanced, and demand newer, and freer, and higher life. But when we turn to the progress of the Gospel in this country within the last half century, as manifested in a far higher tone, and in the multitude of noble and philanthropic institutions, the change is inspiring. If we fixed our eyes alone on what is doing for women and by women, and on 250,000 Sunday and evening school teachers, all labouring in disinterested love to deepen the footsteps of Christ still traceable in the haunts of lowest ignorance and crime, we should be blind or uncharitable not to acknowledge that the spirit of the great Redeemer and Restorer, which has been incessantly labouring in sublime patience in the long night of the world, is now fast producing its fruits, and raising up its devoted missionaries.

But if we take another view, and regard the present amount of Christian reformation as the work of nearly nineteen hundred years, and then count up the unholy nominal churches, and nominal disciples; its priestcraft and statecraft; its false doctrines and its hollow creeds; the millions that openly deny



Christianity, and the immensely greater numbers who deny its real life; we must confess that the great bulk of mankind even in so-called Christian countries are yet lying outside the real fold of the living church.

Narrow the canvass to literature—the object of this paper—and the scene is the same. There are no men alive who cast so much ridicule as literary men on the great truths of Christianity as these were defined by Christ. Everything like “those greater works” which he declared his followers should do, if they only believed, is to them the fable of fables. Christianity in their minds is a myth, and nothing more. The history but not the substance of a magnificent manifestation of powers and miracles from heaven *that once were*. A glory departed, a power dead. Never was there a more striking proof of this than the other day, when, according to the *Times*, “authors, poets, painters, and even clergymen” swelled the great mob, “all of what are called the upper classes,” says the same authority, to witness the brutal mutual mauling of Sayers and Heenan, who from common “bruisers” and “millers” low terms, were suddenly in refined paganism exalted into “athletes;” and how exactly the earth plane of authors knew the plane of its readers, which, by the bye, it creates, was shown by the enormous rush for all newspapers containing reports of the nuisance—one penny journal boasting its sale of 360,000 copies! These are what Kingsley and Co. have endeavoured to ennoble as “muscular Christians,” but whom Tom Brown has more fitly dubbed “musclemen,” and how rapidly the national deification of “musclemen” produced its legitimate fruits, was immediately shown by a schoolmaster cudgelling one of his pupils to death; and by the wild orgies of pugilists in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

As for science, it marches on its way doing wonders in its own orbit, but believing that nothing beyond has orbit or existence. Science is so wrapped in its own brilliance that it is blind to the brilliance of higher and more ætherial worlds. Deep delving in the mines of matter, to them richer than the placers of California; men of science have lost even the little starlike peep of heaven’s blue over their heads that the commonest digger sees and loves. As in the world at large, so undoubtedly in the world of science and literature there are those who believe in a distant sort of way, and love God sincerely as, to their conception, he lives and labours in distant space. There he troubles not their sphere; and there, by their permission, he may work at his pleasure miracles and novelties, but here, by their more omnipotent laws, he shall not and cannot.

As for literature, books we have in no scant numbers that are

geminely good, but there is still no greater truth than that our literature in general is conceived solely on the earth-plane, lives in it alone, and calculates for it alone. The poets who sing divinely of visiting spirits haunting our paths, laugh in our faces if we ask them whether they really believe that. In past generations our literary men lived more or less in places apart, seeking the country where they could open their hearts and intellects to the influences of nature, and some of them to God. We have had our Wordsworth dosed with quakerism by Lovell and Lloyd, and Thomas Wilkinson, and preaching it from his mountain tarns and solitudes in a poetry astounding to the literary throng. We have had our Montgomery and Cowper, pious as they were poetical; Coleridge teaching that "he prayeth best who loveth best;" Keble hymning "the Christian Year," and numbers of like tone in prose. But our most popular men of the present time crowd more and more into the dense and whirling metropolis, and steep themselves more and more in its influences. They are almost to a man what our ancestors called "men about town." Men brilliant and acute are they, and know well how to hit the taste of the age to the result of circulating their productions by hundreds of thousands.

And why do they hit the fancy of the great multitude? Because they are on one plane with their readers, in which both writers and readers equally "live and move, and have their being." They are baptised into the earth-spirit, are in it, and of it, taking no thought that through this they will assuredly pay damages in reputation hereafter: as Fielding and Smollett, and Sterne pay now for the enormous popularity of their time. The tone of society has advanced, and the grossnesses of that day so recently gone by, are nauseous to the commonest taste now. The world is advancing, and the mere spirit and fashion of this day will be equally unpalatable at no distant period. They will only be writers who have sought to imbue themselves with the spirit and fashion of man's universal and higher nature, who will be tolerated by a still purer—still more earnest age. Those who work only for the great living multitude must, more or less, pass away with it. The great multitude reads and works, and sings and dances, as if earth was an everlasting theatre or eternal ball-room or opera, varied only by a summer *villeggiatura*, and gathers gear daily only to supply the dancing and singing, and the fashionable amount and class of music and reading. Earth, indeed, has its refinements and knowledge, its great interests, domestic, political, and foreign, and the multitude acts as if these were the *only* interests in the universe, and their favourite writers treat them as the only interests to which man was born, and to which woman bore him. Had the Great Founder of

Christianity only uttered this one sentence—"The children of this world are wiser than the children of light," every receding age would have added its attestation to his infinite knowledge of man; and every age equally demonstrates the truth that the world will still imitate the cotemporaries of Noah, who "were eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, till the flood came and took them all away"—in their wisdom.

But the children of light are, much to the scorn and jest of the children of this world, impressed with the solemn persuasion that there is another state of being which, as compared with this, is as the ocean to the mere strip of strand from which it is surveyed. They believe that they have light and intimation from that greater and ultimate world, and they walk in it, and measure all their motives and calculate all their plans by its more infinite greatness both of devotion and of interest. Here stands the great difference betwixt them and they of the earth-plane. They take their stand on both worlds. They take in the spirit-plane as well as the earth-plane. They despise not the earth nor its pure pleasures: they find nature and God, and love and beauty, and intelligence therein; but they see that they are every day drifting thence, drifting from that little "island in the ocean of the world" into the great world itself, and they make no permanent investment of the more insular stamp.

Hence it is that the poetry of Harris rises so vastly beyond the poetry of the most popular of the poets of the earth-plane. It is because it springs from the entirety of the nature of man. It takes into itself the whole infinite scope and field of his existence; his aspirations that pass beyond time and space, his hopes that take hold on the very throne of God; his faculties and affections that do not cling only unto this little planet, and collapse with it, but claim the universe as their home, and angel races as their kindred. Compare the finest poetry of the two persons living, man and woman, who have sung the most to the world's applause in this country. In Tennyson we have an exquisite music of verse—a music peculiarly his own. We have a fancy imbued with the grand old language and legends, and philosophies of Greece. But with a few solitary outbursts of a reforming spirit, as in *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* and in *Locksley Hall*, and with a dreamy and somewhat morbid consciousness of the coming world in "*In Memoriam*," and a fine psychical breathing in "*The Two Voices*," we have little that casts a glance or even a shadow beyond the earth-plane. In vigour and elasticity of verse, in an immeasurable superabundance of great thoughts, but far more in the dignity and grandeur of his topics, I have no hesitation in saying that Harris is the medium of vastly the higher and nobler and more resplendent poetry. As far as the spirit-plane

is above the earth-plane, is the "Lyric of the Golden Age"—this noble effluence of Spiritualism—above the "Princess" or "The Idols of the King." That is a bold thing to say, but time will prove it true. I remember the day when Wordsworth was singing amid the screams and laughter of the critics, when to name John Keats was to evoke only a witticism of Blackwood about Johnny Keats pounding his pestle: to mention Shelley was to violate the ear of good society, when he was quoted but as a miscreant and an atheist; and when, for twenty years, Ebenezer Elliott could draw no single critical glance to his masterly and tender as masterly compositions. The great unerring judge in the soul of the people has in all these instances wrenched the martyrs of criticism from the grasp of their blind executioners, and "wisdom is justified of her children." The true poet—

Writes not for present popularity,  
But is content to wait for auditors  
'Till men awake to feel their need of him.

Take now the woman who has won the highest "present popularity" in verse—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Who does not recollect the love and admiration with which they read her earlier poems; how they glowed over the noble "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and the healthy, intellectual, musical strains that accompanied it? But from the moment that the critics began to trumpet and exalt her as a marvel of strength and philosophical thought, the poetess seemed seized by a passion for a very Samsonian vigour. Her manner lost the quiet and real vigour which it had from nature; it became forced, stilted, strained, and theatric. The action was no longer free and flowing, but galvanic: there came a fierce and pretentious style, with strange spasmodic starts, and affected phrases. There arose a fire that was of fever rather than from the life-blood of a genuine inspiration. This character, to my feeling, runs more and stronger through all her succeeding compositions. Though containing bold theorisms of reform, especially as regards woman, they yet belong entirely to the earth-plane, if they have not lately, according to Harris's theory, been strongly biologized from below. In the "Casa Guidi Widows" she suddenly veered round to a great admiration of war. Since then she has become fascinated with the second modern Moloch, Louis Napoleon; her admiration of this man, whose life is a lie, amounts to little if anything short of possession. From this Buonaparte element—the great element of modern unrest, which keeps all Europe one great barracks, and will never let it be quiet till it has trodden it out—she hopes the regeneration of nations! Suddenly, after he has lied to France, juggling it out of its republican freedom by the falsified dice of universal suffrage; and lied to Italy, promising to free it

from the Alps to the Adriatic ; and lied to all Europe, promising to submit the question of the annexation of Savoy to it, before moving in it, her wild enchantment culminates in hymns of worship to him, and dire curses on her country !

In these curses and these Io Peans to the incarnate lie of France, it is remarkable that the hissing dissonance of the verse keeps pace with the revolting horror of the theme. It is not the melody of the soul's music that we have now, but a shriek of frenzy—an agonized scream. After her shout of "Emperor! Emperor!" she gives us staggering metres like these for the harmonies of verse :—

" The thinkers stood aside  
To let the nation act.  
Some hated the new-constituted fact  
Of empire, as pride treading on their pride.  
Some quailed, lest what was poisonous in the past  
Should graft itself in that Druidic laugh  
On this green now.

Some cursed, because at last  
The open heavens to which they had looked in vain  
For many a golden fall of marvellous rain  
Were closed in brass : and some  
Wept on because a gone thing could not come ;  
And some were silent, doubting all things for  
That popular conviction,—ever more  
Emperor !"

If any one would convince himself whether this kind of style and composition is sterling, let him take up a volume of any of our genuine men—Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Cowper, or Shelley, all men of wonderfully diverse idiosyncracies, yet united in the one great attitude of calm power in contrast to rant and dissonance. But the most awful exhibition is the curse on her native country. I should be sorry to blacken this page with it ; but, as a sample, take the first and last stanzas :—

" Because ye have broken your own chain  
With the strain  
Of brave men climbing a nation's height,  
Yet thence bear down with brand and thong  
On souls of others—for this wrong  
This is the curse. Write !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Go, wherever ill deeds shall be done,  
Go, plant your flag in the sun  
Beside the ill-doers !  
And recoil from clenching the curse  
Of God's witnessing universe  
With a curse of yours.  
This is the curse. Write !

And this is the cursing poured out on England by a daughter of England ! This is for England who has done more fighting for other nations than all other nations put together ; who have

blindly, yet generously, spent *three thousand millions* in war, chiefly for other nations, betwixt 1688 and 1856! This is for England who can point to her remaining debt of *eight hundred millions* and say, "That is my monument of Foreign Intervention!" This is for England who having now renounced that useless and thankless system, has yet, we will venture to say, done more to free Italy by her moral influence than France by her arms; for without the moral influence of England, what would have restrained the despotic designs of Napoleon on Italy, which are only partly restrained? Without which influence the eagle of France would never have withheld its talons from the Italian prey.\*

Such is the earth-plane of literature and its tendency to be invaded and ruined from a lower sphere. There is no instance of it which I have ever seen more wonderful and sorrowful than the one last noted. Yet, if our topic were literature in general, and not more particularly poetry, we could give a volume of examples from the prose of the present day, little less demonstrative of the copious influx of the lower spiritual regions into the earth-plane. Take the recently published Italian story by Hawthorne, *The Transformation*, or, according to the American edition, *The Marble Faun*, which has been seized with avidity by the public, and eulogized with affection by the press. This is a story where the hero is confessedly of a race not entirely human; but half satyr, half man; a sensuous, merely animal creature, and only recognized as a man by being a MURDERER. Its heroine, Miriam, is a murderer too. Its other most conspicuous character is a rascally haunting priest, and its whole tone artistically pagan. Written in Italy at a time when every mighty faculty and feeling in the human soul is engaged by the great combat of man against the ancient and the modern incarnated Anachs of delusion and despotism and death, the author walks amid all this as if no such gigantic concussion shook the elements of all moral and political

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\* Since writing this article I have heard, but not seen, that Mrs. Browning has disclaimed the application of the "Curse for a Nation" to England, and transferred it to America. On referring to her volume again, I observe phrases which might bear out that application, but, unfortunately, these are so vague, that none but a specially prompted reader could so apply them. And why, indeed, should the Americans, lying so far out of the scene, be dragged in and cursed for not coming and fighting for the Italians? Unfortunately, too, were this particular poem plucked out of the book, all the rest of it is so steeped in the same violent spirit against England, that it would possess little less of that cursing which the poetess says in the mouth of a woman is "so very salt, and bitter, and good!" It is very singular that this curse is given as a spirit-communication, thus confirming the idea of biologising *ab infra*. May the gifted poetess soon break the dark spell, cease to hymn the praises of charlatans, and learn the eternal truth of the words—

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

existence, but that the highest vocation of the imaginative writer was to dream of statues assuming life, and descending from their pedestals, and men and women of high pretensions dancing with them, like other fawns and bacchantes of pagan Greece. In the *Scarlet Letter* there was a great and solemn lesson, but what in *The Marble Faun*?

If there be one lesson more prominent than all others, it is that MURDER is the finest specific for developing a man into a hero, beautifying his person, evoking his faculties, and exalting his character. This is the effect on the demi-ape, Donatello, raising him into a demi-god! These two murderers are paraded through the whole volume as the great objects of our sympathy and admiration. Next to murder Popery is recommended to our regard. The benediction of the Pope sheds wonderful virtue and consolation on this pair of assassins; and the second heroine of the book, a young American Protestant, steals away to the Popish confessional, and burns a lamp before an image of the virgin all the while she is in Rome.

And such are the themes welcomed into homes called Christian, and read by daughters to their mothers, as if Christianity and the ages had not opened up infinitely sounder principles and nobler views of life, as well as more purely æsthetic ones of art.

Yet in all the notices which I have seen of this book, I have not met with one word on these points; one word regarding high principles or Christian sentiments, or the want of them. The whole force of the criticism has been expended on the style, and on a certain "seductive influence" in it. One reviewer calls it a "seductive enticement which few will resist." Another says "fascination is the word which describes the emotion of the reader." "We surrender our minds to a spell, subtle and potential," says a third. A fourth declares that this "fascination" is unsurpassed in any work ever written. And a fifth places its excellence in the "nicety of artistic finish." Well, what is the character of what Mr. Harris calls "biologizing from below" but this spell, this fascination exercised without regard to the sequences? Put principles out of the question, and surrender yourself to the spell of a writer whose hero is a murderer and a demi-satyr, and his heroine a character under a veil, and you are ready for a voyage in the ship of Hoogsgruntis, the Dutch Anacreon:—

Ah! 'tis enchanting!

We are bound to the devil—ay, verily!  
 But all so charming, nothing alarming,  
 Gliding, sliding, and onwards flowing;  
 None of us know how we feel.  
 Hymning and swimming, both men and women;  
 Lovingly, dovingly, busily, dizzily,  
 With devils for ship-ribs, and Satan for keel.

With masts of dream-thunder, and sails of sheet-lightning ;  
 The waves kissing round us, the welkin still brightning ;  
 Drinking, half sinking, and laughing and crying,  
 O'er the wild waters in triumph we're flying.  
 Captain ! no more of that heaving of lead !  
 Captain ! have done with that " How is her head ?"  
 Man, to the fore there ! look out no longer !  
 Down to the foxall, the grog's getting stronger !  
 " But, hark ye, my masters, the sun's getting low !"  
 Bah ! he'll rise again, skipper, so just let him go !  
 Our wake is all sea-fire, the blue skies above us ;  
 Nature that made us, will save us and love us.  
 None of us cares, and none of us knows  
 Who's at the wheel, or how the wind blows.  
 Helm a-lee !—let her go !—through the blue hissing brine—  
 " To the devil ?"—no matter—the sailing's divine !

We are not calling in question the great genius of these writers, but noting the quality and bias of their inspiration, and we ask only one question—Can the same intellectual palate, which luxuriates in writers of this tone, possibly enjoy Harris ? If we would feel, however, the purer atmosphere, and perceive the nobler harmonies of the spirit-plane, we need not take any of the magnificent passages of the great spiritual epic—the *Lyric of the Golden Age*, but any simple melody of a much inferior volume—*Regina*. In the following, the poet of the mere outward, may read a great lesson :—

## THE POET.

In a city of the earth-world lived a poet : in his prime  
 He had won by ceaseless labour many praises of the time ;  
 Striving ever in the self-hood, through the wild world's battle storm,  
 To arouse the trampled nations to the combats of Reform.  
 He had watched by many death-beds, and had mused by many graves,  
 He had seen the strong grow tyrants, and the weak and poor made slaves ;  
 But a deathless thought was in him, and he bade its flame aspire ;  
 It was this—that heaven is nearer to the son than to the sire.  
 That a better day is coming, when the nations will unite  
 In the Brotherhood of Peoples, in the Commonwealth of Right.

Like a dying gladiator, who must battle to the last,  
 Words of hope and cheer he uttered though the life was failing fast,  
 Till the mighty angel shivered with his strong right hand, the glass  
 Of his fancy's cloudy palace and its dome of burnished brass :  
 Then he fell to earth despairing, while a pulse of inner breath  
 Faintly quivered through the bosom in the bitterness of death.  
 For long nights of mortal anguish, like a martyr who has lain  
 Breathing on mid reeking corpses where the jackalls tear the slain ;  
 He was trampled till derision made a byword of his toil,  
 He was numbered with the fallen—he was counted with the spoil.

Visions of Messiah's glory passed before him as he lay,  
 Till, within, the awful morning lit the poor down-trodden clay ;  
 And it felt the breath eternal, while a second life began  
 To unfold a shrine within it for the coming Son of Man.  
 Then the form rose, slowly moving, all its heart and mind aglow,  
 With the anthen sung by angels eighteen centuries ago :



In their mystic tongue he chanted songs, that inly understood,  
 Made the demons blanch and tremble in their war against the good ;  
 While the sweet celestial music, as it echoed from afar,  
 Seemed the birth-note of the day-spring or the bride-song of a star.

He had known earth's hollow praises and had cast them under feet,  
 He had smiled with faith and duty in affliction's furnace heat :  
 He had bled with other's sorrows and had toiled for other's needs—  
 Now the solemn angel whispered, " Lay aside thy withered weeds ;  
 Clothed in pure effulgent raiment, lift thy golden harp and stand  
 With the priests at God's high altar, in the deathless Upper Land."  
 Then the Book of Life was opened and the poet heard therein  
 Truths to awe the drunken nations in their carnival of sin ;  
 And he bore to earth a censer from the temple of the Word,  
 All whose living coals were burning with the Spirit of the Lord !

What availed the poisoned arrows? What the critic's serpent-knife?  
 Every wound a fountain opened from a deeper source of life ;  
 While the blow in rich vibrations, like the hammer on a bell,  
 Set the inner chimes a-ringing of Messiah's love that tell.  
 All the losses and the crosses as he bore them turned to gains,  
 And he gathered grapes in clusters from the fruitage of his pains ;  
 So the miracle was finished : ere his noonday was begun  
 He had seen the Lord transfigured, as the skylark views the sun ;  
 And his life was merged in uses, as the fruit-stalk when it dies,  
 Yet springs up to golden harvests for the reaping of the skies.

*Regina*, p. 25.

In presenting this contrast between the earth-plane and the spirit-plane of poetry, I have taken that which has come through T. L. Harris, as by far the most striking that has yet been projected from the spiritual sphere. But, as I have already stated, I do not regard it as perfect in its kind, or Mr. Harris as presenting any criterion for the glories which will yet emanate from the inner world. Splendid medium as Mr. Harris is, I regard him as far from fully developed. The poems given through him with all their lustre have their spots and blemishes. There is in many of them a very defective ear for rhyme: such words as "scorn" and "form," "gleam" and "scene," as intended rhymes, jarring on the ear. In *Regina*, his latest issue, this defect is much less frequent. In all his poems there is also a certain vagueness, which in *Regina*, on the contrary, is greatly more palpable. In Mr. Harris's earlier poems, *The Epic of the Starry Heavens* especially, this vagueness predominates. In those scenes in other worlds, into which he imagines himself to have been carried, we recognise nothing but splendours, electric atmospheres, creatures as in a dazzling haze, which he calls "architypal forms," glittering but indistinct. We arrive at no palpable realities; we are able to grasp no genuine substance; we come face to face with no absolute entities, such as must people those regions as distinct, positive and tangible as they are here. A soul actually conveyed to Mars or Jupiter, to say nothing of the more spiritual and uranion worlds, would undoubt-

edly find itself amidst beings, as actual and substantive as those on earth, however widely diverse in character and essence. It would bring back tidings and moving pictures of peoples new and real, as Vasco de Gama brought from Mozambique and the Indian East; as Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro from the isles of the Carribbean and the realms of Montezuma and Atuahalpa. Veritable inspection of worlds, however stellar or remote, would pour upon us imagery as forcible in its impressive strength, as amazing in its glorious beauty. The atmosphere however purpureal, the skies however hyaline, the seas and mountains, the zoologic, arborial, and floral natures however hitherto unconceived, gathered into the soul of a real visitant and shed full on earth, would electrify the world, and create an epoch in the history of man, great beyond all that have yet insouled and intensified the course of time.

In T. L. Harris's flights to Melodia or Oriana, we recognise none of these august realities; all is flooded with light, yet is dim and dream-like. We are promised histories of spirits that we never get; gaze on brightnesses which are like the darkness produced by too much blaze. There is nothing that the soul yearns to, that the heart grasps at, and that can by any means make us reluctant to return to our homely earth, or willing to resign for it one domestic life-throb, one domestic creature in exchange. We cannot, therefore, accept them as veritable things, but as visions, pictures painted on the dreaming mind, and but dimly photographed there. It is when his inspirations deal with things nearer to our own life, after all, as in the epic of *The Golden Age*, that they cast the earth-plane into the shade.

*Regina* appears to be merely a collection of small poems strung together by a narrative so slight that it frequently entirely disappears; and though it contains some exquisite lyrics, as "Little by Little," "I Build my House," &c, it bears no relation to the grandeur of that which went before it. In this volume there are many echoes of recent poets—Keats, Shelley, Tennyson—presenting strong proofs that amid the inspiration, the mind of the medium infused elements of its own. Two lines in the poem last quoted are almost literal transcripts from Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*.

That a better day is coming, when the nations will unite  
In the brotherhood of peoples, in the commonwealth of right.

In point of doctrine these volumes also show a decided change in Harris. In his late preaching he broached the old belief of the perdition of certain souls: in 1855, on the repeated evidence of *The Lyric of the Golden Age*, he was a staunch Universalist.

There are no souls forsaken of their God.—p. 5.

There are no evil men shut out from God.—p. 6.

There is no separate soul  
Cut off from soul-communion with its kind,  
Exiled in barren solitudes of space,  
In burning coffins of eternal fire, &c.—p. 104.

God owns no power equal to himself,  
He never formed a soul He cannot save.—p. 135.

These and many other passages teach us a great lesson, as it regards spiritual development and the independence of our own judgments. They remind us that however great and genuine the inspiration of a medium, we should still remember that the medium is mortal, and has his strong idiosyncracies, his strong biases, and active fancy, and his "meddling intellect." That our atmosphere refracts as well as reflects the light of heaven; that wrinkled glass, however, transparent, distorts the truth of the images that come through it from on high; that the cask, not fully seasoned, gives its flavour to the wine, as the wine gives its flavour to the cask. That man goes on, if faithful, from development to development, and at each stage, though he may represent generally the truth, until arrived at perfection he only represents the truth more or less fully, more or less clearly; and we ought not therefore to build on his inspiration further than it accords with our own perception of truth in the Gospel.

The arrival of T. L. Harris in this country has been undoubtedly an epoch in its Spiritualism. It has roused the minds of numbers into accordance or antagonism. It has shown its boldest developments in preaching and in poetry. To my own mind it has been a curious phenomenon as a great recurrence, after nearly two centuries, of the inspirative theories of George Fox. There is the same utter and absolute reliance upon it for all communication of spiritual truth and for power in instant delivery. The same levelling and iconoclastic quality as regards outer professions and churches and creeds. In such reiterated recurrence, and in its perfect identity there is a highly confirmative and, therefore, animating principle. We are invigorated; our faith is solidified by the perception that, though times and schools change, the old truth which has claimed to be the product of inspiration, remains the same.

But the advent of Spiritualism itself is a far higher epoch. In it we are admitted to the divine atelier, where Pauls and Foxes and Harris are made—into a region which has no limits and no favoritisms, where the human intellect may by prayer and a perfect obedience receive the loftiest and the most prolific baptism of power and glory. We see already around us our friends exercising new and varied talents, though yet scarcely

having reached the steps of the propyleon of the temple of eternal mysteries. We hear messages from other spheres, for the least of which great souls in past times, in the cold torture-house of despair, would have given ages of existence. We obtain positive assurances of an inner world, which chase from the dark corners of our mind those lurking, creeping, benumbing doubts which defy the most logically-convinced understandings. Light bursts through the mists of earth, and men walk on towards the great spirit-land with a holy confidence unknown before. Heaven, with all its radiant forms of art, and science, and poetry, and eloquence, are found to be nearer to us than they were imagined. We look into a time and a sphere where the halls of inspired genius stand open to the sons and daughters of men, not according to the stintings and elbowings of earth, but according to the royalty of God.

But let no one imagine that this is more than the earliest dawn of the great morning of blended earth and heaven. Mr. Harris, in his preaching, has assumed this period as begun; that we stand already on the vernal sward, and in the early dawn of the Millennium. It may be so, yet how distant the full morning! What vast mountains, what arid and immense deserts of the earth-plane yet lie between the Millennium and us! Never was the world more civilized, never more unchristian! It is far less savage, but far less instinct with the elements of faith! We have eaten to satiety of the Tree of Knowledge, but how few of us have caught hold of the extremest twig of the Tree of Life. That stands yet fenced about by the fiery swords of divine denial to a generation so thoroughly physicized and so perfect in its own wisdom. Never was the world more destitute of the real spirit of Him to whom we profess to belong. In peace, in war, in trade, in literature, in statesmanship, we cannot too often repeat it—they are not principles of Christ, whatever they may be, that guide us. The best of us believe that the world is in progress towards the Christian standard, and that it will for ages go onward progressing. But that belief is the strongest confession of how far we are at present from that standard. We have a word, UTOPIA, which is the Shibboleth of actual and substantial Christianity. Name the real principles of the Gospel to almost any one, as those which every man should adopt and stand fixed by in all concerns of life, and he or she smiles, and says, "How Utopian!" That is the language of the wisdom of the earth-plane; but Utopia, with its so-called romantic virtue, will ultimately be found blending into Christianity, on the spirit-plane, and looking back thence the nobler and most enfranchised race of that day will behold our time as a black and dreary chaos of pagan cunning tricked out as philosophy.

What, then, is the great duty of Spiritualism? It is, confirmed in its Christianity by fresh evidences from the invisible, to unfurl and bear boldly aloft in the face of the world its standard in its realness and its totality. It is bound to make *its* literature not a chameleon, which takes its colour from the world—but a sun, giving new life, warmth, and colour to the world. If Spiritualism does not lay its hand boldly on the Gospel and say that is my law, my code of trade and profession, by that I will stand and act, it is a great advent without an issue. If Spiritualists do not shew themselves more like the first Christians, more noble and loving, more enfranchised from the spirit of the earth, more daring to maintain the truth, and kindly in practising it, they will receive the greater condemnation. Whatever may be our individual opinions of particular portions of T. L. Harris's poetry and sermons, I think we must confess that, in the best of them, he has led the way bravely and brilliantly in the literature of Spiritualism; and that the splendour of imagination, the nobility of sentiment, and the honest enunciation of Christian truth in them, are the finest testimonies to the inspiration they lay claim to.

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## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN SWEDEN.

By the BARON C. DIECKINCK HOLMFELD, of Denmark.

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IN giving narrations of spiritual phenomena, two objects are desirable, though comparatively accessory only—the question of the truth of the facts, and the trustworthiness of the witnesses being the principal point. The first of the objects in view is, as to *time*, to learn how manifestations have occurred in all, or in different periods of human history, the varieties being always noticed; and the other, as to *locality*, to observe the differences in the modes of manifestation, and their frequency or scarcity, in different climes, countries, and nations. Thus it is worthy of observation how modern Spiritualism, in different ways, has spread in the United States, in the British Isles, in France, Germany, &c., or, specially, how rarely manifestations are experienced in Denmark, while they abound in Sweden. Facts of the kind have, undoubtedly, occurred in Denmark, which, if thoroughly examined, may be quite as curious and startling as those in other countries. But the general mind of the Danes is little disposed to pay attention to such facts; it is disbelieving, or prone to think that some unknown, or very trivial cause is at the bottom of all the facts, or that simple ignorance accounts for all the delusion as to their existence. Preconceptions or prejudices

as to such matters are met with everywhere, but in Denmark they prevail all but universally. With the Swedes it is quite otherwise; they are, with Hamlet, disposed to think that there is much in life above their comprehension. Superstition, or a want of national light and discernment, may be found in all classes and in all countries, and the lower class of people in Denmark are quite as much imbued with the same, as those in any other countries or in Sweden; however, those who excel in rational intelligence, or in sceptical inquisitiveness, are, like intelligent Englishmen, far more prepared to test and to admit spiritual facts, or natural effects of supernatural causes, than even the intelligent amongst the Danes.

I venture to pick out a few cases, communicated to me on a recent trip to the university town of Lund, in Scania, by a Swedish gentleman, of unquestionable superiority as to character, intelligence, social, and official position, who as aspiring to the order of Charles XIII, has particular duties of truthfulness and emancipation from superstition and other vulgar opinions, and, as I think, has a well-qualified claim of being relied upon. The facts have never been published before. In his youth he was well acquainted with an Englishman, the manager of a large sugar manufactory at Malmo, in Sweden. Having been told by his friend, that late in the evening, after all the workmen had left, noises were heard in the manufactory, as if the whole machinery was a-going, he accompanied his friend one night to the spot, and they entered the building, which after the day's business was regularly shut by 10 o'clock, taking their stand in the office up stairs. After a while, noises were heard as of heaving up weights by winding-ropes from the floor to the upper stories; then the pumps were set at work, filling boilers and vessels; and, lastly, the whole manufactory appeared to be at full work, as usual in the day time. After listening awhile to this, the friends opened the door of the office to see what was going on, but instantaneously, before they had time to leave the room, all was silent and quiet, not the least noise or movement was perceived, until they again had retired within the office, shutting the door after them, when all suddenly again was at work as before. This experiment they repeated thrice with the same effect, until they finally left the place, being told, when they narrated the fact, that their sense of hearing had been sadly labouring under impressions arising from the motion of their own blood, or that they were under some other hallucination.

I know of a similar fact as having occurred in Iceland. A student at Bessestad having regularly heard noises from chairs and benches being moved in the school-room contiguous to that in which he was working.

The same gentleman told me that his father, at a certain period of his life, used to spend his evening hours with some friends, and that, regularly, before he came home, his steps were heard on the floor and staircase, as also his humming or coughing, and his scraping the feet on the mat at the door. A few minutes after this prognostic, he came really, and the same noises were materially repeated by himself. In a similar way, the coming home of one of my friends, at Carlshamm, is frequently prognosticated to his wife and servants.

Mr. G—— had a friend, in his younger days, who, in Gothenborg, had fallen in love with a wealthy merchant's daughter. Her parents did not approve of the match, and they made the best of the lover's absence on business in St. — to intercept the letters. Once the lover, pondering sadly over the negligence of his beloved one, felt that the wedding ring he had received from her was being torn from his finger, and, grasping it on the floor, he perceived that it was broken, and he tried, in vain, to refit and to replace it. Deeply affected, he hastened to return to her place of abode, and immediately went to her house, where he was met by her brother with the sad intelligence of her being betrothed to a gentleman favored by her parents, who, on account of his silence, had persuaded her to yield to their plans. The lady's engagement proved an unfortunate one, her husband being of rude temper and habits. She died untimely from a broken heart. The unhappy "destichado" never married.

I add another similar story, which was told me by a most respectable, truthful man, the friend of the clergyman, from whom the tale emanates.

In the tract of the Golhaelf, the daughter of a wealthy farmer had fallen in love with a rather poor strolling merchant. The father proudly disproved the *mésalliance*, and forced his daughter to marry a farmer equal in wealth to himself. Soon after the wedding she fell into a lingering state of bodily consumption and mental despondency, and a much venerated clergyman was invited to relieve her mind, and thus endeavour to effect her recovery, in which charitable endeavours he for a long while failed. Unexpectedly at one of his repeated visits, he found her quite altered, in a glad mood, under symptoms of recovery. The parson, a man of unusual Christian charity, who possessed the suffering woman's sincere confidence, inquired seriously about the cause of the sudden improvement, and was told, that all her sorrow had vanished after a nightly apparition of her beloved friend, who distinctly had told her that she, after some time, would join him in the spiritual world, and be united with him in everlasting matrimony and love. He had strenuously advised her, while she remained in this abode, to read a volume, as far as

he knew, about conjugal love, which had been printed at Thieles' office in Copenhagen. The woman had never before heard about this work, nor did she know the printer's name, much less that a Swedish translation of that treatise had been just published through his office in a foreign town. But, through the parson's kind care, she got the book and made it the object of assiduous perusal and appropriation in the short remaining period of her terrestrial abode. Her distressed lover had expatriated himself as soon as she had been otherwise engaged in conformity with her father's will, and he had died in Denmark, as far as it could be ascertained, about the time of the apparition.

C. D. H.

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### THE REJECTED SUITOR.\*

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In a beautiful country residence, at no great distance from London, in one of the prettiest portions of England, live a gentleman and his wife, whom I shall designate as Mr. and Mrs. W. They have been married sixteen years, but have no children.

Four or five years ago, there came to reside with them a friend of the family, an aged gentleman who had already passed his eightieth year, and whose declining strength and increasing infirmities gradually demanded more and more constant care. Mrs. W. attended him with the anxious affection of a daughter; and when, after some four years, he died, she mourned him as if she had indeed lost a father. Her sorrow for his loss was the deeper because of that beautiful characteristic of her sex, which causes a true-hearted woman to lament most the feeble child, or the aged sufferer, whose helplessness has seemed to cast them upon her as a constant burden, but whom that very dependance has so endeared to her, that, when death takes from her the object of her care, she feels rather a blank in her existence than a release from daily toil or nightly watch.

In such a frame of mind as this, and feeling more than usually depressed, Mrs. W. went out one morning, not long after her old friend's death, into her garden, in search of some distraction from the grief that oppressed her. She had been there but a few minutes, when she felt a strong impulse to return to the house and write.

It ought here to be stated that Mrs. W. is not, nor ever has been, what, in modern phrase, is called a Spiritualist. Indeed, what she had heard of Spiritualism years before had caused her

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\* From Owen's *Footfalls*.



to regard it as a mischievous delusion; and though, later, she had begun somewhat to doubt how far she might have been unjustly prejudiced, she had never sat at a table, nor otherwise evoked Spiritual phenomena; it cannot be regarded as such that on one or two occasions she had sat down, out of curiosity, to see if her hand would write automatically; a few unintelligible figures or unimportant words having been the only result.

On the present occasion, however, the impulse to write, gradually increasing, and attended with a nervous and uneasy sensation in the right arm, became so strong that she yielded to it; and, returning to the house and picking up a sheet of note-paper and a small portfolio, she sat down on the steps of the front door, put the portfolio on her knee, with the sheet of note-paper across it, and placed her hand, with a pencil, at the upper left-hand corner, as one usually begins to write. After a time the hand was gradually drawn to the lower right-hand corner, and began to write *backward*; completing the first line near the left-hand edge of the sheet, then commencing a second line, and finally a third, both on the right, and completing the writing near to where she had first put down her pencil. Not only was the last letter in the sentence written first, and so on until the commencing letter was written last, but each separate letter was written backward, or inversely; the pencil going over the lines which composed each letter from right to left.

Mrs. W. stated to me that (as may well be conceived), she had not the slightest perception of what her hand was writing; no idea passing through her mind at the time. When her hand stopped, she read the sentence as she would have read what any other person had written for her. The handwriting was cramped and awkward, but, as the fac-simile will show,\* legible enough. The sentence read thus:—

*“Ye are sorrowing as one without hope. Cast thy burden upon God, and he will help thee.”*

Mrs. W. afterward said to me that if an angel from heaven had suddenly appeared to her and pronounced these words, her astonishment could scarcely have exceeded that with which she first read them. She felt awe-stricken, as if in the presence of some superior power. She sat long in silent contemplation. Then she perused, again and again, the sentence before her, half

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\* See Plate I. It would seem that it ought to have read, “*Thou art sorrowing,*” &c. If I am asked whence this error in the grammatical construction of the sentence, I reply that I can no more account for it than I can for the writing itself. No one could write more correctly or grammatically than does Mrs. W. It was not through her, therefore, as in the case of an illiterate scribe we might have imagined it, that the error occurred. Its occurrence is additional proof that her mind had no agency in the matter; though it would probably be stretching conjecture too far to imagine that it was so intended.

Pls. 1

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R G D



doubting the while the evidence of her own senses. After a time she again took pencil in hand, and tried to write something backward. But the simplest word, of three or four letters, was too much for her. She puzzled over it without being able to trace it backward, so as to be legible when done.

Then the question arose in her mind, "Whence is this? Who caused me to write that sentence?"

Her thoughts involuntarily reverted to the aged friend whom she had just lost. Could his spirit, from its home in another world, have dictated those words of consolation? Could he have been permitted to guide her hand so that she might thus receive assurance that he sympathised with her sorrow and took thought how he might relieve it?

That was the conclusion to which she finally inclined. Yet, desiring further assurance, she silently prayed that the spirit which had written this sentence through her hand might also be allowed, through the same medium, to subscribe its name. And then she placed her pencil at the foot of the paper, confidently expecting that the name of the friend whom she had lost would be written there.

The event, however, wholly belied her expectation. The pencil, again drawn nearly to the right-hand edge of the paper, wrote backward, as before, not the expected name, but the initials R. G. D.

Mrs. W., as she read them, felt herself shudder and turn pale. The grave seemed giving forth its dead. The initials were those of a young man who, eighteen years before, had sought her in marriage, but whom, though she had long known and highly esteemed him, she had rejected,—not experiencing for him any sentiment warmer than friendship, and perhaps having other preferences. He had received her refusal without complaint or expostulation. "You never gave me reason to expect," he said, gently, "that I should be accepted. But I was resolved to know my fate; for I could endure suspense no longer. I thank you for having dealt so candidly with me. I see now that you can never be my wife; but no one else ever shall be. So much, at least, is within my power."

And with that he had left her. Twelve years afterward he died, a bachelor. When Mrs. W. had first heard of his death, she had felt a momentary pang, as the thought arose that she perhaps, in crossing his life's path, had darkened and made solitary his existence. But, as she had nothing with which to reproach herself in the matter, and as she had never felt for him more than for any other deserving friend, she soon ceased to think of him; and she solemnly assured me that she could not call to mind that his name, even, had recurred to her remembrance, for

several years, until the moment when it was thus suddenly and unexpectedly called up.

This occurred on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 1, 1859. A little more than a month afterward, to wit, on Monday, April 4, about four o'clock in the afternoon, while Mrs. W. was sitting in her parlor, reading, she suddenly heard, apparently coming from a small side-table near her, three distinct raps. She listened; and again there came the same sounds. Still uncertain whether it might not be some accidental knocking, she said, "If it be a spirit who announces himself, will he repeat the sound?" Whereupon the sounds were instantly and still more distinctly repeated; and Mrs. W. became assured that they proceeded from the side-table.

She then said, "If I take pencil and paper, can I be informed who it is?" Immediately there were three raps, as of assent; and when she sat down to write, her hand, writing backward, formed the same initials as before,—R. G. D.

Then she questioned, "For what purpose were these sounds?" To which the reply, again written backward, was, "*To show you that we are thinking and working for you.*"\*

Nor was this all. Ten days after the last incident, namely, on Thursday afternoon, April 14, Mrs. W., happening to call to mind that R. G. D. had once presented to her a beautiful black Newfoundland dog, thought within herself, "How much I should like to have just such an animal now!" And, one of her servants happening to be near at the time, she said to her, "I wish I had a fine large Newfoundland for a walking companion."

The next morning, after breakfast, a gentleman was announced. He proved to be an entire stranger, whom Mrs. W. did not remember to have ever seen before. He was a surveyor, from a neighbouring town, and led with him a noble black Newfoundland, as high as the table. After apologising for his intrusion, he said he had taken the liberty to call, in order to ask Mrs. W.'s acceptance of the dog he had brought with him. "You could not have offered me a more acceptable gift," said Mrs. W.; "but will you allow me to ask what induced you to think of bringing him to me?" "I brought him," he said, "because I do not intend, for the future, to keep dogs, and because I felt assured that in you he would find a kind mistress."

Mrs. W. informed me that she had ascertained, to an absolute certainty, that the girl to whom she had spoken on the matter had not mentioned to any one her wish to have a dog, and, indeed, that the casual remark had passed from the girl's mind, and she had never thought of it again. A few hours only, it will

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\* For fac-simile, see Plate II.

R G D

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are thinking and working for you



be observed, intervened between the expression of the wish and the offer of the animal.

Those who are as well acquainted with Mrs. W. as I am know that uprightness and conscientiousness are marked traits in her character, and that the above incidents may be confidently relied on as the exact truth. I had them direct from Mrs. W. herself, a few days after they occurred; and that lady kindly ceded to me the original manuscript of the two communications.

The circumstances, taken in connection, are, of their kind, among the most extraordinary with which I am acquainted. And to the candid reader it will not be matter of surprise to learn that Mrs. W., until then a sceptic in the reality of any direct agencies from another world, should have confessed to me that her doubts were removed, that she felt comforted and tranquillized, and that she accepted the indications thus vouchsafed to her, unsought, unlooked for, as sufficient assurance that she was, in a measure, under spiritual protection,—thought of, cared for, even from beyond the tomb.

Before we decide that a faith so consolatory is unfounded, we shall do well to review the facts of this case.

Whence the sudden impulse in the garden? People are not in the habit of imagining that they desire to write, unless they have something to say. Mrs. W. was not a Spiritualist, nor residing among Spiritualists: so that no epidemic agency can be urged in explanation, even if such a suggestion have weight. The phenomenon which presented itself was strictly spontaneous.

Whence, again, the writing backward? In that the will had no agency. As little had expectation. Mrs. W., in her normal state, had not the power so to write. By diligent practice she might, doubtless, have acquired it. But she *had* no such practice. She had *not* acquired it. And, not having acquired it, it was as much a physical impossibility for her, of herself, so to write, as for a man, picking up a violin for the first time, to execute thereon, at sight, some elaborate passage from Handel or Beethoven.

Again, whence the intention to write after so unexampled and impracticable a manner? Where there is an intention there must be an intelligence. It was not Mrs. W. who intended; for the result struck her with awe,—almost with consternation. It was not her intelligence, therefore, that acted. What intelligence was it?

Nor can we reasonably doubt what the intention was. Had Mrs. W.'s hand written forward, she would, in all probability, have remained in uncertainty whether, half unconsciously per-



haps, the words were not of her own dictation. The expedient of the backward writing precluded any such supposition; for she could not of herself do unconsciously a thing which she could not do at all. And this expedient seems to have been ingeniously devised to cut off any supposition of the kind. Then here we have the invention of an expedient, the display of ingenuity. But who is the inventor? Who displays the ingenuity? I confess my inability to answer these questions.

The incident of the dog, if it stood alone, would be less remarkable. A thing may happen when there are ten thousand chances to one against it. A lady might to-day express a wish for a Newfoundland dog, and a perfect stranger, who knew nothing of that wish, might to-morrow offer her one. And all this might occur, as we usually say, by chance. But in the case before us there are the attendant circumstances to be taken into account. R. G. D. had, in former days, given Mrs. W. just such a dog. She had been thinking of him and of his gift. She had been told, ten days before, through some agency which she had found it impossible to interpret as mundane, that he was thinking and working for her. Was she superstitious when she said to me, as she did, that "nothing could convince her that a spirit did not influence the owner of the dog to bring it to her?"

I think her conclusion, under the circumstances, was a natural one. I believe that few having the same personal experience as had Mrs. W. would have resisted it. Was it reasonable as well as natural? It is difficult to say why it was not, unless we assume it beyond question as a thing impossible that a departed spirit should communicate with a living person, should read a living person's thoughts—should influence a living person's actions.

But it is clearly a waste of time to examine a question at all which we have resolved in advance to decide in the negative.

And, if we have not resolved, shall we not do well fairly to meet the questions which this and similar narratives suggest? If outside of this material existence there be occasionally exercised a guardian thought for the welfare of men; if, sometimes, comfort may reach us, and agencies may work for us, coming over from that world to which we are all fast hastening; if there be an earthly love that is stronger than death; are these influences, if actual influences they be, so undesirable in themselves, fraught with so little of consolation, so incapable of cheering a drooping soul, so powerless to sustain a sinking spirit, so impotent to vivify the faith in a Hereafter, that we may properly repulse them, at the threshold, as graceless aberrations, or put them aside, unscrutinized, as unholy or incredible?

## SPIRITUALISM AND MR. PUNCH.

“ And those who came to scoff remained to pray.”

MR. PUNCH, through the “mediumship,” as we suspect, of one of his youngest, and but half-fledged contributors, has announced himself a convert to Spiritualism.

We are glad that *Punch* should not remain too long on the wrong side of a great truth, especially after “the leading journal” has sounded the note of preparation, by inserting an extract from the *Spiritual Magazine*. Mr. Punch, as is his wont, has soon taken up the echo, though we can hardly tell if he is really serious in his declaration. There is so little of the raciness, for which he is occasionally distinguished, in the article that converts the announcement, that we are at a loss to know whether he is in earnest, or is only making a feeble attempt “to poke fun” at us. However, it is no great matter either way. It would, at best, but add one more to the many believers in the grand and important truth of spirit manifestations, and whether *Punch* believes or not, he has evidently discovered that the subject is of such widely-spreading interest that, like Mr. Dickens in his last Christmas story, it is probably the best he can lay hold of to support a somewhat fading popularity.

We will assume that whatever his private knowledge and inward convictions may be, *Punch* intends to be funny at our expense, and to amuse his uninitiated readers, misleading them to believe that the phenomena of Spiritualism, which are tested and demonstrated as a reality at the principal courts of Continental Europe, and by thousands, including many of the aristocracy in this great metropolis, are a delusion; and that the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander, Bulwer, Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, Washington Irving, Judge Edmonds, Longfellow, William Howitt, the Honorable Dale Owen, Dr. Ashburner, Wordsworth, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and other celebrities of our own times were and are in the simple ranks of the deluded.

Can it be, Mr. Punch, that the numerous statements from so many of our contributors recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and the facts witnessed and spoken of so generally in the leading circles of London society, and by the sons of your own proprietors and of Mr. Dickens, are fabricated for the puerile and aimless purpose of imposing on the credulity of our fellow men? No, dear Mr. Punch; though your gibes and jeers may find favour with the multitude, there are now, as in all times, a few serious persons of sufficient calibre of mind for the consideration and investigation of spiritual facts and subjects, and they possess the necessary

tenacity of purpose to search into the hidden mysteries of our spiritual being, and are bold and honest enough to proclaim their convictions to an unbelieving world. We are, perhaps, dealing too seriously with you, Mr. Punch, we ought not to expect from you more than sharp, witty, and amusing satire,—well satisfied if we occasionally get even that. Your vocation would end in a day were you to avow your honest convictions of the truth of Spiritualism. Yours is, to some extent, a worldly object, and you could not afford to risk the certain loss to your exchequer, which you would incur by proclaiming the truth. We do not, therefore, meet you on equal terms, for ours is purely a labour of love, as we intimated at the outset, and we are prepared to make, and do make, sacrifices of both time and money to instruct mankind by disseminating what we know to be a great and holy truth.

You must write for the amusement of the multitude. We must be content to be appreciated by a comparatively few. But let us say that there is a common ground on which, as fellow-members of a civilized community, the conductors of *Punch*, and the editors of the *Spiritual Magazine*, can meet, and that is the recognition of what are considered to be the gentlemanly usages of society which Mr. Punch, in the serious part of the article which has called forth these remarks, ventures in our case to challenge.

We are charged with “betraying private confidence,” by having published the names of certain gentlemen very closely connected with *Punch*, who recently witnessed some wonderful spiritual phenomena, which it is *Punch's* pleasure still to deny the possibility of, and to sneer at on every occasion. We are not, be it remembered, accused of misrepresentation! The remarkable phenomena witnessed by these gentleman, and their nervous fears in consequence are not disputed. It is only alleged that we did an ungentlemanly act (“blackguard” is *Punch's* chosen expression), by giving their names to our readers, and thereby, no doubt, destroying to a certain extent the force of Mr. Punch's ridicule, to which he has no compunction in exposing us, though he knows the facts to be true. Now, we are quite content to take upon ourselves the responsibility of this step, and, under the circumstance, to justify it. We are not a well-paid editor, making jokes to order, but we are serious men bent on spreading for the benefit of others a solemn and important truth. We mix in the society of Spiritualists, and we necessarily glean a knowledge of the most remarkable facts which transpire in the many spiritual circles that are held in London; and when our belief and statements are attempted to be weakened by satire and direct falsehood, we think we are bound by our duty to the truth to strengthen our position, by shewing that if it be a delusion, the satirists themselves are among the deluded.

One word, however, to set Mr. Punch right as to the authorship of the article, which has given him so much offence, on account mainly of its being so inconveniently true. We beg to inform him that it was written by us entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman who extended his hospitality on the suspicious occasion, or of Mr. Squire, whose mediumship evoked the phenomena before his relatives. We merely heard in ordinary conversation of what had taken place in the presence of persons so closely connected with the conductors of *Punch*, and it came too opportunely upon Mr. Leech's cartoon, for us to be able to resist letting our readers into the secret.

Besides, from our knowledge of passing events, we were not prepared to find ourselves the subjects of ridicule from such a quarter; and since we are upon this point, which is rather a weakness with us, we may as well, just for once more, repeat the offence, and say that the gentlemen alluded to are not the only persons connected with *Punch* who have taken part in a spiritual *séance*. That very talented artist, Mr. Leech, himself, whose initials are at the bottom of the cartoon of Napoleon "taking a sight," only a few weeks ago, witnessed several wonderful phenomena which he found to be quite above his explanation, even on the supposition of imposture. He heard the keys of a small musical box played upon, as if by a finger nail running over them, whilst the box was on the ground, and the hands of all present resting on the table. He heard loud raps made in answer to a request, on the strings of a closed piano, and other things too strange to be explained on the "taking a sight" hypothesis.

Suppose that the case had been reversed, and that these gentlemen had been able to deny or expose, as they might have fondly thought, these spiritual phenomena, have they or their kin, we would ask, ever been backward in doing so? On the contrary, are not the whole subject and its believers constantly a byword and a joke throughout the press? Is there ever the slightest scruple in calling us either fools or something worse? What does *Punch* say, week by week, even after his recent conviction? In his last number he plainly, if not politely, says that "the Spiritualists are liars." A choice paragraph, too, has just appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* which illustrates the kindly treatment shewn to us by the press, who so stand up for the true and the gentlemanly in editorship. The Editor says that in free England "men may believe in the spirit-rapping swindles of the Yankee Hume and the Baron Guldenstubbe." Now, dear *Punch*, just put yourself in our place, with both those gentlemen for your intimate friends, and with a profound respect and regard for them and for their Christian sympathies. Suppose

that, like us, you have seen the wondrous spiritual phenomena which occur in their presence, and know that they are accredited by emperors, and kings and queens, and by thousands without crowns, but with heads upon their shoulders; and suppose that Mr. Sala, or whoever wrote those words, had just seen the same phenomena, would it not be doing the world a real service to point him out by name, as we had recently to do in the case of Mr. James Grant, of the *Advertiser*? In the name of honesty, what is the difference between that case and yours?

But enough of this, we are not really angry with Mr. Punch and his contributors; we ought not to be so, for though our advertisement and our money were refused at his office, after several applications, he has with his usual far-sighted liberality, whilst increasing his own sale, done us good service without fee or charge of any kind. He has materially helped us in our efforts to spread the important truths contained in the *Spiritual Magazine*, our sale having been extended by his notice far beyond its previous limits. In taking leave of our censor for the present, we would just give him a hint of what we consider to be the proper and consistent course for him in dealing with this or any other subject. If it does not answer your purpose to be enlightened, follow the example of Professor Faraday, by flatly refusing to investigate; wrap yourself in a mantle of ignorance, and draw the hood over your eyes, but do not after you have been convicted of your error try to mislead others, and make capital by continuing to ridicule what you know to be true. This latter course, Mr. Punch, is not in accordance with our idea of the conduct which "befits a gentleman," even of the editor class.

We hold that the purity of truth transcends somewhat the mere conventional narrowness to which Mr. Punch would limit the proprieties of journalism, and that he erects a false standard when he does battle for such a cause as he has now taken up. Does he seriously go forth to the fight, for the principle that he and his contributors are to be at liberty not only to conceal their own knowledge of a fact, but to ridicule it, and those who assert it to be true? Is this the noble banner which he wishes to carry and to conquer under? If so, we will not enrol ourselves into his army of martyrs, when he may be recruiting for a new regiment. And, meantime, we venture to commend to him some other subject for his jokes. There is still the patriotic volunteer movement, his sneers at which have so deservedly lessened his popularity. If, however, he prefers to deny what he knows to be true, we cannot prevent his doing so, though we shall be sorry to see his talents so uselessly misapplied. Depend upon it, Mr. Punch, that your best flag would be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

## WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM ?\*

A VERY pertinent question. One which every man, every Spiritualist in particular, should well consider. We are all deeply concerned in it, and the sooner we are alive to that fact, the better. If any of us who know that Spiritualism is true, suppose that it is sent merely to make us gape and stare, to dissipate *ourselves*, and furnish amusement for our idle hours, we must be even more foolish than we are charged with being. The clever people, who treat Spiritualism as a *funny* subject, a fit theme for jokes and caricature-cartoons, may be excused, for they know not what they do, and are ignorant of their ignorance; but all who recognise Spiritualism as a serious verity must be anxious to learn whither it tends, and what are the lessons that it teaches. To answer this question in all its length and height and breadth, would require a larger knowledge and a deeper insight than has been hitherto attained even by the wisest; and, for ourself, though it has occupied much of our earnest thought, this has only the more convinced us how inadequate must be any answer to it that we can furnish. Even the study of a life-time, it is certain, would still leave us with little more than a few pebbles gathered upon its beach, and the vast and exhaustless ocean of its truths, principles, and laws would still lie before us unexplored.

In the present article we would only offer a few preliminary observations on the need of conducting this inquiry in a spirit of careful discrimination. In a future one, we hope to indicate what we think the best method for its prosecution.

In spiritual, as in natural science, we must ever be on our guard against premature theories and hasty generalizations. The best views we can herein attain should still be held only as provisional, partial truth perhaps, but not the rounded and absolute truth, to which a higher light and a consummate and perfect knowledge of the subject would conduct us.

Next to the attainment of truth, the most important thing in this, or any inquiry, is the avoidance of error, and if in our investigation we can only clear away some misapprehensions and remove some prejudices, a great step will have been gained. In rooting out these rank weeds, the soil becomes better fitted

\* "What then are we to understand by the editor's expression concerning the teachings of Spiritualism?"—From a critique of the *Spiritual Magazine* in the *Crisis*: a semi-monthly, edited by the Rev. H. Weller, Laporte, Indiana, U. S.

for the growth of healthful vegetation and floral loveliness. If at present our knowledge of Spiritualism and its teachings is comparatively small, and we have, therefore, to speak with diffidence on many points in relation to it, in which we are greatly interested; we may at least with considerable confidence affirm what those teachings *are not*. It is of some use to tell people which is certainly the wrong road, even though we may not be able to direct them very far on their journey in the right direction. We assume, of course, the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism: the question, in our understanding of it, would be meaningless on any other hypothesis. If Spiritualism be simply a bundle of delusions; if, as a fact, it has no existence, we need not trouble ourselves about its teachings.

First, then, we must be careful to distinguish between the teachings of *Spiritualism*, and the teachings of *Spiritualists*, which latter is only another name for a creed. This distinction should be as obvious as its confusion is common, and not more common than hurtful. Beyond the common acknowledgment that spirits have always held, and do still hold intercourse with men in the natural world, there is among Spiritualists, but little necessary agreement; not but that, in our judgment at least, this truth involves many other most important truths; but concerning these, as all have not before them the same range and variety of facts, as they differ in their powers of reason and comparison; in their idiosyncracies, and in their education; in their religion, philosophy, and modes of thought, and in their several antecedents; there will be corresponding divergencies in their conclusions even from the same facts; and, with the conviction of Spiritualism there may, in some minds, co-exist notions inconsistent and even logically incompatible with it. It would lead us too far to trace this in detail, but the history of the fight for every new truth, furnishes us with an instance of the individual mode in which it has always found its admission into the human mind. Spiritualism is not a new religion, but a quickener of the soul. An acceptance of the law of gravitation does not bind all the various sects into one, nor rectify all their false notions and narrow creeds. So neither does a belief in the facts of Spiritualism. One will follow them into philosophy, another into religion, another into both. One will make them a pastime, another will see in them not even enough for sport. But there is one point to which objection is made from ignorance of this law on which so extensive and injurious a misunderstanding prevails, that a reference to it becomes necessary. It is alleged that, in America at least, Spiritualists generally are deniers of Christianity, and are absolutely hostile to the Bible and its teachings. As we would not endorse the extravagant statements on

this head which of late have been so widely circulated, so neither would we conceal that, so far as we can gather from the tone of transatlantic spiritual literature, there is, to a painful extent, a basis of truth for these exaggerations. But the point to be proved is, that this antagonism, to whatever extent it exists, originated in the spiritual belief, and is a consequence of it—that whereas before men accepted it, they were Christians; since they received it, and through having received it, they have ceased to be so, and have become Anti-Christian. Now, we think it will be found upon investigation that while there are Spiritualists of almost every religious persuasion both in and out of Christendom, yet the Spiritualism of to-day has fallen chiefly among those who were outside of all churches and religious organizations.

Professing Christians as a rule would not hear of Spiritualism, they did not want to know more about the spirit-world. Herein seems to us its providential mission, and how sad, yet how natural, that those who call themselves the religious classes should be its bitterest opponents. They seemed to think it even a sin to inquire further, they had light enough already; perhaps, a little more would show the dust and cobwebs in their spiritual habitations, and, from very shame, they might be put to some trouble to sweep and garnish them afresh; so, they concluded to put up their shutters, and, if Spiritualism met them in the streets, to frown upon it as not being either respectable or needed, and to pass by on the other side. But, with those previously unable to realize a belief in anything beyond nature and the present life, it was not so. Viewing all things from the ultimate and outer plane of being, metaphysical and theological argument seemed to them at best but of dubious nature and of little cogency. In place of doubtful disputation they asked for facts. A reference to the facts of the Bible only added to their perplexities. They asked, if spirits manifested their presence, and intervened in human affairs, and if there was a providence in the Bible times, why are they not to be discerned in our time? If such were possible in past ages they must be possible in this age, and the need of them is as great now as then? To this, what satisfactory reply could be given by those who believed that this kind of evidence was now a mere matter of ancient history, and that God was nearer to the world in those days than in these? Instead of the miracles being evidence of the truths for which they were cited, they simply brought the books recording them into discredit, and caused their indiscriminate rejection. But spiritual manifestations in the present time, under their own eyes, which they could witness for themselves; this was just the evidence they needed—just that adapted to their state. Indeed, they were the very demonstration of which they were in quest.



To them they were the revelation of the certainty of a spirit-world, and of an hereafter life, which the current cold theology had obscured from view. Only with this new conviction could Christianity become to them a possibility; without it there was no fulcrum to which the lever of Christianity could be applied.

True, many of the most important consequences or "teachings" of this fact would at first be but dimly perceived; their unfoldment would be gradual; old prejudices would impede the growth of new convictions, and, perhaps, arrest that progress which the soul from this new vantage ground might have gained; but even so, those in whose hearts this vital truth had gained possession must be nearer to Christianity than they were before, for it gave to them demonstrations of the immortality of the soul, with all the consequences that must necessarily flow from such a knowledge. None of the existing teachings of churches had been able to do them this inestimable service. The blunder is, in regarding as a consequence of Spiritualism notions and states of mind existing anterior to its reception, and derived from a false philosophy which Spiritualism when studied in its principles tends more or less quickly to eradicate.

We go yet further, and we speak advisedly when we affirm that Spiritualism is eminently adapted to remove what is usually to the sceptical mind, an insuperable obstacle to the recognition of the truth of the Bible history. To the "free thinker," the miracles, prodigies, apparitions, and other spiritual phenomena recorded in the Bible are utterly incredible; and the more educated and scientific he is, the greater does this incredibility appear to him. Now, we put it to the common sense of our readers, whether a belief in the phenomenal facts of modern spiritual manifestation, such as are recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine*, must not, more than any abstract reasoning or attempted historical verification, show how utterly untenable this ground of unbelief really is. Is *he* less likely to believe that a visible spirit-hand wrote upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace, who has seen a spirit-hand tracing characters under his own eyes? Is *he* less likely to believe that the apostles spoke in unknown tongues, "as the spirit gave them utterance" who has heard mediums under spiritual influence speak languages with which they were totally unacquainted? Is *he* less likely to believe that angels rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, who has seen heavy objects moved by invisible agents in his own apartments? Is *he* less likely to believe that Philip was carried from Gaza to Azotus, who has seen a medium taken up from the floor by an invisible power, and floated in the atmosphere, about the room, in the presence of numerous witnesses? Is *he* less likely to believe in the apocalyptic visions and in the spirit-voices heard by John: the

Revelator, and in the touch of the spirit-hand felt, and in the spirit-men seen by the prophet Daniel, who knows that spiritual visions and apparitions of spirit-men are seen, that the touch of spirit-hands is felt, and that the words spoken by spirit-voices are heard now? Surely, no men can have the same assurance of the truth of these Scripture narratives, as those who have had experience of the analogous spiritual facts, occurring at the present day.

Again, we must not confound the teachings of *Spirits* with the teachings of *Spiritualism*; though this is a mistake perhaps even more common than the one we have just pointed out; and it is one to which we are especially liable at the commencement of our investigations. We are apt to import into this, as we do into other inquiries, the notions we have gained elsewhere; and one of these notions, too prevalent, is, that spirits know almost everything and can do almost everything. Spiritualism effectually dispels this delusion. The investigator soon learns that spirits are not a kind of minor gods, but that they are men like ourselves, differing from us only in not having the same visible body—that they are fallible, and, so far as at present known, no more to be implicitly relied on, as guides of opinion and conduct, than men on earth. This is the order of Providence. God has given to each of us conscience and reason, not to rust in sloth, but to be kept pure and bright by constant use and ever-increasing exercise. It is true that in their use we may make many mistakes, and it is pretty certain that we shall do so, even though we exert our utmost efforts to avoid them; and this should teach us to be modest and charitable; but the sum of all mistakes arising from the limitation and imperfection of the human faculties will be far short of the capital mistake of surrendering them to another's guidance and burying in the earth of the sensual nature, the talents, be they few or many, which God has entrusted to us that we may faithfully employ them in His service.

We will make a short extract from the *Spiritual Clarion*, published at Auburn, U. S., which well assists us to answer the question at the head of this article.

"Spiritualism, in its modern restricted sense, may mean nothing more than the mere fact of spirit existence and spirit intercourse. But the term is often applied to a system of philosophy and religion based on this cardinal fact; a system embracing all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; all that is now known or can be known, relative to other spiritual beings, and the occult forces and laws of the universe. It is thus catholic and comprehensive; and Spiritualism, in short, may be regarded as the culmination, the essence of all truths, inspirations and revelations brought down to the present age, and demonstrated, confirmed by unmistakable manifestations of spiritual power and intelligence."

These, then, are some of the "teachings of Spiritualism" to us, and we hold that they are all involved in the acceptance of the

belief of the physical phenomena, and that they may be logically deduced from them.

It is only within a few days that we had the pleasure of a conversation with one of the best writers and preachers of America, who, after for some years disbelieving the existence of the phenomena, was at last fortunate enough to hear some unmistakable "raps" on a table. He had been an admirer of Theodore Parker, but, on hearing the first rap, he exclaimed, "There goes Theodore Parker's philosophy!" This may serve to elucidate what teachings are contained for some in those simple sounds, whilst, for others, an auctioneer's hammer gives more suggestive music.

A few evenings ago, during the month of June, some remarkable spirit manifestations took place at the mansion of the French Ambassador, Albert Gate. Amongst a large number of influential persons who witnessed them, were the Duc and Duchesse de Malakoff, Count Persigny and Lord Ward, who all expressed their great satisfaction and delight to Madame Louise Besson, who was the medium present.

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### MANIFESTATIONS AMONGST RESPECTABLE PEOPLE.\*

IN 1843, at the house belonging to the then Marquis Townshend in Dorsetshire, but then occupied by Colonel Loftus and his wife Lady Elizabeth, a daughter of the Marquis, some of the servants suddenly gave notice to leave, stating to the Colonel, as their reason, that the house was haunted, and that they had seen several times the figure of a lady walking about the house in a costume, which they described, and which was that of the period of George the Second. Sometimes they said the figure carried an ancient-fashioned lamp in her hand, and sometimes not. The Colonel tried to dissuade them from leaving, saying that it was all nonsense, but without success, for they could not be prevailed upon to remain.

Shortly afterwards a visitor who was staying in the house, met on the stairs a female figure, dressed in the mode described by the servants. Not having known anything previously of the apparition, she supposed that she was Lady Elizabeth's maid, and on going into the breakfast room, she observed to Lady Elizabeth how oddly her maid was dressed that morning. Lady Elizabeth said, "No, she is dressed in her usual way."

About this time while the Colonel and Lady Elizabeth were in bed in the early dawn, they were both suddenly awakened by

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\* These facts are given to us by a lady with whom we are well acquainted, and in whom we have every confidence.

hearing the curtains of the bed undrawn, and looking up they both saw this same figure, in the act of retreating, and it moved slowly away towards the door and disappeared. They recognized the figure, by the costume, a Lady Dorothy Townshend, whose portrait was in the house, and who had lived in the early part of the 18th century. After this the figure was seen repeatedly by many persons in the house during a space of two or three months, and several persons of rank, and amongst them Colonel Townshend and the great Duke of Wellington, who went there for the purpose of seeing it and investigating the subject, saw the figure dressed in the same way. The Dowager Duchess of Leeds also saw the figure, and gave a full account of it to a friend of the writer.

The figure was well known in the family to have appeared about the time of the death of any of its members; and at the time of its appearance at this time, the late Marquis of Townshend died. It became such an annoyance to the family that they shut up the house, and went to reside in Norfolk.

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In the year 1843, at Ashburner House, the two daughters of the Baroness Brunow were in bed. The young ladies occupied separate apartments. Each one had her maid in the room with her. The Baroness had gone to a ball. It was her custom to go into the rooms of her children on her return before going to rest. Miss Olga was lying awake when she heard what she thought was her mother coming into the room, and she immediately closed her eyes, pretending to be asleep, when the figure seemed to bend over her. It then retired and went into the room of her sister. She distinctly heard it walk out with a noise like the rustling of silk. Immediately after her sister's maid rushed in calling out, "A figure, a figure, Miss, but not your mamma!" All the drawers at the same time in Miss Olga's room flew open. Miss Olga being quite convinced that it was her mamma, and that the servant had been dreaming, ordered her to dress and go down to enquire, when she found that the Baroness had not returned. The day following, every inquiry was made, but they could discover nothing to throw light on the mysterious figure.

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There is a curious circumstance in the "Airlie" family, that a noise like that of the beating of a drum is always heard previous to the death of one of its members. The present Earl Airlie, being at the time we refer to, in apartments in London, was disturbed by this noise, and got up to look, thinking that he had overslept himself, and that the soldiers were marching past. It was, however, early morning, and there was nothing

to be seen, the streets being quite empty. A day or two afterwards he received the news of his father's death, which happened at that very time.

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The Hon. Miss Lucy Kerr, one of the present Maids of Honour to the Queen, tells the following story of events which happened in the family of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, whilst she was on a visit to them. A little child of the family was in the habit of playing on the lawn in front of the breakfast-room window, which opened on to it, and frequently on her coming in to the family, she said that she had been very much pleased by playing with a beautiful little baby who came to play with her there. The parents and some of the guests several times went out to see if there was any child there, and finding none, the child was scolded for talking nonsense, and so much so, that for some time she did not say anything more of it, but still she was always much pleased to be playing about at that part of the lawn. After some time, however, the child again ran into the room quite overjoyed, asserting that the baby had come back, and begging most earnestly that they should come and see it. Mrs. Robinson was very angry with her child, and told her not to repeat such stories. Some of the guests, however, struck with the earnest manner of the little girl, said they would go and see, and on going near to where the child described the baby as laying, she began to cry and said, "Oh, you are treading on the beautiful baby," describing also the manner in which the infant was dressed. Miss Kerr was one of those who were present, and some one suggested to dig under the spot, and on doing so, they found the bones of an infant which appeared to have been buried a long time.

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When I was in St. Petersburg in 1845, Mrs. Charles Mowbray told me the following anecdote of a remarkable dream by an English lady who was known to her. She dreamed that another English lady, a friend of hers, living several versts from St. Petersburg, wished particularly to see her. She was so impressed that she resolved on going, though in the middle of the night and against the remonstrances of her husband. She ordered the sledge, and on her road, it occurred to her how ridiculous it would appear to her friend, as she could not explain to her the reason for her going, and this feeling induced her to order the coachman to return. He had gone some distance back towards St. Petersburg, when it appeared to her that it would be equally ridiculous to her husband that she had returned without fulfilling the object of her journey, and she again ordered the coachman to turn and to drive to her friend's house. On reaching the door, she rang several times without any one answering, and at length the lady herself

opened the door; and she was surprised to find her in full dress with her jewels and ornaments, although the house was all dark and every one else in bed. They were each very strange with the other, as no explanation was given on either side, and after staying some little time she returned to St. Petersburg. Years passed away without anything having transpired to remove the mystery; but the lady was now sent for by her friend, when she reminded her of the circumstance, and asked her if she had any idea of what had been the effect of her visit. On her saying she had not, her friend said, "Then I will tell you, for I have to thank God that you were permitted to come at that moment, for you saved me from committing suicide. Just as you rang at the bell I had finished my toilette with the full determination of putting an end to my existence, and I felt very much annoyed to have been prevented by your visit; but after that moment I have never since been tempted to commit the crime."

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### SINGULAR INSTANCES OF PRESENTIMENT.

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In Schubert's *Spiegel der Natur* (Mirror of Nature), the author relates in his chapter on instinct, the following facts as proofs of a certain divine impulse in men:—

"A gentleman, an acquaintance of the celebrated French authoress, Mme. Beaumont, was about making a pleasure trip on the river with a party of friends. Everything was ready, and he was just entering the boat, when his sister, a deaf mute, came most suddenly and anxiously running along, and seizing her brother's arm and coat, tried to keep him back; but finding this unavailable, she threw herself at his feet, and taking hold of his knees, expressed by the most imploring gestures her wish that he should desist from going on the water.

"Touched by the painful entreating expression in the face and posture of the deaf mute, several persons joined in the prayers of the poor unfortunate girl, and her brother finally yielded to their wishes. It was fortunate he did so, for the boat had gone but a short distance on the river, when a sudden gust of wind made it capsize. Several of the company found a watery grave, and he who could not even swim, would, no doubt, have met with the same fate, if his sister, by some divine presentiment, had not prevented his going.

"Once, on an evening, a rich and benign farmer felt, by some sacred impulse, impelled to send, at a late hour, some articles of food to a poor family in the neighbourhood. 'Wherefore so late; cannot this be done as well to-morrow?' said those around him. 'No,' replied he, 'it must be done now.' While insisting, the

worthy farmer did not know what a blessing his benevolent action was just then to the tenants of the poor hut, for there the father—he who had to nourish and sustain the family—had fallen sick; the mother was infirm already, and the children had been crying for bread for nearly two days—the youngest was hungry. Thus their most pressing wants were at once removed, and perhaps some lives saved.

“Another gentleman, living near some coal mines in Silesia, awoke one night from his sleep with an irresistible impulse to go down in his garden. He rose, went down; the same impulse led him out of the back gate of his garden into the fields, where he arrived just in time to save the life of a miner, who, in climbing up a ladder, missed his footing, and fell down the shaft into a coal tub, which his son was at the time winding up, but by the increased weight was unable to do so now alone.

“A venerable clergyman in England once felt, likewise, an unexpected desire to pay, late at night, a visit to a friend of his, whom he knew to be of a very melancholy turn of mind. Though extremely tired by the cares and labour of the day, and though the distance to his friend’s house was very great, the venerable gentleman could not resist his secret impulse. So he went, and strange to say, arrived there just in time to prevent his friend from taking his own life. The nightly visit and friendly exhortations had such a wholesome effect on the depressed spirits of his friend, that he never again attempted to commit suicide.

“Prof. Buchner, at Marburgh, being once in very pleasant company, felt a strong desire to go home and remove his bed from its old place to another corner of his bedroom. He yielded to the impulse. Having done so, he felt again at ease, and went back to his friends. During the night a large portion of the ceiling in the room, just at the spot where his bed formerly stood, tumbled down, and would no doubt have crushed him to death had his bed not been removed from there.”—*Spiritual Telegraph*, U. S.

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SHAKSPEARE.—The writings of some poets have risen to the note of the flute, and others to the swell of the organ; but his highest reaches to the oldest and mightiest elements of nature, soaring into the highest heavens and swooping into the deepest hells of song! Sweeping up to the stars—saying to the lightnings, “Here am I!” Stirring the still horror of the grave, swaddling his castles of gloom in delicate swallow-skimmed air; crowning his madmen with flowers, dropping perfumes of deathless affection on brows red-hot with passion; making the green of nature look in amid the glare of murder; overwhelming us with visions of magnificence melting into beauty, and of beauty soaring into sublimity:—of terror, change, victory, defeat, shame and glory, agonies and extacies, chasing each other over a space beneath which hell yawns, above which heaven opens, and around which earth now lightens with the glory of the one, and now darkens with the uprising smoke of the other. This is Shakspeare.—*B. Realf in The Sunbeam*, U. S.

## THE LITERARY PHANTOM.

We extract the following from the *Lancet*:—

"A curious incident has occurred at the Astor Library, New York, not without a special scientific interest. Dr. Cogswell, the chief librarian, has devoted unceasing labour to the arrangement of the library, and the completion of the catalogue of the splendid collection of books under his care. A few weeks since he entered the library at eleven P.M., bearing a taper, in search of a book. In passing one of the recesses, he saw a well-dressed man standing before the shelves, in whom he recognised Dr. —, of Lafayette-place, who had died six months before. After a moment's pause, during which he assured himself of the identity of the phantom, Dr. Cogswell addressed him:—"How is it that you, who never came to the library during your life, now haunt it after death?" The phantom gazed upon him with dull, passionless eyes, and disappeared. This was perfectly orthodox behaviour, but very startling to the doctor. Next night, at the same time, Dr. Cogswell was seized with a desire to repeat his visit. The shadow was there, and a similar scene occurred. On the third night he was still there. The doctor now observed that he was standing before shelves loaded with aeromantic works, and, obeying a new impulse, he asked if any one of them troubled his repose, offering in that case to remove them. In reply, the apparition made himself "conspicuous by his absence." Dr. Cogswell now communicated the circumstance to his friends, and acquiesced in their advice, which comprehended rest from his excessive labour, change of scene, and a dose or two of calomel, &c. He is now rid of his singular and distressing hallucination, of which the relation is interesting from its circumstantial character, and the precise resemblance which it bears to so many similar visions which have had unquestionably a like origin, but have not always been so fortunately dispelled as so rationally interpreted."

We think the ghost shewed more wisdom than the doctor in refusing to have anything to do with the calomel.

LEUT. JULLIEN'S BOOK, which has just appeared, has caused a great sensation amongst the magnetizing and spirit-seeing portion of the community, whose belief was dying out for want of aliment. The young lieutenant, of unimpeachable honour and undoubted veracity, relates the story of the mirage witnessed by the crew and officers of his ship after the loss of their consort, the *Berceau*, which surpasses any nautical romance ever invented. The phenomenon was not witnessed by one, nor by a few, but by the whole crew: the sinking ship, the crew upon the raft fainting with exhaustion and despair. The small steamer belonging to the great ship was sent out, and drew so near to the phantom wreck that faces of old comrades were recognised, and well-remembered voices hailed with joy. Two small boats were let down and manned to row among the breakers and pick the wretched sufferers off the raft, when lo! as they drew near all had vanished—raft and spars, and torn sail, and haggard faces, all had disappeared—and nought remained but a few twigs, trunks, and branches which had been blown from the shore, and lay rocking on the billows. The boats and steamer returned to the ship heartstruck and dispirited. But the phenomenon of the change had been visible to the crew left on board, who had followed the messengers with their telescopes, at the very moment at which it had taken place. A lecture was given on Saturday night at the Science Universel on the subject, for no one seems to doubt but that the phantom beheld there by the crew was reality somewhere; and therefore science seeks to explain by natural causes what imagination seeks to attribute to spiritual influence.—*Morning Star*, May 5th, 1860.



## THE INWARD SIGHT.—SPONTANEOUS PSYCHOMETRY.

In his autobiography, Zschokke, the German writer, speaks of "a singular case of prophetic gift which I called my inward sight, but which has ever been enigmatical to me." He adds the following in regard to it:—"I am almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but lest I should strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul experiences, and therefore I will confess. It is well known that the judgment we not seldom form at the first glance of persons hitherto unknown, is more correct than that which is the result of longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us with strangers, is afterwards weakened or destroyed by custom or by different appearances. We speak in such cases of sympathies or antipathies, and perceive these effects frequently among children to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting. Others are incredulous on this point, and have recourse to physiognomy. Now for my own case.

"It has happened to me sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dream-like, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories.

"By way of jest, I once in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth; I, on my part, was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me, the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts, to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer: 'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke.

"Instead of many, I will mention one example, which preëminently astounded me. One fair day in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine), in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte*, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly, if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally, as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narra-

tion which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living.

"I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination may form in a romance, a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, of a certain character, under certain circumstances. But whence came those trifling accessories which *nowise concerned me*, and in relation to people for the most part indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor desired to have any connection? Or, was the whole matter a constantly recurring *accident*? Or, had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life, very different views, to give of the whole, although in his first surprise, and misled by some resemblances, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet impelled by this very doubt I had sometimes given myself trouble to speak of the most insignificant things which my waking dreams had revealed to me.

"I shall not say another word on this singular gift of vision; it manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through. *Neither am I the only person in possession of this power.* On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in Lower Hanenstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation, and said he knew me, although he knew me not, and went on to relate what I had done, and striven to do in former times, to the consternation of the country people present, and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father. How the old lemon merchant came by his knowledge he could explain neither to me nor to himself; he seemed, nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his mysterious wisdom."—*Herald of Progress*, U. S.

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## Correspondence.

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In introducing that portion of the month's correspondence which we have selected from a mass of letters, we beg to call the attention of our correspondents to the following extract from a letter received from Maidstone:—

"June 14, 1860.

"I have been carefully examining the *Magazine*, and although your correspondence is headed 'Facts,' I cannot discover the real name of any of the writers. *If persons pen nothing but truth, why conceal their names and addresses?* I send you mine.

"THOMAS PARDON,  
"Chemist, 116, Stone Street, Maidstone."

Surely the time has come for more of our correspondents to act on Mr. Pardon's excellent advice. The writers of several of the following letters might well have authenticated their statements by their names—for instance, R. B., F.R.S., M. A., and *Nosce te-ipsum*. All the writers are known to us, or we should not publish their letters; and we take every pains to verify the facts they give, but there is a reality in a name, with a man

behind it, and ready to stand up for it, which the world much and deservedly relies on. We are, however, making some progress in this respect, and in good quarters. Witness the letters of the Rev. Mr. Bengough, and of Mrs. Propert, and of the philanthropist, Mr. Perceval\*, who do not scruple to set this much-needed example. Witness also the manly nervous articles which stand under the names of William Howitt, and of Dr. Ashburner.

One letter we received during the month is the acme of the Nicodemus spirit to which we refer. A gentleman or lady (we hope the former), "finds it difficult to credit the extraordinary accounts in the last number, headed 'Two Evenings with Mr. Home,'" and encloses a postage stamp, desiring "the names and addresses of our correspondents to be sent to *H. P. S., Post Office, York.*" We wrote asking for his or her name and address as a small preliminary, but we have not been favoured with a reply. It is high time for this farce to end, and for the many who are in independent positions to come forward with their names. If we were picking pockets, or selling stale jokes, we might be ashamed of being known; but we desire only to hear from those who are earnest in proclaiming God's truth, and in helping forward the recognition of facts which are a part of His gospel. One man now, may be worth a regiment in a few years, when the facts will have become respectable.

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

Hadleigh, Rochford, Essex, June, 1860.

SIR,—I confess, and in the present state of public opinion it amounts to a confession, that I read with considerable interest your magazine's monthly report of the progress of Spiritualism in England.

The prevailing indifference on this subject is, to me, perfectly amazing. Looked at in any light—whether as pure imposture and delusion, as actual diabolism, as the result of some hitherto unknown physical law, or else of veritable communion with departed spirits—the astounding phenomena which have obtained the credence of thousands of intelligent persons appear to me to be not less deserving of investigation, than any other facts whatever.

I have spent much time over the evidence for miracles, Pagan, Popish, and Apostolic. By the laws which relate to such evidence, every thinking man must be in great measure influenced in the degree of his submission to, or rejection of, the authority of Christianity as a divine revelation; and the most superficial acquaintance with Spiritualism will show, how much light it may throw on the value of human testimony to the miraculous. Herein we find the attractiveness which this subject might be expected to have, for every thoughtful student of divinity.

Suppose we reject as simply monstrous (like most of our scientific authorities) the spiritual origin of the phenomena alluded to, still these same phenomena must be capable of explanation either by some physical law, or else by some peculiar mental infirmity which renders poor fallible mortals, hopelessly obnoxious to deception, not less through their five senses, than through their reason. If such infirmity does exist, it is most desirable that we should know something about it, that we may guard against illusions approaching us on that side. Herein we

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\* Mr. Perceval's letter, though in type, is unavoidably postponed to next month.

find the attractiveness which it appears to us this matter ought to have alike in all unprejudiced natural philosophers, metaphysicians, and psychologists.

Hitherto we have argued on the hypothesis that any spiritual origin of all ancient spiritualistic marvels is quite untenable. To admit this to be an unfair assumption (as we ourselves imagine it to be) and yet to exhibit a stolid indifference to the whole matter, seems to us a mode of proceeding more worthy of a savage, than of an educated person. We are forced to regard it as the fruit of that very inconsidering narrowness of mind, which it should be the great aim of education to eradicate. All well-authenticated facts connected, or apparently connected, with the supernatural are valuable as materials from which, in course of time, general laws may be deduced; and even the singular circumstance detailed in the letter to myself, enclosed, may, perhaps, interest some of your readers. I am well acquainted with, and cannot doubt for a moment, the trustworthiness of the writer.

In subscribing my name, I cannot forbear regretting that many of your correspondents refrain from giving the slight guarantee of genuineness and authenticity contained in a signature. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
S. E. BENGOUGH.

The following is the letter referred to in that of the Rev. Mr. Bengough:—

DEAR SIR,—As in the course of conversation a few evenings since, you expressed a wish that I should detail in writing the circumstance that caused me to leave my previous abode, I feel great pleasure in doing so. The facts are as follows:—

In January, 1859, I purchased a semi-detached villa, near Chiswick, of the brother of a lady, who 16 years before, had built both my own house and that adjoining it, and occupied the one which afterwards belonged to me. It may be as well to state, that he had previously sold the adjoining villa to an elderly gentleman and his wife, who were most respectable and quiet neighbours. My family, as you know, consists of but three persons, myself, my daughter, and a female servant. The front bedroom, which I selected for my own use, was 25 feet by 19. The first night of my occupancy, I became aware of a singular noise, which commenced just before 12 o'clock and continued some time, but I paid no attention to it; there was a bright fire in the grate and a nightlight burning. The same noises continued for many nights—many weeks I may say—with few interruptions, until they became a great annoyance, regularly waking me from my first sleep at about from 20 or 30 minutes past 11 to 12 o'clock. The sounds seemed to proceed from naked or thinly-slipped feet, walking with heavy tread to and fro the length of the room; so heavy that the treadings caused a vibration of the crockery on the marble washstand, and of light articles on the toiletglass. My first impression was, that my next-door neighbours had restless nights, but that I found, on making their acquaintance, was not the case. My next idea was that the time-piece I had in my bedroom, was accountable for the strange sound. I, therefore, moved it to various places in the room, while the sound continued, but I could always clearly hear the ticking of the time-piece distinctly from the sound. I many times placed myself in a position, so as it were to obstruct the footfall, but without any alteration in the sound. Sometimes I used to open the window, and sit at it in the spring mornings, but the noise still went on till about 4 or 5 o'clock. Having complained of it to my daughter, she requested me to wake her, which I did three or four times, and the sounds seemed to her, as to me, to be proceeding from a heavy footfall. Having a friend staying with me in the summer, my servant was obliged to give up her room to him, and to sleep on a sofa in my bedroom; twice I woke her to hear it (it had not been mentioned to her before). Much terrified she cried out "Oh, ma'am, what is it, what is it?" hiding her head under the bed clothes. It became at last not only annoying, but terrible to me, and I decided upon leaving the house. I advertized it for sale, and, at a great loss, obtained a purchaser. It was not till that was settled, that I heard from an old nurse, who called to enquire after the late inhabitants, that the lady who had died there, and of whose brother I had bought it, suffered from a painful and incurable

disease, and that it was her sad case to walk the room, through the night, after a short sleep, till about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning and then to lie down exhausted. Speaking of her to an opposite neighbour, I was told the same sad fact, and that they had often seen her walking to and fro at those hours, when illness in their little family caused them to be about in the early morning. I do not offer this as a solution of this singular affair, but I merely mention it among the other events.

"I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,  
 "The Rev. S. E. Bengough." "MARY PROPERT."

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

SIR,—The Magazine being the medium of conveying spiritual experience to a sceptical and unbelieving generation, I am induced to forward to you a startling and impressive evidence of direct connexion between this *physical* world, on which the thoughts of some minds are alone fixed, and that *spiritual* world in which those thoughts are searched, and where "judgment lingereth not."

Of the truth of my statement I have the testimony of an eye-witness, on whose veracity I have every reason to rely.

A young and wealthy Hungarian nobleman, captain in an Austrian regiment of hussars and Chamberlain to the Emperor, had, so soon as he became his own master, abandoned himself to all the vices, save that of drunkenness, to be found in the refined and voluptuous, but profligate, corrupt, and polluted city of Vienna; a gambler, a "beguiler of unstable souls" with "eyes full of adultery, sporting himself with his own deceivings." Actively alive to every novelty calculated to gratify an impure curiosity, he thought that in mesmerism he had discovered an endless source of new and varied excitement.

In the prosecution of his inquiries he learnt that a certain herb had been discovered, which, if administered previous to the mesmeric sleep, possessed the property of greatly intensifying clairvoyant action. The sale of this herb is, it seems, forbidden in Vienna. Through a noble relative, some was with difficulty procured from Paris.

Eager to test its influence he invited a celebrated mesmerist, and two brother officers, his most intimate friends, one of whom is my authority for this statement, to a *séance* at his quarters. Binding all to keep inviolably secret any governmental, social, or family transactions which might be revealed, and having written his instructions as to where his spirit should be conveyed; the herb was administered to him, and this bold aspirant was thrown into the mesmeric trance.

A variety of family incidents were disclosed by him, which should have been held sacred. St. Petersburg was visited, the palace of the Czar entered, and the private apartments minutely described, and the truth of the observations therein made, were subsequently confirmed by the attendant *aid-de-camp*.

Now came the final act of presumptuous blasphemy. His spirit was directed to enter the presence of its God! What followed no words can picture. This hardened, perverted, unsanctified reprobate—this impious scoffer—this atheist—threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of agonized horror. With piteous heart-rending cries he implored for mercy. The confession of an appalling amount of guilt and crime was poured out from his lips with a remorseful contrition, perfectly overwhelming.

With the utmost difficulty he was aroused from his rash and audacious trance, and conveyed by his dismayed companions to his bed, where for weeks he lay in abject contrition, on the very verge of madness. When at length capable of consecutive thought, he resigned his commission, transferred a large income to more deserving hands, and finally clothing himself in sackcloth he sought to expiate in sincere, self-abasing penitence, and subject to the rigours and solitude of the cloister, crimes to which his conscience had, through unrecognized spiritual influence, become thus providentially awakened.

Cheltenham.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
 R. B., F.R.S.

## NOTES OF EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sr.—The following notes may be suggestive to some readers, more particularly to those who are enquiring into the different modes by which the subject is approached. Up to the year 1851 I was a sceptic as to spiritual existence. In that, to me, memorable year, I was introduced to the subject of mesmerism, some of the phenomena of which were presented to me. I found that I myself could mesmerize to considerable effect, and was the means of curing several individuals of various long-standing ailments. Among my subjects was a young person in my own family, whom I shall designate as N—. I used to observe that, when in the mesmeric sleep, this young person frequently seemed to be engaged in conversation as if with unseen persons.

(One of my mesmeric friends, upon my mentioning this peculiarity to him, induced me that one of his subjects, also a young woman, presented similar phenomena. I invited him to call on me with her. A few evenings after she came but without him; and after a little friendly chat, was not unwilling to be put into the mesmeric sleep by a friend who was then with us, and who was fond of exhibiting the phenomena of *phreno-mesmerism*. No sooner was she in the mesmeric sleep than she exclaimed:—"I must leave you a little while to talk to my grandma," and glided at once into the adjoining room, which was unlighted, and fell on her knees with uplifted hands, and thus remained silent for a little while. She then rose in a most graceful attitude, and with hands outstretched, said:—"Dear grandma, I have come to meet you here." She talked scarcely audibly for several minutes, when my friend, surprised at a phenomenon new to him, approached to demesmerise her. She said:—"Your influence will not avail now! but do not feel alarmed, or I shall have headache when I awake." He asked—

"How long are you to be like this?"—"Until I have talked with all my friends."

"What about?"—"Don't speak, the subject is sacred. Leave me."

We returned to the next room, leaving her going through an apparent conversation with various persons, now playing as with a child, then reading a letter. The room being now nearly dark.

In about ten minutes she returned to the room in which we were, talked freely with us, still in her sleep, for about five minutes, when she abruptly said:—"I am now at your service."

"What do you mean?"—"You can wake me, or not, as you please."

My friend then went through with his original design of exhibiting the phenomena of *phreno-mesmerism*, until I could no longer bear with his thus playing with the subject—exciting tears or laughter at his pleasure—and I requested him to wake her. He did so: she returned to the ordinary state quite unconscious of what had transpired.

The next time I found my own subject, N—, talking with *her* invisible friends; I asked her—

"Who are you talking with?"—"I don't know: they are beautifully clothed and have beautiful features, such as I have never seen before."

On some occasions after this she said there were persons who wished to converse with me; and I did hold conversations with these unseen persons. The conversations they thus carried on through her, were at times instructive, at others inconsistent. Once I had been engaged in taking notes of one of these conversations, which had lasted about half an hour, declaredly from a friend long departed, the subject was abruptly stopped, and she said:—"If you expect any more, you are an old fool," and instantaneously passed into a state of cataleptic rigidity, out of which, by no effort, mental or physical, could I bring her. In a fit of despair I exclaimed, "Good God! what have I done? Never will I mesmerise again until I know more about it!" This exclamation was no sooner out of my mouth than her limbs relaxed, a beautiful smile came over her countenance, she rose from the sofa, and, taking my hand, said:—"You can wake me now;" she directed by what passes to do this. I made them, and in less than a minute she was in her ordinary state.

One day shortly after this, I had been reading in a newspaper about the rappings in America. The comments in the newspaper were in a tone of ridicule. The next time N—— was in the mesmeric sleep, I asked her:—

“What do you think about this spirit-rapping in America?”—“I’ll go and see,” she said.

“Oh, what nonsense!” said I.

“Do you suppose that the body in this state accompanies the mind?” asked N——.—“I know,” I replied, “that the mind and the body are not always together.”

“Give an instance of it,” said N——. sharply.—I said, “My mind is now at the old home: I look at my father in his old arm-chair; I see all the things I used to be so familiar with.”

“I understand you,” interrupted N——. “That is an instance; Now I will give you another by going to America. Do not attempt to control me; you need feel no alarm.”

I remained quiet, and so did she, for two hours, taking no notice of any person or thing, with one exception: the cat (of which she was fond, generally), came into the room, she immediately called out, although apparently in deep sleep—“Turn out the cat!” We did so, and she relapsed into silence. At the end of the time mentioned she beckoned to me. I approached.

“Well, what is it?”—“I have been”——

“Where?”—“To America. Where did I tell you I would go?”

“Well, have you enquired?”—“Yes; it is quite true.”

“Well, how do they rap?”—“Persevere; time will show.”

“What do they rap on?”—“Silly question! On anything: on you; on me; on the table. The people in America are partial to the rapping on the table.”

“But how can they understand it?”—“Easily. If I rap on the table here three times for ‘Yes,’ once for ‘No,’ and twice for ‘Doubtful,’ you could understand. But stop! you must not become too wise without effort.”

“What do you mean?”—“You want to get your knowledge too easily.”

“I desire to get all the knowledge I can. It may be of use to me in this life, and in the next, if there is another.”—“But you do not believe me.”

“I believe all that my convictions compel me to believe.”—“You want the conviction, and cannot tell what you believe or disbelieve. Within a month you will witness the phenomena in this room.”

“What phenomena?”—“The table-moving, turning, or rapping, whatever you like to call it.”

After she had answered questions on other topics she was restored to the ordinary state, perfectly ignorant of our conversation.

A fortnight after, in that room, after having mesmerized her as usual, I had brought her back to the normal state, and had then taken my seat in an easy chair, when this was pulled back from the fireside, and turned one third of a circle, stopping only by coming in contact with the door. N—— was still on the other side of the room. I looked round. Besides myself and N—— there was no one visibly present. It was mechanically impossible for any one from the next room to have done it.

From this day we obtained the raps whenever we sat at the table with that object,—raps of all kinds, single rapping as if from the fingers of a child, loud drumming as if from the fists of a man, raps as if from a multitude: sometimes they would beat a march; then we would have raps, not only on every part of the table, but in every part of the room; some as delicate as the ticking of a watch, others as loud as if made by kicks of horses. I invited numbers to come and witness phenomena so new. And as these demonstrations were made in association with intelligence more or less striking, some thought they were connected—though they could not explain how—with clairvoyance, and thought-reading on the part of the subject. I, well knowing that the intelligence exhibited was generally above that of N——, concluded that it was spiritual, and that she was merely an instrument or medium.

This exhibition of intelligence in connection with the rapping and moving of the table was, I found, as might be expected, most puzzling to my old sceptical friends. I remember going, soon after my attention was thus drawn to

this subject, with some whom I had induced to enquire into it, to Mrs. Hayden's. Among those present was Mrs. Crowe the author of the *Night Side of Nature*. It was intimated through the raps that the spirit of my mother was present. I required her name to be spelt: I asked a gentleman present, a stranger to me, to go over the alphabet to obviate any possible suggestion by pauses which I might unconsciously make in coming to the letters forming it. Some newspaper critics had offered this as a solution of the enigma, supposing that the medium observed the pause and then slyly kicked. A strange gentleman then went over the alphabet, and yet the letters forming my mother's name—a rather singular one—were successively and promptly rapped to. Others present said that the names of their deceased friends were also accurately given, a similar precaution being taken to prevent possible suggestion or collusion. When the circle broke up, the large square dining table, at which we had been sitting, moved about absolutely without contact of the medium, or of any one, in various directions, at the simple request of those present—backwards, forwards, to the right, to the left, diagonally, circularly—and this was continued for a quarter of an hour, until all were satisfied—none being nearer to it than eight or nine feet, and no chairs on the table—when there was a succession of raps all over the table like a petting shower of rain. Some one said that if the movements were caused by spirits the same agents might exert force against ours, and prevent us from moving it. Two of us then, inviting the spirits to use force against ours, tried to raise the table, but in vain; upon asking that the spirits should withhold their opposition, it could be raised by the two experimenters, but it was a heavy lift; with the spirit's aid, when requested, it was raised with ease by the tips of the fingers.

Dr. Ashburner used to favour us, at our own house, with an occasional visit. He brought one day with him a Mr. Home, a Member of Parliament. By the alphabet the name of Mr. Home's deceased wife was spelt. He asked for proof of identity, that the spirit would give by the raps the letters which were on the inner side of the ring then on his finger. Three letters were indicated, and Mr. H. handed the ring round; we saw that they corresponded with the letters so indicated. He said that his wife had presented the ring to him before marriage. It was also stated, through the table by means of the alphabet, when and where they were married, and where she had died. Among others who often came to us, was Robert Owen and several of his friends: his son, the Honorable R. D. Owen, was in London at this time, and he was an occasional visitor. One day he was accompanied by a friend, some American official of distinction; this gentleman averred his belief that the phenomena were produced by spiritual agency. The raps spelt out a name which he said was that of his son:—

"That I may know it is you, tell me where you died?" The answer was, by the same process—"At Naples."

"Of what did you die?"—"Malpractice."

"But what was your complaint?"—"Amputation."

"Where did you meet with your sad injury?"—"Vesuvius."

The gentleman told us that, while at Naples, his son had met with an accident in ascending Mount Vesuvius; his arm was crushed; amputation had been performed, but he did not rally; the operation might not have been well-performed, or, perhaps, at an improper time. Looking at his hand, the gentleman said:—

"What am I looking at now?"—"At the ring I gave you."

"Is there anything remarkable about this ring?"—"It was consecrated at Jerusalem."

This gentleman was much affected, and declared that these answers were correct to the facts.

I close here for the present.

Perhaps these experiences may be thought by some scarcely worth chronicling in presence of more striking ones now occurring in our metropolis. I may see something hereafter, which may enable me to give more cogent testimony. But what I have already witnessed has been of inestimable value to myself, in having opened to me an apparently infinite series of facts of the highest scientific value, but chiefly as having exhibited to me evidence of a life beyond



that of earth, thus leading me "through nature up to nature's God;" and into the long-untrodden paths of revealed religion.

I enclose my card, but withhold my name from this communication, for the reason that the society to which I am attached is not advanced enough, although under Royal designation, to recognize these phenomena: looking forward to the time when it will, and that speedily, I subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,

Yours in the truth,

London, May, 1860.

NOSCE TE-IPSUM.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Cambridge, May 29th, 1860.

SIR,—I am very glad you occasionally insert *old* facts as well as modern ones. If the enclosed extract from the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal* is acceptable, I may send others.

Yours, &c.,  
M. A.

*From the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," 1845, vol. 64, p. 166-168.*

The article from which the following extract is taken is a review of Dr. Binn's work on the "*Anatomy of Sleep*." After giving a very amusing instance of alarm caused by what seemed, at first, to be a supernatural sound, but which turned out to be neither more nor less than the escape of steam from a bottle of boiling "Epsom Salts," the reviewer proceeds thus:—

"The following case, however, is one of those very rare ones to which we have above alluded, as one of those whose explanation baffles the philosophic inquirer. The case, indeed, is almost the only authentic one to which we could refer; and as it occurred to a particular friend, and every circumstance was minutely inquired into at the time, the narrative is as authentic as such things can be. It may add to the interest of this case to state that it was communicated several years ago to Dr. Hibbert, after the publication of his work on apparitions, when he confessed that he could not explain it, in the same philosophic manner in which he was able to account for all others, and that it appeared to him more nearly to approach the supernatural.

"F. M. S— was passing through the Wolfridge wood at Alverston, one night about twelve o'clock, accompanied by his dog, a breed between the Newfoundland and mastiff, a powerful animal who feared neither man nor beast. He had a fowling-piece and a pair of pistols loaded, besides his sword, for he belonged to the Military School there, and had been out on a day's shooting. The road ran through the middle of the wood; and very nearly in the centre of the wood, at a part somewhat more open than the rest, there was a cross erected to point out the spot where a gamekeeper was murdered. The place had the reputation of being haunted, and the ghost, it was said, had been frequently seen. S— had frequently before this, passed this cross in the wood without seeing anything, and treated the story of the ghost so lightly, that he has, on more occasions than one, for a bet, gone there at midnight and returned without meeting anything excepting an occasional gamekeeper or poacher. This night, when he approached the open space in the wood, he thought he perceived, at the other end of the open spot, the indistinct form of a man, more indistinct however than usual. He therefore called his dog to his side (for previously it had been ranging about, barking furiously, and giving chase to the game it started), patted it on the head to make it keep a sharp look-out, and cocked his gun. His dog, on this, was all impatience. He challenged the figure, but no answer was returned. He then suspected it was a poacher, and prepared for an encounter, and directed the dog's attention to the figure, who answered by growling. He then kept his eyes steadily fixed on the figure, when, instantaneously it glided to within arm's length of him. He looked steadfastly in the face of the figure, which kept its eyes fixed on his. It made no noise or rustling on its approach. The face was ill-defined, but distinctly visible. He could not turn his eyes from those of the figure; he was fascinated, as it were, to the spot; he had no power in his frame; he felt no fear of bodily injury, but a certain

incredible kind of awe. His eyes were so fascinated by those of the figure that he did not observe the dress it appeared in, nor even its form. It looked calmly, and with a mild look, all the time of its appearance, which he does not think exceeded half a minute, when it suddenly became invisible. The form had faded before him about five minutes altogether.

The dog, which before this was furious, and growling, now stood crouched at his feet as if in a trance—his jaw fallen, his limbs quivering, his whole frame agitated and covered with a cold perspiration. After the form disappeared, he touched it, then spoke to it, without its seeming to recognize him, and it was only after a little while that it seemed to recover its senses. The whole way home, it never moved from his side, but kept close to his feet, nor did it offer to run after, or even take notice of the game which they started on their way home. It was a fortnight before it recovered from the fright, but never afterwards was the same lively animal. No persuasion could ever again induce that dog to enter the wood after nightfall, nor would it allow any of the family to enter it. When it was forced to pass the open spot by daylight, it would only do so with its master, always, however, exhibiting signs of fear, trembling all the time, and walking silently by his side. S— has frequently since passed the spot in the wood at the midnight hour, but has never again seen the figure. Before this occurrence, he had always treated with ridicule any stories about ghosts or spirits, but is now a firm believer in both."

This is almost the only recorded case known to us where the evidence is so strong, as to leave no other impression on the mind but that it was the appearance of some supernatural agency; and after having in vain endeavoured to explain it on any other supposition, we found ourselves forced to conclude with Hamlet, that:—"There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy!"

*Falls on the Boundary of another World.* By ROBERT DALE OWEN.

10,000 copies of this work have already been sold in the United States, and we hear that an English edition is being published by Messrs. Trübner. In *Cassell's Paper*, large extracts have been made from it, also in the *London Journal*, and in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*; and thus many of the most striking narratives have been circulated amongst a mass of readers, such as no other work of the kind has hitherto reached. We observe with regret, though without surprise, that *Cassell's Paper*, although giving Mr. Owen's narratives at full length, and noticing his declaration as to the care he has taken for their truth and perfect accuracy, publishes them under the head of "Popular Delusions." The gentleman who does that part of *Cassell's Paper*, acknowledges, as we should be prepared to hear, that he has not even looked into the subject, and we for that reason deprecate his allowing himself to treat of it under such a heading.

Mr. Owen, in a recent letter, says "I am really astonished at the favour with which, not exactly Spiritualism, but the general subject of interferences from another world in this, are received by the public throughout the United States. Of upwards of 100 notices in newspapers for every section of the Union, there are but seven which are unfavourable, and of these but one that is abusive or disrespectful, and that, in an infidel paper, not editorial but from a correspondent."

In England, on the contrary, the most abusive notices invariably proceed from the most orthodox and Christian journals; we presume because they, more than the others, more entirely misunderstand the scope and bearing of the subject, and are the most narrow in their creeds.

Mr. J. Rollin, M. Squire, the celebrated medium, whose name has been so frequently before our readers, was presented to Her Majesty, by the Honorable Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, at the Levee held on the 20th June.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND NON-SUBSCRIBERS.

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As we have intimated in our remarks on Mr. Punch, our work in conducting the *Magazine* is "a labour of love," but it promises now to become one of money also, in the inverse meaning of the words. In plain terms, the money with which we have been favoured in aid of the fund for gratuitous circulation of the *Magazine*, has been exhausted, and still we have six months of the year before us. This fund is a great assistance to the *Magazine*, as it enables us to publish a larger edition at a cheaper rate, and it is indeed necessary to supply the deficiencies which we foresaw from the beginning, in establishing such a publication as this in the teeth of all the prejudices of the day. We have accordingly throughout, begged for the generous assistance of those who think that the existence of such a periodical is likely to be of service in advocating the broad views of spiritual philosophy and religion.

We circulated several thousands of the preliminary prospectus, and in each number we have solicited subscriptions, and reported the receipts. Unfortunately, the latter has been a light part of our duty, for of the £43 5s. 6d., which is the total received, £25 was given by three friends, and all the rest of the friends of Spiritualism have hitherto mustered only the balance of £18 5s. 6d. If this were a true test of the interest they take in the publication, we should rather doubt of the result; but we think that they have hardly been aware of the necessity for a more united effort. We calculate that at the least £30 more will be required to arrive without loss at the end of the year, and to give the experiment a fair trial. We hope that such as are able and willing will contribute their little or much towards raising this sum. If we should fail in obtaining it from our friends, we shall be driven to ask *Punch* to get up a special subscription for us, which we have no doubt he will gladly do, that he may never be at a loss for materials for his good-natured fun.

We feel no shame in making this appeal, having before us the example of "the Clerical Fund and Poor Clergy Relief Society," which for the members of the richest church in the world, is now begging for the cast-off clothes of "the miserable sinners," to whom they have to preach on Sundays.

Subscriptions may be sent in postage stamps or Post-Office Order, to Mr. T. J. Allman, 5, Camden Road, London, N.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. I.]

AUGUST, 1860.

[No. 8.]

## FARTHER FACTS, BY DR. BLANK.\*

“ Jetzt erst erkenn' ich, was der Weise spricht :

‘ Die Geister Welt ist nicht verschlossen ;  
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt !  
Auf ! bade, Schüler, unverdrossen  
Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenroth ! ’ —Goëthe.

I HAVE been very much laughed at for my former record of facts (*Spiritual Magazine*, April 1860). My own brother has informed me that he does not believe one word of them. A valued friend refused to reprint them in his medical journal solely from regard to my reputation. Well! I must remember the old adage, *Magna est veritas*, and trust to its final victory.

In the meantime, I feel it due to science and to truth, without troubling myself about the consequences, to place the following FARTHER FACTS on record. I again pledge my word of honour to their strict accuracy. I have only recorded what I myself have verified and seen.

1. On the evening of the 18th June I had the opportunity, through the kind introduction of the editor of this Magazine, in company with my friend X, of witnessing the following phenomena, occurring through the mediumship of Mr. Home, in a private house of distinction in London.

The circle consisted of seven persons and Mr. Home. The *rops* came in about 10 minutes on the table—on the floor—about the room—the whole floor vibrated with a tremor. The table was then *lifted* from the ground about two feet, all our hands being placed on the surface, we standing the while, and one of the circle knelt on the ground and saw it so suspended. We were frequently and strongly *touched* as if by a hand, one after the

\* It is at our advice that Dr. Blank and his friend X conceal their names, for they are both in public positions, which in the present state of opinion, might be rendered untenable by them, were their names to be publicly canvassed. We do not append any observations in answer to the Doctor's remarks and disclaimers on the general subject of Spiritualism, as we should be only repeating those which we made at the foot of his article in April last. We commend to our readers the clear and truthful quiet mode in which these “ farther facts ” are narrated.

other. A *fragrance* as of strawberries all at once pervaded the room; cool breaths of air were wafted on our foreheads. A large *bell* was rung below the table and was then taken from the hand of the hostess of the evening, and placed, first in one of the visitors' hands, and then taken from his, and placed in the hand of X, and then taken out of it, and thrown below the table. The *accordion* played the most beautiful music in the hand of Mr. Home, and also while suspended alone, as verified by one of the circle, under the table. It was the largest accordion I ever saw; and one end was held by Mr. Home in one hand, the other hand being, as those of all present, on the table. I never heard anything more wondrous or unearthly than that music.

It was wonderful to hear how the echo gradually died away.

" O hark ! O hear ! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing."

The raps were continued from time to time in reply to questions put, &c.

*During all these phenomena six wax lights were burning in the room.*

It was then intimated by raps that the lights were to be put out, and the table moved into the window. There was the light of a summer night mixed with the street gas and enough to enable us distinctly to distinguish objects in the room, each other's faces, &c.

The curtain was drawn back, *not by any one present*, and the blind similarly pulled up and down, and the light thus regulated.

The accordion again played, and gently floated by itself through the air. It touched my forehead in passing. I then saw the table-cover moved by something under it, and having the shape and action of fingers.

In a few minutes X and I both distinctly twice saw, as did every one else present, a hand like that of a dark mulatto woman's rise up to the level of the table in the open unoccupied space between the table and the window, and take up a pencil laid on a piece of paper, and draw on it what afterwards we found to be a leaf and an eagle's head. *I am most positive, and so is X, that this hand belonged to no one in the room, that it could not by any possibility so belong.* Whether owned by angel, spirit, or demon, I know not.

2. On the 15th of June, accompanied by X, I went to Mrs. Marshall's, 22, Red Lion-street, in company with a strong believer and professor of Spiritualism, which by the way, I beg distinctly to say, neither X nor I are. We are simply testing certain asserted facts, which appear to us to open a way, if true, to farther discovery of the subsisting relations between spirit

and matter. We neither desire nor look for any new revelations. We are not sceptics, and owe our faith to the teaching of the Church of our baptism, not to that of these eccentric phenomena.\* The foolish zeal and crude theories of some of the professors of Spiritualism, whom I have met, makes me very desirous thus broadly to separate myself from them. Moreover, I have no share and less sympathy with the conversions from infidelity said to be the fruit of Spiritualism. "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.—St. Luke xvi., 31.

To revert to my narrative. At this meeting at Mrs. Marshall's, which was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the raps after we sat down were loud and all about the table, on the floor and under the boards.

We asked if any spirit was present, who knew any of us? If X?—No. If myself?—Yes. Would he spell out his name?—Yes. To my amazement the name in full of my late father was spelt out. I asked as a test the name of my present and former place of residence—of a guest I had left at home; each of which questions were distinctly answered. It was spelt out that, in five weeks I should become a writing-medium, and that I should thereby cure a patient of the name of Sumners. No such person has as yet placed himself under my care.

3. On the evening of the 4th of July, I was present with my friend X at a circle held in Cecil-street, Strand, at which were present two ladies, from the country town, who had asked me to enable them to witness some of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Mrs. Marshall and her niece were present as mediums. I arranged with them for their attendance; but of course, without giving any clue or hint as to who were to be present. I had also invited two members of my own profession, but they were prevented by unexpected engagements from coming.

\* "In surveying this new world of thought opened to him by the physical manifestations here recorded, the writer feels it due to his position distinctly to state that he does not accept the interpretation which the American sect, terming themselves Spiritualists, place on these phenomena. He does not believe that the raps, and table-tiltings, and strange fantastic freaks, which he here records, are the acts of the spirits of the departed, nor of their efforts to communicate with the living. Still less is he prepared to receive the doctrine that the trashy and unwholesome evangelical dicta, enunciated by medium-writing and raps, are communications from the Spirit of God, in support of the truth of Revelation. It is his opinion that the doctrines of the Spiritualists, as set forth in their American English writings, tend, in the few instances in which they soar above vulgar materialist teaching of the most objectionable kind. It is not the writer's intention here to enter into this wide question; only in recording his belief in the physical manifestations here related, the writer has felt it due to himself, as a member of the Church of England, to guard against the implication of thereby endorsing the opinions of the American professors, who have related and theorised on such manifestations."—*Facts*, by Dr. Blank.—*Spiritual Magazine*, April, 1860.

We formed, therefore, a circle of six, and sat down about 8 o'clock. In a very few minutes raps were heard on the table, and also on the floor. The raps on the floor were loud, and sounded as if they were some three feet distant from the circle. My friend X enquired if any spirit known to us were present. The alphabet was asked for, and the name of the younger lady present, whom I shall call B, was spelt out. The spirit was asked to spell his name. He gave that of the late curate of the parish where these ladies reside. He had died about a year ago, and I may add, that some tender passages had passed between him and the lady B, whose name was spelt out.\* The alphabet was used by X, who was not then acquainted with these facts or with the late curate's name. I then asked the spirit to spell out his mother's name (which I did not know), and which was done correctly. B then asked him if he had any message for her. By the use of the alphabet she spelt out "*The Lord has received my soul into his love.*"

The dresses of both the ladies were pulled, and they were touched on the leg, and were made very naturally rather nervous. I asked the spirit the name of his late parish; of his rector; of the day of the week on which he always dined with B.'s family; of the place where he had last seen B. All these were correctly given. We tried the date of his death, but we had no numerals to work with, and this experiment failed.

Mrs. Marshall pressed for the spirit to shew his hand. He said, by the alphabet, that *he could not because it would kill*—. At this word the ladies both rushed out of the room, extremely frightened, and they did not return.

X and I continued the *séance*, getting some of the ordinary manifestations of bell ringing, of moving the table, but not of that satisfactory character which marked the phenomena I have recorded, as occurring in Mr. Home's presence. We had, however, several very curious answers by the alphabet to questions relating to deceased relations of our own.

4. On the evening of the 7th July, we had a second *séance* in Cecil-street with the same party, with the addition of a clergyman, who had been fellow curate of the deceased gentleman, who gave his name on the former occasion. Again, the name of the lady I have termed B was spelt out, and his own. He then spelt out the name of his late fellow curate C, and continued for an hour to answer a number of questions relating to past events in their parish. The pet name he gave to B was spelt out, he said that a ring he had given to her was now in the

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\* This gentleman had often during life said that if he died first, he would appear to the lady of his love.

possession of C, &c., &c. He spelt out that he would show his hand, if B would sit next the vacant space. This she refused to do, and left the room. A piece of paper laid on the table was moved off while all hands were on the surface. The raps were very loud and varied—sometimes like the knocking of a hammer. Those present were touched on the leg, on their dress, &c. When asked if he had any message for C, it was spelt out by the alphabet "*the Lord has much for you to do to bring all creeds to a union with Christ.*"

There was thus under the careful scrutiny of X and myself, and in our own lodging, and not in Mrs. Marshall's house, a repetition on two nights of some of most remarkable phenomena of Spiritualism\* so called.

There were the raps and knocks, loud, varied, and intelligent, replying to questions, of which the medium had no knowledge; there were movements of the table and the tiltings, and those present were frequently touched. *Whence this power?* I know not. I simply record these experiences in the hope that others may further study the phenomena. All I here positively state is that we were not the dupes of any trick; that there was neither place nor opportunity for conjuring.

5. Again on the evening of the 8th, just after writing the above record, I was asked by a friend, Y, to whom I had related the previous day's experience, to accompany him to Mrs. Marshall's rooms, 22, Red Lion-street. We found her sitting with two ladies. We joined the circle, and it was afterwards increased by the addition of two gentlemen. The table moved; we were touched on the leg, and the raps loud and varied and intelligent were again repeated. The late country curate intimated his presence. I asked where B was? Was she at the theatre? He replied, No. Where? At ———; giving the name of the parish where she resides. I had that afternoon seen her off by the train.

Towards the end of the evening, we asked if the hands could be shewn. We were placed in a circle, and we occupied two-thirds of the table—one-third was by direction (by the alphabet) left open for the hand to appear. The gentleman at the point nearest the hand felt it touching him, placing the bell, which was put on the floor on his knee, and at last, I distinctly saw a luminous body like the back of a hand on the horizon of the table. The room had the mixed light of a summer's evening, and the reflected gaslight from the street. I cannot, however, say that this manifestation of the hand had anything

\* I use this term throughout as an understood word, not as myself in any way accepting the theories implied by some of its professors when they use it.



like the certainty or distinctness of what I saw the evening I spent with Mr. Home.

6. I have also had another opportunity of testing Mr. Squire's physical manifestations: it was at a large party of eleven. The writing was again obtained under the table; but it was neither much, nor entirely satisfactory, at least to me.

On the other hand, Mr. Squire repeated the wonderful phenomena of lifting a table, 70 lbs. weight (as I recorded in my former facts) on to his head, his own hands being tied together, and one of the party standing beside him to watch his movements. Also his feet being tied to a chair, he lifted the same table twice over his head on to the bed, his right hand being held by one of the party. Both these acts were unfortunately done in complete darkness.

*Remarks.*—The question of how far the spirits of the departed, or other forms of spiritual life can influence the events of life, or how far we can influence them, is just as legitimate an object of philosophical enquiry as any researches Mr. Faraday may make in the subject of electricity. Both enquiries must alike be tested by facts and evidence; and to meet with ridicule the faithful record of such facts is simply a foolish way of avoiding a troublesome subject. Unless, indeed, those who ridicule all enquiry into spiritual phenomena are prepared to adopt the Epicurean theory,

“Sapias, vine liques, et spatio brevi  
*Spem longam reseces,*”\*

and so be content calmly to live for material objects and discoveries, they cannot in any fairness refuse to bring to the test of experiment phenomena such as I have here recorded.

A very different measure of respect is due to another class of objectors who admit, as it were, the truth of the facts asserted, but viewing them as simply unholy dealings with familiar spirits, refuse further to prosecute the enquiry. So far from blaming this frame of mind, I am rather disposed to sympathize with it. Such is, however, not the tone of our modern physical philosophers; they are troubled with no such scruples. It is because these phenomena transgress the laws which they have given to the universe, that they refuse to investigate this truth. With the theological scruples of those who view these researches as unholy, modern philosophers have avowedly no sympathy.

If I were to record in the *Lancet* any remarkable facts

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\* “Be wise, your spirit firing  
With cups of tempered wine  
And hopes afar aspiring  
In compass brief confine.”

*Theodore Martin's Translation.*

observed by me bearing, for example, on the influence of particular drugs on the emotions, my facts would be taken by the majority of the readers of that periodical as true, and they would be disposed, as occasion offered, to apply my results in their own practice. The few who investigate truth would, I believe, test my supposed facts, starting with the presumption that there was some truth in my narrative. I do not believe that any one would purely and simply deny, as impossible, wild and ridiculous any medical facts, such as I have supposed, which I might publish in the *Lancet* as having been observed by myself, however much they might question and dissent from any theory I might be disposed to build upon my facts.

*For the facts which I here record I claim the same privilege.* My whole professional education has been devoted to enabling me to test physical evidence. If it has not produced this result it has been a failure, however many learned questions on the ontologies I may have been able, in the Cambridge Senate House, to answer. Now I boldly claim for the facts I have here recorded, that their evidence has been carefully tested by me and my friend X, and that we have not been the victims of a clever fraud or trick.

On the other hand, I entirely disclaim any share in the theories which the professors of Spiritualism seek to build upon these facts. I neither believe the evidence sufficient to prove that the dead in the Lord can pass from Hades to the under surface of my dining table, nor do I think that if they came they would confine themselves to the enunciation of mild evangelical common-places, such as any Methodist preacher would garnish and end his weary discourse with. I have other thoughts and hopes of the glories eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; and I cannot barter them away for this rubbish.

Moreover, coming to these facts as a faithful student of truth, not as a partizan, I feel bound to remark on the small results which they offer. Mr. Squire can lift a 70lb. table on his head—his hands being tied the while—or turn it a somerset over his head on to the bed. He can also get raps on the table by which he can spell out some common-place evangelical phrases. Beyond this he is not a whit better or wiser than he was before, but remains an ordinary human editor of a weekly American paper which in no way surpasses the *Saturday Review* written, *inter alios*, by Cambridge men versed in the philosophy of the schools, though ignorant and doubting of the mysteries of Spiritualism. Again, Mrs. Marshall remains with all her mediumship, a stout, elderly, respectable woman, but destitute alike of acquirements or knowledge. *These wonderful spiritual phenomena do not therefore appear to lead to or impart any knowledge.*

Now, this is certainly a great difficulty, and one frequently

urged by the opponents of Spiritualism. Why do these spirits teach you nothing?—they neither make you wiser nor better. To what good the enquiry? I am not defending the theories of Spiritualism, and I do not feel called upon to examine these difficulties, whose existence I fully see and acknowledge. *This narrative is simply a record of facts observed by myself.* I desire to cast them on the broad waters of science, that haply some traveller thereon may take them up and fit them into their appointed place in the Great Master's inscrutable scheme of creation. In the meanwhile, I would humbly with Goëthe say,

“Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,  
Da kiener dich ergründen mag,  
Und alle deine hohen Werke  
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

I conclude with the following propositions :

1. In the presence of a medium, raps on and about the table, on the floor, on the walls of the room, do occur without the intervention of any physical agent. These raps are variable in their sound and intensity. Sometimes they appear to come between the joists of the floor.
  2. These raps and knocks are, moreover, intelligent. By their aid, and the simple use of the alphabet, names and facts are spelt out with which the medium had no knowledge, and which are accurately true.
  3. The table at such circles is frequently moved and tilted, and suspended in the air without any visible agency, and other articles of furniture are similarly moved.
  4. A shadow hand—not that of any one present—is sometimes formed, which places a bell on the table, or lifts a pencil laid on a piece of paper and writes with it.
  5. During these *séances* most wonderful music is played on an accordion without any human agency; and those present may be frequently touched and grasped round the leg, their dress pulled, &c., &c.
  6. The evidence of direct writing without human intervention is related on high authority. I have not had an opportunity or any occasion, on which I have seen it, of quite satisfying myself of the impossibility of producing it otherwise than by the agency of the spirits.
  7. Like all new truths, these facts are apt to be enlarged by their professors. Spiritualism is a tempting field for fraud, and one of its most earnest professors, Mr. Jones of Peckham, informed me that he had more than once detected such attempts on the part of persons supposed to be mediums.
- I fear, however, this is a sin of poor human nature, and must not be laid to the special charge of any class.

## SPIRITUALISM AND MIRACLES.

THERE is one side of Church history which fully deserves, but which, as far as we know, has as yet failed to obtain, a separate chronicle. There exists no distinct record of the successive assaults which have been made on Christianity by open and avowed enemies of the faith. Yet such a history might prove of no little service in teaching Christian advocates what has been the secret of some of their past discomfitures, while it might inspire them with assured confidence of their eventual success in any future contests. Different ages and different countries have furnished bands of assailants equipped with very different weapons, and requiring to be encountered with corresponding methods of defensive warfare. Time was, when Truth had no more formidable foes than fiendish cruelty and brutal scorn, when the entire physical forces of the so-called civilized world rallied around their Divus Imperator to crush and annihilate with mere material incubus the soldiers of the cross. *Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesie* was the martyrs' motto. They conquered by suffering. And when once the victory had been achieved, it is marvellous with what kingly dignity the Truth retained unquestioned supremacy over the souls of men. The powers of darkness dared not assail it openly, so they were driven to hide the light they could not extinguish—to poison the waters of life which they were not able to cut off. For more than a thousand years we hear of scarcely one open and avowed attack upon the citadel of faith. Outworks may indeed be here and there thrown down, and single deserters from the Christian camp go wandering out into the gloomy waste of unbelief: but not until the reaction from the uncontrolled fervours and narrow dogmatism of the Reformation systems of theology, were Christians again confronted with a banner of defiance, likely to arrest the attention of the world. To note in order of time the various trumpet blasts of infidelity would be scarcely possible, for some were contemporaneous. Political France put her anti-Christian schemes to the test in the Revolution of '89, but they were found wanting. Christianity was implanted too deeply in the social life of France to be rooted out, even by so terrible an experiment. Long time Germany has been trying to extinguish Christianity metaphysically. And learned professors have proved very satisfactorily to them, if to no one else, that the very idea of God is a contradiction and absurdity. England has done her part too. She is not much given to political theories or metaphysical speculation, but she is the nursing mother of physical science, or wisdom of this world,

which like other wisdoms has proved to some a hindrance to the knowledge of God.

We intend in this paper to make a few observations on certain sceptical objections prevalent amongst us, induced by a study of the laws of nature, and directed mainly against that very large portion of revelation which is closely implicated with the miraculous. To ourselves it appears to be a subject on which Spiritualism will be acknowledged to throw much light at no very distant date.

Hume, we imagine, was the first to enunciate in a neat logical shape, an argument directed against miracles, founded on the unalterable nature of our experience of physical laws, as contrasted with the fallibility of human testimony. Happily we need not stay now to examine his world-famous method of reasoning, for it has become obsolete.

It is acknowledged to be so even by those who, like Hume, argue on the ground of natural philosophy that a miracle is incredible. Thus, the late Mr. Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry, referring to Hume's Essay, says, "If nothing is to be believed contrary to 'experience,' every new fact must be denied. The question really turns upon far wider and higher considerations. If for the word 'experience' Hume had substituted 'analogy,' or something to the same effect, the question would have presented itself under a very different aspect; and it would have been manifest that we must recur to evidence of a far higher kind in order to its determination. The real question does not relate to the evidence of the senses, but of reason: not to experience, in the limited sense of the word, but to the general ground of our convictions, and turns essentially on the views we have arrived at, of *the order of the natural world, and the chain of physical causation.*"

In the series of essays from which the above is quoted, entitled *The Order of Nature*, Mr. Powell traces with great ability the gradual growth of the idea of a cosmos. This may be described in his own words, as the universal conviction of the unflinching subordination of everything to *some* grand principles of law, however imperfectly apprehended or realized in our partial conceptions, and the successive subordination of such laws to others of still higher generality, and constituting the true chain of universal causation which culminates in the sublime conception of the cosmos. "It is in connection" (he adds) "with the enlarged view of universal, immutable, natural order, that I have regarded the narrow notions of those who obscure the sublime prospect, by imagining so unworthy an idea as that of occasional interruptions in the physical economy of the world."

: We will now state, in as few words as possible, the way in

which Mr. Powell brings this cosmical conception to bear on the subject of miracles. His chain of reasoning is as follows:—The very idea of Nature is that of order. Science can only regard physical phenomena as forming part of this order. Even if science could suppose this order to terminate anywhere, such a termination would not be in the supernatural, but in “darkness, anarchy, atheism.” Miracles derive all their force from the supposition that they are the action of the Divine Being. But any *à priori* knowledge we may obtain of God, proves Him to be a God of order. Nature can teach us nothing of God except by the law revealed there; therefore, miracles or interpretations of order could not prove His presence, and the sooner a separation takes place between revelation proper, and miraculous adjuncts, the better for religion and for science also.

It is impossible for any one conversant with natural science not to feel in some measure the weight of this mode of reasoning. The argument is not now propounded for the first time, but long ago it produced an ample harvest of scepticism. As Mr. Powell reminds us, Sir Humphry Davy was induced by his love of natural order and by his unwillingness to believe in its infraction, to explain away the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves recorded in the Gospels; and the same feeling gave birth to that school of rationalists in Germany which commenced with their partial comments of Semler in the last century, and terminated with the more complete theory of Paulus in the present. It appears also that Strauss, on the failure of the earlier rationalist scheme of interpretation, formed his mythic theory of the Gospel narrative, from aversion to the miraculous, induced by scientific pursuits. And we must not forget that opinions which find exact expression in the theoretic systems of philosophy have their reflexion among the masses in dumb but strong convictions. And these in the words of Strauss, cause the assertion of a supernatural manifestation or immediate divine agency in actual life to be at once attributed to ignorance or imposture. Mr. Powell's own book, together with the lately published volume of “Reviews and Essays” by divers hands, proves with how much favour these views are entertained by eminent members of the Church of England. Moreover, such considerations as we have just adverted to, have induced Christian advocates considerably to modify the laws once commonly employed with reference to miracles. The most serious inquirers into this subject have agreed in the necessity for having recourse to some wider principles than the old assumption of suspensions of the laws of matter. Bishops Butler and Watson, Dean Lyall, Dr. Arnold, Dr. Pye Smith, and others, agree at least in supposing miracles rather to be parts of some more comprehensive system. It is

plain then, that these divines perceive the existence of a difficulty, viz. the apparent infraction of order, by a God of order—and the question remains, whether their mode of getting over the difficulty is satisfactory. We wish that we could think so. To ask us to believe in some possible more comprehensive system of laws which a particular set of physical miracles may fit into, is a very large demand upon our faith. We might, indeed, be willing to yield to it rather than give in to mythical, naturalistic, or we know not what theories of the Gospel, but such a concession involves a painful conflict between faith and reason, which seems hardly in accordance with the will of God. We have not yet fully stated the difficulty which attends this view of Protestant controversialists. Such dwell upon human testimony *mainly*, as the ground of their belief in Bible miracles, and yet they are obliged by their theory to reject, as illusion or imposture, all soi-disant miraculous events which are not recorded in the Old Testament or do not come within one short epoch—say the Apostolic age, and that immediately succeeding. Let testimony, however strong, be adduced to the marvels occurring in apparent attestation of Popish dogmas, or for some equally unworthy object, and this testimony is at once rejected as purely worthless. And what is the natural and too frequent consequence? An unhealthy suspicion of the value of all testimony is begotten in the mind, and a rejection of Romish miracles is followed by a disbelief of those recorded in the Bible, or else by a half-hearted insincere acceptance of them. There appears, then, two notable flaws in the ordinary mode of encountering those positivist theories, of which Mr. Powell is so able an exponent. First, it does violence to our judgment by obliging us, without sufficient reason, to regard a few isolated facts as parts of a universal system of order; and, secondly, it does much to depreciate that very human testimony on which the value of those facts depends. If positivism is to be dispossessed of the stronghold which, under other names, it certainly has upon the public mind; if Christian miracles are again to obtain a reverent acceptance, they must be defended by something more reliable than any mere conjecture.

It appears to us, that instead of isolating a few marvellous phenomena and drawing an impossible line around them, we should endeavour by careful induction to arrive at some general principle or laws, under or according to which the extraordinary events, commonly called miracles, may be duly ranged. Noticing, for instance, how many of the Gospel miracles consist of the removal of disease by some invisible agency proceeding from man, we might look for intimations of the employment of this agency in different periods of the world's history. We

should possibly, in this way, become convinced of the existence of a law of life in its relation to disease underlying no less the wonderful powers exerted by Christ and his Apostles than those displayed by other privileged exercises of similar, if not the same, "gifts of healing" in other ages of the world. Or, again, the narrative of the release of St. Peter from prison by the aid and co-operation of an angel, might give less shock to our materialism had we fairly considered the number of well-attested instances in which a visitant from the other world has rescued our fellow-mortals from actual or impending danger.\* We might, in other ways apply this principle; but enough has already been said to illustrate our meaning, and we fear, to give scandal to some of our readers.

"What is this," it will be said, "but to adopt the naturalistic theory of Paulus in another shape, to bring divine mysteries down to a level with the questionable practices of charlatan doctors, and to degrade angelic ministrations by comparing them with modern ghost stories." The mere sneer at animal magnetism and supernatural phenomena implied in such current phraseology we pass by with simple regret; but we must aver that our interpretation of the miracles is not naturalistic. Naturalism, while it distorted the Gospel narrative in the most virulent manner, entirely destroyed the real character of the miracles, and converted them into mere deception or illusion. We would remark further, that because the working of the same law is acknowledged in two events, each event is not thereby placed on the same level. As runs a well known verse—

"The self-same law which moulds the tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course."

Yet these two events are by no means equal in importance. Again, the diamond incrustated with clay and embedded in its native soil is diamond still. But it does not flash back the radiance of the sun, as the signet of the monarch, until it is fitly

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\* The recorded appearance of a hand upon the wall in the presence of the Prophet Daniel, and the restraining influence said to have been exercised in his behalf upon the fierce instinct of the lion, doubtless give offence to many modern readers of the Prophet; but both of these marvels would probably find their parallels in what is called profane history, if a diligent search were made for some analogous events. Certain it is that human hands unattached to any body of flesh have been said to manifest themselves to the eyes of some even of this sceptical generation—and that by the most sober, intelligent, matter-of-fact people. And the effect of some apparently spiritual presence upon the nervous organisation of irrational animals is also, we believe, a well-attested fact. Here we have four different kinds of supernatural occurrences mentioned in Scripture, to which parallels are found in secular history. Is it not at least a probable hypothesis that some general law connects them all together?



polished and set in gold. Thus we may acknowledge some pagan oracles and prodigies to be not wholly the invention of priestcraft. We may think that all the curious phenomena related in the lives of Romish saints can scarcely be pure fictions. We may regard with awful wonder occurrences witnessed by thousands of late years in America and England, together with the spiritual prodigies which attended the religious revival in Ireland. And we may trace analogies between these things and some Bible miracles, without at all detracting from the exclusive glory of the latter. The peculiar circumstances under which these latter were wrought were as the setting of the jewel which rendered it worthy to be used as the signet of the king. *Per se* they were wonders only: in their peculiar connection they were "SIGNS also" which "manifested forth His glory."

Unless we feared to weary our readers, we might show in detail how closely Spiritualism in one form or another is allied with that revelation of His will which God has vouchsafed to us in the Bible. We are content, however, to have thrown out one or two hints on its possible relation to perhaps the most active cause of unbelief in the present day. A numerous class of unwilling sceptics are sorely "troubled in mind," through doubting the possibility of any spiritual influence affecting the material world. To such, an investigation of Spiritualism may prove of quite inestimable value.

S. E. B.

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### WHAT WAS IT?\*

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ONE day, some fifteen years ago, I went from the place of my abode to see some friends who resided in the fen districts of Norfolk. They were persons whom I knew, not merely well but intimately. They were two brothers who had married two sisters. Their houses were one mile and a quarter apart, but standing on the same road, and with only two or three other habitations intervening. The road was a straight, bare, open road, like what is so often to be seen in the fens, and used chiefly and almost exclusively by the occupants of the few farms alongside of it. The house at which I was visiting stood about ten yards from the edge of the road. The day was fine and clear—a day in March. About four o'clock in the afternoon I stood at the window, and looking up the road I said, "Here is

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\* This anecdote is furnished to us by the narrator, who is a minister and author of high repute.

your brother coming." My host advanced to the window and said, "Oh yes, here he is; and see, Robert has got Dobbin out at last." Dobbin was a horse which, on account of some accident, had not been used for some weeks. The lady also looked out at the window and said to me, "And I am so glad, too, that my sister is with him. They will be delighted to find you here."

I recognized distinctly the vehicle in which they rode, as being an open one, also the lady and the gentleman, and both their dress and their attitudes.

Our friends passed at a gentle pace along the front of the window, and then turning with the road round the corner of the house they could no longer be seen. After a minute my host went to the door and exclaimed, "Why, what can be the matter! They have gone on without calling, a thing they never did in their lives before. What can be the matter!"

Five minutes afterwards, while we were seated by the fireside, the parlour door opened, and there entered a lady of about twenty-five years of age; she was in robust health and in full possession of all her senses, and she was possessed besides of a strong common sense. She was pale, and much excited, and the moment she opened the door she exclaimed, "Oh, aunt, I have had such a fright. Father and mother have passed me on the road without speaking. I looked up at them as they passed by, but they looked straight on and never stopped nor said a word. A quarter of an hour before, when I started to walk here, they were sitting by the fire; and now what can be the matter? They never turned nor spoke, and yet I am certain that they must have seen me."

Ten minutes after the arrival of this lady, I, looking through the window up the road, said, "But see, here they are coming down the road again."

My host said, "No; that is impossible, because there is no path by which they could get on to this road, so as to be coming down it again. But sure enough, here they are, and with the same horse! How in the world have they got here?"

We all stood at the window, and saw pass before us precisely the same appearance which we had seen before—lady and gentleman, and horse and carriage. My host ran to the door and exclaimed, "How did you get here! How did you get on to the road to be coming down here again now!"

"I—get on the road! What do you mean? I have just come straight from home."

"And did you not come down the road and pass the house, less than a quarter of an hour ago?"

"No," said the lady and gentleman both. "This is the first time that we have come down the road to-day."

"Certainly," we all said, "you passed these windows less

than a quarter of an hour ago. And, besides, here is Mary, who was on the road and saw you."

"Nonsense," was the answer. "We are straight from home, as you may be very sure. For how could you have seen us pass by before when you did see us coming down now?"

"Then you mean to say that really you did not pass by here ten or fifteen minutes ago?"

"Certainly; for at that time probably, we were just coming out of the yard, and starting to come here."

We all of us remained much amazed at this incident. There were four of us who had seen this appearance, and seen it under such circumstances as apparently precluded any possibility of our having mistaken some casual passengers for our intimate friends. We were quite satisfied that we had really not seen our bodily friends pass down the road that first time when we thought that we saw them. As for myself, I was sure that it was not they; and yet hardly could I help feeling that it could have been no persons else.

"There is an old saying about keeping a thing ten years, and then finding a use for it. This curious experience of mine is as vivid in my mind as though it were of yesterday. Is it of use as illustrating mistakes as to identity, or is it rather a singular instance of what is called Second Sight?"

M.

## SPIRITUAL APPARITIONS.

PROBABLY, no phase of Spiritualism has been so universal, or so generally credited, as that of the occasional appearance of departed spirits to persons living in the natural world. It enters into sacred and classical as well as modern literature. Indeed, it may well be doubted if there is any people in whose religion and literature some trace of this belief may not be found. "That the spirits of the dead might and did appear," says Dr. Adam Clark, "was a doctrine held by the greatest and holiest men that ever existed, and a doctrine which the cavillers, *free-thinkers*, and *bound-thinkers* of different ages have never been able to disprove."

It is true that since the days of Voltaire this belief has sensibly declined. The philosophy of the Encyclopædists has exercised, especially over *litterati* and men of science, a considerable influence during more than half a century. With them, in general, the belief in spirits, and still more the belief in their occasional appearance and agency, has long been a pretty safe

subject for a sneer,—the mention of a “ghost” a sort of razor-strop on which to sharpen their wits; and every educated person, under peril of contempt for ignorance and superstition, has had to join in their merriment, or maintain a discreet silence. Popular writers, and even theologians and churches have been awed and educated into acquiescence, as is evident in the altered attitude of theological as well as popular literature in relation to this subject since the latter part of the eighteenth century.

What that attitude generally has been, and still is, we well know; but it is well to keep in mind that the incredulity of this period is exceptional; the causes of it are not difficult to trace, and the signs of its decline are already manifest. In the last century the spiritual belief was held by such men as Dr. Johnson and Judge Blackstone, Addison and Goldsmith, Wesley and Swedenborg, Watts and Doddridge. In his well-known *Rasselas*, Dr. Johnson, in his usual sententious way, says:—

That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, in reprobating an excessive and foolish credulity concerning the supernatural, remarks:—

At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the report of all historians—sacred and profane, ancient and modern—and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion.

And Dr. Watts, in his *Essay toward a Proof of a Separate State of Souls between Death and the Resurrection*, observes:

At the conclusion of this chapter, I cannot help taking notice (though I shall not just mention it), that the multitude of narratives which we have heard of in all ages of the apparitions of the spirits or ghosts of persons departed from this life, can hardly be all delusion and falsehood. Some of them have been affirmed to appear upon such great and important occasions as may be equal to such an unusual event; and several of these accounts have been attested by such witnesses of wisdom, prudence and sagacity, under no distempers of imagination, that they may justly demand a belief. . . . . And indeed the Scripture itself seems to mention such sort of ghosts or appearances of souls so departed. Matt. xv. 26: When the disciples saw Jesus walking on the water, ‘they thought it had been a spirit;’ and Luke xxiv., 37: After his resurrection they saw him at once appearing in the midst of them, and they supposed they had seen a spirit. And our Saviour doth not contradict their notion, but argues with them upon the supposition of the truth of it—‘A spirit hath not flesh and blood as you see me have.’ And Acts xxiii. 8th and 9th verses, the word ‘spirit’ seems to signify

the 'apparition of a departed soul,' where it is said, 'The Sadducees say there no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit;' and verse 9, 'If a spirit or an angel had spoken to this man,' &c. A spirit here is plainly distinct from an angel, and what can it mean but an apparition of a human soul which has left the body?

Again, as an illustration of the tone of thought, and in proof that "ghost-stories" were related and credited in what is called "good society" in the latter half of the eighteenth century, take the following picture sketched from life by Boswell. In his *Life of Johnson*, there is this entry:—

On Friday, April 10 (1772) I dined with him (Johnson) at General Oglethorpe's, where we found Dr. Goldsmith.

The subject of ghosts being introduced, Johnson repeated what he had told me of a friend of his, an honest man, and a man of sense (Mr. Cave, the printer, founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine*), having asserted to him that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother, the Reverend Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us that Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French, that after it was over and Prendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him where was his prophecy now. Prendergast gravely answered, 'I shall die, notwithstanding what you see.' Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocket-book the following solemn entry:—(Here the date.) 'Dreamt, or ——\* Sir John Friend meets me' (here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned). Prendergast had been connected with Sir John Friend, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil, when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel.

We are aware that men of science have written many volumes, and will probably write many more, to explain away all spiritual apparitions as hallucinations, optical illusions, and the like. All honour to them for their information on these interesting matters—information useful certainly, but which, in relation to this theme, is often (like Don Diego's sonnet to his mistress) very good in its way, but very little to the purpose. We know that the imagination may convert natural objects into phantoms; that refraction and reflection of the atmosphere, violent excitement, delirium, brain disease, &c., will cause illusions, and invest phantasms with all the semblance of reality; or, as Dr. Ferriar tells us, will exhibit to the mind "the forms of objects that have no external prototype." But beyond, and differing in kind from these, are facts, classes of facts, which natural philosophy and physiology cannot explain. Nor is it unimportant that those who have had the twofold experience of spectral illusion and spiritual vision speak most absolutely as to their totally different nature.

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\* Here was a blank, which may be filled up thus: "Was told by an apparition,"—the writer being probably uncertain whether he was asleep or awake, when his mind was impressed with the solemn presentiment with which the fact afterwards happened so wonderfully to correspond.—Boswell.

Mrs. Hauffe, the seeress of Prevorst, told Dr. Kerner, almost with her dying breath, "That during her fever, she often saw visions, all sorts of forms passed before her eyes, but *it was impossible to express how entirely different these ocular illusions were to the real discerning of spirits*; and she only wished other people were in a condition to compare these two kinds of perception with one another, both of which were equally distinct from our ordinary perception, and also from that of the second sight."

It would, indeed, be very difficult to conceive by what possible means a spirit could satisfy some minds of its actual presence.\* "Suppose," says the Rev. Charles Beecher, "a departed spirit, the wife of Oberlin, for example, were permitted to attempt to converse with her husband—not to establish a new revelation—not to display divine power, but merely to exercise such potentiality as might pertain to a disembodied spirit, for her own and her husband's edification and satisfaction. How could she do it in face of the apneumatic theories. She speaks to him, moves his furniture, touches his dress, his person;—all automatic action of some brain *en rapport* with that locality. She sings, plays the guitar or piano, takes a pencil and writes, and he sees the pencil in free space tracing his wife's autograph;—automatic still. She shows him a cloudy-hand, nay, a luminous form—and smiles and speaks as when in life; that is an optical illusion, or hallucination, or a particle exhaled from her body has impinged on his sensitive brain, and created a subjective vision. She communicates facts, past, present, and future, beyond the scope of his knowledge; that might be clairvoyance or cerebral *sewing*. Alas! then, what could she do more? She must retire baffled, and complaining that he had become so scientific that all communication with him was *impossible*."

But, however men may be educated out of the belief in all spiritual appearance and intervention; this scepticism, artificially induced, seldom goes beyond the mere externals of the

\* Some tests put forward to distinguish a spectral illusion from a spiritual apparition are sufficiently whimsical; one scientific writer, we think, Sir David Brewster, tells us that "optical illusions" will be "doubled by a straining or altering of the axes of the eyes, and by turning round as they are moved from the axis of vision." A writer in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, remarks on this, after instancing the case of a lady who was baffled in this rather delicate experiment, "Few ladies, perhaps, would find it an easy task when suddenly confronted by a supposed spirit to alter the axes of their eyes, and try that little experiment upon its duplicity. It could only be a shade less difficult, not to say pert, though truly scientific in its way, to level an opera glass at such a visitor." Another method, also a little pert, and, if not so scientific, perhaps, equally effective in such a case, would be to follow the example of the Sacristan mentioned by Ingoldsby, who

— "Said not a word that could indicate a doubt,

But put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out."

By the way, did these lines suggests *Punch's* late cartoon?

mind ; the roots of that faith remain in it, and may yet grow when the obstructions of pride and prejudice are removed. It is one of those apparently instinctive ineradicable beliefs which go deeper than the mere surface-opinions which men take from the society in which they habitually move. As Dr. Johnson remarks "the idea of the deceased revisiting the scenes on earth, where in the flesh they had either suffered or rejoiced, seems to have been grafted in the human mind by the Creator." And, as Washington Irving, in writing on this topic, observes, "However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yielded to it, whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion ; its prevalence in all ages and countries, and even among newly-discovered nations, that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious, and almost instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline." And the *Quarterly Review* (December, 1832), writing *against* this belief, yet, acknowledges that "notwithstanding the eagerness with which almost all educated persons disclaim a belief in the supernatural, and denounce as a vulgar absurdity the very notion of apparitions, yet there are few, even of the boldest and least credulous, who are not occasionally the victims of the very apprehensions which they deride ; and many of them have been driven to confess that their scepticism received a more powerful support from their pride than from their reason."

It is easy to speak of this belief as "a vulgar absurdity," and to tax those who entertain it with credulity ; but they who do this should know that the credulity with which they reproach others is sometimes more justly chargeable upon themselves ; for there are two kinds of credulity ; one, that seizes with avidity upon the marvellous and the supernatural, with little or no regard to evidence ; while the other, as eagerly snatches at anything by which it may hope so to evade or explain away the force of spiritual facts as to bring them within the domain of the common experience and of sensuous observation. It can believe anything of matter, which it invests almost with the attributes of God ; it can believe nothing of spirit ; except, perhaps, as part of an educated historical belief in a particular period of the past. If the former kind of credulity has in days gone by been too predominant, the latter kind is now certainly too prevalent ; and often there is reason to suspect that it is not wholly unmixed with a latent fear that this credulous incredulity is not quite trustworthy, and that the belief derided may possibly be true. Dr. Wilkinson remarks :—

Nothing is more evident to-day, than that the men of facts are afraid of a large number of important facts. All the spiritual facts, of which there are

erty in every age, are denounced as superstition. The best attested spirit facts are not well received by that scientific courtesy which takes off its grave hat to a new beetle or a fresh vegetable alkaloid. Large wiggled science behaves worse to our ancestors than to our vermin. Evidence on spiritual subjects is regarded as an impertinence by the learned; so timorous are they, and so morbidly fearful of ghosts. If they were not afraid they would investigate; but nature is to them a churchyard, in which they must whistle their dry tunes to keep up their courage. . . . . As the matter stands, we are bold to say that there is no class that so little follows its own rules of uncaring experiment and induction, or has so little respect for facts, as the hard-headed scientific men. They are attentive enough to a class of facts that nobody values—to beetles, rocks, and fossils—but as to those dear facts that common men and women, in all time and place, have found full of interest, wonder, or importance, they show them a deaf ear and a callous heart. Science, in this, neglects its mission, which is to give us in knowledge a transcript of the world, and primarily, of that in the world which is nearest and dearest to the soul.

As a reaction against the mischievous superstitions of the middle ages, the attitude of modern thought to spiritual facts is intelligible, and has had its uses; but the tendency of all reactions is to run into the opposite extreme, and this has certainly been no exception to the rule; but the reaction having done its work, it is now time that these facts be reconsidered free from bias, and with whatever additional light has been since acquired. The writer of the article on "Apparitions," in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana* remarks:—

Whoever applies himself to this subject must feel that the time has gone by when the half-serious, half-burlesque manner adopted by writers who, perhaps, perceived they had a reputation at stake, will satisfy the enquiring mind. Of late years the important question, whether the spirit really exists in distinct form after the death of the body, has shown a tendency to assume its proper proportion relative to other subjects of philosophical interest, and there is a large and increasing class of earnest minds whom neither the smile of pity, nor the sneer of contempt, will turn from an investigation so becoming those who profess a belief in their immortal nature.

The "tendency" to which the writer of the preceding extract refers is shown not only in the present spiritual movement, but in the various investigations of this and analogous subjects conducted on independent grounds. Spiritualism being the centre of a number of converging lines. In *Tait's Magazine* (Nov. and Dec., 1856), appeared two papers of an earnest and thoughtful kind, to which we would refer as an instance: and we cite this the more readily as the writer of them takes care at their conclusion to repudiate all connection with the modern heresy of "spirit-rapping." His essay is entitled *The Lost Faculty; or, Sixth Sense*, which, he says, existed in the early ages of the world, and "consisted in the power of perceiving, by the 'mind's eye,' spiritual beings with the same ordinary facility with which the corporeal eye perceives material substances." This mental vision he believes to have been "an ordinary endowment of humanity in its original state of innocence;" but, "by the fall and consequent corruption of the race, it was lost, or held in



abeyance, as a common attribute of our nature ; being, however, occasionally and temporarily restored or imparted to individuals for special purposes." He affirms " that the Scriptures are full of instances of such apparitions, and of communications through their agency, with the inhabitants of this lower world ; and there is no reason to suppose that what has happened may not happen again, nor have we any reasonable ground to think it impossible. The argument that the age of miracles has gone by for ever does not apply to these cases at all. The faculty of ' discerning spirits ' is but the restoration of what was once common to our nature, and not the creation or impartation of something which did not before exist, which latter would constitute a miracle. . . . . Admit the existence of spiritual beings, and the truth of the Scriptural account of their appearance, and the *possibility*, and thence the *probability* of a similar occurrence follows as a matter of course."

And he believes, " that in every such instance (in Scripture), as well as in those in which apparitions have been seen in modern times, it has been through the medium of this sixth or *mental* faculty." This faculty of mental, or, as we prefer to call it, spiritual vision, he considers is not wholly lost ; though in abeyance, it is " still latent in the human constitution." By it " short and transient glimpses " of the spirit-world are still possible. Spirit-seeing in the clairvoyant state produced by human magnetism, he regards as a means of its " artificial and temporary recovery." He recounts numerous scriptural, and also well-attested modern instances of spirit-appearances, dreams, visions, and second sight ; and he asks, " Who will have the temerity to affirm, in the face of all the positive and negative evidence to the contrary, that it is either impossible or improbable that the spiritual beings of another world can return to this earth, and be permitted, on special occasions, to become visible to the mental perceptions of the still living ?"

Whatever the reader may think of this writer's speculations, if he has but a moderate share of wisdom, or even of modesty, he will ponder the matter well ere he makes that affirmation.

T. S.

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On the morning of the 26th of April, 1821 (nine days previous to Napoleon's death), the Emperor called Montholon to his bedside and said to him, ' I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me. She disappeared the moment I was about to take her in my arms. She told me we were about to see each other again, never more to part. Did you see her ?' The author (who is not a Spiritualist), then puts the question: " Was this a delusion of that mighty brain, or was it another proof that denizens of the Spirit Land may, and sometimes do, revisit the glimpses of the moon, and hold intercourse with those they have left behind them ?"—*Herald of Progress*.

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

By the Author of *Confessions of a Truth Seeker*.

WHEN we speak of Spiritualism in America, the thought naturally reverts to the extraordinary series of phenomena, which commencing in Rochester in 1848, have pursued their successive and broadening developments, until they now extend not only over its vast continent, but bid fair to girdle the whole earth. It is well, however, to remember that the present movement is but as an eddy in the current of that broad stream which sweeps through the ages. The principle that spirits in various ways manifest the interest they feel in the concerns of men, has been recognized as a truth in America, as elsewhere, long before the phenomena to which we have adverted; and though a great declension in this faith, as compared with former times, was manifest—it still was, and is held by multitudes of men, including many leading minds in all churches, on other and independent grounds, as alike taught by revelation, and in accordance with a true philosophy.

For illustration of this, we need not go to Cotton Mather and the Pilgrim Fathers, as of their belief on this matter, no question can be raised, but it may be useful to refer to the teachings of more modern American divines; of such distinguished and influential teachers of different churches, as are usually, and may very fairly be regarded as, to some extent, representing the religious bodies to which they respectively belong. Not alone is Spiritualism impregnable in its citadel of facts, but even its outworks are strongly fortified; many are its champions and defenders who have no alliance with it as a specialty.

Many potent rulers in the realms of mind, who, technically, may not be designated Spiritualists, enforce the truth of its principles with a vigour and eloquence, surpassing that of its professed advocates. It may be not uninteresting to English Spiritualists, to see the manner in which their principles are sometimes discussed by eminent theologians on the other side of the Atlantic. We, therefore, present them a few extracts, which may in some measure illustrate this point.

The Rev. Dr. NOTT, the venerable president of Union College, "a clergyman, equally distinguished in the ancient classics and in modern literature, and profoundly versed in the theology of the Bible," in an address to the Alumni of the college, on the fiftieth anniversary of his presidency, spoke as follows:—

In the next semi-centennial anniversary, you, or some of you, may be present, with tremulous voices, tottering steps, as the speaker that now addresses

you, regarded with interest—with melancholy interest—as ruins always are. With some it may be so, but the rest of you, where will you be?—Where the dead are, and so forgotten. . . . . *But, though the dead be forgotten by the living, the living will not be forgotten by the dead. The dead may be present, seeing though unseen, sent back to earth on some errand of mercy; or, perhaps, the guardian angels of living ones left behind.*

President DWIGHT gives full credence to the agency of spirits. He says:—

That angels (or spirits) should communicate thoughts, either good or evil to mankind is originally no more improbable than that we should communicate them to each other. We do this daily and hourly in many ways, which are familiar to us by experience, but which were originally unimaginable by ourselves, and probably by any other finite being. We show our thoughts to each other by words, tones, gestures, silence, hieroglyphics, pictures, letters, and many other things. All these, antecedent to our experience of them, were hidden in absolute darkness from our conception. If all mankind had been born dumb, no man would have entertained a single thought concerning the communication of ideas by *speech*. The conveyance of thoughts by *books* also, if never experienced by us, would necessarily have been deemed mysterious and impossible; yet very many thoughts are thus conveyed by every person living, and with very great force, and frequently with very great precision. Nay, the countenance often discloses the whole character at once.

Professor MOSES STUART defends the doctrine of the ministry of angels, among other reasons, as casting "light upon God's providential government of the world." Dr. ALBERT BARNES, perhaps the most popular Biblical commentator of the present day, in his *Notes on Heb. i.*, remarks that:—

In this doctrine there is nothing absurd. It is no more improbable that angels should be employed to aid man, than that one man should aid another; certainly not as improbable as that the Son of God should come down "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." . . . . What they do *now* may be learned from the Scripture accounts of what they *have* done—as it seems to be a fair principle of interpretation that they are engaged in substantially the same employment in which they have ever been. . . . . They attend the redeemed; they wait on their steps; they sustain them in trial; they accompany them when departing to Heaven.

Bishop POTTER, of Pennsylvania, adverts to "those legions of spirits that are flying as God's messengers of mercy to his heirs of salvation; or, as the devil's emissaries, in the work of death to souls." And Dr. BUSHNELL, in his work on *Nature and the Supernatural*, has a chapter on *Spiritual Gifts*; in which he maintains that the extraordinary endowments of the apostolic age are still, to some extent, existing among Christians, which he illustrates by a very interesting example.

The Rev. Mr. JACKSON, of Westchester, N. Y., at the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, delivered a sermon on the day of the Festival of *St. Michael and all Angels*, September 29th, 1858, to a numerous auditory of the *clergy* of that denomination, including their bishop; a phonographic report of which, with some abridgments, was published in the *Churchman*, New York. His text was Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24. As a sermon preached under such auspices, and, as we learn, received with

found by its auditors, has a more than ordinary significance, and is especially useful for our purpose, we transcribe its leading points.

The argument was that, though unseen, these spiritual powers are *never absent*; and instead of an occasional glimpse of God, and visits few and far between of angels, there is a gift of a *perpetual* presence, and an innumerable company of that celestial host; and instead of being dis severed and divorced from that heroic ancestry of patriarchs, prophets, priests, and martyrs, they had come into communion with all the spirits of the just made perfect; and we, not less than those first Christians, needed occasionally to be encouraged by a survey of the nature and magnitude of that body unto which we belong, and unto which we were in our communion of the saints; and it was to this meditation that the services of this day invited us, in the appointed order for St. Michael and all Angels.

The reverend preacher here introduced some extended observations respecting the wisdom of the Church in providing, by special services, for the preservation and keeping alive of the truth touching these relations, which mankind are so liable to corrupt or let slip.

In the popular religionism of the day, as among the ancient Sadducees, there was neither angel nor spirit; and yet, so universal and deep was the instinct of connection with orders above, as really as with orders below us, that if it be not caught up and nourished with the truth, it will turn voraciously to delusion and a lie, and break forth in the eruptive forms of fanaticism and puerile conceit, giving heed, as saith the apostle, to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. The Church had wisely provided for this insatiable craving, by gathering up the sure teaching of Scripture, and weaving it as a silver thread into all the texture of her teaching; so that, following it, we never go astray nor miss *the sweet connection between that world unseen and this*. Thus every time we chanted our *Te Deum Laudamus*, we brought the Church above and the Church below into sympathy and song—apostles, prophets, angels and martyrs, cherubim and seraphim, making with us one body, one praise; and as oft as we knelt to our solemn communion, we acknowledged that it was with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify his glorious name; and then, in addition to all this daily recognition, we had a special service set apart for the commemoration of departed saints, and another as to-day, for the commemoration of angels. Let us, then, put the shoes from off our feet, and ascend, for a season, into this sacred mountain and city of our God; and though, like James and John, we may not here abide, but must descend again to the thick air and sore travail of earth, yet, like Moses, we shall come down with a shining face and a lighter heart, for we shall have seen that great and glorious body of which we are the feeble and scattered members, and shall go to our place and our duty, however humble, knowing that we share in the glory and majesty of more than eye hath seen, or ear hath heard.

After considering the several orders named in the text, as constituting our communion in the Church, the unity of these orders, and their respective services, he remarked that Jesus was the central life of all—cementing all the several orders into one indivisible body, of which He is the head and life.

Angels, therefore, the perfected spirits of the departed, and those whose names are written in heaven, though now toiling and suffering in the dust of earth, constituted that one blessed company of all faithful people which is the mystical body of Christ; and these several orders existed as a unit in him. Because they exist in different orders, we were apt to think and speak of them as different bodies; but they were in fact no otherwise different than as different organs they have different and several functions. And this union was not a metaphysical one, denoting mere unity of purpose; not a mere moral one of

affection and sympathy only, but a vital and organic one, as the branches are one with the vine.

Of the spirits of the just, we might be sure that they have lost nothing of their interest in the kingdom of Christ, nor of their ability to serve it now that they are made perfect. *They were not, as some would have us believe, entered into that bright world deaf, dumb, and blind to all that is passing here,* and taking the rest of a stone instead of the refreshment of saints. No; in passing from us they had only passed from darkness to light, from weakness to strength, from dishonour to glory, from the mortal to the immortal. They were the same identical beings, both in form and in essence, in memory and affection, as when traving in the pains of our humiliation here. They had not changed into new creatures, but merely developed their former selves, until—according to the saying of Jesus, they are like unto angels. And so when the Church Militant buried her dead in Christ, she buried them not with lamentation, but with the chant of victory, marching with them into the very domain of the king of terrors, and taunting him there with his own defeat, saying, at the mouth of the open sepulchre, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' and in early times, as we are told, their names were read out aloud at each administration of the sacrament, as being still of the blessed company of the faithful, and only immortal by victory over death and the grave. The living never regarded the dead as lost, but only advanced from the army militant to the host triumphant, regarding them as the blessed and favoured ones already called from the conflict to the crown—from the heat and burden of the day to the cool shades and sweet repose of the paradise above. Therefore did we still launch them forth with the shout of triumph, saying, as they pass from our sight, "Blessed, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

What precisely might be their mission or their service there or here was not to us revealed; but as memory and affection never die, we know that they have thought and affection still for us, even as we for them; and if they could serve us no otherwise than by thus drawing us by such sweet attraction whither they are gone, and so suggesting to our minds all that is pure and holy, and abiding, then even for us their departure was a gain. Still, like stars beaming through the night, they cheered our dreary pilgrimage, and inspired us to run with patience the race that is set before us. *Beyond all doubt, they did perform for us a service growing out of more intimate relations, and leading to greater issues than we can venture to define in words;* but only this we know—that if, when here with all their imperfections they were to us a help and a joy, now that they are perfected they surely can be no less. But it was the services of angels and men ordained and constituted in a wonderful order, that the festival of this day more especially commemorated. Who, then, and what were the angels, their order, and their service? If this question were one of mere speculation, it would at least be equal in dignity to that which employs the minds of sages, in questions about the inferior creations of God. If the highest genius of the ages might exhaust its function upon an insect or a worm—if the museums of science might display, as the choicest store of all their gleaning, the recovered fossil of an extinct life—if the great heart of man might thrill with new joy at the discovery of a lost bone, or the appliance of a new force—surely, it would not be unworthy of us if we lifted our minds to the creations that are above, and explored, among the recesses of that great eternity, for the orders that ascend from the sinner that here prays to the seraph that there adores and burns. And if, as Jesus saith, when we pass these boundaries of time and sense, we become like unto the angels—if our endless future was to be among them, and of them, and they were *even now our guardians and our brothers*—surely, it was not a vain question, who and what are they? But for us, my brethren of the clergy, it hath a special significance, in that we acknowledge, in the collect for the day, that God hath ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order.

The angels were united by some mystical tie, with the same body of which we are members, *they are a ministering order in the Church of Christ.* Now, the mediatorial reign of Christ involves the subjection unto him of all things visible and invisible, the committing unto him of all power in heaven and earth; so that 'since he hath gone into the heavens,' as saith St. Peter, 'angels and

abilities and powers are made subject unto him,' so that the head of the church is head over all things. And, therefore, incidentally to their service in the kingdom of grace, *angels are employed in the laboratory of nature, and the administration of Providence.*

The preacher next spoke of angels as exercising ministry and guardianship in the Church of God, and cited various proofs contained in the Scriptures, to show that they do exercise such ministry and guardianship; and then said: "Thus, not alone, my brethren, do we preach the Word, and minister to dying men. *All around us wait the unseen band, eager to bear, if it may be, above, the tidings of a sinner turned to God.*"

"God's angels," the preacher continued, "are his servants there, as really as within the sacred enclosure—the divine *eclesia*—here. And so we find their footsteps, we hear their voices, we see their working hands, in all the mysteries of nature and the events of Providence."

At this point, the preacher adduced Scripture evidence to show that their agency in Providence is that of suggestion to the minds of men, and of performing visible, palpable acts; in which connection he quoted passages from the writings of Charles Wesley and Bishop Hall. He then continued by saying, that there is less difficulty in seeing and acknowledging the ministry of angels in the events of Providence than in nature.

Much of the Atheism and Pantheism of the present day he thought might be traced to that Sadduceeism which does not believe in angels as present and active powers. After continuing his remarks upon this portion of his subject for a short time, he closed with a very eloquent and stirring address to his brethren of the clergy, dwelling particularly upon the encouragement and comfort they might derive in the discharge of their sacred duties, from the fact that they are associated, in the ministry of reconciliation, with the Lord of glory and all his holy angels; and upon the necessity of the utmost faithfulness in their high calling, in order that they might be worthy of such exalted companionship.

The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, perhaps, the most successful orthodox preacher of America, in a recent sermon on Eph. i. 13, 14, delivered the following observations:—

Christians have earnestness of things spiritual and invisible. Ordinarily we are under the influence of the things which are seen. In our lower life we must be under the influence of sense. But now and then, we know not how, we rise into an atmosphere in which spirit-life, God, Christ, the ransomed throng in heaven, virtue, truth, faith, and love, become more significant to us, and seem to rest down upon us with more force than the very things which our physical senses recognize. *There have been times in which, I declare to you, heaven was more real to me than earth; in which my children that were gone spoke more plainly to me than my children that were with me; in which the blessed estate of the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven seemed more real and near to me than the estate of any just man upon earth.* These are experiences that link one with another and

a higher life. They are generally not continuous, but occasional openings through which we look into the other world. I cannot explain how or why they come. They may have a natural cause, though we have not philosophy enough to find it out. But there are these hours of elevation in which the invisible world is more potent and real to us than the visible world; in which our mind-power predominates over our flesh-power; in which we see through the body and discern the substance of eternal truths.

I wish, to-day, to illustrate this general truth, that God gives to his children, in this world, intimations of that to which they are coming in the next world—first-fruits of joys, and experiences, and revelations, which they are to reap in full harvest by-and-by.

Indeed, there is not a material experience of human life, if we only knew how to interpret it, that has not its message and its teachings. As yet, we know but very little of the designed spiritual significance of physical things. They are, I suppose, in the sight of God, clothed with meaning which we are too unlettered to interpret. The whole rise, development, and flow of our domestic affections; the whole realm of our experience, technically so called; and, over and above these, the special dealings of God with us by the Holy Ghost—these, all of them, if we only understood them, have an interpretive power. They not only have reference to present work and present enjoyment, but they have a power of revealing something better yet to come. So that there is not one single joy that is more than a spark of that great orb off from which it flew; there is not one single flower of the spirit that does not tell of that garden of spiritual flowers from which it was plucked; there is not one single morsel of heavenly fruit that does not point us to that orchard above where it grew.

It is true that, in the main, all these things fall out in the natural sequence of cause and effect, and are not in any sense intercalated or miraculously sent. They were not sent in any such way as to be out of the course of nature. Nature means what it seems to mean—material cause and effect; but this is not all. There is a more subtle meaning. Nature is organized to teach spiritual things. Human experience developed under natural influences teaches some things as much as God's revelation, although it is not so easy to be understood till after we have been put in possession of the key by the Bible; for the Bible is God's key for unlocking the natural world.

Inviting those who were present to partake in the communion he was about to administer, he said:—

*A great many are with us who are not visible, but who dwell in our midst in spirit. The Church in heaven and the Church on earth are one.*

And in another sermon he observes:—

Christians are wont to walk in black, and sprinkle the ground with tears, at the very time they should walk in white and illumine the way by smiles and radiant hope. The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they loved; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.

Probably no religious teacher in America ever found so large and sympathising an audience as the late Dr. CHANNING. "His words went like morning over the continents." Widely differing in doctrinal theology from the more orthodox divines whom we have quoted, there is yet between them a substantial agreement on the question of spiritual ministration; for this faith underlies divergent points of doctrinal belief; it is a fundamental fact and outgrowth of the soul's consciousness—a primary rock-formation supporting superincumbent strata. Spiritualism, while attested by sensuous phenomena, has also its stronghold in the deep

centres of the heart. In his sermon on *The Future Life*, Channing thus appeals alike to the understanding and the affections in evidence of its truth:—

Those who go from among us must retain the deepest interest in this world. Their ties to those they have left are not dissolved, but only refined. On this point, indeed, I want no other evidence than the essential principles and laws of the soul. . . . The good, will indeed form new, holier, stronger ties above; but under the expanding influence of that better world, the human heart will be capacious enough to retain the old whilst it receives the new, to remember its birth-place with tenderness whilst enjoying a maturer and happier being.

Did I think of those who are gone, as dying to those they left, I should honour and love them less. The man who forgets his home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature; and if the good were to forget their brethren on earth in their new abode—were to cease to intercede for them in their never approach to their common Father—could we think of them as improved by the change?

All this I am compelled to infer from the nature of the human mind. . . . Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us they never truly loved the race before; never before knew what it is to sympathise with human sorrow, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them. They now see what before dimly gleamed before their eyes—the capacities, the mysteries of the human soul. The significance of that word, 'Immortality,' is now apprehended, and every being destined to it, rises in unutterable importance. They love human nature as never before, and human friends are prized as above all price. . . . A new sense, a new eye might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side. . . . They love us more than ever, but with a refined and spiritual love. Their spiritual vision penetrates to our souls.

And he contends that it would be a reproach to heaven and the good, to say that their happiness is founded on their ignorance of our wants or sufferings.

Truly, as Channing's worthy successor in the pulpit, the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, remarks of the so-called dead:—"Though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. They are with us by the silent fireside, and in the secluded chamber; they are with us in the paths of society, and in the crowded assembly of men. They speak to us from the lonely way-side; and they speak to us from the venerable walls that echo to the steps of the multitude, and to the voice of prayer. Go where we will, the dead are with us." And, as the same author remarks in his treatise on *Erroneous Views of Death, with Suggestions towards their Removal*:—

"The dead—the departed, should we rather say—are connected with us by more than the ties of memory. The love that on earth yearned towards us is not dead; the kindness that gladdened us is not dead; the sympathy that bound itself with our fortunes is not dead, nor has it lost its fervour, surely, in the pity of an angel. No; if our Christian guides speak truly, it still yearns towards us; it would still gladden us. It still melts in tenderness over our sorrows. The world of spirits—we know not where it is, whether far or near; but it may as well, for all that we can understand, be near to us, as far distant; and in that fervent love, which knows nothing of change, or distance, or distinction, it is for ever near us. Our friend, if he be the same, and not another being—our friend, in whatever world, in whatever sphere, is still our friend. The ties of every virtuous union are, like the virtue which cements them, like the affections of angels—like the love of God which binds them to the eternal throne, immortal!



There are clergymen of different denominations in America who openly declare their belief in Spiritualism, and use voice and pen in its exposition and advocacy. We have not referred to these, as our object in this, as in previous papers, has been, not so much to treat of the Spiritualism of our day as a specific movement, as to illustrate the Spiritualism that lies *outside and beyond* it—entering as a pervading element into religious thought and feeling—a part of the general heritage of humanity.

The following avowal of an orthodox clergyman, the Rev. J. B. FERGUSON, of Nashville, Tenn., may, however, be cited as an instance of this class, in place of further enumeration. It is pleasing to be able to add, that notwithstanding this frank declaration of his belief in Spiritualism, his congregation, with great unanimity, retained him as their pastor.

It has been said, you believe in *Spiritualism*. I answer, unhesitatingly, *I do*. So far as the word Spiritualism represents the opposite of the materialistic philosophy, I do not remember when I was not a Spiritualist. So far as it might represent devotion to spiritual things, such as truth, holiness, charity, it is my profession to be a Spiritualist. And so far as it represents now an acceptance of the possibility of spirit-intercourse with man, it is but *candour to say, I believe it without hesitancy and without doubt*. That there are many absurdities and some mischief connected with what claims to be spirit manifestation, I know, but I know that there is also much truth and good. My brethren, I have examined this question in all the reverence for God and love for truth, of which my nature and circumstances are capable. At home and abroad, for days and weeks together, alone and in company, with believers and sceptics, I have investigated; and I could neither be an honest man nor a philanthropist, did I not say, *I know that I have had intelligent and blissful communion with departed spirits, . . . . .* I call upon Heaven to witness that I have no consciousness of ever having stated a conviction in your presence, that was more a conviction of my highest reason than the solemn and yet joyous asseveration, that *I believe God has granted spiritual intercourse to these times*. And this conviction does not lessen any faith I have in God, in Christ, in the Spirit of Holiness, but only enlightens, hallows, and beautifies it, and deepens my reverence.

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Shall we know our friends again? For my own part, I cannot doubt it; least of all, when I drop a tear over their recent dust. Death does not separate them from us here. Can life in Heaven do it? They live in our remembrance. Memory rakes in the ashes of the dead, and the virtues of the departed flame up anew, enlightening the dim cold walls of our consciousness. Much of our joy is social here. Must it not be so there, that we are with our real friends?—Man loves to think it; yet to trust is wiser than to prophesy. But the girl who went from us, a little one, may be as parent to her father when he comes, and the man who left us have far outgrown our dream of an angel when we meet again.—*Theodore Parker*.

LIVING INSPIRATIONS.—If the story of Prometheus was once a fable, we are sure that in an important sense it is fabulous no longer. Invisible hands have rekindled immortal fires on our own altars, to warm the great heart and to light up the face of humanity. The relations of great thoughts and noble deeds to the realms of spiritual causation are daily becoming more perceptible. Through all the inherent forces and essential laws of the celestial, spiritual, and natural worlds, a divine energy is infused, and powers unseen speak in the inspired thoughts of living men, who sit like stars at the celestial gates.—*S. B. Britton*.

## THE PRESS.—MR. S. C. HALL'S STORY.

As we have so constantly to complain of the conduct and dishonest criticisms of the press, it is no less a pleasure than a duty to record the different course recently pursued by one member of it, *The Worcester Herald*. Our readers will remember the wonderful spiritual manifestation, an account of which we inserted from the valued pen of Mr. S. C. Hall in our June number, under the title of GASPAS. Mr. Hall obtained the particulars whilst on a visit at the house of a banker, at Worcester. *The Worcester Herald*, in reproducing the account in its columns, incontinently added some comments of its own, throwing discredit on the whole, and on Mr. Hall as the author of a hoax on the credulity of the public. Of course, this was done in the usual way without any inquiry, and so far the *Worcester Herald* was neither better nor worse than the generality of the press in treating of this much scandalized subject. What we have now to tell, however, marks its conduct as very different to that common to the editorial craft.

On making inquiry *after* it had pronounced its opinion, it found that it, and not Mr. Hall, had been hoaxing its readers into the belief that the story was not a true one, and, wonderful to relate, it has now fully acknowledged its error. We commend this example to other editors, and more especially to Mr. *Punch*, who having been more forcibly convicted, still keeps us waiting for his honourable recantation.

Mr. S. C. Hall has forwarded to us the paragraph, which, as being the first of its kind, we insert as a useful form to be copied by other papers which make similar mistakes.

"PRETENDED SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL.—Under the head of "Pretended Spirit Manifestations," in our paper of May 15th, we published a narrative recently given to the world by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in his book on that subject, and communicated to him by Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, the well-known and elegant author, as having been in turn related to him at the house of a banker in Worcester. The counterpart of the story, or one so closely resembling it in all its principal features, as to leave no doubt of a common origin, is to be found in "Grimm's Mythology," and we confess, that we at first supposed that Mr. Carter Hall had been playing off on *credulous Dale Owen* a joke of the same kind as Defoe's celebrated ghost story of Mrs. Veal, which hoaxed the British public for so many years, and served to make ready sale of an intolerably dull and heavy book. But we owe Mr. Hall an apology. The banker, at whose house the parties met in Worcester—to wit, Mr. Hall and the lady who related her experiences of Gaspar, the familiar spirit—assures us that Mr. Hall has given the story most faithfully and exactly as she told it, and that the accessories—the account of the lady's character and bearing, the impression created on the mind by her truthful manner and apparent earnestness of conviction, are also most faithfully rendered. We trust Mr. Carter Hall will excuse us for suspecting him of playing on a friend's credulity. We know of no man more gifted in the grand and peculiar art of Defoe, of imparting to

fiction the reality of fact, and investing the creations of the brain with such perfect liveliness, and such definite and distinct attributes, that they impose upon you for actual verities."

The editor it seems was a trifle more credulous than Mr. Owen, for he formed his opinion without any basis of either fact or enquiry, whereas *credulous Dale Owen* is a most acute and logical inquirer into facts, without a personal guarantee for which he refuses to make use of any story.

As this notice, it must be admitted, is no little flattering to us, it may be as well to present our readers with a copy of the next notice which came to our hand by the obliging courtesy of the editor of the *Illustrated News of the World*. This gentleman takes rather a strong view of the case, and as it may be the true one it would not be right in us to conceal it.

"THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—We cannot review a periodical of this kind with any approach to seriousness. What is here called Spiritualism, we regard as consummate and disgusting quackery. The basis of all religion is the invisible life; but an approach to this invisible life must be through humble and devout prayer, through boundless charities, and through the consecration of the whole heart to God, and not through such coarse mechanical agencies as table-turning and spirit-rapping, which bring whatsoever is holiest or divinest into dishonour and contempt. However, this poor ricketty, idiotic little periodical does not seem to be in a very flourishing condition, for in the last page there is an urgent cry for cash, which the spirits do not seem to supply."

We cannot but congratulate ourselves on not being likely to be often in the way of "the boundless charities" through which this editor is making his way to "the invisible life." Of such charities the man who gets the most has the worst share. It looks to us more like the old story of the donkey dancing among the chickens, who are only too glad to let him have a clear stage to himself. He will be sorry to hear that our urgent cry for cash has been already very satisfactorily answered, and that a few pounds more will carry us safe to the end of the year.

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## THE DIAMOND RING.

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THREE years ago I left my relatives in America and sailed for Europe. A few days before sailing, an old and highly-esteemed friend, Mr. C——, came to bid me good bye. In the course of the conversation we spoke of Spiritualism, and he declared himself an unbeliever; but added, "Should it be possible for the spirits of the departed to communicate with those on earth, rest assured my spirit will return to you." Before parting he took from his finger a large diamond ring of extraordinary value, observing, "I feel a great desire to give you this ring, and would do so were it not the gift of a deceased sister; yet *I wish you to*

her it, and in my will I shall leave it to you; it would gratify me so much to know that you have this ring which I prize so highly." We parted, and I soon forgot the matter, never having regarded it in a serious light; and in fact, entertaining a dislike to the subject of "*Spiritualism*."

When I had been about three months in Europe I received a letter from a relation, informing me that Mr. C—— had died suddenly of a fever. Soon after, I received another letter from the same relation, and, as nearly as I now remember, I quote her words, "Mr. —— has just obtained a Spiritual communication from Mr. C——, which relates to you. He says, that when alive he wore a ring of great value, which he always desired you to have, and meant to leave it to you by will, but that he was taken away so suddenly he was unable to do so; and he wishes you to apply to his brother to restore it to you. His only relative, a brother, has indeed taken all his property, but I wish you would say whether I shall speak to him about the ring." I did not desire this, as I deemed him much more entitled to the ring than I, and I never even answered my relative's letter on the subject.

The most striking part of this occurrence is, that I had never mentioned to any one the conversation with Mr. C—— which took place before I left America, because it had made so little impression on my mind; nor do I think that Mr. C—— had spoken of it, as my relative expressed to me her astonishment at a communication upon so worldly a matter.

London, July 10th, 1860.

C. KELLOGG.

DR. GARNER.—I did not expect to be called out at this time; but I am always ready to give my testimony. Spiritualism is attracting more attention at this time than any other subject ever brought before the notice of the world. For one, I answer the question unequivocally and positively in the affirmative. Ten years ago I was a sceptic in regard to the immortality of man. I was a sceptic, as thousands were, because I was unable to find any theological proof of immortality. The doctrine of the resurrection, as taught by theologians in my younger days, was too absurd for belief; and I had no idea of the distinct identity of the spirit from a physical organism, till I became acquainted with the laws of mesmerism: from that I was led to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. The first medium I ever had communication through was Miss Margaretta Fox; and I received evidence conclusive that my own relatives did live, and commune with me, after the change called death. From then to the present time I have been in almost daily communion with what I believe to be spirits. Now, what good has it done? Millions in our country have, like myself, become convinced of the immortality of the soul, who were sceptical before the interposition of spirit-communication. As regards morals: it must have an effect upon us, to know that the eyes of our departed loved ones are upon us. Who would do himself or any one a wrong, knowing that his actions are watched by legions of angels? It seems to me no one with human feelings would do it. Spiritualism is the agent used for the hastening of the day when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the leopard together, and a little child shall lead them."—*Banner of Light*, U.S.

## ANOTHER EVENING WITH MR. HOME.

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THE following statement is given us in the words of the lady at whose house the manifestations occurred. We have not, for good reasons, the liberty to give her name, but we can answer, from her position and character, for the perfect truthfulness of the narrative. We have in addition the names of the nine persons who were present.

“*May the 3rd, 1860.*—A lady was present with her son, who became nervous at the manifestations, never having witnessed any before; the spirits, therefore, would not manifest with so much power as usual until she left us, though she witnessed the rising of the table in the air and the touch of spirit-hands. After she and her son had taken their leave the table moved away from the remaining seven of us, and we followed it; suddenly it rose in the air, and without any help from us was placed on a large sofa that stood before the window. The spirits told us by raps to move this sofa away, which we immediately did, and the table then moved of its own accord up to the window where the hands had appeared to us on former occasions. The shutters were opened and the candles extinguished by their desire. Mr. Home sat next to the window, and I sat next to him with Miss H. on my other side. After sitting a few minutes quietly I felt a form glide behind me; it touched my chair, placed two hands on my shoulders, and then drew the heavy silk curtain from a window behind me (we sat in a bow formed by three windows) and folded the drapery round me like a cloak. The hands and arms which enfolded me felt as palpable as human arms would feel. On one of the party guessing the name of the spirit, it was answered in the affirmative by three startling raps, which shook the table, and felt as if produced by a bar of iron—no human hand could have knocked with such force. As I was intently listening to catch any sound, and straining my eyes to see any form that could make itself visible, my comb was taken out of my hair by a spirit hand, and laid on the table at a distance from me. By tiny gentle raps my darling spirit child told me that he had taken it. Then a hand rose under the window, and pulled down the blind. We distinctly saw the fingers clutch the string—this is a green transparent blind, through which the light can flow softly. The hand then made graceful gestures and pointed upwards, and when it disappeared it was followed by another, and then by a child’s hand. Suddenly I was touched on the shoulder, as if by some one standing behind me and wishing to draw my attention. I thought it was my

daughter, and turned to speak to her, but I found no one. I had hardly turned round, when my left shoulder was more strongly touched, and on turning my head a spirit-hand held out to me a box taken from a table at the other end of the room. I received it with emotion, and as a precious gift; and the sweet hand that gave it was placed on my shoulder with a loving pressure. The spirit of A—— G—— then showed his hand, touched his sister with it, and played on the accordion, which by degrees was moved up in Mr. Home's hand over his head, the knocks at the same time beating measure, like a drum, very loudly on the table. The accordion was finally taken entirely away by the spirits, who played on it at a distance from us, the drumming continuing all the time on the table, whilst another drum accompanied it from the other side of the room. As soon as this ceased the table rose up in the air, and floated away from us high above our heads, passing over sofas and chairs in its way. We were naturally greatly interested at this wonderful manifestation, and followed it into the darker part of the room, and here arose a scene of indescribable confusion, but still producing feelings in no way unpleasant, though we knew not when we touched each other, who were spirits, and who were fleshy human beings. The four cushions of the ottoman were virtually hurled in the air at once, and flew to the other side of the room. In answer to a remark made, a hand came down on my head, as from a spirit floating above me, and pressed my forehead and stroked my hair. As we gathered round the table nine or ten chairs flew up like lightning, one behind each of us; the chair next to me was empty (to the sight,) but when I tried to move it I could not do so, it appeared as if nailed to the ground, and by raps we were told that L—— sat there. The united strength of several could not move this chair. The heavy sofa on which G—— sat was moved suddenly to the other end of the room, and the spirit of her brother placed his hand in her's, and held it for several minutes. Before leaving her he gave a most touching manifestation. He blessed her by making the sign of the cross on her forehead. He then came to me and did the same. During these manifestations every article of furniture in the room was moved out of its place."



M. Friedrich, a landed proprietor, was buried on the 5th instant at Munich without any religious ceremonies, as he was under the ban of the Church, "for professing to believe in the communications made by departed souls through the agency of a certain Crescentia Kahlhammer." An abbot, who was well acquainted with M. Friedrich, and saw him shortly before he died, endeavoured to make him recant, but his faith in the impostor was not to be shaken.—*Times*.

## Correspondence.

### THE "MAGNETIC GIRL."

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

SIR,—A few weeks ago a friend wished me to observe some singular phenomena presented by a young female, Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Smith, a tailor, of 23, Ossulston-street, Somers Town, and directed her to my house. She came, accompanied by her mother, and a porter bearing two tailors' pressing irons, technically called *geese*, one weighing twenty, the other twenty-five pounds avoirdupois. After a little talk, during which I observed that there was nothing remarkable about the girl denoting greater strength than was common to her age, which the mother stated to be fifteen, and which she looked, the irons were placed on the table, a deal board being interposed. The girl grasped, if the term can be used, the third nearest to her of the handle of each iron with the third and little finger of each hand, and tilted the irons back at an angle of forty-five degrees, and so kept them, apparently without effort and without tension of the muscles. Several present tried to execute the same movement, but could not, except by grasping the handles with the whole hand, and then not without visible exertion. The girl asked for music, a polka, and said she would keep time with beats of the irons: one was played, and she maintained an exact, but rather noisy, accompaniment, until we, trembling for our table, called a halt.

I asked Mrs. Smith if her daughter had this power at all times and under all circumstances. She said, No; that she was exhibiting it once before some scientific gentlemen, among whom were Dr. Ashburner and Mr. Rutter, and they got her to stand on a board placed upon glass tumblers, when they found that she was, while thus standing, powerless with the irons, but that her power was restored whenever one of the gentlemen placed his hand upon her shoulder, to be lost again on the hand being removed. This experiment, she said, had been since tried many times. She said that the gentlemen poured water into some of the outer tumblers until it rose to the board on which Charlotte stood, and flowed over to the floor, when her power again exhibited itself.

I obtained the same result by getting the girl to stand upon a thick glass plate, pinning her dress close about her so that it did not touch the table; while thus insulated she was unable to elevate the forward extremities of the irons, until I applied the tips of my fingers to the back of her neck, when she was able to play with them easily. The partial restoration of her power followed also upon grasping her dress unknown to her, or upon allowing it to come in contact with the table.

On asking Mrs. Smith how she had discovered this power in her daughter, she said that when ten years of age, the family at that time living in Liverpool, putting her hand on the handle of the *goose* on the shop-board, she found that she was able, with her small hand, to raise the further end of it. Her father tried in vain to do the same. He invited others to try: no one could. He amused his customers by shewing this singular power in his child: these brought friends, scientific gentlemen, and among them was Mr. Maitland senior, of the *Liverpool Mercury*. He thought the power was mesmeric, and proposed that she should try it on her brother, her senior; at his suggestion, she held her hand over her brother's head, and drew him off the floor. Mr. Maitland put a notice of the power in the *Liverpool Mercury*. This brought many to witness it. Some of the visitors thought she was a medium for the table moving, and used to get her to sit at the table, and it would tilt and rise and fall in answer to questions. It would rise so high sometimes that, falling suddenly, it would get broken: half a dozen tables, said Mrs. Smith, must have been broken in this way. Some amusing things used to happen. A gentleman once came who said that if he could see the table rise off the floor he would give a sovereign; Charlotte placed her hands on the table, and it seemed to try to rise; it

was a three-legged one; and many times it got off all but a little, just keeping to the door by one foot. The gentleman's patience was at length exhausted, and he left. As he went out he slipped something into Charlotte's hand. There were several at the table: one said that he supposed the gentleman had, after all, given the sovereign; the table beat an emphatic, "No;" others guessed other sums, to all which guesses there was the same "No;" until one asked "Half-a-crown?" when there were three violent beats in the affirmative, and the table shot up nearly a yard, coming down again with such force as to break the legs.

Strange things, according to Mrs. Smith, used frequently to happen in the house at this time,—such as the movement of various articles of furniture by unseen agents.

"People used to tell us," said Mrs. Smith, "that these things were done by spirits; but we had no notion of the sort. We used to see the chairs rocking of themselves. One day I saw a chair rising up from the floor, and observed that it was being lifted by a pair of hands which grasped the back legs. Charlotte was in the room, and the moment I called to her to look the hands disappeared, and the chair fell. Charlotte said she also saw the hands: the arms appeared to be in figured shirt sleeves. We both described, at the same time, the appearance of the hands and sleeves, or we might each have thought the other mistaken."

Returning to our *moutons*, the irons, Charlotte favoured us with another dancing accompaniment to the polka; she averring that she felt no pain nor even weariness in the exercise; that her hands trembled when the power came on, and seemed to be drawn on and made to adhere to the irons.

One can scarcely witness such phenomena without speculating as to their cause. My speculation was this,—that Charlotte is a conductor of the earth's electricity; that with it and her own magnetism an electro-magnetic circuit is established between her and the irons, and which she controls by her will. This form of speculation applies to the use of the irons; the other is—that when this circuit is established between her and other objects—as in the instance related by her mother, where the operation of the intelligence and will of unseen individuals is manifest—it is reasonable to attribute such operation to a spirit or spirits; Charlotte, with her electro-magnetic property, being the medium, as the boy was in Dr. Phelps's house and others in various recorded cases. This view is supported by the additional fact, which has been communicated to me by other observers who have known Charlotte ever since she has been in London, that in proportion as she has, at times, cultivated mediumship, property so called, so her own power with the irons became feeblor. One gentleman essayed to develop her as a clairvoyante, but the parents relinquished the project, lest her power with the irons, by which they were in the receipt of an immediate income, might thereby be thrown into abeyance.

I have talked over the subject with a friend, well versed in electrical science, and long observant of the phenomena of mediumship: he regarded Charlotte Smith, and physical mediums generally, as performing a similar part in these phenomena as the copper wire performs in a circuit of the electric telegraph, the movements of objects corresponding to the movements of the magnetic needle. He thought that the difference of conducting power between individuals was analogous to the difference in conducting power between wood, iron, and copper; and that, according to the electrical temperament of the bodies of individuals so where their susceptibilities as conductors or mediums for the physical manifestations. According to my friend, spirits of different orders may be compared to different galvanic batteries, their power to communicate through *a* or *b*, as a conductor of their current, being according to the electrical order of *a* or *b*. Suppose, for instance, an individual *a* to be equal to copper wire, and the order of the spirit, or spirits, operating to correspond with *a*, equalling in quantity and intensity a Grove's battery, the manifestations would be of the highest electrical order. Spirits of another order, equalling in quantity and intensity a Smee's battery, feeble in comparison, operating through the same individual, the resultant manifestations would be of a feebler electrical order. Everthing in intensity of manifestation depending on the quantity and intensity of the current proceeding from the spirit through the medium.



In some cases, he thought, the medium seems to form an element in the battery as well as being conductor, and then the manifestations will depend more or less on the medium's will, as in the case of Charlotte and her irons, and of other mediums at times, which every close observer of the phenomena must have witnessed. My friend tells me that Rutter's experiments have conclusively demonstrated that all persons, some more energetically than others, male or female, can discharge electricity from the body, enough to deflect the needle of an electric telegraph. But he questions whether a human being, although he may conduct, can discharge enough to break a table, as in the experiment related in No. 4 of this Magazine by Dr. —.

I state these suggestions for the consideration of your scientific readers.

Charlotte says that she has an iron weighing thirty pounds, made with a smooth handle, which she can move with the same ease as those I have been speaking of, the handles of which are twisted; the smoothness of the handle obviating the objection that the spiral mechanically helps her. The brother, formerly spoken of, resides no longer with the family, and she now exercises her power upon a younger one, whom she magnetises and catalepses with facility.

In answer to my questions, I was told that she has exhibited this power, as the *Infant Magnet*, before general and scientific companies, of from a thousand down to a few, in Liverpool, Manchester, London, and in various watering places, with varying appreciation. She always expects the kindest reception from mechanical and scientific people. Gentlemen of the press have been favourable, with few exceptions; among which latter is Mr. Charles Dickens, who, as Mrs. Smith said, wrote a very "bad" article about her and her family, some months ago, in his *All the Year Round*. I sent for a copy of the number she mentioned, and sure enough there was an extravagant and distorted sketch, which, however calculated to divert the buyers of two-penny light reading, imputed imposture and depravity, very damaging to Charlotte and her family—damaging, because this "diverting" notice in a publication so widely read, led directly to the abandonment of a beneficial arrangement then pending between Charlotte's parents and a lecturer. Some friends, thinking that "diverting fellows" sometimes get intoxicated with their own *esprit*, recommended the father to appeal, if not to the law, which he might have done, at least from "Philip drunk to Philip sober." Poor Mr. Smith wrote to Mr. Dickens, representing the injury he had done. He referred him to a physician eminent in science, and to a clergyman who had known the family for years, who would satisfactorily answer the imputations of depravity and imposture; and requested him to rectify it, offering him the opportunity of witnessing the experiments under his own conditions. But Mr. Dickens has not yet condescended to answer, and Charlotte and her family are still under the cloud of his aspersion. Let us hope he may yet deign to enquire whether he ought not to withdraw it; and if he wants some additional information on the subject of spiritual manifestations in general, he may hear a full account from his own son of those he recently witnessed under the mediumship of Mr. Squire.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,  
J. DIXON.

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

32, Brunswick-terrace, Harrowgate.

July 11th, 1860.

SIR,—Absence from Cheltenham prevented me from receiving my copy of the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine* until this morning, and I hasten to express my entire concurrence in your strictures upon the tendency which timid and secretive minds feel to bear testimony, unflinchingly, to a truth which has yet to receive the sanction of the general public, or at least of their own social or religious circle.

I quite feel with you, that "there is a reality in a name with a man behind it ready to stand up for it," and when I appended my initials, I did so not with a view to concealment, for I had already written my name in full at the head of my letter, but because I have been in the habit of using the simple symbols E. B. when supplying articles to the local press.

Those who know how much obloquy I have encountered in former days, as one of the earliest advocates, both by writing and by lecture, of the principles of phrenology and their application to education and to criminal jurisprudence will acquit me of ever desiring to harbour that "Nicodemus spirit" which you so justly condemn; and had I had the privilege of obtaining the same personal experience of Spiritualism that I have had of phrenology and mesmerism, your important and deeply interesting publication should not have been so long before the public without having received the humble testimony of your obedient servant,

RICHARD BEAMISH, F.R.S.

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

Sir.—In a letter headed "Notes of Experience," published in your Magazine for July, there is an account of the death of a young American from an accident he received on Vesuvius. I happened to be at Naples at the time, and I remember the circumstance perfectly, and can corroborate your correspondent's statement in every particular. I am only lately a convert to Spiritualism, and I think it the greatest consolation the goodness of God has ever given to man. Before I was a Spiritualist I believed Christianity coldly and half doubtingly, as do the majority of people. Now, the unseen world seems to me more near and real than this, and my faith has indeed been confirmed.

I was a medium as far as obtaining a few material manifestations immediately; but this morning I tried for the first time whether I could write, but obtained no result with the right hand. On taking the pencil into my left hand it was immediately moved, first to draw lines and angles all over the paper, and then, to my surprise, to write the initials of a dear friend, between whom and myself there is a coolness. My hand was also moved to answer questions I asked and wrote backwards "yes" or "no." You are at liberty to publish this letter with my name. I have the pleasure to enclose £2 for the Magazine fund.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. A. HILLIARD.

London, July 5th, 1860.

DR REDMAN'S CIRCLE FOR SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

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

Sir.—I went on Wednesday, the 11th of July, about one o'clock, to 23, Cecil-street, Strand, to witness the spiritual manifestations through Dr. Redman, the newly arrived American medium, a young man apparently about 25 years of age. I sat at a small square table, a friend, my son, three strangers, and the Doctor constituted the party. On the table were some sheets of writing paper, one of which the Doctor tore up into small pieces, and asked us to write on them the names of any deceased friends whom we wished to communicate with us. I wrote seven names on seven pieces of paper, covering the paper with my hand to hide the writing from the Doctor. All the sitters wrote names the same way, and we then rolled up the pieces of paper on which the names were written into little balls about the size of peas and put them in the middle of the table in a heap. When we had done this the table rose on two legs, and remained a short time at an angle of about 45 degrees (all hands being off the table) and then gently descended. We then heard some tappings at the window about five feet from us, and also on the table. Dr. Redman's hand was now moved in a tremulous and spasmodic kind of action, and jerked into the pile of paper-pellets before him, from which he picked out one and handed it to me, saying, "Do not open it yet;" he then took a pencil, and wrote backwards a message to me signed "Susannah," and then requested me to open the pellet in my hand. I did so, and found it the one on which I had written the name "Susannah J."

I wrote questions to the said Susannah; and the Doctor's hand seized the pencil and rapidly wrote the answers in reverse writing—that is, as the Doctor and I sat vis à vis at the table, the words were written from the bottom of the

page, right-hand corner to the left, so that I could read them as they were written. While the Doctor was thus engaged, three other sitters had each got one of the pellets they had written on; and the signatures to the messages they received were the same as were found on the pellets when opened; and as we four wrote our questions, he, though unable to see what was written, wrote appropriate answers; the writing, in every case, being written backwards. One of the sitters was a Frenchman. The name he had written on the pellet was a French one; and all the answers were in French; and the gentleman said they were perfectly satisfactory. The Doctor was thus kept at it, his hand jumping from one piece of paper to another, writing answers backwards with great rapidity. In answer to a question I put, he said, "I have no idea of what I write, my part is quite mechanical." He then stated he saw a spirit or form near *me*, holding up a piece of paper with writing on; but he could not make out the words. After a while, and in the midst of his writing, he stated that he thought the words on the paper were "Arthur Jones." I have a deceased son named Arthur, but was not thinking about him, and his name was not among the pellets. My son Edward sitting at the table had also pellet tests in the same way as myself. On one of his pellets he had written "Arthur." The rappings on the table were frequent during the whole time till the sitting ended. Next day (Thursday) I again went to Dr. Redman, and self, son, and two daughters had a *private* sitting with him. As before, names were written on pieces of paper, which were then rolled up and thrown in a heap. The Doctor then took them *all* up in his hand, and dropped them one by one, till a tap came; he then took up that one; and his hand jerked towards my son, who took and held the pellet unopened, till a message was written and signed. On opening the pellet, the same name was found on it. A number of questions were then written down and answered. A sheet of paper was taken by the Doctor and written on backwards, and the communication continued on the second sheet; they were then folded up and given as a *private* communication to my son. On reaching home we could not make any sense of the scribble, till we looked at it in the light on the *blank* side; and there was a letter, *well-written*, giving my son some information, and urging him to a certain course of action.

I had not the least doubt that the results were produced by spirits; but the doubt on my mind was, were they the deceased relations whose names were written out? I applied several tests, and I found that the answers were the reflex of the leading thought at the moment on my mind. Thus, I asked the age of my late wife, and purposely impressed a number on my mind; and the Doctor's hand was moved, and made thirty-seven dots on the paper—the number I wished—but wrong. I tried the same as to the month she died, and raps came out at the impressed month; but not at the right month: again, the same as to the day of the month she died—the rap was wrong at the first time, but right the second.

The sittings were very interesting and satisfactory, as evidences of unseen intelligence acting on man, and discerning his passing thoughts—thoughts appearing to be as words to them. They also appear to have a thorough knowledge of the mental state and physical powers of the sitters. But we have no greater right to expect that our deceased relations are to be always found at the houses of strangers, than we on this earth, clothed in flesh, expect to meet our sons and daughters at such places—and further, it shows that spirits are not omniscient and omnipotent. Some of them know as little of the past of our lives as I know of the readers'; and unless the guardian spirit of a man unfolds to such spirits items of the past, that past is a blank to them. On leaving, we had an excellent physical manifestation. The table, as before, rose to an angle of about 45 degrees. I requested my children to sit back from the table, keeping all hands above, but not on it: all hands being off, the table moved, rising, falling, undulating, and responding to us as a living thing. I believe that these manifestations were truly the production of unseen living beings; but, so far as my observation goes, I do not believe that they were my relations, as they claimed to be.

It appears to me thus:—Men stoutly deny the existence of spirits near us, and acting on us. Spirits say, "We will prove it if you test us. Write names

of pellets, and by influencing the medium's hand to write a message signed by the name on the pellet in your hand, we prove our existence, even if you cast aside the rapping and table-moving as unsatisfactory."

I am, &c.,

Peckham.

JOHN JONES.

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

DEAR SIR,—Myself and sister had a private *séance* with Dr. Redman on Monday morning, July 16th; the following is an account of what took place:—

A dozen or more names of deceased relatives and friends were written by us on little slips of paper, each name on a separate slip, which was rolled up into a pellet as soon as written on, and the pellets mixed together in a small heap on the table. Raps were heard very distinct on the floor beside us in reply to the inquiry if any spirits were present whose names we had written; and the time our hands lightly resting on it, inclined forward to an angle of forty-five degrees or more. It was then asked if the spirit who wished to communicate would rap when the pellet was touched on which his or her name was written; this being responded to by raps, Dr. R. touched the pellets one by one with a pencil, till the raps were heard. He then asked if the name of the spirit present was written on the pellet last touched, which was again responded to by raps on the floor and rapid tiltings of the table. Dr. R., holding the pencil to the paper, requested the spirit to write his or her name, before the pellet, which I held in my hand, was opened. A name was instantly written, and, on opening the pellet, I found it had the name on it which the Doctor had just written—that of a relative who has been in the spirit-world twenty-nine years. I inquired, in writing, if my relative could recal any incident of his earthly life which would tend to assure me of his actual presence. In reply, he reminded me of an accident that had occurred to him, which obliged him to lie by for a considerable time. This, I may remark was quite true. My sister and I were very young at the time of its occurrence, but I remember my mother (who he said was in the room beside me) telling me of it, and of the grief and trouble it occasioned her. The fact, however, was not in my mind at the time, and my sister did not understand the allusion till I explained it. My spirit-relative also told me that J.—H.—, the name of a deceased friend (name correctly given in full), then occupied the chair beside me, and was anxious to communicate with me. At this, the rappings and table-tiltings (our hands were off the table) were repeated, and with greater force than before. On my remarking that I had written his name on one of the pellets on the table, the Doctor's hand, with the pencil in it, was rapidly carried to the little pellet heap, from which one was instantly selected and pushed across the table towards me; on opening it, I found it to be the one on which I had written his name.

To all my questions answers were written rapidly, and written backwards; that is, the Doctor wrote from himself and towards me, on the opposite side of the table, so that I could read the words as they were written. What is also curious, while in the act of writing my questions—before I had half written them, the Doctor's hand was carried to the sheet on which I was writing, and, in the manner before described, wrote the answers, over the questions.

The questions I wrote (and which of course I took care should not be seen by Dr. R.) were all answered appropriately with one exception. I was writing, "Can you give me some token"—I was about to add, "of your identity," or words to that effect—when an answer was written as if I had meant a token in evidence of the spiritual origin and quality of the phenomena. This, to me, was evidence that the answer was not an echo of my own thought, but the result of a simple and very natural misapprehension on the part of my invisible respondent. Let me also add, that both my sister and I expected to receive a communication from another relative, rather than the one whose name was written, and who, since entering the spirit-world, had never, at least by name, communicated with us before; nor had our friend J. H.—, and we had no particular expectation that either name would be given.

During the *séance* my temporal affairs were referred to in a way that showed

an intimate acquaintance with them. Throughout the sitting there was no confusion or hesitation in any of the responses, and they bore internal evidence of their authenticity. Altogether, I consider the tests were among the most striking I have received of intelligent action outside ourselves, and not a reflex of the mind of any one visibly present. This was the first and only time we have seen Dr. Redman.

I regret that I am under the necessity of withholding my name from publication, but yourself and many of the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* will know the name attached to the initials

T. B.

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

DEAR SIR,—I accompanied the other day our friend Bielfield to Dr. Redman at 23, Cecil-street. We were quite strangers to him.

After a little conversation with him, and his friend Mr. Laning—both prepossessing persons—Dr. R., young, robust, and quite English in appearance, he invited us to sit to the table, a small uncovered Pembroke, and on raps being heard, Dr. R. divided a sheet of paper into small equal pieces, and asked us to write names of departed friends separately on them, as many as we pleased, and pinch each piece so written on into a pellet. Having written a good many, Dr. R. mixed them together on the middle of the table, and asked "are spirit friends present whose names are written here?" Raps were heard in the affirmative. The table tilted at the same time at an angle of 45 degrees; I having to sit back to allow of its depression towards me; in this position it remained for a minute, all hands off the table, and then slowly fell into its ordinary position again.

"Is this a spirit who desires to communicate to me?" I asked.—"No." Upon the question going round, the affirmative was to Mr. B. Dr. R. said, taking the pellet in his hand, "Is your name among these?"—Affirmative. "Please to rap when the pellet on which your name is written falls." He proceeded to drop them one by one until raps came. "Will you spell the name by the alphabet, before the paper is opened?"—Affirmative. Raps were given, and then a name was given in full—Christian and surname—Thomas Johnson. Mr. B. had written on the paper, which he then opened, the surname and profession of his deceased friend; he did not think of his Christian name at the time. Dr. R. said "Any question you may ask, will perhaps be answered by the spirit through my hand. Mr. B. proceeded to write a question; Dr. R.'s hand was at the same time suddenly turned towards me, and he said "Some spirit wants to take your hand." I gave it, and it was warmly shaken; then dropping my hand, he pushed some sheets of paper, which were lying before him, towards me and wrote with a pencil with great rapidity, beginning at the top of the sheet as it laid towards me, and thus writing upside down—line after line appearing to me as if written in the ordinary manner, as follows:—

"Well, well, is not this a happy hour? Tell me, do tell me, what I can do for you? The moments seem to fly too fast; do let us improve them. All our dear ones are here. Thy spirit guide, Thomas Dixon."

This was one of the names—my father's—which I had written on my pellets. While Dr. R.'s hand was employed in writing an answer in the same singular manner, to Mr. B.'s question—whatever that was—I wrote "May I have your views as to my present position?" Dr. R.'s hand was moved from Mr. B.'s paper to mine, and wrote, still in the same manner, under my question—"Ah, my child,"—(a nice child, I, at fifty-five)—"my views shall be as freely given to thee as"—through my not holding the paper steady, the strong action of the medium's hand made it fly off the table; on replacing it, he turned it over and the following was written:—"Thy position, my child, is correct; but still thy mind is like a young tree, it has not yet borne the fruit which a few experiences will bring upon its branches. Thou art rising *slowly*; go on and we shall meet together at the very gate of life itself. Thy loving father, Thomas."

The pencil was not raised from the paper, but was drawn wavingly to the commencement of another line, and wrote, "Sarah is here with me also."

This was a name, too, that of a sister, among my pellets.

While Dr. R.'s hand was at work on my friend's papers, I wrote, "You

only to care to exhort to the cultivation of spiritual life and ascension." Dr. R.'s hand was now moved to my paper, and the following was written with the same rapidity as the previous, but now not upside down, but backwards—to be read by holding it up before a mirror:—

"My loved son,—The very pavement on which thy patient and truth-loving spirit walks shall ere long become proverbs to others, that they too may learn to tread in the path of philosophy and life. I am pleased with thy endeavours, my child: I am too happy to know that my prayerful labours have not been in vain. Tire not; thy crown shall gain jewels daily, and thy future garden of study bloom with rich rewards. Thy father, Thomas."

Having read this, I made some allusion to the sister whose name had been introduced, and to a manifestation in relation to her some years ago, the medium's hand was moved to the paper lying on the table, where it was said that she was present, and wrote upside down, as previously, "Shall I pick out my name? Sarah Dixon." This writing was smaller, and with the signature this time: I said, "I shall be glad." The medium's hand was moved over the pellets, vibrated, picked out one and offered it to me. I opened it—it was the one on which I had written her name.

While the medium was writing again on Mr. B.'s paper, I wrote, "Why cannot I rely more upon receiving, through my own hand, communications from you and ——" Before I could finish my sentence the medium's pencil was at work, still writing upside down, and rapidly, "Because I am preparing the internal more, and I must at present apparently neglect the external."

I had written the name of my son Robert on one of my pellets; I asked if I might have a few words from him. "Not at this time. The flower is but opened to-day; the fragrance shall come hereafter. Robert will be with thee at thy next meeting."

The communications, written in the same striking manner, received at the same sitting by friend B., exhibited to him, in several particulars, strong proof of coming from the spirits whose signatures were appended. On rising from the table Dr. Redman observed, as something singular, that he had seen a spirit ascending by me while reading, at the window, the communication signed "Thomas," and that as I had resumed my seat, the spirit moved round to where Mr. B. was seated, holding in his hand a little paper with "James Day" written on it, or some name similar to that. Mr. B. said that he had written "James Day" on one of his pellets. It was the name of a spirit from whom he had received many communications.

I limit myself to stating these demonstrations, or manifestations, in the order of their occurrence. They are remarkable under whatever hypothesis they may be viewed. I would only observe that the communications to me on this occasion bear the same mental impress, accompanied by the same signature, as others received by me through different mediums. I am, sir,

JACOB DIXON.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Manor House, Ealing, Middlesex, W.,  
June 1, 1860.

Sir,—I directed Mr. Effingham Wilson to send you yesterday a copy of the second part of a narrative, which I published many years ago, of the treatment which I received when confined as of unsound mind. Towards the middle of the volume you will find mention made of several very singular instances of a species of inspiration, by which I heard voices addressing me in very beautiful tones and often in an intelligent manner, quite apart from my own natural understanding. I began to be subject to these and to other preternatural influences in 1830, when, towards the end of the year, I visited Row and Port-Glasgow, in Scotland, to inquire into the miraculous manifestations which were reported to have taken place about that time there, among members of the Church of Scotland, and which ultimately led to the foundation of the sect called the Irvingites in London; and the want of understanding of these influences, and disobedience to them, I have often thought were very likely the cause of my sub-

sequent derangement. Since my restoration to society, in 1834, I have continued to be subject from time to time to the same, and various other kind of inspirations, so that the phenomena mentioned by you in your Magazine of writing by the spirit, drawing by the spirit, hearing spiritual voices, and the seeing of visions, are all familiar to me, and have been so for many years; but I have always been able to distinguish the visions as such—that is, as forms of persons *not really present* to the body, but presented by the Creator to the soul, and through some operation of the mind only *made to appear* as if they were external and present to the body; and this, although on one or two occasions I have not only been made to perceive, but also apparently to feel the contact of the spiritual vision. When I published my narrative in 1837, I was entirely unacquainted with any persons who were conscious of similar experiences or disposed to place any credence in them, except some *professors* of faith among the Irvingites, who knew nothing of these things themselves practically, and who could not believe in anything being divine out of their pale, and contrary to the received doctrines of the Scriptures. I therefore thought it my duty to publish in the work which I have sent to you some of the experiences which I had been subject to, with a philosophic view, in hopes that some greater men might accept my facts, and carry on their observations to some more practical and decided conclusions, and in the hope, also, of rendering more intelligible to others, the workings of a deranged or so-called deranged mind, so as to lead to a more humane, delicate, intelligent, and reverent treatment of such unfortunate persons. I published the work generally to expose the brutal and irrational treatment to which those *deemed insane* patients are submitted in our best asylums, and as a foundation stone from whence to commence agitation for a reform of our lunacy laws, to which I have devoted myself ever since. I have therefore comparatively had no time, till lately, to attend to the remarkable and now widely-spread phenomena of the present day, and still less opportunity through acquaintance with persons who took an interest in them, to do so. But I have within the last year—now—on three occasions, witnessed myself the wafting of a table many times at Mrs. Marshall's in Red Lion Street, under circumstances which preclude the possibility of its being done by any physical or mechanical power, or by any generally known method of applying electric or galvanic force or attraction; and I have heard of the same phenomenon being witnessed by so many respectable persons, in all grades of society, at their own or other private houses, without any connection or acquaintance with each other, and without Mrs. M. or her niece being present, that it is impossible to suppose that any conspiracy or collusion could exist, or to ascribe the results to anything but some supernatural or spiritual power. I have tried to reconcile my understanding to it by attributing it to the discovery of some new law of nature; but this appears to me to be only mocking at the subject, and a dangerous way of denying or ignoring the proper effect on the mind, of any miracle whatever. In granting that any miracle has or may come to pass, it may be styled by learned and by light-headed and incredulous scoffers as “an indication or a revelation of a new law of nature;” but what is that “new law” but the “old law,” that the Almighty can do what he will with His own essence, and that His will is not necessarily circumscribed by any laws but those which He himself has placed upon it. Though man, misled by experience, conceives that nothing can take place contrary to the effects which he is daily cognizant of.

I will, please God, write to you further on this question as connected with the reform of the laws of lunacy, for, indeed, one of my chief reasons for attending to that question has been to obtain protection for persons having a different experience from the rest of the world, and, consequently, a different belief on spiritual and religious subjects from other persons, and to enable them to appeal to a jury to prevent their unjust confinement, or to obtain their liberation, as was lately done by the Rev. Mr. Leach, but which, at present, can be only done where any property is in danger, as was the case with that gentleman. But, perhaps, the best way of my doing so would be by my giving a lecture upon this subject, if you and your friends would be so kind as to procure an audience for me.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,  
JOHN PERCEVAL.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

American Warehouse, London,

164, Strand, 10th July.

As I promised, I now proceed to tell you some of the reasons "Why, and how I became a Spiritualist." In the winter of 1852 my attention was first drawn to the subject of spirit communion, by my wife. One evening on returning from my place of business, my wife said to me, "David, we can no longer disbelieve in God and angels." "Why?" I said, "Oh, I have been conversing all day with my father and sister in the spirit world."—"Oh, fudge," was my response but she persisted that she had talked with her father and sister, and told me how the medium, although an entire stranger to her, had described her father, who had passed to the other life some eight years before, "And now, David, I want you to look into this new thing and give it your sincere attention, and I am quite sure you will no longer be an infidel." My wife and I, up to this time, had been what the orthodox call infidels, and we both looked upon anything claimed for its basis a spiritual origin, with, I must say, a remarkable degree of incredulity.

Among the few who were classed with the infidel part of the community, was Mr. Bird, a young married man of unimpeachable character and integrity, and whose family had always sustained the highest position in society. He also had heard of the "spiritual phenomena," and one evening in conversation with him and his wife about the many delusions in the world, they had both lamented to us that Mrs. Bird's father, who had become a believer in Spiritualism, should be so deluded. They, however, consoled themselves that he would come to his senses again, as upon other subjects his judgment remained sound. One evening shortly after this, to prove the old gentleman's want of good sense, Mr. Bird said to his wife, "Let us take the table," (which was near the fire, as it was winter) "and see if it will tip and tumble about for us, which even if it does, we shall know that we do it ourselves, although it may be unconsciously; because the Spiritualists say that the spirits weigh nothing, and, as anybody knows, it takes weight to move weight, why of course the mediums must do it themselves." They accordingly advanced towards the table on the farther side of the room, and when not nearer than three feet, and before either of them touched it, the table started towards him, which caused him to retreat in double quick time, and much frightened. His wife, whose nerves were not so easily moved, said to him, "Keep quiet, John," and "I'll bring the table out," and she moved towards it, but when about the same distance from it as Mr. Bird, the table commenced moving towards her. This coming after the first experiment so frightened them both, that they left the house without extinguishing the light on the mantelpiece, and went over the way to Mr. Bird's father, not daring to stay the night in their own house. The next day Mr. Bird addressed a note to me, requesting my presence that evening at his house, and requested me to invite three other gentlemen, whom he named, to accompany me, telling me in his note that he wanted to unravel a mystery, and that certain things had been done at his house "by a propelling power which was claimed to be spiritual;" "and you know," he said, "that is an impossibility." I went as requested, and in my presence the table moved all round the room, and through it answers were satisfactorily given to mental questions, at the request of any one of the company. It also stood upon one or two of its legs, when requested, and walked on two legs. It turned bottom upwards on the floor, and then back again, without the touch of any one; in fact, it seemed as if it could do anything that was asked. At our request the table rose to the ceiling, and came down as lightly as we could have lowered it ourselves; and without troubling you with any more of the details of that evening, I will only add that I became convinced that there were more things unknown to us than our philosophy had ever dreamed of.

I also found that I was a medium myself, for after my arrival at my own house, my family having retired, I went into the dining room, where there was a large dining table, and putting the tips of my fingers upon one corner of it, it rose up on one leg, which I knew, from its weight, several men with their united strength could not have accomplished. I tried the experiment at all four



corners with the same result. At my request, it rose entirely from the floor, and also answered intelligently several mental questions. So much for my first experiments on this great subject of the 19th century. About this time, and before I had seen any writing medium, my hand began when resting either upon a table or anything else, to move spasmodically, without any volition on my part. In fact, I could not stop its movements in the least, which greatly surprised me, and caused much merriment to friends who happened to be present. After a short time my hand would write out words, and subsequently sentences, at first quite unintelligible, but soon the writing could be read with ease. After a few months, my hand would write long articles upon various subjects, and what was the most singular part of the phenomenon was, that while it was writing on one subject, I was frequently in earnest conversation with a friend upon another. Frequently after I had done the writing, I could not decipher it or tell the subject even though it was perfectly intelligible to others.

I will now proceed to give you a test through my mediumship, which is one out of many which I could narrate to you. In April of the same year, after we had sat down to the table in the evening, my hand wrote out in large letters, "We want you and Mrs. Dinsmore to go to Boston, and attend a spiritual convention." I said, "What does this mean?" The answer was, "A convention of Spiritualists is going to be held in Boston." I asked, "When will it be held?" Answer—"25th of next month." Neither I nor my wife had heard of there being such a convention—in fact, we did not think there were Spiritualists enough in America to fill our dining room. I asked, "where is it to be held?" The response was, "The friends are not decided as yet where to hold it, but we think it will be in Chapman Hall" (which proved to be the place decided upon). I said, "I cannot go; and if you are who you claim to be, you would see the impropriety of asking such a thing" (I was then engaged in shipbuilding). But the only response was, "Go to Boston;" and from the 17th of April to the 15th of May following, nearly a month, my hand stubbornly refused to write anything else. Do what I would to the contrary, my hand would write nothing but "go to Boston." On the evening of the 15th of May, as was usual after the children had retired, we sat down to the table to see if we could not get something else, and I said, "As you seem determined that we shall go to Boston, and as there are three ways of going, pray tell us which of the three routes we had better take." My hand immediately wrote in large plain letters, "Go in the 'Governor.'" Now the steamer 'Governor' was an old boat which had been condemned and sold off the route some two years before, the passenger community utterly refusing to trust their lives in her any longer. So I said, with some levity, "Don't you know the old 'Governor' has gone to the spirit world?" but the only answer was again, "Go in the 'Governor;'" and from that time to the 25th, being 10 days, my hand refused to write anything but "go in the 'Governor,'" and after dinner on that day, while my wife—who had determined on taking the spirit's advice—was getting ready to start with the 4 p.m. boat, my hand wrote again, "Go in the 'Governor.'" I attended my wife to the wharf, and soon I said to her, "There comes the 'Boston,'" a beautiful steamer, which had taken the "Governor's" place, and which my wife was to go in. When, however, the vessel came alongside of the wharf, it turned out to be the "Governor!" We were completely confounded, and could hardly speak; and after seeing my wife safely on board, I hunted up the agent, and to my question, "How is it that the old 'Governor' has got back again?" he said that the shaft of the "Boston" broke the previous evening as she was going into the basin, and the "Governor" being the only boat that the proprietors could get to take her place until she was repaired, and it being summer time, it was chartered to take the "Boston's" place; and go to Boston in the "Governor" my wife did, and returned in her, too; and, more than all, she attended the Spiritual convention, as predicted, through my hand, with this difference,—that the convention first met in Chapman Hall, and, after organising, moved to another place. Now I would like to know how it is that spirits can tell to a day, ten days beforehand, when the shaft of a steamer will break, and what boat is to take her place? I can easily comprehend that it is easy enough to see defects in a piece of iron, and that some time or other it must give way; but how to tell the day

being before, I must say was not so easy of solution. I could give you many incidents and anecdotes, but I have told you enough already to show how and why I came to believe in Spiritualism, and ceased to be an infidel. I shall be glad to tell you more in another letter, as a personal history has always some instruction in it.

D. C. DINSMORE.

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## WHAT! NO SOAP?

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April 25.

Dear—I send you the following account of an incident in my own experience, which trivial as it may seem in some of its aspects, has always made a stronger impression on my mind than any of the greater wonders I have heard from others.

About eight or nine years ago, while residing on my farm in Massachusetts, I awoke one night about midnight with an intense thirst, or longing for a drink of milk. So intense and irresistible was the desire, that I arose, lighted a candle, and putting on my slippers, went in my night dress from my chamber down to the kitchen, found a bowl and spoon, and went into the cellar and commenced dipping from a pan which stood on a shelf. Immediately I heard a loud noise like the bursting of a hoop in a corner of the cellar, and on going to the spot saw that the lower hoop of a barrel full of soap, which my wife had made and placed there a few days before, had burst and let out the bottom, and the soap was rapidly oozing from beneath the barrel upon the floor. A couple of empty water-tubs were near, and I seized an empty milkpan, and dipped the soap as quickly as possible from the barrel into the tubs and saved the whole of it, except, perhaps, a gallon or so. If my interposition had been delayed ten minutes, the whole of the soap would have been wasted, and the cellar bottom put in a very unpleasant condition.

After saving the soap, I went back to get my milk, but found that my appetite for it had entirely vanished, and that I had been lured into the cellar on a false pretence, though for a very good purpose.

Now, what makes this case remarkable, and hardly to be accounted for as a mere coincidence, is, that never in my life before that time or since did I have so much desire for milk as to leave my bed in the night and go for it, and in this case, after I had dipped it from the pan I had no desire to taste it, although, but a few minutes before, my longing for it had been as intense and irresistible as that of a drunkard for his accustomed dram, so that I left my bed (which I always hate to do) and went down two flights of stairs to get it, and then found I didn't want it, but was myself wanted for another purpose.

Now, it is ridiculous to suppose that a glorified spirit would care so much about soap as to take the pains to tickle my palate with a thirst for milk in order to send me into the cellar for such a purpose. But, on the other hand, what *did* send me there at midnight, for only once in my life, and just in season to save the soap? Ten minutes sooner I should have returned without doing any good, and ten minutes later would have been too late. "Doth God care for oxen?" inquired St. Paul. Do the spirits care for soap? asks your humble servant.

Herald of Progress.

DANIEL MANN.

## PUNCH AGAIN, AND MR. DICKENS.

WE gave our friend *Punch* credit for more tact than he apparently possesses, in writing our further notice of him, and we confess to something like the same astonishment which Mr. Bumble expressed so forcibly when "Oliver Twist asked for more." In our simplicity we thought that Mr. *Punch* had had enough in return for his previous attacks; but it seems that it is not sufficient for him, that the two sons of his owners, and the son of our redoubtable sceptic, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Leech, the *Punch* artist, should be convicted of the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism. What are we to do with this wooden personage, who, in his number of Saturday last, has the hardihood, after a copious dose of stale jokes at what he knows to be a truth, to recommend his spiritual contemporary to remember that the ridicule of truth should be regarded with serene contempt, *and refuted by demonstration*; and that it is the peculiarity of all quacks and enthusiasts, whether religious or scientific, to resent derision of their impostures or delusions."

This is really a little cool, and when translated into English means as follows, "Two of my sons, and the son of my late partner, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Leech, my principal contributor, know by demonstration, that all you say is true, but it suits us to ridicule and deny it. However, as you know it to be true, you should regard our denial with serene contempt, and take no notice of it."

By a curious coincidence, Mr. Dickens comes out in his last Saturday's number of *All the Year Round*, with some of his remarks on Spiritualism, in which he attempts, but quite unsuccessfully, to do away with the facts. This is not so easy a task, for facts are very pertinacious things. We beg to refer him to those witnessed by his own son; and if he requires it, we are in possession of further information as to the means taken by his son in forming his conclusions, which we can publish. We also refer him to those in the narrative of Dr. Blank, at the beginning of this number, which he will have some difficulty in explaining away. Since he does not hesitate to charge Mrs. Marshall with imposture, just let him address himself to the question of how she got the country curate's name and address, and the family passages from his history. Come, Mr. Dickens, stand up to this now, and give us the benefit of your opinions upon the Doctor's narrative, and go critically and scientifically into the phenomena witnessed by your son.

We may have to notice Mr. Dickens's article on a future occasion at more length.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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[No. 9.]

## THACKERAY AND DICKENS ON SPIRITUALISM.

It is a curious fact that our two leading novelists, each in his own particular periodical, have come out precisely at the same time on the physical phase of Spiritualism. The battle that has been fought out in America to the great discomfiture of the press, and to the greater growth of Spiritualism, is just beginning here. We congratulate Mr. Thackeray on the manliness and common sense with which he has met the question. He has allowed "a friend of five-and-twenty years' standing, and for whose good faith and honorable character he can vouch," to state plainly the physical phenomena which he has seen in highly respectable private families; on one of which occasions Mr. Home was present, and floated in the air. These phenomena, which strike the press with such profound astonishment, are merely such as the Americans for the last ten years, and very like what the Chinese for the last three thousand years profess to have been witnessing, and which we have been detailing to our readers for these many months, on the authority not only of our own eyes and other senses, but also on those of some of the most learned and acute men in this kingdom, some of whom have been previously as determined in their opposition to the belief in these things as Mr. Dickens himself.

We cannot but think Mr. Dickens pre-eminently unfortunate. It is not long ago that he knocked his head against the Cheshunt ghost, and got a severe rebuff; and now that his able rival has ventured to give a fair field to the statement of the candid observations and perfect convictions of the truth of these psychological facts—he comes forward to announce that he has discovered them to be the most egregious impositions. And where has he discovered these impositions? In the same fair and conspicuous arena as the friend of Mr. Thackeray? Has he gone to the houses of highly respectable, and firmly believing private people, who can have no possible motive to deceive, to make his observations? Has he

sate down in the circles of persons as educated and honorable as himself, and who have the most serious and sacred conviction of the reality of these phenomena; who would revolt at any imposture, and who would lament, as the shaking of their faith in a most comfortable persuasion, the possibility of any trickery in these *séances*? This, at least, Mr. Dickens should have done before he impugned the high veracity, the honour, and the common sense of hundreds, and of thousands of people in this country, as clear-headed and observant as himself; of millions in America and other parts of the world.

No! Mr. Dickens has thought fit to denounce the physical demonstrations of Spiritualism, upon a single visit to a professional demonstrator or medium where he paid his half-crown, and where he went with the foregone conclusion that he was about to detect an imposture. Is that, we ask, the way to settle a great question, in which not this single medium, but hundreds of thousands of mediums, and the habitual observers of those mediums is concerned? Where men and women as able and as highly, and in many instances more highly, educated than himself, and of the most undoubted capacity for determining the truth or the falsehood of what they see, are implicated? On the contrary, his conduct has been equally rash, equally foolish, equally capable of immediate exposure, with the senseless acts of the late Dr. Dionysius Lardner, who was repeatedly attempting to prove that steam could never succeed; that it could not get across the Atlantic, and that trains under the utmost possible stimulus could never run more than thirty miles an hour on land. Why will Mr. Dickens so rashly attempt the impossible? If he could prove that the mediums to whom he went—"the one old and the other young"—were impostors, what would he have gained? Nothing! he would not have advanced one step towards the refutation of the claims of Spiritualism, of which these physical demonstrations are but one phase; for at the moment when they read his article hundreds would laugh at his folly, knowing from years of observation on all sides of them, that precisely the same kind of phenomena, and still more wonderful, are daily taking place in private families of all ranks from very near the throne down to the humblest houses, where no imposture can intrude itself; where the soul's hopes of immortality and of Christian truth are too deeply associated with what he terms nonsense to suffer them to tolerate it for a moment. Does Mr. Dickens think that he is the only man possessing a decent share of shrewdness? That he alone is capable of using his eyes and his judgment to the detection of imposture, or the establishment of truth? That his testimony is to be taken in preference to that of millions; to that of judges, physicians, and barristers, and logicians, and experimentalists, who

have spent their lives in abstruse enquiry, and in tracing out all the windings and subtleties of chicane? The inference is that of an assumption most preposterous and offensive.

Now our opinion is that, so far from Mr. Dickens being at all eminently qualified for philosophical enquiry, the long habits of his literary life have very much disqualified him for the search after any great truth. Mr. Dickens has not been seeking after the truth so much as after the melodramatic and grotesque in effect. He has mixed so much, in pursuit of material for his fictions, with the lowest and most corrupt and degraded of the London populace; with cadgers, and costermongers, and touters, and swindlers, and artful dodgers, for his Quilps, his Fagans, and Dick Swivellers, that his mind has become nearly ruined for any other department of enquiry. Wherever he goes, he looks for low cunning, and sordid trick, and base motive, and a false and fictitious state of things. It is as great a mistake for him to assume the office of enquiry into the nature and phenomena of Spiritualism, as it was some years ago, for him to attempt an account of Italy in his tour there. Italy with all her grand antiquity, her great and melancholy story, her beauty, her sublime arts, her wonderful evidences of the Pagan and the Christian past; her fragments of temples, and palaces, and amphitheatres, and tombs, and triumphal arches, in which and among which the masters of the world once moved, and the oppressed of the world suffered; and where the proudest of the proud triumphed; and the noblest souls wept tears of blood; and where the groans and aspirations of trodden Christianity are yet perpetuated in mausolea, and in the living clutch of a priestly despotism. Italy, whispering from her deep foundations, from her tawny Campagna, from her mountains, her olive yards, and her vineyards, of a coming resurrection of liberty and truth,—was not the scene for Charles Dickens. His eyes were still tinged with the vapours of Clerkenwell and Rotherhithe; his senses still inhaled the perfumes of Wapping and Ratchiff Highway; and he presented his astonished readers, not with the sublime, not with the touching and the beautiful of "The Niobe of Nations," but only with the odd, the vulgar, the flippant, and the grotesque. Let Mr. Dickens adhere to his peculiar province, where he shines. We shall always be glad to have his stories, with all their exaggerations and their mannerism, because they give us as well, real touches of human nature. But let him not deceive himself; we are not likely to adopt him as a pioneer of psychological or theological truth. We appeal from Dickens indulging in fiction and distortion to Thackeray and honest and fair enquiry.

We have said that could Mr. Dickens demonstrate beyond refutation that the ladies to whom he went were impostors, he would

have gained nothing. An impostor, or a thousand impostors, as the friend of Thackeray has well observed, will not remove a single fact: but, in this case, Mr. Dickens would have to travel over a vast space still presenting different phenomena, in every quarter of which stand witnesses too familiar with their ground to fear any defeat. It is not a thousand exposures against one fact to-day, but one pretended exposure against ten thousand witnesses and a hundred thousand facts. It is the folly of these champions of negation that they imagine the physical demonstrations, wonderful as they are, are the whole of Spiritualism; they are but a very confined section of it. It has its equal numbers in daily communication from the Spirit-world; from friends gone before, and yet continually attending on those left behind, who are as clearly and as positively, and much more consolingly manifested as these raisings of tables and of human bodies. It has its teachings in drawing, in painting, in music, in writing through invisible agency; its spiritual *life*, which has been attested in all ages by the greatest, the wisest, and the noblest of men. You must connect all these with the more direct physical phenomena, and then with the miracles and the living soul of Christianity, and disprove all its varied hosts of facts, before you can touch Spiritualism.

But we are bold to deny that even the two humble women, whom Mr. Dickens has so foully aspersed, are in any manner impostors. They are humble and uneducated women, who are not in circumstances to sacrifice their whole time to satisfy the enquiries of strangers without compensation; but if they practised imposition upon Mr. Dickens, they must have done it most gratuitously, for we ourselves repeatedly and numbers of our friends have witnessed through them the most unequivocal evidences of spirit-power. It is a fortunate circumstance that a well-known literary gentleman was accidentally present at the very manifestations so misrepresented by Mr. Dickens; and our readers will be glad to see his version of what occurred on that occasion. His admirable account is given under the very appropriate heading of "A Rap on the Knuckles," and which it very truly is for Mr. Dickens, and should be a lesson to him to be more accurate in his observation and description of such phenomena. In this magazine last month, Dr. Blank, quite as keen and wide-awake an intellect as Dickens, bore decided testimony that there was no trickery when he was at a *séance* at the house of these same ladies, whilst the demonstrations were very extraordinary. As to all Mr. Dickens's imagined strings to the guitar, and machinery under the table, none but a jaundiced and credulous mind could suppose such clumsy machinery, which any bold man at any moment could detect.

Why did not Mr. Dickens pop under the table, feel round the guitar and find the string? Nothing was so easy, if a string or a thread were there. But no such machinery ever was detected there—nor, we are persuaded, ever will be. How can a string be attached to an accordion, which moves about a room, and plays in all parts of it, as plenty of people have seen and heard in private houses, and when it goes round and round, and in and out, amongst the company, without entangling them in a perfect web and network of string? The thing is sheer twaddle, and is only to be ranked with those “rats, cats, old hats, and rusty weather-cocks,” which Mr. Howitt so happily ridiculed in Mr. Dickens’s *Cheahunt* escapade. Why will Mr. Dickens continue to search the dust-heaps of creation for means to solve Nature’s mysteries? Does he imagine that Louis Napoleon could have machinery introduced into the Tuilleries by Mr. Home, spite of himself, and all the crowd of courtiers, and officers, and servants? That Lord Lyndhurst, during the frequent visits of Mr. Home at his house, would not be able to detect imposture if there were any, as well as Mr. Dickens in a single visit to a paid medium? Or, that hundreds of other shrewd and honorable men, judges, bishops, men high in the universities and in general life, would not, ere now, have discovered something of it? What does Mr. Dickens think of himself? That “he is the man, and that wisdom will die with him?” That when he goes all the acumen of the world will go with him, and that we shall be left a prey to the dreariest hocus-pocus, and the old nursery horrors of *Raw-head and Bloodybones*?

And is not Mr. Dickens then, as we said at the beginning, pre-eminently unfortunate in his position, and in his denial of the facts of Spiritualism? He seems to take it quite as a personal offence that such things should be, though why they should not be, we really do not know, seeing that the Christian dispensation is based upon similar classes of psychological data. In his anger he forgets this, and Quixote-like continues to charge against the windmills, which assuredly will catch him up, and cause him with sore bones to be more prudent for the future.

Mr. Dickens, too, has ventured a feeble denial of the facts mentioned in our June number, as occurring in the presence of his son, and of the son of one of the proprietors of *Punch*. This enables us to answer both him and Mr. *Punch* at the same time, the latter worthy equally ridiculing the phenomena as impostures, and complaining that they do not occur before persons able scientifically to observe them, although his clever cartooner, Mr. Leech, and two sons of his own were amongst the observers. In justice to ourselves, therefore, we have to declare that our previous statement, as to these gentlemen, is exactly



true, and that neither Mr. Dickens nor the Messrs. Evans could have truthfully given a different version to their parents. Their seeing the phenomena was brought about in the way described, by one of the Messrs. Evans accidentally meeting Mr. Squire at dinner, and witnessing the manifestations, after which he described them to his brother and Mr. Dickens, jun., who, of course, considered that he was not a competent observer, and that they themselves were extremely competent. An appointment was accordingly made for them, and then they were convinced, after making the most minute examination of the tables, and searching in vain for the machinery which they expected a gentleman would allow to be introduced for the great object of deceiving them. We are deeply sorry to say that the gentlemen were indeed too easily convinced, and that having seen the wonderful phenomenon of the table whirled on to the heads of Mr. Squire and themselves against a leverage of, perhaps, more than a ton, they declared that they were satisfied with their powers of observation. Mr. Squire, then shewed them, to their great amazement, how it could have been done without any spirit aid, and then himself prescribed conditions by the tying of his wrists and legs, which entirely precluded the possibility of its accomplishment by ordinary dynamics. The phenomenon was at once and several times repeated to their entire satisfaction. So satisfied were they that, as we have told, they instinctively shrunk from the grasp of the spirit-hands which sought to touch them, and so far shewed an appreciation of facts, which their fathers would do well to imitate. Of course, we cannot say what they have told their fathers, but we can tell what occurred in their presence, and how they then received it, and how frank and truthful was their conduct throughout. We should not have publicly referred to them, had it not been for the line taken up by *Mr. Punch*, which we consider as really "too bad," in the face of such facts; and that it is not for the interest of truth that he should be allowed to ridicule, and deny phenomena, which his sons and pictorial contributor, Mr. Leech, have themselves witnessed.

But to return to Mr. Dickens, who, in his recent article, has made a show of something like learning. He has got a *Life of Dr. Dee*, and gives us, in his own way, a most grotesque and distorted account of him. We need not tell those who have made themselves acquainted with that famous so-called necromancer, that he was a most extraordinary man, and that Queen Elizabeth employed him on the continent to conduct political enquiries, which she could accomplish through none of her regular or shrewdest diplomatists. We may, one of these days, go a little into his history and character. But supposing that Dr. Dee could be proved a charlatan and

impostor, is that any proof that Mr. Home is an impostor? That the facts which, with the utmost simplicity of manner, and with an entire renunciation of self-appropriation of them, he has brought under the careful, and curious, and open notice of many of the strongest heads and most honourable minds in this and other countries, are, spite of their certain knowledge, mere humbug and legerdemain? Is it any reason that, because charlatans may have existed, Mr. Dickens should so foully brand Mr. Home as one, without taking the opportunity personally to test Mr. Home? We must pronounce our deep regret at this equally shallow, unwarrantable, and unmanly conduct. Mr. Thackeray's friend bears his testimony to the gentlemanly and unassuming conduct and character of Mr. Home, and we and all who know him well can testify to his straightforward, candid, and religious disposition; and we must again declare that the insinuations of Mr. Dickens, as regards Mr. Home, are as censurable as his reasoning is ludicrous. Why, this mode of reasoning would exterminate Christianity as well as Spiritualism, if admitted. Because there have been in different ages charlatans and impostors, *ergo*, every one who introduces new facts, which we take no proper pains to investigate, is a charlatan and impostor. Because Mahomet and Joe Smith were impostors, pretending to be founders of new religions, *ergo*, Jesus Christ was an impostor, and the false founder of a false religion. The deduction from such absurd premises, is perfectly legitimate. It is the genuine *reductio ad absurdum*.

But Mr. Dickens has given other examples of his learning. He tells us that these sorts of things have been going on in all ages. Very true. And because this faith in the ministry of spirits, these evidences of spiritual surroundings have so risen up in all ages, spite of ignorance, and atheism, and literary presumption, every sensible man is satisfied that it is a great and eternal truth, underlying all our life, and binding it up with the life to come. It is because it has thus manifested itself in all ages, and in all countries,—to Hesiod and Homer, Socrates and Plato, to the great dramatists of Greece; to Cicero and Seneca and Tacitus in ancient Rome; to all the Christian fathers; to the Catholic Church in all ages; to our own Church, which has its ministry of saints and angels; to Fenelon, Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and Tauler; to Fox, and all the Wesleys; to many of our celebrated bishops; to Bacon and Milton, and Addison and Johnson; to the most eminent leaders of the Dissenters; to Doddridge, and Scott, and Baxter, and Adam Clarke, *cum multis aliis*; that we know that it is a condition of the race, and will live to the end of time, and knock down all the proud and self-inflated Sadducees who shall venture a blow at it.

But, says Charles Dickens, "It produces no good; gives no new revelation of religion; therefore, it is false. They are realities that outlast the attacks of the sceptical." Do we want a new revelation? Have we not one perfect and full already? What we want is FAITH IN THAT REVELATION, and that it gives, amid the materialism and semi-materialism of modern times, the greatest gift conceivable. By his own account, this very foolish and unproductive Spiritualism has lasted through all ages, and therefore, on his own showing, is one of the realities. What is its wonderful diffusion at this time, its ever-growing and ever-deepening diffusion, but conclusive evidence of its inextinguishable force and life? It produces no good? Is the overthrow of sceptical and material philosophy, the greatest curse ever poured from the vials of bloated intellectual pride, and the enfranchisement of affrighted man from its charnel bondage, no good? Then Mr. Dickens does not know what good is. We challenge all the preachers and the ethical philosophers of the age, to produce a tithe of the converts from atheism, *deism*, and secularism, which the Spiritualism of the 19th century can show. For ourselves, we are prompt to say, that we regard it as the greatest blessing next to life, which God has conferred on us, and without which, life would want its profoundest and most heaven-embraced satisfaction. Give us assurance, positive, permanent, and invincible, that man is a spirit, as God is a spirit, and bound up inextricably with the spirit-life hereafter, and the reign of Christ and of immortal thought and progress, and we care not how this assurance comes; whether through tables, or chairs, or stools, or pepper-boxes, or any other thing, however little or mean, or insignificant in itself. To us its functions shall dignify it. To us it shall stand as the proof "that God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the base things of the world, and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are." To us it shall be more honoured than bishop-filled pulpits, more glorious than thrones, more authoritative than philosophers, more eloquent than all tongues, more majestic than all heralds; for to us it is the assurance without which all other assurances are vain. It is to us the foundation of a new and steadfast world; the sun that chases all shadows; the ship of eternity buoyant over all roaring gulphs and maelstroms, and annihilative terrors. It is the one thing needful; the rock of certainty that God is, and with him Christ, and all that have lived or shall live in Christ FOR EVER.

We rejoice, therefore, to see men like Mr. Thackeray, taking the true and manly ground—that of fair and heroic enquiry into the opening phase of the subject, flinging aside the cowardice,

which has hitherto made contemptible our literary and scientific men—the mean and unworthy disgrace of the age—and teaching them to look the matter fairly in the face, as Englishmen should. Let this be the bearing of our men of genius and of talent, and, the braggart pretence which squints over its shoulder at the bugbear, and even then shuts its eyes, as a timid sportsman when he fires a gun, and therefore, sees anything but the thing itself, will soon be held in due estimation. The reign of unenquiring denial will quickly have its end.

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### REV. T. L. HARRIS ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE Rev. T. L. Harris, in a letter published in the *Banner of Light*, Boston, United States, writes concerning his sermon on Spiritualism, so misreported by Mr. James Grant of the *Morning Advertiser*, as follows:—

“The notice in the London *Morning Advertiser* was a one-sided and extremely incorrect affair. The discourse in question, as revised and extended, is the one which I have already sent, entitled “Modern Spiritualism: its truth and errors.”—This contains the argument in full.

“The only classes of spiritual communications condemned, were those which in their doctrine are hostile to Christianity, and in their tendency destructive to good morals.

“The only modes of communication with spirits censured, were those which are harmful to mind and body, no less than to the moral nature.

“The only classes of Spiritualists whose practices were censured, were those who make use of spiritual communications for the purpose of subverting the Gospel, and subjugating the spirit to malign influences.

“It only was to that class of Spiritualists who have given way to impure and seductive spiritual teachings, that the statement was made, ‘that the vast majority of them were morally injured and degraded by the practices of their faith.’ The statements were the same as those fearlessly put forth by me for several years in America; in the pulpit, in my various works, and in the four volumes of the *Herald of Light*.

“So far as I am aware, this discourse, in conjunction with the others of the series, has been considered by far the greater body of English Spiritualists who have heard them, as a triumphant vindication of an orderly Spiritualism—both as to facts and principles; no less than a necessary *exposé* of the dangers resulting from the abuse of facilities for communicating with the invisible world.”

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THE TWO WORLDS.—The connection between the visible and invisible world is one of the greatest of all questions, and it must ever remain a subject of deepest concern, especially to regenerate man,—that a creature distinguished not only from the brutes by his intellect, but from the fallen human race by the renovation of his spirit, and who, thus connected with the animals by his body of dust, with man by his intellect, and with the Church above by his renovated spirit, stands on the verge of two worlds, and must ever, therefore, be deeply interested in their bearing and connexion with each other; and I believe it is only a lapse into a grosser and more material state of being that can annihilate that interest. Often at that time, I heard it said, “we can no longer think of shadows, we have now too many realities to occupy us;” but at the end of 65 years, all those from whose lips I heard the sentiment have learned that it is the invisible world which constitutes the only reality, and that those pressing interests which they once conceived of as vivid realities, have proved to be the passing shadows.—*Autobiography of M. A. Schimmelpenninck*, vol. 1, p. 225.

## WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM?\*

### II.

ASTRONOMY reveals to us the movements of the heavenly bodies and the laws which regulate their motion. Geology makes us acquainted with the past states of the earth, and the forms animate and inanimate that once peopled it. Chemistry teaches us the properties and constituent elements of bodies. As physical science consists in a knowledge of the facts and laws of the material world, so psychical science consists in a knowledge of the facts and laws of the soul; and, as we can learn of the material world only by the study of its phenomena,—the varied manifestations of invisible force; so, we can learn of the spiritual world only in like manner. The same method of study must be pursued in both. We must observe and collate facts, and see what these facts teach. We must study phenomena ere we can attain to the understanding of their governing principles. In doing so, the most diligent and careful student will often blunder. How many crude hypotheses, how many erroneous and partial theories have been put forward in geology? Yet geology is a true science. The corrective to any wrong induction that the geologist may make, is to be found in a larger and more careful study of the facts of that science. As these become more fully and better known geological science becomes both more comprehensive and more accurate. So with psychical and spiritual science. The Spiritualist, like the geologist, may read his lesson wrongly, may build his conclusions on insufficient data. To correct his judgment, he must compare his experience with

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\* "What then are we to understand by the editor's expression concerning the *teachings* of Spiritualism?" From a critique of the *Spiritual Magazine* in the *Crisis*: a semi-monthly, edited by the Rev. H. Weller, Laporte, Indiana, U.S.

We have just seen No. 14, vol. 9, of the *Crisis*, in which the editor referring to our former article, says:—

"We, ourself, from having seen so much of the false and mischievous teachings of Spiritualists, have been apt, at times, to undervalue the phenomena itself; and we are well rebuked by an answer to our critique on the *Spiritual Magazine*, of London, England, when asking the question—What is meant by the teachings of Spiritualism? the editor replies that it is not the teachings of *Spirits* nor of *Spiritualists*, but of the great fact itself—of Spiritualism itself, as the most momentous thing of human experience. Here, indeed, we concede all that can be said of the wondrous significance and prophetic import of this universal outbreak of the spiritual into the natural world."

We had no intention to "rebuke" the editor, but have rather to thank him for suggesting an inquiry so important and so practical. Would that the editors of *Punch* and of *All the Year Round* were equally open to conviction, and equally ingenuous.

the experiences of others, and the experience of the present with that of the past; and sometimes, even then, suspend his conclusions till further facts are known.

As the oak is contained within, and is the outgrowth of the acorn, so the teachings of Spiritualism are contained within, and are the outgrowth of its phenomenal facts. Only let the student be sure that what he regards as its teachings *are* the outgrowth of the facts, and not of *fancies* about the facts. To thoroughly understand these facts in all their relations and consequences, in a way entirely satisfactory, would require vast knowledge and vast powers; an intimate knowledge of the laws of matter and of mind, of the imponderable elements and magnetic forces, and a deep spiritual insight and clear perception of the relations between the psychical and the physical cosmos. At present, and perhaps for a long time, our chief work must be to gather together the materials for the building of this goodly edifice, here a brick and there a plank—when all is ready, in the providence of God, the master-builders will appear.

But each one who has had any considerable experience in Spiritualism may, even now, answer the question relatively, if not absolutely; little as he may know compared with what he is conscious he does not know of it, he may yet point out how its teachings are understood by him, and the mode by which in his judgment more light from them can be best attained. Especially is it incumbent upon those who are urging Spiritualism upon public attention to do so on fitting occasion; hence, and with a view to excite thought upon this subject, our present response to the inquiry of the *Crisis* as to what we mean by "the teachings of Spiritualism."

Pascal remarks that "the immortality of the soul is a matter which so essentially concerns man, and touches him so nearly, that we must have lost all sense of feeling if we are indifferent on this engrossing subject."

Now we claim that this immortality "which so essentially concerns man, and touches him so nearly," is demonstrated by Spiritualism as it can be demonstrated in no other way. Philosophy has debated it for ages and still left it an open question. It is true that Christianity affirms it, and in its origin attested its truth by wondrous spiritual manifestations, and that, even now, Christians appeal to these as its chief evidence. Take these out of the New Testament, and what evidence of the soul's immortality can Christianity give, which Paganism had not given before? It is questionable if it could give as much. In some Christians this faith in the soul's immortality is strong and earnest; but more frequently it moves with slow and tottering steps, supported only by education and by habit. In either case it is to them a faith

only; but to those who have had experience of the facts of Spiritualism it is something more. They have not only faith but *knowledge*; to them all doubt is dissipated, it is a demonstrated reality, one of the fixed facts of the universe. When the reality of motion was denied, the philosopher got up and walked; in like manner Spiritualism answers the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" not by appeals to authority, nor by verbal argument, but by pointing to the fact that departed spirits manifest their continued presence and agency in our midst. Could the Christian world fully recognise the reality of spiritual manifestations *now*, its present traditional dead form of faith would become instinct with a new life which would pulsate in every artery, nerve, and fibre. The difference would be like that of the bare wintry tree, and the same tree called into new life by the breath of spring, and clad in all the rich beauty of its summer foliage. In giving a full assurance of the *certainty* of the hereafter life, Spiritualism, as the *Crisis* admits, "will serve a good end against the naturalistic tendencies of the age, especially in England."<sup>\*</sup>

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\* So also, in the July number of the *Intellectual Repository and New Jerusalem Messenger*, the Editor, writing against Spiritualism, admits that—"It is an incontestable fact that *materialism* dreadfully abounds; this materialism chains men's minds down to mere matter, and causes them to immerse all their governing affections in merely earthly things. Mammon is their chief god,—and Venus, Bacchus, and Mars are their principal idols. Thus naturalism, as Swedenborg designates materialism, *awfully prevails in the church*, even where the appearance is to the contrary. *A knowledge of the spiritual world is the greatest desideratum of the age. There can be no improvement in an upward direction without this knowledge, nor can there be any living faith in a life after death.* Now, it may be that *Spiritualism* is permitted for a season, as a means of breaking up this dreadful materialism, and the prevailing infidelity as to everything spiritual which rests upon it. Many minds, it is said, *and we believe it*, have been awakened by Spiritualism and its effects to a conviction that there is a spiritual world, and a life after death; and that man retains his identity and still exists in a human form, with everything mental and sensational, in very much greater perfection than when in the world. He is in a spiritual body adapted to the spiritual world, and has lost nothing by death but his gross earthly body which he wants no more. Hence the mere clay fabric of materialism is shattered by this miraculous (?) belief, because it comes home to the very senses, and *meets materialism on its own ground. . . . . Spiritualism, it cannot be doubted, has, during the last fifteen years, done much to shatter these rocks of infidelity, and to move men's minds in the direction of a faith in the spiritual world, and of a life after death.*" And the Rev. J. P. Stuart, also, like the editors of the *Intellectual Repository* and the *Crisis*, a disciple and preacher of the doctrines of Swedenborg, declares:—"We might see for ourselves that we are gaining a *most glorious result* in the demonstrations of the *spiritual world* that are given to men of every class; for whether declarations of men who have passed into the other life are true or false, weighty or worthless, wise or nonsensical, *one thing is gained by them.* Henceforth the world shall *know* that death is neither a temporary nor an eternal sleep; but, when stripped of his mortal coil, 'A man's a man for a' that.' From henceforth it shall be *known* that the sphere of immortal life is contiguous to the sphere of mortal life, and that millions of spiritual beings, unseen and unknown, 'Through the air and tread the earth.'"

Again, Spiritualism supplies us with some certain knowledge of the spirit-world. We do not mean that information which spirits may give us in verbal description or pictorial representation, and which, in any given instance, may, or may not correspond to fact; but we mean that self-revelment of qualities and states which is disclosed to us in their intercourse and acts; for in these they truly, though, it may be, unconsciously, manifest *themselves*; perhaps, in a way even contrary to their intentions and verbal communications. Language we know is not the only, and often not the best expression of character.

Those who, on receiving the first gleams of light from the opening spiritual intercourse, have anticipated therefrom absolutely reliable verbal dicta concerning all things which appertain to the unseen state of existence, and which come within the province of spiritual powers, feel a deep sense of disappointment and chagrin on finding that the communications from their invisible correspondents are sometimes frivolous and false; and they very naturally inquire what they can learn from a source which is thus untrustworthy? This, for one thing:—that these prepossessions concerning spirits and the spirit-world, derived principally from past modes of belief, do not rest upon any substantial basis,—that in supposing that spirits are permitted to communicate only what is true and of the gravest moment, they have been under a delusion. You complain, my friend, that the spiritual communications you receive are not to be implicitly trusted. Well, perhaps *that* is the very lesson they are permissively and chiefly designed to teach you, and the one which, in relation to the subject, you most need; and how could they teach it you so effectually in any other way? If you surrender yourself to the *ipse dixit* of any spirit, or give up the reins of your own judgment into other hands, it is at your peril. That is the simple obvious teaching of the facts themselves. We speak now of those facts only in which the falsehood and frivolity of verbal spirit-communications are intentional, and unmistakably originate in the communicating spirits. Of the *supposed* unreliabilities and levities which result from misunderstanding, or from discordant and disturbing elements in the medium and surrounding conditions, we may perhaps speak in a subsequent article.

We are happy to know that we here take common ground with our co-labourers in America. The *Spiritual Telegraph and Preacher* (for many years the principal organ of American Spiritualists), in a leading article on THE UNRELIABILITY OF SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS, remarks:—

The feelings both of friends and opposers, as based upon the unreliabilities referred to, might, we think, undergo a considerable modification, if they would look beyond the merely *superficial* aspects of this subject, to the grand *phenomenal*



significance which, we believe, it was providentially designed to bear to the world. It would then, perhaps, be seen that while a communicating spirit speaks one language, an entirely different, and it may be, so far as the spirit is concerned, even totally unintended language, is tacitly borne to the understanding of the reflective receiver of the message. In the former aspect, which is merely the *verbal* and *personal*, the communication may be totally false; in the latter, it may be, and when *properly understood*, always necessarily *is*, absolutely true and infallible. In the former sense, the communication may be simply from the *spirit*, who may or may not be able and willing to tell us the truth; in the latter, it may be regarded as in some sense a communication from God, and fraught with *infallible* truth highly important for man to know.

Let us illustrate: suppose that raps to letters of the alphabet, produced by the spirit of a deceased human being, spell out the sentence, "There is no God, no distinction between good and evil, and no moral responsibility." Now taking this in its merely superficial import—the import in which it was evidently intended by the spirit to be understood—it must, of course, be pronounced totally false. But supposing that it is established beyond a doubt, that this communication actually comes from a human spirit, is there not something else that is said to us by its means? Most certainly there is, and *that*, after all, is the chief point of value in the whole matter. It is *tacitly* said, among other things, that "human spirits possess intelligence (and ignorance) similar to that which characterized them while dwellers in the mortal body; and that there are those who are actually so low in intelligence, in morals, and in the perception of spiritual and divine things, as to deny the existence of a God, the distinction between good and evil, and the moral responsibility of man." This is the language of the *phenomenon itself*, and in that sense it may be regarded as the language of God, just as much as the falling apple was to Newton the language of the Great Author of material nature speaking of the general law of gravitation.

Now if it be a *fact* that there are spirits in the other world whose intellectual and moral states are such as would be represented by an outer expression like the one above supposed, then it is of great importance that the world, especially the *theological* world, should *know* that fact. But how can the world be made to know it so certainly as by the fact being permitted to exhibit itself by means of just such a communication? A truth so novel, and so contrary to the generally-received opinion on this subject, would not be likely to obtain credence on any mere *verbal* testimony coming through a rapping, writing, or speaking medium, and therefore it is permitted to come to the world in the language of *ocular and oral demonstration*. The fact, in other words, is permitted to *show itself*.

So then, if all spirit-manifestations, in all their multitudinous varieties, were studied simply in their *phenomenal* aspects and bearings, as the facts of the laboratory, of electrical experiments, and of planetary and sidereal motions, are studied by the philosopher, they would be found to open new and almost boundless fields of thought and of scientific demonstration concerning the nature and laws of spirit existence, the relations between this and the invisible worlds, the conditions, laws, benefits, and dangers of spirit intercourse, and concerning all things pertaining to the interior nature of man, both in this world and in the world hereafter.

If, therefore, every merely *verbal* communication that has ever been given by spirits to mortals is a *false* one (a supposition which we by no means entertain), still the current spiritual phenomena are pregnant with the most profound and important instruction to those who bring to them the proper spirit and powers of investigation.

It may also be noted that the class of facts indicated in the foregoing extract conclusively establish that the communications received at spiritual *séances* do not proceed from some occult operation of the minds of the inquirers or of the circle, as, in such instances, not only do they not correspond thereto, but are directly contrary to their wishes and expectations. Granting,

then, that these facts demonstrate that there are spirits low in mind and morals; that the qualities of human nature, evil as well as good, perpetuate themselves in the invisible world; that some "psysico-spiritual manifestations have been connected with a very palpable dishonesty on the part of spirits,"—on the other hand, (in the words of the Rev. T. L. Harris, who does not represent Spiritualism too *couleur de rose*):—

I must conclude that others have emanated from high sources and been attended with benignant consequences. When the field is cleared of disorders, in the putting down of evil, and the preparation of mankind, we have every reason to expect that matter, no less than mind, will be glorified by frequent displays of the celestial beauties and harmonies. When devout persons tell me of floods of delicious odour diffused upon the air;—of angel-voices heard by the bedside of the dying, or where two or three are gathered together in pure love and holy converse;—of grand and solemn words pronounced by invisible lips, and pulsing along the atmosphere;—of visions of unearthly beauty, where landscapes beam, and the express purity of the Divine Nature;—when the mother clasps the sweet form of her heaven-nurtured infant;—when wife and husband meet, whom death has no power to part, since the affections of the pure are mightier than mortality;—when the good, the nobly great of other days evince their presence by a dispensation of heroic strength, to fill the bosom with an equal virtue, and inspire it for as true a battle with the evils of the time;—when, *as I know*, through angel-messengers, the seemingly dead are kept from being buried alive; and mariners saved from shipwreck on the wide ocean; and travellers preserved from equal perils,—from fire, or from explosions, or from the fall of buildings, or the infection of pestilences, on land;—when invisible hands strike from the grasp of the physician unsuitable medicines that might affect the life;—when the sick are healed through the presence and influence of angels;—when charities are made more discriminating; and lips made less censorious; and bodies more sound; and hearts more virtuous;—when greater strength is given for greater burdens borne for humanity in God; when the hungry are fed, and the naked clothed; and those sick and in prison ministered unto, through the direct presence and felt influence of angels and good spirits with man;—every argument that concurs to fix my faith in the Christian gospel forces me to admit a Divine element in the spiritual manifestations of our day.\*

Looking then at its two obverse sides, we learn from an open spiritual intercourse that the spirit-world is, to a great extent, a reflex of this in its past and present states; that the future life is a continuation under, in some respects new conditions, of our inner or spiritual life in this,—that a man, therefore, who has been a devil here does not emerge into sudden angelhood in the spirit-world, for the kingdom of hell, no less than the kingdom of heaven, is within the man; and if he would escape the one and attain the other, he may do so here and now. This world is sometimes described as "the rudimental sphere," and rightly so, for here are formed the roots of character—of that tree of life which bears its fruit through the countless ages of the evermore. The distinction between spiritual and temporal is not that of the present and the future, but of qualities and states. We do not assert that there is any novelty in these "facts and teachings" of

\* *Modern Spiritualism: Its Truths and Errors.* White, Bloomsbury S<sup>t</sup> ect.

Spiritualism ; but, nevertheless, we think we were not wrong in affirming, in the first number of this Magazine, that they "are needed by every denomination of religionists, and by all classes of philosophers." And in enabling men to realize them more vividly, Spiritualism has done and is doing an inestimable service. Spiritualism teaches both negatively and positively : it dispels error and establishes truth. It substitutes facts for mere speculations about facts, and thus settles what, for want of the data it supplies, have hitherto been interminable wordy controversies. For instance, how many volumes have been written on the question, whether, on the death of the body, the soul retains its consciousness and active powers, or whether these are suspended till a future and distant time, when all will be summoned to simultaneous judgment ? Spiritualism answers this question, not by disputation, but by showing that spirits who have left the earthly form do *now* manifest consciousness, and exercise potencies which often amaze those who witness their effects.

Again, many scientific men affirm that certain of the phenomena said to be produced by spiritual agency cannot possibly take place, because they are contrary to the law of gravitation. They forget that the evidence of gravitation depends on the testimony of the same senses as testify to the reality of the phenomena in question, and that if their testimony is rejected as untrustworthy the proof of gravitation is itself invalidated. Spiritualism, while it recognises the physical law, teaches, by the demonstration of facts, that there are other and higher laws by which the resistance of gravitation is overcome or suspended. Dr. Brownson remarks:—

Your learned academicians generally commence their investigations with the persuasion that all facts of the kind alleged are impossible. Their study is simply to explain away the phenomena without admitting their supernatural or superhuman character. . . . Babinet, of the Institute, has just written an essay in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he pronounces the phenomena alleged by our recent Spiritists impossible, because they contradict the law of gravitation. Poor man ! he reasons as if the phenomena repugnant to the law of gravitation are supposed to be produced by it, or at least without a power that overcomes it. Why, the very marvellousness of the phenomenon is that it is contrary to the law of gravitation ; and because it is contrary to the law of gravitation, we infer that it is preternatural. The learned member of the Institute argues that the fact is impossible, because it would be preternatural, and the preternatural is impossible because it would be preternatural ! When I see a man raised without any visible means to the ceiling, and held there by his feet with his head downwards for half an hour or more without a visible support, I do not pretend that it is in accordance with the law of gravitation, but the essence of the fact is precisely that it is not. Now, to deny the fact for that reason, is to say that the law of gravitation cannot be overcome or suspended, and precisely to beg the question. When I throw a stone into the air, my force, in some sense, overcomes that of gravitation. How does M. Babinet know that there are not invisible powers who can take a man and hold him up with his feet to the ceiling, or a table, as easily as I can a little child ? The fact of the rising of a table or a man to the ceiling is one that is easily verified by the senses, and, if attested by witnesses of ordinary capacity and credibility, must be admitted. That it is contrary to the law of gravitation, proves not that it is impossible.

but that it is possible only preternaturally. It would be a real relief to find a distinguished academician who had learned practically the elements of logic.

We trust that our "learned academicians" and all whom it may concern, will profit by this hint of their learned brother, notwithstanding the slight tone of asperity in which it is conveyed. It is time that *à priori* conclusions should be subordinate to *à posteriori* facts. It is time that in addition to their other learning, academicians and professors should learn to be a little more modest, and a little less hasty in dogmatizing on matters they have not sufficiently investigated. Spiritualism has its *teachings* for them as well as for other classes of the community, and they will yet have to learn them too; and the sooner they set about it the better.

Take another illustration. There are certain persons in whose presence, probably from whose effluences and auras, spirits can draw certain magnetic or other elements, and with these clothe a "spirit-hand" with sufficient materiality to be seen and felt by all present. This, within the last few years, has been experienced by hundreds of persons in this metropolis, and throughout Europe and America. This fact teaches that matter is fluent to spirit; that, under given conditions, spirit, even when deprived of its earthly vehicle, can dominate matter—can operate on and control substances in the physical world. These finer essences and elements of nature seem to be, as it were, the border-land—a *point d'appui* between spirit and those grosser forms of matter cognizable to the senses, and to present a field rich in possible discoveries of the highest magnitude to the qualified investigator.

It must at present suffice simply to indicate that Spiritualism gives us clearer views of many things difficult and perplexing in our study of the past;—in sacred and classical, ancient and mediæval history. It teaches, for instance, that much currently set down to the credit of superstition and imposture, may nevertheless be true, or contain a large element of truth; and that men in the past were not altogether, in such matters, the knaves and fools they are so frequently represented. "For the first time in the light of these phenomena," says Mr. Harris, "the so-called miraculous evidence of the various religions, both of antiquity and of recent date, is brought within the purview of a rational investigation."

We need not pursue these illustrations farther, as our purpose is simply to indicate the *method* by which the "*teachings* of Spiritualism" may best be ascertained; but there is one point to which we would briefly advert ere we close this article.

Some of our contemporaries representing different sections of the Christian Church, look on Spiritualism with "jaundiced

eye," because it does not endorse the doctrines they severally represent, and we have been told that our own humble efforts "ought to rest" on what are held as "leading truths," by a peculiar religious communion. If we do not respond to any such appeal in the way desired, it is not that we are indifferent to religious truth, the pursuit of which we regard as the noblest that can occupy the mind of man. Did we not believe that a true Spiritualism was conducive to this end, we should not be labouring to make it more widely known, and better understood. But the distinguishing views of the various religious bodies are mostly represented already by periodicals instituted for that purpose. It is not the object of the *Spiritual Magazine* to compete with any of these, but rather, by a class of proofs usually ignored, to aid in establishing and confirming men in those fundamental truths of religion, which are held in common by all churches, and on which they necessarily rest. Spiritualism takes men beyond the specific differences which divide churches, to those "leading truths," which unite and knit them together. It cannot, therefore, become the mere satellite of any sect, or of any church.

We have stood at the Land's End, and watched the waves as they foamed, and beat, and broke at the base of the rocks below, and we thought of the many and various ships of all nations, journeying over the vast ocean before us, to the new world beyond, and how these corresponded to that great time-sea, ever beating against the shore of our mortal life; of the churches—spiritual ships, which were sailing on it to that new world where there is no more sea:—ships of all kinds, hoisting different colours, under different captains, manned by different crews, speaking different languages. And from each there comes a voice; one cries "Come and voyage with me; this ship sails under royal patronage, is chartered by act of parliament, is well manned and victualled, there is wine and music on board, the company are all respectable, everything is arranged for convenience and comfort; come with me." And another cries "Come and voyage with me; this is an ancient, stately vessel—the oldest ship afloat, it has withstood many a storm; when you come aboard you need take no further trouble, the ship is all safe, it *can't* go wrong; come with me." And a third, in a tone of great complacency, cries "Come and voyage with me; this is a *new* ship, built according to certain occult principles, of which all ship-builders for ages have been ignorant, and our captain is the most wonderful captain that ever was or ever will be; come with me." And there are more voices, a perfect Babel of them, equally importunate, and all anxious that we should sail with them, and join them in proclaiming the superior merits of their several

crafts. We can only say to one and all, brothers, we cannot become touters for any ship, that is not our vocation; but we seek to disparage none, and desire every man to be fully persuaded in his own mind. With Reason for your compass, the New Testament for your chart, the Polar-star of Duty for your guide, and genial gales from the spirit-world to waft you on your way,—we wish you all a safe and prosperous voyage. Despise not the friendly light-houses Spiritualism has erected to warn you from the sunken rocks and dangerous places, and as you go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, may you see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

In conclusion, we would commend to the consideration of the reader the noble words of Plato.

“Let him then take confidence for his soul, who during his life has adorned it not with strange attire, but with that which properly belongs to it, such as temperance, justice, strength, liberty, and truth; he may tranquilly await the hour of his departure for the other world, as being prepared for the voyage when destiny shall call him to undertake it.

## MORAL CONSEQUENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.

As a pendant to the foregoing article we present the last chapter, headed as above, of a work entitled *Qu'est que le Spiritisme?* by Allan Kardec, Editor of the *Revue Spirite*, Paris.

By reasoning, practical study, and observation of facts, Spiritualism confirms and proves the fundamental bases of religion, namely:—

The existence of an only, omnipotent God, creator of all things, supremely just and good.

The existence of the soul: its immortality and its individuality after death.

Man's free will, and the responsibility which he incurs for all his acts.

Man's happy or unhappy state after death, according to the use which he has made of his faculties during this life.

The necessity of good and the dire consequences of evil.

The utility of prayer.

It resolves many problems which find their only possible explanation in the existence of an invisible world, peopled by beings who have thrown off the corporeal envelope, who surround us, and who exercise an increasing influence upon the visible world.

It is a source of consolation:—

By the certainty which it gives us of the future which awaits us.

By the material proof of the existence of those whom we have loved on earth, the certainty of their presence about us, the certainty of rejoining them in the world of spirits, and the possibility of communicating with them, and of receiving salutary counsels from them.

By the courage which it gives us in adversity.

By the elevation which it impresses upon our thoughts in giving us a just idea of the value of the things and goods of this world.

It contributes to the happiness of man upon the earth:—

In counteracting hopelessness and despair.

In teaching man to be content with what he has.

In teaching him to regard wealth, honor, and power as trials more to be dreaded than desired.

In inspiring him with sentiments of charity and true fraternity for his neighbour.

The result of these principles, once propagated and rooted in the human heart, will be:—

To render men better and more indulgent to their kind.

To gradually destroy individual selfishness, by the community which it establishes among men.

To excite a laudable emulation for good.

To put a curb upon disorderly desires.

To favor intellectual and moral development, not merely with respect to present well-being, but to the future which is attached to it;

And, by all these causes, to aid in the progressive amelioration of humanity.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING AND MR. HOWITT.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S article on "The Earth-Plane and the Spirit-Plane in Literature," which appeared in our last number, has called forth the following letter:—

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

SIR,—I cannot resist saying a word in defence of my admired and beloved friend, Mrs. Browning, who is selected by Mr. Howitt in his able and brilliant essay, as an example of the earth-plane in modern poetry.

Although in a foot-note Mr. Howitt acknowledges the mistake of having taken the *Curse for a Nation* to mean England, not America, he does not appear cognisant of the fact that this poem was written several years ago for an anti-slavery association, and was without further explanation placed in this collection.

As to Mrs. Browning's admiration of Louis Napoleon, it is founded on a generous and noble enthusiasm, even if a mistaken one; she believes his policy to mean what she makes him say in her *Tale of Villa Franca*—

"The world is many, I am one,  
My great deed was too great;  
God's fruit of justice ripens slow,  
Men's souls are narrow, let them grow,  
My brothers, we must wait."

When Mr. Howitt says that Mrs. Browning has changed and *lowered* her style since her earlier poems, he surely cannot include in this criticism *Aurora Leigh* as a proof of the change. He has not indeed named it; but surely such passages as those to which I would call his attention, do not emanate from the inspiration *from below*. I quote almost at hazard; for one cannot open a page of this truly great work, without opening up some stream of the fulness of intellect and poesy within,

"Without the spiritual, observe,  
The natural's impossible;—no form,  
No motion! Without sensuous, spiritual  
Is inappreciable;—no beauty or power!  
And in this twofold sphere the twofold man  
(And still the artist is intensely a man)  
Holds firmly by the natural, to reach  
The spiritual beyond it,—fixes still  
The type with mortal vision, to pierce through,  
With eyes immortal, to the antitype

Some call the ideal,—better called the real,  
And certain to be called so presently  
When things shall have their names."

Again:—

"For we stand here, we,  
If genuine artists, witnessing for God's  
Complete, consummate, undivided work :  
—That not a natural flower can grow on earth,  
Without a flower upon the spiritual side,  
Substantial, archetypal, all a-glow  
With blossoming causes."

But I refrain from further observations at present, and would only remind Mr. Howitt, that *Elizabeth Barrett Browning is not only a decided believer in Spiritualism from the very earliest manifestations, but she is so, under circumstances adverse to belief, in contradiction to the opinions of those around her.*

As to her earlier poems, beautiful as they are, and full of spirituality—*The Drama of Exile, Isabel's Child, The Romaunt of Margaret* especially so—I believe they were all written long before her belief in Spiritualism was formed.

I feel that I have expressed very inadequately my impression, and offer these remarks very diffidently to one in every way so complete an adept both in the subject he advocates, and in poetry, as Mr. Howitt.

I beg to remain, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

RUTH.

We placed this letter in the hands of Mr. Howitt, and have received from him the following reply:—

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

Sir—I am much obliged by the perusal of the letter of "Ruth," in defence of Mrs. Browning. I am glad to hear that Mrs. Browning has been for years so steadfast a Spiritualist. It is worthy of her genius; and I wish I could feel that she had in her late *Poems before Congress*, ascended above the earthly plane. In fact, the letter of her friend only confirms my suggestion of her being what I call "biologized from below." A person biologized for the time, thinks, feels and perceives, precisely as his or her biologizer dictates. Is this not the case in Mrs. Browning's astonishing infatuation regarding Napoleon III.? Ruth, in her generous vindication, quotes a passage in which we are told by the poetess, that Louis Napoleon's "great deed was too great;" and that "we must wait" to form a correct judgment of him. Now, why should we wait? Has he not shown to all the world that his "great deed was too great" for him. That surely, must be the true reading. Had he, when he promised to "free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic," done so, and done so without other fee or reward but the satisfaction and the glory of a noble action, he would have ensured himself eternal fame. But he stopped short; left the Austrian still in Italy; and yet insisted on the payment of his half-done deeds by the lopping off Nice and Savoy from Italy, and joining them to France, laying bare the frontiers of Switzerland, and alarming all Europe. Since then, he has refused to sanction the accession of Tuscany and the Legation to Sardinia, though they have voluntarily acceded by his own mode of universal suffrage. Are these the characteristics of a great man? True, Italy has unexpectedly taken herself, in a great measure out of his hands; there is yet a prospect that she will become free—but not by Napoleon's act—but by the act and council of that Higher power who works with ambitious men differently to their intentions.

Need we wait to know that Napoleon by his 600,000 armed men, and by his enormous navy keeps all Europe armed to the teeth in a time of peace; keeps us and the continent at the enormous expenditure of war in a time of peace; thus exhausts all the energies of the people in support of a crushing taxation, and retards civilization and pushes back Christianity by founding the Moloch spirit of destruction? What we wait for is to be well rid of the Napoleon nuisance; and Spurgeon, in his letter from Baden-Baden, gives us hope that we shall not wait



for ever. Europe sees with reviving cheerfulness that God, by that incurable disease which is wasting the disturber, will ere long give her relief.

Much as I admire the warm feeling which has prompted Ruth to stand for her friend, Mrs. Browning, I cannot think that she has mended the matter by her explanation, that *The Curse for a Nation* was aimed at the United States and was first published in an anti-slavery publication, and then put "promise as the London *gamins* say, into *The Poems before Congress*." Thus it appears that this "curse" is kept by the brilliant and energetic poetess, as a so-called cannon which she fires off according to circumstances. Having done this against the Americans, it was mounted on her Italian battery, and discharged against England. If not against England, why put into that battery at all?

Let us trust that as the liberty-loving poetess is a staunch Spiritualist, will learn what Spiritualists are early compelled to learn, "to discern spirits." Had "the angel" come to me, as Mrs. Browning says he did to her, and bade me write a curse, whether on an individual, or on a nation, I should have said, "Get thee behind me, Satan! for I am a Christian, and my religion says, 'BENEDICTION AND CURSE NOT.'" Nothing is so requisite for Spiritualist or Christian, if there can be a distinction betwixt those two names, as to be on the guard against imposing spirits; and if we are to take this "curse," as a *bonâ fide* spirit communication, which it professes to be, and of which it certainly has the appearance— "This is the curse! Write!"—there cannot be a doubt but that it came from a false and anti-Christian source. Cursing is no part of Christianity. This confirms my supposition that the extraordinary fascination in favour of the man who disturbs all Europe, is precisely a demoniac spell, impressed upon the poetess to becloud and mislead, and if possible, destroy the genius of the poetess. Every Spiritualist ought to pray for her enfranchisement from this. Once discharged of this unfortunate bewitchment which makes her best friend continually exclaim, "Why will she do these things?" and her mind opened to the influences of more heavenly and friendly spirits, we might expect her to be higher and more potential strains from her pen than we have received hitherto. May it be so.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT

**THE UNIVERSAL METAMORPHOSIS.**—If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it the surface will be moist everywhere except the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer re-appears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid is exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let the paper be put aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then the darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal—the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been laid on it in succession will, on warming, emerge in their proper order. This is equally true of our bodies and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing meets us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it. There are cases on record of ignorant women, in states of insanity, uttering Greek and Hebrew phrases, which in past years they had heard their masters utter, without, of course, comprehending them. The tones had long been forgotten; the traces were so faint that, under ordinary conditions, they were invisible; but these traces were there, and in the intense light of cerebral excitement they started into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## A RAP ON THE KNUCKLES.\*

\*There's two or three of us have seen strange sights."—*Julius Cæsar.*

WHAT I want," says the hard-headed Mr. Gradgrind, "is facts;" that is precisely what the conductors and readers of the Magazine have required from the beginning. The facts that come before we record as plainly as possible, carefully refraining from any ornamentation to make them "look pretty" to the eye, and studiously abstaining from spicing them with those hot exciting zests, which are only used to stimulate a morbid appetite for the marvellous. To others we leave the practice of that literary millinery, which consists in embroidering the raw material of truth with fantastic patch-work, and overlaying the experiences of every-day life with the ornamental imagery of every-week manufacture. It is a special object of this publication, to enlighten rather than to entertain its readers, and whilst in the *Spiritual Magazine* our facts are illustrated with the facts "plain," we contentedly leave the lively periodical *All the Year Round* to present them to the public according to the popular tariff of "two-pence coloured." But still, as the sagacious Mr. Gradgrind observed, "what we want is facts;" and when these facts especially interest ourselves, we would much rather not see them distorted.

In number sixty-six of that publication, conducted by Mr. Charles Dickens, and dated Saturday, July 28, 1860; there appeared an article entitled "Modern Magic," professing to give a veracious account of some manifestations that recently took place at the rooms of Mrs. Marshall, in Red Lion Street, Holborn. As the writer of these lines happened accidentally to be present when the writer of that article witnessed the things to which he refers as proofs of trickery on the part of the mediums, and of humiliating self-delusion on the part of the believers, who were in his company on that evening, it may be worth while considering whether another version might not be given with more advantage to the cause of truth, though it will be found less elaborated by fancy. It is only evidence against evidence; but the old fable of the two knights with the gold and silver sides of the shield, may be remembered as likely to assist those who would arrive at a fair conclusion. It is not for the present writer to impugn the veracity of his literary co-labourer; on the contrary, he gives the author of

\* The writer of this article, to whom we have appealed to give a true version of the distorted statement in Mr. Dickens's *All the Year Round*, is well known to both the writers and readers of our friend *Punch*. He is himself one of the most gifted periodical writers of the day, and as well known in literary circles as Mr. Dickens himself.—EDITOR.

that article full credit for believing that he has fairly, truthfully, and without prejudice, described all that came within his experience on the evening in question. As, however, much remains to be added that he may not have seen, and more remains to be corrected in the record of what he *believes* himself to have seen, it will be the easiest way of enabling him to arrive at what we are evidently both in search of, to supply those omissions which—inadvertently of course—were made in the article, and to set the author right in those respects where he has unfortunately fallen into error. To render the following statement more easily understood, it will be as well now to speak of what occurred in the first person.

Judging from the point where the author of "Modern Magic" takes up the position of an eye-witness, there could have been little difference in the period of our arrival, for when I entered with a couple of friends, "a clergyman was interrogating the spirits, and seemingly much edified by their answers." The whole party was then assembled, with the exception of a gentleman I had called upon, and who came a quarter of an hour afterwards, and finding the circle already formed, we remained quiet observers of what was taking place.

The author of "Modern Magic" must, therefore, have seen the clergyman place the Bible on the floor under the table, and heard its leaves so strangely turned over, and witnessed the fact of the page in the Book of Joshua being so curiously turned down at the 15th chapter, verses 19 and 20, though he discreetly passes over the inexplicable manner in which this was accomplished. The clergyman frankly admitted that they bore on the subject of his last week's lectures, and anybody who will refer to the texts in question will see that the first line, "Who answered, give me a blessing" is not altogether very inappropriate when a presumed spirit yet hovering round our earth-sphere is invoked, and a clergyman is the invoker. However, to one who was evidently seeing these things for the first time, and who was quite unaware that the leaves of books have been repeatedly turned over under similar circumstances in a way that precluded all possibility of deception, and that pages have been turned down exactly in accordance with mental directions, the experiment may not have been "very satisfactory." The momentary withdrawal of the medium from the circle, caused by the ring at the bell of my delayed friend, now occurred, and it was of course at this time that the author of "Modern Magic" took the opportunity of trying the little tipping experiment on his own account, with what skill or success I am unable to say as my attention was then diverted by the entrance of the gentleman I had been expecting. The name then spelt out by the alphabet was, I believe, intended for myself as I have been frequently

requested in this way to form one of the circle, and I was then standing behind the gentleman the raps indicated, but as this only amounts to conjecture I merely mention it by the way. When, however, the incident is wound up rather abruptly with the remark "so much for even the common phenomenon of this medium's thought-reading," I would beg to observe that in the first place a phenomenon is not common, in the second that thought-reading is not a common phenomenon, and in the third that no one ever heard or supposed that "this medium" had the faculty of thought-reading at all. Like the famous dictionary definition of the crab being "a red fish that walks backwards," when it was not red, not a fish, and did not walk backwards, so the conclusion arrived at by the author of the article is only wrong in the three particulars mentioned.

We now come to the paper and the tray; never, in my opinion, very conclusive to those who hear the "ticks" upon them for the first time, but certainly not produced by the simple and fraudulent means conjectured by the gentleman who so daringly—might I not add libellously—ascribes them to the clumsy manipulation of an impostor and a swindler. It is difficult for the finger and thumb holding the tray not to follow its sudden movements, but whilst granting that the appearance of what was done might be as described, I can assure the narrator that there is no necessity at least for any exhibition of this subtle kind of muscular Christianity.

The next paragraph runs thus:—"Then the table reared itself up and sustained itself in the air for some seconds; but again the medium's thumbs were underneath, and her knee was against the top. This I also *most distinctly saw*—for she is not very accomplished yet in sleight-of-hand, and a very little careful observation can detect the manner of her tricks." Now if the gentleman who wrote these lines will place himself before a round table of the same weight and proportions, and, sitting down, will put his thumbs as described underneath the ledge of the table, and raise it by putting his knee against the top, he will find that this is only to be accomplished by crossing one leg over the other to obtain a purchase; that the thumbs might just as well be upon the table as under it; and that, after all, if the table had to be elevated by deceptive means the foot might be much more effectively and unobtrusively employed. After having so repeatedly played these "tricks," the medium must have been, indeed, more stupid at sleight-of-hand than the author supposes, not to have produced the same effect by a much simpler process. There may have been the "knee," but the "*plus ultra*" would have been found too, or nothing could surpass the stupidity of those who have some hundreds of times seen the said table rise

in the air with nothing but a few fingers resting lightly upon its surface, and all their knees better occupied in preserving the perpendicularity of the human form, than in pushing up a table-top which, as anybody would discover who makes the experiment, would lead to a singularly ridiculous hopping about of the principal operator.

"I was then touched underneath the table. My ankle was suddenly grasped by something flexible and springy but not muscular." *Clearly then it was not a grasp of the medium's unbooted foot.* "Others were grasped too; all but my friend, whose feet were tucked away under the chair, and so were out of the line of the medium's foot." As it was confessedly not the foot of the medium (which *is* muscular), this ought to have made no difference; but it is evidently a slip of the pen; and in a second edition of this article we shall probably see "*erratum*;" for "*foot*," read "*apparatus*." The writer proceeds:—"And all the while this was going on I felt the young lady's knee work up and down against mine, as each person cried out he was touched, and she pulled the strings of her puppets at her will." This again points to mechanical agency worked by the movement of the medium's leg, and when we remember that we have been previously told of "the total cessation every time the medium, the spirits, and the candle streamed down stairs to answer the door," we leave those cunning at the fabrication of such machinery to suggest how they would make any apparatus of the kind that could be worked by a simple up-and-down movement of the knee, worn without detection under the clothes, adjusted at a moment's notice when required, and after having been directed with the greatest precision where wanted, be so quickly and neatly re-adjusted and put away that it should never be discovered in any of the numerous wanderings of the wearer on her visits to the street-door. I might parenthetically observe that on one occasion last year, at a private house in Percy Street, Bedford Square, when these "touchings" were unusually marked, and when a direct accusation was made that machinery was the cause, both the mediums immediately underwent a strict examination by a family jury of matrons, impanelled for the purpose, and that a verdict of "not guilty" was triumphantly recorded in their favour.

"Then an old badly-tuned guitar was held by the clergyman and played under the table." I admit the antiquity of the instrument, and readily acknowledge if it had been tuned at all, which I doubt, it had been tuned very badly. "The clergyman sang the Old Hundredth in a low and tremulous voice, and while he sang a few simple chords were struck out, such as would have suited anything." This shows some tact, at least, on the part of the invisible accompanist. "But I deny that there was any attempt

a known melody in the music or that it was anything more than could have been produced by sweeping the hand or foot over the strings at certain intervals." The hands were all upon the table, and as the clergyman was placed at the part of the table farthest from the medium, the foot—that wonderful foot—must have been stretched right across the legs of the other sitters to reach the instrument, and then have got its boot off and on again without attracting any notice in the progress, yet we are to be satisfied with the easy explanation that "It was a simple string sound, such as could have been easily effected by drawing the toes over the strings." !!!

"The light was now put out, and the spirits rapped us all to another, and more commodious part of the room, where they had promised to show the hands." I was now able to take a more active share in the proceedings, and for a short time sat next to the clergyman, who was much interested in the matter, and who, though by no means convinced of the anti-diabolical nature of these intelligences, had seen quite enough on this and other occasions to convince him that they were ultra mundane. "A double circle was formed, and when we were fairly placed, which was not until we had gone through a great deal of trouble and annoyance,—for the spirits were capricious and full of fancies and caprices, and would not have any one too near, but drove one over-anxious gentleman clean away from the place where they were to show"—as I surmise, the author of "Modern Magic"—"the mediums got settled, and the spirits seemed to be content." During these changes of position, which will be well understood by those in the habit of attending similar meetings, I was placed at the extreme end of the semi-circle now formed round the table, and with about eighteen inches of vacant space between myself and the medium. How the small bell was then set running about the room, and rising as it went, is truthfully referred to; but before the bell "seemed to fall over on its side and the spirits rapped out their dismissal, and the *séance* was at an end," the following occurred. I was, as usual when occupying this position, repeatedly stroked by invisible agency from the hip downwards, as if supplying power for the exhibition of the spirit-hand, and when the faint phosphorescent light of the now familiar phantom fingers rose with the bell in their grasp and placed it on my knee, I, with pardonable nervousness, checked by an effort of the will its further advance, and at the same time involuntarily drew the attention of the company to the circumstance, when the bell rolled away from me, and we broke up the circle. Since then, I have repeatedly seen the spirit-hand, in common with others who have accompanied me, so that delusion is altogether out of the question; but as on that evening I was the only one who could afford

evidence of its apparition, I do not blame the writer for omitting any mention of what he may have considered was the result only of an over-wrought imagination.

It was whilst we were arranging for leaving the smaller table for the larger one, at an earlier period of the evening, that the almost-forgotten incident occurred which I find thus described:—"Two gentlemen"—I was myself one of them—the other was a stranger—"were asked to agree between themselves on a certain moment by the clock,"—it was by my watch, held so that only ourselves could see it—"when the spirits would rap as soon as the minute hand reached the spot. They did so, and the raps did come at the very instant." This is pretty correctly stated, and I may here say that we agreed between ourselves the table should be tilted up when the movement of the seconds hand on the dial should pass 30, and again when it reached 60, which took place with the greatest accuracy on both occasions.

How all these facts on which I have briefly commented can be summarily disposed of as "a somewhat dull and most bare-faced imposition," it surpasses my understanding of the relationship existing between cause and effect to comprehend. It is said that "there was not one single thing performed that was not an open and a palpable deception," and yet we have not one single thing that occurred clearly explained by him. I have purposely confined myself in this commentary to that portion of the article in question which deals with things which I saw as well as the writer, and to which I can therefore quite as accurately testify. I will but add, that I am myself an indifferent amateur professor of the noble art of legerdemain, that I am thoroughly acquainted with all the modes by which the acknowledged celebrities in that art practise their diverting deceptions, that for five-and-twenty years it has been my vocation to contribute to newspapers and periodicals articles that ought to—and I hope have—peculiarly sharpened my faculties of observation, and that during eight years of careful study of what is called the phenomena of Spiritualism, and three years of close observation of its development in the physical manifestations exhibited at the rooms of the Marshalls, I have never yet been able to detect the slightest attempt at imposition. I have taken them without a moment's preparation to other houses where manifestations equally striking have occurred; I can bear testimony to their simplicity of living, and unaffected guilelessness of manner at their own abode; and however strange the facts may be which I have had to record as having happened in their presence, I can say of myself, in the words of the author from whom I have in this paper so extensively quoted, "I do not affect infallibility, but I believe that I am unprejudiced, and I know that I love truth."

In many private families where no paid medium is present, things quite as extraordinary I know to be of nightly occurrence. The admirable article, "Stranger than Fiction," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, with its proclaimed hundred thousand purchasers and its probable one million of readers, will spread through the length and breadth of the land a knowledge of what thousands besides myself daily find coming within their experience. The facts are accumulating on every side around us; and whether they harmonize with our individual beliefs or not, still facts they remain. That mystic movements should occur, and mysterious sounds be heard, when certain conditions are observed, and at no other time, may seem paradoxical; but as Mr. G. H. Lewes has justly observed in his interesting "Studies in Animal Life," recently published in the said *Cornhill Magazine*, "a paradox is far from being an absurdity, as some inaccurate writers would lead us to suppose, the word meaning simply 'contrary to what is thought.'—a meaning by no means equivalent to 'contrary to what is the fact!'" The application of this to the remarkable manifestations occurring in connection with what is called "Spiritualism," is too obvious to dwell upon. Many will yet live to regret the opposition which they have given to truths which are every hour gaining a firmer footing even on the slippery ground of this rolling orb, and will be glad to escape as discreetly as they can from the awkward dilemma in which they have hurriedly placed themselves. Writers have become compromised by publishing their immature conclusions at the first, and now they are perplexed how to deal with a subject which contradicts their past assertions and waylays them at every point. The "leek" must however be ultimately eaten, and the sooner it is done with a good grace, and with as little wry-face-making as possible, the better for the leek-eaters. I merely append my initials to this slight contribution to the cause of truth, but the editor has my full permission to make known the name thus indicated to any one who thinks he may thus obtain a more trustworthy guarantee for the strict veracity of the statements here put forward.

E. L. B.

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**A LAMENTABLE FACT.**—It is a lamentable fact that, in spite of common sense and common prudence, Spiritualism, as it is called, is not losing ground in this country; on the contrary, it is flourishing and vigorous, and that not only among the ignorant and insane, but among men of repute, who might fairly be looked on as superior to any system of trickery so barefaced and so wicked. At this moment there are several literary circles in London who are lending their aid to the spread of the delusion, and we could name more than one eminent man who is a decided victim to it. *Séances* are frequent in the best circles; mediums are tolerated in the highest quarters; and even the Church does not fail to add its quota to the herd of the misguided and the deluded.—*The Brighton Herald*.



## OLD BOOTY.

THERE is a general tendency in human nature to a belief in the supernatural—a tendency that cannot long at any time be wholly suppressed, but will find some mode of expression, forcing its way through all material barriers, as the life-force in the growing tree forces a way for it, even through stone walls. It may, sometimes, be the fashion to deride all spirit-beliefs as a mark of weakness and superstition, though many of the wisest have believed them; but, after all, this scepticism is only a passing fashion—as much so as peg-tops and crinoline; and as the human form is not dependant on the caprices of tailors, milliners, and the *beau monde*, so, neither is Spiritualism dependant on the reigning fashion of opinion. As the tree may be bent from its natural shape, so, to meet and overcome the obstacles presented by the merely material mind, spiritual forces may be directed into what is generally regarded as new channels and the production of seemingly irregular and eccentric phenomena. If you will not look Spiritualism in the face when it presents itself in one shape, it will appear before you in another—perhaps a more startling one. If the churches ignore it, it becomes, as Mr. Dickens tells us, “the great drawing-room excitement of the day.” Banish it from science, it takes refuge in art, literature, the drama. The spiritual has always been a favourite element in works of imagination of the highest class. It enters into many of the most deservedly popular works of this class in our own day—witness *Jane Eyre*, *John Halifax*, *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, and *Adam Bede*. If, as a formal proposition, you will not allow Spiritualism a lodgment in the intellect, it will find its way there through the sympathy of the affections. In less cultivated natures, something of the kind is still sought for to gratify the cravings of a natural instinct. It is the same element in the drama which, at the West End, draws the Queen and aristocracy to see the *Corsican Brothers*; and, at the largest theatre at the East End, nightly draws a crowded house to witness the performance of *Old Booty*. The narrative on which the last named drama is founded has been often published, among others, by John Wesley, in the *Arminian Magazine*; but as some of our readers may not have seen it, we reproduce it from the Appendix to the second volume of Ennemoser’s *History of Magic*. It is headed:—

## MR. BOOTY AND THE SHIP’S CREW.

No circumstance connected with supernatural appearances has occasioned more altercation and controversy than the undermentioned. The narrative certainly has an air of overstrained credulity; nevertheless, the affair is curious, and the coincidence very remarkable, especially as it was a *salvo* for Captain

Barnaby. The former part of this narrative is transcribed from Captain Spinks's journal, or log-book, and the latter from the King's Bench Records for the time being.

"Tuesday, May the 12th, this day the wind S.S.W. and a little before four in the afternoon, we anchored in Manser road, where lay Captains Bristo, Brian, and Barnaby, all of them bound to Lucera to load. Wednesday, May the 13th, we weighed anchor, and in the afternoon I went on board of Captain Barnaby, and about two o'clock we sailed all of us for the island of Lucera, wind W.S.W. and bitter weather. Thursday, the 14th about two o'clock, we saw the island, and all came to an anchor in twelve fathom water, the wind W.S.W., and on the 15th day of May, we had an observation of Mr. Booty in the following manner:—Captains Bristo, Brian, and Barnaby, went on shore shooting colues on Stromboli; when we had done, we called our men together, and about fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our great surprise, we saw two men, run by us with amazing swiftness: Captain Barnaby said, 'Lord bless me, the foremost man looks like my next-door neighbour, old Booty,' but said he did not know the other that was behind. Booty was dressed in grey clothes, and the one behind in black; we saw them run into the burning mountain in the midst of the flames, on which we heard a terrible noise too horrible to be described: Captain Barnaby then desired us to look at our watches, pen the time down in our pocket-books, and enter it in our journals, which we accordingly did.

"When we were laden, we all sailed for England, and arrived at Gravesend, on the 6th of October, 1687. Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Brian came to congratulate our safe arrival, and after some discourse, Captain Barnaby's wife said, 'My dear, I have got some news to tell you; old Booty is dead.' He swore an oath, and said 'We all saw him run into hell.' Some time afterwards, Mrs. Barnaby met with a lady of her acquaintance in London, and told her what her husband had seen concerning Mr. Booty; it came to Mrs. Booty's ears, and she arrested Captain Barnaby in £1,000 action. He gave bail, and it came to trial at the Court of King's Bench, where Mr. Booty's clothes were brought into Court. The sexton of the parish, and the people that were with him when he died, swore to the time when he died, and we swore to our journals, and they agreed within two minutes: twelve of our men swore that the buttons of his coat were covered with the same grey cloth as his coat, and it appeared to be so: the jury asked Mr. Spinks if he knew Mr. Booty in his lifetime; he said he never saw him till he saw him run by him into the burning mountain. The judge then said, 'Lord grant that I may never see the sight that you have seen; one, two, or three may be mistaken, but twenty or thirty cannot.' So the widow lost the cause.

"*N.B.* It is now in the records at Westminster.

"James the Second, 1687,  
 "Herbert, Chief Justice,  
 "Wythens,  
 "Holloway,  
 "And Wright, } *Justices.*"

SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT IN THE CASE OF "PUNCH."

"As a mad man who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, am not I in sport?"—*Proverbs xxvi., 18.*

Spiritualism makes me as happy as I possibly can be on earth. Everything looks beautiful in its radiant light; all nature is melody, and every soul to me is an organ of celestial music.—*P. B. Randolph.*

## Notices of New Books.

*Spiritual Manifestations.*—“*Stranger than Fiction.*”

Cornhill Magazine.

THE *Cornhill Magazine*, with its sale of a hundred thousand copies, has now placed the facts of Spiritualism fairly before the British public.

*Stranger than Fiction*, is the title of an article in its last number, in which the writer sets forth, in sober, measured language, the spiritual manifestations which he has witnessed through the mediumship of Mr. Home. This narrative fully confirms all the statements of similar spiritual phenomena recorded from time to time in this *Magazine*, and elsewhere, by those who have witnessed them. It has fairly taken the wind out of some of our contemporaries. One, with that remarkable courtesy which British journalists pay to each other, accuses the writer of *fiction*; another, thinks it “a very strange paper,” but suspects it is “an entire hoax;” and the rest follow suite, more or less, in the same strain. They appear to be totally ignorant or oblivious of the cumulative testimony of a great number of intelligent and independent witnesses to the same classes of phenomena, and they equally overlook the circumstance that Mr. Thackeray, in a foot-note to the article, avers that, “As editor of this Magazine, I can vouch for the good faith and honourable character of our correspondent, a friend of twenty-five years’ standing.” The writer is a literary gentleman of the highest repute, as indeed his article would at once prove him to be, and we only wish that we were at liberty to give his name, that the public might recognise in it one of their greatest favorites. We especially commend this article to the readers of *Punch* and *All the Year Round*, and to those among them in particular (if any such weak-minded people can be found), who may have been misled by the ribaldry and perversions of truth which those publications contain. We regret that we are not at liberty to reproduce the article in *extenso*, but we present most of its essential features, and refer the reader to the *Cornhill* itself for the whole article.

In regard to “extraordinary phenomena upon the evidence of others,” the writer acknowledges that scepticism, within certain limits, is legitimate, and has its uses. He tells us that:—

“Scepticism is one of the safe and cautious characteristics of the English people. Nothing is believed at first; and this habitual resistance to novelties might be applauded as a sound instinct, if it did not sometimes obstruct the progress of knowledge. The most important discoveries have passed through

the habitual ordeal of derision and antagonism. Whatever has a tendency to disturb received notions, or to go beyond the precincts of our present intelligence, is denounced, without inquiry, and out of the shallowest of all kinds of conventionalism, as false, absurd, and dangerous. Let us suffer ourselves to be rebuked in these exercises of intellectual pride by remembering that in Shakspeare's time the sun was believed to go round the earth; that the laws of gravitation, and the circulation of the blood were found out only yesterday; this wonderful, wise world of ours being fearfully ignorant of both throughout the long ages upon ages of its previous existence; and that it was only this morning we hit upon the uses of steam by land and sea, and ran our girdle of electricity round the loins of the globe. Who says we must stop here? If we have lived for thousands of years in a state of absolute unconsciousness of the arterial system that was coursing through our bodies, who shall presume to say that there is nothing more to be learned in time to come?"

Of the "extraordinary phenomena" which he has seen and heard he gives the following account:—

"For my first experience, I must take the reader into a large drawing-room. The time is morning; and the only persons present are two ladies. It is proper to anticipate any question that may arise at this point, by premising that the circumstances under which the *séance* took place precluded all suspicion of confabery or trickery of any kind. There was nobody in the apartment capable of practising a deception, and no conceivable object to be gained by it. Being anxious to observe the proceedings in the first instance, before I took part in them, I sat at a distance of about six or seven feet from the tolerably heavy sofa table at which the ladies were placed, one at the end farthest from me, and the other at the side. It is important to note their positions, which show that if their hands have any influence upon the movements of the table, such influence must have operated at right angles, or in opposite directions. Their hands were placed very lightly on the table, and for three or four minutes we all remained perfectly still. The popular impression that it is indispensable for the hands of the sitters to touch each other, and that they must all concentrate their attention on the hoped-for manifestation, is, like a multitude of other absurdities, that are absent on the subject, entirely unfounded. No such conditions are necessary; and instead of concentrating the attention, it is often found desirable to divert attention to other matters, on grounds which, at present, may be considered experimental rather than positive.

"After we had waited a few minutes, the table began to rock gently to and fro. The undulating motion gradually increased, and was quickly followed by tinkling knocks underneath, resembling the sounds that might be produced by rapid blows from the end of a pencil-case. The ladies were now *en rapport* with what may be called, to use a general term, the invisible agency by which the motions and noises were presumed to be produced. The mode of communication is primitive enough. Questions are asked by the sitters, and answered by knocks; three indicating the affirmative, one the negative, and two, the doubtful, expressing such meanings as "perhaps," "presently," "not quite," &c., according to the nature of the enquiry. When the answer requires many words, or when an original communication or "message" is to be conveyed, the alphabet is resorted to, and, the letters being repeated aloud, three knocks respond to each letter in the order in which it is to be taken down to spell out the sentence. People who have witnessed these processes will consider the description of them trivial; but I am not addressing the initiated. What is chiefly wanted in the attempt to render a clear account of unusual phenomena, is to light up every step of the way to the final results; but persons familiar with the *modus operandi* are apt to think that everybody else is so, and to leave out those particulars which in reality constitute the very essence of the interest. The employment of the alphabet is comparatively tedious; but it is surprising with what celerity those who are accustomed to it catch the answers and jot them down. Nor is there anything much more curious in the whole range of the manifestations than the precision and swiftness with which each letter is seized, and struck under the table, at the instant it is pronounced. During the whole time when these

communications are going forward, it should be remembered that every person's hands are displayed on the surface of the table, so that no manipulation can take place beneath.

"In a little while, at my request, a question was put as to whether I might join the *séance*. The answer was given in the affirmative, with tumultuous energy, and at the same moment the table commenced a vigorous movement across the room, till it came up quite close to me. The ladies were obliged to leave their chairs to keep up with it. The intimation understood to be conveyed by this movement was satisfaction at my accession to the *séance*; which now commenced, and at which a multitude of raps were delivered, the table undergoing throes of corresponding variety. In accordance with an instruction received through the alphabet, we finally removed to a small round table, which stood on a slender pillar, terminating in three claws. Here the noises and motions thronged upon us faster and faster, assuming, for the most part, a new character. Sometimes the knocks were gentle and almost timid, and the swaying backwards and forwards of the little table was slow and dilatory; but presently came another phase of activity. The table seemed to be inspired with the most riotous animal spirits. I confess that, with the utmost sobriety of intention, I know no other way to describe the impression made upon me by the antics in which it indulged. It pitched about with a velocity which flung off our hands from side to side, as fast as we attempted to place them; and the general effect produced was that of a wild, rollicking glee, which fairly infected the three sitters, in spite of all their efforts to maintain a becoming gravity. But this was only preliminary to a demonstration of a much more singular kind.

"While we were seated at this table, we barely touched it with the tips of our fingers. I was anxious to satisfy myself with respect to the involuntary pressure which has been attributed to the imposition of hands. In this case there was none. My friends kindly gratified my request to avoid resting the slightest weight on the table; and we held our hands pointing downwards, with merely the nails touching the wood. Not only was this light contact inadequate to produce the violent evolutions that took place, but the evolutions were so irregular and perplexing, that we could not have produced them by premeditation. Presently, however, we had conclusive proofs that the vivacity of the table did not require any help from us.

"Turning suddenly over on one side, it sank to the floor. In this horizontal position it glided slowly towards a table which stood close to a large ottoman in the centre of the room. We had much trouble in following it, the apartment being crowded with furniture, and our difficulty was considerably increased by being obliged to keep up with it in a stooping attitude. Part of the journey it performed alone, and we were never able to reach it at any time together. Using the leg of the table as a fulcrum, it directed its claws towards the ottoman, which it attempted to ascend, by inserting one claw in the side, then turning half way round to make good another step, and so on. It slipped down at the first attempt, but again quietly resumed its task. It was exactly like a child trying to climb up a height. All this time we hardly touched it, being afraid of interfering with their movements, and, above all things, determined not to assist them. At last, by careful and persevering efforts, it accomplished the top of the ottoman, and stood on the summit of the column in the centre, from whence in a few minutes it descended to the floor by a similar process.

"It is not to be expected that any person who is a stranger to the phenomena, should read such a story as this with complacency. It would be irrational to anticipate a patient hearing for a traveller who should tell you that he was once addressed in good English by an oak tree; and talking trees are not a whit more improbable than talking tables. Yet here is a fact which undoubtedly took place, and which cannot be referred to any known physical or mechanical forces. It is not a satisfactory answer to those who have seen such things, to say that they are impossible; since, in such cases, it is evident that the impossibility of a thing does not prevent it from happening.

"Upon many subsequent occasions I have witnessed phenomena of a similar nature, and others of a much more startling character; in some instances, where the local conditions varied considerably, and in all, where the circumstances

under which the *séances* took place were wholly inconsistent with the practice of trickery or imposition. This last statement is of infinite importance, in an enquiry of this kind. Every novelty in science, and even in literature and art is exposed to the invasion of pretenders and charlatans. Every new truth has to pick its first steps through frauds. But new truths, or strange phenomena, are no more responsible for the quackeries that are put forward in their name by impostors, than for the illogical absurdities that are published in their defence by enthusiastic believers. Should chemistry and astronomy be ignored, because they were eliminated out of the half-fanatical and half-fraudulent empiricism of the alchemists and astrologers? It is the province of men of science to investigate alleged phenomena irrespective of extrinsic incidents, and to clear away all impediments on their progress to pure truth, as nature casts aside the rubbish on the descent of the glacier.

"The opportunities I have enjoyed of examining the phenomena to which I am referring, were such as a charlatan could hardly have tampered with, even had there been a person present who could be suspected of attempting a deception. Besides into which it would be impossible to introduce mechanical contrivances, to lay down electric wires, or to make preparations for the most ordinary tricks of collusion, without the assent or knowledge of the proprietors, and to which no previous access could be obtained for purposes of that description; houses in which *séances* were held for the first time, without premeditation, and, therefore, without pre-arrangement; and, above all, houses of people who were unbelievers, who were more curious than earnest, and who would be more inclined to lay traps for the exposure of frauds, than to help in the production of them;—are not the most likely places to be selected by the conjuror for the exhibition of his legends remain.

"When I saw a table, at which two ladies were seated, moving towards me without any adequate impulse being imparted to it by visible means, I thought the fact sufficiently extraordinary; but my wonder abated when, on subsequent occasions, I saw tables move apparently of their own volition, there being no persons near them; large sofas advance from the walls against which they stood; and chairs, sometimes occupied, and sometimes empty, shift their places for the distance of a foot or a yard, in some cases easily, and in others with a slow, laborious movement. The catalogue might be readily enlarged, but the accumulation of examples would throw no additional light on the subject. To this particular class of phenomena may be added an illustration of a different order, which, like these, would seem to require mechanical aids, but in this instance of vast power and extent. On the first occasion when I experienced the effect I am about to describe, there were five persons in the room. In other places, where it occurred subsequently, there were seven or more. The architecture of the houses in each case was wholly dissimilar, both as to the area and height of the apartments, and the age, size, and strength of the buildings. We were seated at a table at which some singular phenomena, accompanied by loud knocks on the walls and floor, had just occurred, when we became conscious of a strange vibration that palpitated through the entire room. We listened and watched attentively. The vibration grew stronger and stronger. It was palpably under our feet. Our chairs shook, and the floor trembled violently. The effect was exactly like the throbbing and heaving which might be supposed to take place in a house in the tropics during the moment immediately preceding an earthquake. This violent motion continued for two or three minutes, then gradually subsided and ceased. Every person present was equally affected by it on each occasion when it occurred. To produce such a result by machinery might be possible if the introduction of the machinery itself were possible. But the supposition involves a difficulty somewhat similar to that of Mr. Knickerbocker's theory of the earth standing on the back of a tortoise, which might be an excellent theory if we could only ascertain what the tortoise stood upon."

The following is an example of what the writer says—"I have seen several times, the table rising entirely unsupported into the air."

" Eight persons are seated round a table with their hands placed upon it. In the midst of the usual undulations a lull suddenly sets in. A new motion in preparation; and presently the table rises with a slight jerk, and steadily mounts till it attains such a height as to render it necessary for the company to stand up, in order still to be able to keep their hands with ease in contact with the surface, although that is not absolutely necessary. As there are some persons who have not witnessed this movement before, a desire is expressed to examine the floor, and a gentleman goes under the table for that purpose. The whole space, open to the view of the entire party, is clear. From the carpet to the edge of the table there is a blank interval of perhaps two feet, perhaps three. Nobody has thought of providing a means of measuring it, and we must take it by guess. The carpet is examined, and the legs and under surface of the table are explored, but without result. There is no trace of any connection between the floor and the table; nor can it be conceived how there can be any, as if the table had shifted to this spot from the place where it originally stood only a few minutes before. The inspection is hurried and brief, but comprehensive enough to satisfy us that the table has not been raised by mechanical means from below, and such means could not be applied from above without the certainty of immediate detection. In its ascent, the table has swung out of its orbit, but re-adjusts itself before it begins to descend, and, resuming its vertical position it comes down on the spot from whence it rose, without disturbing the company. We cannot calculate the duration of time it has remained suspended in the air. It may be one minute, two minutes, or more. Your attention is too much absorbed to permit you to consult a watch; and, moreover, you are unwilling to turn away your eyes, lest you should lose some fresh manifestation. The downward motion is slow, and, if I may use the expression, graceful; and the table reaches the ground with a dreamy softness that renders its touch almost imperceptible.

" Of a somewhat similar character is another movement, in some respects more curious, and certainly opening a stranger field for speculation. Here, in drawing the picture from the reality, we must imagine the company seated round a large, heavy, round table, resting on a pillar with three massive claws, and covered with a velvet cloth, over which books, a vase of flowers, and other objects are scattered. In the midst of the *séance* the table abruptly forces its way across the room, pushing on before it the persons who are on the side opposite to that from whence the impetus is derived, and who are thrown into confusion by the unexpectedness and rapidity with which they are driven backwards on their chairs. The table is at last stopped by a sofa; and as the persons on that side extricate themselves, a space remains open of a few inches between the table and the sofa. All is now still; but the pause is of short duration. The table soon begins to throb and tremble; cracks are heard in the wood, loud knocks succeed; and presently, after surging backwards and forwards three or four times, as if it were preparing for a greater effort, it rears itself up on one side, until the surface forms an inclined plane, at an angle of about 45 degrees. In this attitude it stops. According to ordinary experience everything on the table must slide off, or topple over; but nothing stirs. The vase of flowers, the books, the little ornaments are as motionless as if they were fixed in their places. We agree to take away our hands, to throw up the ends of the cover, so as to leave the entire round pillar and claws exposed, and to remove our chairs to a little distance, that we may have a more complete command of a phenomenon which, in its marvellous development at least, is, I believe, new to us all. The withdrawal makes no difference whatever: and now we see distinctly on one side the precise pose of the table, which looks, like the Tower of Pisa, as if it must inevitably tumble over. With a view to urge the investigation as far as it can be carried, a wish is whispered for a still more conclusive display of the power by which this extraordinary result has been accomplished. The desire is at once complied with. The table leans more and more out of the perpendicular, two of the three claws are high above the ground; and finally, the whole structure stands on the extreme tip of a single claw, fearfully overbalanced, but maintaining itself as steadily as if it were all one solid mass, instead of being freighted with a number of loose articles, and as if the position had been planned

in strict accordance with the laws of equilibrium and attraction, instead of involving an inexplicable violation of both.'

From these phenomena the writer, still stating only what took place in his own presence, and observing the "most literal accuracy," passes on to narrate other manifestations of a still more startling character, in which the table, hitherto the principal figure in these scenes "becomes subordinate to agencies of a more subtle character."

"As we advance, mysteries thicken upon us, and allowances must be made for the difficulty of describing incidents beyond the pale of material experiences, without seeming to use the language of fancy or exaggeration. I will include in one *séance* all the circumstances of this nature which it appears to me desirable to record at present, observing, as before, the most literal accuracy I can in setting them before the reader, and stating nothing that has not actually taken place in my own presence.

"Our party of eight or nine assembled in the evening, and the *séance* commenced about nine o'clock, in a spacious drawing-room, of which it is necessary to give some account in order to render perfectly intelligible what is to follow. In different parts of the room were sofas and ottomans, and in the centre a round table at which it was arranged that the *séance* should be held. Between this table and three windows, which filled up one side of the room, there was a large sofa. The windows were draped with thick curtains, and protected by spring-blinds. The space in front of the centre window was unoccupied; but the windows on the right and left were filled by geranium stands."

Incidentally, the writer, in speaking of Mr. Home, tries to disabuse the mind of the reader of the false impressions he may have received of that gentleman, from the "absurd stories" circulated through "the paragraph romances we read in the newspapers," and remarks of him that "he is probably the last person in a room full of people whom you would fix upon as the spiritual confidant of a much more mysterious personage than he is himself, the Emperor Louis Napoleon; and it may be added, that you would be as little likely to find out who he is by his conversation as by his appearance, since he rarely speaks on the subject with which his name and career are so closely associated, unless when it is introduced by others."

After this slight digression from his narrative, the writer continues—

"We will now return to the *séance*, which commenced in the centre of the room. I pass over the preliminary vibrations to come at once to the more remarkable features in the evening. From unmistakeable indications, conveyed in different forms, the table was finally removed to the centre window, displacing the sofa, which was wheeled away. The deep space between the table and the window was unoccupied, but the rest of the circle was closely packed. Some sheets of white paper, and two or three lead pencils, an accordion, a small hand-bell, and a few flowers were placed upon the table. Sundry communications now took place, which I will not stop to describe; and at length, an animation was received, through the usual channel of correspondence, that the lights must be extinguished. As this direction is understood to be given only when unusual manifestations are about to be made, it was followed by an interval of anxious suspense. There were lights on the walls, mantelpiece, and console-table, and the process of putting them out seemed tedious. When the



last was extinguished, a dead silence ensued, in which the tick of a watch could be heard.

"We must now have been in utter darkness, but for the pale light that came in through the window, and the flickering glare thrown fitfully over a distant part of the room by the fire which was rapidly sinking in the grate. We could see, but could scarcely distinguish our hands upon the table. A festoon of gleaming forms round the circle represented what we knew to be our hands. An occasional ray from the window now and then revealed the hazy surface of the white sheets, and the misty bulk of the accordion. We knew where these were placed, and could discover them with the slightest assistance under the gray, cold light of a watery sky. The stillness of expectation that existed during the first few minutes of that visible darkness, was so profound that all the sounds of life that were heard, it might be an empty chamber.

"The table and the window, and the space between the table and window engrossed all eyes. It was in that place everybody instinctively looked for revelation. Presently, the tassel of the cord of the spring-blind began to tremble. We could see it plainly against the sky, and attention being drawn to the circumstance, every eye was upon the tassel. Slowly, and apparently with caution, or difficulty, the blind began to descend; the cord was evidently being drawn, but the force applied to pull down the blind seemed feeble and uncertain. It succeeded, however, at last, and the room was thrown into deeper darkness than before. But our vision was becoming accustomed to it, and material things were growing palpable to us, although we could see nothing distinctly. Several times, at intervals, the blind was raised and pulled down; but, as the movement appeared, the ultimate object seemed to be to diminish the light.

"A whisper passed round the table about hands having been seen. Unable to answer for what happened to others, I will speak only of what I observed myself. The table cover was drawn over my knees, as it was with the others. I felt distinctly a twitch, several times repeated, at my knee. It was the sensation of a boy's hand, partly scratching, partly striking, and pulling me in play. It went away. Others described the same sensation; and the constant with which it frolicked, like Puck, under the table, now at one side and now at another, was surprising. Soon after, what seemed to be a large hand came under the table cover, and with the fingers clustered to a point, raised between me and the table. Somewhat too eager to satisfy my curiosity, I seized it, felt it very sensibly, but it went out like air in my grasp. I knew no analogy in connection with the sense of touch by which I could make the nature of that feeling intelligible. It was as palpable as any soft substance—velvet, or pulp; and at the touch it seemed as solid; but pressure reduced it to air.

"It was now suggested that one of the party should hold the hand beneath the table; which was no sooner done than it was taken away, and the hand being rung at different points was finally returned, still under the table, into the hand of another person.

"While this was going forward the white sheets were seen moving, and gradually disappeared over the edge of the table. Long afterwards we heard them creasing and crumpling on the floor, and saw them returned again to the table; but there was no writing upon them. In the same way the flowers which lay near the edge were removed. The semblance of what seemed a hand with white, long, and delicate fingers, rose up slowly in the darkness, and being over a flower, suddenly vanished with it. This occurred two or three times, and although each appearance was not equally palpable to every person, there was no person who did not see some of them. The flowers were distributed in the manner in which they had been removed; a hand, of which the lamplight gleam was visible, slowly ascending from beneath the cover, and placing the flower in the hand for which it was intended. In the flower-stands in the adjoining window we could hear geranium blossoms snapped off, which were afterwards thrown to different persons.

"Still more extraordinary was that which followed, or rather which took place while we were watching this transfer of the flowers. Those who had been eyes

ed who were in the best position for catching the light upon the instrument, declared that they saw the accordion in motion. I could not. It was as black as death to me. But concentrating my attention on the spot where I supposed it to be, I soon perceived a dark mass rise awkwardly above the edge of the table, and then go down, the instrument emitting a single sound produced by its being struck against the table as it went over. It descended to the floor in haste; and a quarter of an hour afterwards, when we were engaged in observing some fresh phenomena, we heard the accordion beginning to play where it lay on the ground.

"Apart from the wonderful consideration of its being played without hands no less wonderful was the fact of its being played in a narrow space which would not admit of its being drawn out with the requisite freedom to its full extent. We listened with suspended breath. The air was wild, and full of strange transitions; with a wail of the most pathetic sweetness running through it. The execution was no less remarkable for its delicacy than its power. When the notes swelled in some of the bold passages, the sound rolled through the room with an astounding reverberation; then, gently subsiding, sank into a strain of divine tenderness. But it was the close that touched the hearts, and drew the tears of the listeners. Milton dreamt of this wondrous termination and he wrote of 'linked sweetness long drawn out.' By what art the accordion was made to yield that dying note, let practical musicians determine. My ears, that heard it, had never before been visited by 'a sound so fine.' It continued diminishing and diminishing, and stretching far away into distance and darkness, until the attenuated thread of sound became so exquisite that it was impossible at last to fix the moment when it ceased.

"That an instrument should be played without hands is a proposition which nobody can be expected to accept. The whole story will be referred to one of two categories under which the whole of these phenomena are consigned by common sense. It will be discarded as a delusion, or a fraud. Either we imagined we heard it, and really did not hear it; or there was some one under the table, or some mechanism was set in motion to produce the result. Having made the statement, I feel that I am bound, as far as I can, to answer these objections, which I admit to be perfectly reasonable. Upon the likelihood of deception my testimony is obviously worth nothing. With respect to fraud, I can speak more confidently. It is scarcely necessary to say that in so small a circle, occupied by so many persons, who were inconveniently packed together, there was not room for a child of the size of a doll, or for the smallest piece of machinery to operate. But we need not speculate on what might be done by skillful contrivances in confines so narrow, since the question is removed out of the region of conjecture by the fact that, upon holding up the instrument myself on one hand, in the open room, with the full light upon it, similar strains were emitted, the regular action of the accordion going on without any visible agency. And I should add that, during the loud and vehement passages, it became so difficult to hold, in consequence of the extraordinary power with which it was played from below, that I was obliged to grasp the top with both hands. This experience was not a solitary one. I witnessed the same result on different occasions, when the instrument was held by others."

The concluding phenomenon of this remarkable *séance*, "takes us entirely out of that domain of the marvellous in which the media are inanimate objects."

"Mr. Home was seated next the window. Through the semi-darkness his head was dimly visible against the curtains, and his hands might be seen in a faint white heap before him. Presently, he said, in a quiet voice, 'My chair is moving—I am off the ground—don't notice me—talk of something else,' or words to that effect. It was very difficult to restrain the curiosity, not unmixed with a more serious feeling, which these few words awakened; but we talked, incoherently enough, upon some different topic. I was sitting nearly opposite Mr. Home, and I saw his hands disappear from the table, and his head vanish into the deep shadow beyond. In a moment or two more he spoke again. This

time his voice was in the air above our heads. He had risen from his chair to a height of four or five feet from the ground. As he ascended higher he described his position, which at first was perpendicular, and afterwards became horizontal. He said he felt as if he had been turned in the gentlest manner, as a child is turned in the arms of a nurse. In a moment or two more, he told us that he was going to pass across the window, against the gray, silvery light of which he would be visible. We watched in profound stillness, and saw his figure pass from one side of the window to the other, feet foremost, lying horizontally in the air. He spoke to us as he passed, and told us that he would turn the reverse way, and recross the window; which he did. His own tranquil confidence in the safety of what seemed from below a situation of the most novel peril, gave confidence to everybody else; but, with the strongest nerves, it was impossible not to be conscious of a certain sensation of fear or awe. He hovered round the circle for several minutes, and passed, this time perpendicularly, over our heads. I heard his voice behind me in the air, and felt something lightly brush my chair. It was his foot, which he gave me leave to touch. Turning to the spot where it was on the top of the chair, I placed my hand gently upon it, when he uttered a cry of pain, and the foot was withdrawn quickly, with a palpable shudder. It was evidently not resting on the chair, but floating; and it sprang from the touch as a bird would. He now passed over to the farthest extremity of the room, and we could judge by his voice of the altitude and distance he had attained. He had reached the ceiling, upon which he made a slight mark, and soon afterwards descended and resumed his place at the table. An incident which occurred during this aerial passage, and imparted a strange solemnity to it, was that the accordion, which we supposed to be on the ground under the window close to us, played a strain of wild pathos in the air from the most distant corner of the room."

In this narrative of facts "stranger than fiction," the writer prefers to "give the driest and most literal account" of what he saw and heard, rather than risk any "descriptions which, however true, might look like exaggerations;" and he therefore excludes all sights and sounds "which do not admit of satisfactory evidence," or which might be regarded as "the unconscious work of the imagination." But—

"Palpable facts witnessed by many people, stand on a widely different ground. If the proofs of their occurrence be perfectly legitimate, the nature of the facts themselves cannot be admitted as a valid reason for refusing to accept them as facts. Evidence, if it be otherwise trustworthy, is not invalidated by the unlikelihood of that which it attests. What is wanted here, then, is to treat facts as facts, and not to decide the question over the head of the evidence.

"To say that certain phenomena are incredible, is merely to say that they are inconsistent with the present state of our knowledge; but, knowing how imperfect our knowledge is, we are not, therefore, justified in asserting that they are impossible. The "failures" which have occurred at *séances* are urged as proofs that the whole thing is a cheat. If such an argument be worth noticing, it is sufficient to say that ten thousand failures do not disprove a single fact. But it must be evident that as we do not know the conditions of 'success,' we cannot draw any argument from 'failures.' We often hear people say that they might believe such a thing, if such a thing were to happen; making assent to a particular fact, by an odd sort of logic, depend upon the occurrence of something else. 'I will believe,' for example, says a philosopher of this stamp, 'that a table has risen from the ground, when I see the lamp-posts dancing quadrilles. Then, tables? Why do these things happen to tables?' Why, that is one of the very matters which it is desirable to investigate, but which we shall never know anything about so long as we ignore inquiry. And, above all, of what use are these wonderful manifestations? What do they prove? What benefit have they conferred on the world? Sir John Herschel has answered these questions with a weight of authority which is final. 'The

question, *Cui bono?* to what 'practical end and advantage do your researches tend?—is one which the speculative philosopher, who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations, which ought to exempt them from such questioning. But,' adds Sir John, 'if he can bring himself to descend from this high but fair ground, and justify himself, his pursuits, and his pleasures in the eyes of those around him, he has only to point to the history of all science, where speculations, apparently the most unprofitable, have almost invariably been those from which the greatest practicable applications have emanated.\*'

"The first thing to be done is to collect and verify facts. But this can never be done if we insist upon refusing to receive any facts, except such as shall appear to us likely to be true, according to the measure of our intelligence and knowledge. My object is to apply this truism to the case of the phenomena of which we have been speaking; an object which I hope will not be overlooked by any persons who may do me the honour to quote this narrative."

All honor to Mr. Thackeray for daring to put forward such a truth. We consider that the insertion of this article in the world-wide *Cornhill Magazine*, is quite an era in the present campaign, and that although that portion of the press which has pledged itself too deeply against the possibility of these phenomena will be bound still to deny them, it will do so much more feebly than before, and endeavour to make a loophole for their escape from their present dilemma. There is probably no writer through the whole range of the press, whose name would carry more respect with it than that which belongs to the writer of this article, and it is, therefore, a heavy blow and sore discouragement to the deniers of the facts to find them asserted by one of the most respected and celebrated amongst themselves. There is one thing however, which is certain, and that is, that the public mind cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the truthful, calm statements of the writer; and it is to the public that we make our appeal, rather than to the narrower mind of their would-be leaders. If we take any trouble with the press, it is because such controversies awaken public interest, and keep alive the subject among a class whom we could not otherwise reach.

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*Register of Facts and Occurrences, relating to Literature, the Sciences, and the Arts.*—No. 1, August. London: WELDON and Co.

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OUR love of fair play, which we had fondly hoped that we possessed only in common with most Englishmen, has been often offended at the treatment which Spiritualism has received from the periodical press. The course usually pursued is either to

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\* *Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, p. 10.

ignore the whole matter as an awkward subject, or else, to rush at it in mad-bull fashion, with eyes obstinately closed to conviction, and an ignorant bellowing, which would be diverting, did it not afford one more proof of the almost inconceivable influence which prejudice exercises even over those who aspire to guide the judgment of the less bookish public.

However, the tide appears to be turning, and those periodicals which exhibit a readier perception of truth than their contemporaries surely deserve honourable mention in the pages of this magazine. We, therefore, wish to call attention to a notice of Mr. R. D. Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World*, in the first number of this *Monthly Register*. The writer uses the following language:—

“Spiritualism is making converts on all sides every day. Without organization, without any visible advocacy, except that of a single magazine, in whose quiet pages the principal news respecting the movement is registered, it creeps silently from house to house. \* \* \* \* \* All marvel, many believe: pious and thoughtful men ask what is the meaning of all this? What does it point to?—but there is no response. Upon this point, at all events, the oracle is dumb. The only thing about which we can be certain, is that a great revelation is going on amongst us. Opinions, which we ourselves, and our fathers before us, believed to be as firmly fixed as the everlasting hills, are being tumbled, sapped, and blasted.”

The article referred to, concludes thus:—

“What we call life is only a small fraction of human existence; yet it is sufficient in its duration, and sufficiently favourable in its conditions, to enable us at times to predicate our future destiny. There are high moments of inspiration common to all good men, when earthliness and selfishness are spell-bound by the divine gift that is within us, and when the soul, sybil-like, may be questioned of the future,—for the divine rage is then upon her, and her foreboding instincts are the earnest of what is to be. In these holy raptures, the presentiment is of a better world, but of a *world* still,—a world, which is the abode of human spirits: a world in which there is work to do, a race to run, a goal to reach; a world in which we shall find, transplanted from earth to a more genial land, energy, courage, perseverance, high resolves, benevolent actions, hope to encourage, mercy to plead, and love,—the earth-clog that dimmed her purity shaken off,—still selecting her chosen ones, but to be separate from them no more. It is to make these convictions certain,—to bring home, as it were, to the senses and consciousness of men the facts that life is eternal, and that the grave is but the matrix of immortality,—that houses are permitted to be haunted, and that spirits are allowed to walk the earth, or to be called up from the vasty deep to move tables, ring bells, play upon musical instruments, or in any other way make known the fact of their continued existence. Such, at least, are the conclusions of Mr. Robert Dale Owen.”

When we find such observations as the above in the first number of a new periodical, we cannot but augur favourably of the courageous and truthful temper with which its conductors seem prepared to carry it on. And as a fresh aspirant for public favour can scarcely be expected to commence by affronting the public taste, we gather further that the world is beginning to take some interest in the phenomena connected with the greatest and most marvellous fact of this most marvellous age.

There are many well written articles of sterling interest in the *Register*, and taking into consideration both quantity and quality, it is a wonder of cheapness.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Esq.—Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Goodeve, of Bristol, Mr. Newton, Dr. Blank, Messrs. Waterhouse, Norton, Hurrey, self, and son, had a sitting with J. R. M. Esq. (junior editor of the *Banner of Light*, a weekly newspaper published in America, and having a circulation of 30,000 copies), at the residence of Mr. Waterhouse, in Russell Square, London, at eight o'clock, p.m., on Friday, the 16th July, 1860. Shortly after sitting down at a large dining-room table (about 12 feet long), we heard clicks or tappings on different parts of the table: they were not loud, but distinct; something like the sounds produced by the telegraphic clock when in action.

The table twice moved from its position a little. Mr. Squire then placed a pencil on a sheet of paper we had marked; and then as he held it in his hand under the table, I heard a movement underneath; and then it seemed as if the pencil and paper were forcibly taken away, and dropped to the floor. On picking the paper up we found some letters scrawled on it, which, on looking through the paper on the blank side, we found read "God bless you all." Dr. Blank felt the pulse of Mr. Squire while this was going on, and the rate was 138 beats per minute; his ordinary pulse is 60—65.

We then went to a large room: there was in it an uncurtained French bedstead which Mr. S— removed a little from the wall, and placed nine chairs in a row against one side of the room, opposite the foot of the bed. There was a very heavy oval-shaped table in the room, which we turned over and examined to see that there was no machinery connected with it. This table was placed by Mr. S— at such a distance from the bed as to allow a chair for him to sit upon, between him and the bed; he then placed another chair by the same side of the bed, and requested me to sit on it; he then sat on the chair before the table, rested one hand on it, and requested that his legs be tied to the chair, which was done with two handkerchiefs by one of the company; he then stretched out his disengaged right hand towards me, and I held it firmly till the close of the incident I am about to relate. The nine gentlemen present then sat on the chairs in a row, holding each other's hands; so that no movement by any one of them could be made without detection; the jet of gas at the side of the room was then put out by our host, and in about half a minute I felt something like a rapid current of air pass me. Mr. Squire said "It is gone." The gas was then lighted, and the table was found top downwards, lying on the bed clothes at the back of Mr. Squire; it having passed over his head. The company then loosed hands, came up, saw my hands still holding the right hand of Mr. S—, and his legs still tied to the chair. This movement of the table was repeated, two others of the company holding the hand of Mr. Squire. He then asked for a pocket-handkerchief to tie his wrists. I took mine, tied one end tightly round one wrist, and the other end round the other wrist, leaving the free use of the hands for stretching about six inches. He then desired a gentleman, who had evidently been puzzled with what he had seen, to come and stand with him at one end of the table, and place his hand firmly on one of his, on the top of the table: so that it was impossible for him, so tied and bound, in any way to lift the table. We all, except the two so standing, retired again to our row of chairs, held each other's hands, and the outermost one with his left hand put out the gas. In about half a minute, a violent blow from the leg of the table struck the floor;

and shortly after, Mr. Squire asked us to light the gas. When this was done, a funny spectacle met our eyes; the table top was resting on the heads of the two gentlemen who had been left standing; the legs of the table being towards the ceiling, and the gentlemen's hands still pressing against the top of the table. I took down the table, which, from its weight, I found to be no easy task. The gentleman who had placed his hand on the table, stated that he had pressed his whole weight on the table to prevent its rising; and that it was which caused the legs to come down with so much violence before the resistance was overcome. Of those present, only our host, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Blank, and myself were at all accustomed to these phenomena; and Dr. Blank, till a few weeks ago, opposed by voice and pen all belief in the subject. Now he frankly acknowledges its truth; but is sorely puzzled with—"what is the use of it?" A question to which we have no doubt he will in time find a satisfactory answer, as numbers have done who have passed through that state of mind in which he at present is. The others were the personal unbelieving friends that Dr. Ashburner and I had brought to the sitting, in the hope of something being done, which by its physical character would uproot their theories of cerebral hallucination and mind acting on itself; and so producing fantasies.

The weak point in the portion of the manifestations which took place in the dark is, that they throw a shade of doubt on the minds of those who were not present. Mr. Squire states that the spirits say they cannot produce those powerful manifestations through him in the light; he supposes because he is not so powerful a medium as some are. To his personal friends, and their friends, he cheerfully, now and then, sits for their pleasure and profit.

I have read this account to Dr. Ashburner, and he thinks that the above facts plainly show: *First*, unseen intelligence; *Secondly*, the benevolence of that intelligence—for the table must have been raised at least four feet off the ground to pass over the head of Mr. Squire without hurting him; *Thirdly*, great power, in conjunction with intelligence, in overcoming Mr. Newton's resistance—raising the table off the floor, and gently resting it on the heads of those who were standing. The height the table was lifted must have been at least six feet.\*

Peckham, 10th July, 1860.

I am, &c.,

JOHN JONES.

## GHOSTS IN COSTUME.

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

DEAR SIR,—I am sure that you are not afraid or unwilling to look any difficulty fairly in the face, and therefore I hope that you will kindly permit me to lay before you a perplexing problem suggested by some of the well-attested "ghost stories" of Mr. Dale Owen and others. If you can propose any plausible theory as a solution of the said problem, you will confer a great favour on myself, and, I doubt not, on multitudes beside.

I find no difficulty in believing in the appearance of departed spirits on this earth to the eyes of mortals. Such an event is credible either on the supposition of some internal power of vision appertaining to those in the flesh being opened to see the apparition, or else by supposing the departed spirit to be invested with some subtle material substance capable of reflection on the retina. Moreover we have no right to cavil at the particular vesture of the spiritual appearance, if foreign to our experience. This may be the "white clothing" of the New Testament angel, or the various fantastic garments said to have been assumed by visitants from the unseen world in more modern times. Unless we accept as authoritative the assertions of Swedenborg, we know nothing whatever of the laws

\* We have received a letter from Dr. Ashburner which confirms the foregoing account by Mr. Jones. Dr. A. enclosed a description of the table, by Mr. Burton, the maker of it, furnished to him on application by the owner. In this description the weight of the table is given as *seventy-two pounds*.—EDITOR.

relating to the dress of spirits. But we do know something of the make and material of the clothes in common use amongst us. We are perfectly certain that they are neither impalpable nor evanescent; and if spirits, from force of habit or anxiety to preserve their identity, don again their cast-off clothing, the unsophisticated mind may well be scandalized. Can you, sir, for instance, suggest any intelligible explanation of the appearance of an old gentleman of the last century (verified by Mr. Owen), in the "costume of the period." This is only one case out of a hundred presenting the like difficulty.

Great pains have been taken to show the probability that men possess spiritual bodies that can become visible. To render such narratives as that above referred to comfortably credible, it appears to us that we stand in need of a theory that shall prove the possibility of hats and great coats having also their spiritual representatives.

I beg to remain, yours very truly,

S. E. B.

[We have no space at present to enter into the discussion of the interesting question raised by our correspondent, but we will "take a note of it" with a view to respond at an early opportunity. Or, perhaps, some of our intelligent correspondents will favour us with their views upon this subject.—EDITOR.]

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

American Warehouse, London, 164, Strand,

August 3rd, 1860.

SIR.—I will now proceed to relate, what was to me at the time it occurred, a very wonderful manifestation of "something." After the experience adduced in my letter to you last month, my faith in infidelity, as it is called, was very much shaken, and I determined to test the alleged facts of Spiritualism to the uttermost, and not to give in to them without the strictest scrutiny. I *only* wanted to know the truth, and if spirits could, and did communicate with mortals, I wanted to *know* it for myself. I, therefore, *determined* if it was possible to find out. I would leave no stone unturned to accomplish the desired end. With this determination uppermost in my mind, I concluded to travel to the South States (I was then living in Maine), and to use every caution in my power, to avoid being known in my travels. I left my home in Maine, telling my family I had some business which would occupy me some weeks, and as my business often took me from home for weeks at a time, nothing was thought of it. I proceeded direct from Boston to Philadelphia, not stopping in New York, for fear some one there would recognize me, and that, although, I might keep my *real business* secret, I fancied from what I had already witnessed, that by some incomprehensible mode of mind-reading, or in some other way, my business might become known, and thus defeat the very object of my enterprise. I took the precaution to leave all letters behind, that there might be no clue as to who I was, or where I came from. I also took a sea passage from New York to Philadelphia, instead of going by rail, for no other reason than that I thought I should be less liable to be recognized on board of a steamboat. With all these precautions, I arrived in Philadelphia for the first time in my life, and ordered the cabman to drive me to the "Franklin House," which I reached at 6.30, p.m. I wrote my name on the register of the hotel as "Charles Estell," instead of my real name. As you may not know, I will tell you, that when a traveller arrives at an hotel in our country, he is expected to sign his name in a book kept for the purpose. Directly after this, I took tea. I went up Chesnut Street (I have forgotten the number), where I had heard, before leaving at Boston, that a medium lived, who held public *séances*. On reaching the house, I was admitted into the room, where between 20 and 30 persons were seated round a large table; and while I was standing, looking for a place to sit (as I could see no unoccupied chair), the medium, who was an elderly lady, of some 60 or more years I should think, got up from the table. With her eyes closed, she came direct to me, and extending her hand, which I took in mine, she said to me "David, why didst thou sign thy name as Charles?" This was more than I bargained for, and I dare say the blood rushing to my face, portrayed something to my disadvantage, for I



could see after the above declaration, that all eyes were turned on me, and I fancied that I was looked upon as a runaway from justice, or a pickpocket, or highway robber. You cannot fully sympathise with my feelings at that moment, unless you can fancy yourself in the same fix among total strangers. For several minutes, as it seemed to me, my tongue stubbornly refused to move. At last, I stammered inarticulately a denial to what the lady had said, upon which, she said to me, "*David*, was not thy own name as easy to write as *Charles Estell*, which name thou hast but a few moments since written in the register of the Franklin House, as *thy own*." She then added "explain to the company thy motive for doing this, and do not doubt again that thy *grandmother* is ever with thee."\* I *did* then explain to the company, after a fashion, my reasons; and after the explanation, the company were satisfied, and I took a place with them at the table, and got communications, which were entirely satisfactory to me. This occurred some six months after I had first interested myself in the phenomena, and after I had found I was myself, to some extent, a medium; and from that time to *this very day* I have been getting beautiful evidences of the interest which our friends, on the other side the veil, take in our welfare. This world now, with all its ups and downs, seems to me a paradise, and the only regret I have, is the ignorance of the mass of my brethren that Heaven is really so near to them; and that their blindness prevents them from being recipients of its influences.

Yours truly,  
D. C. DINSMORE.

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

SIR,—I agree with your correspondents in thinking that in publishing evidence respecting spiritual phenomena, it is desirable not to write anonymously, unless an individual is compelled to do so, for particular reasons, as in the case of Dr. Blank.

Acting upon this sentiment, I beg to forward to you the following epitome of what occurred during a *séance* recently with Mr. Mansfield, the well-known American writing medium, whom I saw in the city of Baltimore, where he was sojourning last winter. Mr. M. has replied to several thousands of persons, who have sent to him sealed letters addressed to various deceased relatives and friends, and the satisfaction which, by virtue of his spiritual gift, he has given to numerous querents, has been frequently mentioned by the persons who have "experienced the same," in the *Banner of Light*.

I did not apply to Mr. M. by letter, but finding him in Baltimore, I called upon him. In that city he had been applied to by many people, secular and clerical, and he had made many converts. I will now proceed to inform you, generally, of what occurred with respect to myself, during my visit to Mr. M.

There were on a table before him, various long slips of plain paper, and having received one of these, I was requested to think of some deceased person known by me when living, and to write in pencil these words from myself to that particular person, namely, "—, are you present?" Having done this and signed my name, at some distance from Mr. M., I was instructed to roll the top of the page up in at least half a dozen folds, and to touch the medium's finger, while he rubbed his fingers over the top of the paper so folded. This having been done, I observed that Mr. M.'s hand was violently moved as if he was affected by galvanic power, so much so that he could scarcely keep his right hand upon the paper, and forthwith he proceeded rapidly to write, filling

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\* My grandmother was a Quaker, or Friend, as they are sometimes called, as are still my own father and mother. You will see that in the first instance she only told the first part of the name I had substituted for my own; hence, I thought that she *might* have guessed that, and upon the idea of its possibility, I denied that I had done so. But when she told me the whole name, as also the hotel where it was thus registered, it was then I felt that my character as to being reputable was anything but flattering.

several scrolls, and ending each finished communication with the christian and surname of the individual purporting to give the same. This was done in several instances, and the communication invariably contained some matter applicable to the respective positions of the querent and querited, when the latter was alive, especially so in one instance, where a statement was made which I myself only could understand, and which Mr. M. could not comprehend. Each communication was accurately addressed to myself by name, and in one instance, the relationship being wrongly stated, the mistake was corrected; but I afterwards ascertained that the mistake was originally mine, and that I was addressed as I had described myself. In one instance, there was some delay in obtaining the Christian name of the person applied to, but upon my requesting to have the names in full, they were correctly given. In this case, Mr. M. doubted at the commencement if he should be able to obtain any communication, and some time elapsed before it was made, perhaps five minutes. In two instances, the querited seemed to be acquainted in the spirit world, although unknown to one another in the flesh, and in one of these two cases, which I will describe as A and B, a curious reference was made in the second communication respecting the first one, A, viz.:—There had been a mistake in my initial name, which Mr. M. did not observe in his writing, but which I had remarked, without noticing it to him; but when the communication, B, was signed and finished as we thought, there came a postscript correcting the error in the statement, A. The querited signing the initials of the name. Mr. M. informed me he should visit England this year, and if he should, I would recommend those of your readers, who may feel interested in this subject, to test his marvellous power. The investigation is also worthy of research on the part of many of our philosophers and savans. Can any one of these learned gentlemen state satisfactorily in what manner Mr. Mansfield obtained these communications, except as a Spiritualist? I am, yours faithfully,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

Pal Mall, London,  
16th August.

DISCUSSION OF SPIRITS.—Last Sunday forenoon the writer of this was in the Evangelical church, in this city, seated between a young lady and her father. The latter requested him to call the lady's attention to a spirit who was standing near the pulpit. She replied that she had seen the spirit when she entered the church, and saw him then in the place indicated by her father. At the close of the service the writer requested the father to describe the spirit, and subsequently repeated the request to the daughter. Without communicating with each other, or either hearing the description given by the other—for the daughter was walking in advance with her mother—their accounts nearly agreed, and with this difference, that the daughter's description was more minute than that given by her father. The spirit appeared like a venerable man with a long white beard, and was robed in vestments of pure white. . . . The young lady also saw in the pulpit the spirit of the late Reverend Theodore Parker standing on the right side of the speaker; and he appeared to listen with earnest attention. It may be proper to state that the young lady who professes to have seen these spirits has had this seeing gift from childhood. For many years she supposed that every one saw spirits like herself; but when she discovered her mistake, she requested an explanation from her father, who informed her that she inherited the faculty from himself. Like his daughter, he had seen spirits all his life. Both are intelligent, quiet people, who would shrink from public notice, and who rarely speak of their spiritual gifts to any but their intimate friends. The young lady says that she passes nearly two-thirds of her time in the world of spirits, and that she can leave the body at pleasure. She stands, as were, upon the bridge that connects the natural world with the world of spirits. Her power of perceiving spirits is never obscured, nor is she at any time in a harvovant state; but at all times she sees the spirits of the departed mingling with the living, and influencing them for good or evil.—*Boston Traveller, July 3rd.*

## SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN CLEVELAND, U.S.

THERE was a large promiscuous gathering at the Davenport Rooms last night to witness spirit-manifestations. As usual, Mr. Davenport invited the sceptics present to appoint a committee to see that the mediums were bound securely hand and foot to the benches inside their spirit-box.

The boys (mediums) took their seats, and the committee proceeded to tie their legs and their bodies to the benches, one on each end of the box, some five feet apart.

When they came to secure their hands, one of the committee drew from his pocket a pair of patent iron handcuffs, which he procured from some policeman, with which he proposed to fix the mediums and to end the humbug of their playing on fiddles, tambourines, and guitars with their hands tied. Accordingly, after tying their legs together, and their bodies fast down to the benches with ropes, they placed the hands of the mediums behind their backs and put the handcuffs upon them.

There was a grin of delight on the countenances of that unbelieving committee as they finished binding and handcuffing the boys and stepped from the stand-box among the audience. The doors of the box were closed, and there was a moment of breathless stillness and anxiety to know the result. At first a single fiddle-string was snapped, which showed there was a hand about which could not be tied down or shackled. Then the instrument was picked up and tuned with fingers and bow, and with apparently strong hands. A tune was then played in which the guitar, tambourine, drum, and bell, all joined, bringing down the house in applause for the spirits. A light was struck, the doors of the spirit-box opened, and there sat the boys bound and cuffed, precisely as the committee had left them.

Another test was then proposed, which was to hang the keys which unlocked the handcuffs, inside the box, out of the reach of the boys, and then see if the spirits could unlock the cuffs, "unloose the bonds and let the captives free." It was done. In about three minutes the handcuffs were heard rattling in invisible hands, and suddenly they were both thrown out of an aperture near the top of the box, on to the floor, and the boys were free. After which, what is called a spirit-hand was made plainly visible to all in the room, by the help of a double tapered lamp held near it.—*Cleveland Plaindealer*, May 28th.

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 THE SLOWNESS OF BELIEF IN A SPIRITUAL WORLD.
 

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THE astronomer with patient, searching gaze  
 Doth with his tube the depths of space explore;  
 Shews Neptune's orb, or, 'neath the solar blaze,  
 Reveals a world by man unseen before.  
 Justly the world rewards his arduous toil,  
 And claims to share the glory of his fame;  
 Beyond the boundaries of his native soil  
 From land to land the breezes bear his name.  
 But he who doth a Spirit-world reveal,  
 Not far in space, but near to every soul;  
 Which naught but mists of sense and sin conceal,  
 (Would from men's sight those mists at length might roll!)  
 He is with incredulity received,  
 Or with a slow, reluctant faith believed.

*Religious Magazine.*

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. I.]

OCTOBER, 1860.

[No. 10.]

## ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

We have made a few clippings from the Press "in prose and verse" for the instruction as well as the amusement of our readers; for when the history of the early struggles of Spiritualism comes to be written, the successive arguments and modes of view of the literary and learned persons of the day will acquire a value, which at present they possess in only a negative form.

We can express no surprise that the phenomena of Spiritualism and the views of Spiritualists should be received with little respect, and be examined with so little candour, for it is precisely to rectify and enlighten the naturalistic state of mind which has embroiled philosophy and letters, that we have assumed the not unwelcome office of pressing these new striking facts into notice.

We must meet the Press, therefore, on its own ground, and again and again put forward the phenomena of Spiritualism, even at the risk of still more deeply incensing the editors—satisfied as we are, that in this way only can we do them the service of opening out to them the wonders of a new spiritual cosmos.

This is no easy task which we have undertaken; nor does it, at first sight, promise any great success, unless we remember that most of those who are now in the ranks of the believers were once as determined sceptics as any of those who are still outside. And so we work on, trusting to the facts to arrest that attention which we can get in no other way, and gradually endeavouring to deduce from them arguments and analogies to lead higher and higher to that spiritual life which is the soul-want of the age. Our aim is a good one, however inefficient may be our mode of carrying it out; and we have no quarrel with any portion of the press which honestly speaks its convictions, however little they may be complimentary to us. The necessities of journalism are very exacting; and there are few papers, whatever may be the opinions of the editors, which dare to advocate the subject, or even to give it fair play. The public is just as much to blame

for this as the journalist, for it will not brook at his hands any truths which are not orthodox and respectable; and so the one reacts upon the other, doing an eminent disservice to the cause of truth and human progress. When an editor breaks through this conventional system, see what a hullabaloo is raised at his heels. Look at the now famous article in the *Cornhill*, which has called down all the terrors of the press; the religious portion of it, of course, doing the honors of the pack. Mr. Thackeray is denounced, and the unfortunate author of the article is branded as an imbecile for only putting down in writing what he saw and heard. A wise man, and one of the best of the literati of the day, until he entered the room where the manifestations occurred;—an arrant idiot for writing down truthfully what it happened to him to witness there.

See what a Cambridge paper has to say of him:—

"It is astonishing that Mr. Thackeray, by giving room to such an article, should contribute to an increase of the number of blasphemous mountebanks or credulous fools. We boast of the human progress of the 19th century; we ridicule the frauds of alchemists and the absurdities of astrologers of the past, and we denounce the fraudulent empiricism of our own days; but they are all as nothing compared to this 'spirit-rapping,' invented by knaves for the wonder of fools. All that this imposture has done at present, has been to drive weak-minded people into insanity, and contribute to the grossest immorality. Moreover, the managers of the trickery in England, are guilty in other matters, of the most thorough-faced lying you can conceive. In the last number of *All the Year Round*, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS mentions the particulars of this charge, and *Punch* mentioned others but a short time ago. People are apt to play and pander with novelties, and it is time they should know that in this instance they have to deal with a blasphemy."

We can hardly hope for anything more decisive than this. The writer is no doubt like ourselves performing a conscientious duty. We next meet with a notice in the *Medical Times*, which enlightens our friends, the doctors, as follows, on the same subject:—

"Not to be outdone, we find Mr. Thackeray serving up an outrageous dish of mesmeric agency, and detailing the most authentic tale on record of table-turning and spirit-rapping. There is something very sad in all this. Either these high intelligences, who pretend it is their business to enlighten the age and instruct the people, are themselves mastered by these weaknesses of the imagination, and, therefore, the slaves of a disordered fancy; or, what is hardly to be believed, they conceive that they have a right to pander to the weaknesses of the masses, and lower their standard of instruction or amusement, in order to meet the requirements of a mentally-excited audience. Of the mischief which these men do they themselves are, probably, scarcely aware; but some of our readers must have met, in actual practice, with disorders the actual results of these fictions."

Another paper, of which we did not before know the existence, forgets its name of *The Freeman* as follows:—

"SPIRIT RAPPING.—As attempts are again gravely being made to attach credibility to this imposture, and that in quarters where such credulity could scarcely be expected, it may be useful to reprint what Sir David Brewster said of it, after personal observation in 1855."

And then he goes into the often refuted statements of Sir

aid, which called forth, at the time of their publication, a letter from Mr. Thomas Trollope, who with his mother, the well-known horess, was present at the *séance*, and in which he demonstrated Sir David's disingenuousness. To a friend of ours at this time, Sir David made use of the following remarkable words:—"Don't attribute what I saw either to trick or delusion, but sit, sir, is the last thing I will give in to." The learned Dr. Maitland, in reviewing Sir David's letter in a work published by him shortly afterwards, says of him: "It seems that Sir David is more prudent than some other philosophers, and does not like to explain; but what are we to think when we find him presenting himself before the public as a person who really cannot tell whether a table under his nose does or does not rise from the ground. Is it on men so grossly and avowedly incompetent to judge of plain matter of fact submitted to their senses, that we can pin our faith on matters of physical science. They will not see, and we have only to believe." In fact, Sir David was so thoroughly exposed at the time, that he has never ventured since to return to the charge, and we are sure to thank *The Freeman* for bringing his name forward in connexion with the subject.

*Once a Week* is an excellent periodical, belonging to the late owners of *Punch*, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Mr. Lewis contributes an article, praiseworthy under the circumstances, to a recent number, in which he describes an evening spent with Mrs. Marshall, of whose imposture he is convinced, and states his convictions. He was not so fortunate, in what respects, as the sons of Mr. Evans and Mr. Dickens, nor as Mr. Marshall, the pictorial contributor of *Punch*, nor as Dr. Blank, who, in his experience in the August number, nor as E. L. B., in our last number gave the admirable paper so well called "A Rap on the Knuckles," to Mr. Dickens for misdescribing his visit to Mrs. Marshall in *All the Year Round*.

Mr. Lewis wisely asks—

"Are we, or are we not, on the eve of a new Revelation? Are the secrets of the world, concealed for so many thousands of years from mortal ken, now for the first time to be made plain to us through the agency of our household gods? Is our friend Newton, after all, but a shabby impostor, and his great discovery of gravitation no discovery at all? Or, in other words, is it possible for a gentleman to ride up to the ceiling on a rosewood chair, just for all the world as in golden times, not so very far bygone, certain old ladies were believed to do on their journeys with the aid of a broom handle? Absurd as these and similar questions may appear to the majority of the readers of *Once a Week*, it may be recollected that thousands of respectable persons in England and America would not hesitate for an instant to answer them in the affirmative. As a prominent place amongst the faithful, I must be permitted to instance the author of a recent very able article in the *Cornhill Magazine*. That gentleman, it is witnessed, or was made to believe that he witnessed, phenomena quite as extraordinary as any of those just alluded to."

The portion of the article, in which he spoke of Mrs. Marshall, she did not admit to be satisfactory. Some mediums have feelings, and she vented hers in a letter to *The Times*, in which she says:—

“The article is a misrepresentation, colouring up circumstances, not as they occurred, but as the writer desires that they should be read. Of course, I assure under the circumstances, that my asseveration that I had nothing to do with producing these sensations will not be credited. But I will state, if you will permit me, that it is not at all necessary that any person should be next me, or near to me, or near to any person over whom I might be supposed to have control for them to feel these strange and unaccountable “seizings.” That the grasp of hands is frequently felt when no one is within reach is a truth of which fortunately there are numerous witnesses; so many, in fact, that we need not the writers of *Once a Week* to commence upon a well-intended, but doubtless superfluous course of instruction upon feeling, eyesight, and hearing. For my part, I profess nothing but to give certain persons who are actuated by proper motives the opportunity of witnessing strange and wonderful phenomena,—matters which however doubtless, explainable, have as yet baffled the ingenuity, and I may add the ill temper at them of the scientific world.”

But all Messrs. Bradbury and Evans's contributors do not seem to think with Mr. Lewis. In an article in the same number, by Mr. Ingleby Scott, on Mr. Faraday, occurs the following more truthful description of the great chemist's attack on facts:—

“His next effort was not, in some people's opinion, so entirely fortunate; but it did some good, and by its weakness prepared the way for more profit. At the time when heads were getting turned with table-turning, Faraday published his opinion that the phenomenon was occasioned by the unconscious action of the hands of the experimenters, under the full idea and expectation of the table moving in a certain direction. This explanation was eagerly seized upon by puzzled persons, as was natural, and by scornful despisers of the experiment; while it was regarded as rather meagre by some who dared not say so, and was openly repudiated, in regard to its sufficiency, by the experienced. Time seems to have decided that it is an excellent and very useful explanation of many deceptive appearances, and might be applied to half the cases in the absence of the other half; but it casts no light on the phenomenon of tables walking and turning and ascending under certain conditions, without being touched in any way whatever. If, after a series of trials, a heavy table without castors (or cover to hide deception) moves several feet on a Turkey carpet or rises from the floor, while all the persons present are ranged by the wall of the room, Faraday's explanation is of no avail; and the question is why he does not go the one step further, and himself witness the fact, in order to decided speech or silence in regard to it. No fact is said to be more securely attested; and it seems to crave investigation from the man most capable of it.”

Commenting approvingly on the Lewis article in *Once a Week*, we are sorry to find another paper, *The Literary Gazette*, which should have known better. Since Christmas, that paper has suddenly sprung into new life, and is now, to say the least, one of the very highest rank in literary journalism. Still it makes no scruple in expressing its entire disbelief in each and all of the manifestations described in the *Cornhill*, preferring thus easily to attribute either fraud or imbecility to one of the highest ornaments of the press,—the friend of twenty-five years

ending of Mr. Thackeray. But it had no difficulty in accepting as true, the very questionable lucubrations of Mr. Lewis on the other side, although they are denied by the parties concerned, and by a host of concurrent testimony. In addition to which, the writer of the following paragraph knew privately before he penned it, by whom the *Cornhill* article was written, and the names of some of the other witnesses to the facts narrated.

"A very interesting paper is communicated by Mr. John Delaware Lewis, of 10, St. James's, on "Recent Spirit Rappings." Mr. Lewis attended a seance at the celebrated Mrs. Marshall's, of Red Lion Street, Bloomsbury. He informs us with a spirited exposure of the fraud and collusion of the so-called Spiritualists. He distinctly detected the agency of Mrs. Marshall and her niece in producing the rappings, and their utter failure in giving any correct answers to questions. When a periodical like the *Cornhill* lends a quasi support to the Spiritualists, then the question should receive some kind of settlement. *Gentlemen of high character, but sceptical on the subject, should be allowed an opportunity of testing these marvels.* Until this is done, sound popular opinion must inevitably be adverse to the movement. When the suspicion of a want of good faith is obviated, let us have a scientific induction of all established facts, and see if Baconian philosophy cannot accomplish its promise."

This last paragraph really indicates the main difficulty we are to contend with. Only think at this day, of a public writer on Spiritualism being so utterly ignorant of it as to say seriously to "gentlemen of high character, but sceptical on the subject, should be allowed an opportunity of testing these marvels," when, as we have said, our ranks have been mainly recruited out of precisely those persons. This has always been the cry of the sceptic, and when he thus speaks of "the gentlemen of high character," he only means himself. We have been present with many such, and they have said "only convince me, and I will proclaim it as truth, which the public will no longer deny." The usual result has been, as Dr. Blank found, and described in the August number, that even "my own brother would not believe a word of them, and a valued friend refused to reprint them in a medical journal solely from a regard to my reputation." The same would happen if Mr. Delaware Lewis had announced his conviction instead of the contrary, in the same way as it has happened to the *Cornhill* writer, and it would not add much to the probabilities of a different result that this self-sufficient gentleman of *The Literary Gazette* had found that we were not playing off upon him an infamous hoax. As to the "Baconian philosophy," does this writer remember Bacon's belief in spirits, and also in witchcraft, he having been active in preparing the statute of James the First against witches?

Notwithstanding the materialist vein of thought of this writer in *The Literary Gazette*, we find some beautiful lines entitled "The Child's Warning," in the same paper, recognising in touching language the guardianship and ministration of saints



and angels, and for which we hope to find room in this or a subsequent number.

*The News of the World*, which has an extensive, if not aristocratic circulation, and is, indeed, a well-conducted paper, has a lively article, signed "Hampden," on the *Cornhill*, in which the writer, like John Gilpin, shews as follows, that

" Though he is on pleasure bent  
He has a frugal mind."

" If the spirits can make the tables in a house dance, fling about the furniture, make delicious music, write people's names upon paper, and do other useless things, I want to know why they cannot be turned to account in the kitchen and elsewhere—why they cannot cook dinners for us, make clothes and mend them, and do any little odd jobs about the house in the carpentering way. Mr. Charles Dickens, a week or two ago, told how he lifted up a table as well as a "medium" whom he visited, and I dare say the "Wizard of the North" could throw a light upon some of those other strange things done in the darkness. Madame Robin, a few years back, with her eyes blinded and standing upon a stage, described at once a profusion of small articles which her husband procured from spectators in the boxes. Döbler and others have done quite as wonderful things as are now recorded. It is sad to witness such evidences of credulity as are transpiring; and it is sadder still to find them obtaining publicity through the influence of persons of *character* and reputation."

The editor of the *Dial*, which describes itself as "A FIRST-CLASS LONDON WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, at half the usual price. Conducted on Principles of Unsectarian Christianity," winds up a long article on the *Cornhill* manifestations, as follows:—

" I speak with deliberation and from personal observation when I say, that the most devout and thorough-going of the believers are persons on the very confines of imbecility. On the faces of the women there is a glow of feeble enthusiasm, a strange, soft, beaming expression, proving that for them to be deceived is rapture. The faces of the men wear an aspect of simpering graciousness and candid simplicity, expressive of puling prostration of intellect."

As yet, our readers will be sorry to learn the *Dial* is only published once a week; but when its arrangements are completed it will be published daily, and will then take up its full title of the "*Seven Dials*."

*Lloyd's Weekly News* has favoured us with several notices, but these are its last words of advice to its readers:—

" Such a magazine should be carefully kept beyond the reach of the young. Adults who have two grains of common sense, will read it with disgust, but it may make a harmful impression on children."

The *Daily Telegraph* is determined not to be outdone, and our old friend, Mr. G. A. Sala, comes out in good round hand as follows:—

" The 'spiritual delusion' still obtains among a class of society certainly neither distinguished for riches or for respectability, but in most cases vain, idle, frivolous, chuckle-headed persons with some money and no wit. This is not the first time that we have alluded to the impudent spirit-rapping imposture, or to its Coryphæus, Hume, Home, Humbug, or whatever the man's name may be who professes to have made accordions play and tables dance, and the hands of dead Emperors sign their names in France, in Russia, and elsewhere. With respect to the alleged floating of the bodies of the precious confraternity of mediums 'i' the ambient air,' we are almost sorry that, for once, we can't believe

in second sight, as such an aerial suspension might be taken as a happily prophetic representation of the probable end of a career begun in shameless duplicity and fraud."

And speaking of an old lady at Hull addicted to table-turning and thieving, whose sad case was the theme of the article, Mr. Sala kindly proceeds:—"We don't say that the fact of this woman Summers being the president of a 'spirit-rapping and table-turning circle,' held in her room, made her necessarily a thief;" and he informs us that she was "committed to gaol—not for the rapping, but for the robbery—for six weeks. We are sorry that the punishment could not be legally inflicted for the first-named offence. We can only regret that a law which is yet defective, but which we trust to see speedily amended, will not permit the supreme reward of the treadmill to be conferred on the ingenious mediums."

We notice that the press has begun to lecture us for not being sufficiently mild and gentlemanly in our language; and perhaps it would have been better had we been more so; but our candid readers will pardon any little excess in the face of such extracts as these. *Punch*, who is the most particular as to our language, shows what he means when he says, that we are "dirty blackguards." We shall certainly not take his example for our model, but will leave him in full possession of such amenities of journalism.

There is already a goodly list of these testimonies of the journalists to the great need in which they stand of the teachings of Spiritualism, and we do not remember ever to have seen such an array of opposition published in a periodical against itself. We have, however, besides, a whole file of complimentary notices by *Punch*, which we have cut out as they appear, but for only one of which we can find room. It is now *Punch's* favourite subject, and some two or three of his jokes are tolerably good, but the rest are of the stalest description. Time was, when *Punch* was full of good things, but those days have long passed, and the public, as the proprietors could inform us if they liked, have withdrawn much of their patronage from him in consequence. Both the editor and Mr. Leech are doing their best to extract some fun out of Spiritualism, and to cover up the remembrance, so unfortunate for them, of the facts witnessed by Mr. Leech and the Messrs. Evans. *Punch* thinks that by repeating sufficiently often his fun at the phenomena, his readers will ultimately forget these facts. But really *Punch* is trespassing too much on their common sense and memory, and in fact is "coming it too strong" to ridicule the facts, in the face of the published report of the manifestations witnessed by his sons and Mr. Dickens, jun., and by Mr. Leech. Only think what a face he must have to write the following—

"Sceptics like Mr. Punch are carefully excluded, or if admitted, obtain entrance

only upon such conditions as preclude their fairly testing the trickeries they witness. In fact, knowing well what clumsy machinery they work with, the rappers live in constant dread of its detection, and by working in the dark, they take precautions not to let the faintest ray of light upon it. They confess themselves thereby far inferior to the Wizards of the North, South, East, and West; and in no sense are they worthy to be named in the same breath with a Houdin, or a Döbler, or Wiljalba Frikell."

Think of this, after Messrs. Evans and Dickens had carefully scrutinized all the conditions under which they witnessed the phenomena, and even to the extent of apologising for the minuteness of their scrutiny. Think of this, after their prescribing the conditions, and Mr. Squire himself insisting on his hands and feet being secured, when they had been satisfied without such a precaution. Think of this, after those gentlemen dared not to meet the grasp of the spirit-hand. Think of this, after Mr. Leech himself witnessed the facts detailed in our May number. *Punch* is really too bad, and appears to be making up in assurance for what he is lacking in talent. We are well pleased, notwithstanding, to have *Punch* as an enemy rather than as a friend, for he is doing good to the cause by making it more extensively known, whilst he dare not introduce at all such a subject favourably into his columns.

But as if all this load of obloquy would be too much for us to bear without some little sympathising and solacing word, we have now to record what to us comes with all the freshness of a phenomenon, for it is almost the first friendly notice which has, to our knowledge, emanated from the English press. One paper in Scotland, the *Dumfries Standard*, has given us several favorable notices; but here is one from the *Morning Star*, which has at last exercised a modicum of common sense, in bespeaking a fair enquiry for the subject; though "without expressing any opinion on the point at issue." Newspaper writers are not famous for "withholding opinions" on any point at issue; and they are not by themselves in this weakness of humanity. Pity that their daily blunders do not sooner teach them wisdom.

"The *Spiritual Magazine* is a periodical the nature of which will no doubt shock the prejudices of a large number of well-meaning individuals. The manifestations of "spiritualism"—technically so called—which have of late begun to attract more than ordinary attention, are looked upon by some as mere juggles and deceptions, and by others as diabolical emanations; and those who hold such views will be little disposed to view even with a tolerant eye a publication which is devoted to the serious advocacy of their claims to respectful consideration. Yet such a frame of mind is, to say the least, grossly unphilosophical, and in the present state of the question admits of no excuse. Men whose sanity no one has presumed to call in question, and whose veracity on any ordinary matter none would think of doubting, declare that they have been eye-witnesses of certain marvellous phenomena; and such evidence is given, not by a few, or even by scores, but by hundreds of observers. Such testimony cannot be crushed by ridicule or abuse; and those who are now firmly convinced that these so-called manifestations are delusions are especially bound to examine the evidence in the calm spirit which befits a scientific investigation. Without expressing any

opinion on the point at issue, we are bound to testify that this periodical is conducted in a very candid and moderate spirit, and that the aim of its conductors appears to be the honest elucidation of the truth. The most noteworthy paper in the present number, entitled "A Rap on the Knuckles," is a reply to an article styled "Modern Magic," which appeared about a month since in *All the Year Round*. This contribution is signed with the well known initials of one of the most gifted and popular of our periodical writers, and his calm and temperate statement of the facts which he asserts have been grossly distorted, is entitled to an unprejudiced perusal."

In America, the battle of facts has been fairly fought out, and the press has been beaten. The journalists there, more advanced than ours, who are still in the denial-stage, remember this, and are now much more discerning. Take the following as a specimen, which we take from the *Amesbury Villager*, which far outdoes the learned press of this country both in courtesy and fair appreciation of a great fact:—

"The rise and progress of the sect termed Spiritualists, is a remarkable evidence of the religious element of man's nature. Commencing with a few pretended "raps" upon a table merely exciting in the mind of the casual observer remarks of scorn and derision, its peculiar religious belief has worked with so much power on the mind, that hundreds of thousands are now firm believers in its doctrines. Men and women, from the common walks of life, of but little cultivation in the schools of learning, become "developed as speaking mediums," and astonish the world by the eloquence and power of their utterances. It is neither wise nor sensible to brand this class as 'fanatical,' as believers in 'jugglery.' That they believe in a supernal power—that they believe in the communion of spirits as a vital truth, as a guide to piety and devotion to God, their lives and characters as fully demonstrate as do those of any other sober, religious sect. There has never been a new sect, with a new creed of worship, organized, without meeting with opposition and denunciations from those who occupied the field before them. The most powerful religious organizations of New England attest to this truth. The Baptists and Quakers could only establish themselves in Rhode Island. The toleration of free religious opinions is scarcely a century old, and not yet have various sects grown into the fellowship of 'brotherly love.' The Spiritualists claim to be a religious body, and there is nothing in their belief, however strange and unaccountable it may seem to us, which should subject them to denunciation or abuse. The word 'infidel' cannot with truth be employed against them. It can only be applied to those in whom the religious sentiment has received no word of approval, and who deny the reality of a future state of existence; and it is for this reason that all religious sects look down upon the term with so much abhorrence. When it shall have been proved that the Spiritualists, as a body, are false to truth, to reason and judgment; when they outrage reason by insane ravings against the Divine commands of God, then will they merit and receive the condemnation of the world. If we understand the doctrine they teach, the distinctive feature of their belief is the reality of a future state of existence, in which the spiritual mind can hold converse with those in the present state of existence."

From the state of mind which the press of this country indicates in the extracts which we have given, it appears that, whether we will or not, the battle of Spiritualism must still go on for some time longer, on the low ground of the existence or non-existence of the phenomenal phase of it. The majority of well-educated persons has made up its mind for the present to put itself on this issue, that there is no instance or possibility of matter being moved or acted upon by spiritual dynamics. Such an issue betrays the low ground on which the philosophy and theology of

the day are built ; for Christianity certainly, as well as the older dispensation, have their basis solely on the contrary demonstration. Nay, all religion must finally depend on spiritual action, as opposed to natural ; and if no spiritual action is possible now, how does the gospel find its present and continuous application to humanity ? Are there then no " footfalls on the boundary of another world ?" Alas ! with many of the gentlemen with whom we have to deal, we might carry the question further back, and ask, " Is there then no other world ?" Many would answer in the negative, whilst others would speak of some gaseous attenuation of this world, far too shadowy and inconclusive to make it a desirable dwelling-place. The way to it also, with them, is not attractive—through the grave and worms for centuries of duration and inanition, and then to take up again this poor body, which to so many of us is already a load almost past endurance. Now if any of these alleged manifestations be true, as we affirm from frequent eyesight, in the first place an immense field is opened to the philosopher and man of science in which he may rectify his ideas of the relations between *spirit* and matter ; and whilst he is pursuing his investigations, he finds in the second place, that these knocks and other manifestations are guided by an intelligence *ab extra*, and that they contain all the intrinsic evidence of proceeding from men and women, our relatives and friends in a spiritual state. What teaching for him and for us there is in such a demonstration as this, coming at such a time of scepticism all but universal !

" In these days," as Dr. Hallock says, " science and theology are stripped to the buff in mortal combat for the belt of championship, and already theology has got its head in Chancery." If the editors were not so prejudiced, they would see what a service Spiritualism is capable of doing in this battle, and how near it would come to reconcile the champions, who can achieve peace in no other way. Facts are stubborn things, and will not be gainsaid ; but let the press take courage, for even after they have admitted the facts, they have still electricity and the nerves, and at last the devil to attribute them to. At present they can see only with fear and trembling, what would follow to their philosophy, were they to admit one ghost, whether in breeches or not, or one rap, or a table moved a hair's breadth. They fear to pass the Rubicon—and so once did we, though it has not proved to us so dangerous a passage. We do not entirely blame them, for upon their notions of philosophy, those things *are* impossible, and so are all the spiritual facts of the Bible.

But even suppose that we are the deluded simpletons which the press considers us, they should rather mourn with us that the facts are not as we represent, and that such absolute proof is not

within our grasp. It certainly would be a comforting knowledge for many; and considering that there is a spiritual world to which we are all hastening, there can be nothing wrong in the harmless belief that a species of communication is occasionally opened between the two. The Scriptures, New and Old, are made up of such a belief, and the instances of it, and of spiritual powers exerted on men's souls and bodies; and Christ promised to each of us the power of working miracles over material things and ailments. Why, then, should the press delight in ridiculing and denying phenomena which certainly have a bearing on these promised spiritual powers to the extent, at all events, of shewing their possibility? We would kindly invite them to a consideration of the whole position, and to have some faith in their fellow men, even if at present they find the facts, from their early education and prejudices, hard to believe. For us, we have long come to the conclusion that no set of men, however wild their opinions, are entirely in error, but that by a careful sifting many grains of golden corn may be found amongst the weeds of their small philosophies. Men have all sprung from the same divine stock, and though they have gone on differing roads to all the points of the compass, there is still a central point in each soul by which it may be, and is, providentially acted upon. Some will come from the East, and some from the West; but let us bid them all God speed, for are they not our brothers? Let us remember, even if we cannot bring back, the far-gone days in which it was said of us, "See how these Christians love."

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**DEATH AND SLEEP.**—In brotherly embrace walked the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death upon the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a hill not far from the dwelling of men. A melancholy silence prevailed around, and the chimes of the evening bell, in the distant hamlet, ceased. Still and silent, as was their custom, sat these two beneficent genii of the human race, their arms entwined with cordial familiarity, and soon the shades of night gathered around them. Then arose the Angel of Sleep from his moss-grown couch, and strewed with a gentle hand the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breeze wafted them to the quiet dwelling of the tired husbandman, enfolding in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural cottage, from the old man upon the staff, down to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain; the mourners their grief; the poor their care. All eyes closed, His task accomplished, the benevolent Angel of Sleep laid himself again by the side of his grave brother. "When Aurora awakes," exclaimed he, with innocent joy, "men praise me as their friend and benefactor. Oh, what happiness, unseen and secretly, to confer such benefits! How blessed are we to be the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!" So spake the friendly Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death sat with still deeper melancholy on his brow, and a tear, such as mortals shed, appeared in his large dark eyes. "Alas!" said he, "I may not, like thee, rejoice in the cheerful thanks of mankind! they call me, upon the earth, their enemy and joy killer." "Oh, my brother," replied the gentle Angel of Slumber, "and will not the good man, at his awakening, recognise in thee his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee in his joy? Are we not brothers, and ministers of one Father?" As he spake, the eyes of the Death Angel beamed with pleasure, and again did the two friendly genii cordially embrace each other.—*Krummacker.*

## “CREDULOUS DALE OWEN.”

A FEW weeks ago the Worcester paper to which we called attention in our August number, accounted for its having treated as a hoax one of the stories in the *Footfalls* which was contributed by Mr. S. C. Hall, by the opinion it had formed of the facility by which “Credulous Dale Owen” might be taken in. In the sequel, the Worcester paper only shewed itself to have been too credulous on the occasion, and it retraced its steps in an honourable manner, on making the discovery. We know that Spiritualists, generally, are considered by those who have not witnessed the phenomena with which they are conversant, to be very credulous persons, and easily imposed upon; whereas we who know something of their mode of procedure in analyzing alleged facts, have formed a different opinion of them, and we should say that as a rule there are none so well qualified, from their knowledge of the subject and of the points at which accuracy is most necessary, to investigate them.

But of all these persons, of whom a writer in the *Dial* speaks “with deliberation and personal observation as being on the very confines of imbecility,” there is no one whom we know so accurate and painstaking as Mr. Owen. All the stories in the *Footfalls* he took pains to get if possible at first hand; and himself, as far as possible, to test and prove them by his own personal enquiries; and in introducing a letter with which he has favoured us on the eve of his departure for America, we can congratulate our readers on having such a man in our ranks, and we adduce his letter as an instance of the mode in which he investigates alleged facts.

A marvellous story appeared in the *Morning Star* of the 31st of August, which was copied, we believe, into the *Times* and other papers, and was one which, had it been true, would well have suited a new edition of the *Footfalls*.

See what a very attractive story it appears at first sight.

**DISCOVERY OF A HUMAN SKELETON.**—A discovery has just been made at Sedgley, near Wolverhampton of a nature so appalling as to have created feelings of intense alarm to all classes, and brought thousands of people to the scene. For some time a tavern, known as the Pig and Whistle, has been vacated, and all the doors and windows nailed up with boards. Although well situated for trade and doing a most extensive and flourishing business, no one could be induced to take it at any offer since it had been left by the late tenant, for the obvious reason of its having the discouraging reputation of being haunted. Mrs. Fox's family, who were the last occupants, have frequently been disturbed at night by what appeared to be the stifled cry of a human being near the fire-place, and we have it on the testimony of several respectable and intelligent persons in the neighbourhood that they have heard the same unaccountable noises when called up to appease the fright. The premises are being pulled down, and on Wednesday, to the horror of the workmen, they found buried beneath the stone of the hearth various bones which have been proved to be those of a human being. Three portions of the skull and about half a coal basketful of bones have been found.

One portion consists of the temporal bone, the mastoid process, and the malar bones, separated by a fracture of the squamous suture. The other bones corresponded with the several parts of the body, but as they are not sufficient to make up a skeleton, it is supposed that they will be found in another part of the premises. They were discovered in a cavity, covered over like an arch by house-tops and mortar. It is known that an individual called "Old Short, the Money-man" disappeared very mysteriously from the district some years ago, and he lived there. Various rumours are afloat as to who the person may be thus strangely found.

Mr. Owen, in order to ascertain the truth of this, went to Wolverhampton and found that the *Star* and other papers which had copied the paragraph had been but too credulous and confiding in inserting it.

As we always take pains to prove the truth of the accounts of spiritual phenomena to which we give insertion, we would recommend the press only to quote from those which appear in our pages, until they have made further advance in the subject; and they will in this way secure themselves from what they so much dread, namely, the charge of credulity. They have been now so often hoaxed in this way, that they have come into an almost morbid state of mind, which in too many cases, as in that of Spiritualism for instance, induces them to reject even the best authenticated phenomena.

Mr. Owen's letter will explain the ignoble manner in which the London papers swallowed the bait, probably intended for us, of the country penny-a-liner.

"Liverpool, September 7th, 1860.

"To the Editor,—Lest you should be misled by a paragraph which appeared in the London *Morning Star* of August 31st, and in other papers, relative to the discovery of bones in a haunted house in Sedgley, near Wolverhampton, I write to say that I left London on Wednesday afternoon for Wolverhampton, intending, if I found the story to be authentic, to spend a day or more in verifying it.

"On my arrival at Wolverhampton I called on the Editor of the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, whom I found a pleasant and intelligent man. He had traced the report to its source, and found it to be the production of some penny-a-liner, playing on the credulity of the public; or, possibly (this occurred to me), trying to entrap the Spiritualists by getting them to endorse a story without any foundation.

"I mention this, lest, from the apparently authentic character of the paragraph, you might perhaps be induced to give it credit and to copy it into the *Spiritual Magazine*.

"Believe me, faithfully yours,  
"ROBERT DALE OWEN."

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A London edition of the *Footfalls* is now published by Messrs. TRÜBNER, of Paternoster Row, with Emendations and Additions by the Author.



## A SEA-SIDE RHAPSODY.

THE strife and din of the city lie far behind; the note of the plover and the cry of the sea-gull have ceased; not a sound is heard save—

The low carolling of the crispéd sea.

like a mother singing a lullaby to her sleeping babe. The air is still, the fleecy clouds have passed from the face of the sky, and the round harvest-moon is mirrored in the glassy sea. The outward aspect of nature is imaged on the soul: the voice of the passions is hushed: the siren-songs that lure to folly are no longer heard. Memory, Hope, and Aspiration—the three graces of the soul—rise before me in their triune and blended loveliness; Memory, with her pensive eye; Hope, with her beaming smile; Aspiration, with her calm and upward gaze. Their influences stream in upon me as “the light of stars” streams in upon the wave.

I listen to—

The songs of happy childhood that we sung.

I feel the play of baby hands in mine: and, oh! I know that loving angel-eyes look down upon me, as the watching stars look down upon the wayward earth.

Youth's dreams—the visions of fancy—the ambitions that fired the blood, and throbbéd the brain—these have vanished; e'en in embracing them, we but clasped the air; but still, the skies endure—“the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong.” The corn and the fruit we would have plucked, we shall yet gather in their ripened excellence, more luscious and golden under other skies.

In the far distance, sea and sky seem to meet and clasp each other: and thus does man's life on earth seem the point where the two eternities—the past and the to-come meet and blend together. Glory to thee, great Galileo! thou, with thy far-seeing tube, didst pierce the dark realm of night, and lay bare the rolling worlds of space to man's wondering gaze. Thy name shall shine through the ages among the brightest stars that stud the intellectual firmament. And thou, brave, illustrious mariner who—undaunted by courtier's scoff, and bigot's frown—undeterred by contumely and cold neglect, and worldly poverty, daredst to trust the heaven-sent inspirations of thy heroic soul, and ploughing thy way through unknown waters, and unknown perils, gavest to man a new world! While oceans roll and commerce spreads her sail, and men's winged words pass with electric speed from continent to continent, shall thy name be honoured. But, there yet remains a world—a cosmos, that no

ship has reached—no telescope discovered; not separated from us by intervening ocean or distant space, and yet more unknown, more vast than any Columbus or Galileo revealed, for who has measured the heights or sounded the depths of THE SOUL? Who has explored and mapped out for us its continents and islands, its oceans and its promontories? The Athenians inscribed on their altar, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." With almost equal truth might we write THE UNKNOWN HUMAN SOUL—the image of God.

Well said Augustine that—"The true Shekinah is man." But ah! how is the brightness dimmed and the glory faded? Weep not, sad traveller, over the ruins of the mighty past! What, though an antique civilization with all its splendours lies buried in the desert;—what, though the marble of its stately places are trodden into common dust;—what, though the serpent coils around the broken pillar and hisses at the passing traveller, and weeds grow around its base, and the hyæna couches within the shadow of the triumphal arch through which passed the conqueror of the world! What are mouldering fanes, and desecrated temples, and mournful ruins, to that desecrated temple of God—the human soul—to the decay and desolation and moral ruin which passion and selfishness, and sin in all its protean forms, have wrought therein. But there are harmonies as well as discords in nature; nay, who shall say that even the discords may not have their place in bringing out a fuller harmony. Nor is the music of nature a sad continuous monotone. In her orchestra there is the flute note of the bird, as well as the solemn organ-swell of the ocean. "Earth with its myriad voices praises God." The morning stars sing together; yea, spirit, and angel, and seraph fill God's boundless universe with harmony, and make the very heavens reverberate with their "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

If, then, we mourn a Paradise Lost, we look forward to a Paradise Regained. Soon shall the darkness roll away, and the light shimmer on the distant wave and gild the mountain top;—yet a little longer and—

Morn shall break, and man awake  
In the light of a fairer day.

Even now, though storms may "roll up the sky;" though our little bark may be tossed upon the restless sea of time, and it may seem that we are about to be engulfed beneath its waves, yet we know that One is with us who can say to that unruly sea, "Peace, be still;"—not only *with* us, but, if we open the door of our souls to receive him, *within* us; for, if Nature is the temple of the Infinite, in a more interior sense may we affirm that man's soul is the chosen sanctuary of God,—that the true Shekinah is Man.

T. S.

## FACTS AND THEORIES CONNECTED WITH SO-CALLED SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

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UNDER the head of "Farther Facts by Dr. Blank," there is in the August number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, a detail of some few physical phenomena, witnessed by this enquirer, who, it appears, is now convinced that there is reason to believe that those who have long maintained that delusion and imposture are not the true exponents of the facts which they had witnessed, have, at least, some grounds for their assertions.

In all investigations, or in the discussions which thereupon ensue, it is advisable, as much as possible, to do away with individualisms, and to deal with classes of men, or of minds; for when we argue with individuals only, the love of victory often induces us to be more desirous of gaining the advantage over our opponent, than that the real truth of the case may become manifest. Whilst, therefore, in the present article we speak of Dr. Blank, we should premise that he is to us, but the representative of a class of mind, which is at present very widely diffused in England, and that, therefore, his type is referred to, and not the individual himself. The facts, however, to which he bears witness, and the theories which he has framed in consequence, are very similar to those which superficial enquirers, who have come to admit the facts, have generally assumed to be the extreme range of those phenomena which are called "spiritual manifestations." Some consideration, therefore, should be given to the errors which appear to have crept in (not amongst his facts, but in his theories), that we may point out how striking these errors are when regarded even from the entirely sceptical point of view.

In every mind there is an inclination to form opinions, which would, in scientific language, be designated as theories or hypotheses. According to the strength, weakness, or reasonableness of a mind, so will it frame these theories or opinions from matters of hearsay or from observed facts. Those who judge from hearsay are a very vast multitude, but as they merely stand as ciphers which count for nothing unless a whole number is prefixed, and as they are unnecessary to illustrate the present case, we may pass them over, and deal only with those who judge from actual facts.

We may divide those who form opinions from facts, into two classes: 1st—Those who theorize from having observed them. 2nd—Those who theorize because they *think* they have observed

them, but who have in reality merely formed an hypothesis from negative evidence.

It may possibly surprise some of our readers when we tell them that amongst those, most popularly supposed to be the learned of the present day, the latter method of proceeding is by far more common than the former. The danger of such an unphilosophical mode of proceeding is almost self-evident; but we will illustrate by a few examples the fact itself.

Suppose that an uneducated individual had lived in London some few centuries ago; it is highly probable that he might have seen a million or more Englishmen, all of them white men—but he might not have seen or heard of a single negro. He would probably have assumed that all men were white, and he might have so completely adopted this belief, that when he heard that there really *were* black men, he would probably have scouted the idea as unnatural, or opposed to the facts which he had observed. Such an individual would have erred in consequence of forming his opinions from negative evidence. The celebrated old lady who refused to credit the existence of flying fish, framed her theory in like manner from negative evidence. In all scientific enquiries, to frame an hypothesis from negative evidence, is a most dangerous proceeding. Possibly, it may be urged that so well known is this danger, that no reasonable man is likely to incur any risk in consequence thereof. That this argument is opposed to experience, we undertake to prove at a future page. The actuality that black men or flying fish existed, are matters easily proved, provided a man would trouble himself either to travel, or to examine specimens; but if the exceptions to the facts upon which the individual had framed his opinions, happened to be rare, then there might remain some doubt in his mind, whether (if he did not with his own eyes observe these exceptions), there was not some mistake made by the observers, rather than that his own observation had been too limited.

From matters which refer merely to the external senses, we may pass to those which have reference to the more subtle portions of man. Let us suppose that we had investigated the mental calculating power of a limited number of mathematicians, and that from these we had framed a theory of the limit of their memory, and had thence deduced a system which we term a "general law."

When we encountered such an individual as George Bidder was when a boy, we should have been forced to modify our general law, for he would be an entire exception. If, however, we met five hundred boys with the same numeral capacity, we should become aware that we had theorized from merely negative evidence, and had stated that no individual could work certain

abstruse calculations from memory, simply because we had never seen it done. We should thus unconsciously build two theories, either of which is to be condemned. We should assume that that which we had seen was the whole range of the subject, and that nothing existed which we had failed to observe.

In speaking of these rare exceptions of mental power, and of the effect which they would produce upon any hastily formed theory in connection with the limit of the mind's grasp of figures, we must point out how a careless enquirer might be misled, if he were totally unacquainted with the various conditions under which mentality best manifests itself. Suppose we have before us a calculating boy who can mentally multiply six figures by nine figures and give us a correct result. Suppose then, that we gave him the same description of problem, but instead of allowing him to work it out quietly, we employed two men to beat drums before him, whilst two others dazzled him with the sun. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the boy would not be able to employ his power with the same ease, as when he was left alone.

Not long since, Mr. Babbage summoned a street band for playing beneath his window, the conditions then being unfavourable to his carrying on mathematical calculations. If then we were always attended by the music of a street band, or by a party of drummers, upon the principle of negative evidence we might prove Mr. Babbage to be a very incorrect mathematician, and the so-called calculating boy a humbug, simply from the fact that no great proof of power ever occurred in our presence.

Whenever we find that there are events which are uncertain in their occurrence, we may be sure that when they do occur the conditions are favourable, when they do not, the conditions are unfavourable; no vast amount of philosophy is required to prove this proposition. If then we desire to witness these events, our greatest care should be that the conditions under which they occur are not disturbed. Unfortunately, however, when any newly observed phenomenon is under investigation it can only be after long and patient observation that we can speak with certainty as to the conditions which are favourable, or unfavourable, for producing the greatest effects. Thus we may even, whilst desirous to obtain results, be adopting the very course which is least adapted to obtain them. This obstacle we may in a great measure overcome, by repeating experiment after experiment, and by counting a failure in results as nothing, whilst we treasure a fact as invaluable. After this we may form some conclusion with a chance of being upon the right road, but we can only pass judgment upon those phenomena which we have witnessed, and under the conditions under which we witnessed them. If we take one step beyond this we are leaving facts and fair con-

visions, and are then taking a walk into dream-land. Let us take an example of this false experimental reasoning.

When Professor Faraday heard of table-turning turning the heads of a multitude of individuals, he collected a party of ladies and gentlemen, arranged some indicators round the table, and after a time found by the indicators that the various individuals were unconsciously pushing the table, which consequently moved. His conclusion was that all the phenomena which had been observed were the result of the unconscious pressure exerted by those whose senses misled or deceived them. Let us designate the individuals who obliged the professor, by the letters A, B, C, D, E, and F. Then Professor Faraday proved that on the occasion when he experimented with A, B, C, &c., then A, B, C, &c. appeared\* to unconsciously push the table. Substitute another person, X for A, and the experiment would have to be retried, before any conclusion worth a straw could be drawn; also each person would have to change his relative seat, before any theory could be formed; for if we placed zinc, acid, zinc acid, and then copper, acid, copper, acid, we should not produce a powerful battery and might form wrong conclusions upon electricity, whereas if zinc, acid, copper, be the order, different results would ensue. If it were intended really to investigate table-turning, then all probabilities should be considered and errors guarded against, and preliminary guesses avoided. If we assumed that the nature of all men was the same, and, therefore, that to test the truth or falsity of table-turning it was merely necessary to seat a chance party of individuals at a table in any position, and in any arrangement, and then to judge of results, we should be acting as incautiously as though we assumed that all metals as regarded electricity were the same, and that, therefore, it mattered not how they were arranged to produce a battery.

The only really safe method by which the professor could have tested experimentally the truth or falsity of table-turning would have been by obtaining the presence, at various periods, of at least two or three thousand people, to have caused these to sit in lots of 3, 4, 5, 6, &c., and in every relative position. Even then he would merely have been warranted in asserting that with those who had sat at the table no results occurred. But to

\* We use the term "appeared," for there is reason to believe that when the mind is very anxious, that any event should happen, it sometimes induces an illusion of a fact. Such is the theory by which a certain class of men dispose of all the asserted phenomena of spiritual manifestations. If we grant the possibility of such a condition being induced, then it does not follow that when Mr. Faraday thought that his indicator moved, that it really did so. The appearance might have been an illusion, the result probably of a chronic mental state of disbelief. We are not warranted in assuming that Mr. F. is free from an infirmity which it is asserted is so widely diffused amongst otherwise calm and observant men.

generalize and to frame a wide theory from such very incomplete data, speaks but little in favour of the present experimental school of philosophy. The fact was, that in this case judgment was formed from negative evidence, upon which, and upon the same principle as above, we could prove that no man possessed a tenor voice, or was seven feet high, or could lift 600 lbs., or could fight for two hours with a broken arm, or could play chess blind-folded, or could multiply mentally six figures by nine, simply because in a party of eight or ten people, there were no individuals possessed of any such gifts. So much for negative evidence, or hasty generalizations. Dr. Blank in the last number of the magazine asserts that he has seen a table, 70 lbs. in weight, lifted by Mr. Squire, his hands tied the while. He also tells us that loud raps come upon a table, and that phrases are thereby spelt out. That curtains are drawn back, *but not by any one present*; that an accordion floated by itself through the air; that the hand of some one appeared distinctly, took up a pencil and drew upon a paper, and that he is positive that this hand did not belong to any one in the room. Here are the doctor's facts for which he vouches. Let us now remark upon his theories, and again remind the reader that in speaking of Dr. Blank we are referring to a numerous class, and not wholly to an individual. We have endeavoured to point out the danger of theorizing from negative evidence, and we are under the impression that Dr. Blank was once in the habit of adopting this dangerous course, for we believe that there was a time when he, like many other learned men, had not seen any of these elementary phenomena to which he now bears witness. We remember reading in a former number of this magazine that the doctor had then published a work in which he said that those who believed in such things as spiritual phenomena, were drunk with new wine, and were regarded with pity by those who walked the halls once trodden by Newton. Here is merely another example of the danger of theorizing from negative evidence, because Dr. Blank had seen no phenomena of the description popularly called "spiritual," he discredited and wrote against the subject. So did Mr. Faraday, so would a host of other individuals with less prudence, and as much if not more virulence. So did the two individuals who wrote in *Once a Week* and in *All the Year Round*, their version of a visit to Mrs. Marshall, in which they did not happen to see any phenomena which they thought worthy of notice. Taught by the experience of the past, Dr. Blank now endeavours to avoid theories, and is particularly guarded lest he grant that the phenomena which he has witnessed are in any way the work of departed spirits. So far so good; caution is at least commendable; but suddenly we come to a theory which

is so apparently at variance with the facts which the doctor has himself observed, and so utterly opposed to the experience of scores of other enquirers that some comments become necessary, for we fear that the habit of judging from negative evidence is again cropping out from the doctor's mind.

At the bottom of p. 343 of the *Spiritual Magazine* for August, we find the following remark:—"These wonderful spiritual phenomena do not therefore appear to lead to or impart any knowledge." This statement can merely be classed under the head of a theory, deduced from the facts mentioned in the preceding portions of the doctor's Article, which facts appear to be, that, although Mr. Squire can lift a table 70 lbs. in weight, when his hands are tied, and can obtain raps upon a table, by means of which, common-place phrases are spelt out, still he remains merely an editor of a paper; and because Mrs. Marshall still remains fat, elderly, respectable, and destitute of acquirements or knowledge, therefore, no spiritual phenomena ever lead to or impart any knowledge,—surely, a rather bold theory this, to deduce from so slight an examination of facts. Upon reading carefully the arguments which Dr. Blank advances, we are led to conclude, that if Mr. Squire were to become the leading scientific writer in America, then it would prove that spiritual phenomena did teach something; and if Mrs. Marshall could retrograde into youth, and a small waist, and could speak more pure English, the same facts could be proved. So far the doctor is correct, but when he takes the opposite view of the question, then he is framing a theory from negative evidence only, and is in addition, making at least four suppositions, neither of which will be granted as true, by even the most superficial enquirer.

When an individual states, that, because a medium who obtains those phenomena which he mentions, does not acquire much knowledge, and that, therefore, no knowledge is imparted, we cannot avoid concluding, that he has not quite sufficiently pondered upon the facts which he himself records. Is it nothing to know that there is some undefined power or force which causes a table, 70 lbs. in weight, to rise in the air? Is it nothing to know that there is some influence which will cause raps and knocks in all parts of a room, and that these are intelligent? Is it nothing to know that under certain conditions "a shadow hand"—not that of any one present—is sometimes formed, which places a bell on the table, or lifts a pencil laid on a piece of paper and writes on it?" Are all these things nothing? Or, do they not come under the head of knowledge? Is it nothing to know that whilst there are minds capable of toiling year after year in the laboratory, or in calculating mathematical problems during a quarter of a century, still the facts, which are mentioned above,



are as much beyond the range of their mentality, as is the Calculus beyond that of a Bushman.

All these matters may not come strictly under the head of knowledge, but it must be conceded that they are at least interesting facts, upon which the philosopher may reason. Let us, however, consider but one phenomenon mentioned by Dr. Blank, and let us ask whether this is not one which may lead to, if it does not impart knowledge. The doctor tells us that he has seen a table, 70 lbs. in weight, raised in the air by an invisible agency in the presence of Mr. Squire.

Granting this, we then at once advance to the following argument:—

There must be some influence about Mr. Squire, or he must be possessed of some invisible power which the doctor does not at present possess, or which people generally do not share. Does, then, this influence always accompany Mr. Squire? Is it always present in the same degree of intensity? Can it be, or is it disturbed by certain conditions, and if so, what are these conditions? Are the disturbing causes the same with Mr. Squire as with Mr. Marshall? Are the influences permanent or intermittent? At what distance does the power act? A score of other easily solvable problems arise from this one fact.

When, therefore, we have solved these, surely we may claim to have gained some knowledge with which we should not have been acquainted if we had not seen the phenomenon itself. If, however, we merely repeat our experiments time after time, and never reason thereon, we heap together facts which are certainly singular; but we must accuse our own obtuseness if we fail to gain knowledge connected with the laws of the phenomena, and we ought not to disparage the phenomena which we feel ourselves unable to comprehend. Surely, to know the laws connected with the raising by an invisible agent, of a table weighing 70 lbs., is at least coming very close to possessing knowledge.

The principal subject to which we venture to call attention, is the statement that the phenomena do not lead to, or impart knowledge. Under the word knowledge each individual would place a somewhat different class of subjects. We, for instance, believe that to know the laws connected with the raising, by an invisible agency, of a heavy table, ought fairly to come under that head. Dr. Blank thinks differently. To understand the conditions under which any phenomena will invariably occur, we believe to come under the head of knowledge. Dr. Blank thinks differently, or he could not state that the phenomena which he has seen, do not *lead to* any knowledge. There appears great want of analyzing power in the class of mind to which we have to refer, when the chaff is required to be separated from the wheat.

That order and regularity which are so necessary to the progress of all science, appear to be utterly set at defiance when that which is called Spiritualism is required to be reasoned upon. The more the mind has been drilled in the school of orthodox science, the less capable does it sometimes appear of walking along the path of this super-ordinary enquiry; it is not to an individual that we here refer, but to a class. We can scarce read an article which abuses or deals hardly with spiritual phenomena, but we find in successive pages some such remarks as the following. "There is not a word of truth in Spiritualism, it is all humbug"—"But it is very wicked, and ought not to be practised."—"Certainly wonderful things occurred which were quite unaccountable, yet I cannot believe in anything supernatural." Even Dr. Blank tells us, that a hand, not that of any present, appeared to him, and that a table was suspended in the air! yet he says that he possesses no more knowledge in consequence, than he did when he wrote a paper accusing those who believed that which he has now seen, of being drunk with new wine. How are we to deal with these anomalies?

At p. 344 of the *Spiritual Magazine*, Dr. Blank says, that the opponents ask "Why the spirits teach nothing?"

Having already spoken of the danger of judging from negative evidence, would it not be the better plan to ask, whether the spirits *did* teach nothing? for this cannot surely be considered a settled question. Even from the evidence for which the doctor alone vouches, it seems that facts at least are shown, but he does not yet grant that these facts are caused by spirits. It is true that the noises in one instance indicated that it was the spirit of a deceased curate who was communicating; and if this were true, surely it was imparting knowledge to show that under certain conditions a person called dead could communicate with one called living. But the doctor disbelieves this statement, for he says, "I neither believe the evidence sufficient to prove that the dead in the Lord can pass from Hades to the under surface of my dining table," &c. If some traveller were to tell an African chief that the earth turned upon its axis, we should consider it rather unfair if the chief told his tribe that he did not consider the white man's evidence trustworthy, and that the white man had not therefore imparted to him any knowledge. This traveller might be a good, almost angelic man, but when he knew the state of this chief's mind, would he impart more scientific truths to him? or might he not consider it advisable to influence the man's mind by a lower class of reasoning, or by submitting stubborn facts, such as fire arms, photographs, telescopes, &c.? All those who have received a modern scientific education, have had material ideas so drummed into them, that we believe few

individuals of this class could accept as true the phenomena mentioned by the doctor, unless they had witnessed them. This was, we think, the doctor's case, as it has been that of hundreds of other men. Consequently these material manifestations have been particularly sought, and were particularly required to convince the mind of the sceptic. The manifestations came, and the doctor, like many other wise men, acknowledges publicly that he could not previously have believed these things; whereas, now having seen them, he must credit the evidence of his senses. But surely he ought not hastily to condemn as unwise or unprofound that *phase* of manifestation which deals with wooden bodies as the only means of convincing a certain type of mind that there is really something to learn in connection with the more subtle portion of man's whole triune being. Physical manifestations were sought for by the doctor, and according to his own showing, they came. Now he appears to desire some mental manifestation. Is he quite certain that both descriptions of phenomena can come through the same person, or by the *same* means? It is evident that he has begged the question that they can, and consequently finding only common work-day sentences rapped out, or written out, he builds a theory about no knowledge being imparted. Amongst mortals, we rarely find the qualities of a poet and a prize-fighter—an acrobat and an astronomer combined in the same individual; are we certain that the spirit, or the phenomenon, whatever it may be, that incarnates hands, lifts heavy tables, and writes on paper, can also, *by the same conditions*, manifest a mentality beyond that of mortals of common mould? By mere analogy we should suppose that there might be some difficulty in combining the two phases. If this be so, then, when the Dr. has expected knowledge in a literal form to be imparted to him by these powerful agencies, he has gone to as wrong a fountain as though he expected an oak tree to indicate the magnetic meridian.\* It would also appear, even judging

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\* Such, for example, is the assumption by Dr. Blank, that the "dead in the Lord" are imprisoned in some distant Hades, and that to produce the raps upon his dining table, they would be forced to undertake a long journey from a far region to the under-surface of that article of furniture. Now here are several patent theories put forward to account for a fact which is perfectly simple, and in accordance with the laws of our threefold being.

Why the under-surface?

All students of this subject, who have advanced a little beyond the neophytic stage, know perfectly well that the raps are not produced upon the under or the upper, or indeed upon any surface whatever, but that the whole fibrous structure of the table becomes a sort of muscle, analogous to that of the principal medium, whose mental effluence is made to interpenetrate its every particle. Upon this subtle plane the surrounding spirits act, but only such as are to some extent *en rapport* with the medium; and consequently the whole of the phenomena, physical, mental, or spiritual, are in accordance with the physical, moral, and spiritual nature of that medium.

from daily experience amongst men, that we rarely find others desirous to impart knowledge to us, when we disbelieve that which they do tell us. When, also, we substitute theories of our own, for the simple statements as to the presence of a spirit which actually, as in the case of the curate mentioned by the doctor, gives evidence to prove his individuality, are we then taking steps the most likely to obtain from those mentally above us in the spirit world, any knowledge of which they may have become possessed? Do we not rather close the door against them, when we are more disposed to assert vague dogmas of our own, than to receive, as probable, the direct statements of an invisible agent? Thus, the mere bare statement, that no knowledge is given by means of these manifestations, is neither quite correct, nor does the sentence quite fully explain that which is evidently meant in the present instance. Hundreds of individuals are content to see tables rise in the air, to see hands incarnated, to hear raps, to write sentences, and to draw flowers or figures, quite unconscious that their hands are moving. These manifestations, astounding as they may be to the multitude, have been and are witnessed weekly by hundreds of trustworthy men and women in London alone. Some of these witnesses came for nothing more, their cup is full, and they are content; not so the doctor. He, like some other enquirers, requires something more, and rightly so. He complains of the non-impartiveness of knowledge by these manifestations, and says truly, that the mind cannot barter away the thoughts and hopes of the glories that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, for such rubbish as he has as yet seen produced by the so-called spirits. Very many enquirers are now in a condition similar to that of Dr. Blank. To all these, we would with deference and humility, offer a few words. Hitherto we have mainly pointed out that even the physical manifestations spoken of, are all important. By physical and material means these manifestations convince the materialist that there is a something of which he was before ignorant. These manifestations afford the means simply by questions and answers, of showing whether a disembodied spirit is the cause of them in any way. Thus, although we may speak of this as the lowest or most elementary phase, yet the physical phase of Spiritualism is all important, and should not be despised. Still it ought to be pointed out that it is merely a means to an end, and not the end itself. From the facts derived by a somewhat searching enquiry into the so-called spiritual manifestations during nearly four years, we are enabled to state, that as a rule, the individual whose organization can be made use of to manifest those extraordinary physical effects, cannot be employed to manifest spiritual mentality.

In one or two very rare instances, the physical manifestations and the imparting of knowledge are combined in the same individual; but they cannot be manifested at the same time, and when the lower power is made use of, the greatest bodily distress follows in consequence of the weakness produced. From the facts which we have witnessed we can state that instead of no knowledge being imparted by the phenomena, knowledge of the widest, and most complete form can be given to those who can or will fulfil the conditions. Great and glorious as may be the conceptions of the doctor, or of other enquirers in connection with the future and unseen, still these conceptions must, we believe, fall far short of the brilliant reality which has been and will still be unfolded to all those who may become ready to receive it. In all sciences, arts and laws, in all that is soul-expanding and mind-ennobling, there is a vast harvest waiting for the reapers. Truths greater and yet more simple than the world has hitherto known, are lying trodden under foot, whilst some gaudy falsity is elevated and bowed down to, like the golden image erected by the king of old. The mind must be ready to receive a truth before the truth can with any use be given. Of what use, for example, would it have been for the Lord Jesus Christ to have told the scribes that the world rotated on its axis. They would only have seized upon the statement as a proof of his insanity.

But our space is limited, and we have already occupied much of the reader's time. In conclusion then, we would remark, that there are many phases of spiritual manifestation. There is the physical phase, such as that witnessed by the doctor and others. There is a mental phase sought after by some few, who have found in it a vast bank of mental wealth, upon which they can draw, and where their cheques are always honoured. There is also a spiritual phase in which even more universal truths are unfolded than could be expressed by words.

To obtain even the manifestations in a physical form, certain conditions must be fulfilled—for all these matters are subject to laws.

These conditions are easily disturbed, in consequence of which disturbance the results are either feeble or altogether absent.

There is a mental phase of manifestation, to obtain which also certain conditions must be fulfilled. The subtlety of the laws relating to this portion of the subject exceeds that connected with the physical, as much as the subtlety of the mind, exceeds that of matter. When however, these conditions are fulfilled, then knowledge is imparted with a rapidity and ease, that would be inconceivable to the individual, acquainted merely with the elements of the material portion of this subject. Without the

labour of working from details up to a truth, the truth itself is shown as clearly as day, and the details have merely to be added to make the truth perceptible to the multitude. We can assure Dr. Blank that these facts are as open to him, and as much within his grasp, as he knows the physical manifestations are within those of the fellows of the Royal Society, if the *vis inertiae* of their minds could be overcome.

Whilst however, he and others adhere to one phase of manifestation—employ their eyes and ears, more than their minds, —and adhere to some vague theories, or think that deception is always being practised, they may accumulate some singular facts, and may perhaps avoid being entirely misled; but they will assuredly delude themselves by converting into a cramped and mere singular mass of eccentric and incongruous phenomena, an all-powerful influence, which possesses the power to raise man, body, mind, and soul, to a higher position even whilst on earth, than poet ever conceived, or any but a prophet ever hinted at.

C. E. E.

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#### GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Guardian angels, guardian angels !  
 They are with us night and day,  
 Dropping flowers of love the brightest  
 As they watch us on our way.  
 In our sorrows, in our troubles,  
 They with care around us throng,  
 Ever guarding us from danger,  
 Ever shielding us from wrong.

Guardian angels, guardian angels !  
 Are a source of comfort here,  
 They prepare our every blessing,  
 Bring us all we hold most dear—  
 Turn aside those ills and trials  
 Which our spirits could not brook;  
 But for them, we all should stumble—  
 Fall at every step we took.

Guardian angels, guardian angels !  
 Still your benedictions pour,  
 On our hearts the joys of truth,  
 The light of virtue ever shower ;  
 Teach us how we may our blessings  
 Ever cherish, still increase,  
 And grant that every flower we pluck  
 May be a flower of love—of peace—  
 Guardian angels !

JOHN ALLEN.

## THE DAVENPORT BOYS AGAIN.

THE following is from a letter from Dr. Harlow, to the Editor of the *Herald of Progress* :—

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, July 3rd. 1860.

Thinking that a brief sketch, relating to the late Jubilee held in Middlefield, Grange County, Ohio, June 30th, might not prove uninteresting to the numerous readers of the *Herald*, I submit a few facts connected with the spiritual gathering there.

Our little band, consisting of Captain Davenport and his sons, Ira and William Henry, Edward Whipple an impressional speaker, H. M. Fay a trance speaker and test medium, together with a few other warm-hearted friends, and your correspondent, left Chagrin Falls, on Saturday morning, for the place of meeting. Arriving on the ground about noon, we found an audience of several hundreds gathered in a beautiful grove.

It was soon noised over the ground that the far-famed mediums, the Davenport boys, were present, and crowds soon pressed around them, eager to witness their physical manifestations. After the exercises of the day were over, a large circle was held in the evening by the Davenports, affording a rare opportunity to test the truth of spirit presence. I will briefly relate what took place on this occasion, in the two circles held near the ground, the first on Saturday evening, and second on Sunday during the recess, between forenoon and afternoon exercises in the grove.

As usual, the boys entered a box constructed after spirit direction. This box is eight feet long, two and a half feet wide, and six feet high; each medium is tied with cords and ropes on a permanent or stationary seat, one at each end of the box. On this occasion they were tied both by spirits and a committee selected by the audience—in both cases their arms were firmly pinioned behind them, and their wrists so wound with the rope, fastened and secured by tightly drawn knots, as to render it impossible to move or use their hands in any manner. The ropes were then passed down through the holes in the seats, and tied with several hard knots firmly drawn under the board composing the seat; after which the lower limbs were bound and wound with a great number of yards of rope. The ankles were brought close together and secured by passing the rope several times around them and firmly fastening with tightly drawn knots. Finally, the ends of the rope were tied at a distance of several feet from the mediums, so that there could be no possibility for either one of them to reach the last tied knots, nor could any earthly power get them loose without first untying the last knots. Under these circumstances the doors of the box were closed and bolted on the inside. A moment after several beautifully formed hands were thrust out at an aperture in the box, six feet from the mediums, and remained quivering and oscillating in the gleam of a bright light, sufficiently long for every one in the audience to count and fully view these wonder-working tokens of spirit presence. The next moment the doors of the box were unbolted on the inside, and thrown open, and there sat Ira and William Henry Davenport fastened to their seats just as they were when first tied. This being repeated several times, and the mediums being reported by the committee, and by all others who chose to examine, to be still secured and tied as at first, the manifestations changed. The light was ordered to be put out, Johnny King, poking his trumpet through the aperture in the door of the box, and saying in a distinct voice: "Blow the light out." In a few moments music was heard, five instruments being played upon in concert, and several very animating pieces were executed in a manner indicating a high order of musical taste, skill, and ability.

While the music was being performed, light was struck several times, the doors of the box were thrown wide open, and the boys were found tied and firmly secured in their seats as at first.

One little incident occurred too rich to be omitted. An auditor, more curious than wise, approached the spirit box to shake hands with the spirit. After the privilege had been refused by Johnny, the courageous sceptic thrust his hand

into the aperture, and after receiving, as he admitted, several blows on his hand and arm, withdrew it; at last, making another attempt to intrude his unwelcome hand into the box, Johnny thrust out his trumpet, and with a blow knocked Mr. Orthodox fairly off his feet. Much more might be said relative to the wonders witnessed and heard in the two circles, but this must suffice for the present.

Though not present at these manifestations, we still have little difficulty in believing them to be true. Several friends, now resident in London, have informed us of their having witnessed similar phenomena in the presence of the Davenport boys. In particular, Dr. D., in a recent visit to America, informs us of his having been present one evening when these remarkable facts were presented to his notice, under the most favorable circumstances for investigation, and he was fully satisfied of their truth. On that occasion, Professor Mapes, who had in early life been in the navy, and there acquired the art of tying seamen's knots, himself secured and tied the boys, and was occupied nearly half an hour in the process, *but in an instant* the knots were all untied, and the ropes lying on the floor. Music and spirit-speaking were heard the same evening, as described in Dr. Harlow's letter.

If such facts are not palatable to science, we are sorry for it; but they are facts notwithstanding.

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### WILLIAM HOWITT'S DREAM, ON HIS VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA IN 1852.

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SOME weeks ago, while yet at sea, I had a dream of being at my brother's at Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the farther end of the town, next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little way down the hill to some brick buildings below: and there were green-houses on the right hand by the wall, as you looked down the hill from the house. As I looked out from the windows in my dream, I saw a wood of dusky-foliaged trees, having a somewhat segregated appearance in their heads; that is, their heads did not make that dense mass like our woods. "There," I said, addressing some one in my dream, "I see your native forest of Eucalyptus!" This dream I told to my sons, and to two of our fellow-passengers, at the time; and on landing, as we walked over the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood. "There!" I exclaimed, "is the very wood of my dream. We shall see my brother's house there!" And so we did. It stands exactly as I saw it; only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden, is the wood, precisely as I saw it, and now see it, as I sit at the dining-room window, writing. When I look on this scene, I seem to look into my dream.



## G A R I B A L D I.

IN a recent notice of this best man, by "our special correspondent," in one of the daily papers, it was said of him that just previous to the execution of his great enterprises, which bear about them all the marks of inspirations, he has been in the habit of withdrawing himself from his Captains and Council, and walking by himself wrapped in solitude and in a semi-trance state. At such periods, occasionally extending for two hours, none of his followers dare do other than watch him in silence. No one dared to interrupt him. It reminded us of the similar states which are recorded of Socrates, who was watched on one occasion, as recorded in the Alcibiades, by some soldiers, standing all night in the plain, and only roused to external consciousness by the rising sun. We believe that all great men have these moments in which they get their inspirations, the enacting of which astonish, like fairy tales, the uninspired portion of humanity. Is it on these occasions that the great Garibaldi has his intuitions, which enable him to pierce the dull surroundings that environ lesser captains? How beautiful is the description, which he gives in the following extract, of the spiritual aid, which has always supported him through terrors, which perhaps no other life has oftener or more deeply experienced. In the *Life of Garibaldi*, by himself, he thus touchingly speaks of his mother:—

As to my mother, Rosa Raguindo, I declare with pride she was the very model of a woman. Certes, every son ought to say of his mother what I say of mine, but no one will say it with a more perfect conviction than I do. One of the bitters of my life, and not the least, has been not to have been able to render her happy, but on the contrary, to have saddened and made painful the latter days of her existence! God alone can know the anguish which my adventurous career has given her, for God alone can know the immensity of the affection she bore me. If there is any good feeling in my nature, I loudly declare that it is from her I received it. Her angelic character could not do otherwise than have its reflex in me. Is it not to her pity for the unfortunate, to her compassion for the suffering, that I owe that great love, I will say more, that profound charity for my country, which has procured me the affection and sympathy of my unfortunate fellow citizens? Certes, I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm this, that in the most terrible instances of my life, when the ocean roared under the keel and against the sides of my vessel, which it tossed like a cork—when bullets whistled in my ears like the wind of the tempest—when balls showered round me like hail—I constantly saw her on her knees, buried in prayer, bent at the feet of the Most High, and for me. That which gave me that courage at which people have sometimes been astonished, was the conviction I felt that no harm could happen to me while so holy a woman, while such an angel, was praying for me.

If the press, which finds its business at this time in the denial of all spiritual phenomena, should be driven to comment on this passage in the world-hero's experience, it would be obliged in consistency to tell him that all this was nothing but a delusion or hallucination of the brain, and the medical papers would recommend him a course of alteratives, to abate his fever.

In mercy let them forbear to treat of such men's deepest moments, which are, alas, beyond their comprehension. But for us who believe in the manifestings of God's providence through men as His instruments, we can only recognise in the glorious course of Garibaldi a providential working, which from its nature could have no human origin, and which marks him as one of the means by which the great ends of human progress are accomplished.

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## A WORD WITH OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

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THE hostile attitude assumed by the press generally, with regard to the subject of Spiritualism, denotes a degree of ignorance and prejudice, which it is lamentable to find associated with the fourth estate, which in this country has especially earned for itself the proud distinction of uttering on all other topics its opinions boldly, truthfully, and fearlessly. Writing confessedly on a theme with which they are utterly unacquainted, the mass of evidence in connection with which they wholly ignore and dealing fierce denunciations against those who have had the candour to make fair investigations into its mysteries, and the moral courage to avow their convictions of the truth of the singular manifestations occurring, and daily and hourly witnessed—these writers go on blindly in the dark, striking madly at random, and screeching out incoherent invectives, in a manner that is calculated by turns to elicit our compassion and excite our contempt. The ravings of the *Standard* (September 7th), of the *Daily Telegraph* (September 15th), the weakly-directed shafts of ridicule so pointless and so aimless, discharged by "our facetious contemporary," and the nonsense periodically purveyed to the provincial journals by "our metropolitan correspondent," when all other provender for paragraphs runs short, are hardly worth a serious reply in these pages. If we allude to them at all, it is only to remind those who are in the habit of having their opinions formed by newspaper authority, that the subject is one on which they are already more likely to be better informed than their "best possible public instructors," and that the means of satisfying themselves as to the truth or falsehood of the question at issue are equally accessible to all. When the "rappings" are made the topic of conversation in every club and coterie in the kingdom; when thousands in the metropolis can attest what they have seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, when but a few nights' experiences have enabled the incredulous listener to add his evidence to that of the convinced, and the exercise of a

calm judgment, has assured him that he has neither been deceived by his senses nor duped by the jugglery of impostors, the newspaper reviewer would surely adopt a wiser course if he discreetly refrained from referring to the matter at all, until he had made himself better acquainted with the subject on which he had to write. It is a well-known delusion, familiar to every playhouse manager, that many people believe nothing is easier than acting, and it would be difficult to change their opinion, that directly they enter for the first time between the flats and the footlights, they will instinctively acquire all the ease and experience of the practised performer. In like manner it would seem, that when Spiritualism is mentioned, each one imagines he knows "all about it," and that he can talk as fluently concerning its mysteries as those who have pursued an earnest inquiry with a reverential regard for the truths that became revealed during their unprejudiced investigation. The dogmatical "Pooh, pooh, sir, don't believe it, and won't believe it!" of one class of sceptics, and the dreary attempts at ridicule of another class of scoffers, who look upon the matter as so much literary capital for the manufacture of miserable jokes, would soon be subdued in tone if the public press of this country took at once a creditable and a sensible position in the matter. Until they choose to speak of Spiritualism in a more respectful way, we counsel them for their own sakes to remain silent. It is quite within the experience of the general reader that a newspaper to-day becomes allied with those opinions that it warred against yesterday, and when an absurd onslaught of ridicule and wrath has been going on for some months, it is rather awkward for the belligerents to find themselves under the necessity of laying down their arms and submitting at discretion. Looking back through old files of newspapers and volumes of periodicals, it is curious to notice how the progress of events has falsified many of the confident predictions contained in those pages, and how popular opinion has changed with regard to many things which came in for a similar share of time-serving abuse and hasty condemnation. An editorial retrospect in this way would not be without its lesson.

In No. 73 of *All the Year Round* (September 15th) there is an article called "Fallacies of Faith," in which the writer has attempted to justify the view he took of the subject in his previous paper entitled "Modern Magic." The author stands honourably distinguished from the majority of his literary brethren, by having, at least, endeavoured through personal observation, to learn something about what he had to write upon before giving his conclusions to the world. Admitting there is much that he cannot explain, and more that he fancies he is not allowed to explain, he takes for his ground of disbelief

a gratuitous assumption that if certain things occurred, a law of nature has been violated, and that, therefore, "the inference of imposture is inevitable." In other words, he would have us understand that, though witnessing the occurrence of remarkable phenomena, he would rather remain in the belief that it was produced by some inexplicable sleight of hand of some undetected impostor in the room, than entertain the suspicion that he is not thoroughly acquainted with the exact limits of the Almighty's power. Philosophers of this class who arrogate to themselves the possession of a knowledge equal to that of the Great Ruler of the Universe, are the hardest of all to convince, for what they see they will not believe, and what confutes their arguments, they will not allow to overthrow their prejudices. They are staggered for the time by seeing a table rise unsupported into the air, but the next day you shall meet them as self-confident as ever, striving to explain away one simple fact by having recourse to suppositions that would involve the existence of invisible machinery and motiveless chicanery, which, under the same circumstances, would be ten thousand times more marvellous and astounding.

The writer frankly avows his creed when he says, "*What more is done by mediums than what I or any other can do, I believe to be done by trick.*" What a terrible sentence to rise up against a man ten years hence, when the volume in which it is recorded shall be taken down from the library shelf, and in the face of a more enlightened world be accusingly brought home to him as a proof of how errors, like mankind, are "fearfully and wonderfully made." Henceforth let it be proclaimed on the authority of the author of *Fallacies of Faith*, that there is no such thing in man as truth and honour; that family circles composed of clear-headed and warm-hearted men and women are constantly employed in cheating themselves or cheating each other; that TRICK is the feature of the nineteenth century, and that its perpetual practice in the civilized society of that period constituted the whole duty of man. We ask any individual possessed of the ordinary faculties of reason whether it be more likely that a belief in a mode of communication, probably old as the universe itself, which within ten years has spread through Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, bringing by experimental tests conviction to millions of the earth's inhabitants; that has had its evidences recorded in volumes that now amount to thousands; that has at this day its regular newspapers and monthly magazines devoted to its constantly-recurring proofs; that has, in this country and its metropolis, engaged the attention of all classes who have only investigated the subject to be convinced of its truthfulness—we ask whether it be more likely that

all this has sprung from a general epidemic of wilful and unconscious delusion, than that the writer of *Fallacies of Faith* has not yet quite made himself acquainted with the whole extent of the subject upon which he so authoritatively pronounces?

The question as to whether these unseen agencies are good or evil in their nature—whether they are disembodied beings at all, or the inhabitants of an unsuspected lower world of spirits, that under certain conditions can become manifest—whether it be to our advantage, spiritually or physically, to evoke these communications; or whether by pursuing our enquiries in a calm philosophical manner we might not throw a light upon the relations between matter and spirit and on the origin of several of the least understood disorders that afflict humanity, would be a subject fairly open to discussion. But it is of no use denying the facts. Tried by the ordinary rules of evidence, upon which the writer in *All the Year Round* lays so much stress, these things are known to thousands as absolute and positive truths, and will stand the test of the most rigid investigation. It is this investigation which we invite; and it is to counteract as far as in us lies, the foolish mistake of those who, confounding the unusual with the impossible, and by unfounded charges of imposture, induce those to stand aloof who would most materially benefit society by enquiring into the matter, that these pages have been written.

With respect to the former article in *All the Year Round*, on which we inserted some remarks in our last, questioning the correctness of Mr. Dickens's description, Mr. M. Cunningham, of 11, Commercial Place, Kentish Town, and Mr. C. Tiffin, of 30, Fortess Terrace, write to us, that they were present at the *séance* at Mrs. Marshall's narrated in *All the Year Round*, and correcting the inaccuracies and mis-representations therein. These letters fully corroborate the version of E. L. B. in our last number. And, as an instance of omission on the part of the anonymous contributor to Mr. Dickens's periodical, Mr. C. says:—"He does not tell us of the lady who had the name of her deceased mother spelt out—*Eupharsia*; a not very common name, and one I should think above the 'thought-reading' of the medium." In the face of this, the writer of the article in *All the Year Round*, in a recent number affirms, "The spirits *never*, by any chance, spell a name, or rap out a fact right through, without hesitation."

A few prevalent errors we may as well take this opportunity of correcting for the instruction of those who will persist in writing diatribes about what they will not take the time or trouble to understand. The initial article of faith is *not* the intellectuality of tables. The mediums—of whom we know not

more than two or three who for want of riches are obliged to receive a fee in exchange for their services ; and if the imposition were so easy and so inscrutable, we should have had hundreds making it a profitable piece of business in London by this time—do not pretend, nor have they ever pretended to have the power of “raising your beloved one in any town or city, on short notice.” The Cock Lane ghost was never “found out ;” and the Stockwell mystery has been by no means clearly explained. With these parting hints we suggest to any journalist who may hereafter make Spiritualism the subject of a leader, when other newspaper topics are exhausted, that it will not be amiss, beforehand, to make one of a circle, on a few successive evenings, where no paid medium is present ; and when his proprietor hints that he may advantageously “go in for a slasher against spirit-rapping,” let him respond with the cautious Othello :—

“ — No, Iago ;  
 Pll see before I doubt : when I doubt, prove !  
 And on the proof there is no more than this.  
 Away at once with ” *doubt or Spiritualism!*

We only hope in the former case that he will be candid enough to admit his error and record his conversion.

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## SPIRITUALISM AND THE LEADERS OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

By the Author of *Confessions of a Truth-Seeker.*

THE Spirit-world is the causal world—the world of permanent realities ; the things we behold in the world of nature are but transitory phenomena—effects developed to our sensuous perceptions under conditions of time and space. Man, even while in nature, is a citizen of the spirit-world, and is living, though unconsciously, in its midst. As his corporeal structure is sustained by elements from the material world, so his spiritual being is sustained by elements from the spiritual world. They may be drawn from the upper, or the lower world ; as are his aspirations so will be his inspirations ; but he cannot, if he would, detach himself from *rapport* with its living though invisible realities. Every great spiritual movement in the natural world is impelled onward by the tides and atmospheres of the spirit-world. The religious revival in our own day, that in the last century under Wesley, that in the seventeenth century under George Fox, and the Protestant Reformation a century earlier, all attest this truth. The men who were the visible centres of

these movements, and by whose more immediate agency they were mainly conducted, as might be expected, were only more deeply conscious of their intimate relation to the spirit-world than those standing outside of these movements, or who, in a subsequent age know them but by traditions and records, which give only their reflected and oftentimes distorted image.

The most great and glorious spiritual manifestations, both as regards power and beneficence, ever seen upon our orb, were witnessed eighteen hundred years ago. "Go, and shew John again," said Jesus, "those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the dead are raised up;" and so far was Jesus from teaching that when he was no longer visibly present with his disciples these things would cease, that he told them "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do." And He further assured them "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And have not humble devout Christians in every age affirmed that the presence of Christ among them has been made evident to their spiritual consciousness? Have they not in ways that are called extraordinary, as well as by ordinary methods, been aided according to their needs by Christ and spirits Christ-like—one with Him even as He is one with the Father? This faith has grown faint and dim in the Christian Church only as she has become dull in heart, gross in life, faint in trust, and dim in spiritual perceptions; and as men have emerged from her bosom strong in faith, prayerful in spirit, devout in life, panting for more light and higher inspirations, again and again have they found reason to declare that a divine strength still encompassed them, as the horses and chariots of fire encompassed Elisha—that their steps were guided and their councils inspired by a wisdom not their own—that God's angel-hosts guarded and delivered them. If you doubt it, read the wonderful history of the Camisards, so graphically portrayed by William Howitt; or the scarcely less wonderful and better-known history of the Israel of the Alps, as an historian designates the Vaudois; you will there see that these Christians at least did not subscribe to the notion that the age of miracles was past;—that they had not exchanged the old faith in a "God of Hosts" for the modern one "in the strongest battalions." Leger, their pastor, speaks of their victories over their powerful and relentless foes in such terms as "miraculous deliverance," "most miraculous deliverance," "third miraculous deliverance."

At one time we read of continued successes gained by seventeen men (six of whom were armed only with slings) "over enemies fifty times more numerous." The little village of Rora,

consisting of fifty houses, defended only by this handful of men, was at length only taken by a simultaneous attack at different points of three divisions of an army of ten thousand men; and even then, the little band succeeded in making good their retreat. At another time, some of the Vaudois had to retreat at night, it being so very dark, that it was found necessary to stretch white cloths upon the shoulders of the guides that they might be seen; and to proceed along the edge of frightful precipices untrodden by human feet; and yet they, and even the wounded on horseback, passed in safety. "When the Vaudois beheld these places by daylight, their hair stood upon their heads." "One who has seen that place would doubtless take that march for a fiction or a fancy."

It was not only from their mountains that they gained their extraordinary victories; from the plains also the enemy, we are told, was swept like chaff before them. The Catholic troops themselves could not help exclaiming "God must be with these men."

"In July, divers of these Waldenses went out into the country to reap their harvest, and in sundry places were all taken prisoners, not knowing of each other's calamity. But God so wrought that *miraculously* they *all* escaped out of prison, to the great astonishment of their adversaries. At the same time also, *others*, who had been long in prison, and longed for nothing but death, through God's providence were delivered after a wonderful sort."\*

Again, what to human calculation could appear more Quixotic than their enterprise to recover their native valleys, (of which treachery had deprived them), by a body of only eight or nine hundred men, against the apparently overwhelming forces of France and Savoy? Yet this enterprise was not only undertaken, but successfully executed; they having to march a fourteen or fifteen days' journey through an enemy's country, "where they must charge up high mountains, and force divers straight passages, where a hundred might not only stop, but beat three thousand." Successfully did they contend in nine or ten battles against the army of France and Savoy, and this too "without any commanders experienced in warlike affairs." Muston says "eleven thousand French, and twelve thousand Sardinians were baffled by this handful of heroes, clothed in rags, and subsisting on the fare of anchorites." No wonder that Boyer, their historian, speaks of the "wonders," "miracles," and "great miracles," wrought amongst them; nor that Henri Arnaud, their noble pastor and leader,—the Gideon of this little

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\* Clarke's General Martyrologie.



host—tells of their witnessing “prodigies beyond the course of nature or the natural strength of man.”

Even the ordinary operations of nature appear in their behalf to have deviated from their usual course. “Can any one,” exclaims Arnaud, “refuse to recognise the hand of Providence in the extraordinary circumstance that the Vaudois were permitted to make their harvest, not in the midst of summer, but in the midst of winter? Or could any but God have inspired such a small handful of men, destitute of gold and silver, and of all other earthly succour, with the courage to go and make war against a king, who at that time made all Europe tremble? Is it possible to imagine that without protection absolutely divine, these poor people, lodged in the earth almost like the dead, and sleeping upon straw, after having been blockaded for eight months, could at last have triumphed? Does it not seem as if God said ‘These are my true children, my chosen and beloved, whom it is my pleasure to feed by my Providence; let the land of Canaan, to which I have brought them back, rejoice to see them again, and make them unusual and almost supernatural gifts.’”

If from the history of the Vaudois, we glance at that of another martyr-church—the Bohemian; we read concerning it, that “so frequent and so manifest were the judgments of God, for the protection of this feeble and defenceless flock of believers that, even among their adversaries, it was in those days (about 1506-10) a common saying, ‘If any one is tired of life, let him assail the Piccards:—he will not outlive the twelvemonth.’ Various prodigies of a spiritual kind are recorded of them, and says Mr. Boys, ‘it is observable that great caution is shewn, in examining the evidence of them; for example, in respect to those of the earlier part of the seventeenth century. On one occasion, the authors abstain from positively asserting the fact recorded, because authentic evidence is wanting. ‘We, however, leave it undetermined, because no eye-witness has fallen in our way.’”\*

Like their successors—the *United Brethren*—the Bohemians had recourse for the decision of doubtful cases to the lot, believing that through this means their decision would be spiritually directed by the Lord. They also believed in spiritual visions and prophetic dreams. Their martyred leader, John Huss, relates dreams in which he received intimation of things which afterwards came to pass; and he, in common with other Bohe-

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\* *Historia Persecutionum Ecclesie Bohemice*, 1648; as quoted by the Rev. Thomas Boys, in his *Proofs of the Miraculous Faith and Experience of the Church of Christ in all Ages*. To the latter work I am indebted for most of the citations that follow.

mians, predicted future events, under, as they believed, the influence of the Spirit: of these predictions that of Huss concerning Luther, may be adverted to as, perhaps, the best-known instance.

It is conceded that the testimony to Spiritualism of the leaders of the Protestant Reformation is not so ample as at first thought might be expected. Some of the reasons of this are sufficiently obvious, we will name but two. First, they had not to establish its truth, for it was the universal Christian belief of their time: their work was to unmask its counterfeits—to bear witness against its corruptions and inversions, both in doctrine and practice. Secondly, both Romanist and Protestant had come to the belief that as the mission of Christ and his Apostles was attested by acts evincing a control over natural forces; so, the manifestation of powers beyond those of the natural man were needful only as the signs and attestations of a new religious faith. The Romanists insisted that Protestantism was a new religion, and challenged its leaders to display those spiritual powers that should manifest their authority. The Protestants rejoined that they preached no new gospel, but the primitive faith taught by Christ and his Apostles, but freed from the corruptions and superstitions with which it had been overlaid. To have affirmed the existence of spiritual gifts similar to those exercised by the Apostles would have been, as it seemed to them, to fall into the trap which had been set for them—to admit that they taught a new religion, which was just what they were most anxious to avoid. But though on these, and other grounds, the Reformers were cautious and guarded in their language on this topic, a little investigation may convince us that we need be at no loss to discern their sentiments upon it. Let me advert briefly to a few instances: first, however, remarking that the Reformers stand out to us boldly and distinctively as leaders of the Church militant. They were firmly persuaded that they had to wage war not alone against priest and pope, but against spiritual foes—the potentates of the lower world; and hence, as may be expected, in their writings Spiritualism more frequently appears under forms of darkness and tempest, than under those sunny, peaceful, and benign aspects which it presents in its relations to the angel-world.

As the central figure of the group—the pivotal man of the Reformation—Luther, first and chiefly claims our regard.

He did not desire for himself the grace to work miracles, as, he tells us, in that case “the Papists would immediately say ‘the devil does it by him.’ It was his desire even that God would not send him ‘either visions, or dreams, or angels,’ as he wished all his thoughts to be centred in the Scriptures alone;”

but, he is careful to add, "not, however, that I derogate from the gifts of others, if haply to any one, over and above Scripture, God should reveal aught by dreams, by visions, or by angels."

And again, he writes "Now whosoever thou art, that fearest the Lord, be of good courage; take thou no care, neither be faint-hearted, nor make any doubt of the angels watching and protecting; for most certainly they are about thee, and carry thee upon their hands. How, or in what manner, it is done, take thou no heed; God says it, therefore it is most sure and certain."

It is also to be remarked that, according to his own statements, Luther many times saw, was tempted by, and conversed with spirits from the nether world.\*

Razebergius, relates that Luther one evening, as he stood praying, saw the apparition of an evil spirit, or, as he thought, of the devil. Luther himself also related the occurrence to J. Jonas and Michael Cælius; and Cælius records the fact in a passage, to which Seckendorf, in his *Historia Lutheranismi*, refers.

Luther also believed in spiritual possession, and in dispossession through fasting and prayer, as his statements, and still more his conduct renders evident. Seckendorf relates, that on one occasion certain persons "had brought to Luther a girl eighteen years old, declaring her to be possessed with a devil. He ordered her to say the Apostles' Creed. Having begun to do so, the moment she came to the words 'and in Jesus Christ,' &c., she stopped, and was miserably agitated or convulsed by the evil spirit. Upon this, Luther said, 'I know thee, Satan, thou wouldst have me begin exorcising with great parade; but I will do no such thing.' The next day she was brought into the church, while Luther was preaching, and, after sermon, into a small chapel. She there immediately fell prostrate on the ground, struggling and kicking; but was raised by the students who were present. Then Luther addressed the people . . . After that, Luther laid his hand on the girl's head, repeated the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, as also the words, (John xiv. 12) 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do.' He then prayed to God with the rest of the ministers of the church, that for Christ's sake he would cast the devil out of the girl. He then with his foot touched the girl herself, with these words: 'Proud devil, thou wouldst indeed that I should now proceed against thee with great parade, but I will do no

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\* See an Article, by the writer, on "Martin Luther and John Knox."—*British Spiritual Telegraph*, vol. iii., p. 99.

such thing. I know that thy head is crushed, and that thou best prostrate at, and under the feet of our Lord Jesus Christ.' He then went away; and the girl was taken home to her friends, who afterwards wrote that she was no more troubled by the devil."

Seckendorf also points out many remarkable prophecies of Luther's—concerning the Emperor Charles;—concerning the then future state of Germany and of Protestantism;—and, in relation to various individuals. Of these predictions, Seckendorf says "that Luther was not erroneously of opinion that he spake in the Spirit, was proved by the result." The majority of readers will think that he spoke only from a shrewd forecast of events, the result of his own natural sagacity, or, when the events predicted were too circumstantial to admit of this explanation, they will hold them to be mere coincidences, lucky guesses which happened to come true. All that I am now concerned with, however, is that this was not Luther's view; his words are: "*I certainly am of opinion that I speak these things in the Spirit.*" Another circumstance which Mr. Boys points out is "Luther's persuasion of a *divine impulse, or spiritual instigation* by which he was moved to attack the Papacy; and that, be it observed, *before* his mind was made up on grounds of conviction and scriptural demonstration, on many points connected with the controversy." He felt this, however, with growing distinctness as his work proceeded, and "by a more accurate consideration of Scripture was confirmed in it."\*

Melancthon believed in spiritual apparitions, of which he gives a remarkable example, drawn from his own family—his father's sister having appeared to her husband after death, and earnestly conjured him to pray for her; and, he recognised the continued agency in the world, of spirits, both good and evil. It was, as he believed, by the friendly warning of an angel, who appeared to him, and which he communicated to his friend Grynæus, a learned Protestant divine, that the latter was saved from the malice of his enemies, and his life preserved.

Of Calvin, we learn that "he regarded satanic wonders as supernatural and real, not mere sleights;" and it is related that he "occasionally predicted future events; and the fulfilment of his predictions is distinctly recorded by Beza in the character of his biographer." The following relation is also given by Beza, and it would be satisfactory to many persons, if, in the interest of science, those, who in the circumstance detailed, see only the operation of physical causes; will explain how, upon their prin-

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\* Mr. Boys quotes, in support of this, Seckendorf, Lib. iii., S. cxi., 1., of which he gives both the original and translation.

ciples, Calvin, at Geneva, could hear the beat of battle-drums in Paris. "The circumstance of the wind's blowing violently from the north, seems to be mentioned for the purpose of more strongly marking, what indeed is of itself sufficiently evident, that the sounds could by no possibility have reached Geneva in a natural way." Beza gives the account as follows:—

One thing must not be omitted, that on the 19th of December, 1562, Calvin, lying in bed sick of the gout, it being the Sabbath-day, and the north wind having blown two days strongly, he said to many who were present, 'truly I know not what is the matter, but I thought this night I heard warlike drums beating very loud, and I could not persuade myself but it was so. Let us, therefore, go to prayer, for surely some great business is in hand.' And this day there was a great battle fought between the Guisians and the Protestants not far from Paris, news whereof came to Geneva within a few days after.

Possibly, the doctrine of "coincidence," which bears the burden of so many mysteries may be saddled with this also; but Calvin and Beza thought otherwise, and their views is the only point I am now illustrating.

Of Bucer, it may be sufficient to cite Mr. Boys' remark, supported as it is by quotation from that Reformer, "that, with due qualification of the Popish notions, he believed both in demoniacal possession and in exorcism." And of Beza, to quote his own statements that—

According as God in his righteous judgment grants liberty to the spirit, it is not difficult to evil spirits to mis-employ a corpse; and for the purpose of deceiving some one, to speak in it, exactly as he uses the tongue of living demoniacs . . . . . So also it often occurs in profane histories that brutes, and even idols, have spoken: which, indeed, is by no means to be rejected as false.

And, again, in writing on Matt. iv., 24, that—

There are not wanting persons, with whom demon or devil means nothing more than madness; that is to say, a natural malady, and one which may be cured by physic. Such persons, however, are refuted both by sacred and profane histories, and by frequent experience.

To the same effect Musculus writes:—

Those malignant spirits lurk in statues and images, inspire soothsayers, compose oracles, influence the flight of birds, trouble life, disquiet sleep, &c., distort the members, break down the health, harass with diseases.

Of Knox, Mr. Boys remarks that in some of his works we find:—

Predictions not only in the event most true, but in their details so particular that they can hardly be resolved, on any principle, into mere inferences, or sagacious prognostications, derived from a general view of God's word, however attentively studied and spiritually applied; but must rather be viewed as predictions or prophecies, in the strictest sense of the word, and as so intended by Knox himself. A good, humble, and simple-hearted man, and Knox was all this, would not have spoken as he sometimes speaks, without intending to convey the idea that he was really prophesying, or foretelling by inspiration in the proper meaning of the terms. The predictions, to which I refer, were not only express, but personal; that is relating to what should happen to individuals.

Of this, Mr. Boys gives several examples, for which we must refer the reader to his work. Knox also held that Wishart, Grindal, and other godly men among the Reformers spoke by spiritual revelation of things that were to happen. "In the course of his writings, we find him repeatedly mentioning different servants of God, as persons by whom such a power was exercised; and appealing to his hearers as to the fact, both of their predicting, and of the fulfilment of their predictions." He also records, believingly, certain spiritual visions seen by that "blinded prince," James of Scotland, which he says, "men of good credit can yet report."

I have incidentally mentioned the name of George Wishart, and though he does not occupy so prominent a place in the annals of the Reformation as others to whom reference has been made, yet one or two anecdotes in illustration of the spiritual presentiments imparted to him may not here be out of place, especially as they are but little known. The first, quoted by Mr. Boys from Knox's history, is as follows:—

While he was so occupied with his God (in preaching and meditation) the Cardinal (Beaton) drew a secret draught. He caused write unto him a letter, as it had been from his most familiar friend, the Laird of Kinnyre, desiring him with all possible diligence to come unto him, for he was struck with a sudden sickness. In the meantime had the traitor provided three-score men, with jacks and spears, to lie in wait within a mile and a half of the town of Montrois, for his dispatch. The letter coming to his hand, he made haste at the first, for the boy had brought a horse, and so with some honest men he passed forth of the town. But suddenly he stayed, and musing a space, returned back; whereat they wondering, he said, "I will not go, I am forbidden of God. I am assured there is treason." "Let some of you," said he, "go to yon place, and tell me what they find." Diligence made, they found the treason as it was: which being shewn, with expedition, to Mr. George, he answered, "I know that I shall end my life in that blood-thirsty man's hands, but it will not be of this manner."

Subsequently, Wishart was apprehended and put to death by the machinations of his enemy, the Cardinal, according to his own prophecy. The Cardinal was present at the martyr's death, reposing leisurely, with other prelates, upon rich cushions, laid for their accommodation in the windows of a tower, from which the execution might be seen. The following is from the account of it, in the *Biographia Scotiana*:—

Being raised up from his knees, he was bound to the stake, crying with a loud voice, "O, Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me! Father of Heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands!" Whereupon, the executioner kindled the fire, and the powder that was fastened to his body blew up. The captain of the castle, perceiving that he was still alive, drew near, and bid him be of good courage: whereupon Mr. Wishart said, "This flame hath scorched my body, yet it hath not daunted my spirit; but he who, from yonder place, beholdeth us with such pride, shall within a few days lie in the same as ignominiously as he is now seen proudly to rest himself."

A few weeks after this, the castle was surprised, and the cardinal put to death, and his body was suspended from the

window whence he had witnessed the martyrdom of Wishart, whose prediction was thus fulfilled.

In concluding these papers on Spiritualism in the Churches, there is one point to which I would briefly advert. I believe there is no church calling itself Christian that does not recognise the operation of the Holy Spirit upon devout souls now and in all time, however variously they may explain it. Now I would humbly submit whether, as God in all his Providences, so far as we know them, works by instruments, the Holy Spirit may not, as a divine law, operate upon the inmost centres of our being by influx descending to us through beatified spirits, and thus be graduated in its operation to our different states, and in ways corresponding and best adapted to our different degrees of receptivity? "God does not speak to man immediately," says Luther, "Human nature could not endure the least syllable of the Divine utterance." May not then the Divine Spirit operate in and through us by the mediation of those heavenly watchers and ministrants appointed to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?

If I were asked what I conceive to be the tendency and highest development of an orderly Christian Spiritualism in its relation to the individual, I should say, that first grounding men, as it does, in the belief and knowledge of a spirit-world and an immortal life, it seeks by the development and ripening of whatever is best and highest in man's nature,—in aspiration, in endurance, in action, in all the divinely appointed uses of our earthly existence, to bring man, as far as the limitations of his finite nature will permit, into union and communion with God, the Father of spirits, that He may be one in us, and we in Him, God over all, and through all, and in us all. To the open soul, as Theodore Parker remarks, "There is a continual pentecostal inspiration."

It is not given to a few men, in the infancy of mankind, to monopolise inspiration and bar God out of the soul. You and I are not born in the dotage and decay of the world. The stars are beautiful as in their prime; 'the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong;' the bird merry as ever at its clear heart. God is still everywhere in nature, at the line, the pole, in a mountain or a moss. Wherever a heart beats with love; where faith and reason utter their oracles there also is God, as formerly in the heart of seers and prophets. Neither Gerizim nor Jerusalem, nor the soil that Jesus blessed, is so holy as the good man's heart; nothing so full of God. The world is close to the body; God closer to the soul, not only without but within, for the all-pervading current flows into each. The clear sky bends over each man, little or great; let him uncover his head, there is nothing between him and infinite space. So the ocean of God encircles all men; uncover the soul of its sensuality, selfishness, and sin, there is nothing between it and God, who flows into the man as light into the air. Certain as the open eye drinks in the light, do the pure in heart see God, and he that lives truly feels him as a presence not to be put by.

Spiritualism may be approached by different roads, but this is the one end to which a divine Spiritualism ever tends. With

one foot planted in the convictions, and the other firmly fixed in the affections and the will, it stands erect; its eyes toward heaven, its forehead bathed in celestial dews, it bids men through a divine life to realize the divine destiny for which God created them. Yes, just as man "lives truly" and "uncovers the soul of its sensuality, selfishness, and sin;" does he find that "there is nothing between it and God." "Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of his Spirit."

If from considering the mission of Spiritualism to the individual, we consider it in relation to our present unspiritual and well-nigh stagnant churches, I do not know that this can be better presented than in the following passage from a popular divine of the Scotch Church—Dr. Hamilton:—

When the tide is out, you may have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp in such a pool his foot-depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbour shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divides them. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and bye and bye, in place of their little patches of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated; here and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little communion includes all that are precious in God's sight. They forget for a time that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple, every reflux brings it nearer—a mightier communion, even the communion of saints, which is to engulf all minor considerations, and to enable the fishers of all pools—the Christians, the Christ-lovers of all denominations—to come together. When like a flood the Spirit flows into the churches, church will join to church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find that if their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching summer's drought, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven as well as the saints on earth have room enough to range. Yes, our churches are the standing pools along the beach, with just enough of their peculiar element to keep the few inmates living during this ebb-tide period of the church's history. But they form a very little fellowship—the largest is but little—yet is there steadily flowing in a tide of universal life and love, which, as it lips in, over the margin of the little pool, will stir its inhabitants with an unwonted vivacity, and then set them loose in the large range of the spirit's own communion. Happy church, farthest down upon the strand, nearest the rising ocean's edge! Happy church, whose sectarianism shall first be swept away in this inundation of love and joy—whose communion shall first break forth into that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive of all communions—the communion of the Holy Ghost!

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We think and feel; but will the dead  
 Awake to thought again?  
 A voice of comfort answers us,  
 That God doth nought in vain.  
 He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,  
 Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;  
 Nor will he waste the hope which grief  
 Hath planted in the grave.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.



## GHOSTS IN COSTUME.

The following is extracted from a very excellent little brochure by Mr. Newton Crosland, entitled, *Apparitions; a New Theory*, published by E. Wilson, 11, Royal Exchange:—

"The great difficulty in explaining the phenomena of apparitions is to account satisfactorily for the spectral appearance of garments as well as persons. The candid ghost-seer, in relating his experiences, is baffled by the scoffing logician, who exclaims—'I have no objection to believe in the apparition of the soul of your grandmother, but don't tell me that you really and literally saw the ghost of her night-cap and apron! Your dead uncle, too, whom you saw drowning when you and he were a thousand miles apart; is his pea-jacket endowed with an immortal spirit?' Our credulous friend is puzzled, and meekly acquiesces in the conclusion—'Well, perhaps it was all a delusion.'

"To meet this difficulty, I venture to offer as a solution the following hypothesis: that every significant action of our lives—in the garments we wear, and in the attitudes and gestures of our humanity—is vitally photographed or depicted in the spirit-world; and that the angels, under God's direction, have the power of exhibiting, as a living picture, any specific circumstances or features to those who have the gift of spiritual sight, and who are intended to be influenced by the manifestations. These tableaux may represent still life, or they may be animated by certain spirits appointed for the purpose, or by the identical spirits of the persons whose forms are shown, when the apparitions are the images of those who have departed this world.

"What an idea of infinity and divine government does it give us, to suppose that after death we shall move through a grand picture-gallery of our own deeds self-delineated! What a subject of contemplation and awe to those who are debating in their own minds the character of their actions! What a check to those who have not yet quite decided to perpetrate something unworthy of future exhibition! And what a consolation to believe that true repentance for any vicious deeds may secure the removal of the portraits of such deeds from this gallery of celestial art!

"This idea of vitally photographing in the spirit-spheres the persons and scenes of this world, may be used to explain another curious class of phenomena—those exhibited in what is called 'travelling clairvoyance,' in which the spirit of the clairvoyant is stated to leave the body and go on journeys, describing events happening at a distance. But in studying this subject, a great difficulty presents itself. The clairvoyant sometimes sees places not as they appear now, but as they existed many years ago, before modern improvements and restorations were effected; and minute events, of which the clairvoyant never had, and never could have had, any knowledge, are narrated as occurring, which really happened perhaps half a century before the time they are seen. Here our Spiritual-photographic Theory comes to our assistance, and helps us to clear up the mystery.

"We are at liberty to suppose that the angels unroll before the spiritual sight of the clairvoyant, a grand panorama of past scenes and events in their order of time and sequence of action; so that without leaving the body, the soul can discern literally and faithfully things and persons that have long since disappeared from this world, as well as those that are now actually in existence. Or we may believe, that in the trance, another spirit enters and takes possession of the body of the clairvoyant to perform this discerning and descriptive office."

Spiritualism teaches that every thought and action, good or bad, committed in this life, leaves its impress on both body and mind, and the only redemption for the sinner is through good works—noble deeds of love and purity.

## Correspondence.

### A PLAIN LETTER FROM A PLAIN MAN.

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

SIR,—Much has been said about Spiritualism, but certainly never so much as since the publication of the article "Stranger than Fiction," yet still there are some men so dogged in their unbelief, that they describe that article to be the out-pourings of a half lunatic—a used-up man, who having nothing more to amuse him in this world, takes to Spiritualism as a last resource.

I am far from being such a person. A plain man of business, accustomed still to scan each day the doings of the money market, and whose afternoons are engaged in superintending and conducting book-keeping by double entry—I am not a likely person to be carried away by enthusiasm, and therefore, perhaps an account of what I have actually seen and heard, may be accepted as something more than the record of a voyage to the realms of fancy.

Having heard much of spirits and spirit-rapping, I determined to see and judge for myself, and believing as I did at the time, the whole to be nothing more nor less than "Modern Magic," I made up my mind to leave no stone unturned to discover and denounce what seemed to me to be a gross imposture.

An evening was fixed for a meeting at my house, and many were the devices I adopted to bring the imposture to light. On the circle being formed, rappings and sundry manifestations commenced, which only served to increase my desire to expose them. After a short time several persons said they were seized under the table by the spirit-hands, and having made up my mind on the smallest touch, to seize, if possible, any apparatus that might be employed, you may imagine the anxiety with which I waited the wished-for moment. Presently my next-door neighbour was touched, and immediately after, I was clasped below the knee by what seemed to be a child's soft hand. Gradually it ascended till I thought it was within my reach. By an almost instantaneous movement my hand was there, *but although still feeling the grasp of the spirit-hand, nothing could be felt by me but my leg.* From that moment I determined no longer to doubt but rather to fathom if possible the causes of so extraordinary an effect.

My surprise at this had hardly subsided, when the table (a large round one) seemed as if at once endowed with life, and began to heave and roll in a most remarkable manner, and my astonishment increased on the medium's informing as the table was about to rise from the ground and requesting all to stand up. My orders, however, prior to the medium's arrival, had anticipated this, and the moment such announcement was made, a candle was placed on the floor, *when looking under the table I and others clearly and plainly saw it raised by invisible power, and sustained some moments in the air.*

Many other similar manifestations took place that night, but which having by this time become so well known, to repeat is needless. I would rather pass on to what I consider a far more satisfactory proof of the possibility of a communication being established with the spirit-world, and to what I believe to be the fact, that *every* person may become a medium of more or less power if they only take the trouble of trying to be so, and investigating, as far as possible, the causes of such phenomena.

Two nights after my first introduction to Spiritualism I determined to try if alone, save with some members of my own immediate family, any manifestations could be obtained. Only four of us were present—my wife, my son, and a friend and myself. After a short interval we felt the table begin to heave; and on asking if any spirits were present an answer in the affirmative was given, stating the number of them. A most extraordinary feeling came over us on reflecting that we were conversing with friends now no more, and which was in nowise diminished when on asking their names, those of my wife's mother and brother,

my sister, and a dear friend were spelt. This last was the most extraordinary to me. People might imagine we had been incessantly thinking of the former; but the last had been dead for many many years; we had seldom spoken of him, and his name (a most unusual one), was seldom mentioned.

Many other communications were made which it is needless now to repeat, but which proved beyond a doubt the existence of a communication with the world of spirits. Physical manifestations may induce a belief in many cases and with many persons; but I contend nothing can be so convincing as actually holding converse with departed friends on subjects only known to them and you.

Again, last evening we held a similar meeting, consisting only of myself, my wife, and one friend, when conversations took place than which nothing could be more convincing to us. Here are three persons without any pecuniary end in view plainly holding converse with the spiritual world, and obtaining rational answers. It establishes beyond a doubt the fact that not only the power is there, but more, that that power is a rational power.

I have no doubt that, at times, a slur is cast on some meetings in consequence of the mediums being paid (I allude to none in particular); and having a certain power they wish at times to increase it by artificial means. With us the case is different; being blessed by the Almighty with an ample fortune for my limited wants, I have no other end in view than that of endeavouring to solve what appears to be a most interesting and solemn phenomenon.

If you think this simple statement of facts worthy of insertion, I enclose you my card; and although I do not wish my name to be published, I have no objection to your giving it privately to any one who might wish to converse with me on the subject; my permission, through you, being first asked.

I remain, faithfully yours,

A PLAIN MAN.

London, September 14th, 1860.

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LUCID EXPLANATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.—We have read and listened to numerous expositions of modern spiritual phenomena; and all their mysteries have been explained and exploded at least a thousand times during the last ten years; but we commend the following as the most perfectly lucid and annihilating we have ever seen or heard:—"Observation, endorsed by a stupendous array of divine experience, enables the *scientific* man to pronounce this spiritual-rapping and table-moving development to be an irregular and anti-scientific disease raging among the lower and superstitious classes—affecting by inoculation certain predisposed organisms in higher circles of society. I will state, as a result of my recent three-quarters-of-an-hour investigation, that patients who fancy they hear raps and see tables moved, are mostly labouring with a *hypercusis* in the tympanum cavity, also an elastic obtuseness of superior hemispheres of the cerebellum. The vulgar theories and anti-professional hypotheses of spiritual spasmodic action of the muscular system, or of electric aura in spontaneous dislodgement and preternatural infiltration, we pronounce *delusive*, and reject them *in toto* as unhealthy excretions and galvanic evolutions of diseased and confused cerebellous glands, called by the uneducated *cephalomalous protuberances*. The true theory of the rappings is as follows:—Mysterious knockings proceed from the subderangement and hyper-effervescence of small, conical, glandular bodies situated heterogeneously in the rotundum of the inferior *accephalocysts*; which by coming in unconscious contact with the etherization of the first superior processes of the dorsal vertebræ, also results in the "tippings" by giving rise to spontaneous combustion with certain abnormal evacuations of multitudinous *echinorhyncus bicornis* situated in several abnormal orifices. The *raps* occur from the ebullitions of the former in certain temperamental structures, and the *tips* from the thoracic cartilaginous ducts whenever their contents are compressed by cerebral inclinations."—*Spiritual Clarion*.

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## THE PRESS.

"For the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit."

WE must be pardoned if we have little to say in the way of comment on the numerous notices of Spiritualism, which the past month has brought out of the limbo of the Press. It is not because the quantity is not large; but because the quality is so much below the par of even clever thought and writing, that we feel a difficulty in saying over again the same old alphabet which is so familiar to our readers. "Time was that when the brains were out the man would die;" but now it is astonishing to see the muscular vitality which survives the death of the higher centres of life, and how men of some knowledge but no wisdom can exercise themselves in writing long articles, which, even if they were true, would not touch the subject in any of its broad significance. Nothing is more easy, in these days of wide-spread shallow education, than to make use of the common philosophical terms, and entirely to misapply them in the argument; and it is instructive to watch the self-satisfaction which glows in the writer as he throws off his sophisms for the admiring reader. One of the contributors to the last number of *Blackwood* is an amusing instance of this happy frame of mind. He must have been even more than pleased to find that the editor gave his article the first place, so that it might come before the world with all the prestige of editorial approval. "Seeing is Believing" was the title which was thought to be a good one for it, though to us it seems as if "Seeing is *not* Believing" would have been a better one; for positively the only idea running through it, from the first to the last of its 15 pages, is that we are divided into deceivers and deceived—that the deceived actually see and hear the manifestations produced by the deceivers, but which they are too much unacquainted with the modes of philosophic investigation to detect the origin of, and at that point make their first divergence, by attributing them to a spiritual or super-ordinary force. Literally this is his only idea, and the whole of his argument. His plan is thus to get rid of all the deceived, by admitting that

they saw and heard what they tell us, but that they were all so idiotic as not to be able to detect the imposture practised upon them; and then having to deal only with the mediums, a much smaller number, though they are our wives and children and parents and valued friends, he calls them "scoundrels" and "impostors." In this way, of course, he comes to an easy conclusion, and is so satisfied with it that he fills in the only other necessary statement, namely, that the mediums habitually "resist every means of disclosing the imposture," and that "it is one of the damning evidences against the medium, that he or she will not permit a sceptic to determine any of the simplest conditions of the experiment." In a letter from Mr. Howitt which appeared in the *Morning Star*, October the 6th, it was shewn how false was his statement of imposture and concealment, and how little he was qualified according to his own philosophic method of observing facts, or even of speaking the simple truth. Surely it is not in the interest even of infidelity and honest scepticism, to put forward such transparent newspaper hacks as these as their best war-horses! It is only the place which he has been permitted to occupy in what was once a leading magazine, that makes him at all worth noticing. He has the assurance, moreover, to express a wonder how another contributor to *Blackwood*, Sir Bulwer Lytton, could be a believer in these common facts, thereby assuming, we suppose, the idiocy of a man whom the Queen thinks fit to be a Cabinet Minister. But he is not the only contributor to *Blackwood* who could state his convictions to the editor, and who has been and is a pretty accurate observer of facts. And the late Professor Gregory of Edinburgh also was to the full as likely a person to know how to observe facts as this writer in *Blackwood*, and what is more, he did observe the facts of Spiritualism, and accepted them as facts; but then he had knowledge and wisdom enough to know where to place such facts, which this writer evidently has not. The rest of his article is filled up with a sort of deification of nature and of the laws of scientific investigation, which latter he tries to apply to two or three of the authentic stories of Mr. Owen's *Footfalls*, and by merely altering a few facts, he gets on very well, till he comes to that occurring in the family of Mr. C—, in Hamilton County, Ohio, which our readers may remember as an apparition of the living, seen by twelve persons at the same time. An apparition of Rhoda and Lucy was seen by all the family as seated in a rocking chair at a distance of about 80 yards, whilst the two were in a room upstairs in their own house. The figure of Rhoda was seen to rise from the chair, with the other child in her arms, and then to lie down on the ground. The writer says of this, "Singular enough! with-

out pretending to explain this vision, *we are justified in assuming* that it was in some way analogous to that of the Brocken spirit," which our readers know is an optical effect produced on one of the Hartz mountains reflecting a magnified figure on the clouds, and was accidentally discovered by an observer clapping his hand to his hat and finding that the Brocken giant did the same! —in fact, that it was a mere reflected image of himself. Now what respect for facts can a writer like this have? No doubt he thinks it a pity that he is not engaged by the common consent of Christendom to write a new Bible, to rectify the errors of the one we now have. The *Morning Chronicle*, in recommending his article to us, says of it, "If that does not make them ponder, they are beyond argument." We will give our readers a few of his verses as a sample; they are indeed enough to make us "ponder."

1. When we hear marvels narrated which contradict universal experience and physical laws, we may be certain that the narrator omits something which would remove the contradiction.

2. When a man avers that he has seen a ghost, he is passing far beyond the limits of visible fact into that of inference. He saw something that he *supposed* to be a ghost.

3. If we are to accept the narratives of respectable witnesses as guarantees of the truth of Spiritualism, or if we are to trust the evidence of our own senses as irresistible proofs of the truth of any inferences we may make respecting them, there will be no limit to credulity.

4. We must ask, what are the evidences for the existence of spirits in general?

5. Philosophy may smile at a belief in ghosts and haunted houses. They have generally been ascribed to cerebral excitement or imperfect logic.

6. We do not in the least doubt that people saw what they say they saw; but we doubt their having seen what was impossible to be seen, and could only be inferred.

7. The stories of apparitions are curious, and might make a convert of every one who is weak enough to conclude that whatever is not understood must needs be supernatural.

8. The figments of the imagination vanish before the realities of science. It is to a better apprehension of the nature of evidence that the decline of superstition is due.

9. It is the mere excuse of conscious charlatany when scepticism is said to act as a disturbing influence on spiritual manifestations.

These are the texts selected by the science of the day on which to preach their sermons. They have no small congregations, dear readers, for they have succeeded in infecting the great mass of thought in so-called Christendom with their dead and vulgar materialism. They have beaten out the Bible with its God-like sympathies and Divine truth, "as figments of the imagination, which vanish before the realities of science." Who among them has an absolute belief in any one of the miracles of Christ or of His Apostles? Who among them believes in the existence, much less in the appearance of any of the ghosts or angels of the Old and New Testament? Who among them believes in an

angel turning a prison key, and striking off the chains, and walking with Peter down "one street?" Who among them believes that Philip was carried from Gaza to Azotus? Who among them believes that even Christ could not perform his miracles on those who had not faith? Who among them but would have examined all Christ's miracles by the rules of "modern science," and have exposed them as manifest superstitions? There has been enough of this; and we refuse to go on with this gentleman's Bible, as quite a needless one for humanity.

We had intended to notice some of the other articles which have appeared, but it is hardly profitable to take up our readers' time. They have doubtless seen the article by Mr. Delaware Lewis in *Once a Week*, in which that gentleman, pleased to see his first article in print, has now found out at last how raps are made and tables moved, and gives us a series of well-executed explanatory diagrams. Having now secured him as a subject, we can dissect him at our leisure, and he may depend on hearing of his diagrams again.

Poor Mr. W. G. M. Reynolds saw the light shining through the hole of the floor, through which an apparatus was worked to manufacture the phenomena,—and he was quite satisfied with his discovery also, although there was no hole at all there. Others say it is electricity, ventriloquism, conjuring, od-force,—anything except what itself says it is. It would be better for Mr. Reynolds to have a meeting with Mr. Delaware Lewis and his diagrams, and settle the question between them, with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans as the judges, and we would suggest that they should call to the conference Mr. Evans's two sons and Mr. Charles Dickens, jun., who witnessed and investigated to their satisfaction the wonderful physical phenomena through Mr. Squire's mediumship. Mr. Reynolds has lately been convicted of libelling Mr. Ernest Jones by a series of false allegations, which at the same time that it throws doubt on his powers of stating facts, should have taught him some diffidence and humility.

As to *Punch*, we had almost forgotten to mention him; there is no reason why he should not be admitted to the conference we have suggested, and he can then get all the information he wants from the sons of his owners, and from Mr. Leech who have each witnessed all that he denies. We observe that he opens one of his recent numbers with the admission that "there are no good lies in the *Spiritual Magazine* of this month." We hope that we are not wrong in taking this as the *amende honorable* from our facetious friend, for in that number we gave an account of the conversion of the Messrs. Evans and Dickens, and of Mr. Leech, and which at last he candidly admits to be true. The principal editor of *Punch* also has been recently

asking to see some of the phenomena, which we commend as a step in a right direction, though had it been any one but *Punch* we should have thought he would have tried this *before* he began to write, instead of *after*.

We alluded, at the beginning, to Mr. Howitt's letter to the *Star*, in answer to Blackwood and Co. Since then, there have been daily letters on the subject, and the editor appears to have opened his columns to its discussion. This is a notable feature, distinguishing the *Star* from the rest of the press; although the columns of a daily paper are, perhaps, not the best suited for a careful and critical discussion. There have appeared already most of the crude common-places with which our readers are familiar from beginners. They betray in general an entire ignorance of the mere alphabet of the question, and though we are glad that the *Star* should give a reflex of all the modes of viewing it, we cannot but express surprise that M.D.'s, Barristers, Senex, Lex, and other educated persons should think it well to write on a subject which it is so evident they do not yet know anything about. One of them repeats the silly story of Mr. Home having refused to meet Robert Houdin, in which there is not a word of truth. Mons. Canti, as well known in Paris as Houdin, reported to Prince Napoleon that he could not account for the manifestations; and he published this in a letter at the time. Further letters have appeared from Mr. Howitt, Mr. Coleman, Dr. Collyer, and others, and the controversy bids fair to be a valuable one for the elucidation of the subject, if it can be in some degree restricted to those who have studied it. The editor of the *Star* deserves well for allowing the subject to be discussed, and we hope he will have the sense to form a right judgment when he has to pronounce one. We have perceived indications of his requiring this caution at our hands.

In a second letter to the *Star* of October the 16th, Mr. Howitt very properly reminds correspondents, "that before persons enter into discussions on this great topic, they should take the ordinary means of practically acquainting themselves with the facts of it;" and pertinently asks, "What would Professor De Morgan say to your correspondents, if they presented themselves at his class, and proposed, not to study mathematics, but to instruct him in them, before they had even taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the simplest elements of arithmetic? Yet your correspondents have actually got upon the '*Pons Asinorum*' without ever opening Euclid."

The *News of the World*, the *Welcome Guest*, and other papers have also contributed their quota to this discussion, but we have not space, nor perhaps would our readers thank us to follow their lucubrations.



## ON THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

By Dr. ASHBURNER.

THE age in which we live is distinguished for wide-spread activity of thought; and many new facts are known to original thinkers, who are obscure to the large world of science, simply because the pride and vanity of this class perpetuates, on certain subjects, both ignorance and prejudice. Nothing so clearly manifests the truth of this proposition as the narrow scope embraced by the ken of the Royal Society in their refusal to entertain questions on the philosophy of the mind, on the plea that their functions are limited to enquiries into physical or natural science. The abundance of new and important facts, purposely ignored by the Society, are amply sufficient to prove that the old metaphysical doctrines should be considered obsolete, and that new and more correct views, connecting the phenomena of the mind with the universal forces of nature, and thus giving the subject a physical basis, should now prevail.

The modern works on psychology are, for the most part, repetitions of old metaphysical ideas. Those who hope to catenate facts, derived from observations on the operations of their own mental faculties, themselves very problematical entities when considered as anything more than simple hypotheses, generally flounder in very shallow waters. They obtain the character of acute thinkers, because they can see a manifest stone at the bottom of three inches of a clear running stream. They are the Jack Horners of their class, and should be glorified accordingly.

We need not ask the meaning of an entity merely hypothetical. We cannot suppose, without an exercise of imagination. We do not found philosophy on imaginary facts, but on realities. Our modern enquirers delight in being positive, and their positive basis is *matter*. We accept their basis as the ground on which we stand, for we contend that matter is subject to law. In itself, it is passive, inert. All matter is regulated by the universal force of gravitation, or by some of the many forces emanating from it, of which there must necessarily exist an infinite series. Of course, matter being subject to force, there must exist as many gradations of matter as there are of force. If our ideas rise from amorphous matter, itself subject to *vis inertiae*, the influence of force on it produces the idea of shape, or the primitive crystal, itself the creature of magnetic force. Magnetic forces are at the foundation of all other forces belonging to an universal series, proceeding, through nature, to regulate all the varied forms of crystals, proceeding to regulate all the apparently complicated forms of vegetable and animal arrangements.

It would be idle to deny this proposition after the facts which Mr. Rutter has established by his magnetoscope, and which were amply corroborated by the labours directed by the genius of his disciple, Dr. Leger. Life, then, can be traced to begin in its most elementary form in the shape of a force, which may be called, according to Rutter, *magnetoid*; according to Von Reichenbach, *odic*; or, as I call it, *crystallic*. Reasons might be given for a preference of each of these terms. The discussion need not now detain us. All I at present contend for is, that in every advanced gradation in the arrangement of matter there must necessarily be a force higher in degree to regulate the advance in crystallic arrangement. Thus, throughout nature, there exists a series of gradations of forces, which commences with the simplest regulator of crystalline form, the spheroidal form of ethereal substance, and by ordained steps, proceeds to a force, which regulates the thoughts and aspirations of man. Spiritualism, then, as far as it is given to our limited capacities to understand its nature, is the highest development of the universal series of forces emanating from the great trunk-force, which Sir Isaac Newton called the force of gravitation. It is not for us now to dilate on this topic. We proceed to shew how far our discoveries in animal magnetism will warrant the conclusions to which we have arrived.

We must proceed to the foundation of our subject. Sleep is the result of the attractive force of magnetism or of crystallism. Wakefulness or vigilance is the result of the repulsive agency of the same force. The facts in proof of these propositions need not now detain us. They are detailed in the *Zoist*, and in my notes to the *Researches of the Baron von Reichenbach*. It may be asserted that they have been witnessed by thousands of persons.

The question now is, whence arises the magnetic force which produces our diurnal change from wakefulness to sleep? It is a phenomenon arising from the unconscious effect of light.

The actinising or magnetizing influence of the sun's light on our atmosphere is productive of a series of dioptric phenomena, which would be denied by those who have not reflected deeply on the facts which have been familiar to those who have studied animal magnetism, from the time of Tardy de Montravel, De Paysegur, and others down to our own day. Tardy's facts are most important. They are quoted in a note at page 440 of my edition of the *Researches of the Baron von Reichenbach*. Thus I proceed to the conclusion that, according to dioptric laws, we are furnished daily with an amount of magnetic force, which is calculated to produce a diurnal approximation of the particles of brain and nerve matter constituting the phenomenon essential to the production of sleep. There can be no doubt on the minds of

those who closely investigate this subject, that the magnetic repulsion arising from reversed polarity is the cause of wakefulness. This new point in physiology rests on a basis too solid to be shaken by those ignorant of animal magnetism. It is difficult to say what shall convince men of the plainest facts. Here we are at the foundation of the whole subject of health and disease; or, as I have indicated the matter, of tone, and of clone. We pass by this branch of our subject, in order to shew that, hitherto, all our propositions have a physical basis. We revert to the psychological facts of animal magnetism.

What are dreams? Numbers have witnessed clairvoyance. How few have reflected that they were present while a neighbour was dreaming? This is the only possible explanation of the phenomenon; but it opens up to us a vast field of enquiry. I know of only one book which treats in a really philosophical manner the subject of dreams; and that is the second volume of Andrew Baxter's *Treatise on the Soul*. We are at a loss to account for some of the fallacies which pervade the minds of the writers on this subject. They invariably treat it as one of interior function. There is no warrant for such a fancy; and yet the idea, purely imaginative, has so strong a hold on the convictions of men, that, at present, reason fails to subvert the false conclusion. Dreams are the creations of forces exterior to ourselves. We have, ourselves, nothing to do with them, except to suffer our organs to act under the guidance of extraneous forces. In a more advanced portion of our essay, we may more closely consider the nature of these forces. Now we proceed to shew that sleep, although a very common condition, is not a necessary one for the existence of the phenomena of dreams.

It is not pretended that dreaming is a function of the brain. If it were, sleep would always interfere with the function; for approximation of the particles of brain must more or less cause insensibility, and loss of consciousness. Sleep is not necessarily always complete. Light slumbers are not deep sleep. In the one case the man is on the verge of wakefulness; in the other, he is profoundly unconscious of all that passes around him. Time has not made much progress to the deep sleeper. He falls asleep, and if awakened at the end of six hours, feels conscious of only a minute's slumber. The cause of this phenomenon is simply the complete absence of all consciousness, induced by the thorough approximation of the particles of the brain.

Then, how are dreams produced? Any one who has studied the changes which take place in the interval between the induction of sleep in a clairvoyant person and that of the second consciousness, will be at no loss to remember that the sleep has been profound, and that the waking up, though not quite, is

almost complete. This is a state, in which every sleeper who dreams in his bed finds himself; some, of course, more than others, according to the vivid or confused state of consciousness, always dependant upon the *degree* in which the attractive magnetic force is exerted upon them. Clairvoyance, then, is only very vivid dreaming. We shall be at no loss to establish this analogy. At present, we must proceed with our enquiry, which is limited to a subject of all others, the most interesting—the human mind.

We are slow to apprehend the close connection which subsists between the phenomena of consciousness and intellect, and those of sleep and wakefulness. That the links which knit them together closely are very strong we are assured. There are few who would dispute our proposition, if their opportunities of reflecting upon the facts, had been as numerous as our own. Time, which gathers facts into bundles of truth, will, no doubt, establish the correctness of this proposition.

Sleep has been shewn to modify consciousness. What is consciousness? No subject has been more debated. Our reply to the question is—a knowledge of existence. If we are asked to define the kind of knowledge we may have of our existence, we should merely answer, that we are conscious only of two states of existence, those of sleep and of wakefulness. Sleep, resulting from magnetic attraction, is bounded by a reversal of polarity. The attraction, yielding to the presence of repulsion, wakefulness results. But there are many degrees of profoundness in sleep. Perfect want of consciousness takes place only in the deepest condition of sleep. Between this and the wide-awake condition, are many stages of consciousness. Hence, it is impossible to predicate of sleep, that it is in any given degree of depth. With a subject so difficult to treat of, it is not extraordinary that men have omitted to investigate its intricate phenomena. Until animal magnetism offered itself to my notice, the obvious causes of these two diurnal conditions of our existence could be very imperfectly studied.

Their influence on mind is, however, now clear. Thanks to the philosophy of the illustrious Gall, we are now able so to influence the human brain, as to distinguish the propensities, the moral faculties, and the intellectual powers, with so lucid a precision, as to affix localities for the separate organs of the brain. This was done long ago, but modern discoveries have made out a vast deal more, for which we are indebted partly to researches in animal magnetism, but more especially to the magnificent discoveries of Dr. Leger.

It is well known that Dr. Elliotson and I frequently exhibited, during several years, the remarkable phenomena of phreno-

mesmerism. The fact that a sleeping woman, in a half-conscious state, could, by having the cerebral organs of Tune and Mirth magnetically excited, be made to sing, joyously, merry and comic songs; and then, Veneration instead of Mirth being excited to sing hymns or psalms; and then again, the influence being transferred from Veneration to Pride or Self-esteem, to sing martial music; was a fact irrefragably established. The production of hallucinations by the processes to which Dr. Elliotson, at an early period, gave the title of sub-mesmerism—and which by ignorant men was foolishly called electro-biology—was a philosophical enquiry most important to the elucidation of insanity. It is a chapter in the history of mental philosophy, as important as any, and hardly secondary to phreno-mesmerism. The chain of events by which we arrive at the facts of our power of magnetising, and thus exciting the various organs of the brain, are but the commencement of that series of operations of the motive power of the human will in influencing the thoughts and conduct of our neighbours. This is a subject of the deepest importance, and nothing can more completely prove the necessity of new views on the philosophy of the human mind, than the well-known truths which the labourers in the vineyard of animal magnetism have promulgated on this head.

A thousand repetitions of the facts repeatedly stated on the motive power of the human will, would avail little to convince the sciolists of our age; but as the course of our argument requires the re-statement of the wonderful feat performed at my house in Grosvenor Street, it is necessary to advert to it. Some of the facts have been already alluded to in a note at page 266 of my edition of the *Researches of the Baron von Reichenbach*, wherein it is stated that I had seen my friend, Mr. Henry S. Thompson, exert his silent will upon a gentleman, in a room where eight persons were present, and issuing his mandate that he was to perceive no one in the room but himself—the silent order has been obeyed. He has by his will placed the same individual, then in the light of broad day, in complete darkness. He has made him sit down and sleep in a chair, to which he was bound to adhere by an ungovernable force; and then he has, with the force of will, played upon several organs of the brain in succession, obliging him to manifest the pathognomy of each in its turn. Of course the subject was highly sensitive; and there was a lady equally sensitive seated in another part of the room. Her, Mr. Thompson willed to sleep at once, and then silently directed her to proceed towards the gentleman who was fastened to his seat; but to stand just without reach of his hands. Then by will again the gentleman was awakened. I had repeatedly willed this person, and he now complained that

I had suddenly fastened him to his chair. I assured him I had not done so. He replied, "Somebody must have done it, for I cannot move, and I want to go home." Suddenly he was impelled to try and reach the lady's hand, but could, with outstretched arms, touch only the tips of her fingers. She stood asleep, immoveable as a statue, while he apostrophised her as an angel of light and loveliness, imploring her to come within his reach, that he might only kiss the back of her hand. Then, after an extravagant exhibition of his ardent feelings, other organs of the brain were played upon by the clear will of my friend; and a change came over the mind of our very sensitive subject. Remorse, deep and bitter, seemed to affect him. He called out, that if his wife could witness this scene, she would never forgive him. He clasped his hands in agony. In a few minutes more he forgot his remorse, and indulged in his former passionate folly. At last the influence was removed, and our good-natured victim skipped off with wonderful alacrity.

This case is highly illustrative of the real philosophy of the mind, and it is adduced to shew that we are all, more or less, subject to influences from external sources, of which we are completely unaware. No man is altogether free from this influence of magnetic force operating upon him from the surrounding atmosphere; and if the facts of Spiritualism had not opened up to us a new science, shedding its luminous illustrations on all our psychological enquiries, we should be quite at a loss to resolve numerous problems that now appear clear. Will-force is our present stand-point. Man is operated on by the agency of will, exerted on his phrenological organs. But has he no power inherent in himself of resisting this extraneous force? Undoubtedly he has, and this introduces to us the discoveries of Dr. Leger before adverted to.

It was my happy lot to be instrumental in the conversion of this extraordinary man to a conviction of the truths of Gall's philosophy. Dr. Leger became an admirable phrenologist, and having studied profoundly the magnetoscope of Mr. Rutter, he introduced modifications into it, which enabled him to test the magnetic force of each organ according to a numerical standard he had ingeniously established for measuring on a circular card of concentric circles the extent of force indicated by the rotations and oscillations of the pendulum. The facts he arrived at, in this manner, were very remarkable. Having examined upwards of two thousand heads, he was able to predicate with curious accuracy the true character of any individual, whose head was submitted to examination. As Dr. Leger has passed away from our sphere, and as it is important that some philosophic mind should take up the subject where he left it, it cannot be too often

repeated that his labours were witnessed by several persons whose testimony was untingered by the prejudices which prevail against all new and bold developments of transcendental science. Dr. Leger, having examined numerous heads of men of high celebrity in London, applied himself to the study of 126 heads of prisoners in the House of Correction at Coldbath Fields; here, not being informed of the offences of the prisoners, and distinguishing them only by the numbers attached to each person, he was able, by adding together the groups of the figures representing the strongest magnetic forces, indicated by the pendulum of his magnetoscope on the concentric circles, to state the offence of each prisoner. The investigations were pursued among lunatics and epileptics, and in this field of enquiry was obtained a curious and most important law, universally applicable to mental philosophy, forming the foundation of my answer to the question of the power of man to resist the evil influences of extraneous will-force operating on the organs of man's brain.

Dr. Leger established as a fact, that the organ of Concentrativeness was the most important safeguard to the moral and intellectual faculties of man; for he found that in all epileptics, and especially the incurable, the magnetic force of this organ of Self-control was either much weakened, or perhaps annihilated, while in one or two organs of the head, it was of excessive and very disproportionate force. This law was found to be applicable, with modifications, to the insane. Thus, Dr. Leger's genius enabled him to indicate to us the physical basis on which rested one of the most important propositions handed down to us by the experience and wisdom of ages; that Self-control, or the habit of regulating and fixing the faculties we are exerting, is the great end of education.

We have now to consider the question, How self-control enables us to evade the influence of our spiritual enemies. Much as it may excite the sceptical tendencies of men, it is right to state boldly that our propensities are all, more or less, allied to our stomachs. There are few of us who do not exceed in the quantity of food eaten at our meals. This is the commencement of bad education. Mothers are unaware of the mischief they perpetrate in indulging their children in the full swing of their appetites. Children should be taught early in life to control their appetites. Nothing is more pernicious than encouraging in them a taste for sweet things. More mischief is produced by allowing children to become addicted to this pernicious habit than unreflecting people are aware of. We are basing the whole philosophy of the human mind on physics, and, at every step, we propose to show, that any aberration from the rule of health produces a tendency to a weakening of the moral and intellectual

faculties, by impairing the digestive functions, and, consequently, unbalancing the relations between them and the organs of the propensities.

We are little aware of the intimate relations which subsist between the due exercise of the moral and intellectual organs and the habit of self-control. Self-control is not only the power of restraining appetite and passion, not only command over appetite and propensity, but it is the regulating force of the human mind, by which the highest aspirations of the soul are attuned and brought into harmony with our powers of reasoning and our faculty of judgment. The man who cannot fix his attention to a train of reasoning has not the capacity to form a judgment. What is, in society, the most common cause of the absence of a habit of fixing the attention to a train of reasoning? Ask those who are daily in the habit of taking into their stomachs more than is good for them, or than they can with perfect facility digest, and if they confess the truth, they will acknowledge that the attention cannot be so easily fixed after, as before dinner. In order to make this more clear, we would urge the consideration that an overmeal is the cause of vast mischief. All surplus blood loads the venous system, and we seek in vain for a due balance in the mental functions, if the brain be not supplied with its due or just proportion of arterial blood. The connection between soul and body is thus so intimate that while our principle of consciousness sojourns on earth, we are indissolubly tied to organized matter. Hence we are subject to physical laws, which is only saying, that we are denizens of nature's domains. Nature is only another word for the universal gradation of forces, which emanate from universal gravitation.

Having proceeded to define the meaning of Self-control, we proceed to the consideration of questions linked with the functions of the organ of Concentrativeness. Seeing, that, in order to the due working of the cerebral organs, Self-control is of such vast importance, we enquire, how the regulating power residing in Concentrativeness, or the power of fixing the attention, operates in mental combinations. Let us take the example of prayer. It is a constant complaint that the thoughts wander in the course of prayer. Why do they wander? Simply, because the *habit* of fixed attention is wanting. The organ of Concentrativeness does not habitually regulate the organ of Veneration. Then of thought? How many of us can regulate his thoughts, especially if he be surrounded by objects which tend to distract his attention? The great Sir Isaac Newton could abstract himself, even in company. Robert Southey, the poet, was in the habit of abstracting himself so completely, that he could write for the press with all his family in the room about him. These



are not common instances, but they illustrate the point, that thought is to be completely controlled by our force of concentrativeness. For correct exercise of the faculty of thought, the habit of self-control is essentially requisite. All rules of logic, all devices of grammar, all respect for facts, and the just inferences from them, would be impossible, but for the constant supervision exercised by Concentrativeness over the moral and reasoning faculties of the mind.

The importance of Concentrativeness suggests many ideas that attach themselves to the large subject we are considering. It is in vain to think of moral principle, without a well-grounded habit of self-control. No man is proof against the allurements of passion, who has not learned to habituate himself to severe habits of self-control. The irascible man is enraged in an instant, unless he has submitted himself to the habit of self-command; and unless the moral sense has been tutored by the habit of self-abnegation, the sensualist abandons himself to his appetites. The consequences need not be dwelt upon. Daily experience forces upon us the consideration that society has not sufficiently considered the importance of the regulating principle of all our cerebral organs.

We are now ready to resume our considerations on the subject of Dr. Leger's discoveries, for we have seen that he estimated very correctly the importance of reducing to a numerical law, the foundation of his physical theory of the forces constituting the human mind. Let it be clearly understood that we do not advocate any material doctrine. Forces are not matter. Our business is with forces—nature's forces—physical forces. Dr. Leger stood alone in his new theory, and he could well afford to do it, as it was based upon the truth. No man, however well versed in the ancient doctrines, could venture to impugn the facts which formed the basis of a theory, which asserted that the aggregate forces of certain phrenological organs, established by an unerring rule, constituted the basis of a man's character. This proposition, Dr. Leger fully proved, and he went further. He proved that the organ of Concentrativeness was the regulating organ of the brain, and that when any very great and remarkable disproportion existed between this and any other organ, shewing concentrative power to be diminished, the subject was the victim of either impaired or disordered intellect, or of epilepsy.\* We are thus trenching

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\* A failure of memory is not an unusual sign of such approaching infirmity. Lately, a German gentleman, Dr. Edward Bick, has been lecturing in London on the best means of improving the memory. Those, who are superficial enough to venture an opinion without due examination, may be assured that the Doctor's proposal is not that of a system of artificial pneumonics. The views

upon the realms of disease to illustrate the fact that nature is always uniform, and that she embraces general principles in the regulation of the mind, whether it be in health or in disease. Aside from this very important proposition, we may well despair of arriving at any truth on the human mind.

In taking leave of our subject, we have to express our belief that, viewed in its proper light, the true philosophy of the mind will illuminate the wide subject of Spiritualism, and will account for all the wild aberrations of religious fanaticism which are found to be so abundant within the precincts of the subject. We allude, not only to the extraordinary phenomena which are termed revivals, in which an extraordinary amount of good is mixed up with undisguised want of self-control; but, to the wild theories of religious belief, which, under the pretence of miraculous insight into heaven and hell, overload the imaginations of men whose organizations are deficient in reasoning power. It is in such cases that Concentrativeness fails to regulate the imaginative faculty, and in which one of the consequences, only very slightly noticed in our present essay, that of spiritual possession, is apt to lead the victim astray. Either the reasoning and the imaginative faculties must both submit to regulation, or the individual must take his choice of the consequences flowing from error.

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## MANIFESTATIONS IN FRANCE.

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WE learn from the *Revue Spiritualiste* that Mr. Home is rusticated at the Château de Cerçay, near Paris. The editor, M. Piérart, in its last number, gives the particulars of a *séance* at which he was present on the 16th of September last.

Mr. Home related to Mons. P. an incident of that morning. He had been standing for some time at a favourite spot in the park, enjoying the fragrant air and delightful scenery, when he heard a voice call out, "Here! Here!" Surprised at an exclamation in English where no English lived but himself, he looked round, but seeing no one, thought himself mistaken, and returned to his enjoyment of the prospect. Again he heard the exclamation, and at the same time felt himself lifted from the

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are founded on a due concentration of attention on certain associations of ideas. This is the old psychological language. I would, with permission, express it thus:—In order to improve the memory by a natural method, it is necessary to associate the intellectual organs of Causality and Comparison, duly regulated by that of Concentrativeness. Enquire, compare, and judge with fixed attention.

ground and planted two paces to the right, when instantly an arm of a tree fell upon the spot where he had been standing. Mr. H. concluded by saying, that he believed his life had been saved by some providential interposition.

“Sitting at the table, Mr. H., in my presence,” says Mons. P., “questioned the spirits on the subject. The answer was, that the voice was that of his mother, and that the spirits who had lifted him were those of his former friends, Leo and Esra, who seldom quit him, and who, with his spirit-mother, are the chief operators in his manifestations. The spirit added, that there were other trees, which were designated, in the park, threatening to fall, and urged that the children should not be allowed to go near them.”

After this communication, a circle was formed by the lady of the house, Madame Tiedeman, Mr. Home, his wife, his sister, and Mons. P.

After loud rapping, the table—a large circular one—rose clear from the floor, and quietly descended again. The lamp, placed in a corner of the room, afforded light enough to enable him to distinguish objects and movements. Presently the spirits’ hands raised the cloth covering the table. Mr. Home asked the guest, for whose sake this *séance* was held, to feel these hands; he did so: they returned his grasp—giving as palpable a pressure as those of a man. Mons. P. made this experiment, he says, ten times or more. The ladies at the table also exchanged grasps of the hands, with emotion. Mr. H. in the meantime maintained a conversation with the spirits by means of the alphabet.

This phenomenon ceasing, Mr. H. took an accordeon in his right hand and held it under the table, his left remaining on its surface; immediately the instrument gave forth a delightful melody. Laying the instrument on the floor, he placed the hand which had held the instrument by the side of the other on the table. The accordeon continued to play. After a little time it ceased; then we heard an echo of the melody, as if played by another accordeon in the park at a distance.

Mr. H. then conversed with the spirits by means of the instrument, they producing notes from it instead of raps on the table. In this way the spirit said that the accordeon had false notes, and proved it, at our request, by sounding these notes in such a way as to produce the most disagreeable discords. The spirit concluded by imitating the sounds of a violin upon it.

“There was on the table,” says Mons. P., “a little bell: Madame Home took this bell and held it under the table. It was taken from her hand and rung. I then felt the bell at my feet; thence, slightly touching my left leg, it ascended ringing into my lap. Mr. H. asked me to take it, but gently. In doing

so, I felt the hand which held the bell—it was small, and warm to the touch. I felt the whole hand distinctly, even to the fingernails. I took the bell from it, and laid it on the table.

“In one of the pauses during the manifestations, the cloth covering the table was raised high in the centre. Mr. H. put his hand to the apex of the tent which the cloth then formed, and said he felt a head. The spirits communicated that it was produced by the temporary materialization of the ethereal cranium of a child whom the hostess had lost, and who sometimes manifests himself, and whom the other spirits on this occasion supported. Luminous hands shewed themselves in various parts, and rested upon the persons of those present. The light being now quite extinguished, luminous forms were visible.

“When the lamp, at the bidding of the spirits, was relighted, the accordeon under the table moved towards me. It was communicated that my guardian spirit—he to whom I am indebted for sudden inspirations—wished to manifest himself to me. A grave and majestic air, in a singular tone, proceeded from the accordeon. With this the *séance* concluded.

“The next day Mr. Squire, from London, formed part of the circle, together with Mons. Tiedeman our host, and Dr. Hoëfer, editor of the *Biographie Universelle*, hitherto an unbeliever. A large heavy oak table rose a considerable height from the floor. Raps resounded all about us. By means of the alphabet, Dr. H. received answers to questions put mentally by him: the greater part of them turned upon points of science, and not within the limits of the knowledge of the mediums. Dr. H. declared himself satisfied with the answers, and wished to continue the conversation; but the spirit proposed that all should now proceed to the tree where Mr. H. had escaped being crushed. Dr. H. still urged his questions, but there being no response, we agreed to proceed to the tree. The arm still remained as it had fallen, one end resting against the trunk, the other imbedded in the earth, so that to detach it from its place would have required all the strength of a man's two arms. Moved by some secret impulse, Dr. H. proposed that Mr. Home should touch with a finger the end of one of the small branches. He did so, and immediately the enormous arm, 13 metres in length, and 95 centimetres in circumference, moved from its point of support and fell. I had had only the testimony of Mr. H. himself as to the previous occurrence at this spot; but, this strengthened it, and showed the operation of something beyond chance.”

Dr. Hoëfer, like the distinguished chemist, Robert Hare, who confessed the truth when it came under his own eyes, not only avowed his conviction, but permits the editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste* to record his testimony to these latter facts.

## GLEANINGS IN THE CORN FIELDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

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### No. I.

#### AN APOLOGY FOR FAITH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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“Tous pensent, personne n'ose dire. Pourquoi? Le courage manque donc? Oui, mais pourquoi manque t' il? Parce que la verité trouvée n'est pas assez nette encore; il faut qu'elle brille en sa lumière, pour qu'on se devoue pour elle. Elle éclate enfin, lumineuse, dans un génie, et elle le rend heroïque, elle l'embrace de dévouement d'amour et de sacrifice. Elle le place sur son cœur, et va à travers les lions.”—MICHELET.

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In my papers in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, on the wonderful story of the Prophets of the Cevennes, I endeavoured to demonstrate that, though there may be from time to time, more extraordinary manifestations of the influence of the spiritual world operating on the incarnated world, “the principle is universal, and belonging to all times and all nations, as essentially a part of God's economy in his education of the human race as the rising and setting of the sun. I have alluded to many points of this in both ancient and modern history, and I am of opinion that one of the greatest works, which Spiritualists can do, is to bring forward the scattered evidences of this great fact: to clear them from the rubbish with which time and prejudice has surrounded them; and to gradually fill in the circle of these, till it stands complete and conspicuous beyond the power of indifference to overlook, or of interest to ignore. Every one in the course of his reading can render some service to this cause: every one can bring some brick, or stone, or piece of timber to the building of this temple of a great truth. The facts in question lie scattered over the whole wilderness of history. Some in Pagan and some in Christian records; some prior to Christianity; some in religions collateral with it; some amongst the ancient fathers; some in the middle, and others in recent ages. What would be a gigantic undertaking for any individual, may become extremely easy to a number, and I invite Spiritualists to put their hands to the work according to their several tracks of reading. The ‘TRUTH-SEEKER’ has done already eminent service in this field, and I trust will do much more; but it will require many Truth-Seekers to range over the whole field of the world, over classical, mediæval, and modern ground, before the grand circle of ages and nations is filled in.”

Since writing that, every day has further convinced me of the great fact thus asserted. There is no part of human history, or human literature which does not abound in the plainest demonstrations of this influence. We find it in almost every book we open: we have it in the Scriptures from the first page to the last; from the Creation to Christ, a period of four thousand years. We have it in all contemporary literature; in the Grecian, the Roman, the Egyptian, the Persian, the Indian, and the Arabian. It glows in the Zenda-Vesta; it stands mountain-high in the Vedas; Buddhu lives in it in divine reverie. Brahma proclaims it in his Avatas; it is the very life-blood of the Scandinavian Eddas. There—

All succeeds to the will,  
Because the Odreijer  
Now have descended  
To the old, holy earth.

If we go into nations that never had a literature, this eternal truth is walking there in all its strength. The American Indians, north and south, had it ages before the white man arrived. The Red Men felt the inspirations of the Great Spirit in their forests, and spoke as inspired by it at their councils. They declared that the angels of the Great Spirit walked as friends amongst their ancestors. The Mexicans prophesied of a people coming in a ship from the East to take from them their long-possessed sovereignty. The Australian natives refuse to go out at night because then, they think, the powers of darkness are in the ascendant. The Obi of the Africans speaks the same language. The conviction of the permanent contiguity of the spiritual presses on the earth-walls of humanity wherever spirit lives.

Passing from the Bible to the book containing the finest writings next to the Bible, the Apocrypha, we find the same great principle taking its easy natural stand as a perpetual agent in human history. Josephus takes it up with the same sober assurance as he takes up his pen. We have the miraculous deeds of the Maccabees: we have the grand apparition of the fiery horse and horseman, and the radiant youths who punished the intrusion of Heliodorus into the Temple of Jerusalem. We have the inspired harbinger of woe, and the dread apparitions and prodigies of the siege of the sacred city. The fathers of the church received the miraculous as part of their gospel heritage. The Christian church—Roman, Grecian and Waldensian—never for a moment doubted the superhuman demonstrations of their religion. Every page of their several histories is freighted with the miraculous. Let anyone read the story of the Greek church, and of the ancient and never secularized church of the Waldenses. Let anyone read the two massy volumes of the Rev. Alban Butler, of the

*History of the Saints*, and the four volumes of *Newman's History of the English Saints*; and add to them the *Legends of the Saints*, by Mrs. Jameson. In these the perpetual stream of miracle flows without a ruffle of doubt. We have pious men and pious women in all ages curing diseases, quenching the violence of fires, walking on waters, raising the dead, as matters belonging to the life and business of Christianity. Has Rome, for secular purposes, invented or falsified some of these things? Probably. But what then of the Waldenses who had no worldly purpose? And are we to believe that most holy men of all ages—men who sought no earthly advantage or glory, and shunned no suffering or shame, are combined in a monstrous lie which every age could confute? In this respect Rome only goes with every other church and every other record. And finally, we have this doctrine of spiritual protrusion maintained by the great leaders of Protestantism: by Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Martyn Bucer, Erasmus, Knox; by some of the greatest bishops of the Anglican church; by the church itself in its collect for St. Michael and all Angels; by the founders of every school of dissent; by foreign teachers and philosophers: Oberlin, Böhmé, Swedenborg, Zchokke, Lavater, Stilling, Kerner, &c.; and by the most eminent of the great modern poets and philosophers: Milton, Bacon, Dante, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, &c., &c.

Thus, then, all times and regions, and greatly gifted and inspired men, held firmly in their several ages and places by the golden chain of Spiritualism, which we now too grasp. It is the great dogma of the universe; it is that "voice of God close whispering within" of Homer, which rebels impatiently against the sophism which would banish ethereal companionship from this material sphere. True, there have been in many ages a sprinkling of Sadducees, a little knot of spiritually-crippled men, as there have been bodily-crippled ones; but the grand total of the healthy world have felt the ever unrelaxed grasp of life from the invisible that surrounds us. It is only since Hobbes and Tindal and Hume, and their continental disciples the Illuminati of Germany and the Encyclopèdists of France, whose faith in no-faith culminated in the French Revolution, that the torpedo-touch of Sadduceeism has been able to enter into education, and to paralyze the science, theology, and literature of an age.

Can this endure? Impossible! The might of all nature, the momentum of all man's history is against it. As well might we expect an eclipse to become permanent; the cholera or the plague to rage for ever. The natural condition of humanity is alliance with the spiritual: the anti-spiritual is but an epidemic—a disease. Come, then, let us see the truth in the face of nature, and confirm our souls in its universality. Let us stroll through the

wide corn fields of Spiritualism. Let us lift our eyes and see that they are white for harvest. There are immensities of grain garnered in its barns, the libraries, that those who will may thresh out. There are too, standing crops—some green, some yet milky in the ear, some golden for the sickle—that we may wander amongst; and as we draw the awned ears through our hands, hear the larks, the poets of all ages, carolling above our heads. Hear Hesiod singing of

Aerial spirits, by great Jove designed  
To be on earth the guardians of mankind.

Hear Homer tell us that—

In similitude of strangers, oft  
The gods, who can with ease all shapes assume,  
Repair to populous cities.

We will sit by reedy brooks in the sunshine, whilst the embattled wheat rustles in our ears, and Socrates shall bid us, as he did Phædo, “not to be inferior to swans in respect to divination, who, when they must needs die, though they have been used to sing before, sing then more than ever, rejoicing that they are about to depart to that deity whose servants they are. But men, through their own fear of death, belie the swans too, and say that they, lamenting their death, sing their last song through grief; and they do not consider that no bird sings when it is hungry or cold, or is afflicted with any other pain, not even the nightingale, or swallow, or the hoopoes, which they say sing lamenting through grief. But neither do these birds appear to me to sing through sorrow, nor yet do swans; but, in my opinion, belonging to Apollo, they are prophetic, and perceiving the blessings of Hades, they sing and rejoice on that day more excellently than at any preceding time. I, too, consider myself to be a fellow-servant of the swans, and sacred to the same god, and I have received the power of divination from our common master no less than they, and I do not depart from this life with less spirits than they.”

We will hear Plato in his *Euthyphron*, speaking of the anti-spiritualists of his day:—“Me, too, when I say anything in the public assembly concerning divine things, and predict to them what is going to happen, they ridicule as mad; and although nothing that I have predicted has not turned out to be true, yet they envy all such men as we are. However we ought not to heed them, but pursue our own course.” We will stand with “Ruth amid the alien corn” of other lands, and the great Boaz of the field, the master-spirit of the world, shall bid his young men drop us handfuls as they reap. In these alien yet kindred fields, Dante shall give us marvellous passages from his *Vita Nuova*; Ariosto shall enchant us with miracles in woods and deserts; and



Boccaccio mingle the marvellous with stories of chivalrous and city life. Schiller and even the world-man, Göethe, shall open glimpses into the swarming regions of those who "are not dead, but gone before." We will have a day with Fenelon and Pascal in the monastic glades and amid the cloisters of old France. For the present, however, let us say a few words on the difficulties of *Faith* to men built up like enclosed knights and nuns of old, in the hollow walls of a one-eyed education.

In the lesser work of Townshend, on Mesmerism, we find the following anecdote:—"A doctor of Antwerp was allowed at a *séance* to impose his own tests, the object of which was to demonstrate vision by abnormal means. He said beforehand, 'If the somnambulist tells me what is in my pocket, I will believe.' The patient having entered into somnambulism, was asked by him the question, 'What is in my pocket?' She immediately replied, 'A case of lancets.' 'It is true,' said the doctor, somewhat startled, 'but the young lady may know that I am of the medical profession, and that I am likely to carry lancets, and this may be a guess; but if she will tell me the number of the lancets in the case, I will believe.' The number of lancets was told. The sceptic still said, 'I cannot yet believe; but if the form of the case is accurately described, I must yield to conviction.' The form of the case was accurately described. 'This is certainly very singular,' said the doctor, 'very, indeed; but still I cannot believe. But if the young lady can tell me the colour of the velvet that lines the case that contains the lancets, I really *must* believe.' The question being put, the young lady directly said, 'The colour is dark blue.' And the doctor allowed that she was right; yet he went away repeating, 'Very curious, still I cannot believe!'"

Nor *could* the doctor have believed had he received an amount of evidence as large as the cathedral of Antwerp. How can a stone man move? How can a petrified man believe? And the scientific, as a class, are petrified by their education in the unspiritual principles of the last generation. These principles are the residuum of the atheistic and material school of the French Revolution. The atheism is disavowed, but the disbelieving leaven remains, and will long remain. It will cling to the scientific like a death-pall, and totally disqualify them for independent research into the internal nature of man, and of his properties and prospects as an immortal being. This education has sealed up their spiritual eye, and left them only their physical one. They are as utterly disqualified for psychological research as a blind man for physical research. They are greatly to be pitied, for they are in a wretchedly maimed and deplorable condition. It is not from them that we have to hope for any

great discoveries in mind : let us only take care that they do not throw their loads of professional clay, their refuse of human dissections, on the subjects of enquiry by more perfect and unpetrified natures. Such natures, as I have stated, existed in all times down to the paralysis which fell on men in the last age. How different is the tone, as I shall hereafter shew, in almost all the great writers of the period even just preceding. What a different creed is promulgated by Sir Thomas Browne, who lived in the 17th century. In his *Religio Medici* he says, " We do surely owe the discovery of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad angels. I can never pass that sentence of Paracelsus without an asterisk of admiration :—' Our good angels reveal many things to those who seek into the works of nature !' I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits ; for those noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard to their fellow-nature on earth ; and I therefore believe that those many prodigies and ominous prognostics which forerun the ruin of states, princes and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good angels, which more careless inquirers term but the effects of chance and nature." And alluding to the school of Hobbes, which was beginning to cast its dark fog on the hitherto bright faith of men, he adds :— " The severe school shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes—that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabric."

How different to the clever men of our time ; and yet Sir Thomas was deemed one of the acutest intellects of his era. Our scientific and literary men stick by the death-creed of Hobbes, Diderot, and Co., and yet, not knowing it, *cannot* believe any great new spiritual fact on *any amount* of evidence. The same petrified class of people in Christ's time, were only the more enraged by accumulated evidence. When, at length, they could not disbelieve Christ any longer, they determined to kill him. Though they saw that his miracles were all benefactions, even to the raising of the dead, they were only the more irritated by that. Instead of melting their petrification, the blaze of evidence made them feel their stony bondage without being able to break it ; and they were the more pinched and cramped by their educational prejudices. In their pangs, nature expanding their perceptions, if not their hearts, but habit and pride still compressing them with a deadly clasp, they grew furious and cried no longer that Christ was an impostor and deceiver, but that he did great things, and that if they let him go on, the whole world would go after him. They therefore seized him and put him to death !

This is an awful picture of the eternal nature of professional pride and materialistic education, and it is the precise picture of the scientific and professional of to-day as it was of the same class in Christ's time. "Not many wise, not many learned, not many great of this world," believed on him. The Pharisees and high priests asked, "Which of the rulers or Pharisees have believed in those things?" So now, as then, it is from the unprejudiced, and often from the uneducated, that the capacity for receiving new truths, on simple and palpable evidence, is to be expected. The general recipients of fresh facts are men and women accustomed to use their own eyes, and not the spectacles of so-called learned men and learned theories. In California and Australia, they were not the geologists who could find the gold, but the plain simple men who sought it not by talk of strata and primaries and tertiaries, Palæozoic and Silurian ages, but by just simply digging after it. Sir Roderick Murchison has long ago announced that he predicted that Australia would prove a gold country by abstract science, and I once believed it. But Mr. Simpson Davison's elaborate *Discovery and Geognosy of Gold Deposits in Australia* has systematically exploded that assertion. Sir Roderick claims to have made this prediction in 1844; but Mr. Davison (p. 153) exhibits Sir Roderick contradicting a precisely similar assertion by Mr. Earl, before the Geographical Society, in June, 1845. We know, too, the Rev. W. B. Clarke had actually published the discovery of gold in 1841, in New South Wales, by himself, so that there needed no such prediction in 1844 or 1845. We know, too, that convicts had discovered it long before that. But strangest of all is the fact stated by Mr. Davison, that Mr. Stutchbury, who on the recommendation of Sir Roderick, was sent out by our Government to Australia as the most suitable geologist to find gold, if there were any, could not find a trace. And in 1851, when the Colonial Secretary announced to Mr. Stutchbury, that Hargreaves, an uneducated digger, had found a gold field in the neighbourhood of Bathurst, officially replied that he had for some time been exploring that very quarter and "*could see no evidence whatever of a precious metal in the Western districts!*"

Such were the results of science; but the untheorized men knew a spade and a pick, and they knew gold when they saw it, and so bagged the metal whilst the learned bagged only a deal of vapoury talk about chloritic schist, and talcose rocks, and Permian deposits. The parallel holds good in psychological gold-digging. They must be men with all their senses unsinged; all their limbs perfect and healthy, and their eyes and minds free as God and nature made them, to seek and find truth. No half-men; no paralytics, who have lost the use of one side, and that the best

side of their intellectual frames, through the vicious habits of an educational process, will ever become the pioneers of the knowledge of the yet undiscovered regions of human nature. As soon might you pit a Chinese lady, with all her toes crumpled up, to run against a full-blood Arabian for the Derby. Let us hope for a more rational education of professional men, when nature and observation shall take the place of theory and the pride of theory. Till then we must go on without them: we cannot wait of men who, as Wordsworth says, have been

Suckled in a Pagan creed outworn.

The great poet tells us that the Greeks felt

A spiritual presence, at times misconceived,  
But still a high dependence, a divine  
Bounty and government that filled their hearts  
With joy and gratitude, and peace and love.

And he asks :—

Shall men for whom our age  
Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,  
To explore the world without and world within,  
Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious souls,  
Whom earth, at this late season hath produced  
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh  
The planets in the hollow of their hand :  
And they who rather dive than soar, whose pains  
Have solved the elements, or analysed  
The thinking principle, shall they, in fact,  
Prove a degenerate race? And what avails  
Renown, if their presumption make them such?  
O, there is laughter at their work in heaven !  
Inquire of ancient wisdom ; go, demand  
Of mighty Nature if 'twas ever meant  
That we should pry far off, yet be unraised,  
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore?

These porers and dwindlers who think—

Our vital frame so fearfully devised  
And the dread soul within it, should exist  
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,  
Probed, vexed, and criticised ;

these microscopic men who will have no evidence of things which they cannot take up with their thumb and fingers, atoms which they can carve and pry amongst, are continually accusing us of *credulity*, as of something mean and imbecile. But what is this credulity? A credulity based on evidence is hardly credulity. But what is the credulity which the Spiritualist indulges in? Will anyone tell us wherein it differs from the credulity of those who saw the miracles of Christ? Those miracles which so offended the Scribes and Pharisees? Wherein does it differ from the credulity of Paul, who believed he saw a miraculous light on his way to Damascus, and heard commands from heaven? Do these very wise ones know that it is to this species of credulity

that both Christ and Paul attribute the very highest and noblest properties? "O! ye of little faith," was the continual cry of the Saviour. Faith, he pronounced to be the sublimest and most meritorious quality of the soul. To faith in messages from the inner world he awarded—salvation! "Whoever believeth in me shall have everlasting life." "If ye have but faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain," &c.

Paul was continually exalting the nature and character of faith. "By Him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the works of the law."—Acts xiii. "Believe, and ye shall be saved."—Acts xvi. "For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith, as it is written, the just shall live by faith."—Romans i. The glory and greatness of Abraham, for which God made him the father of the faithful and the ancestor of Christ, was this faith, or credulity; and he had this credulity so enormously, that when he was promised by a spiritual messenger at a hundred years old, and his wife far past the age of child-bearing, that he should have a son, he staggered not; and he believed not according to nature, but hardily contrary to nature, and gave glory to God. Nay, more; he had such a pitch of credulity that he was ready, at a spiritual command, to kill his own son; a credulity which, in this age, would have made him a laughing-stock, and would have put him in jeopardy of the gallows. Yet God deemed this vast credulity not merely sensible and prudent, but so sensible, so prudent, so noble, that it was entered in God's book of record as the highest and most substantial righteousness. So far from credulity—that is, the quality of mind termed by our learned men, credulity—being deemed imbecile by the Author of all minds, he has set upon it His stamp of divinest approval. In his view it is the sublimest action of the soul: the profoundest philosophy. If anyone would comprehend the grandeur and estimation of faith, or as philosophers term it, credulity, let him read the eleventh of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, in which he reviews the history of the world from Adam to the coming of Christ, and directly attributes all the marvels of the annals of the patriarchs and prophets down to the accomplishment of the Messiahship, to faith. "Faith which subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, made weakness strong," and raised the very dead. "Faith," says Paul, "by which the worlds were made." Faith thus necessary to God himself in the very act of creation. God must have faith in his own powers.

That is the despised quality of faith, or belief in evidence of superhuman things. Nay, we are told by our Saviour himself, in the case of Thomas, that blessed were they who saw not and

yet believed. And that, too, was the opinion of Sir Thomas Browne, already quoted. "Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not the miracle. Now contrarily, I bless myself that I lived not in the day of miracles; that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of the Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom He wrought His miracles, then, had my faith been thrust upon me: nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all who saw not and yet believed."—*Religio Medici*.

They who, then, are ready to accept the sole testimony of their own senses, or of their sane and honest neighbours, of things however extraordinary, are not in Christ's opinion,—nor that of Sir Thomas Browne,—fools and dupes, but blessed. Perhaps those who think themselves very wise in scorning all evidence that does not suit them, may be a little surprised at the amazing value set upon this very credulity, by the highest authority, as a quality that requires a certain soundness of heart, and honesty of purpose, and courage of intellect; a quality which cannot be obtained except by the exercise of the very highest elements of human nature. And equal must be their surprise at the very different estimation in the Gospel of another class of men "in whom God made foolish the wisdom of this world, because they sought it not by *faith*, but, as it were, by the works of the law, for they stumbled at that stumbling-block."—Romans ix.

It would do some people a great deal of good to read that admirable little book of only 89 pages, called *Superstition and Science*, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., and F.S.A., in which, with a rare mixture of acute logic and fine irony, he deals with certain philosophers, the Faradays, Brewsters, and the like. Speaking of superstition, he says:—

"Few persons, I suppose, are really much the worse in mind, body, or estate, for being thought superstitious by their neighbours. As to the matter of fact, every man—except those, if there be any such, who have renounced all belief in everything—is placed somewhere in the scale of credulity: and is looked up to as too high, and down upon as too low, by those who are beneath or above him in faith, just as he is in the matter of learning and money. If we hear that a man is learned, we cannot deny it, for who has not learned something? But it makes a great difference whether the testimony comes from his university, or a village ale-house. If he is rich, whether his neighbour and competitors inhabit Finland or Grosvenor Square. And with regard to superstition, one may commonly judge as to the meaning of the word in any particular case, from the general style and character of him who uses it. If a philosopher is

much excited, and sets up a shout over the solution of a difficulty, or the detection of a fraud, and glorifies it as a triumph over superstition, we may suspect—we must not set it down for certain, but we may, I say, suspect—that he is not only glad to get rid of something which he did not wish to believe, but that he means directly to impugn something else, which he cannot contrive to disbelieve. The panic haste in which a vulgar dread of being thought superstitious, or being driven to believe something disagreeable, call on science and philosophy to come to the rescue—the prostration in which frightened ignorance waits to receive the lesson which it is to turn into nonsense by parrot repetition—the silent awe with which it listens to “profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science, falsely so-called—all this is miserably ridiculous. It is something which cannot be estimated, or even imagined by those who, without taking the trouble to look into facts, and to use the common sense which God has given them, are content to sit down, calm and silent, under the shameful conviction that they are not scientific, and must not pretend to have an opinion, but must just swallow whatever pretenders in philosophy may condescend to tell them.”

Equally excellent is what Dr. Maitland says of credulity; namely, that to believe human testimony is as much a part of our nature as to require food; and that the very men who affect to believe as little as possible, go on for threescore years and ten, believing from hour to hour, and from year to year, what people tell them, on testimony which they cannot have tested, and which, had they a *motive* for it, they would reject on mere hearsay.

I trust this journal will do much to set the world right on these questions. That it will teach people that all attacks on faith under the pseudonym of credulity, do not indicate a philosophical but a shallow mind, incapable, or unwilling to determine the true limits of evidence, and to give a rational concession to the powers of the unsophisticated human mind. That so far from regarding the dicta of mere scientific or literary men on questions of a higher nature than mere physics as decisive, the deplorable blunders and pitiable weaknesses of such men as Faraday, Brewster, Dickens, Dr. Elliotson—the Martyr of Mesmerism turned persecutor of Spiritualism, will do much to cure implicit reliance on men wandering out of their proper provinces. That they will come to regard such men with all honour and respect, as far as they confine themselves to what they have really studied, but at the same time, to regard them as men suffering under the chronic paralysis of faith left on Europe by the French Revolution. That, in fact, all that part of their minds which regards the science of pneumatology is dead, and incapable of any vital process. That, so far as they are concerned, all further

discoveries in the region of our more subtle life and essence is at an end. They must be suffered to die out, as the dried-up stalks and stubble of a past season, and the energies of a new and more equally developed order of minds must be relied on for the prosecution of knowledge more important than even railroads and telegraphs, because embracing the eternities of nature and destiny. Instead of allowing faith to be trodden under foot, under the nickname of credulity, men will become conscious of its truly august character, of its gospel greatness. At the same time that they are careful whilst fixing their eyes on the fair mountains of speculation in the distance, they will be careful to follow the highways of evidence, as they proceed. In such minds, nicknames will cease to possess any influence. To call spirit-enquiries spirit-rapping, will not be regarded as wit, much less as argument, any more than it would be deemed clever to call Christians water-dippers, because they practise baptism. Yet there is a large class of the vulgar who, when they have pronounced the word spirit-rapping, think they have exploded spirit-evidence. These are "of the earth, earthy!" animal existences, in the words of John Keats—

Which graze the mountain-tops with faces prone.

In the meantime, let us say with Jung Stilling in his *Scenen aus dem Geister-Reiche*:—"Ob uns für Narren und Obscuranten erklärt, oder für verrückte Schwärmer hält, das ist ganz unerley: dafür wurde unser Herr und Meister selber gehalten. Lass' uns zu Ihm hinaus gehen, und seine Schmach tragen!" That is, "Whether we are reckoned fools and ignoramuses, or set down as mad fanatics, it is all one: our Lord and Master himself was pronounced such. Let us go out to him, and bear his shame!"

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## CLAIRVOYANCE AS A MEANS OF CURE.

WITH CASES.

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ANCIENT philosophy recognised a reciprocal influence among all entities; between the earth and all the naturally-formed things and beings on it, and between these and the sun, moon, planets, stars—the visible bodies of the macrocosm.

But ancient philosophy also included among entities, invisible or spiritual beings, under various names, to whom it accorded a greater or less influence among the entities of the earth.

The foundations of this philosophy were laid by seers, prophets, oracles—those who were pre-eminently subjects of the "divine sleep"—the trance.



Upon the breaking up of ancient civilization this philosophy disappeared, except so much as was, in its spiritual part, purified and saved in the Christian religion, and as was, in its scientific part, fragmentarily caught up by students of natural philosophy, of whom we have examples in the greater or lesser lights of the "dark ages," and—approaching modern days—in Paracelsus, Van Helmont, Bacon, and others.

In the early Christian church the influence and action of spiritual beings, for the purposes of health, were as much acknowledged by worshippers as in the temples of their progenitors. And this acknowledgment is still made by some sects of the church. But when literary Europe accepted the canons of criticism laid down by Hume and Voltaire, all this was gradually set down as "byegone superstition," and it was held that everything not sensuously present was—in all future time—to be treated as non-existent.

Literature and criticism were in this state when Mesmer, upon whom Van Helmont's mantle had indirectly fallen, revived a part of the old philosophy—the reciprocal influence of all visible entities. He demonstrated that a correspondent property to that of polarity and inclination in the loadstone was possessed by man and other beings. To this magnetism he applied the term *animal*—to distinguish it, in use, from the mineral kind. Tracing disturbance of health, in many cases, to disturbance of magnetic polarity, he and his followers showed that by restoring normal polarity health might frequently be restored.

Overcome by the force of facts which are publicly recognized, the literary world is gradually extending its tolerance to animal magnetism, under its name of mesmerism. It should hasten and accept it thoroughly, for to-morrow it will have to tolerate a higher department of the same subject,—spiritual magnetism;—for this, in some divine order of Providence, begins to be recognized by similar simple ones who kept their eyes open to the facts of animal magnetism.

It was observed by those who treated patients by mesmerism, that they sometimes passed into a new state. Of this state a special study was made. It was found to be divisible into various degrees. In the first degree the channels by which the soul communicates with the external are still half open; the subject seems to be in a kind of *Reverie*. The next degree is that of *Half-sleep*; in it the eyes are closed, but the other senses are not entirely so. The third is that of *Magnetic Sleep* or *Coma*, in which the patient is as if stupefied, but still retains the recollection of sensuous life. The fourth is distinguishable from the preceding by consciousness—this is *Sleep-waking*. The fifth is that of *Introvision*; in which the patient perceives his interior state,

diagnoses his complaint, and indicates remedies. In the sixth the patient passes the bounds of corporeity and enters into *rapport* with other objects and individualities, near and remote in space and time. This is properly called *Clairvoyance*. The seventh is, when well marked, that of *Extasis*, or *Trance*, from *transitus anime*—the passing of the soul through the veil of sense.

The nerve-organism of the human being, taken as a whole, is bipolar—the brain-system representing one pole, the ganglionic the other. The two systems being interlaced by reciprocating nerve-chords and nerve-plexuses into one system. In our ordinary day-life the brain-system is positive, and the ganglionic negative. In our ordinary night-life the ganglionic system is positive, and the brain-system negative. The brain-system is the focal apparatus of sensation and will. The ganglionic that of intuition, instinct, and sympathy. Facts demonstrate that these apparatus are the immediate concrete instruments of the soul, by which it has polar organic relations with the material sphere; and thus on the natural plane is made to move spiritual man, who—through the soul—has polar relations also with the spiritual sphere, as manifested in the phenomena of clairvoyance and trance.

In clairvoyance, and in trance especially, we witness a passing from activity on the external plane of conscious being to that on an internal; in other words, the essential being is polarized from the natural to the spiritual plane: the vito-magnetic currents ceasing, more or less, to circulate through the external nerves, few impressions, or none, are transmitted from without to the brain, but to the organic seat of instinct and intuition: in most subjects the perceptive faculty is intensified, and there is with clear-sight of mundane individualities, spiritual clairvoyance, and perhaps clairaudience. The degree of change thus effected by this spiritual polarization is determined by the idiosyncrasy of the subject; but that, together with the will of the operator, and circumstantial conditions, have also to be taken into account. Under some operators, subjects will exhibit only the phenomena of mundane clairvoyance, while under others they will seem to exhibit the illumination of ancient seership.

This change in the direction of the vito-magnetic forces of the soul may be induced in sensitive subjects, not only by the magnetic process, but also by the day's exhaustion of sensibility, irritability, and will; by various drugs; or, lastly, by wish or passivity, reciprocating, consciously or unconsciously, with the action of a spirit.

For the purposes of exploring hidden states or causes of disorder, and of searching for hitherto unknown remedies in nature—the induction of the state by mesmerism is usual, and perhaps best.

Clairvoyants who perceive not only remote objects on the natural plane, and their states, but also beings and objects on the spiritual plane, may be expected to be affected by the moral states of persons, and also by the essential qualities of naturally-formed things. Every object of the external world—as ancient philosophers taught—whether earth or metal, vegetable or animal, including the human, has its monadial or soul-substance perceptible to a correspondent faculty of the human being, when in the state under view.

These monadial or soul-substances—otherwise called vital, sympathial, aural, aromal, essential—have magnetic, or polar, relations with every other, constituting the bases of sympathy or antipathy. Clairvoyants perceive the vapours, rays, or lines of some concordantly intersecting or blending with each other, while they perceive others, on the contrary, correspondingly repelling. They perceive, further, that each organ of the body has its proper magnetism, and that in the infinitude of natural things there are those which have a magnetism in correspondence with the magnetism of one or other organ.

Human magnetism blends with that of water, producing a resultant of definite activity. Its blending with that of simple drugs explains the activity of the preparations used in homœopathy, inert except where there is polar reactivity to their action.

The human being—the ultimate of Nature, the microcosm, the universe in small—has, we learn, combined in him the elements of the macrocosm—the universe; all monadial qualities and forces, all loves and wills—chemical, vegetable, animal—are in him epitomised: he has thus, in his physical organism, *rappor*t or relation with every being and object in visible nature; and, in the constitution of his soul—with the beings and objects of the invisible world, even, as we are also divinely assured, unto the Father and Author of All.

#### CASES.

It is twenty years ago that I was invited to be present at a visit to a patient of Dr. Elliotson's, Miss Emma Melhuish. Her disease was epilepsy of the gravest character. Her case had been given up as hopeless by two of the most eminent physicians of the metropolis: it was then undertaken by Dr. E., who confined the treatment to keeping her almost continuously in the magnetic state. She was in this state when I saw her. I heard her, in it, describe her own condition, predict the number of fits she would yet have, and when she would have the last. She prescribed medicine for herself. Dr. E. directed that her instructions should be attended to: he said that in this state patients prescribed best for themselves. Her prediction was verified to

the letter, and she recovered. The case is related in one of the volumes of the *Zoist*. It was this case that made me a student of magnetism.

Twelve years subsequently, the same young lady required the extraction of a tooth. Dr. E. recommended it to be done while she was in the sleep. He met her, with her sister, at my house, and mesmerised her. She exhibited no more sensation during the operation than would a board under the drawing of a nail. Before she was restored to the ordinary state, the sister wished to make some appeal to her with reference to a certain affair of the heart. This delicate discussion, in which the lady asleep exhibited more wisdom than the lady awake, being over, I proposed that she should inspect a patient of my own, in an adjoining room. All concurring, we proceeded thither, Emma still in the sleep: she instinctively approached, put her hand upon the patient's neck, and with words of pity gave a diagnosis of the disease—it was one of malignant tumour—and prognosticated the issue. Hospital surgeons afterwards gave conflicting opinions about it: the only remedy, as Emma called it—mesmerism—was neglected: their very orthodox means of cure brought on the end at the time predicted.

In the same year I was one at a mesmeric *soirée* at my namesake's in Hatton Garden. Miss Hall, now Mrs. Wagstaff, was present. In the course of the evening I was invited to test her lucidity. I asked her to accompany me in mind to the house of a patient, Mrs. Wright, of Devonshire Street. This she did, and described her case as if she were immediately before her, and transparent. I said, "Then it is really a case of cancer?"—"I don't know names," she said, "but if you will lead me to a case, I will compare." After consideration I said, "Go to the cancer-ward of Middlesex Hospital." After a few minutes she said that she found eight cases there, two of which were of the kind of Mrs. W.'s. She seemed much attracted to the nurse of the ward, and described her, at my request. The next day I ascertained the truth of her descriptions of the patients in the ward and of the nurse. This clairvoyante was recently from a country town, and, I believe, did not know of such a place as Middlesex Hospital. I had not been in it for years. The issue in this case was also as the clairvoyante predicted.

Three years ago an officer in the army had to sell out, on account of ill-health, and passing through London homeward, he arranged to pass an evening with some friends, one of them a clairvoyante. I was there, and during the evening, she, having expressed willingness to "look at the poor captain," was put into the magnetic sleep. She described the state of the invalid—which had perplexed his doctors, both military and

civilian—and prescribed for him. He recovered under the treatment she pointed out. It was remarked, that the clairvoyante spoke in the character of his mother, whom she had not known.

The faculty presents itself with a specialty in most clairvoyantes, and is rarely found in such facility and applicability, as in instances where it is disciplined and periodically exercised, for example, in Mons. Adolphe Didier, and, among ladies, Mrs. Wagstaff, Mrs. Jones of Derby, and Mrs. Welton, who all reserve their faculty for medical use.

The sensitiveness, (to use Reichenbach's word), of a clairvoyante almost demands professional supervision in its employment, not only with reference to the exactness of *rapport* between clairvoyante and patient, but to the safety of the clairvoyante in guarding her against the possible transfer of morbid actions from the patient. Mrs. Welton, of whom I know most, has been particularly subjected to grave inconvenience. She was once put *en rapport* with a distant patient by means of a lock of hair. She described the state of the lady, and said that her mouth was sore. But the clairvoyante's mouth became strangely sore. Her magnetizer put her into the sleep to find the cause of this. She perceived, now, that it had been induced by *rapport* with the patient. She selected for herself the proper antidote to mercury: she further directed that she should never be put *en rapport* with a stranger, without a piece of sulphur at hand, which she said would be sufficient to neutralize mercury from patients under inspection. This instance, and I could cite several equally strong, suggests care, and also enquiry.

The *rapport* between clairvoyante and patient not being at all material, unless human bodies be admitted to be of indefinite diameter, there must be circuit between them. Is this circuit immediately between the psychical portions of the two individuals? *Portions*, I say, for the psychical being must be one, *magnetically* with the material.

The clairvoyant psychical portion of the being, and the torpid material portion, ought to be regarded respectively as the positive and negative poles of one being: the affections of the positive being conveyed to the negative. The clairvoyante's account is that the aura of the sulphur affects her magnetism, and through that her body. The action of mercury in a patient *en rapport* with her is also aural: the solid part of the mineral which affects her may be miles away.

*Rapport*, then, is the establishment of magnetic circuit. I have related other instances of this circuit in my little work on Hygienic Clairvoyance: in the instance above, the means of

*rapport* was hair, but any thing, or person, which serves as means of *rapport* must be treated as a link in a chain of magnetic communication between clairvoyante and patient.

I shall here present from my notes, a few more instances of this circuit :—

Miss D——. The clairvoyante, having inspected this young lady by personal *rapport*, received from her an envelope containing blotting paper breathed upon by her sister. The clairvoyante said, "Dear me, how is this? I see your mother—so plainly—much more so than your sister—and she is not well: she gives me head-ache and cold feet; (she coughed) and she has a dry cough." Miss D. said, that her mother was so complaining. Having selected medicine for Mrs. D., the clairvoyante withdrew her attention from her, and directed it to the patient from whom the paper came. Having finished her inspection, she laid the paper down, when I saw that it was inked. In the absence of new, Miss D. said, in answer to my question, that her sister had taken a piece from her mother's blotting-book. The clairvoyante said, "Then I can understand it. When I held the paper the vapour about it showed in its centre not Miss Elizabeth but her mother; but you see that her hand and breath must have often passed over it, charging it with her magnetism." If the paper had been taken from the book of a stranger a disturbing element would have been introduced into the circuit; but having inspected the mother before, she recognized her.

The magnetic fluid of a patient, thus perceptible to the clairvoyante "as a vapour," is truly objective. Mayo, in his *Popular Superstitions*, asks, "Is it possible that each person has his distinguishable measure of Od?" (Reichenbach's word for the same thing.) Each of a party of gentlemen mesmerised each a separate sovereign; and we found, on each trial, that the trance-soma, which contact with the gold thus mesmerised induced, had a characteristic duration for each of us." . . . . "I conceive," continues Mayo, "that the lock of hair or letter on which the hand has rested, is charged with the Od-fluid emanating from the distant person; and that the clairvoyante measures the force and quality of this dose of Od, and individualizes it. Then, using this clue, distance being annihilated to the entranced mind, it seeks for, or is drawn towards, whatever there is more of this same individual Od any where in space. When that is found the person sought is identified, and brought into relation (magnetic circuit) with the clairvoyante."

It is related of Caspar Hauser, who had been brought up in the night-life, in abnormal seclusion from every-day influences, that he was extremely sensitive to the magnetic, or odic action of metals; that he could tell—through obstacles—where a needle

was placed; he would point to the exact spot and say, "It draws here;"—clearly by the circuit.

August 30.—Inspecting to-day a distant patient, by a letter, she did not see ordinary personal particulars, but exhibited physical proof of circuit with the patient, quite satisfactory to the friend who brought it, and who was in the habit of mesmerising him: the clairvoyante's arm became cold and semi-paralytic like that of the patient. This clairvoyante frequently perceives disorder, and reflects it in her own person and sensations, without being able to say anything of the patient beyond temperament, sex and age.

A curious and complicated instance of circuit presented itself in relation to the patient just mentioned. The clairvoyante asked the patient's friend, Mrs. C——, to get him to cut off a lock of his hair with his own hand for her inspection, and enclose it in silk, in order to shut off every foreign influence. This the patient did, and forwarded it to Mrs. C—— in an envelope. The elements of the circuit were thus—clairvoyante, patient, hair, Mrs. C——. Her husband seeing a packet addressed, as he thought, to him, took it up from where Mrs. C—— had laid it in readiness to bring, and the moment he opened the silk enclosing the hair, Mrs. C——, who was in the next room, felt a nervous shock, and called out. On Mr. C——'s relating the incident to me I considered it an instance of invasion of vito-magnetic circuit. It should be observed that Mrs. C—— had frequently mesmerised the invalid.

September 5.—I was engaging the clairvoyante's attention this morning with a case, when a message was sent up to me to come down to "an accident." I hastened down without waiting to awake her. When I returned I found she had kept my wife, whom I had left with her, informed of what was going on below. At first she wanted to follow, but thought it might "put me out;" she had then said the boy was more frightened than hurt; and when I returned to the room I communicated no news when I said I had dismissed him. But before she could resume the examination of the case I had to remove the now disturbing element in the circuit by waking her first.

October 20.—A patient, Mr. W——, who had gone to Paris, wrote:—"I send blotting paper on which I have breathed; I have made a rent in it to distinguish it from the other piece in which I have wrapped it," &c. I merely opened the envelope and handed it and contents to the clairvoyante in the sleep. She handed me the note, as not wanting it. Having glanced at it, I turned and saw that she had thrown aside the containing piece, and was making her observations through the torn piece. Nothing could demonstrate better this wonderful instinct in

action. The circuit with this patient through this means of *rapport* was perfect.

Having awakened her, while talking to her and making notes, I remarked that she still seemed half asleep. "No," she said; "but I feel an unpleasant fluid about me." "Let me put you to sleep, and bring you back more completely."—"Perhaps, yes." When asleep, she said, "I understand it now. When I was looking at Mr. W——, Buxton came up to me and touched me after he had been handling brass; and the effect remained after you brought me back: but it will go off now."

It is to be observed that Buxton,—a young friend who had been sometimes *en rapport* with the clairvoyante,—had entered the room with a brass-bound case just as I was beginning to wake her, and approaching and imitating my movements, said: "Oh, let me see if I can wake her, sir." To this she had exclaimed, "Don't let him touch me now." The youth's making a pass or two, under the circumstances, introduced into the circuit a metal which is obnoxious to her when in the sleep.

Mr. R.—On taking the hand of this patient, with whom she had often been *en rapport*, she asked, "Have you not some one's hair in your pocket?"—"Yes." "A lady's?"—"Yes; I want you to look at her." "Put it on the mantel-piece for the present: it prevents me from seeing you." Mr. R. was astonished: he did not confess to personal affection for the lady; but that must be understood to make the incident intelligible by the explanation of the circuit. The clairvoyante would not look at the hair of the lady until Mr. R. had gone: his immediate presence would have disturbed her *rapport*. Strongly anxious feeling in any one in the circuit embarrasses her perception. She always got well into *rapport* with Mr. R.; on the very first occasion her eyes retained the same feeling, and even appearance as his, for some time after awaking.

Freedom from anxious emotion on the part of those she examines, is as requisite as calmness in herself, for clear perception. Freedom also from anything that excites, is requisite. Patients, who may have "dined out" the day before, or who are fond of strong scents, only trouble her vision. Such, sometimes, think clairvoyants are at fault, when the fault belongs to themselves.

One day, after I had, as I thought, sent her to sleep, she suddenly woke up, and said, "Something is entangled with the magnetic fluid to-day. It produced the sensation of a ball in my throat; I tried to swallow it, but it seemed to explode, and I woke up at the same time. It tastes like carraway." That morning I had handled a phial containing oil of carraway. My magnetising was of no use on that occasion. In demonstrating



the magnetic circuit of *rapport*, the necessity of care exhibits itself—not only on the part of the clairvoyante and magnetiser, but on that of the patient—not to bring into the circuit any disturbing elements; which are embarrassing just in proportion as clairvoyants are sensitive.

I have some notes which point at the introduction of a spiritual element into the circuit. The clairvoyante was behind her usual hour one morning. She said that when about half-way, a voice sounded, "Go back." She thought it was some distant exclamation, and proceeded. She heard the voice again, and felt herself stopped by some invisible agency, still hearing "Go back." She returned home. Her little boy had fallen, and was considerably hurt. She said that the same voice said what she should do in her perplexity, namely, "Magnetise, and arnica lotion." When she was in the sleep, she said that she found it was her mother and another spirit, who had turned her back.

She drew her hand wavingly from mine one day on her passing into the sleep, and said, "What a beautiful red and blue ray came from your hand!" "And yet I don't feel well," I said. "It came from Dr. Ley," she answered; "We are on these occasions surrounded by invisible friends, who sometimes magnetise through you, and who make use of my tongue. I have to express what they would say, which I do very imperfectly."

The same day, she was, while in the sleep, locally magnetising a patient. He said, "That does me good." "We should do much more good," she replied, "if all were believers like you." He asked, "How is it you know so well what to do in this state?"—She pointed upwards. "Is the mind," he went on, "in this state among spirits?"—"I see them about us." "Are you in spirit as you will be after death?"—"Indeed, I hope to be better and happier. You may awake me, now."

Mr. Welton has told me that his wife is very much in vito-magnetic *rapport* with a nephew whom she brought up from a child. One night, he said, she was repeatedly drawn out of bed, as if by some tractive force. She told him, she perceived spiritually that something was the matter at James's, and would have gone to her nephew's if her husband had not opposed. As soon as the house was opened, James, her nephew, presented himself, entreating her to go and see his wife, who had been taken ill in the night. He had earnestly waited for the morning to fetch her. We must in such cases admit vito-magnetic circuit with or without spiritual co-operation.

Human beings are spirits in material bodies. A magnetiser, whether in a material or spiritual body, can establish a magnetic

circuit, more or less perfect, between himself and other individuals and objects, according to ascertainable laws.

The conclusions to which the writer has come, however satisfactory to himself, may only, after all, be acceptable to the reader as suggestions. The subject demands enquiry. What he has here written may be accepted as the contribution of a practical and experienced observer.

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### THE HASHEESH EATER.\*

HASHEESH is a resinous gum extracted from the *Cannabis Indica*, or Indian hemp, and from time immemorial it has been known amongst the nations of the East as possessing powerful stimulant and narcotic properties. Throughout Turkey, Persia, Nepaul, and India, it is used at this day among all classes of society as an habitual and most degrading indulgence; and it is, perhaps, from its so extensive daily use as a pleasurable stimulus and popular vice, that it has lost interest in the field of scientific research.

A perusal of this book, in which the author describes his experience of continued doses of the seductive drug, is well calculated to invite the deepest thoughts of all who are engaged in the study of the mind, and of the laws under which it works. It also opens out a wide field of inquiry and research as to the different states induced in the mind, both in the waking and sleeping state of the body, not only by various drugs, but by food of different kinds, and this inquiry may be prosecuted either from the materialistic or the spiritual side with more or less of advantage.

A writer in a late number of *Dr. Winslow's Psychological Journal*, has a thin article, "On a Particular Class of Dreams induced by Food," in which he classes together a number of dreams, deducing from them only that the dreamer mixes up with his dream some circumstance drawn from or connected with the fish or other food which is disagreeing with him, and that all deranging influences or disturbing tendencies thereby affect the brain. And the writer throws out:—

"We may therefore assume, that when dreaming, we have the power of painting scenes marvellously striking or exquisitely beautiful, these cannot be

\* *The Hasheesh Eater, being Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean.* London: Sampson Low, Son & Co., 47, Ludgate Hill.

regarded as induced by organic impressions, but by the inherent power of the soul which dimly perceives its own vast capacity and sublime destiny. In a word, we regard the fact as established, that dreams merely indicate certain disturbed conditions of the organic instruments of the mental faculties, through which the soul manifests its power and capacity, and by which it is capable of taking cognizance of the outer world; but even under such conditions it can excogitate and create new and unknown states, and therefore it furnishes the strongest evidence that it has an independent existence."

If, then, the soul has this independent existence, which in sleep is sometimes opened out to it, so as to enable it to travel into other states where are "scenes marvellously striking or exquisitely beautiful," is it too much to conclude that these are real scenes, and, to some extent, not entirely produced, though they may be modified, by organic impressions. The Materialist and Spiritualist are at issue on this point, which is the only one of real interest in the investigation, for we do not want to be told at this day that the soul is immortal, but rather to inquire from its extraordinary powers over time and space if these powers are to be exercised over nothing, or whether they do not of themselves loudly proclaim that they are exercised upon intense realities, and that when we go hence, "we are not to become nothing and to go nowhere."

Let the hasheesh eater, in this controversy, come to our aid, and let us learn from his experience the wonderful states of mind induced by taking a pill of thirty grains of this "olive brown extract, of the consistency of pitch, and of a decided aromatic odour," and then let us say if this may not be a foregleam to science of the illimitable powers and states of the soul, and of the most real state of its after life amongst most real objects.

The author in comparing his visions and expansions of the mind with those narrated by De Quincey, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," says, that occasionally there are actual resemblances both in incident and method, and he accounts for this by avowing his conviction that "we both saw the same thing. The state of insight which he attained through opium, I reached by the way of hasheesh. Almost through the very same symbols as De Quincey, a hasheesh friend of mine, also saw it, as this book relates, and the vision is accessible to all of the same temperament and degree of exaltation, and so I account for the resemblance by saying, 'There is such a fact.'"—"Just as inevitably as two men taking the same direction will arrive at the same place, will two persons of similar temperament see the same mysteries of their being, and yet the same hitherto unconceived facts."

The drug begins to take effect, and the writer thus describes his feelings:—

"Ha! what means this sudden thrill? A shock as of some unimagined vital force shoots without warning through my entire frame, leaping to my fingers

sands, piercing my brain, startling me till I almost spring from my chair. I was in the power of the hasheesh influence.

"No pain anywhere—not a twinge in any fibre, yet a cloud of unutterable strangeness was settling upon me, and wrapping me impenetrably in from all that was natural and familiar. Endeared faces of those in the room with me, surrounded me, yet they were not with me in my loneliness. I had entered upon a tremendous life, which they could not share. If the disembodied ever return to hover over the hearth-stone which once had a seat for them, they look upon their friends as I then looked on mine. A nearness of place with an infinite distance of state—an isolation, none the less perfect for seeming companionship. As I heard once more the alien and unreal tones of my own voice as I began to reply to a question from a lady, I became convinced that it was some one else who spoke and in another world. I sat and listened, still my voice kept speaking. Now for the first time I experienced that vast change which hasheesh makes in all measurements of time; the first word of the reply occupied a period sufficient for the action of a drama, the last left me in complete ignorance of any point far enough back in the past to date the commencement of the sentence. I was not in the same life which had held me, when I heard it begun.

"And now with time, space expanded also. I was sitting in an arm chair, at a distance of hardly three feet from the table, around which the members of the family were grouped. Rapidly the distance widened—the whole atmosphere seemed ductile, and spun endlessly out into great spaces, surrounding me on every side. Oh, I could not bear it. I should soon be left alone in the midst of an infinity of space.

"I had a dual existence. One portion of me was whirled unresistingly along the track of this tremendous experience, the other sat looking down from a height upon its double, observing, reasoning and serenely weighing all the phenomena. Presently it warned me that I must go home, lest the growing effect of the hasheesh should incite me to some act which might frighten my friends. Solemnly I began my infinite journey."

And the author vividly describes the illimitable transmutations of that walk through the streets to his own rooms, and there the state becoming heightened, and he frightened at his so new sensations, he would go to a physician in a neighbouring street.

"I looked down the stairs—the depth was fathomless—it was a journey of years to reach the bottom. I never could get down. I sat me down despairingly upon the topmost step. Suddenly a sublime thought possessed me. If the distance be infinite, I am immortal. It shall be tried;" and so, like other things that are tried, it was at last accomplished; and the doctor desired him, after hearing his case, to step on the landing and call his servant.

"I did so, and my voice seemed to reverberate like thunder from every recess in the building. I was terrified at the noise I made. I learned in after days that this impression is only one of the many due to the intense susceptibility of the sensorium produced by hasheesh. Once I caught myself shouting and singing from very ecstasy, and could not believe my friend when he assured me I had not uttered an audible word. The intensity of the inward emotion had affected the external through the internal ear. I returned and stood at the foot of the doctor's bed, and now a still sublimer mystery began to enwrap me. "I stood in a remote chamber at the top of a colossal building, and the whole fabric beneath me was steadily growing in the air; higher! higher! for ever, into the lonely dome of God's infinite universe we towered ceaselessly. The years flew on; I heard the musical rush of their wings in the abyss outside of me, and from cycle to cycle, from life to life I careered, a mote in eternity and space. Suddenly emerging from the orbit of my transmigrations, I was again at the foot of the doctor's bed, and thrilled with wonder to find that we were both unchanged by the measureless lapse of time. The servant had not come. 'Shall I call her again?' 'Why, you have this moment called her.' 'Doctor,' I replied solemnly, 'it appears as if sufficient time has elapsed since then for all the pyramids to have crumbled back to dust. The thought struck me that I would compare my

time with other people's. I looked at my watch, found that its minute-hand stood at the quarter mark past 11, and abandoned myself to my reflections. . . . . It was the army of the ages going by into eternity. A god-like sublimity swallowed up my soul. I was overwhelmed in a fathomless barathrum of time, but I leaned on God and was immortal through all changes. And now, in another life, I remembered that far back in the cycles I had looked at my watch to measure the time through which I passed. The impulse seized me to look again. I had travelled through all that unmeasureable chain of dreams in thirty seconds. 'My God,' I cried, 'I am in eternity. In the presence of that first sublime revelation of the soul's own time, *and her capacity for an infinite life!* I stood trembling with breathless awe. Till I die, that moment of unveiling will stand in clear relief from all the rest of my existence. I hold it still in unimpaired remembrance as one of the unutterable sanctities of my being. *The years of all my earthly life to come, can never be as long as those thirty seconds.*

"Never was I more convinced that our translation of St. Paul's words, as to his God-given trance, 'which is not lawful for a man to utter,' should be, 'which it is impossible to utter to a man,' for this alone harmonizes with that state of intuition in which the words are 'speechless words,' and the truths beheld have no symbol on earth which will embody them. In some of my states there were symbols of an earthly nature used, which not only had never before conveyed to me such truths as I then saw, but never had expressed any truth at all. Things the least suspected of having any significance beyond their material agency, were perceived to be the most startling illustrations and *incarnations of spiritual facts.*"

There is not space for more of these wonderful revelations; but, alas for poor humanity, which must not seek whilst in the body to trespass too far into the realms of spirit. The body has been degraded down, till it is not fit for such enlightenment without paying through its organs for the intrusion; and there is quite another picture on the opposite side, which should prevent the habitual use, which at once becomes an irrevocable abuse of the subtle drug, and which we hope the reader will bear in mind, should he be tempted to make the experiment of taking it. For all purposes of science there are already sufficient data given to employ its best energies for some time to come, in anatomizing the facts, which fully prove these wondrous expansions of the senses of which the inner man is capable, and that there is nothing too beautiful or too grand to believe of the soul. If its visions seem falsified by matter, it is only because they are above it, and that in its prophetic gazings, it mirrors a higher and more ethereal incarnation of the creative spirit that yet communes with it through the passages of the fleshly sense.

How suggestive is the following as given by the author:—

"Though as perfectly conscious as in his natural state, he still perceived every word that was spoken to him *in the form of some visible symbol*, which most exquisitely embodied it. For hours *every sound had its colour and its form* to him as truly as scenery could have them. He recognized in distinct inner types every possible sensation, our words making a visible emblematic procession before his eyes, and every perception, of whatever sense, *becoming tangible to him as form, and audible as music.*"

There is something more than the mere fascinating activity of speculation in knowing things like these. Their value consists in acquainting us with the fact that in our minds we possess a

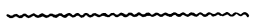
far greater wealth than we have ever conceived, and such a discovery may do much for us in every way, making material ends seem less valuable to us, and encouraging us to live well, for the sake of a spirit which possesses such fathomless capacities for happiness, no less than for knowledge.

May there not be a condition of the soul in which every object of our perception shall infuse into us at once, all the delight of whose modifications now but one alone trickles in through a single sense. With a more ethereal organization, the necessity for dividing our perceptions into the five modes now known, may utterly pass away, and the full harmony of all qualities capable of teaching or delighting, may flow in at once to ravish the soul.

Thirty grains of hasheesh has revealed this possibility to us, that sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell, may be effects, to speak after the common nomenclature, of the same object, or only one grand effect, divided into several by transmission, and thus again that the tendency of discovery is invariably from the vast periphery of facts, inwards to one single central law.

Let the *Psychological Journal*, whose business it is, take up such drug effects as these, and reason upon them from the periphery to the centre, or as near to the centre as it can get. The particular class of dreams induced by food, will help them to further facts, and there are as distinct and invariable effects also produced by other drugs, such as opium, belladonna, and many others, which equally require investigation.

There are remarkable phenomena, too, of a physical kind produced by hasheesh. A series of experiments have been made with it by members of the medical profession, at Calcutta, during the last ten years, which prove it to be capable of inducing all the ordinary symptoms of catalepsy and even of trance, and in a work by Dr. Mill, on *The Use of Clairvoyance in Medicine*, is a passage which probably points to this drug as having a direct and specific effect in inducing and developing the clairvoyant state. Many of the phenomena produced by it point also to the great probability of its being useful in cases of insanity, in driving out the lesser visions and phantasmic transmutations, by its own deeper and more intense activity. And this, it appears, has not yet been tried in anything like the doses found necessary by the author to produce what is called the hasheesh state.



On Sunday evening, September 31st, a sermon was preached at All Saints Church, Margaret Street, by the Rev. Mr. Gutch, on Hebrews i. 14—"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" In his sermon on this text, the reverend preacher expounded clearly, and with great force advocated the Spiritualist and Scripture doctrine of Ministering Spirits and Guardian Angels; and was listened to by the large congregation with the deepest attention.

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine"*

SIR,—At the request of a "spiritual friend," I give you an account of what took place at a *séance* at the mansion of a person of distinction, in Hyde Park Terrace, London, in July last.

Two baronets—one an M.P., and the other the heir and representative of a deceased M.P. of eminent ability; the wife of a distinguished living M.P.; a German lady; the lady of the house—a medium; another lady—a medium; Mr. D. D. Home, the American, or rather the Scotland-born medium; and myself—making eight in number were present. The hour was a little after 9, p.m. Neither of the three first-named parties had ever seen any spirit manifestations, and, as far as perfect politeness admitted in the house of a believer and spirit medium, they were evidently sceptics: the rest of the party were mediums of greater or less power, and seemed quite as much interested in watching the effects of the spirit manifestations on the three newcomers, as in any spirit manifestations that could be shewn. We all made a circle round a heavy lloo table, capable of seating nine persons comfortably (crinoline included), and all placed their hands on the table, which was covered with an ordinary damask cloth (a powerful non-conductor of electricity, completely negating the theory that spirit manifestations were brought about by electricity), and we were desired by Mr. Home to chat and talk as naturally and cheerfully as we could, and not to be too eager or expectant of spirit manifestation, which he stated had a strong tendency to defeat the object. Accordingly we made ourselves as merry as we could, and laughed and chatted, and told anecdotes of a laughable character, to carry out the advice of Mr. H. In about five or ten minutes, which passed very agreeably, the table was tilted and turned beyond the power of our hands laid on the table, had we all tried to turn it mechanically. There were six lights burning in the room. The floor (a first floor) shook and trembled in a manner that all thought resembled the vibrations or tremulous motion on a small steamer's deck when the paddles are in full work: some said it more nearly resembled the tremulous motion on a screw steamer's deck, in which I concurred. This tremulous motion ceased at intervals and was renewed, and this seemed to strike the newcomers very forcibly: it was amusing to notice their startled looks, though they said but little beyond concurring in the observations as to the tremulous movements. The walls also shook at times with a tremulous motion. The table, which was a very large and heavy one, was frequently lifted a few inches from the ground, and at last it rose from the ground at least three feet, and remained thus suspended 'twixt heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, for a minute or thereabouts, probably more than less, the gentlemen were invited by Mr. Home to sweep with their legs underneath the table whilst so suspended, to ascertain if any machinery was underneath, and the two gentlemen who were newcomers swept with their legs under the suspended table to catch any prop or other machinery that might be applied to raise the table, and they confessed that no such machinery or prop was present.

This *séance*, wonderful as it will appear—"stranger than fiction"—was not considered to be an entirely successful one; and the lady of the house, with characteristic kindness and true politeness, after apologetically speaking of the meagreness of the manifestations, invited me to another *séance* on the following evening—an invitation I most gladly accepted, although it kept me in London an extra day, and overthrew all my previously arranged movements. At this second *séance* we met rather earlier—a little after 8, p.m.—in the same first-floor room: the *séance* partly consisted of the German lady; a friend of the family; a barrister of eminence of 14 years' standing at the bar and well known to the public; a literary man—an author of established reputation; the lady medium of the previous evening; the lady of the house; Mr. Home; and myself—making altogether eight persons; all being on this occasion believers, except the author, and all but the barrister, the author, and the German lady, mediums; and it may be remarked that the author had written a work on a kindred subject to Spiritualism, which had caused a great sensation in the scientific as well as the literary world.

The same tremulous motion of the floor and walls as on the preceding evening

took place; and the table was tilted and turned with even greater power than before, and rose perpendicularly from the floor, from three to four feet, and remained in this position suspended (Mahomet's coffin fashion) for about a minute, and then descended to its original place as softly and gently as the fall of a snow flake. An accordion was then played by an unseen hand, whilst it was held by one of the party present, as well as by myself. I held it over the back of the chair on which I was sitting, using the back of the chair as a rest to my arm, the accordion hanging over the back of the chair. I sat on the opposite side of the table to Mr. Home and the lady of the house. The accordion was also played whilst lying on the floor, and also on the table, and was lifted without visible means from the floor on to the table. Music of a solemn and impressive character was played on the accordion by invisible agency.

I happened to use the word "*death*" in speaking of a deceased brother when the music of the accordion was instantly changed into the most discordant notes, indicative of reprobation, I ever heard from that or any other instrument (violins not excepted). The lady of the house remarked: "You have used the forbidden word, for the spirits always say there is no death." I apologised to the spirits for using the forbidden term—pleading ignorance, when, even before my apology was half uttered, the discordant notes ceased, and the harmony was resumed with a softened cadence indicative of satisfaction and forgiveness. Subsequently, when the accordion was not being played on, I again inadvertently used the forbidden word "*death*," alluding to the same brother, when three heavy rapid and decisive knocks underneath the table (strongly indicative of disapprobation and reprobation) were heard; I again apologised, when three gentle raps were heard from the same quarter, indicative, it seemed, of approbation and forgiveness. I asked if "*departed this life*" was an allowable phrase, when two seemingly indecisive raps, indicative of "doubtful," were heard.

A small spirit-hand, warm and soft like that of a child, touched my hand and placed in it a small hand-bell, and, at my request, took the bell from my hand underneath the table to its mother, who was the lady of the house, and who seemed perfectly satisfied that it was the spirit-hand of her little boy, who died three or four years since, aged about eight years, and whom she addressed as such, and received repeated responses, spelt out through the alphabet, such as might be expected from the spirit of a deceased child to its mother.

The bell was carried to several of the parties present and placed in their hands; and lastly, was elevated above our heads, and touched most of our heads, and rung in mid-air, revolving round and touching our heads (my own included). I could see the bell when it passed round my head opposite the window. I could see the bell occasionally as it passed between me and the window, the blinds of which had been drawn down by invisible agency, which was unmistakeably patent to all—the blinds having been drawn up and let down several times apparently with no other object than to prove the absence of human agency. Pieces of mignonette and geranium flowers were placed in my hands by spirit hands, and inside my waistcoat. I saw one of the hands distinctly, which, as it came between me and the window, was distinctly visible, as the blinds did not altogether exclude the light of a summer evening and the gas lights in the street.

The curtains at last were drawn by invisible means, and then Mr. Home stated he was being lifted up by the spirits, and he crossed the table over the heads of the parties sitting around it. I asked him to make a mark with his pencil on the ceiling. He said he had no pencil. I rose up and said I would lend him mine, and by standing and stretching upwards I was enabled to reach his hand, about seven feet distant from the floor, and placed therein a pencil, and laying hold and keeping hold of his hand I moved along with him five or six paces as he floated along in the air, and only let go his hand when I stumbled against a stool. Mr. Home, as he floated along, kept ringing the small hand-bell to indicate his locality in the room, which was probably 40 by 30 feet, and I saw his body eclipse two lines of light issuing from between the top of a door and its architrave—such door leading into an adjoining room that was brilliantly lighted. Mr. Home was replaced, as he stated, with the greatest care and gentleness in the chair from which he rose.

Previously to Mr. Home's ascension, the spirit-hands of two of the barrister's



deceased children touched him, and, I believe, were placed in his hands. He was greatly excited and affected, and at first shrunk away from the touch to the extent of pushing his chair violently from the table, and with so much excitement as to cause him to apologise to the lady of the house for thus giving way to his feelings, stating he had never before been touched by a spirit-hand, and that the touch of his deceased children's spirit-hands had for a moment quite overcome him. He did not doubt that the hands were the spirit-hands of his dead children.

Questions were asked of the spirits, and rational answers given by means of the alphabet, in one of the ordinary ways of communicating with spirits. It is right that I should say, that this *séance* (as in the preceding evening) was commenced with prayer, which I understood was the usual course of proceeding at these *séances*.

I make no comments on the above, and advance no theory or hypothesis. I have confined myself simply to facts, which I could substantiate by legal evidence in a court of justice; and I add my name, address, and profession, and have only one desire, and that is—that truth may prevail.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Wason Buildings, Liverpool.

JAS. WASON, Solicitor.

### THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

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

SIR,—I am thankful for your putting into the Magazine, of August, the letter of Dr. Dixon, giving an account of some of my daughter's powers.

I told Dr. D., that in consequence of the untrue things printed in *All the Year Round*, my daughter lost an engagement for two years. Mr. Dickens's paper was not only the means of her losing that, but it has prevented her getting another since.

I had hoped that this power in my daughter would have been the means of aiding—and honestly too—in the support of our family, for my husband is at times scarcely able to work from asthma; but the effect of the misrepresentations in *All the Year Round*, has been to deprive us of that aid willingly given by Charlotte. I am thankful, however, that through Dr. D.'s letter some enquiries have been made, and the phenomena have been witnessed, both here and at their own houses, by some parties of ladies and gentlemen, to whom, if need be, I may refer. All the phenomena witnessed through my daughter, are perhaps more satisfactory to parties at their own residences, but we should be glad to satisfy enquirers into those phenomena which relate to the irons, at our own abode, in the afternoon of Wednesdays and Saturdays; the other afternoons my daughter attends school.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

23, Ossulston Street, Somers Town.

HELEN SMITH.

## Notices of New Books.

*Spiritualism, Swedenborg, and the New Church; an Examination of Claims.* By EDWARD BROTHERTON, London: W. White.

SWEDENBORG is the greatest name in Spiritualism. From 1744 in his 56th year to his death at 84 in 1772, he held almost daily intercourse with spirits, and recorded his experience in many books. Around these books has grown the sect of Swedenborgians. On first thought it would be presumed that they would welcome the revelations of the inner spirit-world, which crowd upon us in these days, and to the record of which our pages are devoted. The reverse is the case. None are so jealous of these revelations as the Swedenborgians. They seem to hold that Swedenborg was allowed the free range of Heaven, but that at his death the door was locked, and the key thrown away. Their jealousy seems to verge into spite at the very idea of any one having even a peep at the glories their prophet saw. Even Swedenborg's words are wrested to frighten seekers from the gates of the spirit-land, for in a recent lucubration of one of this school, we read "Swedenborg unequivocally discountenances and

strongly admonishes against open communication with spirits as destructive of man's freedom, and dangerous to his soul;" which, were it true, Swedenborg is his own condemnation; for herein he is the greatest of sinners; unless, indeed, he held a special license to take his swill of that peculiar sin.

Let it not be supposed, however, that all Swedenborgians are so narrow, or talk such nonsense. In the pamphlet before us we have proof to the contrary. Mr. Brotherton pleads with a temper full of kindness, and an invincible reason, with his Swedenborgian brethren, to remember that Swedenborg is only one of a series; that heaven and earth are not exhausted in one philosopher, however able, and that in the riches of Providence, we must expect many teachers, and open wide our minds to much wisdom and many facts, yet unknown and undreamt of.

To other than Swedenborgians the pamphlet is full of interest. It contains some account of that curious diary of Swedenborg's, written in 1744, and only recently discovered, to the terror of the Swedenborgian sect-world; also the true story of the beginning of the Swedenborgian sect, which calls itself the New Church and New Jerusalem, by as queer a lottery as ever was devised. It would make an amusing chapter in a book, which ought to be written, viz:—The Origin of Church Sects, and their Pretensions. This is a hint worth something to an author in search of a subject, or for an article for one of the Quarterlies.

*Spirit Dialogues; or Voices from Above, Around, and Beneath: including a revealed theory of Universal Cosmogony, and the peculiar formation of the Planet Earth.* Translated from the French and arranged by J. F. EMMETT, B.A. Baillière, 219, Regent Street; and White, 36, Bloomsbury Street.

This is a volume of 175 pages of *Dialogues with the Dead*, as the world calls the departed, translated from the communications written through the hand of a French medium, in the ordinary way, as we understand, of mediumistic writing. The gift of writing in this wise, and the nature of the communications received, must ultimately, like every other gift and manifestation, be tested by the intrinsic worth of the additions thereby made to the stock of human knowledge. But the time cannot yet be come to pass a final judgment on spiritual revelations of this modern time, for we know next to nothing of the extent to which they are tinged by the mind through which they come, and consequently how much of what is called objectiveness there may be, in the communicating spirits and their revelations. Mr. Emmett himself well puts this reservation, when, after giving a slight biography of the medium, he tells us that he does so because "Every one who holds up the spirit-wine to the light, should attend to the colour and shape of the glass." We find accordingly a strong Fourier colour given to these dialogues, and the French doctrine of reincarnation asserted by the spirits. The world-soul is described, and is invoked too by the medium, and does everything but answer him as to what it is. We have all been delighted with Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* with the Great Departed, but in these *Spirit Dialogues* there is a distinctness, and a humanity, and a life, which mark them above all such attempts of fiction, and remove them from the domain of ordinary imagination. Stranger far than fiction, and more living are these mediumistic revelations, and more suggestive to the philosophical Spiritualist than any he will find elsewhere. At the same time the whole scope and tenor of them may be, and if generally read will surely be, grievously misunderstood, and even the enrichments which the translator's deep-souled sympathies have cast into them in the shape of notes, will be more misunderstood even than the dialogues themselves. They are written in a tone of assumed levity which will be eminently distasteful to most, and through which only deep-seeing philosophy will perceive the earnestness of a soul dealing with the highest truths. It is a book for the few, who will look through the words to their spirit, and to these we commend it in the assurance that they will find in it thoughts which are the types of things, and which have a reality for sympathetic souls.

Did our space permit we should give some extracts, which must now be postponed to a future number.

*Whatever is, is Right.* By A. B. CHILD, M.D., Boston, U. S.

THIS book has been sent us from America to review, but, as we could say no good of it, we had determined to abstain from giving it any notice which might draw to it publicity; but as a portion of the English press, with its usual lack of fairness, has thought proper to represent it as a specimen of the literature of Spiritualism, we take the opportunity of entering our protest both against this assumption, and the work itself. The author may be a Spiritualist, as he is an M.D.;—possibly his views may be held by some Spiritualists, and by some M.D.'s. It represent the literature of Spiritualism just as much, or as little as it does the literature of Therapeutics; and to call Spiritualists to account for it, is just as reasonable as it would be to hold the College of Physicians, or the Medical Profession responsible for the performance.

Optimism, as the author avows, and as the title of the work—a plagiarism from Pope—sufficiently evinces, is no new doctrine; and it is certainly not set forth to any particular advantage by Dr. Child. As it is a work not likely to have much circulation in this country, we need not enter into any elaborate refutation of its principles—the moral instincts of our nature sufficiently condemn them. Our author confessedly bases his views upon intuition, rather than argument;—to the moral intuitions, or conscience of mankind, then, we are content to leave it. The court to which he has appealed, has already recorded its verdict against him, and is not likely to reverse its decision. We believe, however, that he has confounded the intuitions of the soul with the sophisms of the intellect. For instance—and this is the only argument we can find in the book, and it is repeated with sickening tautology—he reasons that because all things are primarily of divine appointment, and governed by Infinite Wisdom, therefore, “Whatever is, is right.” But surely an important distinction requires to be made here, which he has altogether overlooked, and which is thus expressed by Mr. Ruskin:—

“In the final sense, the Divine will cannot fail of its fulfilment, and in that sense, men who are committing murder and stealing, are fulfilling the will of God, as much as the best and kindest people in the world. But in the limited and present sense, the only sense with which we have anything to do, God's will is fulfilled by some men, and thwarted by others.”

If there are some who are faithful to, there are others who rebel against the Divine order. In short, men are voluntary and moral agents; which is just what Dr. Child seems to think they are not—but that all our acts, both good, and those that “we call evil,” are alike necessary and right. It is a proof of how little trustworthy are the statements of the press, concerning Spiritualism, that while its conductors pass by the published testimonies of Judge Edmonds, Professor Hare, and Governor Tallmadge in America, and many of the literary and scientific celebrities of our own country; they hasten to pounce upon any garbage which they think may discredit Spiritualism.

On Thursday, October 4th, the Society of Spiritualists, at Hoxton, held their quarterly meeting, at 101, High Street; about 40 persons were present. Mr. Jones, their President, and Mr. Creed, a member of a similar society at Lambeth, stated their experience in Spiritualism, and the consolation and religious benefit it had been to them. Mrs. Jenneson gave a trance-discourse, exhorting to tolerance, charity, and the embodiment in life of the truths they had received. At the conclusion of a carefully-prepared essay on the need and uses of Spiritualism, Mr. Akam expressed the obligations of the society to Mrs. Jenneson, who, for two years had laboured among them with no other reward than the consciousness of doing her duty. At the conclusion, a *séance* was held and several interesting spirit-communications were received.

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## GLEANINGS IN THE CORN FIELDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

### No. II.

#### THE PERSECUTIONS OF REICHENBACH FOR HIS DISCOVERY OF ODYLE FORCE.

Ὅς ἂν σὴν ἀρετὴν βροτὸς οὐ τις ὄνοιστο  
Ὅς τις ἐπίστατο ἧσι φρεσὶν ἀρτια βάζειν.  
ΟΔΣΣΕΙΑΣ Θ.—VIII., 239.

"This man would not blame thy merit if he could speak from as wise a mind as mine."—*The Odyssey*, Book viii.

Or, as Pope has paraphrased it,—

"Fear only fools, secure in men of sense."  
*The Odyssey*, Book viii, l. 272.

"As to the cry of fraud and imposture, it is in a scientific investigation utterly inadmissible. Let us bear in mind that this accusation is commonly and recklessly brought by those who have never investigated the subject, not only against those who have done so, but against persons of great ability, and of unblemished character and honour; and generally without a shadow of evidence. Let us do this, and we must come, I think, to the conclusion that such a line of argument is as irrational, unjust, and dishonest in itself, as it is void of all cogency in opposition to observed and established facts."

*Dr. William Gregory on Odyle Force.*

In the late discussions on Spiritualism every one must have remarked how kindly and completely the medical and scientific opponents have taken to Reichenbach and what they call his odyle force. It is the last new principle amongst the imponderables which they have accepted, and by that they are now swearing lustily. Being the last discovered principle which they admit, they assume it to be the last imponderable agent that God has by him. Whoever attempts to introduce anything of a subtle kind beyond that, is set down as a dreamer and a fanatic. They forget that this odyle force—for such is its term, there is no such

word as od force—that is medical slang; has been at least six thousand years undiscovered in this planet, and that six thousand years hence other laws and principles of nature will still be in process of discovery in consequence of a six-thousand-years' advance in science, and the apparatus of science. For God is infinite in that direction as in all others, and will not be shut up in his own creation, and have his laws annihilated by the ignorance and silly pride of so-called scientific men.

And would any one believe that this discovery which they now admit is only about sixteen years old, and has been introduced into this country only about fourteen years? Still more, would any one believe that this discovery has been as violently assailed, as much ridiculed, and the author of it as vulgarly denounced as a charlatan and impostor, by the scientific, and especially the medical men, as Spiritualism and Spiritualists are now? Yet this is the case. It is not Spiritualism, but every new discovery, or old discovery newly introduced, that is compelled to undergo its term of insult and abuse from those who would persuade the world that they only are the men, and that wisdom will die with them. It will be particularly edifying just now to review a little the ordeal through which this now-accepted and applauded principle had so recently to pass. To hear its now venerated discoverer called all that is foul and reproachful; to hear his mediums, or his sensitives as he calls them, execrated by a committee of twenty-three medical men as liars, cheats and impostors, and the very existence of the odyle scouted as a ludicrous myth. For, in fact, the history of the ridicule and the abuse of the odyle force is a perfect *fac simile* of the history of modern Spiritualism. What is not a little funny, moreover, is that this odyle force is pronounced by its discoverer to be neither more nor less than the mesmeric force—the animal magnetism, so long and so bitterly the butt of all medical men. Yet this is the force which medical and scientific men are now deifying; and not contented with giving to it its own proper qualities, which they once so derisively denied, they are now investing it with the powers and properties of Spiritualism, with intelligence as well as activity, making it thus as fabulous as they once pronounced it inexistent.\* They are, in fact, confounding Spiritualism with the Aurora Borealis, for that Reichenbach declares is the grandest exhibition of the odyle force in this planet.

It is curious too, to recall the fact that a committee in France appointed by Government was formed to examine the merits of Mesmer's apparent discovery. That this committee in 1778 was composed of physicians, members of the Academy of Sciences,

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\* See an admirable ridicule of this fact in *The Confessions of a Truth-Seeker*, p. 65.

with whom was associated Dr. Franklin; and the result of their examinations was a report very learnedly drawn up by Bailly the astronomer, afterwards Mayor of Paris, and one of the chief leaders of the Revolution, which was triumphantly announced completely to expose the humbug of animal magnetism, and the quackery of its author! Yet, here we have this very humbug now not only accepted, but most affectionately embraced by the medical and the scientific,—for they are not always the same—the great truth of the age, under the new name of odyle force!

Baron von Reichenbach is a scientific Austrian nobleman, living at the Castle of Reisenberg, near Vienna. His life has been devoted to scientific enquiry, based on a thoroughly scientific education, and a mind which has gathered extensive knowledge in various directions. It has been, in fact, devoted to science, and to its practical application to the benefit of mankind. He is known as a distinguished improver of the iron manufacture of his native country. He is a thoroughly practical chemist; and by his well-known researches on tar acquired a very high position. In geology, physics and mineralogy, he has been equally active. In particular, he is the highest living authority on meteorites or aerolites, of which remarkable bodies he possesses a magnificent collection, besides having access to the richest collection of these stones in existence, that of the Emperor of Austria, in the Burg Schloss.

Baron Reichenbach had observed that downward passes made by strong magnets of a supporting power of 10 lbs. along the persons of from fifteen to twenty individuals, but without touching them, always affected one or more of the number in a peculiar manner; some of them so strongly as to throw them into fits and spasms. In March, 1844, Baron Reichenbach was introduced to a young lady of Vienna, Mademoiselle Nowotny, who, on being operated upon by the magnet in a dark room, saw light proceeding from it. It was found by repeated experiments that this perception of the light was common to those sensitive to the magnet. So long as the experiments were confined to magnets, little or no difference was observable betwixt the magnetic force and the odyle force; but it was soon discovered that the same attraction and light existed in crystals, in which condition it would not attract iron filings, though it would attract the human body. Here was an essential difference; and still further experiments showed the relation of magnets and of crystals to the animal nerve to be entirely alike; while, on the other hand, the relation to iron, to the electric current, to magnetic poles, and to the magnetism of the earth, was in magnets and in crystals totally different. That the force of the magnet was not, as had hitherto been taken for granted, one single force, but consisted of two;

since to that long known, a new, hitherto unknown, and decidedly distinct one, must be added, namely, that which resides in crystals. To this newly-discovered force Reichenbach gave the name of odyle force. By a steadily continued series of experiments on above a hundred persons, and on the light of sun, moon, fire, on the air, on plants and metals, on almost every object in nature, he identified this force as existing throughout nature, as that of a vital principle, as identical with the Aurora Borealis and Aurora Australis; and he gives in his work, a host of the most beautiful phenomena as observed under such tests and repetitions as established them as great and positive facts. What was the result? Did the scientific world examine and receive this new knowledge with the joy and enthusiasm which one would suppose it calculated to inspire? By no means. This brilliant discovery was destined to receive its bitter baptism from professional conceit like any other new truth.

A Dr. Dubois Reymond, of Berlin, very soon attacked the discovery and the author of it, in *Karsten's Progress of Physiology*, in 1845. This learned doctor, as we have it on the most undoubted authority, namely his own, followed the invariable course of medical and scientific men on such occasions. He made no examination whatever of the details of Reichenbach's statement. He made no experiment, but dashed off the most dogmatic criticisms. He declared the whole to be "an absurd romance, to enter into the details of which would be fruitless and to him impossible." Reichenbach drily observed, that he "had no doubt of the truth of both his statements. It would be fruitless, because he did not understand the work; and a foolish judgment on that which we do not understand, must be fruitless. Impossible, because he did not even read the work, connectedly, and it is impossible to enter into the details of a matter of which we have taken no pains to acquire an insight."

Dubois Reymond termed Reichenbach's work "the New Testament of Mesmerism," and he made the enormous blunder of accusing Reichenbach of patronizing the "magnetic *baquet*," when he had actually exploded for ever the *baquet* and its wretched magical trash!

Reichenbach observes, "That ever since science has existed, ignorance has assumed the right of judging and condemning that which it could not understand. The polite and well-bred Berlin physiologist," he says, "is then pleased to cast in my face a few common-places, such as—my work is one of the most deplorable aberrations that has for a long time affected the human brain. My statements are fables which should be thrown into the fire," and many similar learned vulgarities. Indignant at this condemnation without examination, Reichen-

bach observes, that "it is far easier and cheaper to pass with unworthy superficiality only over the outside of a subject, dabbling it here and there with mire, to lower it in the public estimation, and then to run away under cowardly and hypocritical pretences."

How exactly the tactics of the learned mob of this present moment. The Faradays and Brewsters are becoming very sore at the rubs they get, and Dr. Kidd, in the *Morning Star*, kindly suggested on their behalf, that it was about time to let their names drop. Let him not believe it. Whoever builds himself a fool's monument, and endeavours to do it at the expense of truth and its advocates, must stand like another Simon Stylites on his self-raised column till the winds and rains of scorn have wasted him to the bone.

Reichenbach refers to the *Manual of Human Physiology* of the celebrated Johannes Müller, for an example of the effect of professional prejudice in the most able men. Müller, speaking of "the so-called animal magnetism, of magnetic passes, of laying on of the hands, and of the passage from one person to another of the so-called magnetic fluid," uses the following words:—"These histories are, however, a *deplorable labyrinth* of lies, deceit, and superstition; and they have only proved how ill qualified are most physicians to make an empirical investigation, and how little they know of that principle of testing a subject which in all the other natural sciences has become the universal method."

"But," says Reichenbach, "what now, if it should appear that it is, on the contrary, M. Müller who himself lives and moves in that *deplorable labyrinth*? What if it be precisely in my work that there are to be found adduced those very testings that he recommends, pursued exactly *according to the method universally followed in all the other natural sciences*? And what, lastly, if by these very testings, hundreds of facts, proving the actual existence of such a fluid or imponderable, or dynamic, or influence, whatever name be given to it, which by means of *passes, of laying on of hands, and of transference, or communication, produces astounding physical and physiological effects*? What, I say, if hundreds of such facts have been exhibited, and as fully demonstrated as any other physical or physiological truth can possibly be, and by that very indetical method of search?" This, Reichenbach has most abundantly proved to be the case.

And, by-the-bye, what a reformation of learned treatises and encyclopædias there will be needed in awhile. In everything concerning such spiritual subjects as have been pleasantly got rid of as superstitions; what a rewriting there must be. Open any biography or cyclopædia, written within the last sixty or eighty



years, and what facts now proved to be real are set down as superstitious fooleries. Lavater, because he had spiritualistic perceptions, is gravely said, in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, "to have firmly clung to his peculiar religious views, which were a mixture of new interpretations with ancient orthodoxy, of philosophical enlightenment with extreme superstition. One leading article of his faith was a belief in the sensible manifestations of supernatural powers. His disposition to give credence to the miraculous led him to believe the strange pretensions of many individuals, such as the power to exorcise devils to perform cures by animal magnetism," &c.

Here to-day what are thus coolly called superstitions and empty pretences, are seen by thousands to be simple matters of fact, and Reichenbach has demonstrated that the powers of animal magnetism are real powers; and the medical men are admitting this under the new name of odyle force. The same cyclopædia, speaking of mesmerism, under the name of animal magnetism, calls it "a pretended agent of a peculiar nature, supposed to be capable in some mysterious mode of producing the most powerful effects on the human body. The use and progress of animal magnetism affords one of the most striking examples on record of the influence, through the imagination, of the mind upon the body, and at the same time, one of the most curious cases of knavery and credulity in the history of the delusions of the human mind."

Here again we have Reichenbach proving that so far from its being imagination, it is a universal and most important agent in the maintenance of the life and operations of nature. Here again we have mesmerism, rejected rudely and violently under its own name, acknowledged and caressed under the name of odyle force, and under the patronage of Reichenbach.

But at this period the learned Baron was no such authority. The committee of Viennese doctors were down upon him. "An association of Vienna physicians," he says, "gave us a deplorable instance of such things as material doubts; for there is an *absurd* incredulity, and there is also an *evil-minded* scepticism. These gentlemen, after an examination, *lasting half a year*, came to the edifying conclusion that Mademoiselles Reichel, Krüger, Nathan, and others, were merely impostors and liars! There were twenty-three of these gentlemen who, in no less than twenty-two sittings, did not know how to get nearer to the truth, but by degrees lost themselves and their sensitives in such a labyrinth of confusion, that the whole investigation resolved itself into mere lies and imposture."

It is curious that the odylic sensitives, like the spiritual mediums, are some of them delicate women, but others, strong

and robust men. It is another curious parallel that *only* the odylic mediums, like the spiritual mediums, see or perceive the phenomena. The odylic sensitives feel the influence of magnets and crystals when they do not see them, even through stone walls; *they* only see the luminous atmosphere of magnets and crystals, so that it is so particularly inviting to the non-sensitives to deny that anybody sees or perceives these effects. Precisely so it is with spiritual mediums; they see spirits, hear spiritual sounds and voices, see spiritual pictures and objects, but the non-mediums seeing these not, are tempted to pronounce all that does not strike their senses, delusion and fancy, or worse, imposture! It matters not to these dense gentlemen, whose spiritual senses, if they have any, are closed down under a horny coat as thick as the coat of a pachyderm, that those mediums have been tested over and over separately, and have always proved themselves truthful and correct—the dim-eyed pronounce the clear-eyed liars. Let us see what trouble Reichenbach had with these pachydermata of the human race, and then we shall not wonder at what we are seeing around us to-day. After giving some extraordinary proofs of the accuracy of one of his sensitives, he says:—

“On this, as on all former occasions, we see the accuracy of the statements made by Mdlle. Reichel. And this is the same Mdlle. Reichel whom her countrymen, the Vienna physicians, formerly mentioned, have not been ashamed publicly to brand as a liar and impostor. She is a simple, but intelligent and well-principled girl, belonging to an order of nuns: and during three months which she spent in my house, her conduct was entirely blameless, and such, that all of us felt attached and kindly disposed towards her. Nothing,” continues Reichenbach, and I recommend these remarks to many in this country, “is easier and more convenient, as a cloak for ignorance, than to get rid of, by declaring it to be an imposture, a phenomenon which, for want of knowledge, we cannot understand, or for want of dexterity in investigation, we cannot lay hold on. But then, I must say it openly, there is nothing more unmanly and dishonourable than abusing our superiority, recklessly and unconscientiously to deprive a poor, sick, defenceless girl of the only treasure she has, her good name, and to brand her with disgrace.”

After this manly protest, the Baron refers these caluminators to a living list of aristocratic persons, who have witnessed and testified to the same phenomena. But the conduct of the doctors of Vienna with the conduct of some at home does not close its parallel here. Let us see how they set about their investigations to disprove the Baron's discoveries. Let it be understood that the odylic flames can only be seen by the sensitives in the dark;

and that cross and reverse passes with magnets will throw them into convulsions.—“My worthy friends, the doctors and professors of the self-styled committee, prepared a dark chamber, of which they themselves tell us, that the chinks of the door were hurriedly stopped with handkerchiefs. (*See Journal of the Society of Physicians in Vienna. Year III, p. 138*). He who has worked long in the dark can easily imagine what sort of darkness that was which was thus extemporized! In the confined space of a small room, the sensitive patient was always crowded along with ten to fifteen young men; and sometimes one, and sometimes another, *went in and out*. But we know that by the momentary admission of light, even through the smallest chink, the eye becomes, as far as the odylic light is concerned, dazzled and almost insensible for more than half an hour. What then must happen when such prodigious blunders are committed, as opening a door to let people out and in? This is more than enough to make the results of such gropings in the dark, under the name of experiment, utterly useless and worthless. If Mdlle. Reichel, under such circumstances, saw nothing, as according to the protocol, she often declared, she spoke the truth, for she *could* see nothing, under arrangements so perverted, not because she had not the power to do so, but because experiments made blunderingly and without knowledge of the subject, made it impossible to exercise that power. But at the last, she now and then saw something, gave confused statements, and was therefore called a liar and impostor. Let us examine the statements of these gentlemen, and see where lies and imposture can be found. Mdlle. Reichel was from three to six paces from the magnet, and had generally on each side a doctor to watch her: and these guards often had hold of both her hands. Opposite to them was another doctor holding the heavy horse-shoe magnet in his lap, and moving it backwards and forwards. Close to him on each side, stood a fourth and fifth doctor, who were to control the motions of the magnet. The sensitive girl was now required to tell how and where the magnet emitted light, and when it was shifted now here, now there. She was urged to show her art; she was laughed at, and treated with scorn when she failed. She was in this way irritated and exasperated, insomuch that she struck out at the doctors, and was on the point of administering to one of them a box on the ear. Now, in the first place, it is quite impossible that a sensitive of moderate powers, as Mdlle. Reichel at that time was, could see any magnetic light in a darkness often interrupted by the going out and coming in of spectators. In the second place, three to six paces is far too great a distance from the magnet. Such a sensitive cannot with certainty perceive magnetic light at a

greater distance than forty inches. In the third place, the magnet, a heavy nine-bar horse shoe, was between the hands of the doctor, and held close to his person. The light was consequently utterly extinguished to the eye of the observer. All this made it a three-fold impossibility for her to see any luminous emanation from the magnet. Three enormous blunders were therefore made, each of which was alone sufficient to render impossible the sensitive perception of light. The girl, thus tortured, was expected to justify the reckless statements of the ignorant person who had placed her in so false a position, and whom every negative answer from her exposed to shame. She was likewise expected to satisfy the excited expectations of those assembled, who incessantly irritated her by expressions of abuse and scorn."

But we should possess no adequate idea of the vulgarity of this so-called scientific enquiry without the following scene:—  
 "Dr. Von Eisenstein led Mdlle. Reichel, in the supposed magnetic sleep, into a large room, where he made her sit down on a sofa, and tried by passes with his hands, and with the bar magnets to raise her state to that of clairvoyance, and at the same time to destroy the influence of the sun upon her, and give the preponderance to the magnets. When he brought the magnets into the region of the heart, and Mdlle. Reichel, as if involuntarily, shuddered or was affected with slight spasm, he exclaimed, 'Aha! Here, then, resides this filthy sun! Thou hast him in thy heart! Wait a moment, I shall soon expel him;' and now he made spiral tours near the heart with great energy," &c.

The translator is involuntarily reminded, and so must be the readers, of parallel cases that have occurred in England. Miss M'Avoy met with precisely similar treatment; so also the patients of Dr. Elliotson—the Okeys; so also the maid of Miss Martineau, whom Dr. Gregory says he examined, and found perfectly honest and truthful. "There are," he says, "the same predetermination to find all these impostors, the same utter absence of all cogency in the evidence adduced, and the same rash and unjustifiable, as well as unmanly accusations of imposture, brought against persons of whom no evil was known, apparently because the authorities chose to assume the fact to be impossible."

These surely are edifying records. Only sixteen years have passed over, and the absurd and insulted odyle mediums are justified; the author of these remarkable discoveries is accepted by the scientific world as one of the great discoverers of the age, —one of the lights of advancing science—and is quoted as authority against the claims of another new and therefore absurd truth. Not only is odyle force accepted, but under its friendly

mask the long spurned power of mesmerism is acknowledged. In sixteen years more, what fresh truth shall Spiritualism be propelled against, as a spiked target to push it back? It will be well for those who are now ridiculing and execrating it as a myth, a brain-sick fancy, as a spawn of the devil, to think a little on this.

But there is a great teaching for the Spiritualists themselves in these details. There are those who say, if your assertions be true, admit us to your *séances*; let us test your mediums. Before any Spiritualists do this, let them recollect the committee of twenty-three Viennese doctors, and their proceedings. Let them reflect on the words of Baron Reichenbach: "Science cannot thus be promoted, but folly may be shown in making such experiments with such men." Ay, folly of the gravest kind: for if cavillers will violate the plain laws and conditions of the required phenomena; if they will only exhibit ignorance and insolence, the result can only be confusion. To quote once more Baron Reichenbach's words: "When experimenters do not know how to put their questions; when awkwardness and clumsiness cannot use the tools; when ignorance cannot arrange the necessary conditions of experiment; when want of tact cannot comprehend the answers; and when want of acuteness or intelligence is unable to discover the mutual relations of the phenomena;—then begin confusion and perplexity. The results being misunderstood, or misinterpreted, contradict each other; and the ill-qualified observer, rather than admit to himself or to others his own deficiencies, will sooner a thousand times adopt the dishonest expedient of accusing the observed person of deceit. But the deceiver, in regard to nature and science, is no other than himself, who, in his incapacity, has the impudence and the folly to brand truth with the mark of falsehood."

These are admirable observations, admirably in keeping with the spirit of the present time. They are words of wisdom drawn from dear-bought experience: and when Spiritualists receive challenges to give proofs of their faith, by persons of the stamp of the twenty-three doctors of Vienna, let them simply point them to the millions who have now satisfied themselves on this head, and say, "Go ye, and do likewise." The divine principle of Spiritualism is co-extensive with the human race; it is not the monopoly of any man or any woman: those who seek as the millions already convinced have sought, will, if in earnest, be sure to find it. It is the principle of the Gospel promised by Christ, possessed by the apostles, testified to by the martyrs; professed by all saints. It is neither confined to moving tables, nor to rapping sounds, to accordions played by invisible hands, to spirit-writing, nor spirit-drawing—to spirit-touch, nor spirit-sight—but it lies in the power

of God manifested directly from Himself in the still, small voice, and in the peace that surpasseth understanding; in the refreshing that comes from the presence of the Lord, and causes the old to renew their strength, and the young to mount up as on the wings of eagles. On it comes from the great Creator of all forces—odyle force flickering and dancing around the northern and southern poles; electric force speaking amid dark clouds in thunder in the summer noon, or sending man's thoughts along the world-spanning wire: on it comes through his ministering angels, through enfranchised souls gladdened by the affectionate mission to train, and warn, and lead heavenwards those they best love on earth. It is the mind of some great hero or artist glorified amid the celestial ages, breathing marvellous visions on the wrapt painter or entranced poet.

Along the vanward coasts and cliffs of heaven,  
 Piercing with outshoots bold this darker sphere,  
 Stand great ethereal powers from age to age,  
 Showering down life and love from God to us;  
 New art, new science; dreams of vast design;  
 High resolutions; hero-thoughts and strengths,  
 Fresh fires to patriot and morn-winged souls,  
 Devotion to the death for love of men,  
 Making the fames of Time.

That is Spiritualism! Hallowed of God; exercised by angels: conferred on good and great men: continually speaking in the lives, the deeds, the words and the sentiment of great men. That which, in India, shouted in the soul of Sir Charles Napier, "Truckhee! Truckhee!" That which animates Garibaldi in his hero course, simple, sublime, unselfish, meek and Christlike. That which enables the forgotten and dying orphan in some obscure and famine-haunted nook to look up to heaven, and seeing such sight as king or kaiser never saw, smiles and says, "Father! mother!" and dies. That is Spiritualism! Let him who has it thank God for it, as the great warrant of eternity. Let him who is ashamed of it, perish in his shame. If the petty, pert phrases of a swarm of little witlings—mosquitos haunting the swamps of literature, or the solemn sarcasms of the horny-souled journalist disturb him, he has not the lion nerve of the hero, or the heart of the martyr, and cycles of disembodied discipline must pass over him before he can look worthily up to Him who wrought great miracles before unrecognizing eyes; and gave no sign to a generation who sought only a sign,—not salvation; who, instead of wasting arguments on mammon-souls, applied the scourge to their backs, their only sensitive portion; and who, walking with angels and with God, stooped to endure earth's deepest ignominies, and died for man and truth. That is Spiritualism! not maimed or crippled; not found in odyle force, or in chloroform,

as Dr. Kidd, of Sackville, amusingly imagines;\* nor yet in hasheesh, with its wild visions; nor in nitrous oxide, and its sensations; nor in the dreams inspired by morphine, or nicotine, or any other drug, though these may curiously impinge on the spirit-life within us,—Spiritualism, not distorted by demoniac art; not in crumbs or fragments, but in its august completeness.

There is one thing which has particularly struck me in these reminiscences of Reichenbach, whilst passing through the purgatory of doctors and pretenders. It is a great and common objection to Spiritualism that only certain persons are mediums, as if more than certain persons are true poets, or philosophers, or artists. The same objection would destroy the odyle force, now so much idolized, for only certain persons are sensitives. But all sensitives agree in their testimony to the specific phenomena of odyle force, and all mediums to those of Spiritualism. The characteristics of these phenomena are so uniform and positive, that on meeting with them anywhere, you instantly recognize their truth. They are as settled as the green light in burning copper, or the pupil-dilating properties of atropine. The shepherd knows the face of every sheep in his flock, be they a thousand: the Spiritualists know every essential mark of the revelations that have once dawned upon him. The moment you read a work, though not professedly spiritualistic, which deals with the true psychological facts, you know that the author has graduated in the school of what George Fox so aptly called **THE TRUTH**. There let the experienced mind stand calmly and abide. You shall have every true philosopher, every true poet abiding with you. Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, says:—

“ Smitten friends,  
Are angels sent as messengers of love ;

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\* By-the-bye, Dr. Kidd says: “ Any one with a thimblefull of chloroform and one-tenth of his Houdinism might do all that Mr. Home does.” If this be true, Dr. Kidd has only to take Hanover Square Rooms for a few evenings, invite all the world there; get a good fellow of some fifteen stone weight, give him a thimblefull of chloroform and apply a little touch of Houdinism, which may easily be procured in this clever little London of ours, float his man up in the sight of the company; let him sail all round the ceiling of the room, and then be brought and laid down on the table in the midst of the spectators, as Mr. Home was on one occasion, in the presence of people as medically educated, and as wide awake as my friend Kidd, and if he does not thereby explode Spiritualism for ever, I, for one, will never after say, that—“ he is no conjuror.”

If, as Dr. Kidd says, it is so easy, that *any one* may do this with these simple means, he will be inexcusable if he deprive the London public of so astonishing a sight. But as neither he nor any other man will ever do it by chloroform and Houdinism, let me say that Dr. Kidd in thinking of weakening Spiritualism by chloroform has added new strength to it. Chloroform, as Sir John Herschell in his lecture at Leeds on “ Sensorial Vision,” now published, has shown in his own person, *does* produce clairvoyance. But clairvoyance is not Spiritualism any more than the telegraphic wire is electricity. The doctor has simply mistaken the telegraphic wire for the man and his intelligence at the end of it.

For us they languish, and for us they die:  
 And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?  
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades  
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?  
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address—  
 Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?"

Mrs. Hemans says:—

"Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne  
 The dark way never hath allowed return?  
 That all which tears can move with life is fled—  
 That earthly love is powerless on the dead?  
 Believe it not."

But this gleaning in the golden corn fields of Spiritualism tempts us on and on: for the present, let us bind up our booty, and once more—home!

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### A FEW FACTS REGARDING "FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARIES OF ANOTHER WORLD."

I WAS brought up in the house which had been that of my maternal grandfather, who died before my birth. It was a house of four stories; and I occupied at different times the bed room adjoining the dining room, on the second floor (while my grandmother occupied the one immediately above it), and the two attics.

1. After the death of my mother, abroad, I was one night in the act of lying down in bed, when my eye was arrested by an unaccountable appearance. A tall old gentleman, in his night dress, was feeling for something along the mantel-piece; and as he moved, he passed *between* me and the candle which I had left to burn out, and momentarily obscured it. The figure then, without seeming to observe me, turned towards the bed which was on the left of my own and unoccupied, raised his knee as if to climb in, and *sighed* at the same time, leaving no trace of his presence while vanishing. I sprang from bed and opened the door which was close at hand on the *right* of my bed, and to prevent any mischievous person escaping, I stood in the doorway and called loudly for the rest of the family. All came, and the room was thoroughly searched, but nothing was found, and the matter was treated as a joke.

It was then, on enquiry, that I was told that my grandfather had died in that very room.

2. In the same house—in the year 1823—as two aunts were standing at night at the attic window, they were alarmed at the apparition of the husband of their sister, holding in his hand a pen.

They ran from the room and informed the rest of the family



of the circumstance. In the course of a few days they received a letter from their married sister, in Yorkshire, acquainting them of the death of her husband on that very night. He had signed his will before expiring.

3. Another aunt, on going up the stairs to the attics, one afternoon late, was *jostled* by an aged woman who carried a bunch of keys, and passing her, entered one of the rooms. My aunt followed, but on finding no one there, and no means, save by the door, of egress, became seriously alarmed.

4. On another occasion—about 1838—an uncle had just arrived from abroad. It was late, and one of his sisters, with her nephew and a servant, went to one of the unoccupied attics, and on opening the door they were terrified by observing the whole palliase and mattress of the bed violently thrown upwards and turned. They rushed out, taking care to lock the door after them, for they fancied it might be a robber. The rest of the family then returned with them and searched the room, but nothing was found, and no traces seen of any one having been there. The *smoke board* was closed, and the *window barred on the inside*.

5. Two grown-up members of the family occupied two beds in another room—one faced the fire, and the other was beside it. During the night, they were simultaneously awakened by a noise, and looking up, asked each other, what was the matter? Each thought that it was the other who was moving to and fro before the fire in the grate. After stalking violently about for some time, there was a rushing noise, as of wings, and nothing more was seen of the figure. The occupants then rose, and examined the door, but it was locked on the *inside*, as usual.

6. One night in 1843, when sleeping in the room where I had previously seen the curious figure, I was awakened by a fearful uproar in the room occupied by my grandmother overhead: it sounded as if every piece of furniture had been broken to pieces and dashed about the floor. The house was alarmed, and we ran to my relative's assistance. Her hand grasped the bell pull, but she appeared paralysed with terror, and unable to ring it. She had started up in bed. She never mentioned the subject, except to one of her children, who, however, refused to betray the secret, whatever it was; but my grandmother never again slept alone.

7. An uncle, who was in the army, dreamt that he had got his captaincy by a person called ——. There was no such officer in his regiment, and it was treated lightly; but in the course of a month, when the packet arrived, he found himself gazetted *vice* a Captain ——, who had been brought in from the half-pay.

On another occasion, the same uncle, on returning from

foreign service, went to pay a visit to his old schoolmaster at —. On entering the yard, he observed the Doctor *limping* into the school; on entering which, after him, my uncle, surprised at not seeing him, was told that he had broken his leg, and had not been out of his bed for three weeks.

The house just described had been built by my grandfather, and it was sold about 36 years after his death, but has never been long tenanted by any one, from what cause I am unable to explain.

The servants about the house used continually to complain of terrifying *sounds moving* about them unaccountably.

My own bed-room door faced a flight of stairs; and night after night, when all became quiet, I used to be kept awake by the noise, as of a small pea rebounding step by step, and ultimately striking the door. This used to be continued for hours.

For months my rest has been disturbed by the sound of scratching on my pillow, and of footsteps and garments pressing continually around my bed. So great was this nuisance, that it has often led to my keeping late hours and sleeping longer in the morning. I must not, however, omit to add, that I have sometimes heard these sounds during the day.

8. While living in a house at Chelsea, I was one night disturbed by a violent blow against my door, which, from local circumstances, could not have been delivered by any *recognised* agency.

9. Once in —, while occupying a room with two windows raised twenty feet from the ground, my servant, as well as myself, were alarmed at a tremendous blow struck against the venetians, as if they had been violently "slammed to" by the wind—but they were closed, and there was not a breath of air.

10. In an *opposite* part of the world to where the above occurred, I was living in a citadel, —. My rooms, on one side overlooked an inaccessible precipice, and on the other side of the passage, they faced the square. I occupied a bed room looking on to the latter, while my wife slept in one of the former. On the 19th —, I found my rest disturbed by the sound as of some one sawing wood close to my head, and *in space*. It was incessant, but on going into another room, it ceased. My wife also heard gravel thrown up against the windows on the *face of the precipice*, and fancied that it was a practical, though *unaccountable* joke.

These things continued till the night of the 25th —, when, on entering my wife's room, about 11 p.m. (I had been at a party), she said that she had been disturbed by the same unknown causes. I laughed, and walked up to the dressing-table, when suddenly a *stunning blow*, like the concussion of railway *buffers*, was struck

in empty space close to my head. My wife also heard it, and cried out, while I sprang away from it, and involuntarily exclaimed, "My old enemy, ——, is dead!"

We heard no more disturbance; but on the 3rd of the following month we received intimation of my old enemy's death on that very night—and after a series of *fits*, which had commenced on the 19th.

Is this to be explained by any known agencies?

We had noted the occurrences when they happened, and told them to friends; and when the letter came, we referred to our memorandum and found the dates to correspond.

Winchester.

E. A.

## SPIRITUALISM IN SWEDEN, IN 1842.

As a fitting pendant to the articles on Spiritualism in the churches which have appeared in previous numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and in further illustration of its varied phases, we subjoin an account of the wonderful movement in Sweden, in 1842, which has been variously christened by our friends the doctors, and other learned persons, as—"The Preaching Epidemic," "The Preaching Malady," and "The Preaching Disease." This account, given by Mary Howitt, first appeared in *Howitt's Journal*, in 1847. Before quoting it, we would point out that, like the spiritual manifestations in America, and the recent Revival movement in Ireland, it appears to have commenced with one individual. Count Gasparin, who has written on this subject, says:—

The signal seems to have been given by a young girl sixteen years of age. Lisa Andersdocter, who all at once felt herself compelled to sing canticles, and who soon joined preaching to singing. She often fell into trances or into a state of vertigo. She pretended that every word she uttered was by direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and that she could neither add to, nor take anything from it. Lisa soon had a multitude of imitators, especially among the young of both sexes. In vain did the Government and the clergy oppose the contagion; their intolerance, which was perhaps one of the principal causes of the movement, was not able to check it. The people generally took the part of the inspired ones, who even found a certain number of partisans among the ministers.

We now proceed with Mrs. Howitt's account, from which it will be seen that there are many striking analogies between this "Preaching Epidemic" and the spiritual manifestations in the present time, especially as seen in the recent wide-spread religious Revival. The quaking—the trance, spontaneously induced—the preaching by persons who in their ordinary state have no gift of utterance, and even by children—the graceful action—the rapt

expression—the recognition of an intelligent and controlling influence—the altered phraseology—the marked attraction, in this state, to certain persons in preference to others—the beneficial change of character which often follows these experiences, are all familiar to those intimate with spiritual phenomena. In the heroic struggle of the Camisards, too, phenomena of the same generic character as in Sweden was witnessed, including the inspiration and marvellous utterances of children, “some too young to speak naturally, to the astonishment of hundreds of spectators.”\* It is instructive also to note the tendency, even of the good bishop of Skara, to regard any unusual operations of spiritual forces as the action of disease—to be properly treated only by drugging the body into a state of insensibility. We sometimes wonder how our bishops and physicians would have treated those who on the Day of Pentecost spoke in tongues they had never learned. Judging by their avowed principles and acts, they would have regarded that great spiritual outpouring as an “Epidemic,” a “Disease,”—and for its cure, a blue pill or a “smart cathartic” would have been prescribed as the proper remedy. Mrs. Howitt’s account is as follows:—

A case of psychological sympathy has recently occurred in Europe.

That portion of Southern Sweden formerly called Småland, and which now comprises the provinces of Kalmar, Wexio, and Jön Kopping, though one of the poorest parts of the kingdom, is inhabited by a laborious and contented people. Their lot, which is of one of extreme suffering and privation, is rendered endurable to them by their natural simplicity of character and deep religious feeling. About sixty years ago, a very strong religious movement took place among them, which, for political reasons or otherwise, Government thought fit to put a violent stop to, and with great difficulty it was done. Whether there be a predisposition among these simple but earnest people for religious excitement, we cannot tell; but certain it is that, at the commencement of 1842, the singular phenomena, of which we are about to speak, made their appearance among them, and from its rapid spread, and apparently contagious character, and from the peculiar nature of its manifestations, it was popularly called the Preaching Epidemic.

Dr. J. A. Butsch, Bishop of Skara, in Westgöthland, wrote a long letter on this subject to Dr. C. F. Wingård, Archbishop of Upsala, and Primate of all Sweden, which letter is considered so perfect an authority on the matter, that it is published in an appendix to Archbishop Wingård’s *Review of the Church of Christ*, an excellent little work, which has been translated into English by G. W. Carlsen, late Chaplain to the Swedish Embassy in London, a gentleman of great erudition and accomplishments. To this letter we shall have frequent occasion to refer.

The reader will naturally ask, as the Bishop himself does, what is the Preaching Epidemic? What it really was, nobody as yet has been able to say. Among the peasantry, the most general belief was, that it was an *immediate divine miracle*, in order to bestow grace on such as were afflicted with the disease, and as a means of warning and exhortation to those who saw and heard the patients. Among others, somewhat above the class of peasants, many denied altogether the existence of the disease, *declaring the whole to be either intentional deception, in the desire of gain or notoriety; or else self-delusion, produced partly by an over-strained religious feeling; or by that passion of imitation which is*

\* William Howitt’s *Prophets of the Cevennes*.

common to the human mind. The Bishop himself was of opinion that it was a disease *originally physical, but affecting the mind in a peculiar way*: he arrived at this conclusion by attentively studying the phenomenon itself. At all events, bodily sickness was an ingredient in it, as it was proved from the fact, that although every one affected by it, in describing the commencement of their state, mentioned a spiritual excitement as its original cause, close examination proved that an internal bodily disorder, attended by pain, had preceded or accompanied this excitement. Besides, there were persons who, against their own will, were affected by the quaking fits, which were some of its most striking early outward symptoms, without any previous religious excitement; and these, when subjected to medical treatment, soon recovered.

The Bishop must have been a bold man, and not afraid of ridicule; for, though writing to an Archbishop, he says that though he will not give the disease a name, still he will venture to express an opinion, which opinion is, that the disease corresponds very much with what he has heard and read respecting *the effects of animal magnetism*. He says that he carefully studied the effect of sulphur and the magnet upon several sick persons, and found the symptoms of the Preaching Epidemic to correspond with the effects of animal magnetism as given in Kluge's *Versuch einer Darstellung des animalischen Magnetismus als Heilmittel*. In both cases there was an increase of activity of the nervous and muscular system; and, further, frequent heaviness in the head, heat at the pit of the stomach, pricking sensation in the extremities, convulsions and quakings; and, finally, *the falling, frequently with a deep groan, into a profound fainting fit or trance*. In this trance, the patient was in so perfect a state of insensibility to outward impressions, that the loudest noise or sound would not awaken him, nor would he feel a needle thrust deeply into his body. Mostly, however, during this trance, he would hear questions addressed to him, and reply to them; and, which was extraordinary, invariably in these replies applied to every one the pronoun *thou*. The power of speech, too, in this state, was that of *great eloquence, lively declamation, and the command of much purer language than was usual, or apparently possible for him in his natural state*. The invariable assertions of all the patients, when in this state, were, that they were exceedingly well, and that they had never been so happy before; *they declared that the words they spoke were given to them by some one else, who spoke by them*. Their disposition of mind was pious and calm; they seemed predisposed for visions and predictions. Like the early Quakers, they had an aversion to certain words and phrases, and testified in their preaching against places of amusement, gaming, excess in drinking, may-pole festivities, gay clothing, and the crooked combs which the peasant women wear in their hair, and which, no doubt, were objects of vanity and display.

There was in *some families a greater liability to this strange influence than in others*; it was greater also in *children and females than in grown-up people and men*; and amongst men, those of a sanguine, choleric temperament were most susceptible. The patients invariably showed a strong desire to be together, and seemed to feel a *sort of attraction or spiritual affinity to each other*. In places of worship, they would all sit together; and it was remarked that when a person afflicted with the Preaching Epidemic, was questioned about the disease in himself individually, he always gave his answer in behalf of them all; and thus said *we*, when the inquirer naturally expected *I*.

From these facts the learned Bishop infers that the Preaching Epidemic belonged to that class of operations which have been referred to animal magnetism. He says, that 'whatever may be the cause of this singular agency or influence, *no doubt exists of its always producing a religious state of mind, which was strengthened by the apparently miraculous operations from within*.' He goes then into the question, whether the religious impression produced be in accordance with *the established notions of the operations of 'grace on the heart'*, and decides this not to be the case, *because the excited person, immediately after he begins to quake, experiences an unspeakable peace, joy, and blessedness, not on account of new-born faith*, though atoning grace, but by a certain immediate and miraculous influence from God. These are the Bishop's own words. But with the polemical question we have nothing to do. However, the Bishop goes on to

say, that, whatever the origin of the disease may be, it characterises itself by Christian language, and makes its appearance with many truly Christian thoughts and feelings; and that 'probably the disease has universally met with something Christian, previously implanted in the heart, to which it has, in an exciting way, allied itself.'

With respect to the conduct and conversation of the patients during the time of their seizure, he says he never saw anything improper, although many strange rumours to the contrary were circulated and believed, to the great disadvantage of the poor people themselves. In the province of Elfsborg, where the disease prevailed to a great extent, bands of children and young people under its influence went about singing what are called *Zion's hymns*, the effect of which was singularly striking, and even affecting. He says, that 'to give a complete and detailed description of the nature of the disease would be difficult, because, like 'animal magnetism,'—we use his own words—'it seems to be infinite in its modification and form.'

In the above-mentioned province of Elfsborg, it was often said, 'such and such a person has begun to quake, but he has not as yet dropped down, nor has seen visions, nor has preached.'

This quaking, of which so much is said, appears to have been the *first outward sign of the influence*, the inward vision and the preaching being its consummation; though, when this consummation was reached, the fit mostly commenced by the same sign. Nevertheless, in some patients, the quaking decreased in proportion to the strength which the disease gained. These quakings also seem to have come on at the mention of certain words, the introduction of certain ideas, or the proximity of certain persons or things, which in some mysterious manner appeared inimical or unholy to the patient. Sometimes, also, those very things and words which at first affected the patient ceased to do so as he advanced to the higher stages of the disease; and other words or things which hitherto had produced no effect, began to agitate him in the same way. One of the patients explained this circumstance thus—that according as his spiritual being advanced upwards, 'he found that there existed in himself, and in the world, many things which were worse than that which previously he had considered as the worst.' In some cases, the patients were violently affected by the simple words 'yes' and 'no;' the latter word in particular was most painful and repulsive to them, and has frequently been described by them as 'one of the worst demons, tied with the chains of darkness in the deepest abyss.' It was remarked also that they frequently acted as if they had a strong temptation to speak falsehood, or to say more than they were at liberty to say. They would, therefore, exhort each other to speak the truth; and so frequently answered dubiously, and even said they did not know, when a contrary answer might have been confidently expected, that an unpleasant impression was frequently produced on the mind of the hearer; and some persons imbibed from this very circumstance unfavourable ideas of their truthfulness, when, in fact, this very caution and hesitation was a peculiarity of the disease.

In the province of Skaraborg, the Bishop says he has seen several persons fall at once into the trance, without any preparatory symptom. In the province of Elfsborg, the patients preached with their eyes open, and standing; whilst in his own province of Skaraborg, he himself saw and heard them preaching in a recumbent posture, and with closed eyes, and altogether, as far as he could discover, in a state of perfect insensibility to outward impressions. He gives an account of three preaching girls in the parish of Warnham, of ages varying from eight to twelve. This account, but principally as relates to one of them, we will lay before the reader.

It was shortly before the Christmas of 1842, when he went, together with a respectable farmer of the neighbourhood, the Rev. Mr. Zingvist, and the Rev. Mr. Smedmark, to the cottage where a child lived, who by all accounts had advanced to the highest stage of the disease. Many persons besides himself and his friends were present. As regards all the three children, he says, that for their age, as is generally the case in Sweden, they were tolerably well-informed on religious matters, and could read well. They were naturally of good disposition, and now, since they had been subject to the disease, were remarkable for

their gentleness and quiet demeanour. Their manners were simple as those of peasant children, but being bashful and timid, were not inclined to give much description of their feelings and experience; still, from the few words they spoke, it was evident that, like the rest of the peasantry and their own relatives, they considered it a divine influence, but still asserted that, they knew not exactly what to think, either of themselves or of their situation. When in the trance, they declared that they were exceedingly well; that they never had been so cheerful, or felt so much pleasure before. On being awoke, however, they complained, *sometimes even with tears, of weakness in the limbs, pain in the chest, head-ache, &c.*

In the particular case of the one child to which we have referred, the symptoms were precisely the same: there came on, in the first place, a violent trembling or quaking of the limbs, and she fell backwards with so much violence as to give the spectator a most painful sensation; but no apparent injury ensued. The patient was now in the trance, or state of total unconsciousness; and this trance, which lasted several hours, divided itself into two stages, acts or scenes, totally different in character. In the first place, she rose up violently, and all her actions were of a rapid and violent character. She caught at the hands of the people round her; some *she instantly flung aside, as if the effect produced by them was repugnant to her*; others she held gently, patted and rubbed softly; and these the people called 'good hands.' Though she was but a simple, bashful, peasant child, clad in her peasant's dress—a sheepskin jacket—yet all her actions and movements were free, and full of the most dramatic effect: powerful and vigorous when representing manly action, and *so indescribably graceful and easy, and full of sentiment*, when personating female occupations. *to amaze the more cultivated spectators*; and, as the Bishop says, 'to be far more like the motions of an image in a dream, than a creature of flesh and blood.' Another circumstance is peculiar: although these children differed from each other in their natural state, yet, while under the influence of the disease, their countenances became so similar, as greatly to resemble each other.

The child next passed into the second stage of the trance, which was characterised by a most beautiful calmness and quietness, and with her arms meekly folded she began to preach. Her manner in speaking *was that of the purest oratory*; her tones were earnest and solemn, and the language of *that spiritual character which, when awake, it would have been impossible for her to use.* The Bishop noted down her little discourse on his return home, and an analysis of it shows it to be an edifying practical address, perfectly conformable to the pure spirit of the Gospel, and suited to an unsophisticated audience. During its delivery *the child had something saint-like in her appearance.* Her utterance was soft and clear, not a word was retracted or repeated; and her voice, which in her waking state had a peculiar hoarseness, had now a wonderful brilliancy and clearness of tone, which produced great effect. *The whole assembly observed the deepest silence, and many wept.* Many of the patients were cured by medicines administered by the Bishop, who concludes by saying that the phenomenon lies out of the sphere of human knowledge, but that its extraordinary character has produced a great religious movement, and wrought much good. It has sent multitudes to church who never went there, and many have been thereby reclaimed from the error of their ways. Many passages in their history will strikingly remind the reader of the early Quakers. The number of persons affected in the province of Skaraborg alone, where the disease did not prevail so generally as in other parts, amounted in 1843 to 3,000; but in many places impostors affected the disease to gain a livelihood, and brought the real patients into discredit. *The clergy and the doctors everywhere used all their endeavours to extinguish the movement, and by the end of 1843 it had almost ceased.* Nothing of the kind has since appeared; but *the good effect it produced on the mind of many a hardened sinner remains to testify of its truth and reality*, although no one, whether learned in the science of physical or spiritual life, can yet explain the cause and nature of this extraordinary mental phenomenon."

T. S.

## SINGULAR DISPLACEMENT OF COFFINS.

THE following account of a series of displacements of coffins in Barbadoes, was given to me by a gentleman who resided in the island at the time of their occurrence. Those of your readers who are acquainted with Mr. Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World*, will see in this story a resemblance to, and perhaps a confirmation of his "very remarkable account of the disturbances in a cemetery at Ahrensberg."

The notes and dates which follow, were copied *verbatim* from original memoranda in the handwriting of the Rev. Thomas Harrison Orderson, at that time rector of Christ Church, Barbadoes, in the burying ground of which parish the vault was situated.

31st July, 1807.—Mrs. Thomasin Goddard was buried in the vault, which, when opened to receive her, was quite empty.

22nd February, 1808.—Mary Anna Maria Chase, daughter of the Honorable Thomas Chase, was buried in the same vault in a leaden coffin. When the vault was opened for the infant, the coffin of Mrs. Goddard was in its proper place.

6th July, 1812.—Dorcas Chase was buried in the same vault, and the two first coffins were in their proper places.\*

9th August.—The Honorable Thomas Chase was buried in the same vault.† Upon its being opened, the two leaden coffins were removed from their situation, particularly that of the infant, which appeared to have been thrown from the corner where it was placed to the opposite angle.

25th September, 1816.—Samuel Brewster Ames was buried, and when the vault was opened, the leaden coffins were removed from their places, and were in much disorder.

17th November, 1816.—The body of Samuel Brewster was removed from the parish of St. Philip, and was buried in the vault, and great confusion was discovered among the leaden coffins.

7th July, 1819.—Thomasin Clarke was buried, and much confusion among the coffins.

18th April, 1820.—The vault was opened in the presence, and at the request of His Excellency Lord Combermere, and the gentlemen of his staff, namely, the Honorable N. Lucas, R. B. Clarke, and R. Cotton, Esqrs.

The coffins were in great disorder, some turned upside down.

\* NOTE (not by the clergyman). This person starved herself to death.

† *Idem*. This man died by his own hands.



The coffin of one of the children was on the steps that led to the bottom of the vault, &c., &c. The plate represents:—

1.—The position of the coffins as they were left after the last interment.

2.—The coffins as they were found, when the vault was opened, in the presence of Lord Combermere.

The vault, in which these disturbances took place, is twelve feet long by six and a half wide, and had been formed by hewing through the flinty rock. Its only approach was by a door or opening, from which steps led down to the bottom. After each opening for a new interment, the displaced coffins were placed again in proper order, and the opening, or entrance to the vault, having been regularly closed by masons, was secured by a massive stone; to move which the strength of six or seven men was required.

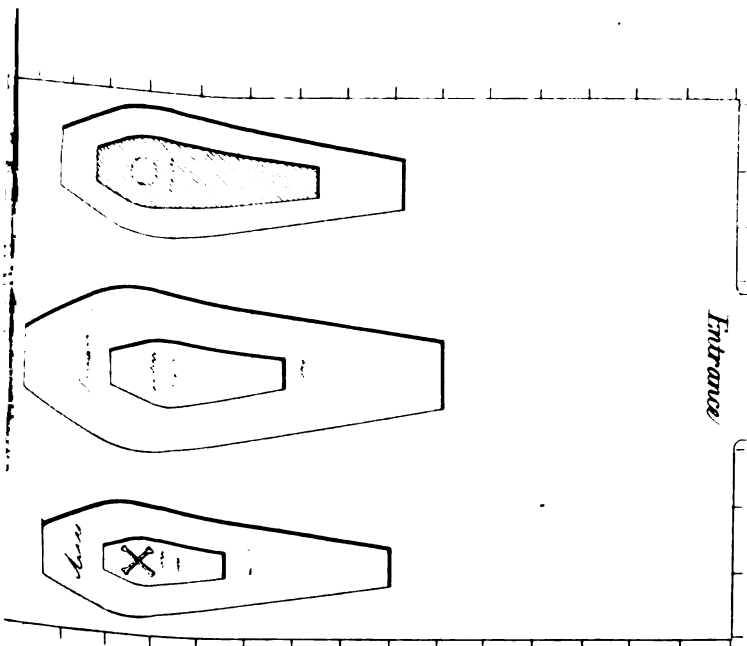
The builder and first owner of the vault was a gentleman of the name of Elliott, who, with his wife, was buried in it. After a lapse of many years, there being no representative of the Elliott family, Colonel Thomas Chase took possession of the vault. At that time the skulls, bones, and fragments of wooden coffins, which were all that remained of the Elliotts, were huddled together in a corner. It is said that these were, after the disturbance swept out, kicked and beaten, as "the rascals who had done this," by the negroes on Colonel Chase's estate.

An account of these occurrences is given in a work entitled *Transatlantic Sketches*, by Captain Alexander. London, 1833. Vol. I., p. 161. The writer says, that they could be the work of no human hand. The other vaults in the same churchyard were undisturbed, though liable to the operation of any natural cause which could have affected the one in question, and the black people were far too superstitious to have ventured on such a trick.

The surviving relatives of Colonel Chase were most indignant at the liberty which Lord Combermere had taken in ordering the vault to be opened without asking their permission, and when the news reached them, one of the family came to the spot, and had every coffin taken out and buried in the earth, leaving the vault quite empty, as it remains to this day.

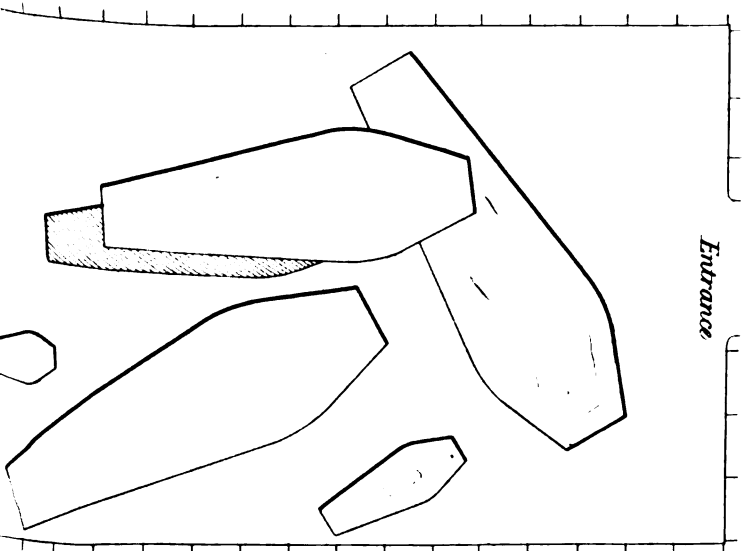
It is a singular coincidence, if it be only coincidence, that the disturbance in Barbadoes first occurred after the interment of a person who starved herself to death, and of another, Col. Chase, who died by his own hand, while, in the vault at Ahrensberg, the coffin of a suicide was found open and the arm of the corpse extended.

S. E. DE M.



*Entrance*

position of the coffins, as they were left, after the last interment.



*Entrance*

Their position as they were found when the Vault was opened in the presence of Lord Combermere.



THE CAPTAIN SAVES HIS SHIP BY A DREAM; AND THE  
COMFORTABLE OLD GHOST AT THE IRONING TABLE.

NEW AND FULLY AUTHENTICATED FACTS.

In the number of the *Spiritual Magazine* for October, the editor copied my dream on the voyage to Australia. Had I been aware of his intention, I could have added another incident of it, which escaped me at the moment of writing that account hastily in a letter to my wife. It might be supposed that I had had a description of my brother's house, and of its locality, before the dream occurred. This was not the case: all that I knew was that he lived at Melbourne. But there was a circumstance in the dream, which contradicted every thing that we had heard at the time. The news was, that on the discovery of the gold almost everybody had rushed away from Melbourne; that the town was nearly deserted, and that workmen of any kind were not to be had. The governor, it was said, had only an old woman or two in his offices: the chief justice had his boots blacked by his sons, and being paralytic, had to be drawn by them to Court in a Bath chair. But in my dream, some thousands of miles off at sea, I saw and told my friends in the ship that I saw the streets thronged with people, and men in working dress sitting on door-steps as wanting work. This was precisely the case when we arrived. Numbers had returned from the gold fields disappointed, and men were actually seen by me sitting on door-steps wanting to be engaged. The streets, too, were exactly as seen in my dream.

My dreams, like every other person's, are in general not at all significant, but occasionally I have such as by their clearness and lifelike impression, mark themselves out as special, and are sure to be fulfilled to the smallest particular. Whilst living at Heidelberg, twenty years ago, we became necessarily and unpleasantly cognizant of the violent quarrel of two families. The lover of one of the daughters of one of these families was suddenly discarded, and wrote to me a letter, still in my possession, full of the most energetic abuse and of charges of baseness of the mother of the young lady. The quarrel was to all appearances mortal, and never to be healed. But one day, taking an after-dinner nap in my easy chair in my study at the back of the house, where I had only the prospect of some hills and vineyards, my eldest daughter suddenly entered, and with a face full of astonishment, said, "Papa! what do you think?" I replied, "I know what you would tell me: W—— and P—— (the dis-

carded lover and the brother of the jilting young lady) are walking arm in arm in the public walk in front of the house."

In still greater astonishment, my daughter said, "How could you know that?" "Because," I replied, "I have just seen it in a dream." And that was the fact, surprising as the reconciliation seemed, and that I should see it though at the back of the house with no possibility of seeing it actually. The two young men were walking there to show us the fact of their reconciliation.

The late discussion in the *Morning Star* has occasioned the receipt of the following letters, which, it will be seen, I have procured the full attestation of from the parties immediately concerned.

"Times Office, Sunderland, Oct. 20/60.

"Dear Mr. Howitt.—Reading the other day Mr. Parker Snow's letter in the *Morning Star*, on the communication made to him relative to the search for Sir John Franklin's party, I have thought that the following facts, on another subject, may be interesting to you and others:—

"In 1852, my brother was in command of a vessel, which sailed with emigrants from this port for Australia. Many of the passengers being natives of this town, were personal acquaintances, and some of them intimate friends of my brother.

"One evening, then on his outward passage, he had a dream, the outline of which was as follows:—He dreamed that he was in command of a larger vessel than the emigrant; that she had a poop deck; and that he was entering a port—a place which, *he had seen previously*, but could not remember the name of. There was a mole at the entrance. He saw many soldiers standing thereabout. After he had been there some time, he wanted to get away, but those soldiers on the shore seemed inclined to prevent him. He did, however, sail out, and while doing so shots were fired, and came flying all about the vessel, but he and his crew escaped unhurt.

"This first dream was treated as an ordinary one, and not mentioned to any of his passenger friends. Next night, however, he had precisely the same dream again. This seemed to him so singular, that he mentioned it to his friends, but further than that he should have a repetition of the same dream neither he nor they thought that there could be 'anything in it.'

"In 1853 he returned to England, and the vessel being sold, he was offered by a member of the firm to whom the ship was chartered, Smith, Sundins, and Co., London, the command of another vessel, which they were then expecting to arrive. My brother accepted the offer, and on the arrival of the vessel, he was forcibly struck with the fact that this ship *had a poop like the one he had seen in his dream*. He took in cargo for Con-

stantinople, and thence he was chartered to Odessa for grain. After his arrival at Constantinople, affairs between England and Russia began to assume a threatening aspect. However, he proceeded to Odessa, and now comes the second coincidence between his dream, and the reality then before him. On entering the mole, he saw before him the place he had seen in his dream, and he remembered that he had been there once before when an apprentice. Yet he had no thought then, on his second visit, that he would be exposed to any danger. While, however, he was there, the Russian war broke out. Previous to the actual declaration of hostilities, it being known that a war was threatening, he and other captains of British ships were naturally anxious to complete cargoes and get away. Amongst others, there were some Sunderland and Shields ships, between the captains of which conferences took place, as to what they should do in case of any hostilities at Odessa. My brother communicated his singular dream to several of them, whose names he has given me, and who could be referred to in testimony of the fact. From his dream then, he considered that he should attempt to get away, and that he would probably succeed in so doing.

“Matters remained in this state until one morning British vessels of war appeared off the port, shortly after which the bombardment of the forts began by the ships. The hour had now arrived when the attempt to ‘cut and run’ by the merchant ships must be made, with what peril belonged to it, or to remain with the probable alternative of a Russian prison. Relying upon the hope, excited by his dream, my brother had determined to escape. There was at the moment a favourable wind out. Several vessels were lying in a line behind each other, the second being my brother’s vessel, the first outwards a Shields vessel. Away starts the first, followed by the second, third, and so on. Some indecision as to what was to be done was apparent amongst the soldiers on shore. It was subsequently understood that a messenger was despatched into the town to the officers in command for orders. Speedily the messenger returned, and a discharge of musketry followed fast and thick; some boats were manned and put off after the ships in all directions; but all the vessels which attempted to escape (there were seven, I believe) did so without the loss of a single life. Hence were realised, as my brother thought, the whole of the extraordinary incidents of his dream.

“The events made a powerful impression on his mind. As to the truth of the whole, my brother who is now in London, about to sail for Calcutta, would give you, or any friend who might choose to seek it, additional evidence and more exact details. My brother’s ship is the ‘White Eagle,’ owned by A. G. Robin-

son and Co. She is, I believe, lying in the London Docks at present. His address is 5, Havering Street, Commercial Road, but at the present time he will be almost continually at his ship. I should not like any public use to be made of this until my brother was seen, and the details were accurately obtained from him, as I am writing from memory, as the matter was told me in 1854 or 1855.

I fear I have dwelt too long upon this matter which, in the presence of more wonderful facts that you have before you, may appear unimportant.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,  
" J. WILLIAMS.

" William Howitt, Esq.

" P.S.—My brother sails, I believe, on the 25th or 26th."

Immediately on the receipt of this very interesting letter, I requested a friend to seek out Captain Williams, and obtain the necessary certification. He found him on board the "White Eagle," in the East India Docks, in the bustle of preparation for sailing, but having carefully read over his brother's letter, he took a pen and wrote upon it:—"This is correct, except that the dream occurred *three* times; and that I was on my homeward passage from Australia.—R. Williams. 25th Oct. 1860."

He also requested my friend to write down then and there, which he did, these additional particulars:—"Captain Williams states that he related these dreams at Constantinople *previously* to going to Odessa to Captain Crutwell, now of the ship "John Baring," of London, belonging to Messrs. Swann Brothers; and to Captain Lawson of the barque "Martha Kay," of Sunderland, who were with him subsequently at Odessa, and escaped with him."

A little before the receipt of Mr. Williams' letter, I received the following. I omit the name of the lady concerned for a reason which will appear:—

"Dear Sir,—I have seen a letter from you to the editor of the *Critic* in which you avow yourself a believer in spiritual appearances, and refer to two haunted houses—one situated at Cheshunt, the other at Willington, in the North of England. I happen to be well acquainted with the details of a third instance, and I shall furnish you with them as briefly as possible,—it being well understood that I am not a believer in ghosts, and that I relate as dispassionately and minutely as possible the particulars which I received from the lips of the person who, next to the ghost, was the principal actor in these extraordinary occurrences. The names are genuine, and you are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter.

"About twenty years ago, Mr. Joseph Y——, a well-to-do Yorkshire manufacturer, inhabited with his wife and family, an old-fashioned stone house situated in the village of C——, which lies about half-way between Leeds and Bradford. Mr. Y—— was a sufficiently matter-of-fact man, rather disposed to scepticism in most matters. Mrs. Y—— was a remarkably quiet, and unimaginative person, who perhaps never read a work of fiction in her life, and whose wishes and ideas were bounded by her home and children. They had lived a year or two in undisturbed quiet in the comfortable but old-fashioned dwelling, when the first of the series of strange occurrences, which afterwards became the talk of all that part of the country, took place.

"One fine afternoon in Spring, Mrs. Y—— was left quite alone in the house, her husband being absent at the London wool sales, and the servants having gone out with the children for a walk. She went into the kitchen, which was clean, bright and cheerful—like most Yorkshire country kitchens—and busied herself at the ironing-table which stood near the window through which the afternoon sun was streaming. She was intent on her work, and was rather startled, on raising her eyes to the clock, to find an old woman standing at the end of the table.

"Her surprise did not partake of the nature of alarm; many people came into the kitchen daily to purchase their spare milk, and she concluded that the old woman had entered noiselessly through the open door while she was busy with the ironing, and had come for milk. She noticed with curiosity the neat, old-fashioned style of her dress—her flowered chintz gown, the close-fitting muslin cap, and the spotless white handkerchief crossed over her bosom. She was in the act of opening her lips to tell her visitor that it wanted an hour to milking time, when the figure flickered, wavered, and died off into empty space.

"On the return of the servants she told them what she had seen, and communicated the matter to her husband on his return, but he only laughed at her, and the doctor assured her that her nerves were at fault.

"Some months elapsed; the house remained quite undisturbed, and the matter was rapidly becoming forgotten, even by Mrs. Y——, when she received a second visit. It was towards dusk in the afternoon, and she was awaiting the arrival of a lady friend who was coming to spend a few days with her. She had gone up stairs for the purpose of seeing that the spare bed-room was properly arranged for the visitor, and was descending, when, looking down, she perceived the old woman in the same dress, standing perfectly motionless on the flight of steps below. She did not wait for her disappearance, but now really alarmed, ran back into the bed-room, and rang the bell for the servants. They



came and found nothing ; and poor Mrs. Y—— could obtain no credence for her story.

“ Some weeks passed away, and the old woman appeared again : this time by the light of a rush-light which Mrs. Y—— kept burning in her chamber. Her face was pale and composed ; her eyes cast down : her hands folded over her breast. She appeared to Mrs. Y—— so frequently in the bed-room, that she ceased to be terrified at her visits, and found presence of mind to awaken her sleeping husband, who had just time to see the skirts of the visitor disappear through the door. Convinced at last that his wife was not labouring under an optical delusion, he applied for advice to the clergyman of the parish ; at that time, I believe, a Mr. Redhead,—probably the same mentioned in the *Memoirs of Charlotte Brontë*.

“ He visited Mrs. Y—— ; talked seriously to her ; and tried to persuade her that her imagination had deceived her : but finding her persistent in her faith, he finally recommended her to address her spiritual visitor, and enquire the reason of her appearance.

“ The matter, of course, became noised abroad, and old inhabitants of the place, on hearing Mrs. Y——’s account, identified the apparition as that of an old maiden lady who had inhabited the dwelling many years before the Y——s came to live there.

“ Her visits now became more frequent, and were accompanied by various noises, which alarmed the servants and children so much as to compel the master to give notice to quit. Paper was rustled violently close to people’s elbows ; money was counted down on tables near at hand, and heavy footsteps crossed the floor, and mounted the stairs ; unseen hands uplifting the bed-clothes, awakened the sleepers almost nightly. Many people came to see the house, and hear the accounts of the dwellers ; and numbers were convinced by the simple, unvarying narrative of the mistress. The last visit occurred a few days before they quitted the house. Mrs. Y—— awoke at the dead of night with that peculiar feeling which warned her of the presence of her ghostly visitor, and beheld her standing at the foot of the bed, gazing in her face, with a sad, earnest look. She strove to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. The figure moved slowly round the bed ; stood close to her at the head, still gazing, and then disappeared behind the curtain. When she was out of sight, Mrs. Y—— found courage to awaken her servant sleeping in a bed at her side, but, as before, the visitor had gone and left no trace behind.

“ Such are the facts of this singular case, as nearly as I can remember them. You can verify them by applying to Mrs. Y—— herself, who is now living at E—— Hill, near Bradford, York-

shire. This letter was began many months ago, but illness and domestic affliction prevented my finishing it until this date—  
Oct. 8th, 1860. With the assurance of my respect,

“ I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,  
“ EMMA LETHERBROW.

“ Grove Street, Ardwick Green,  
“ Manchester.”

There can be little doubt that the ghost of the poor maiden lady was anxious to disclose some hidden money, had Mrs. Y— been self-possessed enough to have interrogated her. To obtain confirmation of this well-written account, I wrote to Mrs. Y— and received the following reply :—

“ M— P—, Oct. 24th, 1860.

“ Sir,—In answer to your letter received this morning, respecting the appearance you mention, I should wish to know your reason for the application ; as I should not wish my name to be made public. *It is certainly a fact* that I did see a woman in a house in which we once lived, C— Lodge,—but not lately : I think almost sixteen years ago. She seemed to be turned fifty years of age ; rather stout ; dressed very plain, and had a very nice and placid countenance. She appeared to me several times, and I yet remember her very well. She was a person I never knew ; but by the description I gave of her, it was thought to be the woman that had lived and died in the same house previous to us going there. Some people are apt to ridicule such things, but I can assure you it *was the case*. I really did see that woman in different dresses, both by day and night. Why she appeared to me is not for me to say ; but it was very remarkable. I have felt a delicacy in answering your letter lest you might publish my name, which I hope you will not.

“ I remain, very respectfully,  
“ MARIA Y—L.”

In writing to Mrs. Y—, I gave her no particulars whatever communicated by Mrs. Letherbrow, except that of her having seen an apparition ; therefore, the facts which she states according so fully with those of Mrs. Letherbrow (except as to the precise number of years), make the confirmation complete. More remarkable or better related and attested facts of this kind, and by persons still living and well known, have scarcely ever been recorded. I have left the name of the lady concerned, and the place of her abode, in initials, at her request, but they are given in full in the letters in my possession.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

## THE "DISPATCH" AND "LEADER" ON SPIRITUALISM.

WE are so accustomed to the scorn and ignorant contempt of the press, that we have come to regard it as "the usual thing;" and have borne it with tolerable complacency, feeling assured that ere long the subject must needs be discussed in a very different spirit; facts "winna ding," and though they may first have to run the gauntlet of derision and antagonism, they must in the end be recognised for what they are. Already there are symptoms that a more fair and healthy spirit of investigation is abroad than has been hitherto witnessed in the treatment of Spiritualism by the press. The *Morning Star* has opened its columns to its discussion of the question *pro* and *con*, and the *Dispatch*, of November 4th, in a review of this Magazine, and of the *Cornhill* puts the evidence in attestation of Spiritualism before its readers in a very forcible way.

After transcribing some passages from "Stranger than Fiction," the reviewer, says:—

The witness who sets his hand and seal to all this is no other than Robert Bell—the astutest of commentators—the most sceptical and lynx-eyed of editors—one of the most successful *littérateurs* in his line, and that line chiefly devoted to the comparison of probabilities, the weighing of evidence, the minute sifting of facts. The same phenomena were witnessed at the same time by Dr. Gully, the eminent physician of Malvern; by Dr. Collier, of London; and by other persons distinguished for the social position they have attained by learning, genius, ability, and vigour of mind. William Howitt has seen and vouches marvels equally startling. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, a Minister of State; Louis Napoleon, who sustains Europe on his Atlantean shoulders; Newton Crossland, one of our most successful lecturers and acutest annotators; Parker Snow, of the Arctic expedition; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Bird, Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, and Lord Brougham have also witnessed them. We have confined this detail entirely to the transcription of the narrative of *physical* phenomena, palpable to the bodily senses—to appearances frequently seen, often heard, sensibly felt. Dr. Collier exhibited to the editor of a daily journal very visible discolourations of his leg caused by the grasp of an unseen hand. . . . . These phenomena are manifested, not in Judea 1800 years ago, but in England, London, now—daily. Every witness is living, moving, vouching for them, by pen and tongue;—they are to be seen and heard, not in a corner, but in the midst of three millions of the most civilised people in the world, who are not embarrassed by superstition or rendered credulous by mystical views of a special providence. . . . . The witnesses are legion in every town in Europe and America, chiefly among the middle and higher classes, including princes, statesmen, philosophers, and men of science, with their magazines, *séances*, nay the very wonders themselves, the paper written over by the unseen hands, the predictions fulfilled, the answers to questions about unknown circumstances confirmed by the result, the pencil with which words were written, the accordion played upon, the articles that moved, the persons who were upborne on air. There they are all seen, heard, felt, re-wording every detail, producing their sensible proofs, speaking, writing, reiterating—

Their pulse as ours doth temperately beat time  
And makes as heathful music.

Assume that we had not to filter the "Christian Evidences," as Paley calls them, through the mists of six thousand or eighteen hundred years—that the Evangelists, that the "twelve Apostles," stood before us, with their Oriental conviction that everything that happened was by a special providence—that they had a Divine commission prefigured by national prophecy—that they would have signs from heaven in attestation of the truths they proclaimed—tell us candidly, as a question of mere human credibility to facts palpable to the senses, what reason can you, reader, give for believing a miracle attested by Paul, and rejecting one vouched by Bell or Brougham, or Howitt or Louis Napoleon, or Dr. Gully? Is Howitt manifestly a visionary carried away by Spiritualism? Pray what do you make of the Apocalypse? Is not Howitt's exaltation, although infinitely inferior in degree, in heat and intensity, yet of the same kind as Paul's? Am I bound to believe that Paul heard a voice from Heaven, and saw a glory as he fell from his horse, at his conversion, and to hold that Howitt is an impostor or a lunatic when he says he has seen a heavy man float in the air, felt him as he floated, struggled with both hands in broad daylight to hold an accordion, discoursing music that moved all to tears, which was torn from him by an invisible and wholly inexplicable attraction—the same phenomena in divers manners and in sundry places being attested by many learned and scientific men of astute scepticism and most anti-mystical turn of character—the Felixes, Agrippas, and Pilates of our time and country. Are all these princes, philosophers, judges, ministers of state, scientific men, physicians, in a conspiracy to hoax or deceive the world without object, to the injury of their own intellectual status? Then what are we to say of the credibility of the handful of Jews eighteen hundred years ago who had a spiritual purpose to serve by what they said, and whose religious fervour was intensified by prophecy and persecution?

Totally unable to escape from this line of reasoning in a direct manner, objectors say:—Oh! I don't mean to say that all these persons in Europe and America are liars or cheats. I am ready to admit that they *believe* they have seen all they describe; but for all that, the phenomena they describe never really happened. They were illusions incident to well-known laws of the nervous and cerebral system—the witnesses were all somnambulists, mesmerised, rendered ecstatic at the same time, and under the same circumstances. True, they are conscious of no such process, true it is rather improbable that not only Bell, but Gully, Collier, and seven others should all be seized with this ecstasy at the same moment, and should vouch exactly the same delusions. But let that pass. Were mesmerism, somnambulism, epidemic nervous illusions less likely or prevalent in Judea 1800 years ago when all the Jews were looking for a deliverer? Were there fewer mystics, less delusion, less credulity? Were these paroxysms less likely to deceive ignorant fishermen than astute modern *illuminati*? Try another hypothesis—that the phenomena are all optical delusions—seen indeed, heard, truly felt; but they are produced by legerdemain and conjuring apparatus, and have been outdone by Wiljaba Frikel and Robert Houdin. It is true that these artists have witnessed the marvels of Home and are unable to account for them on any theory of their art. But is it the opinion of the witnesses that deception was possible; that the wonders they saw were not unfolded as they *believed* they were? Are they not as firmly convinced, awe-struck with the solemn conviction, that what they have witnessed is fearfully real, as Paul when he heard the voice, or the guests at Cana who tasted the wine which had been water? If the senses of Brewster, Bell, Napoleon, Howitt, Hall, Brougham, Gully, Collier, are deceived *now*, on what formula of logic do the objectors depend for escaping the conclusion that the Evangelists and other disciples were deceived *then*? To humour the case, as put by Catholic priests and Calvinistic fanatics, if the harmless and innocent wonders now attested by pious and God-fearing men are the work of the Devil (!) what right have the objectors to assume that the same agency was not competent to call the buds upon Aaron's divining rod, or stimulate the voracity of the serpent of Moses?

As a question of dialectics, will it any longer do to accept and believe the Scripture miracles as true and genuine, and to set aside the phenomena we have described as *inherently* incredible? as *a priori* impossible? Idiots in the journals say *Cui bono*? what is the *use* of these latter-day marvels. We cannot believe

that they can be true, because we cannot see that they have any object. Common sense might have suggested that the most precious legacies of science were totally unapplied for centuries after they were made. The facts we have detailed will speedily find out their own application to human happiness if they be true. But as a question of evidence, testimony to an objectless wonder is infinitely more reliable, because more disinterested and less liable to willing self-deception, than witnesses to phenomena which obviously suit a moral purpose, which fit in to a previous expectation, the failure of which would be the failure of a life's mission—the success of which aids a national mythology, and adds Divine authority to the worker of the wonders.

No doubt, sufficient as it is, a much fuller answer to the above question than this might be given; nor can we assent to the affirmation that Spiritualism is an “objectless wonder;” the foregoing, too, may serve to indicate to clerical and other opponents how their objections may, with equal force, be applied by modern infidelity against the Scriptures themselves. But let another “gentleman of the press” now occupy the stand. The *Saturday Analyst and Leader* writes somewhat considerably in advance of the tone taken by Mr. Lewes in the *Leader* some three or four years back. In a leading article, October 27th, headed SPIRITUALISM, the editor referring to the correspondence on this subject in the *Star*, says:—

Mr. Howitt's letter was calm and manly in its manner; as sober and serious a letter as ever was penned by a sensible man, under a thorough and honest conviction. In it he positively refutes the charge made in many of the journals, that the *séance* people had never challenged the presence of scientific and disinterested persons; he mentions the names of some of the shrewdest and best known men in England, asserting that they have been present at *séances*, and have been utterly unable to account for the phenomena which they have there witnessed. One of our most distinguished and eminent mathematicians is said to be a thorough convert; with many this will go far, because cool reasoning, and a demand for demonstration, are generally supposed to be the mathematician's characteristics. We do not think so, necessarily; indeed, Dougald Stewart has observed, that men accustomed mainly to the step by step processes of positive science, are often like children and the vulgar, when subjected to the influences of imagination—a faculty with which they are little in the habit of dealing, either in the way of exercise or control, *valeat quantum*.

As for ourselves, we confess we have been much staggered by a communication made to us by a personal connection, an officer, a man of practical science, and a man of honour; and, till very recently, a thorough disbeliever in spiritual manifestations. He has given us, in words, communications made to himself and his wife, when no third party was present, and in lodgings at the sea-side, where no trick or machinery was probable, or even possible. There were no little hands, no magical phantasmagoria of nosegays, &c., but by raps on the table, with distinct pauses at certain letters, intelligible answers were given to important questions respecting his own well-being, and that of his household; advices so important and remarkable respecting the past, that it led him to make an important change in his present arrangements, in obedience to what he deems the supernatural injunctions. *The messages were all of a beneficial, and nearly all of a scripturally religious character, and he declares they have produced a permanent change for the better in his own.* This gentleman, we repeat, is a man of honour, and holds a most responsible and important and scientific public post: he is not a man easily to be fooled, and is, we are thoroughly convinced, incapable of fooling us, or of giving us anything but an honest record of his impressions. He has not authorised us to give his name, indeed, we did not ask him for his permission, not having, at first, any intention of penning this article. As far as

we are concerned, we solemnly assure the reader that we write in all good faith, with still a lurking prejudice against these manifestations, for we have not, as yet, had an opportunity of being present at one of the *séances*, though such an opportunity is promised us at no distant time.

The editor is not, however, quite satisfied as to the utility of some of the reported manifestations; nor, indeed, are we, if we regard merely the things said and done, but if we go beyond these to the consideration of the facts and principles which a careful study of them will indicate, we shall find probably that they, in this light, have another and totally different value. The editor's friend, in the passage we have given in italics, has shown that, at least, the manifestations are not always frivolous and productive of no good effect upon those who witness them; and a better acquaintance with the history of Spiritualism would show him that spirits have many times "performed a service useful and charitable" both to the bodies and souls of men. Doubtless, as his friend testifies, a want of seriousness and sincerity on the part of inquirers is, in many cases, the cause of the frivolity and foolishness of which these parties are often so ready to complain.

Since the foregoing was written, a second notice of "Spiritualism" has appeared in the *Dispatch* of Nov. 11th, which we think is even an advance upon the first. Our readers by this time must be pretty well accustomed to our mode of treating it, and we therefore gladly present them with the view taken of it by an independent writer. It is written in a "bold Roman style," which may usefully serve as a model to many writers of the press, whose weak, tremulous hand is too painfully apparent. Most truly does this writer say, that, "there is a profound practical scepticism at the bottom of the minds of the most orthodox people," and that "a 'living faith' in the substantial elementary principles of religion is the rarest commodity of our day and generation. The mind of the million has been led away from religion to theology—the substance of faith to the shadows of mythology—until the glorious Gospel of the blessed God has been depraved and metamorphosed into a sort of logical paganism." And he asks:—

If the resurrection of Christ be the symbol of our own, why do we not reason the analogy out, and know that all who have died live and think and feel? What is a spirit but a man who has thrown off the encumbrance of his flesh and blood—what is a man but a spirit in its clothes? A ghost, an apparition, a disembodied spirit! Why should it inspire me with mysterious awe—why should I be afraid of it, "being a thing immortal as itself?" What is death but a flitting to the next town—rejoining the society of those who have gone before me—leaving that of those who come after! "Why should it seem a thing incredible among you that one should rise from the dead?" He has but been to see his father and mother and comes to look upon his children, perhaps to watch over them, invisibly guide them—"comfort them."

We have never seen a table turned, heard a spirit rap, felt a hand pinch,

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listened while without apparent agency an accordion "discoursed most eloquent music." The silly, impossible, altogether disingenuous and stupid solutions of these phenomena, hitherto attempted by Faraday, *Once a Week*, and others, only convince us of the trite aphorism that no *gobemouche* is so omnivorous in his credulity as the man who believes that there is nothing to be believed. Our especial desire has been to place and keep ourselves in the position of our readers in this discussion—to treat it purely dialectically, and with reference to the credibility of human testimony. We have never entertained for one moment the idea that the Author of Nature ever tolerated any violation of it—that the order of the universe was ever interrupted or suspended—that the laws of causation are ever interrupted. It does not, in our view, in the least follow that, because phenomena are eccentric and unaccountable that, therefore, they are supernatural—or that, because a man does what no other man has done, therefore is he preterhuman. The distinction which has been raised between a general and a special Providence is really purely gratuitous. The God who ordains the one ordains the other—where is the difference? "He upholds all things by the word of His power"—He said, "Be light!" and light was. He numbers the hairs of our heads, and marks the fall of the sparrow—and it is totally unphilosophical, and nothing but a mere theological assumption, to pretend that He has two ways of governing the world—one by winding it up, and setting it to go by itself without more interposition on His part; another by stopping the pendulum, turning back the hands, and striking twelve when the index marks six. . . . .

Whatever there may be in this spirit-rapping, table-turning, deviation from the apparent rigidity of the law of gravitation, we assume, therefore, to be in conformity with the real uniformity of sequence. It would occur at all times, and in all places, under the same circumstances. It would manifest itself through all persons having the same natural gifts; or, if you will, the same spiritual gifts, which are natural, as congenital as the complexion or the constitution. There is nothing preterhuman about the phenomena whatever they are—there is nothing miraculous—nothing is or ever was miraculous—nothing that would not occur for ever under the same sequence of antecedents. . . . .

It is strange how stupidity repeats itself. Gaping fools insist upon it, after all the revelations of history and science have prepared mankind by ten thousand examples to find that "truth is stranger than fiction," that whatever they cannot account for, must be miraculous; and that as miracles have ceased, nothing that is marvellous has ever happened. A goose that quacks in the *Lancet*, finding that his blunderbuss misses fire, takes the usual alternative of trying to knock down truth and fracture inquiry with the butt-end. There is not, for example, a better authenticated phenomenon in physiology than what is called clairvoyance—so far as human testimony can vouch for anything. It was conclusively established by the Report of the French Academy of the 21st and 28th of June, 1831, composed of the most eminent physiologists and natural philosophers of their time, and has been witnessed by thousands since. By what law it acts is still undiscovered. What the conditions are essential to its development we are as yet imperfectly informed. But nobody but an idiot would attempt to overbear all reasoning on the subject by maintaining that no person ever saw without eyes, else they would be sure to decypher the number of Sir Philip Crampton's note enveloped at the Dublin Bank. If there be any truth in the second sight attributed to Spiritualism, this learned Theban contends, Home will let us see it. Why doesn't it tell people whether their speculation will be lucky for half a crown? There can be no truth in any manifestations, because every medium fails to keep on *always* manifesting. Why doesn't Mrs. Marshall become a police inspector if she can get spirits to be communicative at a *séance*. Mr. Howitt is a liar in all he says, else he would at once reveal the Road murder! And this in a periodical pretending to science—to Wakley philosophy, and Pinsbury refinement. These are just the sort of coarse-minded natures who have in all ages persecuted truth and clung to absurdity; who have disbelieved every wonder they could not comprehend; who are so destitute of observation, so deficient in knowledge, so utterly unteachable and unobservant, that their minds have no preparatory excogitation to train them to accept the probability of new phenomena. They would have argued that blindness and lameness were

never cured by faith in the patient and mesmeric power in the Emperor, because Vespasian did not cure every disease in the whole Roman Empire. They would have contended that all the witnesses to the sanative wonders wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris were knaves and dupes, because they could do nothing of the sort in Cripplegate graveyard or Norwood Cemetery, or at the grave of the Reverend Alexander Fletcher. The logic is not new. The rabble of Jerusalem jeered the Messiah with the self-same dialectics—"He has saved others, Himself he cannot save." Because of men's unbelief Christ would do no miracles—your *Lancet* logicians would call the latter the sure sign that there were none, and that the Devil and the Pharisees were very much in the right.

The *Lancet* stupidities proceed on the assumption that the manifestations described are preternatural gifts, entirely at the command of those who indicate them, and producible by causation of which they perfectly know and understand the series, sequence, and principle. No wonder that ever occurred in connection with human agency might not be disproved by such logic. If one somnambulist can read with the pit of his stomach, or see into a box with his eyes blindfolded, why are not all somnambulists *clairvoyant*?—If the telegraph can work across the Mediterranean, or carry messages up the Red Sea, why can't it fly across the Atlantic? The plain answer is—nobody knows. Because the laws and principles of physics which regulate the phenomena are not understood even by those who develop them, they do not comprehend why they reveal themselves at some times and do not at others. "One thing I know, whereas once I was blind, now I see." We must wait upon Nature, reverently listen to what she chooses to tell us, and in the way it pleases her to utter it, and deal with the facts that are manifested without ignoring them because others are not manifested. We must be glad to learn her lessons on the conditions she chooses to prescribe, thankful to accept such insight into her arcana as she vouchsafes to grant. Our minds must be open and ready to receive facts when they are creditably attested, and for their own sake, without prejudice and presumption. When Newton saw the apple fall, he asked, why did it not rise? If we would attain to his knowledge, we will keep our intelligence equally divested of foregone conclusions.

We thought that Bacon had long since exploded *a priori* objections to the verity of attested facts:—"Man, the servant and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more." Her miracles burst upon us with every new way; why should we wonder at and doubt the lesser marvels of a medium? The law which bound the needle to the pole existed when God made the earth elliptic; Adam would have thought it incredible or miraculous; the crew of Columbus saw magic in its divarication; the Chinese knew it for centuries after Europe was dodging along the shore for want of it. The law of gravitation had commanded the order of the spheres since ever they had "peeled their first notes to sound the march of time;" yet it had to wait for Newton to reveal it, and if he had kept it to himself and predicted by it the phenomena of the planets, who would have hesitated to reverence him as a prophet? The principle of the balloon, the photograph, the steam engine, the telegraph, was in action at the Creation—we have had to wait for 6,000 years to unfold their secrets. Who a hundred years ago would have thought air through pipes could give us light and heat; that we could procure flame by instantaneous friction, or kill at six miles, or draw portraits and landscapes, absolute reflexes of life, by a moment's glance at the sun? My thought takes the spinal column for its telegraph wire, and signals my foot to walk. Two souls dwell 3,000 miles apart—they never saw, they knew nothing of each other—to each other they are only *thoughts* that cannot even make themselves mutually manifest, except through a material medium. The Atlantic cable is their spinal column—they calmly speak through the roaring sea, the fathomless deeps, an eighth part of the "thick rotundity of the world." Had David Hume been told this fact, without being made acquainted with the scientific economy which produced it, would he not have ridiculed the attestors of it as puerile impostors? We know the law which, in an instant, sends the lightning speech three thousand miles from hand to hand—have we yet discovered the law which sends the thought to the hand at the one end, and the eye and ear to the thought at the other end? The telegraph is the



medium of those two—the body is the medium whereby each soul manifests itself to every other. Are not immortal creatures spiritual beings—if our souls are spiritual and never die, where is the improbability that the souls of the departed, by a normal law, by a principle of the ordinary operation of nature, should telegraph to us as we do to our limbs? Are we asked why, if this be so, it has never been observed from the Creation until now—the answer is easy. All ages have asserted its existence—our instincts involuntarily favour the belief even in spite of the dogmatism of the understanding; but if we had not these intuitive feelings even, the express declarations of every people, in all ages, in affirmation of spiritual communion with the living; the alleged discovery keeps company with the sun-picture and the telegraph, which *might* have worked millions of years ago, but have only been made manifest within the lives of the present generation.

Piety is shocked that we should have challenged comparison in testimony to sensuous observation, to visible scientific facts, of the witnesses to the wonders of the New Testament, with those to mesmerism, table-turning, and the marvels of Mr. Home. "Not to speak it profanely," were the apostles and the first Christians more than immortal—their souls more than spirits—their parentage higher than that of our common Creator? Are our contemporaries less the children of God, more finite, more grossly material, crudely physical, less metaphysical than were the disciples? Are they not infinitely better educated, more scientific, less credulous, and more observing? We are assured that the age of miracles is past. If there ever were miracles, where is the pretence in reason or revelation for saying when they began, or when, where, or whether they had ended? On the contrary, the plainest canons of dialectics lead to the inference, that what *has* happened *will* happen, and that the past existence of a fact justifies the expectation of its future reappearance.

We have, we own, another solution of the enigma. We do not believe the phenomena now passing before us *are* miraculous; we do not believe those which astonished the disciples *were* miraculous. Both were normal—in conformity to, not in violation of, the order of nature—obedient to the uniformity of causation—links in the chain of the regular sequence of the universe—examples of the ordinary operation of the laws of the Creator, of which, simply, mankind had not discovered the principle. Christ himself tells us the Almighty is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living; we are as much subjects of His spiritual economy as the Hebrews 1,800 years ago. We refuse to believe assertions without evidence—we decline to reject testimony merely because it vouches what is new or strange. It is not in the least impossible—it is not even improbable—it is probable—reasoning from the past it is even certain—that real phenomena should reveal themselves totally inexplicable by any known law—apparently a violation of physical laws—perhaps new principles pregnant with marvels to which the fictions of the past are prosaic. What Paul ever thought of making the sun paint?—What Joseph or Elisha could ever converse with a friend three thousand miles across the ocean? Talk of prophecy! Why Halley predicted the very day and minute of the appearance of a comet myriads of miles away, scores of years after he was in his grave. There is no event better authenticated in history than Swedenborg's vision of the great fire of Stockholm. The perfectly ascertained facts of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and electricity, prepare us to wait with reverence and candour upon the unfolding of such phenomena as are attested by Bell, Gully, and Collier; and we shall never be ashamed to own, that as truth in all ages has owed very much more to credulity than conceited scepticism and self-sufficient prejudice, so there is no phenomenon, however marvellous we should *a priori* reject as impossible, in the face of cognate facts, and accumulated, intelligent, and unexceptionable testimony.

## SPIRITUALISM IN CALIFORNIA.

[From the *California Chronicle*, 19th Nov, 1859.]

CARRING at themes is easy; the most uncultivated intellect can overthrow the most stupendous fabric of the imagination. But grappling with facts is another and different thing. That portion of these essays which is theoretical, your readers may receive or not, just as they deem most consonant with reason and experience. I did not intend, however, in writing them, to permit myself to be led off from the main design by side discussion with opponents, no matter how fairly they deal with my arguments. Your correspondent, therefore, who subscribes himself "Fair Dealer" must excuse me, if I should not deem his remarks of sufficient importance, to notice more particularly and at length.

Spiritualism is an experimental science. Facts prove conclusively that disembodied spirits can and do commune with human beings, through the medium of the mental fluid. How these facts are to be tested, each for himself, I now proceed to shew. Before doing so, however, a word or two may not be out of place to those who are desirous of entering upon the examination. The spirit of each individual acts in two ways upon his organization, by volition and by involition. Hence a theory has sprung up, with John Bovee Dods at its head, that the human mind possesses voluntary and involuntary powers. It is not wise to dispute about terms, or definitions; nor is it worth my while at this stage of my argument, to shew Professor John Bovee Dods's mistake, in confounding the operations of the spirit with those of the mind. Let us examine, then, the Professor's own account of the matter, and admit *the mind* to possess voluntary and involuntary power. It cannot be denied that much of the error connected with Spiritualism, is traceable directly to this source.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and many an ignoramus sits down to the "table," or joins the "circle," whose eagerness outwits itself, and who sees up the victim of self-delusion, and the fool of his own fancy. The greatest care, and the nicest discrimination are in all cases requisite, in order to determine between the involuntary operations of the mind of the experimenter, and those of the spiritual acts, which proceed from influences beyond, and outside of the individual. And this from the very nature and necessity of the case: for when a table is charged with mental fluid, perfect passivity is indispensable amongst those whose hands are in connection with it, because it is *only* then that a disembodied spirit can act. In each case, the mental fluid, is the conductor so to speak—of the spiritual impressions, and the spirit in the body can operate upon that fluid, quite as perceptibly as one out of the body. This fact accounts for all those absurd, illegitimate freaks of the imagination, printed and published under the denomination of spiritual communications, and which are worthy only of the derision and contempt of every sensible man. No one can despise them more heartily than myself; and few, I think, can cherish feelings of such utter ineffable scorn for that band of male and female old women who nightly draw out the table, and set it a-tripping to the tune of folly and futurity. Let those, then, who are sincerely desirous of testing Spiritualism, select their own circle; let them choose no man who can be led by his nerves or his ears, to believe anything; let no dishonest person be admitted, and let the examination be conducted silently, solemnly, and truthfully. Some patience, too, would not be out of place; but, above all, and beyond all, let each one avoid that state of mind called by a recent sceptic "expectant attention," that hurried *anticipation*, which just as surely leads into error, as it does into folly.

I have stated more than once that my design is not to philosophise and theorise. I deal with facts, and have no time to debate whys and wherefores. I shall not therefore attempt any explanation of the peculiar physical phenomena attending the sittings of a spiritual circle.

Let us suppose, then, that four persons, two gentlemen and as many ladies, have agreed to investigate Spiritualism, and they prepare to begin. A small table with a polished surface, and a parallelogram in form, is most convenient and proper. The sitters place themselves opposite each other and strive to main-

tain both silence and mental inactivity. At the expiration of three or four minutes let the hands be examined, and if they are all of the same temperature, the experiment must be abandoned for that evening. If, upon the next, the same result be observed, something radically wrong exists in the constituent elements of the circle, and it would be worse than useless to prolong the attempt. If, however, on trying the temperature of the hands upon the table, those of either of the sitters be unnaturally cold, that person must remain where he or she may be, and the rest of the party must range themselves opposite. Experience has shown that it required three positives—i. e., persons having warm hands—to balance one negative, or a person having cold hands. If two negatives remain at the table, they must sit side by side, and at least three positives must be placed opposite.

When the circle is thus constituted, physical phenomena *invariably follow*. I have never yet known a failure, and I have witnessed hundreds of experiments both here and in the Eastern States. It may then be regarded as axiomatic, that no results can follow—honestly, I mean—where no mental battery has been formed.

After the table becomes charged with mental fluid, it commences moving—*ex rei necessitate*—why, I am not called upon to explain. Many *Spiritualists* have supposed that the table then acquires polarity, and in the attempt to find equilibrium, it meanders like the magnetic needle when disturbed. The fact is undisputed, and that is all I now desire to impress.

As soon as the table moves readily, and without effort, having apparently lost the force of gravitation, it immediately becomes the medium of spiritual agency. The brain of each individual charges the nerves of the hand or arm, and an impulse from the will moves it; the table, by means of the mental battery, becomes saturated with the same fluid, which the hand and arm acquired from the brain, and an impulse of any spirit's will, either in or out of the body moves it. The spirit in either case comes in direct contact with the gross matter out of which the arm or the table is composed.

A table thus charged, if perfect passivity be preserved by those in the room, readily responds to spiritual agencies. The inference that the agency is spiritual depends upon the facts proven in each individual case. Many persons, after beholding a table, move by some power other than that of the circle around it, immediately rush to the conclusion that it proceeds from spirits. As well might they argue that the needle traverses the card and settles due north by the same agency. With that class of minds I never did, nor do I now hold communion. The concatenation is wanting which enforces the reason. But there are others who have examined Spiritualism, not so easily duped by appearances; and who witnessing results coming in this "questionable form," have the manliness to "speak to them." I profess to be one of those; and before I consented to give in my adherence to THIS GREAT FACT OF THE AGE, I required tests, which would convince any *sane* mind. These tests may be attained by any one, and it is the part of fools only to deny the science before they have had an opportunity to witness the facts.

With those who declare that these things cannot be so *because they can't*, I will not stoop to argue; with those who deny them, because they are afraid of investigation, I hold no fellowship; but to all, fair, open, and well-balanced minds, I have no hesitation in saying;—Test Spiritualism, just as you would magnetism, or electricity, and you will be driven to the same conclusion which, after two years of honest investigation, has been embraced by myself—a thorough conviction of its truth.

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For my own part, Spiritualism has been to me, to my own family, and to a wide circle of relatives and friends through whom it has radiated, the most substantial blessing of existence. Before its luminous facts, knitting up the present with the sacred past, binding up the life of to-day with the spiritual life of the great-souled and great-hearted in all ages and all quarters of the world; of Plato with Moses, of Zoroaster with Bacon, every doubt, nay, every uncertainty of divine revelation, and of the immortality of man, has fled as the shades of night before the morning.—*William Howitt.*

## Correspondence.

### GHOSTS IN COSTUME.

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

SIR.—The difficulty raised by your correspondent S. E. B., is one that has been often urged with plausibility against the ghost theory, and yet on examination it altogether disappears. That it is an important objection, however, is evident when we consider that there is no instance on record, so far as I am aware, of the appearance of a ghost in perfect "undress," all such appearances being clothed either in garments of ordinary wear, or in some sufficient substitute for them, and if it be impossible that there can be ghostly "hats and great coats," or other garments, owing to their not having their "spiritual representatives," or on any other ground, ghostly appearances must be mere illusions. I am convinced, however, that it is not so, and to strengthen that conviction in others, I would endeavour to remove the above difficulty.

The objection may be stated in the two following questions. First—How can spirits appear dressed in clothing such as that worn by human beings? and secondly—If they can do so, why should they dress in the "costume of the period," as put by your correspondent.

The following is, I think, a sufficient answer to the first question—spirits have power to a certain extent over the elements that surround them. In the paper on ghosts in the June number of your Magazine, we are told that most probably the spiritual body is composed of the subtle ether or ethereal medium, and that spirits make themselves visible by means of the vibration of that ether or medium. The human body and the garments that cover it are composed, doubtless, of the same ultimate particles of matter; and I think all the discoveries of modern science point to the conclusion that the ethereal medium is naught but those ultimate particles in their purest or most attenuated form. If then the spiritual body be composed of the ethereal medium, may not the spiritual coverings other than the body be formed of it, and may it not be, that spirits have the power of giving what form they please to those coverings by a mere effort of the will? Angels have always appeared to man in human shape, and it has been supposed that it is by the exercise of the will they are enabled to take the human bodily form. Why spirits should require any other covering than the immaterial body we can hardly say. May it not be in deference to man's habits and prejudices? It would be a curious enquiry as to the covering worn by ghosts that have appeared to savages who were not in the habit of using clothing! The fact of ghostly coverings often being coloured is much more difficult of explanation than the mere fact of their existence, but such explanation is by no means impossible. I do not think, however, that it can be explained by the application of the received theory of colour. According to that theory the appearance of colour is merely the result of vibration, and the absorption and reflection of motion; and the application of it to the present case, even if possible, would require a spiritual mechanism much more complete than according to our own notions of the simplicity of the spiritual nature we can ascribe to it. The visibility of colour depends on light, and light on the ethereal medium; and may not that medium itself be the seat of colour or have the power of communicating it? If this be so, and the spiritual coverings be composed of the ethereal medium, what hinders it that those coverings should have colour? Their particular colour might be as much controlled by the will of the spirit as their particular form.

But the second question is put—Why should the "costume of the period," or in other words, the form of clothing worn by the spirit whilst an inhabitant of earth, be chosen rather than any other? Is not habit a sufficient reason? If a covering be necessary, what more likely than that it should take the form of that which the spirit in the body had been accustomed to? It is not probable that the inhabitants of the spiritual world give their time to tailoring, and if

they do seek after things that are new, it is very improbable that new fashions are amongst them. The evidence that leads us to believe in the appearance of ghosts leads us also to believe that the spirits which appear, continue to be strongly influenced by the places and circumstances which affected them whilst on earth. We may well suppose then that the spirit has such a strong association with the dress which it once wore, or rather the form of it, as to prefer that form of covering to any other. Again the will is dependant for its object on the imagination, and if the form of covering be the result of the operation of the spirit's will, another reason for the choice of the particular form may be that habit, or the association of ideas, brings that form into the mind instinctively; and the spirit may act on the mental perception also instinctively, or, at all events, immediately its being the first to strike the imagination. That the mind operates after separation of the soul from the body by association of ideas, in the same manner as when the body and soul are united, I think there can be no doubt; and we know how wonderfully that association works in leading us to do things without the least apparent thought about the doing of them. The performance of particular actions has become in those cases a confirmed habit. And thus it may be with ghosts. The necessity of coverings being given, those coverings take by habit the form the spirit has been accustomed to.

Apologising for the length of this communication,—I am, Sir, yours most obediently,  
C. S. W.

We have also received the following letter on the same subject:—

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

SIR,—Your September number contains a question relative to the apparition of ghosts in costume, and the extract in the following number, taken from Mr. Newton Crossland's Essay, leaves room, I think, for some further explanation. In putting the question, how the apparition of a ghost will be seen, one certainly does not think that it will appear naked, for the state of nudity is agreeable to the unconscious innocence of infants only. When Adam and Eve were aware of their nakedness, they put on a dress, which means that they were naked as long as they were in a state of pure childish innocence; but that as soon as they had acquired their former knowledge incompatible with innocence, they put on a dress. I conclude, therefore, that dress, or costume, is in some degree representative of this knowledge, and garments will vary according to the various kinds and degrees of knowledge. But every conscious being is possessed of knowledge, wherefore a spirit must show his degree of knowledge by wearing a garment of some shape or other. At the same time it must be borne in mind, that he who puts on a dress, will think of those to whom he intends to show himself, and that he will adapt his dress to their degrees of knowledge. In other words, the spirit's garment must suit the degrees of knowledge of both him who appears, and of those to whom he appears. The angels who explained Christ's birth, his resurrection, &c., were messengers of the highest truth and wisdom; thus, their white garments radiant with light represents knowledge of the highest nature, and adapted to the minds of those to whom they appeared, and who were prepared to regard the clearest natural light as representing the greatest truth. The lowest, or the most perverse state of knowledge is that which leads man to sin, or to rebellion against his Creator; and this state we find represented by the appearance of the Red Dragon, which is expelled from heaven, the colour of fire and blood being considered the emblem of rebellion, war, and murder. All intermediate states of knowledge will be represented by other costumes, but the sacred writings do not offer many more examples from which to draw conclusions: we must turn, therefore, to that other great book of Divine Revelation, *i. e.*, to nature. Of this there is no need of giving further examples, as everybody knows that the dress shows the man. But let us apply to a few examples of apparitions, this idea that dress represents knowledge. As everything in the world has a mission to fulfil, there will be no apparition but it must be to some purpose, although it may be that often enough

we cannot detect its secret wisdom. Most missions of this kind will be for the impartation of knowledge, and the apparition will have a dress suited to the attainment of its purpose. If the spirit of John Wesley were to appear, his mission would probably be of the holiest nature, communicating knowledge of Divine truths and moral duties. He would speak to those who have some knowledge of his earthly career, and assume the way of teaching peculiar to him while on earth. The garment suited to such a mission would be in the style of the clergy of his time, and thus his ghost or spirit would, probably, be dressed. An analogous conclusion will enable us to understand why most spirits appear in the "costume of the period;" but not knowing the story, I cannot make the application to Mr. Owen's old gentleman, as noticed in your correspondent's letter. Turning to the "ghost in the night-cap," let us try to explain it from an example. A gay woman going to a ball, leaves her child alone at home. Coming home, she finds the child's rest sadly disturbed, and tries to lull it to sleep. But being over-fatigued she falls asleep, and the child slips out of her arms. If the mother of the woman were to appear to her, she would come, to teach her grown-up child the duties of a mother, and thus she would appear nursing her child during the stillness of the night, and to produce a more forcible contrast to the gay dress of her daughter, she would appear in her night-cap and apron. Similar conclusions are applicable not only to any apparition on record, but they likewise, in a spiritual sense, apply to the garments of the different orders of spirits in the world of immortality. Departed spirits are to a greater or less extent the victims of repentance, and mourning over the memory of their deeds done in the flesh which, to use Mr. Crossland's expressions, are photographed in the spirit-world. Their garments will show the mourning of the spirits, they will, perhaps, be of a dark colour, something like the dresses of pilgrims or of Capuchin monks. The more purified a spirit grows, the lighter becomes the garment, the colouring of which must pass from a darker through all stages and degrees of colour up to white shining with blue, or white shining with red, &c., &c., until it finally reaches the angelic "raiment white as light."

A. H. P. D.

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

Sir.—The insertion of my note of the 16th ultimo induces me to present a few more facts connected with American Spiritualism, so far as I had an opportunity of gaining experience during a brief visit.

The subject seemed to be more fairly treated by the editors of newspapers, generally, than is the case in this country, as reports of public meetings are introduced and advertisements of *séances* are freely admitted—the former being frequently in company with editorial remarks of a candid and sensible character—and without respect to the particular political sentiments advocated in the periodical.

At Boston, one of these advertisements attracted my attention, issued by Mr. Huse, a "natural astrologist," who, having a brief trance, answered without hesitation, various questions. In my case, he replied correctly to a question, as I have since ascertained, and at the same time he afforded some voluntary information concerning my travelling plan, to which at the time I paid little attention, as my idea did not correspond with his upon the subject; but, subsequently, I ascertained that he was correct—owing to circumstances which were afterwards developed, and which caused me to extend my journey. I believe that Mr. Huse was one of many persons—who answer mental questions—alluded to by Judge Edmonds in the introductory portion of his work upon Spiritualism. I believe he has possessed his faculty of prescience from a very early age. In my case the question was not mental, as I asked for the desired information: the remarks which were offered voluntarily, referred to a subject not occupying my mind at the time. Travellers in America will find in the *Banner of Light* much useful information respecting the movements of mediums, and the places selected for their sojourn, &c. I ascertained this fact too late for utility, and therefore several opportunities for witnessing interesting phenomena were lost.

At St. Louis I saw the lecture room filled by an audience of both sexes, the

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object of the meeting being to hear a trance lecture by a female American medium, who spoke for upwards of an hour upon subjects of a scientific nature,—and I believe that the auditors would have listened without reluctance for a longer time. The lecture was excellent: but I have mislaid my notes. It commenced by the playing of sacred music on the melodeon, and ended with a brief prayer or exhortation by the medium, which was delivered with an expression of sincerity and feeling not always to be discovered in pulpit orations. Several questions were asked by members of the audience, chiefly with respect to the scientific works of Hugh Miller; and plain answers were returned by the medium without reluctance or difficulty.

The expense of this meeting was merely nominal, as I paid ten cents only—not six-pence English. I had arranged to be at St. Louis to hear Miss Hardinge, the English medium, who was advertised to lecture there on a particular evening; but the low state of the rivers,—a constant source of delay in transatlantic journeys,—prevented. I regretted this, as I had understood that her mediumship was not surpassed by any. While passing through Louisville, I had an opportunity of observing a remarkable circumstance connected with the crystal. An individual who advertised herself as Doctress and Herbalist, possessed one of these oracular gems. Having introduced myself, I requested to see the crystal. The owner's daughter, who had indicated by means of it numerous events to neighbours and strangers, was present; and after some conversation, I put a query touching my travelling arrangements,—being not sanguine as to the accuracy of the reply, having known previously that there is much deception, mixed up with truth, connected with crystal-seeing. A statement was made which I did not believe; but shortly afterwards, circumstances occurred in connection with my visit to that wonderful natural curiosity, the "Mammoth Cave," in Kentucky, which convinced me that the seer had predicted with accuracy. Indeed one circumstance was alluded to by her as clearly as if she had been present when it occurred shortly after her prediction. I saw crystals advertised occasionally in America; but this was the only opportunity which I had for testing this branch of clairvoyance on predictive science. The seer last mentioned, indirectly confirmed Mr. Huse's statement, although unaware that I had met him.

While sojourning at New York, I heard two trance lectures, by Mrs. Cora Hatch. Several of her lectures upon subjects of public importance have been printed. Upon the occasion of my hearing her, the subject of her discourse was physiology and the original nature of man, and his prospect of improvement in future time. Upon both evenings Mrs. H. commenced and concluded her oration by giving an *extempore* prayer, well worded, and calculated to command the attention of her extensive audience; which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather—December—filled the hall. These public trance lectures or essays appeared to be very popular in America; but, I believe, only in one case has there been anything of a similar character in this country. Nature appears to have endowed Mrs. Hatch favourably for the purpose of public mediumship. There are, I believe, hundreds of mediums, more or less endowed, of both sexes, who especially cultivate this branch of spirit-intercourse. The subject is full of interest; and in the *Banner of Light* is well treated. I had the pleasure of seeing Judge Edmonds before I quitted America, having called upon him in New York to ascertain if he intended to publish a third volume of his work upon spirit intercourse—the two first of which have obtained a world-wide reputation. I understood the Judge to state that he did not, at present, purpose to do so. He gave me, at my request, a small parcel of tracts which he has caused to be printed at his own expense, for gratuitous distribution; and which are connected with his own extensive experience in Spiritualism. The Judge stated that he would be glad to supply people upon this side of the Atlantic with copies of these tracts. I derived much satisfaction from their perusal on my return voyage. I observed in various American periodicals favourable notices of the Judge's literary works; and I hope that ere long the subject thereof may be fairly examined and discussed by the *literati* and periodical writers in this country also.

Pall Mall, London,  
1st September.

Yours faithfully,  
CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

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

Sir.—My attention has been called to Spiritualism, by the discussion in the *Morning Star*. In addition to a careful perusal of the letters on both sides of the question, I have also purchased and read all the back numbers, in print, of the *Spiritual Magazine*. The result has been that my views on the subject have undergone considerable modification, if not, a complete change. Many prejudices and erroneous impressions have been removed; and a strong desire to test, to know, and to enjoy its realities, has been created in my mind. Can such a desire be gratified? Totally ignorant of the conditions of failure or success, with friends too incredulous or too timid to give the slightest sympathy or assistance, it seems that all that any anxious enquirer can do, in circumstances similar to mine, is to stand afar off in wondering amazement; unless, indeed, we could obtain advice or assistance from qualified parties. I know, however, of no one to whom I should think of going for advice, or upon whom I could have the slightest claim, except yourself, as Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*; and as your avowed object is "to extend the knowledge of Spiritualism," I have every confidence that my application for advice will be favourably received. My wish is simply this:—

1. To assure myself of the truth of Spiritualism; and
2. To benefit by its teaching.

If you favour me with a reply, be good enough to remember that I need "milk for babes."  
I remain, Sir, yours truly,

Nov. 6th, 1850.

A READER.

## Notices of New Books.

### *Spirit Rapping and Spirit Manifestations.* By a MEMBER OF THE CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH.\*

In battle which we are fighting for the cause of truth is certainly a very lively one, and requires not only good generalship, but the most versatile powers and activity. Our soldiers must be well drilled, and be able to deploy into line, to march in single file, to form into square, or to charge the enemy in front; and at a moment's notice to wheel to either flank, or to face about to drive back a new enemy in the rear.

For several months the Magazine has been full of answers to attacks from the general press, who deny the whole range of the phenomena of Spiritualism as an utter imposture, and spiritualists, they say, are poor deluded dupes, who know nothing of "the methods of scientific investigation." Well, we have brought our forces to the front to repel this attack, and have charged the enemy horse and foot, and have succeeded in breaking his centre and putting him to the rout. While we are in full pursuit, the alarm is sounded—there is a trumpet-call to meet a new enemy in the rear. We face about, and find him, still at some distance opening his fire upon us. We advance, and are surprised on coming nearer to find that this new attack is from a set who should have been fighting on our side, and would have been with us had they understood the real grounds of the fight. They are as satisfied as we are of the reality of the phenomena. They help us by their free admission of the facts, in fighting the press, and then they attack us in the rear, by attributing them to the devil—that poor old gentleman whom we sincerely pity, for having to take charge, without any power of reproof on his part, of whatever the ignorance of the age may cast upon him. One can hardly conceive a greater punishment for him than this. With his immense intellect, and wish to please his subjects, and powers of ruling them, to have all the effete stupidities of every age put upon him in succession! As my uncle Toby says, "It is a shame to use even the devil so."

\* London: Bosworth and Harrison, 215, Regent Street.



Reader, do you know who this "Member of the Catholic Apostolic Church" is, who consigns all spirit manifestations to the devil? Who recognizes in them the mark of antichrist, and the sign of the last days? Who sees, now, at last that "the end of all things is at hand?" Who is it who says, in large type, "It is known and established by evidence beyond contradiction, that there are, now abroad, in the earth SPIRITS OF DEVILS WORKING MIRACLES—Spirits making known their presence by visible signs, and powers, and lying wonders, such as we have no previous example of in the recorded history of the world?"

We have met him before. His history is well known to us. It is, itself, one of the most curious chapters in Spiritualism. We have frequently had occasion to refer to it, and to observe the light it sheds on our general subject. It is full of the most wonderful phenomena of the gifts of healing, of the illumination of the Scripture, of prophecy and interpretation, of marvellous psychical phenomena, of the unknown tongue. In a word, we have now to meet in conflict one of our old friends, the Irvingites, as they are conventionally called! Only think of this phenomenon, reader, that we have to repel an attack from that side, and that this body should still be so blind and ignorant of their own position as Spiritualists!

It is the old history of sects, that in whatever great truth they may originate, they soon, like the caterpillar, weave a shroud round it, and become a chrysalis almost immovable and lifeless inside. At last, when life comes again, it has to eat its way through the old truth, and emerge with new powers into a larger world.

The unknown tongue, the healing power, the prophetic gifts, and illumination on which this sect was founded were all nothing but the ordinary developments of mediumship, of which hundreds of instances are known to us. These gifts or developments were much more common in the early days of Irvingism than they are now, though on the information of one of their present ministers, or augur, as they term him, the unknown tongue is still spoken in their weekly meetings, but they are now so respectable, that it is kept private from all but the initiated. They have also healing mediums among them, and prophetic speaking. Did they but know the general laws of Spiritualism, they would not be quite so sure, as they seem to be, that all their manifestations are by the direct power of the Holy Ghost, and all manifestations outside themselves, by the direct power of the devil. This is the old sectarian principle. This is the old ignorance in its oldest form, and with all its depressing effects. This it is which drove out of the Irvingite body one of its very best men, Mr. Baxter, who, struck by the marvellous supernatural manifestations through himself and through others, thought with these sectaries in the early days, that this supernaturalism, instead of being a normal power of the soul, was a special manifestation of the Holy Ghost attesting the truth of Irvingism. He would have remained a convert to this faith till his latest hour, had it not been for some of the as common manifestations which don't come out quite true, and then, as he had made the original mistake of attributing them all to the Holy Ghost, he now made the equally foolish one of attributing them all to the devil. There is an universe however, namely the human soul, between these two, and through that human soul all these manifestations have to pass, partaking of its various states. This is what these persons cannot see for want of reviewing the whole ground of Spiritualism. That great good man, Irving, himself, had he lived to this time would not have been so narrow as his followers, and would have been one of our best philosophical and religious enquirers. When Mr. Baxter put out his well-known pamphlet giving his confession, and accounting for his secession, by attributing the manifestations of the Irving Church to the devil, poor Mr. Irving, in the fullness of his heart could only say, "that if the wondrous illumination thrown by Mr. Baxter in his ecstatic states, upon the Scripture, was from the devil, then the devil might have equally written all the oracles of God."

This is an instructive commentary on the present pamphlet of "The Member of the Catholic Apostolic Church," which is the name in which our Irvingite friends now recognize each other. They should be our best friends; but, alas, poor human nature!

THE  
SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

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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 recognises 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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# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. II.]

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[No. 1.

1861.

A HAPPY New Year for Spiritualism, and for all other truths, both great and small. They alone, amongst all the changes and the changing things, are perennial, and do not fail.

A notable advance has been made during the year that is past, in the acceptance by the public and the press of the great truths of Spiritualism, and there is all the more reason to believe, that during this year its progress will be still more rapid, and more widely spread. Let us look back to the beginning of the last year, and at the then state of this subject, which was in so bad odour that it could not even get abused in public. It was in such a hopeless slough, that the press would not touch it, and it was at rare intervals only, that an unpleasant paragraph found its way into the papers, to shew the public that it had not been quite killed out of existence. It was not to be wondered at, that under such circumstances, there were few who would involve their names in the discussion and promulgation of the facts, and their bearings; and we could have reckoned up the known adherents of any mark as not much exceeding half a dozen. We commenced this "idiotic and ricketty little periodical," as one of our polite brother editors calls it, with less than twenty subscribers, and being ourselves quite unused to journalism, we were modest in our promises of what we would do. It was well to be so, for had it been left to us to write up the subject, it had not fared as it deserved. We soon, however, found ourselves in the hands of friends willing and very able to assist, and by their help, much has been done. It was not long before the press came on, in the old wild way, and was even surprised to find itself wounded in its turn. It examined its old sword to find if it had lost its temper, or what was the cause of its defeat. It got a better blade, and furnished up some other arguments, but still with the same result. As each new Quixote has appeared, he has been met by some doughty knight, by whom he has been speedily unhorsed with aching bones. Some bystanders, cautiously watching, have thought

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they discerned a better mode of attack which would ensure a victory; but, alas! one by one they have found themselves on their backs, gaping at the bright sun above them, bewildered and abusive.

It is only natural, and very right therefore, that such should be the result when Dons will attack windmills. One admires their valour, more than their discretion, and hopes only that their experience may be instructive to others of the craft. It is too late now for the *Blackwoods* and *Bentleys*, the *All the Year Rounds* and *Once a Weeks*, the *Examiner*, the *Lancet*, the *Literary Gazette*, and the *Athenæum*, and, though last yet least, poor *Punch*, to recant. They have irretrievably sold themselves for a labour like that of Sisyphus—rolling up a fact to get it out of sight, and when they think they have succeeded, down comes the old fact back upon them like the stone of Sisyphus and crushes them.

A respectable portion of the Press has even deigned to enquire into the facts, and has honestly stated its convictions; and the *Morning Star* has opened its columns to the subject. There is a very wise and knowing part of the Press remaining, who have fortunately for themselves not pronounced at all, and are cautiously waiting to see which will be the winning side. We strongly recommend their coming over at once and helping us, at a time when their help may be of some service. Very soon we shall be able to do without them. One paper, the *Times*, has managed to pursue an extraordinary course. Two or three years ago it abused the subject, and a few days ago pronounced its partial adhesion, on the occasion of witnessing some alleged phenomena of the impostor Dr. Bly, which are now proved to have been utterly fraudulent.

We trust that at the end of 1861, we may be able to report good progress. We enter on the year in the fullest trust that it will be so. If anything more than another will serve us, it will be that contributors of facts and correspondents should authorise the publication of their names. Already the giving of names is quite a feature of the Magazine, and we can refer with pride to the names now publicly associated with it.

## NUTS TO CRACK.

A SHORT time ago the secretary of a literary institute in connection with the Society of Arts thought Spiritualism a fitting subject for discussion by the Institute. In the course of his address proposing this, he quoted Mr. Howitt's assertion in the *Critic*, that Fenelon, Pascal and Luther were, in their day, Spiritualists. The secretary found this assertion point-blank denied by the members, and he wrote to Mr. Howitt for his proofs of the fact. Mr. Howitt wrote him in reply the following letter, the observations of which apply to so many others besides the members of the Institute in question, that we have requested permission to print it, and particularly recommend it to the *Blackwoods*, *Once a Weeks*, and that class of journals which are in such precipitation to decide and condemn before they have used the common-sense plan of looking into a matter.

Dear Sir,—I am not accountable for the fact of your opponents not being properly read; but certainly had they taken the trouble which I have done, they would not have exposed their ignorance by denying such easily ascertained things. Fenelon, besides in his writings giving many proofs of his belief in direct and palpable spiritual agency, was the close and staunch friend of Madame Guyon, one of the most confirmed Spiritualists which any age has seen. Madame Guyon asserts her continual contact with spiritual agency: she wrote directly from it, and I know those who do so now. She was brought into great trouble by Bossuet on these accounts, and Fenelon was her great defender through it all. As for Pascal, did your opponents ever take the trouble to read his *Pensées*, or *Provincial Letters*? Did they ever read Montgéron's history of the miracles performed at the touch of the Abbé Paris in the churchyard of St. Medard in Paris: or *Racine's Abregé de l'Historie du Port Royal*? If so, they cannot be ignorant that Pascal defended the truth of those miracles against the Jesuits. Now these asserted facts—facts attested by numerous eye-witnesses—facts exhibited before the whole public—were far more astounding than any spiritual phenomena of the present day. Montgéron declares that, having seen a man under this influence lying on his back and pounded with a piece of iron of eighteen pounds' weight for half an hour on his stomach without hurting him, he took the iron and in a very short time smashed a hole through a brick wall with it. Yet Pascal defends the validity of all this, as he does of the miraculous cure of the young girl Perrier. Now this Pascal had



a logical force which cut down all the arguments of the cleverest Jesuits of his time, as easily as a barber with his razor would have sheared off their noses.

And Martin Luther. What! are your friends so ill read that they do not know that he professed to have as many actual personal contests with the devil as ever St. Dunstan had? Let them read his *Table-Talk*, which abounds with these relations. Why, Luther says there, "You need not call very loud for the devil; the devil is never very far off." Let them read his *Letters* and his book on private mass, *De Missa Privata*. In the latter of these he says he had a long conference with the devil on the subject. Carlyle says: "It was a faith of Luther's that there were devils, spiritual denizens of the pit, continually besetting men. Many times in his writings this turns up, and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some." Carlyle, like myself, has seen the mark on the wall in the Castle of Wartburg—still carefully preserved—which Luther solemnly said he made by flinging his ink-horn at the devil's head, when he pestered him whilst writing his tracts against the Papal humbug. Luther as gravely tells us that a boy having brought him a bag of nuts out of the Thuringian Forest, which surrounds the Wartburg, the devil used to come at night and crack these nuts to prevent him sleeping, and that he jumped out of bed and bade him begone like a dirty devil as he was, and that he did go.

Sir, my business here is not to inquire how far Luther saw these things, or only imagined them: I have only to say such are the facts, and that Luther—sturdy soul as he was, was as sturdy a Spiritualist. But it is not merely Luther, or Fenelon, or Pascal, who have believed in these spiritual agencies and spiritual phenomena; I find almost all the greatest men from the Apostles to our own time, believing them. I don't know what your opponents have read, but I know that I have read an immense deal in seven or eight different languages in my time, and I have not to seek for evidences of such belief in all ages and in all countries—I am overwhelmed with them. The fathers of the church abound with professions of such belief. Lactantius says, that in his time, the fourth century, no one dared to deny the reality of apparitions, for the very magicians would have immediately confounded them by raising such before their faces. Tertullian, says, "that man is only a pretender to Christianity who cannot perform the miracles which the Apostles could perform;" so common were the powers conferred by Christ on his followers in his time. I find similar claims advanced by eminent religious men and women through every future age. Luther's friend Melancthon tells us, that a spirit-messenger warned his friend Grynæus to escape, as his enemies were coming upon him, and

that by so doing he saved his life. One might go on and give proofs of some of our most celebrated bishops—of some of the greatest dissenters—Baxter, who has written a book on the subject, Dr. Doddridge, Dr. Owen, Dr. Scott, and Dr. Adam Clarke; George Fox and Wesley. Every one knows how the Wesley family was annoyed for a long time by spiritual agency. Southey, in his *Life of Wesley*, shews himself a believer, for he declares “the testimony on which these things rest, too strong to be set aside, because of the strangeness of the relation.” Wordsworth I know was a firm believer, for he related to me a case of haunting at Cambridge, which his brother, the Master of Trinity, tested repeatedly. If you refer to Mr. Dale Owen’s late work, to be had for 7s. 6d. in the Row, you will find in the appendix the circular of the famous Ghost Club of the University of Cambridge, established years ago by some of the most eminent men there, who are now bishops, celebrated preachers, &c. Mr. Westcott, one of the Masters of Harrow, being secretary. This society has, after long and patient investigation, come to the conclusion that the fact of apparitions is established, and they are proceeding into the enquiries of the other facts of Spiritualism. Dr. Maitland, librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, a very keen satirist, who laughs at Faraday, Brewster, and the rest of them, for their childish theories and treatment of Spiritualism, has shewn his belief in his admirable little book on *Superstition and Science*.

Your opponents, if they have read anything, know that Defoe and Dr. Johnson, and Addison, avowed their belief in apparitions. Johnson, in his *Rasselas*, says, “there are no people, rude or learned, amongst whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion,” he says, “which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth.” And Byron, referring to this opinion of Johnson, says:—

And what is strangest upon this strange head,  
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears  
'Gainst such belief, there's something stranger still  
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

The opinion of Addison, equally strong, is known to everybody, or may be by reference to No. 110 of the *Spectator*. I could give you some very strong opinions of Bacon—that masculine mind—from his *Novum Organum*; and from Sir Thomas Browne’s celebrated *Religio Medici*. In fact, till the Atheists of the French Revolution produced an *Eclipse of Faith*, under which this generation has been educated, and under which it is suffering a paralysis of the noblest faculties of the mind, there is

scarcely a really eminent man, writer or not, who is not more or less a believer in what we call Spiritualism.

But what are all the testimonies of so many great and learned men, of all ages and nations, to me? They are the evidence of other eyes and minds. I have evidence to me far more convincing, that of my own senses. I have now for these five years witnessed almost every extraordinary phenomenon which your friends have laughed at; and had no such things ever been heard of from the foundation of the world, I should just the same—having seen them—believe them. I am one of those who do not think it wise to laugh at what I do not take the trouble to examine.

But, say they, these table-risings and people floating in the air, and spirits talking to you through tables and alphabets, are so foolish and rickety. Well, how can we help that if they are facts? Undoubtedly they are very foolish according to the wisdom of men: they always were so. St. Paul says: "God confounded the wisdom of men by the foolish things of this world." So that this very foolishness is the stamp and seal and credential of its truth. Abraham would be thought a great fool now-a-days, if at the suggestion of a spiritual agent, he were to attempt to cut his son's throat. The prophets, with the things they did, would, in this country, have been all walked off to Dr. Conolly. Had St. Paul come and told the hard-headed fellows on Change, that he had seen Christ in a vision of splendour on the road over Shooter's Hill, he would have been deemed a poor demented soul. And I would ask your clever fellows of the Institute, how many of them would have believed Christ, had they been living in Jerusalem, and had been told that the Son of God, by whom and through whom the worlds were made, was just then a joiner's 'prentice in Bethlechem?

Perhaps some of your opponents may think this allusion rather irreverent: but the irreverence comes from the other side. I have the profoundest reverence for the character of our Great Redecmer. I only put the matter from their own point of view. What would they think of such an announcement? And yet the fact is, that Christ till the age of 30 was thus employed, "being obedient to his reputed father in all things." The opponents always take this view of spiritual phenomena. They never speak of Spiritualists but as SPIRIT-RAPPERS; forgetting that the unbelieving Jews might just as well have called the Christians WATER-DIPPERS, from the practice of baptism. The very fact of God always employing very humble means for great ends ought to make them humble in their judgments. Jesus Christ descended from the very highest to the very lowest sphere of existence to mark the utter worthlessness of human distinctions; and still more, to defeat the deadly assumptions of royalty and

aristocracy. For had Christ come as a king, surrounded by nobles, we should have been trodden under foot for ever by the disdainful golden hoofs of right divine. The Jews, deceived by the coming of a *carpenter*, instead of a king, and a few illiterate fishermen instead of a set of dainty courtiers, made the same blunder as the *soi-disant* wise are making now. The demonstrations sent to destroy materialism have not come to the Royal Society, nor the Society of Arts, amid circumstances of scientific splendour, or announced by scientific magnates; and the nominal Christians of to-day are repeating the blunders of the Jews.

Things are wise or foolish, according as they are adapted or not to a just and beneficent end. Materialism has cast a deadly blight on the world—all arguments fail to convince men of the reality of spirit-life; of its presence; of the fact announced by Milton, that—

Millions of spiritual beings walk the air  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

But tables rise into the air, speak by the alphabet, musical instruments play; spirit-hands appear and write, as plenty of us know from repeated observations; people draw and paint wonderful and beautiful things, who never learned; spirits appear,—and there are certain persons who see spirits as commonly as they see bodies, and give the most undeniable proofs of it: well these do convince, and have convinced many Atheists and Materialists, and, therefore, whether they be wise or foolish, let common sense decide.

“But,” cry some, “You will never convince me!” I reply, “My friend, I have not the smallest wish to convince you. What benefit would your belief be to me? Convinced myself by the exercise of common sense, I am quite satisfied with possessing that which you have not. If you were to tell me that a bag of Australian gold-dust was only an illusion, I should be perfectly satisfied that you should think so, and that I—should have it.” Sir, be under no impatience at the incredulity of people who are ignorant of the subject, yet rush to a decision in their ignorance. There were thousands of men who did not, and *could not* believe the most glorious miracles of our Saviour. Why should you expect more faith than the God-Man, who made the human mind, found? Every truth must battle its way, and by battling, it will become strong, and in the end—triumphant. Till then, possess your soul in patience.

Yours faithfully,

To B. L——, Esq.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

## THE CREDULITY OF UNBELIEF.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN DR. SCEPTICUS, X.Y.Z., Q.E.D., &c., &c.,  
AND MR. CREDULOUS.

DR. S. My good friend, all you tell me is wonderful; but forgive me for saying this, I see in it only a melancholy proof of the aberration of a powerful intellect, when philosophy is lost sight of. (SCEPTICUS looks benignant and compassionate)

MR. C. Philosophy! That which seems to me worthy of the name, teaches us to observe patiently, till a sufficient number of facts and conditions are collected to draw a conclusion from: then to observe anew under fresh conditions, till the first conclusion is proved or falsified, and so to go on, constantly extending observations, till facts can be gathered, and a system framed.

DR. S. Hear Mr. Faraday, the profoundest philosopher of the age. He says, "*Before we proceed to consider any question involving physical principles, we should set out with clear ideas of the naturally possible and impossible.*"\*

MR. C. He is a profound philosopher indeed, if he can shew us how to answer a question before it is asked. Does he know the limits of possibility?

DR. S. He knows the laws of nature, deduced from established facts. If anything is asserted apparently contradicting these, he tells us to say, as I do now, "*I won't believe it, because it is impossible.*"

MRS. C. I thought that was called begging the question. But, Dr. Scepticus, though it is not philosophical to say it is possible, we may say it is true that tables rise, and that raps come.

DR. S. (*looking sagacious and condescending*) Ah! well, I have not seen nor heard those things.

MR. C. You may, if you like. Sit down with us at this little table, and see what happens.

(*The three sit down, round a little table. Presently DR. SCEPTICUS observes*)

DR. S. There is a *tinnulus*, a tingling of the fingers, arising from the stoppage of the circulation by pressure. It is that which gives the idea of vibration.

MR. C. But, why do you press so hard? See how lightly my wife's fingers and mine lie on the table.

(*DR. SCEPTICUS relaxes his pressure; the table tilts down towards him, and up from MRS. CREDULOUS*)

DR. S. There, Mrs. Credulous, you did that!

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\* Faraday's Lecture on Mental Training.

MRS. C. How could I, as my fingers are placed? I have never moved them.

*(the table, after moving about, gently rises from the floor to the height of a few inches)*

DR. S. *(with a scrutinizing frown)* My good friend, some one has been hoaxing you. This table certainly appeared to rise, contrary to gravitation; but clockwork——

MR. C. Look for the springs and wheels when we have done. Let us see whether the clockwork will spell. You repeat the alphabet slowly.

*(DR. SCEPTICUS does as directed; the table tilts at the letters forming this sentence:—FREEDOM FROM PREJUDICE IS NEEDFUL FOR THE DISCOVERY OF TRUTH, YOUR GRANDFATHER, THOMAS SCEPTICUS.)*

DR. S. No one can be freer from prejudice than I am. But I cannot believe what is contrary to experience.

MR. C. How then can you blame the Jews for refusing to believe that a man born blind could have his eyes opened?

DR. S. I offer no opinion on such subjects.

*[Conversation resumed next day.]*

DR. S. My dear Credulous, I have been thinking over our little experiment yesterday. The circular and tilting movements of the table require no explanation. Faraday's indicator settled for ever the question of muscular action.\* For the *intelligence*, as you call it, in the sentence, *mesmerism* and *thought-reading*.

MR. C. Of both which, four years ago, you spoke to me as absurd and wicked delusions.

DR. S. At that time they had not been established even as exceptional cases, the result of morbid action or hysteria. Even now they are of much less frequent occurrence than is believed. Mrs. Credulous, you knew my grandfather's name?

MRS. C. No, I thought it had been Richard, like your father's.

MR. C. So did I.

DR. S. Nevertheless, I can account for all. I felt a thrill in my fingers, caused, for the most part, by pressure. There *might* be something of electricity in it. We are aware of the analogy between the power which causes muscular contraction, and some of the imponderables. Volta, Galvani, Marshall Hall, and in later times, Matteucci, and a host of others, have exhausted the subject. Pardon me, Mrs. Credulous, if I verge upon science.

MRS. C. Don't apologise.

MR. C. You did not look for the clockwork.

DR. S. No; my explanation is sufficient for anything I have yet seen. In other cases, especially where the mediums are paid,

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*Vide "Faraday's Lecture on Mental Training."—Athenæum, &c., &c.*

dexterous pushing or concealed machinery are employed. The sentence spelled out was *Freedom from Prejudice, &c.* This was an unconscious development of the DOMINANT IDEA. Dr. Carpenter has illustrated this very finely in the *Quarterly*. I recommend all who can appreciate it to ponder over this master production. The notion, latent in your and Mrs. Credulous mind, was unconsciously brought out by the muscular movement of your hands. The same occurs in sleepwaking and delirium.

MRS. C. But we did not know your grandfather's name. Whose mind did that come from?

DR. S. Possibly my own; given out by "unconscious cerebration," and received by mesmeric thought-reading into yours.

MR. C. Then while our muscles were acting in accordance with our own latent dominant idea, our minds were receiving yours. And all this unconsciously. But, what made the table rattle?

DR. S. I am prepared with another explanation for all these all scientific enquiries, we must be prepared to admit a variety of causes. A fellow came lately to — lecturing on what he called Electro-biology, a barbarous term, worthy of the ignorant man in which he treated his subject. I had not patience to hear the whole. It was enough for me to see that with a quantity of *hey presto* and *abracadabra*, he so worked on the fancies of nervous boys and girls, that he made them believe anything—everything—that they were swimming, or drowning, or flying, and that the moon was made of green cheese.

MR. C. Did my wife and I use *hey presto* and *abracadabra* and do you, an X.Y.Z. and learned doctor, call yourself a nervous boy?

DR. S. Not precisely. But similar conditions may be established. I am inclined to think that the fancy about raps arises from some such state of the brain.

MR. C. Do you consider your brain at present in a state to be so acted on?

DR. S. Certainly not.

MR. C. Then you shall hear raps. Our old servant (who has lived with us ten years), finds they come in her presence. But if you feel a doubt of her good faith, do not express it in her hearing.

(SERVANT is summoned—all sit down, and sounds are soon heard, apparently coming from the centre of the table—the names of an infant brother and sisters of SCEPTICUS are spelt, with the sentence, "We wish you were here." SERVANT, after being coldly thanked by SCEPTICUS, departs)

MRS. C. Can you explain that, Dr. Scepticus, without attributing imposture?

DR. S. No; you believe the woman honest, as to money matters. But vanity and the desire of creating surprise are often stronger motives than avarice.

MR. C. And how do you suppose she did it?

DR. S. Nothing easier. I can make just such sounds.

(SCEPTICUS taps with his finger nails on the table)

MR. C. A very simple way of creating surprise in a philosopher's mind. And while you were watching her hands!

DR. S. When I looked, she probably did it with her feet, like this.

(DR. SCEPTICUS, leaning a little back in his chair, knocks the soles of his boots together at the edges, thereby producing a little creaking sound.)

MRS. C. She does not wear thick boots.

DR. S. There are other ways. An eminent anatomist says, that the sounds are produced by a contraction of the peroneus longus muscle across the sheath of—I mean that it is done in the leg and heel. In some cases, the patella, or knee-cap is employed; or it may be done by the toes. Study anatomy, my good friend, and all these things will be A B C to you.

MRS. C. There was a variety of sounds at one time. Could muscles have made all these in different keys at once? Then remember, no one knew your brother and sister's names but yourself.

DR. S. Unconscious cerebration again, combined with mesmeric thought-reading.

MRS. C. You frighten me, Dr. Scepticus. According to one philosopher, we move great tables unconsciously, while another wise man says we can speak in rational sentences without knowing it. How do I know but that I may some day pick my neighbour's pocket unconsciously, while I am at church singing hymns? And all the robberies and murders in the world may be owing to unconscious cerebration, and involuntary muscular action.

DR. S. It would take me too long now to answer that question.

MR. C. I promised you, Scepticus, an opportunity of forming an unbiassed judgment. Come with me this evening to meet Mr. Home, at ——'s. We will go early, that you may examine the table and the preparations.

[Next day.]

MRS. C. What do you think now?

DR. S. Just what I did before. I saw a sheer trickster, hardly a conjuror, for Houdin, Frikell, or Döbler would have beaten him at his own trade. I saw no shining hands; some people said they did. Nothing easier than to turn a bull's-eye



lantern on a picture or a wax model of a hand. A flimsy contrivance, indeed.

MR. C. Any kind of lantern would have thrown a stream of light across the room.

DR. S. The hands might be pasteboard, covered with phosphorus.

MR. C. In either case, what prevented your seeing them? To me, and to many others, they were not only visible, but tangible.

DR. S. Imagination! Electro-biology!

MRS. C. Did you *feel* anything? Were you touched?

DR. S. I felt *something*, truly, under the table.

MRS. C. What was it?

DR. S. Lazy tongs, my dear madam, lazy tongs! One does not do anything with that instrument. It is a most powerful weapon in the hands of a conjuror, a housebreaker, or a pickpocket. It will go like lightning into any crevice, and produce any kind of pressure, push, pinch, or poke. I would stake my scientific reputation that that fellow has stores of cases of lazy tongs of every length and size, graduated and numbered.

MRS. C. Was Home raised up in the air?

DR. S. Dear Mrs. Credulous, how it pains me to hear a question from you who have always exhibited intelligence and power of ratiocination unusual in your sex. I answer, No! An impostor sat in his chair in the darkened room, and by means of our old friend, the lantern, produced the appearance of something dark crossing the window. I can see better phantasms at any of the minor theatres!

MR. C. I raised my hand as high as I could, and held Home's foot as he passed me in the air. So did — and — and —

MRS. C. We have forgotten to say that spirits are often seen during the *séance*, and recognized by friends from the descriptions given by the seers.

DR. S. Ghosts, hey! Truly, if witches are revived, there is no reason why ghosts should be laid. Not but that a very remarkable circumstance once occurred to my great grandfather which at the time excited great interest, from his knowledge, courage and truthfulness. I have often heard it from my father, who had, however, the contempt for superstition inseparable from Faraday has shewn from mental training. He could not, in those days, account for it. My great grandfather, when a boy, was crossing a field one summer evening, when he fancied that the figure of a woman, dressed in white, passed before him, and disappeared behind a cottage. He watched this form, and before he lost sight of it, heard the words, "*Be a good boy.*" He said that he recognized her as the owner of the cottage, who had not

long been dead. Now all this is very intelligible, without attributing falsehood to my grandfather. He was, in all probability, thinking of his old acquaintance, who had most likely given him gingerbread and brandy balls. We know how boys' imaginations dwell on gingerbread and brandy balls, and her image being thus brought up during a reverie by recollection, was by the association of ideas formed subjectively into an image on the sensorium—a form of unconscious cerebration in fact. His terrors on beholding what he supposed to be a ghost, of course, suggested the idea of his own death, and the consciousness of his own shortcomings made the words "*Be a good boy*" the only ones which his own brain could receive. This is the only tenable solution. But, besides this, there was most probably a white cow in the field—there generally is near a cottage with a calf; and the calf, seeing a boy, would rear itself up on its hind legs, and, if it was getting dusk, would look like a woman. Then the cow, its mother, would *moo*, and my great grandfather's terror would easily interpret the sound into "*Be a good boy.*"

MR. C. (*smiling*) Scepticus, you and I should change names.

DR. S. But now, after all, supposing that raps spelt names, and tables rocked about, and shining hands appeared like had-docks in the dark, and men went up to the ceiling; *cui bono!* How will the cause of science be helped by such puerile and absurd exhibitions? Let us, in our researches, study such phenomena as will establish sound systems, and confirm accepted hypotheses. Leave these fruitless enquiries—these childish marvels.

MR. C. Was that what Newton did, when he saw the apple fall? Or Galileo, when he watched the satellites of Jupiter? Or Harvey, when the first facts he observed opposed instead of confirming old-established theories? Or even Jenner, when he saw the country girl milking?

DR. S. It is painful to hear those illustrious names in connexion with the pursuits of table-turning and spirit-rapping. Your so-called facts are all utterly vague, and unconnected; assignable to no laws, and reducible to no system. If there is any coherent explanation, all I can say is, I should like to hear it.

MR. C. Listen then, and you shall have an explanation. Of its coherence you can judge for yourself. I do not give it as one generally received, or supposed to be confirmed, by those who believe that these phenomena are caused by departed spirits. If there is any truth in what I say, farther enquiry and experience will clear what is still obscure; if I am wrong, no one but myself is accountable for the error. You have referred to the phenomena of mesmerism in a way that justifies my introducing them. You have also spoken of the experiments which, even since the time of Volta, have been made by different physiologists to shew the

close analogy between electricity, galvanism, magnetism, and that power or influence (I refrain from using the word *fluid*) which, circulating from the brain through the nerves, contracts the muscles of our body. Much, as you say, has been discovered, but *far* more remains unknown and unsuspected. When we have arrived at true conclusions on this subject and its relations, we shall have opened a larger page of Nature's book, written by the finger of God, than our material philosophers as yet anticipate; and one line of it will be found in these despised raps and movements. When our state is changed at death, this *nerve-influence*, or a portion of it, which is the most refined and delicate element of our organization—in fact our *life*—leaves the coarser portions of the body, and gathering up forms what St. Paul calls the spiritual body. (DR. SCEPTICUS *looks a note of interrogation*) Yes; Paul, and One far higher than he, give confirmation to my belief. Nature, rightly interpreted, will never contradict revelation fully understood. If what I have said is true, this element is what we in this world have in common with those who have entered into another state. In natural mesmerism, the influence is thrown by the will of the mesmeriser from the brain to the nerves of the mesmerised. A polarity, not yet understood, but indicated, is established. Under some conditions the current of the nerves of sensation is, as it were, polarized; then the mesmerised tastes, feels, and smells, according to the sensations of his mesmeriser; the same effect may be produced in the internal brain, and thought-reading is the result. Or if the nerves of motion are magnetized, the actions of the magnetizer are imitated. Now, it follows from my belief, that those at least who have recently left this world, have, to a certain extent, the same means of acting on the nervous system that they had in the body. The influence is by them directed through the nervous systems of the mediums under conditions not yet fully understood, and causes the strong electric spark which gives the sound, causes also the power which, like the electric telegraph, can move inanimate matter, and all the other modifications and varieties of sensation, sound, and movements. Thus, the mesmerism of the eye produces vision; that of the ear, hearing; of the brain itself, impression. In every case, the thought or feeling of the spirit is reflected through the mesmerised mortal; but it will assume *the form* with which the medium's senses are familiar. So, when the idea is communicated by raps, or by writing, the spelling and phraseology will be that of the mortal; and when a vision is given, its images will be those which his individual organization is fitted to receive. I have spoken of everything but the luminous hands, and their touches and actions. When the persons assembled are in a proper degree of *rapport* or sympathy, the spirit attracts to its own hand

luminous particles of the nerve atmosphere, and thus it becomes more or less visible to the *external* eye. Or it gains electric power to ring a bell, or play on an instrument. I have spoken in outline phrase on a subject on which each line ought to be a book. Time and farther enquiry will shew whether your theory or mine is most consistent with our nature and our history.

DR. S. If I thought you *could* be right—why, I must burn my books.

MR. C. Not burn—only read them with an eye which looks above to the Giver and ever-flowing Fountain of Life, as well as to the most external of his works on earth. Study matter in the living manifestation, as well as in the dead form, and you will not forget the Spirit, which is the breath of life.

(DR. SCEPTICUS *hems and haws*; talks about experience, laws of gravitation, &c.; goes home and relapses into his normal state. That same evening he writes a full, true, and particular account of spiritual manifestations, with instructions how to exhibit them. He then directs a clever artist to draw a large number of beautiful little diagrams, representing ladies and gentlemen in various attitudes, kicking furniture, &c.; several hands and feet occupied in knocking or tapping; some magic lanterns, and two highly interesting and curious representations of that infernal machine, the lazy tongs. These diagrams, with the written description and explanation aforesaid, are inserted in a popular periodical, where they gain great applause, and, after being used to illustrate Mr. Novra's lectures, they give a strong impetus to the progress of philosophy in the nineteenth century.)

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### MR. J. R. M. SQUIRE AT PARIS.

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WE hear that Mr. Squire is having very great success in the good work which his wonderful mediumistic powers enable him to perform. His physical and mental manifestations are of the most striking kind, and as his only payment is the pleasure he derives from convincing inquirers, he is now quite in his element. His success in Paris is as complete as it was in England. Nearly every night he is invited to the houses of the best society in Paris. A few evenings ago he had at his house M. Delamarre, the proprietor of *La Patrie*, and M. Fournier, the principal editor, who both gave in their adhesion. Mr. Squire is now sitting for his bust to Eugène Lequesne, the sculptor, who has just completed a bust of the Empress, and is now engaged on one of the Emperor.

## MANIFESTATIONS IN FRANCE.

UNDER the heading of "Manifestations in France," in the November number, the narrator presents an inadequate account of the interposition by which my life was saved. Allow me then to relate the circumstances in detail.

I had just returned from Naples, whither I had been to visit a friend,—but who had passed from earth before I had 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 Cerçay, I used to take with me my gun,—more that it might be said I was out shooting than for any great attraction the sport has for me. The Château de Cerçay, distant half-an-hour by railway from Paris, stands in a beautiful old park. Some of the trees are of very great height; one of the largest, a northern poplar, stands a quarter of a mile from the château at an angle of the park, where it is separated from the outer grounds by a hedge. To this spot, when there is much shooting going on in the neighbourhood, the game used to come for shelter; and I, who am but an indifferent marksman, could get easy shots by planting myself by the hedge.

On the day mentioned by M. Pièrart, I had been walking with my friend, Mons. T——, and on his leaving me, bent my steps to this favourite corner, wishing to take home a partridge. As I neared the hedge, I stooped and advanced cautiously; when close up to it, I was raising my head to look for my game, when on my right I heard some one call out, "Here, here!" My only feeling was surprise at being thus suddenly addressed in English; desire to have a good look out for my game overruled my curiosity as to whom the exclamation had come from; 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,—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 marvellous 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, even to the servants, who broke off twigs to keep as mementos 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. The next day a friend made a sketch of the tree and branch. We now speculated as to how it could have happened. The tree is not a dead one, nor was the branch, and there was scarcely wind enough to stir the leaves. The branch was so cleanly reft from the trunk that one might at first think it had been sawn off, and the bark was not in the least torn about it. I have been informed since that such accidents are not uncommon with trees of this species of poplar, and that there are trees of a similar quality in Australia, under which settlers will not remain for fear of such accidents.

A day or two after, Dr. Höefer, one of the most learned men in France, and for whom I have the highest esteem and regard, as a sincere truth-seeker, and a friend deserving every confidence, came at about noon and requested a *séance*. We had one, and a very good one it was. Answers were given to questions of the utmost importance. All at once, to our surprise, it was spelled out, "Go, see the branch." Dr. H., impressed as it were, withdrew from the table, saying, "Perhaps they are going there." I went to the drawing-room, and asked the ladies if they would join us, but the day being damp and the walking bad, they declined.

I ought to have said, that the thick end of the branch rested, at a height of eight feet from the ground, firmly against the trunk of the tree, so much so that the possibility of its coming down had never for an instant occurred to us, but rather that the strength of several horses would be required to move it. Our surprise, then, may be imagined when we now found that it had been moved three or four inches laterally from its original point of support. Dr. H. said, "I firmly believe that the branch will be pushed down before us." I replied, "That seems almost an impossibility." At the same time, I took in my hand one of the smaller twigs and mentally said, "Dear spirits, will you push this branch down?" I then distinctly felt as if some one gently

touched the twig which I held; this was repeated, and at the third touch, as it felt to me, the branch fell to the ground.

Four persons witnessed this, and are ready to testify to what I here relate; and should any one who feels an interest in these things be going to France, communicate with me, I will facilitate his reception at the château, where the tree and branch may be seen.

134, Sloane Street, S.W.

D. D. HOME.

## “SPIRIT RAPPING” NO NOVELTY.

By the Author of *Confessions of a Truth Seeker*.

It is generally supposed that “Spirit Rapping” and kindred phenomena are peculiar to the movement which, originating in the little village of Hydesville, in the State of New York, has, in the last fifteen years, so rapidly and steadily advanced in public opinion in both hemispheres. This, however, is not exactly the case; scarcely any of the varied phases of modern Spiritualism, (enumerated in No. 2 of the *Spiritual Magazine*), but we shall find, if we take the trouble to search for them, have, to some extent, had their counterpart in bygone times. True, these phenomena are now more broadly known, and are beginning to be better understood than heretofore, and are being stripped of the factitious mystery that once environed them; but only to a very limited extent, if any, is it true that their beginning dates back no farther than our own time. I am not, indeed, aware that sounds and the movement of objects have ever before on a broad scale been used as a code of signals by which dwellers on the other side of the veil could communicate freely with those on this; many instances, however, may be cited, in which, especially during the last three centuries, sounds and movements characterised by intelligence, and not traceable to mundane agency, have been heard and seen—and efforts, foiled only it would seem by mortal obtuseness, thus apparently been made by the invisible operators, to carry on an intercourse with men by their agency. It may be interesting and instructive briefly to advert to some of these unevoked phenomena, which thus link the spiritual manifestations of the past with those of the present time.

A writer in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, referring to these phenomena, remarks that, “It is, to say the least, a remarkable fact, that such occurrences are to be found in the histories of all ages, and, if inquiries are but sincerely made, in the traditions of nearly all living families. The writer can testify to several monitions of this kind portending death, and the authentic records of such things would make a volume.” And among

other instances, he tells us, that "we read in Melancthon that Luther was visited by a spirit, who announced his coming by a rapping at his door;" and that "in 1620, a burges of Oppenheim having died, they began to hear certain noises in the house where he had lived with his first wife, and the then occupants requested, if he was the person they suspected, that he would strike three times only, which he did distinctly. The rappings in this case, mingled with shrill cries, whistlings, and groans, continued for a year, when the restless spirit was quieted by a compliance with his demands."

A writer, in *Notes and Queries*, vol. viii. p. 512, gives the following example of an early instance of this kind in England:

Rushton Hall, near Kettering, in Northamptonshire, was long the residence of the ancient and distinguished family of Treshams. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the mansion was occupied by Sir Thomas Tresham, who was a pedant and a fanatic; but who was an important character in his time by reason of his great wealth and powerful connexions. There is a lodge at Rushton, situate about half a mile from the old hall, now in ruins, but covered all over, within and without, with emblems of the Trinity. This lodge is known to have been built by Sir Thomas Tresham; but his precise motive for selecting this mode of illustrating his favourite doctrine was unknown until it appeared from a letter written by himself about the year 1584, and discovered in a bundle of books and papers, inclosed since 1605 in a wall of the old mansion, and brought to light about twenty years ago. The following relation of a "rapping" or "knocking," is extracted from this letter:—

"If it be demanded why I labour so much in the Trinity and Passion of Christ to depaint in this chamber, this is the principal instance thereof; that at my last being hither committed (referring to his commitments for recusancy, which had been frequent), and I usually having my servants here allowed me to read nightly an hour to me after supper, it fortuned that Fulcis, my then servant, reading in the *Christian Resolution* in the treatise of *Proof that there is a God*, &c. there was upon a wainscot table at that instant *three loud knocks* (as if it had been with an iron hammer) given, to the great amazing of me and my two servants, Fulcis and Nilkton."

In 1661, the house of a Mr. Mompesson, a magistrate, residing at Tedworth, Wilts, was the scene of extraordinary disturbances; the circumstances of which are fully detailed by the King's chaplain, the Rev. Joseph Glanvil, F.R.S., who personally and thoroughly investigated the case, and who drew up his narrative "partly from his (Mr. Mompesson's) own mouth, related before divers, who had been witnesses of all, and confirmed his relation, and partly from his own letters, from which the order and series of things is taken." As an account of this case has been frequently published, we give only its leading incidents. It seems that a vagrant drummer had been beating his drum up and down the country, and extorting money under the pretended authority of a warrant, which, with his pass was found to be counterfeit. Mr. M., on making this discovery, caused the drummer to be arrested, and the drum taken from him. On returning from a short visit to London a few weeks after, Mr. Mompesson was informed by his wife, "that they had



been much frightened in the night by thieves, and that the house had been like to have been broken into." And he had not been at home above three nights, when the same noise was heard that had disturbed his family in his absence. "It was a very great knocking at his doors, and the outside of his house: hereupon he got up, and went about the house with a brace of pistols in his hand; he opened the door where the great knocking was, and then he heard the noise at another door; he opened that also, and went out round the house, but could discover nothing, only he still heard a strange and hollow sound. When he was got back to bed, the noise was a thumping and drumming on the top of his house, which continued some time, and by degrees subsided."

This was the commencement of the disturbance, which after this "was very frequent, usually five nights together, and then it would intermit three." "After a month's disturbance without, it came into the room where the drum lay, four or five nights, in seven, within half an hour after they were in bed, continuing almost two hours. The sign of it just before it came was, they still heard a hurling in the air over the house, and, at its going off, the beating of a drum, like that of a breaking up of a guard. It continued in this room for the space of two months, which time Mr. Mompesson himself lay there to observe it."

While Mrs. Mompesson was in child-bed, there was a cessation of the knocking, but afterwards it "returned in a ruder manner than before, and followed and vexed the youngest children, beating their bedsteads with such violence, that all present expected they would fall in pieces. In laying hands on them, one could feel no blows, but might perceive them to shake exceedingly: for an hour together it would beat the tat-too, and several other points of war, as well as any drummer."

It was observed that it would *exactly answer in drumming anything that was beaten or called for*, and that, "when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden and surprising violence, no dog about the house would move, though the knocking was often so boisterous and rude, that it had been heard at a considerable distance in the fields, and awakened the neighbours in the village, none of whom lived very near the house." "During the time of the knocking, when many were present, a gentleman of the company said, 'Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks and no more,' *which it did very distinctly and stopped*. Then the gentleman knocked to see if it would answer him as it was wont, but it did not: for farther trial, he bid it for confirmation, if it were the drummer, to give five knocks, and no more that night, which it did, and left the house quiet all the night after. This was done in the presence of

Sir Thomas Chamberlain, of Oxfordshire, and divers others." Glanvil says, "I had been told it would imitate noises, and I made trial by scratching several times upon the sheet, as five, seven, and ten, *which it followed still stopping at my number.* I searched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, grasped the bolsters, sounded the wall behind, and made all the search that I possibly could, to find if there were any trick, contrivance, or common cause of it; the like did my friend, but we could discover nothing."

Besides these strange sounds, there were other mysterious phenomena, produced without visible agency, and which could not be traced to any natural cause; such as these:—"On the 5th of November, 1661, it kept a mighty noise, and a servant observing two boards in the children's room seeming to move, he bid it give him one of them; upon which, the board come (nothing moving it, that he saw) within a yard of him: the man added, 'Nay, let me have it in my hand;' upon which it was shoved quite home to him again, and so up and down, to and fro, at least twenty times together, till Mr. Mompesson forbade his servant such familiarities." On the same night, as soon as prayers were done, "in sight of the company the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber. At the same time, a bed-staff was thrown at the minister, which hit him on the leg, but so favourably that a lock of wool could not fall more softly, and it was observed that it stopped just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place." Strange lights were also seen in the house. "One of them came into Mr. Mompesson's chamber, which seemed blue and glimmering, and caused great stiffness in the eyes of those that saw it. After the light, something was heard coming up the stairs, as if it had been one without shoes. The light was seen also four or five times in the children's chamber; and the maids confidently affirm, that the doors were at least ten times opened and shut in their sight, and when they were open, they heard a noise as if half a dozen had entered together, after which, some were heard to walk about the room, and one ruffled as if it had been silk; Mr. Mompesson himself once heard these noises." The hair and bed-clothes of the servants and children would be plucked at, and, "the servants sometimes were lifted up in their beds, and let gently down again without hurt, at other times, it (the invisible something) would lie like a great weight upon their feet." On trial of the drummer, it was sworn to, that he had boasted that he had thus plagued Mr. M., for taking away his drum. And we are told, he "used to talk much of gallant books he had of an old fellow, who was accounted a wizard."

Glanvil concludes his narrative with remarking that "these things were not done long ago, or at far distance, in an ignorant age, or among a barbarous people, they were not seen by two or three only of the melancholic and superstitious, and reported by those that made them serve the advantage and interest of a party. They were not the passages of a day or night, nor the vanishing glances of an apparition; but these transactions were *near and late, public, frequent, and of divers years' continuance, witnessed by multitudes of competent and unbiassed attestors*, and acted in a searching incredulous age. Arguments enough, one would think, to satisfy any modest and capable reason."

We will only add to this, that in a letter to Glanvil, dated November 8, 1672, Mr. Mompesson writes:—"I have been very often of late asked the question, whether I have not confessed to his Majesty, or any other, a cheat discovered about that affair. To which I gave, and shall to my dying day give the same answer, that I must belie myself, and perjure myself also, to acknowledge a cheat in a thing where I am sure there was none, nor could be any, as I, the minister of the place, and two other honest gentlemen deposed at the Assizes, upon my impleading the drummer." And when the same rumour some years after was revived, John Wesley, in the *Arminian Magazine*, replied, "Not so; my eldest brother, then at Christ Church, Oxon, enquired of Mr. Mompesson, jun., his fellow-collegian, whether his father had acknowledged this, or not? He answered, 'The resort of gentlemen to my father's house was so great he could not bear the expense. He therefore took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat, although he and I, and all the family knew the account which was published was strictly true.'"

Dr. Henry More gives a "true and faithful narrative of the disturbances which was in the house of Sir William York, in the parish of Lessingham, in Lincolnshire," from May to October, 1769. Noises were heard of a violent knocking at the door, under the stairs, on the ceiling and top of the room, "not above half a score strokes at a time, yet sometimes fewer and sometimes more." The invisible knocker also imitated the various noises made by the workmen and servants, and made a "very great drumming at a pair of wainscot doors between the hall and the great parlour, imitating drummers in their several ways of beating, and varying it as they usually do; but it was as if it was done with hands against the wainscot." Sometimes the noises were such, that "it was impossible for all the art and strength of man to make such a noise without battering the doors in pieces; and yet, examining them, they found the doors firm and whole, not the least battered or strained." These knockings were "heard alike by twenty several persons then in the family,

who, looking out of the windows over the door, heard the noise, but saw nothing." They were heard "sometimes every other night, sometimes every night. Sometimes knocking at the doors of out-houses, at the wash-house, brew-house and stable doors; and as they followed it from place to place, it still immediately and in one instant removed." Every scrutiny was made: the house was searched everywhere. All the family and servants were taken into one room; while Sir William, who "used all possible care and diligence to discover the imposture, if there had been any, locked all the out doors of the house, and kept the keys—which, indeed, was every night done—and went himself first to one, then the other side of the door whence the noises were heard, repeating the experiment several times successively in one night, but could discover nothing. When persons went out to the door, or went out in the time of such disturbances, they could see nobody, nor perceive any motion in anything on which the invisible agent did seem to operate," although, as one of the witnesses declared, "touching this thumping at the door, he could not compare it to anything better, as to the force thereof, than to the Roman ram which the Romans battered down walls with." Not only the family and servants, but most of Sir William's tenants watched the house in turn; so that "there were at least forty persons that were eye-witnesses, or rather ear-witnesses—the disturbance being here noises, not apparitions properly so called. Most of the servants are still in Sir William's family, that were there in the time of the disturbance; so that if any one have the curiosity to enquire of the truth of the business, he may easily get full satisfaction in the parish of Lessingham." It is to be noted, that there was the same visible movement of chairs and other articles by invisible agency in this, as in the former case.

The same writer gives a "transcription from Dr. Plott's history of certain strange knockings" that used to be heard at intervals from 1661 to 1674, at the house of Captain Basil Wood, of Brompton, and at the house of his son, Mr. Basil Wood, of Exeter, "a little before the death of those of the family," and which "were given very audibly to all that were then in the house." Dr. More also gives "a remarkable story touching the stirs made by a demon in the family of one Gilbert Campbel, by profession a weaver, in the old parish of Glenluce, in Galloway, in Scotland," in November, 1654. Among other phenomena in this case, we read that "presently there appeared a naked hand and arm from the elbow down, beating upon the floor till the house did shake again." Dr. More says that he was told by Dr. Gilbert Burnet (author of the *History of the Reformation, &c.*), that "all the passages in this case would make a volume, and that there was a

full relation thereof under the hands of eye-witnesses;" and "that he living in Glasgow some years, found all people there and in the county about, fully persuaded of the truth of the matter of fact." A solemn Humiliation by order of the Synod of Presbyters was kept through all the bounds of the Synod to request God in behalf of the afflicted family.

Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies* (published 1696) tells us that, "Three or four days before my father died, as I was in my bed about nine o'clock in the morning perfectly awake, I did hear three distinct knocks on the bed's head, as if it had been with a ruler or ferula." And he mentions that, "Major John Morgan, of Wells, did aver, that as he lay in bed with Mr. — Barlow (son of the Dean of Wells) they heard three distinct knocks on the bed: Mr. Barlow shortly after fell sick and died." And "Mr. Hierome Banks, as he lay on his death-bed, in Bell Yard, said, three days before he died, that Mr. Jennings of the Inner Temple (his great acquaintance, dead a year or two before) gave three knocks, looked in and said, 'Come away.' He was as far from believing such things as any man."

The Rev. Richard Baxter gives the following relation, which is also referred to by De Foe, as one "that not even the most devout and precise Presbyterian will offer to call in question:"—

There is now (1691) in London an understanding, sober, pious man, oft one of my hearers, who hath an elder brother, a gentleman of considerable rank, who having formerly seemed pious, of late years doth oft fall into the sin of drunkenness. He oft lodgeth long together here, in this his brother's house. And whenever he is drunken, and hath slept himself sober, something knocks at his bed's head, as if one knocked on a wainscot; when they remove his bed it followeth him. Besides loud noises on other parts where he is, that all the house heareth. They have oft watched, and kept his hands, lest he should do it himself. His brother hath oft told it me, and brought his wife (a discreet woman) to attest it; who averreth moreover, that as she watched him, she hath seen his shoes under the bed taken up, and nothing visible touch them. They brought to me the man himself, and when we ask him how he dare so sin again, after such a warning, he hath no excuse. But being persons of quality, for some special reason of worldly interest, I must not name him. . . .

It poseth me to think what kind of spirit this is, that hath such a care of this man's soul (which maketh me hope he will recover). Do good spirits dwell so near us? or are they sent on such messages? or is it his guardian angel? or is it the soul of some dead friend that suffereth, and yet, retaining love to him, as Dives to his brethren, would have him saved? God yet keepeth such things from us in the dark."

Calmet, in his *Phantom World*, refers to some remarkable occurrences which happened in 1706, at St. Maur, near Paris, to M. de S——, a young man about twenty-five years of age, who, with his friends and domestics, repeatedly heard loud knocks on the door, on the wall above his head, and against the window, the latter so violently that those who heard it thought all the panes were broken. In this case there was also the frequent removal from their places of heavy articles of furniture; the

opening and closing of doors—the bolts being shot into their places, and the simultaneous opening of all the bed-curtains in the house, by invisible agency. These things occurred again and again to the astonishment and alarm of the witnesses. One evening about six o'clock, M. de S----- heard a distinct voice at his left ear, which ordered him, *theeing* and *thowing* him, to do some particular thing within a specified time, and to keep it secret. We are left to infer that he complied, for all that occurred subsequently happened at the expiration of the time named, as if to prove that the consequences threatened in the event of his refusal could have been performed.

In 1716, Epworth Rectory was the scene of those mysterious rappings and other noises which we have already considered in the article on "Spiritual Manifestations in the Wesley Family," in No. 6 of this Magazine.

Mr. Spicer, in his *Sights and Sounds*, tells us, that "about 1742, a house at Dumfries, on the Nith, was the scene of various extraordinary manifestations. The place was inhabited by a highly respectable gentleman, a magistrate of Dumfries, whose family were perpetually annoyed by knockings and drummings in all parts of the house, as though some powerful hand had been exercising a heavy mallet on the partitions and floors. Although these noises were so loud as to be distinctly heard by the labourers in the neighbouring fields, no clue to their origin was ever discovered. Tenant after tenant occupied the house, but the invisible rapper continued among the 'fixtures,' and for many years the spot was popularly known as 'Knock-a-big's Close,' from the name bestowed upon the supposed spirit."

The same writer informs us that the *New York Packet*, a small commercial paper, published in its issue of March 10th, 1789, the following curious communication:—

Fish Hill, March 3rd, 1789.

Sir,—Were I to relate the many extraordinary, though not less true accounts I have heard concerning that unfortunate girl, at New Hackensack, your belief might perhaps be staggered, and patience tired. I shall therefore only inform you of what I have been an eye-witness to. Last Sunday afternoon my wife and myself went to Dr. Thorn's, and after sitting for some time we heard a knock under the feet of a young woman that lives in the family. I asked the Doctor what occasioned the noise—he could not tell, but replied, that he, together with several others, had examined the house, but were unable to discover the cause. I then took a candle, and went with the girl to the cellar; there the knocking also continued: but as we were ascending the stairs to return, I heard a prodigious rapping on each side, which alarmed me very much. I stood still some time, looking around with amazement, when I beheld some lumber which lay at the head of the stairs shake considerably. About eight or ten days after we visited the girl again; the knocking still continued, but was much louder. Our curiosity induced us to pay the third visit, when the phenomena were still more alarming. I then saw the chairs move; a large dining-table was thrown against me, and a small stand, on which stood a candle, was tossed up and thrown in my wife's lap; after which we left the house much surprised at what we had seen.

In the *Life of Frederica Hauffe, the Seeress of Prevorst*, by Dr. Justinus Kerner, chief physician at Weinsberg, almost every phase of spiritual phenomena is related as pertaining to her experience. Many spirits appeared to her; among others, "as she was kneeling one morning about nine o'clock (in prayer), there appeared before her a short figure, with a dark cowl and an old-looking wrinkled face; the head hung forwards, and it looked for some minutes steadfastly on her, as she did on it." The spirit "appeared again before her as she was praying another day," and "for a whole year from that time," this spirit appeared to her daily, and begged her to pray with him. "His appearance was always preceded by knockings on the walls, noises in the air, and other sounds, which were heard by many different people, as can be testified by more than twenty credible witnesses. There was a tramping up and down stairs by day and night to be heard, but no one to be seen, as well as knockings on the walls and in the cellars; but, however suddenly a person flew to the place to try and detect whence the noise proceeded, they could see nothing. If they went outside, the knocking was immediately heard inside, and *vice versa*. However securely they closed the kitchen door—nay, if they tied it with cords—it was found open in the morning; and though they frequently rushed to the spot on hearing it open or shut, they never could find anybody. . . . . The noises in the house became at length so remarkable, that her father declared he could stay in it no longer; and they were not only audible to everybody in it, but to the passengers in the street, who stopped to listen to them as they passed. Mrs. H—— said in her sleep, that the evil spirits wished to impede the one with whom she prayed, that he might not sever himself from them."

The same book contains an account of similar occurrences which took place in 1806, at Slawensick Castle, Silesia. Councillor Hahn, in the service of Prince Hohenlohe, had gone to Slawensick, and with an old friend, a military officer named Kern, had taken up his abode in the castle. "Hahn, during his collegiate life, had been much given to philosophy—had listened to Fichte, and earnestly studied the writings of Kant. The result of his reflections, at this time, was a pure materialism." He had been reading aloud to his friends the works of Schiller, when the reading was interrupted by a small shower of lime which fell around them; this was followed by larger pieces, but they searched in vain to discover any part of the walls or ceiling from which it could have fallen. The next evening, instead of the lime falling, as before, it was thrown, and several pieces struck Hahn; at the same time they heard many blows, sometimes below, and sometimes over their heads, like the sound of distant

guns. On the following evening a noise was added which resembled the faint and distant beating of a drum. On going to bed with a light burning they heard what seemed like a person walking about the room with slippers on, and a stick with which he struck the floor as he moved step by step. The friends continued to laugh and jest at the oddness of these circumstances till they fell asleep. Neither being in the least inclined to attribute them to any supernatural cause. "But on the following evening the affair became more inexplicable: various articles in the room were thrown about—knives, forks, brushes, caps, slippers, padlocks, funnel, snuffers, soap—everything in short that was moveable; whilst lights darted from corner to corner, and everything was in confusion; at the same time the lime fell and the blows continued. Upon this the two friends called up the servant, Knittel, the castle watch, and whoever else was at hand, to be witnesses of these mysterious operations. Frequently before their eyes the knives and snuffers rose from the table and fell, after some minutes, to the ground." So constant and varied were the annoyances, that they resolved on removing to the rooms above. But this did not mend the matter; "the thumping continued as before; and not only so, but articles flew about the room which they were quite sure they had left below." Kern saw a figure in the mirror interposing apparently between the glass and himself, the eyes of the figure moving and looking into his.

It is unnecessary to recount the means employed to trace out these mysteries. Hahn and Kern, assisted by two Bavarian officers, Captain Cornet, and Lieutenant Magerle, and all the aid they could assemble, were wholly unsuccessful in obtaining the slightest clue. And Hahn, from whose narrative this account is taken, declares: "I have described these events exactly as I saw them; from beginning to end I observed them with the most entire self-possession. I had no fear, nor the slightest tendency to it; yet the whole thing remains to me perfectly inexplicable."

We will add only another instance, and this will bring us very near the date usually assigned as that of the commencement of "spirit-rapping."

In 1835, a suit (which lasted two years) was brought before the Sheriff of Edinburgh, in which Captain Molesworth was defendant, and the landlord of the house he inhabited (which was at Trinity, about a couple of miles from Edinburgh) was plaintiff. Mrs. Crowe, to whom we are indebted for the narrative, says: "I have been favoured with the particulars of the case by Mr. M. L., the advocate employed by the plaintiff, who spent many hours in examining the numerous witnesses, several of whom were



officers of the army, and gentlemen of undoubted honour and capacity for observation."

Captain Molesworth took the house of a Mr. Webster, who resided in the adjoining one, in May or June, 1835; and when he had been in it about two months, he began to complain of sundry extraordinary noises, which, finding it impossible to account for, he took it into his head, strangely enough, were made by Mr. Webster. The latter naturally represented that it was not probable he should desire to damage the reputation of his own house, or drive his tenant out of it, and retorted the accusation. Still, as these noises and knockings continued, Captain M., not only lifted the boards in the room most infected, but actually made holes in the wall which divided his residence from Mr. W.'s, for the purpose of detecting the delinquent—of course without success. Do what they would, the thing went on just the same: footsteps of invisible feet, knockings, and scratchings, and rustlings, first on one side, and then on the other, were heard daily and nightly. Sometimes this unseen agent seemed to be knocking to a certain tune, and if a question were addressed to it which could be answered numerically, as, "How many people are there in this room?" for example, it would answer by so many knocks. The beds, too, were occasionally heaved up, as if somebody were underneath, and were the knockings were, the wall trembled visibly, but, search as they would, no one could be found. Captain Molesworth had two daughters, one of whom, named Matilda, had lately died; the other a girl between twelve and thirteen, called Jane, was sickly, and generally kept her bed; and, as it was observed that wherever she was, these noises most frequently prevailed, Mr. Webster, who did not like the *mala fama* that was attaching itself to his house, declared that she made them, whilst the people in the neighbourhood believed that it was the ghost of Matilda warning her sister that she was to follow. Sheriffs' officers, masons, justices of peace, and the officers of the regiment quartered at Leith, who were friends of Captain M., all came to his aid, in hopes of detecting or frightening away his tormentor, but in vain. Sometimes it was said to be a trick of somebody outside the house, and then they formed a cordon round it; and next, as the poor sick girl was suspected, they tied her up in a bag, but it was all to no purpose.

At length, ill and wearied out by the annoyances and anxieties attending the affair, Captain M. quitted the house, and Mr. W. brought an action against him for the damages committed by lifting the boards, breaking the walls, and firing at the wainscot, as well as for the injury done to the house by saying it was haunted, which prevented other tenants taking it.

The poor young lady died, hastened out of the world, it is said, by the severe measures used whilst she was under suspicion; and the persons that have since inhabited the house have experienced no repetition of the annoyance.

In most of the foregoing instances the rappings and various sounds occurred in a way, and in connection with other phenomena indicating their production by intelligent, though invisible agency;—by beings who could respond to questions, count numbers, and imitate tunes—the beating of a drum, and other sounds, sometimes made purposely to test the intelligence of the unseen operators; and, in all probability, had proper means been employed, in every case, intelligence would have been thus manifested, and in a higher degree; and the various methods of continuous spiritual intercourse now in vogue might thus have been anticipated at a much earlier period.

The "other phenomena" to which we have referred, it will be seen are, as well as the rappings, in character identical with the physical manifestations of spiritual power with which we are now familiar. We might have brought these out more prom-

inently, but our object has been rather to bring into bolder relief that phase of the subject which is commonly thought the peculiar characteristic of recent Spiritualism.

We have purposely overlooked a noted instance of "spirit-rapping" at the close of the last century, but we shall give a full, true, and particular account of the *Cock Lane Ghost* in another article.

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### JUDGE BLACKSTONE ON WITCHCRAFT.

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In the 4th book, article 60, of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, we read as follows :

"A sixth species of offense against God and Religion, of which our ancient books are full, is a crime of which one knows not what account to give. I mean the offense of *witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, or sorcery*. To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed Word of God in various passages of both the Old and New Testament, and the thing is itself a truth to which every nation in the world hath borne testimony, either by examples seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws which, at least, suppose the possibility of commerce with evil spirits. The civil law punishes with death, not only the sorcerers themselves, but also those who consult them, imitating, in the former, the express law of God, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

We wonder how many of Her Majesty's judges, at this day, believe in the possibility of such offences, and whether they do not really prefer to deny the revealed Word of God, than to believe in these exploded crimes. We, on the contrary, do believe in their possibility, and even in their occurrence at this day, and are quite willing to incur all the epithets which may ensue on such a statement.

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### DOCTOR MARTIN VAN BUREN BLY AND THE "TIMES."

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If the manifestations of Spiritualism are a truth, as we know them from frequent personal observation to be, it becomes a duty to see that they are not *Barnumed* by mediums, or used fraudulently as money-making implements. Where money is taken, the public should be more than ever on its guard to detect imposture, as another element of human nature is introduced by money, which may and does often cause, even in real mediums, the exhibition of manifestations, not of the true die. The desire to please, or to give something for the money, is but too often the origin of phenomena, which a careful observation has detected to have been produced by physieal causes, or, in other words, by gross imposture.

The *Times*, after a portentous silence of some years, during

which it has known far more than has appeared in its pages, has at length broken ground, endorsing the "necromancy" of Dr. Bly, and calling him "the Great Magician." His principal manifestations narrated in the *Times*, consisted of his writing out names which the Editor had previously written, as those of his deceased friends, and the Editor sagely says, "the question is how the Doctor got the information of what the Editor had written?"

Now this, even when honestly done, is one of the common observed facts of what is called mesmeric clairvoyance. Not but that it has a spiritual basis, like all others of such phenomenal states, but it is at all events common, and has been for years acknowledged even by those who deny the existence of Spiritualism. It is not necessary, therefore, that Dr. Bly should be what is called a medium to exhibit such a power, as has had the astonishing effect upon the *Times*, of causing it to pronounce in favour of the phenomena. We do not know whether this person be a medium at all or not; but this we know, that in America, from which country he has recently been imported, he was detected in imposture, and so clearly, that he was obliged to admit the charge, and that since then he has been frequently in several very dubious positions. He has for more than twelve-months been going about the States of America, endeavouring since his own detection, and we suppose, according to the well-known proverb, to make money, by doing what would really be a good work, if it were carried out honestly by a proper person, namely, the exposing of the frauds of some so-called mediums, but he did not find that the American public would countenance him, and he has now been brought over here, where it was thought he was not known, to collect British coin. He has come under the auspices of a gentleman who is the *confrère* of Mr. Barnum, and who occasionally deals in curiosities, such as the Aztecs, for exhibition.

It is a duty, which we willingly take upon ourselves, to make these facts known, because the subject is so open to deception in improper hands, and because the public knows so little of the true mode of investigation. The character of mediums is all-important, and it is certainly unfortunate for the *Times* that it should have at last pronounced in favour of a person whose antecedents will not bear inquiry. If we wished to make a little fun of the *Times*, we could not have a better opportunity than the present affords. Only think how cautious the *Times* has been all these years, since it came out with a leader telling the world what fools we all were, and that it would believe at that congenial time when the spirits could tell the Editor the price of consols a month hence, or name the winner of the next Derby.

Although this would be wicked sorcery, and such information could only be used for picking pockets and by felonious persons, yet this is what the *Times* said would be most convincing to its mercantile mind. And now, what a sad falling off there is, that, after all his good resolves, the Editor has been deceived by imposture and fraud—has been regularly taken in, or vulgarly sold, by *Doctor Bly*. Whatever will the *Times* say now of Spiritualism? We fear it will not like to have the subject named. The worst however, is, that the detection of Dr. Bly is made by a Spiritualist, by one of these persons who knows nothing of the scientific mode of investigation that we hear so much of from sceptics, but see so little of when they are the investigators. What is so satisfactory to the *Times* is proved to be arrant imposture by the Spiritualists, as will be seen by the letter which we subjoin from an eye-witness, who is known to us.

Nevertheless, the *Times* may take heart, for the phenomena of Spiritualism are real, and the inquiry which the facts suggest, is one of high importance. It will be persisted in, whether some mediums are reliable or not, for the whole argument follows, if only one true manifestation has ever been observed. Paid mediumship is one of the greatest misfortunes which the subject has to endure.

The following is our Correspondent's letter:—

Sir,—Dr. M. Van Buren Bly has visited this country, giving the public the general impression that he is a clairvoyant and a medium.

Report gave him a higher position in Spiritualism than even Dr. Redman and others, and even the *Times* has given up a portion of its space to the narration of some of the extraordinary phenomena he has elucidated.

Almost immediately on his arrival in the country, through the kindness of a gentleman, I had the opportunity of being present at a short *séance* given by him. I confess I was rather disappointed, and felt with others that Dr. Bly's performance was not altogether satisfactory. My opinion and those of others who were present, was entirely confirmed a few days afterwards. Our attention on this latter evening was more especially directed to the pellets of paper on which we had written the names of those whom we had formerly known; Dr. Bly showing apparently more striking powers than Dr. Redman, inasmuch as he either retires to another part of the room, or leaves it altogether while the names are being written. On our sitting down, my friend and I took especial interest in all Dr. Bly's movements, he being seated between us. With the exception of some monotonous raps, which never extended beyond the table, our patience was not rewarded by anything remarkable. Indeed, the powers exhibited fell far short of what we had witnessed on the previous sitting. Dr. Bly himself admitted that "the conditions were not favourable"—"the atmosphere was bad,"—and that his powers that evening were feeble. A few incoherent sentences were written down with that spasmodic energy peculiar to spirit-writing, but they were unsatisfactory. Soon, however, some louder raps gave us the impression that a more powerful spirit had arrived. A little interruption took place from the entrance of another visitor, to whom I ceded my place. It was then that one of our party detected in Dr. Bly's hand a pellet which he had cleverly abstracted from the table. This exposure led us to pay more particular attention to the raps, which we found, as Dr. Bly afterwards admitted, proceeded from his boot, at the same time showing us the clever manner in which the imitation was effected.

It was now quite time to come to some clear understanding, and I must do

justice to the coolness and good temper with which Dr. Bly, *after his detection, and upon being closely pressed*, stated that his mission to this country is to try and expose the errors of Spiritualism, by giving a close imitation of all the phenomena by natural means.

But, surely, if Dr. Bly takes money from the public by giving these so-called *séances*, he should frankly state the real object of his visit to this country. He says himself that he allows people to think what they please, and to form their own conclusions respecting him; but it would do him much more credit were he openly to avow his real views and intentions. Being merely invited to a *séance* at which some striking phenomena were to be shown, it was a singular conclusion to the evening to find that our "Medium" was nothing else, by his own confession, than a species of conjuror. Dr. Bly will, doubtless, attempt to continue to elucidate his views, and to receive money whilst doing so; but from what has been seen of his performance, the real truth of Spiritualism can stand out only more clearly by contrast than it did before.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

14th Dec., 1860.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

## CHURCH PARTIES AND SPIRITUALISM.

HAVING heard the benefits of Spiritualism hardily disputed both by the sceptic and the professing Christian (to use the insubling cant of the age), and what has puzzled us most of all by some who have undoubtedly at one time realised its uses, our thoughts have turned to the contrast between the modern spiritual enquiries, and the teachings by which spiritual men of the other schools of thought are formed. These teachings may be easily and succinctly stated to be the popular theology in all its various schools, but most distinctly in the two opposing schemes of Evangelicalism and Puseyism. This theology is really all one and the same in its basis, and may for all practical purposes be described in one line of Pope's

"Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind."

To illustrate the first epithet, we can recal the conversation of a well-known evangelical commentator with an acute and pious preacher in the early part of the century,—for had it passed but yesterday, and with reference to recent works, it would be if possible only more telling. The preacher took exception to the commentary as too ponderous, and was met thus:—"But if you had grown a large crop of wheat, would you not gather it all in?" "Certainly," was the rejoinder, "but I should *thrash* it first." Now where can we find any literature so over-fruitful of illustration and so tardy in its expression, through mere verbosity, as our popular theology? The theology, we mean, of our accepted religious books, and of our pulpits generally. And how surely does this characteristic ensure the quality of heaviness as distinguished from weight. How busy popular theology is we shall not here say, because it

has been idle enough about Spiritualism, or when wakened for an instant from its somnolent indifference, ran about declaring that its facts were all devil-workings. This being the busy-body style has not been often repeated, for as one great object of all clergy is to gain influence, it was found not to tell. It looked too undignified, and so it would not do to repeat *that* even if it were true. And, besides, it gave the people the *blue-devils* to be told by their parsons that they could not exorcise the *black ones*, and sometimes led to the asking them an awkward question or two. But this did not open the eyes of your modern theologians; of whose blindness we must speak fully, because it prevents their seeing their other defects, and as our Lord says, it makes them bad leaders. The leading fact which proves them blind and their systems owl-eyed is, that they cannot see the absurdity of denying the literal truth of Scripture on one side, as their most *advanced* scholars do, and thus making its histories myths, and its miracles nought—or, mere elucidations of some spiritual fact; or, on the other side, insisting only on the letter, and so as completely to prevent its intention taking effect on either the understanding or the heart. These literalists are the majority of popular divines, and they are very desirous that you should read your Bible, but you must understand it in the letter as they do—in other words, you must read it through their glasses. If Moses had worn spectacles as opaque as they put on the noses of their followers, he would never have seen that the bush was on fire, for it would have looked dull green, and nothing more. This was the style of man who a century or two back resolved that nature should be what it seemed, and our earth a zodiacal centre for the sun, though that was pardonable at the time; but your modern literalist will have God's word, or, plainly, God himself, be what He seems to them, *that* and *nothing more*. Practically it makes but little difference whether the miracles of Scripture be untrue in point of fact, or whether being true, they can never recur. Whether they never occurred or never can recur, must be matter of indifference to men so remote from their date as we are. To this it is replied that when they took place they established Christianity. But what if *that* too be a record only, and not a constant fact? If it be a fact to us it is a divine fact, and makes all divine celestial and spiritual things possible; and this is just as certain as that America can never be re-discovered, but it may be revisited as long as the earth lasts, and the productions which proved its existence to Ferdinand and Isabella prove it to us too; only we don't think of that matter because our population lives by them, is clothed with them, and speculates on them as to the progress of the race in general. Were Christianity shorn of

spiritual proofs of its origin, and spiritual powers in its development, it would be but a blind Samson. And such it seems to us now in this world of worldliness, sensualism, ritualism, and Pharisaic puritanism. And why is all this? Because there is nothing experimental in its knowledge, and a man cannot feel any interest in what forms no part of his experience. It is repugnant to the daily life and business of the masses, and the daily and patient inquiry into facts of the men of science and art.

Now, on the contrary, any truth gained by Spiritualism will, strictly speaking, be gained by inductive reasoning and experience, and will carry with it the certainty of scientific knowledge, and the modest reserve of the true and faithful student of God's works and ways. This modesty is alike distant from fanaticism, and from the fear to look into and severely scrutinize every fact brought under notice. And we fearlessly assert that such has been and will be the case, that spiritual phenomena, whether received through mediums, or direct, as in gifts and impressions, at once make men more reverent, and cause them to shrink more and more from all dogmatisms or rash interferences of thought with things spiritual and divine. They teach the proudest man to sit as a learner, and when he has learned anything, to communicate it without vaunting or exaggeration. They make the dogmatic asserter of his opinions modest; he remains calm under provocation, because he knows that he is not contending for a mere opinion, but for a faith based on demonstrable facts; and to the scoffer he simply says, "Come and see." We trust, therefore, that we shall have more facts to record, and we shall not shrink from any criticism—the more adverse the better, if it be only honest—for we admit no authority over us but the laws and the word of God; and in learning this word both from nature and Scripture, we hold, that to exclude Spiritualism from its part in the study, were more absurd than to exclude Greek and Hebrew learning from Biblical criticism, or mathematics from natural philosophy.

Many a criticism may be false or ill-applied, but a record of divinely and humanly blended workings for man's salvation like the Bible, cannot but demand a perpetual refreshing of knowledge from the spirit-world, and mistakes or misleadings can never to a well-balanced mind prove the contrary. Break up your school-benches and desks throughout the land before you tell us, that because you believe this or that medium, or cheat, or this or that record of spiritual manifestations false, the study of such phenomena has nothing to do with religious knowledge. If you mean you would rather believe theology than the Bible, we can understand you; if you tell us you prefer churches and clergy to Christianity, we believe you; but if you say Spiritual-

ism is false and the Bible true, we cannot understand you; if you say you love Christ and his religion above all, and yet do not desire to know of these things which connect the life of those who have passed away with our own, you really do tax our charity very severely. O.

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## A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST IN TROUBLE.

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We sincerely pity the poor Lecturing Gentleman who has brought on himself the following well-merited chastisement from Mr. Howitt. We hear that he has since retired from the lecturing business!

### SPIRITUALISM.

*To the Editor of the Preston Guardian.*

Sir,—I am indebted to some one for a copy of the *Supplement to The Guardian* of December the 8th, containing a lecture by a Reverend Mr. Christie, of course, a Roman Catholic. In one of my letters to the *Morning Star* recently, in reply to a Catholic Priest, I could not help observing how unfair it was that the Catholic priests should take all the ministering angels to themselves, and give us all the devils. Now, allow me to say that, whichever party has the angels, and which the devils, must be decided by our Saviour's own test:—"By their fruits shall ye know them."

Professor Hare, of America, who began as a most determined disbeliever in Christianity, and who was converted solely by Spiritualism to Christianity, has the following striking remarks:—"Besides those antagonists to Spiritualism, who would set aside the evidence of persons living at the present time, and who are known to be truthful, by the evidence of those who lived some thousand years since, Spiritualists are assailed by such as admit their facts, but explain them differently. Thus the Roman Catholic Church has admitted the manifestations to indicate an invisible rational power which cannot be attributed to human agency. But, instead of ascribing them to spirits good or bad, of mortals who have passed the portal of death, they consider them the work of Old Nick. If this personage ever did influence the acts of any sect, manifestly it must have been in those instances in which alleged religious error has been made the ground for persecution from the most ancient times down to the extirpation of the Albigenses, the Auto da Fe, Inquisition, massacre of St. Bartholomew, fires of Smithfield, roasting of Servetus, and the persecution of the Quakers and witches." And he adds, "When the benevolent language of the spirits respecting sinners is contrasted with the cruel doctrine of the Church in question, it can hardly be conceived that this language comes from Satan, and that of this Church from the benevolent Jesus Christ."

Sir, how often have incautious people been reminded that "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Does your Catholic lecturer think that all history is blotted from the public mind? A celebrated French author can tell him that nothing of the kind ever dies: "Mais non, ne le croyez pas. Rien n'est oublié, nul homme, nul chose. Ce qui a été une fois, ne peut s'anéantir. Les murs même n'oublieront pas, le pavé sera complice, transmettera des sons, des bruits: l'air n'oubliera pas." "By their fruits shall ye know them." By what fruits, then, do we know the Catholic Church in history? By what spirits must it have been instigated? By what spirits must it have been stimulated to the destruction, the abuse, the despotism, and the forced darkness of mankind?

"Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold!"



That cry of Milton's is the agonised cry of sixteen hundred years, during a great portion of which the Catholics, under the instigation of spirits whose character speaks for itself, committed the most dreadful atrocities on the suffering human race which devils could invent, or which horror-stricken historians could record. Whole nations, as the Bohemians, dragonaded to death; the Bible shut up, and instead of its light, the fires of human sacrifices kindled in its place. The tortures of the Inquisition, unparalleled by any details of hell; the wretched Camisards of the South of France pursued by sixty thousand soldiers hounded on by priests; their towns and farms burnt; themselves hurled into dungeon depths till their nails peeled from their hands and feet, their hair from their heads. These, and such horrors attending the Catholic church in every country where it obtained dominance; these, or similar barbarities perpetrated in the dungeons of Rome and Naples in our own very day, till the righteous vengeance of God has smitten those Catholic dynasties, temporal and spiritual:—by what spirits, by what inspirations, by what *black art* have these abominations been perpetrated?

Sir, when Spiritualists are turned upon by the priests of this church, accused of necromancy and dealing with the devil, strong as is the language which I use, have we not the right to retort it, being the sacred language of *Truth*? Have we not a right to ask the Catholic priests—what is the nature of our inspirations? What people we have persecuted? What saints we have slain? What murderous soldiers we have marched forth against any class of men? What men, whilst in their very appeals to the common God of Christians, we have burned, imprisoned, tortured, ruined, maligned, excommunicated, and damned in this world and the next? I ask your Reverend Lecturer to answer these questions. I call upon him to point out by what Scripture warrant Catholicism has trailed the fire of hell after it through these ages? I invoke him to show me where the Spiritualists have assumed these terrible and inhuman attributes? Where have they shut up God's Word from the world, and murdered those who dared to use it? I put it to the common sense of mankind, what kind of spirits inspire us and inspire them.

Does it not occur to every man, when he sees the Catholic priests of to-day attempting to crush Spiritualism, that this has been their universal practice in all ages? Is there a church, or an opinion, except their own, which they have not tried to smother, and so long as they had the power, did it? They say we are actuated by the devil. They said the same of Luther. Protestantism was declared a pestilence breathed from the bottomless pit. If they could have crushed Luther and his coadjutors, we should have had no Protestantism now. It is not Spiritualism alone that they denounce,—there is not a church, a sect, an opinion, that they have not treated the same. They tried to compel Galileo to reverse the grandest discovery of science, and had they prevailed, we should still have imagined that the great sun was daily going round this little earth. We Spiritualists receive only the common treatment from them.

Your Lecturer draws a dismal picture of the effects of Spiritualism in America. He tells us the American Spiritualists have gone back to Pantheism. That they represent God not as a person, but merely as a principle, like gravitation or electricity. That spirits after all are not spirits, but merely something that will be drawn up into the eternal sun whence they came. Yet, with a singular inconsistency, he immediately afterwards tells us that they teach that they are souls, and that these souls will be eternally happy.

Now, if your lecturer knew anything really of America, or Americans, he would have known that these doctrines, and worse, had become immensely prevalent in the United States, through loss of faith in churches which had ceased to exhibit any of the miraculous powers of the primitive church, and gave the people only cold, heartless, cheerless traditions in their stead. It is out of this state that Spiritualism in America has been fast recalling men and women to vital faith in Christianity. I do not pretend to say that false doctrines have not been preached to many Spiritualists by devils, for never had the devil so much cause for alarm as in the advent of Spiritualism. Through the deadness of the churches, through the frightful persecutions by the Catholics, through the doctrines of infidels, made by these things, and taking advantage of these things, the people of America, as well as of Europe, to a vast extent, had lost all belief

in Christianity, nay, even in spirit itself. People said, "Since the fathers fell asleep all things have remained as they were." No church could show them the living powers, the sentient spirit of the Divine which glorified the early church of Christ. People said, "Give us not words, empty words, but the same signs which you say were vouchsafed nearly 2,000 years ago." And none could give these. Then came forth God's kind and confirmatory revelation, Spiritualism, with its manifestations, and the devils trembled.

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
The devil's sure to build a chapel there."

The devil, therefore, put forth his whole strength, and sent forth his lying spirits, to mingle with and render suspected the good spirits and good manifestations of Spiritualism. To some extent he succeeded, as he did against Moses before Pharaoh; as he did against the primitive church, producing Manicheans, Nicolaitines, and other misguided persons. But as a whole, Spiritualism has triumphed over these diabolisms, as it did in its first form of Christianity. What is the fact as to America? Professor Hare said, in his time, that upon a careful calculation twenty-five thousand persons had, by Spiritualism, been converted from Atheism and Deism to Christianity. Can the Catholic Church, or any church, show such a glorious testimony of its divine vigour and truth as that? Has the Catholic Church, or any church, converted twenty-five thousand Atheists and Deists in the last five hundred years? Nothing is so notorious as that this power of conversion by any preaching, any argument, any logic or learning, has been long lost and gone from the churches. We were obliged to exclaim of the multitude lost through the teaching of dead forms, as Perseus exclaimed of the people of his day—*O curvæ in terras animæ, et cælestium inanes!*

Hare, a first-rate scientific man, tells us, that it is on this absence of living power in the churches that Comte has been enabled to establish his deadly Positivism. He says: "One of the pre-eminent blessings resulting from this new philosophy will be its bringing religion within the scope of positive science. Comte builds his inference that theology is to be abandoned on the fact that Christianity has no positive evidences. But very different is the position of Spiritualism relative to positive science. It starts from the same basis of intuition and induction from facts. It does not controvert any of the results of positive science within the ponderable material conditions, to which the results contemplated by Comte belong. It superadds new facts respecting the spiritual world, which have so entirely escaped the researches of the materialists, that they excite the highest incredulity merely upon negative grounds—merely because the facts in question have not taken place within the experience of those who have investigated the laws of ponderable matter, and of two or three imponderable principles associated therewith. Such was the ground of *my* incredulity, which, however, vanished before intuitive demonstration." P. 25.

How is it that theologians, at least, cannot see, if scientific or natural philosophers do not, the immense, the all-important value of Spiritualism, as a weapon against the Atheist and Deist? Once let it be proved that the phenomena of Spiritualism are real, and the Sceptic and Atheist lose every argument on which they build. If it be admitted that spirits really do visit us, and prove it by moving matter and by showing spiritual intelligence, there is an end of argument. These facts take their place immovably in the very centre of the arena of Positivism. The evidence of men living nearly 2,000 years ago may be denied; but the evidence of men now living, in thousands and tens of thousands, cannot be denied. Men cannot long deny the evidence of their own senses and of their understandings. The great triumph of Christianity thus comes, as it must come, from the positivism of Spiritualism. It proves Christianity by analogy; it adds a new and invincible force to all historic and moral proofs of it.

And then, as to the *quality* of spiritualistic inspiration. Your lecturer says that the Spiritualists deny Christianity. I have never yet found any such Spiritualists. He adds, that a crucifix or a Bible defeats the manipulations. This is simply a—fib. I have seen for months together spiritualistic manipulations proceeding in the presence of a crucifix. It is to the Bible that the spirits especially direct their votaries; and, probably, we have here the root of the

Catholic opposition to it. The Catholic Church for ages has made the Bible a sealed book to the people; the spirits strongly recommend its universal study. In my own family, they have always sent us to the Bible and to Christ. They recommended us to commence our *séance* regularly with reading a portion of the Gospels, and they were always kind enough to point out the chapters and the verses to be read, through the table and the alphabet; and it was wonderful how *apropos* were these selections of Scripture made by the spirits themselves to the communications which followed.

In conclusion, let me express my surprise at the example of the teaching of a spirit quoted by the lecturer from an illustrious French nobleman. A wicked soul declares that God is infinitely good, and desires to pardon it; but its own obstinate malignity caused it to reject pardon. Is there any heresy in this? Is not this the very teaching of the Gospel? He admits, too, at the end, that the facts of Spiritualism confirm the idea of another world. Is that a heresy? Does this priest really understand Christianity? Does he read the New Testament? Or does he keep his flock company in the Scriptural embargo which he imposes? Finally, he very naively remarks that the same recorded facts of Spiritualism confirm the miracles and legends of Catholicism. So the reverend father does not object even to what he believes the evidence of the Devil, if it be but in his own favour.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM HOWITT.

P.S.—Let it be understood that my quarrel is not with the Catholic faith; that is no business of mine, any more than my faith concerns the Catholic; my remarks apply to the persecuting and calumniating spirit of the Roman hierarchy. I number valued friends among Catholics. Mr. Home, the great medium, is a Catholic. And what of la Sœur Collette?

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The spirits of the loved and the departed  
Are with us; and they tell us of the sky,  
A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,  
A house not made with hands, a home on high!  
They have gone from us, and the grave is strong!  
Yet in night's silent watches they are near!  
Their voices linger round us as the song  
Of the sweet skylark lingers on the ear,  
When, floating upward in the flush of even,  
Its form is lost from earth, and swallowed up in Heaven.—Aros.

## MR. NOVRA'S LECTURE.

MR. HENRY NOVRA, whose name will be remembered by the readers of the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, has been delivering a lecture at St. James's Hall, of which the catchword is "Spirit-Rapping Explained and Exposed." Mr. Novra is a conjuror, keeping a shop in the Quadrant, and he attends evening parties at Christmas, with his boxes of tricks to amuse the children. About two years ago he was at Malvern, in company with Mr. Kennard, and there saw some manifestations which, after mature consideration, he informed his friend were produced by *either a monkey or a small child*, concealed under the petticoats of the medium. This discovery was so satisfactory to Mr. Kennard, that he immediately commenced getting up the *Anti-Spiritual Society*, the object of which was to prosecute all persons who had the gift of the Spirit. Mr. Kennard was the chairman and Mr. Novra the secretary of the society, and we believe they have since remained the only members of it. Mr. Novra has since found out how the manifestations are done, and on the 19th December, he showed some wonderful dissolving views and diagrams, very much akin to those silly productions of Mr. Delaware Lewis, in *Once a Week*. We have neither space nor time to comment on such exhibitions, further than to say that those who have more money than wit may go to hear the lecture repeated at "7s. 6d. Sofa Stalls, or Reserved Seats 5s." We did not observe either Dr. Bly or Mr. Dickens at the lecture.

## THE NEW YEAR.

|                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,<br>The flying cloud, the frosty light:<br>The year is dying in the night;<br>Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. | Ring out the want, the care, the sin,<br>The faithless coldness of the times;<br>Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,<br>But ring the fuller minstrel in. |
| Ring out the old, ring in the new,<br>Ring, happy bells, across the snow:<br>The year is going, let him go;<br>Ring out the false, ring in the true.     | Ring out false pride in place and blood,<br>The civic slander and the spite;<br>Ring in the love of truth and right,<br>Ring in the common love of good.    |
| Ring out the grief that saps the mind,<br>For those that here we see no more;<br>Ring out the feud of rich and poor,<br>Ring in redress to all mankind.  | Ring out old shapes of foul disease,<br>Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;<br>Ring out the thousand wars of old,<br>Ring in the thousand years of peace.  |
| Ring out a slowly dying cause,<br>And ancient forms of party strife;<br>Ring in the nobler modes of life,<br>With sweeter manners, purer laws.           | Ring in the valiant man and free,<br>The larger heart, the kindlier hand;<br>Ring out the darkness of the land,<br>Ring in the Christ that is to be.        |

TENNYSON.

## Correspondence.

### THE OD FORCE.

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

SIR,—My much respected friend, Mr. William Howitt, has with his usual vigorous style, produced in your last number, a very admirable article on the persecutions of Reichenbach for his discovery of odyle force. I can venture to say, however, from positive knowledge, that could the Baron be made aware of the fact, that one of the first writers in our language had so far misunderstood his meaning, as to defend and praise the ill-concocted word "odyle," he would be not a little annoyed.

Chemists have, in classing the primary organic combinations of certain elementary principles, chosen to express their ideas by affixing the terminal *yle* to the radical of the word, indicative of the complete compound, to which the material in question has reference. My late friend, Dr. William Gregory, though a professor of chemistry, was a man of very inexact mind, and like his father, was restless in the harness of close and severe cation of thought. This fact explains the blunder he committed in using the fanciful word *odyle* in his flowing translation of Von Reichenbach's Researches. Nowhere, in the original German work, does the word occur, and really, considering attentively all the author says, in the 215th paragraph of the first part, the last of the sixth treatise, where Von Reichenbach gives his reasons for the new name to his force; the fanciful termination of *yle* to the word *od*, reduces the meaning to absurd nonsense. A more singularly inappropriate word could not have been fabricated, for the termination would refer by analogy to amyle, ethyle, formyle, &c., a special kind of bodies belonging to organic chemistry, and to which the special nomenclature should be confined. *Odyle* would signify a material organic compound—a radical formed of two or more of the elements, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen, and would thus superadd a notion not advanced by Von Reichenbach.

It is unnecessary to enter here into an elaborate discussion on the clear thought of Von Reichenbach, which will be found stated by himself in the 222nd, and a few subsequent pages of my edition of his work. In my first essay which I offered to your magazine, I endeavoured to show that all forces were emanations of a grand trunk force, to which Newton gave the title of Universal Gravitation. Von Reichenbach has clearly established, by numerous and very ingeniously-devised experiments, that a force, the character and distinctions of which were never before

laid down, exists in nature, is universally diffused, and though not identical with magnetism, electricity, chemism, the crystallic force,<sup>3</sup> the various forces of the multifarious forms of organic beings, of the sun's rays, of heat, &c., yet, as far as his investigations have gone, while it differs from them, it is still associated with every substance in existence. Thus, Mesmer's idea of an universal force is proved to be no absurdity; and if the reader wishes for a longer dissertation on this subject, I may refer him to page 430 of the eighth volume of the *Zoist*, where he will find a sort of review, written under peculiar circumstances, of the two translations of the *Researches on the Od*, but not on the *Odyle Force*. I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN ASHBURNER.

7, Hyde Park Place,  
10th December, 1860.

A PLAIN MAN (whose letter was omitted last month for want of space), in reply to a critique by "Hampden," in the *News of the World*, on his letter in our October number, writes:—

"If 'Hampden' will take the trouble to read my letter, he will see that in my own drawing-room, with no one present save two members of my own family, most extraordinary manifestations took place. All comparison, therefore, of these with the tricks of Herr Frikell is beside the question.

"'Hampden' seems determined to confine his remarks to physical manifestations: he omits all mention of the intellectual ones. There is no doubt nothing in from their very simplicity, more open to trick and deceit than physical manifestations; but because such is the case, are we to turn the entire subject into ridicule? Because certain clergymen have rendered themselves notorious by their vice and immorality, are we all to become Atheists? Are we to hang all schoolmasters because one of the fraternity chose to thrash a boy to death? Why should we not rather endeavour by investigation to discover what, at present, seems to be a mystery, and which may in time become as familiar as the steam engine or the electric telegraph? Did Daguerre ever imagine, when he blackened his finger with the nitrate of silver, that his researches would eventually lead to the beautifully finished photographs of the present day? Had any man a hundred years ago predicted that a message could be sent from here to Constantinople in two seconds, or that any one could in a day breakfast in Dublin and dine in London, would he not have been considered a maniac, and treated accordingly? We Spiritualists of the present day are not considered maniacs, but are only pitied as "Men of more than ordinary intelligence and respectability suffering themselves to be deluded by an imposture."

"As I stated in my letter, I have no doubt that many tricks are practised by some mediums, who, fearing not to make their money, at times by tricks, imitate the genuine manifestations, when they are unable to elicit the true; but persons of independent income—actuated by no pecuniary motives—must be pardoned for believing the evidence of their own eyes, and when they find that, through themselves, certain results are produced which they cannot account for, are they to be considered blockheads because they wish to investigate such phenomena; or, because they honestly state the conclusions to which these investigations have led them?

"Now to please 'Hampden,' I will, for argument sake, admit that all physical manifestations, such as rising tables, &c., are juggles and tricks, that Mr. Home is a humbug, and that 'Mr. Thackeray's friend' is a liar: we will say that all physical manifestations are done by trick, or electricity, or anything he pleases; but what about intellectual manifestations? What reply can he give when a man never convicted of falsehood in his life tells him, *and can prove it*, that in

his own house, with no one present save one member of his own immediate family, he has received plain answers to plain questions? Trick being out of the question, can electricity produce rationality? Work the wires of the telegraph, and a question will be given, but unless at the other end of the line a rational being responds, no answers are received. I consider nothing is so convincing of the fact of a communication with the world of spirits as receiving in our own homes, from invisible respondents, rational answers to questions we address to them."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Since I last had the pleasure of addressing you, two points in connection with Spiritualism have especially come under my notice and attracted my attention, viz., the tricks resorted to by certain paid mediums, and the arguments undertaken for the purpose of convincing the unbeliever.

Let me ask what can be the use of arguing on a subject as yet incomprehensible? The most common-sense observer and narrator of facts cannot convert certain sceptics, as, although he is perfectly convinced of what he sees and hears, still he does not know the whole truth, and consequently cannot bring to bear all that might be said upon the subject. It is possible we may never be able to understand it, although I hope this is but the commencement, and that Spiritualism will develop itself day by day. Still, at present, discussion is useless, but that is no reason why a Spiritualist should be laughed at.

As well might any Christian be turned into jest for believing in the most sacred mysteries of our faith, that faith surrounded by so many points our poor comprehension cannot understand, and so truly called by Bossuet, *les saints obscurités de la foi*.

In Spiritualism we are only asked to believe in what we see, and for this we are turned into ridicule by men who, as I have said before, have come to the conclusion that it is impossible for the Almighty to cause any new phenomena to be observed; that he dooms us for ever to remain as we are, and that all further insight into nature is denied us. Add to this that all Spiritualists are knaves, fools, or liars, and the picture is complete.

On the other hand what a hold sceptics have on us, if you take into consideration the gross impositions practised by persons pretending, for pay, to be mediums. At a *séance* not long since, where a paid medium was present, the table was raised in a manner which at once showed me that some one else than a disembodied spirit moved it. I managed to get my foot under it, when much to my amusement the medium, not feeling it, began to move the table again, and seemed considerably disgusted on my causing it to dance a lively measure to a tune I whistled. At once the same person spelt out, as from the spirits, "Not a wink more to-night." A lady at the table immediately expressed her surprise at the orthography, but when the statement came out that "The party was not conjeyneal," so disgusted was she that she rose and left the room.

I candidly confess had I not prior to such an exhibition seen unmistakable manifestations at my own house, I would not now be as thorough a believer as I am. If, then, thorough believers in Spiritualism become disgusted at such pranks, can you wonder at sceptics taking advantage of them? My only surprise is that they do not turn them to better account. In *Once a Week* I have read the most sapient remarks of Mr. Delaware Lewis, who gives us some silly diagrams, but a single argument in the whole tedious article I do not see. He simply denies the fact, "It must be a lazy tongue." It must be this, and it must be that, but no argument of any kind that meets the real facts. One of the most amusing suggestions to account for Mr. Home floating in the air (I forget where I heard it) was, that that gentleman had a figure made to resemble himself, which, being inflated with gas, of course floated round the room; but how such a quantity of gas was got in, or how disposed of after the exhibition was terminated, without affecting the olfactory organs of the company, this philosopher did not say.

I would much wish to know how sceptics would account for the two following circumstances which occurred at my own table, in my own house, and the truth of which I am willing to substantiate to any gentleman through you:—

A friend of mine, under orders for India, on a certain evening *en séance* asked how many days would elapse ere he sailed. The answer was twenty-seven. "Impossible, I am to sail in a few days!" Still the same answer, "twenty-seven days." A few days afterwards all his arrangements were made, and subsequently he went to Portsmouth. Seeing that the ship could not arrive for some days, in consequence of adverse winds and a variety of causes, he obtained leave from the commanding officer to come to London, on the understanding that the arrival of the transport should be telegraphed. Many were our conversations at his delay, and at last we felt sure the prophecy would be fulfilled. On the twenty-seventh day we had a few friends to dinner, and on their assembling some of the sceptics began joking about it, saying, "the spirits were wrong." Still our friend did not appear, and on dinner being announced the following note was put into my hand:—"The twenty-seventh day. The prophecy is likely to be fulfilled. I have got a telegram, and must be on board to-night!"

Again.—On speaking a short time since to a lady on the subject of Spiritualism, she told me that thirty years ago, when very young, she was engaged to be married, but the melancholy death of the young man put an end to her hopes. She had never married in consequence, and had never even mentioned his name so deep was her grief; but she concluded by asking me, did I think it possible she could obtain a communication from him? I told her I would ask at our next *séance*, which I did, without naming the lady, and received the following answer:—"The lady shall receive tidings of the loved one, in tokens she alone will understand." Q. "Must she be present?"—A. "Yes." Q. "Will you tell me the gentleman's name?"—A. "Yes" (naming him.)

On my next seeing the lady she seemed quite sceptical, in consequence of a clergyman having spoken to her on the subject, and declined coming to us, and she tried to turn the whole into a jest. I said nothing at the time, but prior to leaving asked why she had not told me the name? At once she lost her bantering manner, and said she had already told me her reason. "That is no reason why I should not enquire of the spirits." "I did so, and know it. It is (naming him.)" The effect was electrical—she had fainted!

Yours faithfully,

A PLAIN MAN.

17th December, 1860.

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

SIR,—I forward you some "Spiritual Experiences." Though I have not even seen a table turned, nor ever heard a rap, yet I believe in the principle of cumulative testimony. I intend to be very brief, in order that others may follow my example, by forwarding you short testimonials.

My wife's mother dying, her sister just three weeks before, and at the same hour as that of her death, heard seraphic strains of music that sounded as in the air.

My housemaid having left her sister in December, at Cork, as the boat was leaving the quay told her of something she intended to do. Lying on her bed one Sunday afternoon, her sister appeared at the bedside, and reminded her that she had not fulfilled her promise made at the time referred to. In a few days came the intelligence of the sister's death. This was in May.

My wife has told me of a house "possessed" near Wexford, now some years since, and testimony would therefore be difficult to gather; but the particulars are very strange.

J. H.

Liverpool.

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

DEAR SIR,—Allow me a few lines about *Björnram*, the wizard of Finland, who lived here in the time of Gustavus III., protected by this king (between 1760 and the beginning of this century) and who appears to have been gifted either with extraordinary mediumistic powers, or with uncommon magical knowledge. His life is described in the *Biographical Dictionary* of 1837, in the periodical *Tred*, Nos. 56 and 63 of 1837, and Strentz in various masonic dictionaries in Germany.



as also in C. Dahlgren, Swedish Masonry, &c. I omit quoting his life, or discussing his powers and merits, mentioning only that the French Minister Bourgoing describes him as a retired and discreet man, who had not the least appearance of a charlatan, and never boasted of his miraculous gifts, which he seldom, and only after great entreaties, condescended to manifest.

But, if I abstain from critical researches, for which I don't feel prepared, I think nevertheless that some points in the debates about Björnram bear some resemblance with the present spirit manifestations, and particularly as your endeavour is to elucidate the facts, and not only to show the continuity of the phenomena in consecutive periods, but also the spirit in which mankind, especially the learned of the age, have received and treated them, it may be worth the while to produce a specimen of such reception from that period.

I begin with quoting the words with which Count Oxenstjerna celebrated the memory of the then recently deceased brother Björnram in a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Sweden in 1802. This illustrious deputy of the Great Orient in the North appears to have been more wisely penetrated by the truth of the celebrated *dictum* of Erasmus Rotterdamus—*Morbus est, non judiciorum, damnans quod non inspereries*—than by your big British *scientifihouli*, who invert the moral by saying, "Condemn boldly without any investigation." The words run thus, "The Royal Secretary Gustavus Björnram, not only left the crowded world and conversational circles, but even private friendships, as he was rarely seen at our meetings. He lived in private and retirement, occupied with investigations of occult science, the results of which he seldom revealed. We don't judge as to what unknown, but connecting bonds may once, after the night of mystery, be discovered between the spiritual and the natural world, nor how far the powers from the one may act upon the other. At one period all occult science was reputed an encroachment on the supreme order, or it was scorned with ridicule and levity. At other periods, it was the aim of superstition, which superseded true religion. But those enlightened few, who walk the middle path of stern reason; and without prejudice, rest their unfettered judgment on the veneration of true religion; take care neither to adopt impressions from miraculous nature with credulity, nor to reject those still undeveloped means, whose disclosure, to His thinking creatures, the Author of All possibly may have reserved himself. They do not presume to tell beforehand how far the sojourners in the regions of immortality, and of mortality, may mutually be able to cross the frontier, which now separates their respective realms. Howsoever our senses may be startled, our minds will not be shaken. In the external sphere we only see the point from which we start; in every new power of nature we discover a new confirmation of the Creator's omnipotence; in every unexpected radiance, which illuminates our thoughts or our sight, we see powerful sparks of the immortal light, for which we are born or re-born, and of whose restored brightness in another world we, through purification, already here perceive the dawn. Those were the meditations of Björnram, while he investigated the recesses of nature and philosophy. He now sees what he sought, and meets those truths, the contemplation of which, through virtue and religion, he aimed at."

I think these sober words may be used as an antidote to the condemning *sabies*, which still prevails within your foggy precincts. But, to make the semblance more striking, I observe that just as the Faradays, together with the Wizards of the North, in the present day, invent and fabricate machinery to explode the whole spiritual facts—so also in that time and region an ape was near at hand to counterfeit Björnram, and thus to bemoil him in the interest of that naturalistic faith, which every spirit manifestation puts in jeopardy. When the fact had spread abroad that Gustavus III. had one night, "*al improvisto*," called at Björnram's, together with six of his suite, and had conducted him to a lonely church in the country, where he had been fully satisfied as to his magical powers; a doctor, Mr. Kedin, the Dickens of that day, was at hand, who firmly asserted that, having got a timely warning, he had himself been on the spot, and through the bellman's favour, had entered the church previously, and had thus actually witnessed how Björnram, preceding the illustrious company, with wires, strings and staves, had fixed large paste-board mannikins, to deceive the king and the royal suite. Dr. Hedin, being ignorant of the particulars, was not

aware that he had selected the wrong chapel as the scene of his pretended observations, nor that his feigned fact of fixing, in a dark night, strings and rings, hoops and paste-board, from the top to the bottom of an unknown church, all at a moment's notice, while Gustavus III., one of the most clever intellects of his age, with six of his suite were intently observing what was going on, would have been a far more miraculous contrivance than the apparent wonder, which he tried to explode.

I think there is in all this some analogy with the situation in which the question of spiritual agencies is now placed in your country by the regardless denials, and suppositions of sceptical opponents, who certainly would not shrink from resorting to fallacious fancy in order to preserve intact the narrow compass of their threatened would-be rational intellect.

Björnram was reputed to be a reader of Swedenborg; at least, the heads of the congregation in Sweden at that time, Count Adam Lewenhaupt, the Grand-ranger Munck, and Baron Axelson, considered him to be so, and thence it is understandable why Björnram insisted upon the distinction between the white, or allowable magics, and the black, or infernal, against which Swedenborg so repeatedly warns his readers.

Yours, C. D. H.

Roeskilde, Denmark, Dec. 10, 1860.

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To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

7, Lower Craven Place, Kentish Town,  
December, 1860.

SIR.—You have, of course, read Mr. Delaware Lewis's article, with diagrams, entitled "Spirit Rapping made Easy," &c., published in *Once a Week*, a periodical which I think has hitherto been considered pretty good, but which, if it continue to publish such senseless effusions as that proceeding from the pen of Mr. Lewis, I fear will soon degrade itself, and rank very meanly in the estimation of any one with a grain of consideration. I am far from being a spiritualist myself as yet, but I am open to the conviction of my senses, and if I saw any of those wonderful manifestations described in your Magazine, I could not help being convinced of something beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. I have already seen many things which are passing strange, but I have not yet had evidence sufficiently conclusive to make me a convert. But to return to the subject of Mr. L.'s article, I will ask any person to sit down and (if they can command sufficient patience) read it throughout, and if they do not pronounce it to be one of the most insane ebullitions ever placed in print, I can fully believe them to be, indeed, easily gulled, and a ready tool for the most abject simpleton to sharpen his wits upon.

Let us merely give a cursory glance at the wonderful discoveries he professes to make. He rests quite content in the belief that he has discovered that raps are caused by table drawers, that tables rise by being lifted with the foot, and that we are deceived by a shadow in place of Mr. Home passing round the room, while that gentleman calmly places his foot on the shoulder of the amazed spectator, thereby making him believe the shadow had touched him in passing. At the same time we are assured by our wondrous delineator, that the room is in perfect darkness, though he confesses in a few lines before (in quoting from the *Cornhill*) "that our vision was becoming accustomed to it, and masses of things were growing palpable to us." If so, I ask in the name of reason, could not the veriest simpleton detect the difference between a shadow thrown by the magic lantern, and a reality. Again I ask, would it not be a natural impulse for any person feeling his shoulder touched, to look behind him immediately, and if he did so, Mr. Home's imposition would fare very badly.

His observations on the formation of raps show an utter ignorance of the subject, for, to my knowledge, a sofa table with drawers is but seldom if ever used for manifestations at *séances*. I have heard raps frequently produced from circular tables, but never from such an one as Mr. Lewis represents; besides, I cannot yet understand how, even with the assistance of drawers, he procures the quick succession of raps as they are generally heard. He also makes it a very

easy matter to lift a table with the feet. No doubt it is, if it be a small coffee or chess table, though at the same time, particularly ungraceful and liable to discovery by any person disposed to examine the matter. Of course I mean if managed in the way represented in the diagram. We will, however, grant him that a small table be lifted by these means, and by a lady, and probably he will inform us that a large table is lifted in the same way, now I should regard it as an extraordinary demonstration of strength in any lady, even with assistance, to lift a large lloo table or a dining table, from the ground steadily upwards. If she did this, she indeed deserves to be termed a physical medium.

Had I the time and wish, I could bring forward a host of these assertions on the part of Mr. Delaware Lewis, but such is not my desire. I think I have said enough to call attention to his paper, and I would advise those who wish to know further of it, to give it the benefit of a perusal. Mr. Lewis is a young aspirant in the field of literature, and no doubt ambitious of fame, but I think it would be wise for him in future to confine his attacks to subjects in which he is better versed than he is in that of Spiritualism.—I am, Sir, yours most obediently,  
A. J. OWEN.

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

SIR,—I read the letter of S. E. B., headed "Ghosts in Costume," with a friend, J. D., who has been for several years a writing medium. He thought he had something among his memoranda bearing on the subject. Having found it, he gave me leave to copy it.

My friend tells me that the best time for his hand being used as a medium's in the morning on waking. If the writing which may come be of interest, he transcribes it in a note book at his bedside. His memoranda reads as follows:—

"May 15, 1859.—The following communication was made through my hand this morning. After several sentences had been written, I laid down my hand, being vexed by what appeared incoherency; for no sooner was one topic opened than another was introduced. Presently, feeling a new sensation in my arm, I held my hand to be used again: this came:—

" 'What was written was by several spirits.'

"At the same moment there appeared to me a figure, small, as if in perspective, of a man of above middle age, in ordinary garb, but dusty and faded; his hat looked out of shape and as if unbrushed for years, his boots rusty brown, down at heel and turned up at the toes; one hand was carelessly stuck in his pocket, and with the other he held a bulky umbrella, the ribs of which were kept together by a ring, after the fashion of forty years ago. I saw this figure with such minuteness, that I observed his front teeth to be wanting as he spoke the above words—which were not, however, audible, but expressed telegraphically through my right forefinger on to my left hand. In this way I received answers, from this apparent person, to questions. I said:—

" 'Well, have you anything to say?'—'Nothing particularly,' was the answer expressed and communicated, as just mentioned.

" 'What brings you, then?'—'We come about you mediums so as to get to know what is going on in the old world.'

" 'Did you know me?'—'No.'

" 'I don't remember you; were you a Londoner?'—'No; I belonged to one of the Northern Counties.'

" 'When did you leave here?'—'About 1830.'

" 'Well, but what do you want with that umbrella?'—'Oh, I used always to carry it: it was a habit.'

" 'But don't you cast aside a useless habit like that; it must be troublesome now?'—'No; it seems natural. The things we wear according to our taste are as much parts of ourselves as our bodies; old tastes and habits leave us as we get new thoughts. At present I feel comfortable in my old.'

" 'How do you occupy yourself?'—'I go about looking at things, and making observations.'

" 'What, alone?'—'I don't care for company.'

"I have been told that spirits have guides who look after them, and seek to elevate them?"—"Yea, and they come and talk to me sometimes; but they say things that I don't agree with."

"To the next question I put, I received no answer: the figure disappeared, and the writing ceased."

Information as to the costume of spirits must come from spirits. Mediums who record the sayings and appearance of their shadowy visitors deserve the thanks of enquirers: they will be a set off against the sneers bestowed upon them as "dreamers," or worse, by the "world."

I would observe, in conclusion, that it would seem that the individual converts his garb into the most external part of himself, and that—after casting off the concrete external—it remains about him, in thought, for a time,—until his interior state becomes represented by another garb. The quickness or slowness of this change must necessarily depend on many conditions and circumstances.

If it be really so, the subject of the above paper had really on him, and with him, the shapes of clothes and umbrella as stated to be visible to the medium. They were creations of the spirit's mind as his thoughts.

Queen Square, London.

SARAH WELTON.

## Notices of New Books.

*Death Deeds: an Extraordinary Incident connected with Barbadoes.*  
Skeet, King William Street, Charing Cross.

THE displacement of coffins described in our last number, and of which we published a lithograph pictorial representation, has brought to our notice a little work just published with the above ominous title. At this season of the year, our readers are very properly looking out for all the merriest books and carols, and it is not appropriate to the time, and perhaps will be little disposed to purchase what is probably the most lugubrious looking little book which has ever emanated from the press. It is possible that the natural tendency we have towards extremes, may awaken a curiosity to see the most dreary of books, as one would like to see the most beautiful book, and the very worst. We are speaking now only of the outside adornment of the cover, which is firstly plain black, and has then carved on it in white lines the representation of a stout coffin, studded also in white, with the usual rows of nails, and in the broadest part of the lid, is the title in white, "DEATH DEEDS." We have been obliged to hide it from the children, for fear of given them the nightmare.

On opening it we find it to be an elaborate description of the coffin displacement in the burial ground of Christ Church, Barbadoes, of which it gives many particulars omitted in the article in our last number. Amongst other things, it is said that the whole has been corroborated directly to the author, "by the venerable Lord Combermere, who was Governor of the island when the circumstances occurred, and by several others who witnessed the opening of the vault, in 1820." It appears also that the phenomena is not unknown in England; that Lord Chatham's coffin was found upon its side in Westminster Abbey, in 1806, and that there have been various similar displacements, but no instance so remarkable as that at Barbadoes. The moving of the coffins on four previous occasions had, when the vault was opened for the last interment, aroused the whole island, "and the news having reached Government House, his Excellency the Governor, Lord Combermere, stated his intention to be present. Accordingly he attended with his aide-de-camp and staff, and visited the vault. In his presence every part of the floor was sounded, and it was found to be perfectly firm and solid. The walls were next examined, and the three sides, together with the roof and flooring, presented a structure as solid as if formed of entire slabs of stone. The displaced coffins were re-arranged, the new tenant also put in its

place, and when the mourners had retired with the funeral procession, the floor was carefully sanded with fine white sand, in the presence of Lord Combermere and the assembled crowd, and the door placed in its position. With the utmost care the new cement was laid on to secure the door, and when the masons had completed their task, the Governor made several impressions on the cement with his own seal, and many of those attending him added their own private marks."

The general curiosity rose to such a pitch, that it could not wait the next regular opening of the vault, and at the end of nine months and eleven days, namely, on the 18th April, 1820, Lord Combermere obtained permission from the surviving relations to open it. "Barbadoes has seldom witnessed such a gathering. The towns were deserted and thousands hastened to the scene." Lord Combermere arrived—the seals and private marks were examined, and found in their original state. The cement was unbroken, and the large impressions of the Governor's seal were as sharp and perfect as when made, but now hardened into stone. The coffins were then found in the state described in our drawings. "One coffin, which it required seven or eight men to move, was standing upon its head with its feet resting against the middle of the stone door, *yet the sand on the floor bore no trace of footprint, or of having been in any way disturbed.* The coffin of an infant had been hurled with such force against the opposite wall that the corner had left an indentation in the stone wall."

"Lord Combermere directed one of the gentlemen of his staff to make an accurate drawing of the position of the coffins, a copy of which he forwarded to the Colonial Office with his despatch, containing a statement of the occurrence." We should recommend *Punch* to move in Parliament for a copy of the despatch and diagram.

*Man: Physical, Apparitional, and Spiritual. With Illustrations from the Natural and the Supernatural.* By JOHN JONES Baillière, Regent Street.

THIS work is now ready. We regret that an affliction of the eyes has, as the author informs us in the Introduction, prevented his giving it that careful supervision which he desired. The prevalent demand for literary finish is stimulated into an almost morbid activity by the high-spiced literature now in fashion. It is not, however, to the fastidious literary critics that this book appeals, but to the seekers after facts, and especially of those facts which have a human interest—which relate to man's well-being, present and future. To such we would commend it as a repertory of facts,—some gathered with great industry from varied sources; others—and we think these deserve most attention—have come under the author's own observation and experience. His experiments on the properties of shells and minerals will be certainly interesting, and to most of our readers, in all probability, new. His view that all bodies in nature have each their own special aura, is fully confirmed by the experiments of Reichenbach, and it doubtless furnishes the key to many things in nature that have hitherto been mysteries. The experience of the writer is fully corroborative of the truth of Spiritualism, of which, indeed, he is an earnest advocate. To this and kindred subjects he has devoted much time and study. He is evidently an independent thinker, unshackled by authority, with very decided convictions, and by no means disposed to place his light under a bushel. It is too much the practice for men to lock up and put away facts and experiences which do not happen to be in fashion, and bring them out only, if at all, before private and very select circles. We think God's facts should be otherwise dealt with, and therefore would welcome all who honestly labour to augment our knowledge or awaken our thought concerning them; and solicit for them a fair and generous hearing. Without endorsing all the author's views and theories, some of which seem rather startling, we think there is much in this work curious and valuable, and hope to be able to find space for some extracts in an early Number.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. II.]

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[No. 2.

## JUDGE EDMONDS.

AFTER all its denials of and scoffings at Spiritualism, the Press is beginning to find out that "there must be something in it;" and that "we are even now probably on the eve of a great discovery;" and a call is accordingly being made for it to be investigated by those "who are familiar with the methods of science and the laws of evidence." Very well! We desire nothing better, though the demand is a little out of date, seeing that it has been already investigated over and over again, in America, in England, and on the Continent, by men possessing the very qualifications now demanded; men eminent for their attainments in the mathematical and physical sciences, and for their skill in investigation of evidence; and whose conclusions, therefore, are confessedly deserving of respectful consideration.

We purpose from time to time to make our readers acquainted with these investigations;—they will see that objectors in this country are simply taking up (for the most part unconsciously) hypotheses that are obsolete, and theories that have been exploded; or are just denying already fully-demonstrated facts—that is, if we are to admit that *any* amount of evidence can demonstrate facts not hitherto within the range of common experience. Are we to attach any, and what credit to human testimony? That will be found a turning point in the controversy—unless indeed, every man, woman, and child, is to have Spiritualism demonstrated in his or her own personal experience. We are not, however, about now to enter on this question, we only suggest it, and recommend the student of Spiritualism to consult Robert Chambers's *Testimony: its posture in the Scientific World*; and if, after doing so, he is satisfied that the common-sense view of testimony there presented is the true one, let him fairly apply it to the subject of his investigation.

If there be any training which would specially qualify a man for the investigation of the phenomenal aspects of Spiritualism, we think it would pre-eminently be found in the higher branches

of legal practice, and more especially in the conduct of important judicial investigations;—the careful sifting of facts—the examination of witnesses—the weighing of evidence—the close and laborious attention, even to minute details—and the sense of grave responsibilities which these require, are all calculated to develop in the highest degree that keen and patient observation, that close and cautious reasoning, and that sound judgment so advantageous in the investigation of any subject, and in none more so than in that of the outward phases of Spiritualism. It will be seen that the subject of our sketch, in addition to great natural ability, has entered upon and pursued his investigations of Spiritualism with all the advantages of culture and training derived from a long and eminent legal and judicial career. For the facts here presented we are chiefly indebted to the *United States Monthly Law Magazine*, to the *Shekinah*, an American Quarterly, edited by Professor Brittan, and to the *Introduction to Judge Edmonds's* large work on *Spiritualism*.

Judge Edmonds was born in Hudson, U. S., in 1799. He received a college education, and in his eighteenth year entered upon the study of the law. In 1819, he entered the office of Martin Van Buren, the ex-president, and in 1820, commenced practice in his native town. At the age of nineteen, we find him also a lieutenant in the militia. He held various commissions in the service for about fifteen years, when he obtained the command of his regiment; but this office he resigned in 1828, on being appointed Recorder of Hudson. At an early age he took an active part in politics, and in 1830, the democrats of Columbia elected him to the Assembly, of which body he soon became a leading and influential member. In 1831 he was elected to the State Senate, receiving in his district an unprecedented large majority of votes. His industry and energy in the Legislature soon became conspicuous. In a "portrait" drawn of him by a political opponent, during the first year of his service in that body, it was said of him:—

His legal acquirements are good, and, from the industry which he exhibits in the business of legislation, it may be safely judged, that when more advanced in years, he will be eminent in his profession. He speaks with fluency and correctness, and there is a clearness in his language and a candour in his statements, which cause him to be listened to with attention. . . . . He was formerly the editor of a newspaper in Hudson, and a violent and determined politician. But, from his present course, it would be supposed that he had tempered his strong feelings, and as the heyday of his youth passes away, his judgment will, no doubt, prevail entirely over his feelings. If this should be the case, and he do not lose his present praiseworthy industry, he must hereafter stand high among our distinguished men.

We are told that in the session referred to, the reports written by him would fill a volume of 600 pages. He was chairman of the committee on canals, and was one of a select committee who

reported in favour of abolishing imprisonment for debt; but no part of his conduct at this time attracted so much attention as his course with regard to the U. S. Bank. He believed that this institution was injurious to the business and prosperity of the State; when, however, some great capitalists proposed the establishment of a mammoth local bank as an antagonist to the U. S. Bank, he successfully opposed it, and instead, proposed a measure, which was carried, to interpose the credit of the State to sustain its interests. He also, in the teeth of a violent opposition, introduced, matured, and carried a measure for infusing a greater amount of coin into common circulation, by prohibiting the issue of bank notes under the denomination of five dollars. On the tariff laws he also took a decided stand in support of the report of Mr. Van Buren. This report was vehemently assailed by five or six of the strongest men in the Senate, and was defended by Mr. Edmonds alone. The contest lasted nearly a week, and resulted in the triumphant adoption of the report, maintaining the integrity of the Union against the nullification and secession doctrines of South Carolina. In the last year of his term, Mr. Edmonds was unanimously elected President of the Senate; and then at the close of his term, his health being very much impaired, he retired from the Senate, declining a re-election which was tendered to him. The most of the ensuing two years he spent in travelling to recruit his health. He accepted a commission from General Jackson to visit the Indian tribes on the borders of Lakes Huron and Superior, and was once encamped with over six thousand of the natives of the forest. Some of his letters contain a graphic, vivid, and interesting picture of that Indian life which is now fast disappearing.

In 1837, he removed to New York, where he resumed the practice of law, and almost immediately found himself in an extensive and profitable business. In 1843, he was appointed Inspector of the State Prison at Sing Sing. It was with much hesitation that he accepted this unthankful task. The labour it required was indeed Herculean. Scarcely any discipline was maintained in the prison, and the female prisoners had the entire control of the officers; hundreds of men were entirely idle, and the earnings were very far below the expenditure. But within eighteen months from Mr. Edmonds's appointment a great change was effected: the female prisoners were brought into subjection, a strict discipline was introduced and maintained throughout the prison, and the annual deficiency in the revenue was reduced to less than a tenth of its former sum.

This task, however, was easy in comparison with a reform of a different character which he sought to introduce. He found that for more than fifteen years the system of prison government



had been one purely of force; in the breast of the prisoner no sentiment was sought to be awakened but that of fear, and no duty exacted from him but that of implicit obedience. The whip was the only instrument of punishment; and a system of cruelty was engrafted on the penitentiary system revolting to humanity, and destructive to all hope of the prisoner's reformation. At the same time, the most experienced officers insisted that there was no other way in which order could be kept. A reform of this system was necessarily of slow progress; passion, prejudice, and selfishness combined to place obstacles in the way: nevertheless, Mr. Edmonds persevered, and when in 1845 he resigned the office of Inspector, his system was fully in action; it has been, with the greatest advantages, continued by his successors, and is now in general operation in the U. S. penitentiaries.

In 1845 Mr. Edmonds was appointed Circuit Judge of the First Judicial District, in preference to several able competitors for the office; in 1847, he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court; and was successively Associate Judge and Presiding Judge of the most important judicial district of the State—perhaps of the Union;—and finally, in 1851, took his seat in the Court of Appeals. This succession of offices brought before him the widest and most varied range of judicial duties. As Circuit Judge, he was plunged at once into a multitudinous sea of jury trials, presenting every variety of *nisi prius* trial, offering for his examination the most complicated and minute facts of mercantile contracts, the subtlest combinations of fraud and evasive ingenuity, and the dreariest and most appalling mysteries of crime. When relieved from jury trials, he was called to even heavier labours. A new code of procedure having been instituted, there were presented before him for daily decision important questions of practice, in which no assistance could be obtained from precedents, and no solution sought in the experience of lawyers or judges. Here, however, his quick perception, piercing investigation, and ready decision appeared to great advantage. The stranger who might be present in the court-room at any important trial at which the judge presided, would retire from it, we are persuaded, says a competent authority, "admiring the singular rapidity with which business is dispatched, and the calendar run through; the perspicuity which reaches, as if by intuition, the pith of the cases presented, and the ready ingenuity which dissolves a sophistry, or by a question anticipates a result. Though his decisions are delivered with the greatest promptness, they are masterly specimens, exhibiting all the elegance and perspicuity of the most elaborated legal judgments." Though adverse to capital punishment, yet, when a strong feeling on this subject threatened a practical violation of the law, he knew how to act with firmness, and to awaken the

consciences of jurors, and to bring the laws of the land, in the most critical cases, into free execution.

In the discharge of his judicial duties his fearless and independent conduct remind us of our own Sir Matthew Hale. An extraordinary instance of this was presented at an anti-rent trial in 1845. The counsel employed had been engaged in the same case previously, and had then manifested no little combativeness. They displayed the same warmth before Judge Edmonds, and carried it so far as to come to blows in open Court. The offenders were gentlemen of high standing, and personal friends of the judge, and both at once apologized for their contempt of Court. But the judge, committed them both to prison, and adjourned his Court, with the remark, that it was not his fault that the course of public justice was thus interrupted. This event attracted much attention throughout the Union, and was noticed by our own Press as "evidence of advancing civilization in America."

This fearless independence has often caused him to war upon popular prejudices, and in no respect has that been more strikingly evinced than in the course he has pursued with regard to the spiritual manifestations. As a man of large and varied experience, and of great practical sagacity, with all the advantages of a long legal, legislative, and judicial training and experience, it would have been difficult to find a man more thoroughly competent to a full and searching investigation into the truth or falsehood of spiritual manifestations than Judge Edmonds. The Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, late U. S. Senator, and Governor of Wisconsin, says of him:—"I knew him as a man of finished classical education, a profound lawyer, astute in his investigations and in analysing testimony, unsurpassed in his legal opinions, and in the discharge of his high judicial duties;—and above all, I knew him to be a man of unimpeachable integrity, and the last to be duped by an imposture, or carried away by a delusion." It was his knowledge of and high respect for Judge Edmonds which first led Mr. Tallmadge to investigate Spiritualism; and which investigation resulted in his conviction of its truth, a result which we shall see was also arrived at by the subject of our present sketch.

Previous to 1851, he appears to have had no definite or settled notions in regard to a future life; indeed, he doubted whether there was any existence after the life on earth, and was as ready as any one to scoff at the spiritual intercourse which is now so manifest to him, as it is to many thousands, who, like him, had doubted, and like him, have investigated, that they might determine for themselves whether these things were so.

In November, 1850, his wife died. He was warmly attached to her, and they had lived together for more than thirty years. Her death affected him very much. He was at the time living

in the country, a short distance from New York, having no one about him but his servants, so that when he returned daily from his duties in town, he was alone, until he again, the next day, resumed his duties in Court. His mind at this time was much occupied with inquiries concerning the nature of death, and the condition after death, and the greater part of the night was frequently spent by him in reading and reflection on the subject. On one such occasion, as he was alone reading, about midnight, he distinctly heard the voice of his wife speaking a sentence to him. As he has himself described the incident, he started as if he had been shot. He sat up, and looked around him. His lamp was lighted, and the fire burning cheerfully in the grate, and he could see nothing unusual. He lay down again, persuading himself that it was a delusion of his imagination, produced by his grief and sleeplessness. But reason upon it as he would, the impression on his mind that it had been a reality continued and grew in strength daily. He, however, sturdily resisted that impression, and for many days studied and analyzed the operations of his mind, to ascertain if he could, why it was that this impression of reality continued so vigorously against the oft-repeated conclusion of his reason that it was a mere delusion.

From this point let the Judge speak for himself.

It was in January, 1851, that my attention was first called to the subject of "spiritual intercourse." I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was labouring under great depression of spirits. I was occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. I had in the course of my life read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know if, after death, we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. I was invited by a friend to witness the "Rochester Knockings." I complied, more to oblige her and to while away a tedious hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and determined to investigate the matter, and find out what it was. If it was a deception or a delusion, I thought that I could detect it. For about four months I devoted at least two evenings in a week, and sometimes more, to witnessing the phenomenon in all its phases. I kept careful records of all I witnessed, and from time to time compared them with each other, to detect inconsistencies and contradictions. I read all I could lay my hands on, on the subject, and especially all the professed "exposures of the humbug." I went from place to place, seeing different mediums, meeting with different parties of persons, often with persons whom I had never seen before, and sometimes where I was myself entirely unknown—sometimes in the dark, and sometimes in the light—often with inveterate unbelievers, and more frequently with zealous believers. In fine, I availed myself of every opportunity that was afforded, thoroughly to sift the matter to the bottom. I was all this time an unbeliever; and tried the patience of believers sorely by my scepticism, my captiousness, and my obdurate refusal to yield my belief. I saw around me some who yielded a ready faith on one or two sittings only; others again, under the same circumstances, avowing a determined unbelief; and some who refused to witness it at all, and yet were confirmed unbelievers. I could not imitate either of these parties, and refused to yield unless upon most irrefragable testimony. At length the evidence came, and in such force that no sane man could withhold his faith.

Thus far the question I was investigating was, whether what I saw was produced by mere mortal means, or by some invisible unknown agency; in other words, whether it was a deception, an imposition, or what it professed to be, the product of some unknown, unseen cause. To detail what I witnessed would far exceed the limits of this communication, for my records of it for those four months alone fill at least one hundred and thirty closely-written pages. I will, however, mention a few things, which will give a general idea of that which characterized interviews, now numbering several hundred. Most of them have occurred in the presence of others besides myself. I have preserved their names in my records, but do not give them to the world, because I do not desire to subject them to the obloquy which seems, most strangely, to be visited upon all who look into the matter with any other feeling than a resolute and obstinate incredulity, whatever the evidence. But these considerations grow out of this fact:—1st, that I have thus very many witnesses, whom I can invoke to establish the truth of my statements; and, 2nd, that if I have been deluded, and have not seen and heard what I think I have, my delusion has been shared by many as shrewd, as intelligent, as honest, and as enlightened people as are to be found anywhere among us.

My attention was first drawn to the intercourse by the rappings, then the most common, but now the most inconsiderable, mode of communing. Of course I was on the look out for deception, and at first relied upon my senses and the conclusions which my reason might draw from their evidence. But I was at a loss to tell how the mediums could cause what I witnessed under these circumstances: the mediums walking the length of a suite of parlours, forty or fifty feet, and the rappings being distinctly heard five or six feet behind them, the whole distance, backward and forward several times; being heard near the top of a mahogany door, above where the medium could reach, and as if struck hard with a fist; being heard on the bottom of a car when travelling, on a railroad, and on the floor and the table, when seated at lunch, at an eating-house by the side of the road; being heard at different parts of the room, sometimes several feet distance from the medium, and where she could not reach—sometimes on the table, and immediately after on the floor, and then at different parts of the table, in rapid succession, enabling us to feel the vibration as well as hear the sounds; sometimes when the hands and feet of the medium were both firmly and carefully held by some one of the party, and sometimes on a table when no one touched it.

After depending upon my senses, as to these various phases of the phenomenon, I invoked the aid of science, and with the assistance of an accomplished electrician and his machinery, and of eight or ten intelligent, educated, shrewd persons, I examined the matter. We pursued our enquiries many days, and established to our satisfaction two things:—1st, that the sounds were not produced by the agency of any person present or near us; and, 2nd, that they were not forthcoming at our will and pleasure.

In the meantime another feature attracted my attention, and that was the "physical manifestations," as they are termed. Thus, I have known a pine table with four legs lifted bodily up from the floor, in the centre of a circle of six or eight persons, turned upside down and laid upon its top at our feet, then lifted up over our heads, and put leaning against the back of the sofa on which we sat. I have known that same table to be tilted up on two legs, its top at an angle with the floor of forty-five degrees, when it neither fell over of itself, nor could any person present put it back on its four legs. I have seen a mahogany table, having only a centre leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor at least a foot, in spite of the efforts of those present, and shaken backward and forward as one would shake a goblet in his hand, and the lamp retain its place, though its glass pendants rang again. I have seen the same table tipped up with the lamp upon it, so far that the lamp must have fallen off unless retained there by something else than its own gravity, yet it fell not, moved not. I have known a dinner bell taken from a high shelf in a closet, rung over the heads of four or five persons in that closet, then rung around the room over the heads of twelve or fifteen persons in the back parlour, and then borne through the folding doors to the farther end of the front parlour,

and there dropped on the floor. I have frequently known persons pulled about with a force which it was impossible for them to resist, and once, when all my strength was added in vain to that of the one thus affected. I have known a mahogany chair thrown on its side and moved swiftly back and forth on the floor, no one touching it, through a room where there were at least a dozen people sitting, yet no one was touched, and it was repeatedly stopped within a few inches of me, when it was coming with a violence which, if not arrested, must have broken my legs.

This is not a tithe—nay! not a hundredth part of what I have witnessed of the same character, but it is enough to show the general nature of what was before me.

Having thus, by a long series of patient enquiries, satisfied myself on this point, my next enquiry was, Whence comes the intelligence which there is behind it all? For that intelligence was a remarkable feature of the phenomenon.

Thus I have frequently known mental questions answered; that is, questions merely framed in the mind of the interrogator, and not revealed by him or known to others. Preparatory to meeting a circle, I have sat down alone in my room and carefully prepared a series of questions to be propounded and I have been surprised to find my questions answered, and in the precise order in which I wrote them, without my even taking my memorandum out of my pocket, and when I knew that not a person present even knew that I had prepared questions, much less what they were. My most secret thoughts, those which I have never uttered to mortal man or woman, have been freely spoken to as if I had uttered them. Purposes which I have privily entertained have been publicly revealed; and I have once and again been admonished that my every thought was known to, and could be disclosed by, the intelligence which was thus manifesting itself.

I have heard the mediums use Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French words, when I knew they had no knowledge of any language but their own; and it is a fact which can be attested by many, that often there have been speaking and writing in foreign languages and unknown tongues by those who were unacquainted with either.

Still the question occurred—May not all this have been, by some mysterious operation, the mere reflex of the mind of some one present? The answer was, that facts were communicated which were unknown then, but afterwards found to be true; like this, for instance: when I was absent last winter in Central America, my friends in town heard of my whereabouts and of the state of my health seven times; and on my return, by comparing their information with the entries in my journal, it was found to be invariably correct. So in my recent visit to the West, my whereabouts and my condition were told to a medium in this city while I was travelling on the railway between Cleveland and Toledo. So thoughts have been uttered on subjects not then in my mind, and utterly at variance with my own notions. This has often happened to me and to others, so as fully to establish the fact that it was not our minds that gave birth to or affected the communication.

His next inquiry was the important question *Cui bono?* He tells us:—

To that enquiry I have directed my earnest attention, devoting to the task for over two years all the leisure I could command, and increasing that leisure as far as I could by withdrawing myself from all my former recreations. I have gone from circle to circle, from medium to medium, seeking knowledge on the subject wherever I could obtain it, either from books or from observation, and bringing to bear upon it whatever of intelligence I have been gifted with by nature, sharpened and improved by over thirty years' practice at the bar, in the legislature, and on the bench.

For the conclusions to which this inquiry conducted him, we must refer the reader, as Mr. Edmonds has done, to his work on Spiritualism, not, however, without first quoting from him the following weighty sentences:—

There is (in Spiritualism) that which comforts the mourner, and binds up the broken-hearted; that which smoothes the passage to the grave, and robs death of its terrors; that which enlightens the Atheist, and cannot but reform the vicious; that which cheers and encourages the virtuous, amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life; and that which demonstrates to man his duty and his destiny, leaving it no longer vague and uncertain.

During these investigations, the Judge "found in his mind," as he expressed it, the impression of a scene in the spiritual world. The scene, the actors, the incidents, were all as vividly pictured in his mind as if he had perceived them by his outward senses. Subsequently, in the summer of 1851, he became more fully developed as a medium for visions, allegorical pictures, and direct communications from the spirit-world, written through his own hand; many of these will be found in the two volumes on Spiritualism which he has given to the world. In one of his letters he thus states his reasons for publishing his experience:—

I went into the investigation, originally thinking it a deception, and intending to make public my exposure of it. Having, from my researches, come to a different conclusion, I feel that the obligation to make known the result is just as strong. Therefore, it is mainly that I give the result to the world. I say mainly, because there is another consideration which influences me, and that is the desire to extend to others a knowledge which I am conscious cannot but make them happier and better.

That his frank avowal and advocacy of Spiritualism would lead to all kinds of vituperation and calumny is only what might have been expected, and was what he was doubtless fully prepared for; "but," he says, "I find a compensation for the obloquy that is so freely heaped upon me by the ignorant, in the grateful outpouring of hearts which have by my means been relieved."

Of the exquisite pleasure which the Judge, with his kindly susceptibilities, must have derived from grateful calls "from strangers from all parts of the country," and from "letters which pour in upon me from all sections, and from persons whom I have never seen and never may see," we may form some idea, apart from his own declarations, on perusing the following extract from a letter stating his reasons for declining the office of Recorder of New York, one of the most important and responsible positions in the gift of the people, and for which he was nominated a few months ago:—

When I spoke of the good I could do as a motive for accepting the place, I had in my mind the cases, so frequent in our criminal courts, of innocence unjustly accused and often struck down because unfriended and unprotected; and I could easily imagine the gratification that would flow from being able to guard it in its hour of peril. But until I saw there was a possibility of being inducted into the office I did not look far enough to see the whole ground, and to become aware that in much the greater number of instances it would be my duty to condemn rather than relieve. It would be painful to me thus to sit in judgment on my fellow-men, and to condemn when I would far rather pity and forgive, and endeavour to reform.

When I now recal my past judicial career, where the administration of criminal justice was of rare, and not, as it would be here, of constant occurrence,

I find that the most vivid feeling I have is the painful recollection of the many cases in which I was called upon to condemn and to punish the erring.

I do not see how I could bear that again, and especially the greatly increased amount of it that would naturally flow from the peculiar jurisdiction of the court.

It is this consideration more than all others which has influenced me to decline this nomination.

When, on openly avowing himself a Spiritualist, the Judge was assailed by the most virulent suspicions and slanders, he resigned his office and retired to his private legal profession. Years have elapsed; he has quietly pursued his course, never for a moment, either in private or public, compromising his convictions on this subject; and now, the most popular and powerful political party in America nominates him for one of the highest offices in the State, with every prospect of an election and all the subsequent honours and emoluments; and "the press of New York, of all hues and shades in politics, applauds the nomination, lauds the individual, and deprecates his withdrawal." The simple noble words which we have quoted embody the kindly Christian feelings which have prompted him to decline this distinguished mark of the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens, and they indicate the nobility of his character and the purity of his motives,—as his past career demonstrates his intellectual vigour and ability. When those who know no better, tell us that Spiritualism requires to be investigated by men competent to the task; we may, in proof that it *has received such investigation*, point to Judge Edmonds—not as a solitary instance, but as the type of a class of minds who have weighed its evidence in the balance of a deliberate well-informed judgment, and have *not* found it wanting.

Since this sketch was in type, we find, by a letter from the eminent subject of it, that he hopes to visit England with his daughter in May or June next. He could not have come at a time when his presence would be more welcome and useful to the cause of truth.

T. S.

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SPIRITUALISTS VIEWED BY AN OUTSIDER.—"Perhaps attention has not been sufficiently drawn to the fact that the Rappists are after all but Swedenborgians. In his *Universal Theology*, that mighty philosopher—of whom the multitude remembers only the madness—declares that he 'has conversed with Apostles, departed Popes, Emperors, and Kings; with the late Reformers of the church. Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon, and with others from distant countries.'"—*New Quarterly Review*, No. 6.

[We think the *Reviewer* has put the boot on the wrong leg; the quotation proves *not* that Spiritualists (or "Rappists," in the elegant language of the *Reviewer*) are Swedenborgians, but that Swedenborg was a Spiritualist; as indeed is abundantly shown in his various works. See *British Spiritual Telegraph*, No. 1. Vol. IV.—Ed.]

## SPIRITUALISM AND THE PANTOMIMES.

WE have during the last few years seen Spiritualism in all sorts of society, from emperors and kings down to thievish wet-nurses at Hull. We have seen it under many circumstances; roughly handled in courts of justice, sneered at by men of letters, denied as impossible by the men of science, who demonstrate that it can't be true, and at last given to the devil by our friends of the pulpit. We had thought that there was no new outlet for it, and for the secret love or out-spoken hate with which it is associated in the public mind. Truth is ever stranger than fiction. What we could not imagine, with all that fund of imagination which is attributed to us, comes to pass in the most natural way, and we awake the day after boxing-day to find that we have got into the pantomimes! Were we a pill or a quack medicine, and which indeed some believe us to be, it would be the making of us, as there would of course be "a sensible resolve of 50,000 families" to take us in, and we should at once make our fortunes. But as we fear there is no chance of this, we will only record the curious fact that Spiritualism has in 1861 found itself in that special form of attractiveness, which makes a subject fit for the pantomimes. In by far the majority of the theatres, which perpetuate this fine old English institution, we are made a part of the fun. Churlish should we be not to make fun for the little folks at Christmas, and now-a-days there is so much excellent truth introduced throughout all that is intended for children, that it is silyly found by the parents that they learn from it quite as much as the children. So probably it may be with the pantomimes, that what is put forward in apparent fun, though as we know in at least one notable instance, with the strongest knowledge of the truth of the whole subject, may be of service to those children of all ages, who could take such knowledge in no other way. In most of the pantomimes, the subject is treated with some decency and respect, though of course the necessities of burlesque are a little exacting. Even from them might our friend *Punch* learn a lesson of decency, and how to joke in a respectable way. Mr. Shirley Brooks, one of the *Punch* staff, shews the company he has been keeping by the tone he adopts, which is the less excusable in him since the two sons of his proprietor, and Mr. Leech and Mr. Dickens, junr., have witnessed the phenomena, which other members of the staff take the funny view of. A full account of their conviction has appeared in former numbers of the Magazine.



Mr. Shirley Brooks opens his extravaganza of *Timour the Tartar*, which is being played at the Olympic, with the following:

Oglou is lying on the carpet. By his side is *The Spiritual Magazine*, which has fallen from his hand. Agib appears at the grate of the gate.

Oglou enters into a conversation with Agib, in the course of which he says:—

Besides, to tell the truth—  
 AGIB. What! when you have been  
 Studying *The Spiritual Magazine!*

We rather applaud the joke, and consider that Mr. Oglou must have been no little confused by it. He shows his respect for Agib by asking:—

Divinest princeling, can you not divine?  
 AGIB. Am I a spirit rapper?—no such fun—  
 I'd have capsized his tables—every one.  
 OGLOU. Such sport might have relieved our dinners tedium,  
 But he goes the entire—and keeps no medium.

At the English Opera House, and the Princess's, and the Lyceum, at Drury Lane, and a host of others, the subject is produced, and tables and chairs and men are rapped, and moved and raised and floated about the stage to the great delight of the beholders. We found the laughter quite uproarious, and only thought in our editorial philosophy how little disposition to laughter there is when one or two little raps are heard in the middle of the night, or when the quondam laughers are alone. The Messrs. Evans and Dickens, it will be remembered, were in this non-laughing state, when, after the wonderful phenomena which they saw, they were asked to put out their hands to be grasped by a spirit-hand. *That* was a little too much for them.

The Drury Lane pantomime of *Peter Wilkins* is pointed and good. Peter finds himself in a mine, inhabited by kobolds or goblins, and presently—

[*Mysterious Music—Piano—Raps heard everywhere.*  
 What sounds are those? don't frighten a poor chap!  
 One who's so poor, he's hardly worth a rap.  
 Are any spirits present? if so, say,  
 And signify the same the usual way. (Three distinct raps.  
 If I am intruding, per-raps you'll tell me so? [One rap.  
 I'm getting used to them—one rap—that's no.  
 If these are spirits that keep on so tappin',  
 They're rappy ones, and I shall find more happen. [Knocks louder.  
 Why these must be the knocking sprites I've heard of,  
 And which, till now, I ne'er believed a word of.  
 Somewhere about as Cornish legends tell,  
 Lies a divining rod, which works a spell,  
 If held in proper hands, and downwards settles,  
 Above the spot where lie our precious metals,  
 I don't know whether mine's the right temperament,  
 But here's the rod—and now for the experiment,  
 [Holds the forked Hazel-rod over centre of stage.  
 I'll see what this brings forth—my mind runs crazily,  
 This hazel-twig will solve the mystery "hazclly."

All this and a great deal more is amusing enough, and is a pleasant relief to the subject, and the more so, as it shows so plainly how deeply the public mind is imbued with it just now. It seems to be almost as widely spread as crinoline, or the volunteer movement.

One cannot see, however, the necessity for Mr. Novra's clumsy conjuring, in the midst of so many good pantomimes, and we see no reason why he should not take office at one of the minor theatres in some congenial character.

At Paris, too, our lively neighbours are shewing their uneasiness about the phenomena, by introducing them into the theatres, and also into *Figaro*. Mr. Squire is the hero whom they delight to honour, and thus to chronicle their wonderment at the manifestations which occur in his presence.

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### REYNOLDS' WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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We have had occasion in past numbers to include in our elegant extracts from the Press some clippings from the above paper, which were more than ordinarily loud and offensive in their tone. Fraud and imposture of the basest kind, and from the basest motives only, could be at the bottom of the assertions of Spiritualists; and all mediums were rogues and vagabonds, and the treadmill too good for them. Even a gentleman, who happened to be present when Mr. Reynolds was making his first investigations, was described as one-eyed, and another, as of repulsive appearance, and dressed in seedy clothes. This was the philosophical style of thought into which Mr. Reynolds rambled in his broad sheet, and essayed from his high pulpit to teach his neighbours how to deal with the great subject of Spiritualism. Almost another Novra, he was clever enough too, to find out how the manifestations were made, and he told us of his great discovery of the hole in the floor through which he saw the light shining, and through which it was so easy to push the necessary springs and machinery. Mr. Novra's formal report to his patron, Mr. Kennard, was that the medium had either a monkey or a little child concealed under her clothes. But Mr. Reynolds, and his correspondents, were reasonable enough to say that they would believe only when Mr. Home could be seen flying in daylight at Charing Cross, or when a table was raised to the ceiling of St. Martin's Hall. A Mr. Green, a Baptist minister, wrote specially to thank Mr. Reynolds for setting the world right about the matter, and Mr. Reynolds then published a defiant challenge to the Spiritual-

ists to convince him. Now, had it rested with us, we should have left him where he was, till he was satisfied to be a more humble learner, for we do not approve of that attitude, as showing a teachable tendency. Suddenly, however, the subject dropped out of his paper. So suddenly that one could hardly help feeling that something untoward had happened. Could it have been that Mr. Home had been taking the required flight from the central point of the modern Babylon, or had the mahogany really been disporting itself amidst the charred remains of St. Martin's? No. It was simply that a lady, who had seen the challenge, went to the house of Mr. Reynolds and there satisfied him, and a chosen circle of his friends, that the phenomena of Spiritualism are true, and that he had been unjustly vilifying and denying them.

Nearly all in the ranks of the Spiritualists have been in the position of once denying the facts, and of afterwards finding out their mistake; and they have done all in their power to repair the consequences to others of their denial, by boldly coming forward to assert the truth. But with newspaper editors a different law prevails. Unfortunately, Mr. Reynolds is not the only one, who keeps his own counsel after he is convinced, though he had been so loud tongued against it before. This is one of the misfortunes of the subject, and which we have frequently had occasion to notice in the Magazine, that the moment a Press man becomes a convert, he becomes silent, because he dare not avow his belief in so unfashionable a truth. We have no personal quarrel with Mr. Reynolds for this, but we bring such a fact before our readers, because it shows the present position of the subject and the difficulty which we have to surmount. If Mr. Reynolds now avows his belief, he will only be ridiculed and jeered at by the rest of the pack to which he so recently contributed his musical voice. It seems to be a necessity of journalism that it should know everything, and never own to a mistake. The *Times*, which was so easily taken in by Bly's fraudulent manifestations, was at once notified of the fact by more than one correspondent, but of course it preferred that the public should believe a falsehood than that the infallible editor should confess that he had been hoaxed. Bly has since been highly amused at the ease with which the *Times* took his stale bait, but which was at once detected, when he tried to play it off on the Spiritualists.

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## DR. GULLY'S FACTS.

DR. GULLY'S letter to the *Star* has been too long delayed, but we have pleasure in now presenting it as one of the most important testimonies to Spiritualism which we have had to publish. The scientific attainments of Dr. Gully, and his high character in his profession, and amongst as large a circle as any physician of the day, make it a duty to place his letter on record. It will be an all-sufficient answer to those who ask for the report of a scientific investigator. Since the date of the letter, Dr. Gully has had other and more private opportunities of satisfying himself as to the facts which are now, not only a settled conviction with him, but have led him to enlarge his inquiry as to what they prove. We mentioned in a former number that when for the first time a philosophic friend heard a spirit-knock, he said, "There goes Theodore Parker's philosophy!" Dr. Gully sees already the immense value of his new acquisition, and believes, that by these investigations we shall arrive at a solution of what is the essential character of thought. This may or may not be realized, but at all events it is of advantage to know, that to some minds the foolish question of *cui bono* is so easily settled. This question is always asked at the beginning instead of at the end of an inquiry. To us the existence of a fact renders unnecessary any such question about it. One of the despised raps upsets all the negative philosophy of the *Westminster Review*, and resolves the scientific denial of the miraculous in the Bible, which forms the staple of the new school of thought in the Church of England, as represented by the Oxford essays.

SIR,—In Mr. Coleman's letter of the 11th inst. he gives his opinion that the gentlemen who were present at the meetings recorded in the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the head of "Stranger than Fiction," should confirm or confute the statements made in that article. I was one of the persons present at the evening meeting. The other gentlemen were a solicitor in extensive practice, and two well-known writers of solid instructive works—not writers of fiction—who, by-the-bye, appear to be so used to inventing that they cannot believe that any one can possibly be employed in stating facts. It will be seen that the joke about "fools of fashion" does not apply to the gentlemen alluded to, but that we were all workers in callings in which matters of fact, and not of fancy, especially come under observation. Further, it may be useful to some persons to know that we were neither asleep, nor intoxicated, nor even excited. We were complete masters of our senses; and I submit that their evidence is worth a thousand conjectures and explanations made by those who were

not present. Scores of times I have been much more agitated and excited in investigating a patient's case, than I was in observing what occurred at the evening meeting in question.

With this state of senses at the time, and revolving the occurrences in my mind again and again, since that time, I can state with the greatest positiveness that the record made in the article, "Stranger than Fiction," is, in every particular, correct; that the phenomena therein related actually took place in the evening meeting; and, moreover, that no trick, machinery, sleight-of-hand, or other artistic contrivance produced what we heard and beheld. I am quite as convinced of this last as I am of the facts themselves.

Only consider that here is a man, between ten and eleven stone in weight, floating about the room for many minutes—in the tomb-like silence which prevailed, broken only by his voice coming from different quarters of the room, according to his then position—is it probable, is it possible, that any machinery could be devised—not to speak of its being set up and previously made ready in a room, which was fixed upon as the place of meeting only five minutes before we entered it—capable of carrying such a weight about without the slightest sound of any description? Or suppose, as has been suggested, that he bestrode an inflated balloon, could a balloon have been introduced inflated large enough to hold in mid-air such a weight? Or could it have been inflated with hydrogen gas without being detected by ears, eyes, or nose?

It seems to me a much stronger sign of credulity to believe either of these suggestions, with our present knowledge, than to adopt the wildest statements or dreams of what is called Spiritualism. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the room was, for a good part of the evening, in a blaze of light, in which no balloon or other machine sufficient for the supposed purpose could be introduced; or, if already introduced, could remain unobserved; and that, even when the room was comparatively darkened, light streamed through the window from a distant gas-lamp outside, between which gas-lamp and our eyes Mr. Home's form passed, so that we distinctly perceived its trunk and limbs; and most assuredly there was no balloon near him, nor any machinery attached to him. His foot once touched my head when he was floating above.

Then the accordion music. I distinctly saw the instrument moving, and heard it playing when held only at one end, again and again. I held it myself for a short time, and had good reason to know that it was vehemently pulled at the other end, and not by Mr. Home's toes, as has been wisely surmised, unless that gentleman has legs three yards long, with toes at the end of

them quite as marvellous as any legion of spirits. For, be it stated, that such music as we heard was no ordinary strain; it was grand at times, at others pathetic, at others distant and long-drawn, to a degree which no one can imagine who has not heard it. I have heard Blagrove repeatedly, but it is no libel on that master of the instrument to say that he never did produce such exquisite distant and echo notes as those which delighted our ears. The instrument played, too, at distant parts of the room, many yards away from Mr. Home, and from all of us. I believe I am stating a fact when I say that not one person in that room could play the accordion at all. Mr. Home cannot play a note upon it.

To one whose external senses have witnessed these things, it is hard to increase the insufficiency of those attempted explanations which assert the use of tricks and machinery. As I said before, it requires much more credulity to believe such explanations than to swallow all the ghost stories that ever were related. I may add that the writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* omits to mention several curious phenomena which were witnessed that evening. Here is one of them. A distinguished *littérateur*, who was present, asked the supposed spirit of his father, whether he would play his favourite ballad for us, and, addressing us, he added—"The accordion was not invented at the time of my father's death, so I cannot conceive how it will be effected; but if his favourite air is not played, I pledge myself to tell you so." Almost immediately the flute notes of the accordion (which was upon the floor) played through "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon," which the gentleman alluded to assured us was his father's favourite air, whilst the flute was his father's favourite instrument. He then asked for another favourite air of his father's, "which was not Scotch," and "The last Rose of Summer" was played in the same note. This, the gentleman told us, was the air to which he had alluded.

I have thus borne testimony to the truthfulness of the facts related by the writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, whom I recognise as having been my neighbour during the meeting. And I have endeavoured to show that, as regards the principal and most wonderful phenomena, there could have been no contrivance by trick or machinery adequate to produce or account for their existence. How, then, were they produced? I know not; and I believe that we are very—very far from having accumulated facts enough upon which to frame any laws or build any theory regarding the agent at work in their production. Intelligent phenomena, such as the music played at request, point to intelligent agents; and spiritual bodies that have quitted fleshly bodies may be at work. I, for one, wish that it were proved to

be so; for a more solemn discovery than that of a means of communication between embodied and disembodied sentient beings cannot be imagined. It giddies the brain to think of the possible result of such a discovery. But, whilst I obstinately stand up for the integrity of my senses during my observation of the wonders above related, my inner senses cannot but observe many gaps that must be filled up before the bridge between the spiritual body's life here in the flesh, and its life elsewhere out of the flesh, can be finished. Meantime the facts must be patiently and honestly accumulated, and enthusiasm must be banished from the minds of the enquirers. And as regards the denials, and abuses, and jests of the non-enquirers, let it be remembered that scurrillity and laughter never discovered or disproved anything whatever in the world's history.

Respecting the purely physical phenomena, such as the raising of weights whether of human bodies or tables, it *may be* that we are on the verge of discovering some physical force hitherto undreamed of; who shall say that we know all the powers of nature? Here, too, dispassionate inquiry must go on, regardless of the noise outside; regardless, too, of the ignorant and malicious prejudice which would blast the reputation of those who enquire in a direction opposite to that prejudice.

Enquirers, unlike routine people, must be prepared to rough it among their fellow-creatures. And I suppose that I, for having asserted that I have five senses as yet unimpaired, and for having testified to what the majority disbelieve, shall come in for my share of pity or abuse. Let it be so, if it helps on a truthful search.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

J. M. GULLY, M.D.

Malvern, Oct. 14.

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### SOME MANIFESTATIONS AT BOSTON, U.S.

THE following account has been sent to us by an English friend, settled in America, who is one of the eminent writers and preachers there, and whose name would command the widest respect. It was agreed between him and a literary friend of his, who was also present at the *séance*, that they should each write to us an independent account of what passed on that evening, and they have done so. The two accounts are so far identical that it would be a waste of space to insert both, and we have, therefore, selected the following:—

Boston, U.S., Dec. 24th, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to send you an account of some spiritual manifestations, which I have lately witnessed, and which, indeed, have been the only

experiences of the kind, which I have had since I saw you in London last June. As you know, I have been long absent from this city, sojourning in France and Italy for four years. On my return here, I found that among my immediate friends, Spiritualism was regarded as a something dead, extinct, vanished. But the only reason which my informants could give for their belief, was that they had not heard the subject mentioned for a year or two. However, I asked them, and they smiled when I did so, whether the northern lights would become incredible by not being talked about. Through a friend, whose name and judgment are a sufficient guarantee for whatever he may choose to vouch, I heard lately of a medium, whom I had never known before. That medium is a young fragile woman. Last Tuesday evening, she came to my house. I had some friends to meet her. Altogether for the *séance*, we were eight in number. It was explained to us, that the medium would pass into a state of trance, and that the room would have to be darkened. "Oh," says some sceptic, "A dark room! That is enough for me." Perhaps so; and perhaps also it would be enough for him, equally, if it were insisted that mediumship was impossible in the dark, and possible only in a room all a blaze with light. But before we advance further, I will ask this sceptic, why is it that an iron ball will retain heat in the dark longer than in the light? And perhaps in ascertaining that he may learn something, which may help in the inquiry why Spiritual mediumship is sometimes stronger or more effective when the light is excluded.

There were ranged on a table, about two feet behind the medium, the articles which it was understood would be in requisition during the evening. About the placing of the articles, there was no mystery made, nor was any jugglery possible, in connection with the manner, in which they were disposed. We sat round a table; and after a little singing the medium passed into a state, apparently of trance. The expression of her face was much changed, was much refined and beautified. The last light was extinguished. All round the table, we held one another's hands, except the medium, and she instead of holding my hand, laid her hand upon mine, drawing her hand along it, as though for some mesmeric purpose. Her other hand was placed similarly on the hand of one of my friends, who sat on the other side of her.

For persons hard of belief, I would remark, that if darkness be unfavourable, in some respects, for detecting imposture, it is also very unfavourable in a strange place, for the operations of one who would cheat. I wish it too, to be fully understood, that throughout all the wonders which happened, we had full knowledge of each other's hands every moment. Several times when the phenomena were most remarkable, I said to my friends, "Now are we all sure, that we, every one, have charge of the hands which we ought to be holding?" And the answer was, "Yes, we are all satisfied."

A bell was carried round the room, ringing, was rung over our heads, and was placed against my cheek. A guitar was played upon, as it was carried about the room. It was laid on our heads and played upon. It was whirled over our heads so rapidly, that we felt the wind of it, as it went round and round. It was rapped on the heads of five or six persons, it was rattled among the glasses of the chandelier, it was struck on the floor and thrown on to the table—and all this, as it seemed, in a moment. The quick, versatile movement of the instrument, I can liken to nothing so much as to the darting of a fly to and fro.

A glass of water was placed to my lips, in the neatest manner possible, and I drank from it. And it was carried round to the lips of other persons at the table. A tambourine was beaten as it was borne about the room. It was struck on our heads; and it was shaken above us with great force. A horn was blown, and made a noise almost terrific. With several of us a sheet of paper was spread over the face, and through it we felt distinctly the pressure of a hand. A hand without anything intervening was placed on my head. It was a large hand. And it grasped my head firmly, and shook it. It took hold of a lock of hair over my forehead and pulled it. That these things were not done by persons of flesh and blood, I know thoroughly well.

I have an acquaintance, who was wont to be a very fierce and bitter opponent of Spiritualism. He used to account mediumship as an imposture—a transparent and a gross imposture—a most cunning imposture, and also a most simple kind



of imposture. Now, lately he said to me, "Blowing a horn, playing a guitar! What is the good of that?"

I answered him—"My friend, I did not say, there was any good in it. I merely said there was a fact in it, and that fact, the operation of a spirit. And if you think that to be nothing; why, then you must think very differently now from what you did when the mere supposition that a spirit might rap on the table, used to make you foam with excitement, as you remember,"

"Ah, well," he said, "but what now do you think is the use of it? And why cannot it be done anywhere by anybody? And if spirits can do such things as you say, why can they not tell us something useful, whether there is going to be a war—."

"And perhaps you would add," I replied, "How to square the circle. how to be infallible as to latitude and longitude at sea, and how to find the philosopher's stone. But my friend, it may be that many a spirit is less intelligent than you yourself are. For when you think of it, what a way to wisdom that would be, for a spirit to become omniscient with merely slipping off his overcoat of flesh,"

"But—but—but why do they not teach us something—some of them? And is it not true, that they often tell lies? And, in fact, somehow I can make nothing out of it."

To this I answered, "That is very probable! and no great wonder. And by the way of mediumship, as to spirits telling falsehoods, as you suppose they do sometimes—why that would show at least that there are lying spirits. And that thing made certain to you as a fact, would be a matter of more importance, infinitely than the discovery of twenty new comets. And now as to a spirit blowing a horn or beating a tambourine—you think it is nothing. But for myself, I think that it implies a spirit present who is the actor—that it proves that under certain circumstances, spirits have power over matter—and that it suggests many subjects for the most serious consideration of the theologian, the moralist, and the man of science.—I am, yours truly,

W. M.

## AN EVENING WITH MR. HOME.

SEVEN of us were present in a large drawing-room, lighted by a good fire and three gas-burners. Gentle raps were heard on various parts of the table and under the hands of the sitters. My chair began to tremble—the chair of each sitter vibrated, producing the sensation of a steam vessel in rough weather. Two of the sitters wished it to cease, as it brought on a feeling of sickness. The table then began to vibrate something like a jelly. A heavy accordion was held by Mr. Home with both hands, by the rim, and towards the ground, and a few discordant sounds came out. He then held it with only one hand, placing his other on the table, and it commenced a cheerful air. I asked that we might have "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon"—the first line of it only was played. The accordion was then taken by one of our friends who had never been present at any manifestations, and in his hands it was forcibly pulled, and several chords played—in my hand also the same was done; but the weight of the instrument made the holding of it painful to me. We then began to be touched; and I felt a soft body passing

across my knees. I placed one of my hands under the rim of the table, and a gentle and repeated pressure was felt by me on the inside of my fingers. All present were touched in various ways. A small hand-bell on the table was placed on the pedestal ridge by Mr. Home; while all hands were on the table, the bell was carried and pressed against the knees of the gentlemen south of the table; he put his hand down, and the bell was placed in his hand; it then passed to the lady on the west, and was secured by her; it then went outside our chairs, still ringing; passed in again, and then seemed to fly round the table in front of our knees, touching first one, and then another: our chairs then commenced again to shake, and a new power seemed to be present. The accordion was played with force—the raps were very loud. A gentleman and I wishing our hands to be grasped by a spirit, placed our handkerchiefs over our hands, in a single fold. Shortly, the handkerchief was taken off by what seemed to me like air fingers—so gentle, so soft. It was carried to the gentleman opposite, and by him received and handed to me; the other was restored to the owner *tied* into a curious knot. All other hands were on the table during the whole of the time. Two of the three gas-lights were now put out—and the fire burning brightly, gave a subdued light in the room. Mr. Home then became cataleptic in his hands and arms: he was raised from his seat till he stood upright, and then he rose vertically till he was a foot above the floor—his head level with the chandelier—this was repeated twice, but he did not rise higher. On sitting down again, the tablecloth was several times raised up in different parts of the table, and I, with others, placed my hand on the substance which so raised it, and to my sense of feeling, it was as if a plastic hand and fingers touched mine, yielding to my pressure. During our conversations, approval or disapproval of some things said were given by energetic concussions. The loudest affirmatives were when it was said these manifestations were by God's permission, to prove the continued existence of our relatives, and of our immortality; also that we could not be alone, as there were ever about us, unseen active intelligences, who saw our actions, heard our words, and discerned our thoughts. The sitting was brought to a close by the words—"We can do no more: God bless you."

The lady who was with me had laughed and wondered at my foolishness for these several years past for believing in spirit-power manifestations; but now, wonder, joyousness, and belief took possession of her, and the candid avowal of her conviction, and the consequences to certain materialistic members of her family, seemed to be producing a powerful effect upon her mind.

What is the use of spirit descending to the level of our edu-

cational obtuseness, and producing the class of phenomena detailed in this rough sketch? The question is answered by my giving a portion of a letter received on the 6th of this month from one of our literary celebrities, whose name has not yet been prominently before the public in connection with spirit manifestations. Having, as a new year's present, sent on the 1st to the editors of the daily and weekly newspapers and magazines a printed letter on spirit-manifestations, I had a reply from one of the editors, who says:—

"I *know* all you have stated, and more—I have seen and felt all you have stated, and more. I believe I am no 'fool'—I am sure I am no 'rogue.' To me the belief has been an unspeakable comfort, thoroughly taking me away from that materialism into which I had crept: and I believe *that* to be the main purpose of spiritual teaching, and the reason why the great principle is developed in our time."

I have had the same testimony given to me by many others. In the light of such knowledge, we can afford to hear the thoughtless scoff of the "foolishness of spirit-manifestations" as the apostles of old had to hear the sneering taunt of the "foolishness of preaching."

JOHN JONES.

Basinghall Street, 14th January, 1861.

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## DR. BAYLEY ON SPIRITUALISM.

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ON Sunday, January 13th, Dr. Bayley, the minister of the New Jerusalem Church, Argyle Square, London, preached a sermon on "The Nature of True Spiritualism," selecting as his text Isaiah viii., 19 and 20.

"Nothing," said the preacher, "can be more useful than Spiritualism rightly understood, for it is the bringing the sphere of God down within the activities of men. In the early states of the world it was the privilege of men in their state of innocence to see the celestial beings with whom they were conjoined. The Spirit-world is the inner world of Nature; the inhabitants of that world, both heavenly and otherwise, are in near consociation with the inhabitants of this. The materialistic philosophy of the last century had become so diffused over all parts of the world where the Christian religion was accepted, that they had sunk for the most part into an entire negation of spiritual realities: ministering angels and evil spirits had become to them almost nonentities; and when facts showed that the so-called dead were really alive in the upper world, they knew not what to make of it.

"That it is a fact that we are in connection with the spiritual world the sacred Scriptures abundantly demonstrate. In Jacob's vision, the ladder seen by the patriarch represented, in the various steps of which it was constituted, a series of degrees of being, stretching from heaven to earth with the Lord at the top. The opening of the eyes of the prophet's servant, so that he saw 'horses of fire and chariots of fire round about Elisha,' for his protection, was another instance in illustration of the text—'Are they not all ministering spirits?' There were guardian-angels appointed to watch over each of us. The law of the union of like with like in the physical world had its counterpart in the moral world: men

were associated with spirits by the law of similarity of their inner natures—hence suggestions, which in common speech were said to come into a man's head, were, in reality, infused into his mind by the spirits with whom he was consociated. Men's nature, their several qualities and powers, both good and evil, were intensified in the spirit-world; but in the Divine mercy both men and spirits were unconscious of their mutual association; this curtain of unconsciousness was a protection to men against the malice and power of evil spirits. This merciful law was perilled by every man who unbidden sought to thrust himself into connexion with familiar spirits, against intercourse with whom, and against every mode of interrogating the dead, the most express laws were given and repeated to the people of Israel. But it might be asked, 'May not a person seek intercourse with spirits without interrogating the hells, or seeking communication with evil spirits?' This was, in effect, the question put by Dives, and the answer given was, 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.\*' It was contrary to Divine order; therefore, under no circumstances, nor for any purpose, was it permitted: the danger is so great that it would be ruinous. The similarity of modern manifestations—through mediums, tables, rappings— to those described in the text was very apparent: there was peeping and muttering, groping and indistinctness—not clear pronounciation and intelligible speech;† and, as in the case of the spirit who appeared to Samuel, the spirits were all pretenders, and assumed a false personality. No right communications ever came from seeking. Was there, then, no orderly means by which conjunction with the spirit-world could be effected? Yes—the Divine Word—the Bible, is the appointed mode of conjunction by which the Lord himself communes with his creatures; and if they did not at once fully understand the Word, let them practise that which they did understand, and all further spiritual help and enlightenment that they needed would be given to them."

We have only one or two remarks to make in reply to some of the foregoing statements. First, with regard to the alleged danger of spiritual intercourse—were the danger to the full as great as Dr. Bayley represents, the objection would still be insufficient. We have only to take up a newspaper to be convinced that it is very dangerous to hold intercourse with men in the natural world—that there are here plenty of spirits who lie, and cheat, and rob, and murder. Even in "respectable society" in "the Church," and among its ministers, there are many who pretend to be what they are not; with whom, for instance, charity is often on the lip while bitterness is in the heart. Are we, therefore, to abandon society, to abandon religion, to shut out all human intercourse? God forbid! The prosecution of natural science is, we know, attended with danger, sometimes, with destruction; are we therefore to abandon it? Is the knowledge of spiritual things less important, less noble than of material things? And is the fear of danger the most noble and heroic virtue that Christianity has enshrined? Beside, if Dr. Bayley's postulate is true—that spirits associate only with

\* There are some now, as in all time, of whom it would seem this might be truly said; but to interpret the passage as of universal application, would be to interpret it in a way contrary to facts, for many who would not hear Moses and the prophets have been persuaded by the so-called dead manifesting to them their living presence.

† What will our writing and speaking mediums say to this?

their like; then, to false and malignant men alone is there any danger from false and malignant spirits; those who earnestly seek truth and goodness do not incur it. From long and somewhat extensive acquaintance with mediums and circles, we can aver that the "danger" of which Dr. Bayley and others talk so glibly, exists in their imagination, rather than in fact. We have seen little of it, while of the good that Spiritualism has effected we have seen much. There are, indeed, weak foolish persons who would follow the *dicta* of almost any spirit in or out of the natural body, rather than think for themselves, or follow the plain teachings of the New Testament: and to such, Spiritualism or any other *ism* may be dangerous.

With regard to the Old Testament prohibition of spiritual intercourse, will Dr. Bayley assert that all which was prohibited to Jews under the old dispensation is prohibited to Christians under the new? We are sure he will not be so unwise; and yet there was not in his sermon a single argument given, or a single text quoted to show that this prohibition remains in force and is applicable to the Christian world; and if it were, then the penalty should also be enforced—being of equal authority—and all mediums should be put to death; and Swedenborg, who was a medium, by his own declaration, for near a quarter of a century, should have been the first victim in modern times. When we find that Christ himself conversed with the spirits of the dead—even with Moses, the promulgator of this law of prohibition to the Jews, we need seek for it no higher sanction—no farther proof that in itself, it is not contrary to the Divine will. It may, however, be naturally asked, why then was it prohibited to the Jews? Dr. Bayley, as a theologian, must know that the mission of the Jews was to proclaim the unity of God against an all-surrounding idolatry, that this idolatry consisted, at least for the most part, in the apotheosis and worship of the spirits of the dead, and that this again had its root in a perverted intercourse with the spirit-world. That was the great danger and temptation of the ancient world, and it constituted a justification of the prohibitions to the Jews in the Mosaic code; especially, as by the same code, another mode of obtaining spiritual responses, as we understood Dr. Bayley to assert—that of the Urim and Thummim was appointed. But the danger and temptation of the Christian world is not to worship a multitude of gods, but to deny God and a spiritual world altogether. Hence, a practice which, in its ancient form, was subversive of true religion, may now be made, and is made to subserve its highest interests by destroying that negation of spiritual realities which Dr. Bayley most truly tells us had begun to prevail in all parts of the Christian world; and hence the inapplicability of his statement that the Bible is

the only appointed mode of conjunction with the spiritual world; for, before it can become effective to this end it must be believed, and this belief has lapsed wherever the materialistic philosophy of the last century has established itself. The "negation of all spiritual realities" has co-existed with the circulation and preaching of the Word; Christianity has not even held its own in Christendom. Men have to be convinced of the truth of "spiritual realities" ere they can accept the Bible and Christianity. This is the work that Spiritualism is doing on the broadest scale, and we know of no other agency equal to the task. Let Christians then—whether of the old church, or of the New Church, or of no church—take heed, lest in opposing it they unwittingly aid that "materialistic philosophy" which is one of the deadliest foes with which the Christianity of this, or of any century can have to contend.

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### THE COCK-LANE GHOST.

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THE numerous and somewhat elaborate theories presented to explain away the spiritual nature of apparitions is, at least, a proof of the pretty general conviction that, notwithstanding the real or assumed levity in which they are usually spoken of, the narratives we have of them are not to be regarded as *all* imposture. That cry is almost certain to be raised whenever any specific case is referred to, and, especially, if any particular incident admits of this explanation, it is at once assumed to cover the whole case, though it may throw no light on any of its essential facts, and may show still more clearly that they are quite inexplicable on any such hypothesis.

Ask any ordinarily well-informed person to name the most notorious instance of imposture in this line, and, without hesitation, he will specify—"The Cock-lane Ghost." The very name is a bye-word—a synonyme for detected imposture. Does a journalist wish to point a moral about the credulity of human nature—especially when unenlightened by science,—he calls up the "Cock-lane Ghost." Does Mr. Dickens want a smart title to an article against "Spirit-rapping," he christens it, "The Ghost of the Cock-lane Ghost," and chuckles over it as a happy idea; or again, to prove that spirits are "supernaturally deficient in originality," he takes the pains to point out how "even the Cock-lane Ghost rapped out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past rapped out theirs." Well, as this "perturbed spirit" seems thus "doomed for a certain space to walk the

earth," in a very "questionable shape," we'll "speak to it." We don't exactly mean by summoning it at a *séance*, as we believe Mr. G. H. Lewes, the writer of the article in *Blackwood*, once did the ghost of Hamlet's father, but merely to summon up the facts, as presented in the popular narrative of it, by Henry Wilson, who appears to have been as little of a Spiritualist as Mr. Dickens or Mr. Lewes. The history may, perhaps, serve as a caution to us how we accept a popular verdict without inquiry. We slightly abridge the narrative, but adhere as closely as possible to the author's language; and have marked in *italics* some of the more salient points in the evidence, and such phenomena as appear most nearly related to the spiritual manifestations in our own day.

In 1756, Mr. Kempe, a gentleman of Norfolk, was married to a lady, who within a twelvemonth died in childbed. Her sister, who had lived at Mr. Kempe's, as a companion to his wife, continued to assist him in his business, and they contracted such an intimacy, that when he quitted it with the intention of settling in London, she insisted on following him—even on foot, if he would not procure her a more creditable conveyance. She accordingly followed him to town, and they lived together as man and wife, and mutually made their wills in each other's favour. After a time, they took lodgings in Cock-lane, Smithfield, at the house of Mr. Parsons, the officiating clerk of St. Sepulchre's. Soon after their removal here, Mr. Kempe went into the country, and his lady, who went by the name of *Fanny*, took Mr. Parson's daughter, a child of eleven years old, to sleep with her. Soon after, *Fanny*, one morning, complained to the family that they had both been greatly disturbed in the night by violent noises. Mr. Parsons was at a loss to account for this, but at length recollected that an industrious shoemaker lived in the neighbourhood, and concluded that he was the cause of the disturbance. The noises, however, were again heard, and on a Sunday night, when it was known that the shoemaker was *not* at work. The lady now approaching her confinement, and also, being taken with what was thought to be an eruptive fever, removed to more convenient lodgings in Bartlett-street, Clerkenwell. After her removal the noises ceased at Mr. Parsons' house. It was now found that instead of an eruptive fever, her disease was small-pox. The symptoms, which at first appeared favourable, soon gave indications of approaching dissolution. She expired on the second of February, 1760, and her body was interred at the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell.

From this event two years elapsed, when a report was spread that a great knocking and scratching had been heard in the night at the house of Mr. Parsons, to the great terror of all the family:

all methods to discover the cause of it being ineffectual. This noise was always heard under the bed in which lay two children, the eldest of whom had slept with Mrs. Kempe during her residence there. To find out whence it proceeded, Mr. Parsons had the wainscot taken down, but the knockings and scratchings still continued, and with greater violence. The children were removed into another room, but were followed by the same noises, which sometimes continued during the whole night. From these circumstances it was apprehended that the house was haunted.

The elder child declared that she had some time before seen the apparition of a woman, surrounded as it were, by a blaze of light; nor was she the only person who saw this apparition. A publican in the neighbourhood, bringing a pot of beer into the house, about eleven o'clock at night, was so terrified that he let the beer fall, upon seeing on the stairs, as he was looking up, the bright, shining figure of a woman, which cast such a light that he could see the dial on the charity-school through a window in that building. The figure passed by him and beckoned him to follow, but he was too terrified to obey its directions, and ran home as fast as he could, and was taken very ill. About an hour after this, Mr. Parsons himself, having occasion to go into another room, saw the same apparition.

The girl who had seen the apparition, being questioned as to what she thought it was like, declared that it was Mrs. Kempe, who about two years before had lodged in the house. Upon this, the circumstances attending Mrs. Kempe's death were called to mind, and other circumstances were brought to light tending still further to inculcate Mr. Kempe, and it began to be rumoured that there was ground for suspicion that the deceased lady had not died a natural death; and a narrative of her connection with Mr. Kempe was published, signed J. A. L. (supposed to be the initials of a relative of the deceased lady) with a supplement, signed "*R. Browne, Amen Corner,*" reflecting strongly upon his conduct.

The knockings continued with increased violence, and the child was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations: it began to be believed that the spirit of Mrs. Kempe had taken possession of the girl. Several gentlemen were requested to sit up all night in the child's room. On the 13th of January, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, a respectable clergyman was sent for, who addressing himself to the supposed spirit, desired, that if any wrong had been done to the person who had lived in that house, he might be answered in the affirmative by one single knock; if the contrary, by two knocks. This was immediately answered by one knock. He then asked several



questions, which were *all very rationally answered*, and from which the following particulars were learned:—"That the spirit was a woman, her name Frances L—s, that she had lived in fornication with Mr. Kempe, whose first wife was her sister, and that he had poisoned her by putting arsenic in purl, and administering it to her when ill of small pox."

Many people suspecting that some deception was practised, it was resolved to remove the girl to another house, in order that if there was any imposture, it might be detected. This was accordingly done, and the child was suddenly taken away to a strange house, at the corner of Hosier Lane, Smithfield,—and not to that to which it had been said she was to be removed. The clergyman who had already visited her, not choosing to pronounce hastily on what seemed to him extraordinary, collected some friends, among whom were two or three divines, and about twenty other persons, to assist him in detecting any imposture that might be practised. They first *thoroughly examined* the bed, bedding, &c., and being satisfied that there was *no visible appearance of deceit*, the child was put into the bed, which was found to shake violently. They then proceeded to ask a variety of questions; the answers were given by raps as before (one knock for the affirmative, two for the negative, and expressing displeasure by scratching), and they confirmed the former statement, and added a few other particulars; some "test questions," such as the number of clergymen present were correctly answered, and by the same method it was stated that the spirit would depart at four o'clock in the morning; at which hour the sounds are said to have removed into a public-house called the Wheat Sheaf, a few doors off, where they were *heard in the bed-chamber of the landlord and landlady*, to the great affright and terror of them both.

The child was now conveyed to a house in Crown and Cushion Court, where two clergymen and several ladies and gentlemen met to further investigate the case.

About eleven o'clock the knocking began; when a gentleman in the room began speaking angrily to the girl, and hinting that he supposed it was some trick of hers—the child was uneasy and cried; on which the knocking was heard *louder*, and *much faster* than before; but *no answer could be obtained to any question while that gentleman staid in the room*.

After he was gone the noise ceased, and nothing was heard till a little after twelve, when the child was *seized with a trembling and shivering*, in which manner she always appeared to be affected on the departure as well as at the approach of the spirit. On this, one of the company asked when it would return again, and at what time. Answer was made in the usual manner by knocks, that it would be there again before seven in the morning. A

noise like the fluttering of wings was then heard, after which all was quiet till between six and seven on the following morning, when the knocking began again.

A little before seven, two clergymen came, when the fluttering noise was repeated; which was considered as a sign that the spirit was pleased. Several questions were then put, particularly one by a female, an acquaintance of the deceased, who came out of mere curiosity, and who had been to see Mrs. Kempe some time before she died. The question was, how many days before the death of the latter this gentlewoman had been to see her. The answer given was three knocks, signifying three days, which was *exactly right*. Another question was, whether some of the company then present had not a relation who had been buried in the same vault where Mrs. Kempe lay. The reply was made by one knock in the affirmative. They then asked severally if it was their relation: all excepting the two last were answered no; but to the last, the reply was *one* knock, which was *right*. These two circumstances produced considerable surprise in the company. The clergyman then asked several questions, the most material of which, with the responses, were as follows:—

You have often signified that Mr. K—— poisoned you; if this is really the truth, answer by nine knocks. Answer was made by *nine very loud and distinct knocks*.

Would it give you any satisfaction to have your body taken up?—Yes.

Would the taking up and opening of your body lead to any material discovery?—Yes.

On the following night the child was again removed, as secretly as possible, and conveyed to the house of the matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

About twenty persons sat up in the room; but it was not till near six in the morning that the first alarm was given, which coming *spontaneously*, as well as suddenly, a good deal struck the imagination of those present. (The scratching was compared to that of a cat on a cane chair) Again, altercation ensued, which was carried on with some warmth—some believing and some disbelieving the reality of the spirit. *When the dispute on this subject commenced, the spirit took its leave, and no more knocking or scratching was heard.*

On Sunday night the girl lay at a house in Cock Lane; a person of distinction, two clergymen, and several other persons were present. Between ten and eleven the knocking began, and *answers were again made by these knockings to various questions. At eleven o'clock, eleven distinct knocks were heard, and at twelve o'clock, twelve*; and on the spirit being asked when it would return, *seven* knocks were given. Accordingly, when St. Se-

pulchre's struck *seven*, on Monday morning, the invisible agent knocked the *same number of times*. Questions were again asked, and *every person was put out of the room who could be supposed to have the least connexion with the girl; her hands were laid over the bedclothes, the bed carefully looked under, &c., but no discovery was made.*

The girl was now (January 31) removed to the house of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where, *after being undressed and examined, she was put to bed with proper caution, by several ladies* (the bed, without any furniture, was set in the middle of a large room, and the chairs placed round it); many gentlemen eminent for their rank and character, at Mr. Aldrich's invitation, were present. While deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by the ladies who had been left with the girl, and who had heard knocks and scratches in the room. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back; but in their presence no further manifestations were obtained.

As the spirit had by an affirmative knock before promised that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault where Mrs. Kempe's body was deposited, and give a token of its presence there by a knock upon the coffin, the spirit was now advertised that the person to whom this promise was made (the Rev. Mr. Moore) was about to visit the vault, and that the performance of this promise was then claimed. Accordingly, Mr. Moore, the celebrated Dr. Johnson, and another gentleman went into the vault, but nothing ensued. Mr. Kempe with several others then went down, but no effect was perceived.\* On their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession of imposture from her; and between two and three o'clock in the morning she was permitted to go home to her father. These gentlemen reported it as their opinion "That the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

Further steps were made by other persons to find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from one place to another, and was said to be *constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot, and that without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared to be asleep—nay, they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.*

She was at last removed to the house of a gentleman, where her bed was tied up in the manner of a hammock, about a yard

\* It appears that the girl was not taken into the vault; that "nothing ensued" is therefore, just what might be expected; as it is now known that the presence of a medium is a necessary condition of the manifestations.

and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could be without injury, and fastened with fillets for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard. The next day being pressed to confess, and *being told, that if the knocking and scratching were not heard any more, she, with her father and mother, would be sent to Newgate*; and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed, to try if the noises would come. She lay in bed this night much longer than usual, but there were no noises. This was on a Saturday.

Being told on Sunday, that the ensuing night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board, about four inches broad and six long, under her stays; this board had been used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed, she told the gentlemen she would bring Fanny at six the next morning.

The master of the house and one of his friends being, however, informed by the maid that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board, remarking at the same time, *what they themselves were convinced of, that, "these noises were not like those which used to be made."* She was then told that she had taken a board to bed, and on her denying it, was searched and caught in the lie.

The two gentlemen, who, with the maids, were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman, to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance. He complied with their request, and brought another gentleman along with him. *They all concurred that the child had been frightened into this attempt by the threats which had been made the preceding night.* The master of the house and his friend both declared—"That the noises the girl had made that morning, had not the least likeness to the former."

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Kempe brought an action against Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. James, a tradesman, and one Mary Frazer. They were convicted by a special jury, of a conspiracy against the life and character of Mr. Kempe. The trial lasted twelve hours, but judgment was respited, as Lord Mansfield wished to take the opinions of the other judges on this extraordinary case. The passing sentence was deferred for seven or eight months, in hopes that the parties might make up the affair. Accordingly, the Rev. Mr. Moore and Mr. James were discharged on paying the prosecutor £300 and his costs, which amounted to nearly as much more. The printer and publisher of the narrative also made their peace with him; but Mr. Parsons was ordered to be set in the pillory three times in one month, and then to be imprisoned

two years; his wife to be imprisoned one year, and Mary Frazer six months, in Bridewell, and to be kept to hard labour.

These proceedings drove poor Parsons out of his mind, and when exposed in the pillory, the people so far from using him ill made a handsome collection for him. The death of the Rev. Mr. Moore soon after, was popularly attributed to grief and vexation arising out of this case.

The reader can now judge for himself whether the popular notion that this case was throughout an imposture, that "the whole affair was detected" is correct, or otherwise. Was the apparition, seen at different times by three different persons, shown to be an imposture? Were the noises that constantly attended the girl, in all the sudden and secret removals of her to strange places amid strange company—and even when "muffled and bound hand and foot, and without any motion in her lips;" and when asleep; heard too "in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay;" and at "the Wheat Sheaf a few doors off in the bed chamber of the landlord and landlady to the great affright and terror of them both:"—was this shown to be all an imposture? Did the reverend and learned gentlemen and the ladies who "thoroughly examined" the matter detect the trick, or were they all bamboozled by a child 13 years of age, and who thus brought only persecution on herself and fines and imprisonment, the pillory, and insanity on her parents, and those who took any active interest in her behalf? True, the gentlemen who went into the vault, and who (in the absence of a medium) did not hear the promised "knock on the coffin," though they had already had more knocks than they could account for, or be quite comfortable under, "reported it as their opinion 'that the girl has some art of making or counterfeiting noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause;'" but this was "*their opinion*" only, and not a solitary fact had they to offer in support of it.

If the girl possessed the "art of making or counterfeiting particular noises," how was it that she did not exercise this "art" when most anxious to do so, and when threatened to be sent with her father and mother to Newgate if it was not exercised? When thus threatened and worried, she, poor thing, finding that the sounds did not come as before, had no other "art" than a recourse to the clumsy and childish expedient of taking a kettle-board to bed, and scratching on it; in which, of course, she was at once detected; her very detectors admitting that she had been frightened into this attempt, "and that the noises on this occasion" had not the least likeness to the former." It was, however, found necessary either to make the case out one of "imposture," or to "admit the agency of a higher cause" in it; and as they were

unwilling to accept the latter alternative, they were driven with or without evidence, to adopt the former.\*

Mr. Kempe's guilt or innocence is not now the question—which is simply, whether or no the press is justified in systematically branding this case as one of "detected imposture"? We believe that there is a good deal of imposture in it as it is ordinarily represented, but that this imposture rests with those who ignorantly or wilfully ignore, or misrepresent the facts, and mislead those whom it is their province to instruct.

The question of Spiritualism cannot now be affected by either the truth or falsehood of any alleged instance of spiritual agency, as such instances are now numbered by the hundred and the thousand, and have during the last dozen years, been on all sides subject to the closest scrutiny; but when the press screams out "Imposture."—"The whole affair is detected;" it may be well to remember that that cry has been raised before, again and again; and when we find that their own pet instance—the one on which these writers confidently rely—and with which they most frequently twit the believers, turns out, upon examination, to be no imposture, and that little else has been detected than their own attempt to represent it as one, it may suggest a wholesome suspicion that however useful the press may be, its statements are not to be implicitly trusted; and that the "smart men" who manufacture our intellectual pastry, sometimes yield to the temptation to "cook" unpopular facts so as to adapt them to the public taste.

T. S.

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\* The writer of an article on "Modern Miracles," in the *New Quarterly Review*, No. 6, and who characterises Spiritualism as "a blasphemous absurdity," in his account of the Cock Lane Ghost, tells us that "grave persons of high station, and not thought of as candidates for Bedlam, came away from Cock Lane shaking their heads thoughtfully;"—that "James Penn, Stephen Aldrich, Bishop Douglas, and Doctor Johnson held a solemn investigation" into the case, and that "the great moralist" drew up their report (embodied in our text). The Reviewer tells us that "the wainscots (of the room where the noises were) were pulled down, and the floor pulled up, but they saw no ghost and discovered no trick;" and he remarks, in conclusion, "Thus the Cock Lane Ghost came off undiscovered at last." We have seen it stated that Oliver Goldsmith, who, like his friend Dr. Johnson, believed in ghosts, wrote an account of this remarkable case. Do any of our friends know anything of this narrative?

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A recent writer says, "Every act of a man's life is written in a book—kept within his own breast for future reference and reckoning." Not only so, but in the Future Life that book will be open to all to read. "That which was hidden shall be made known, and that which was done in secret shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops."

## SPIRITUALISM AND CHURCH PARTIES.

EARNEST seekers after truth are not so likely to be betrayed into error through mistaking semblances for realities, as through the exaggeration of some one verity to the neglect or disparagement of others. The young, impulsive, and ill-educated, are at all times liable to this misfortune. They are either devoid of power or opportunity to recognise the due proportion of the several parts in the great harmony of truth. The world at large is obnoxious to a similar calamity, when either some new truth looms in the horizon, or when circumstances press home some old one to the minds of men with more intense conviction. History abounds with instances of the difficulty in such cases of assigning to the newly discovered luminary its right place and orbit in the universe of truth. Many are for making a sun of it, when it may be only a satellite, some may declare it a comet portending anarchy and revolution, while others regard it merely as a non-descript ærolite of import to none, and merely a disturbing element in the speculations of the real philosopher. The large mass of facts, physical, psychical, and spiritual, now attracting so considerable a share of public attention, and going by the name of Spiritualism, appear calculated to cause no little perplexity of the kind which we have pointed out. No one can as yet satisfactorily explain their relation to other acknowledged truths, scientific, moral, or divine. Attempts to do so, however, can and should be made. If successful, they may prevent the unhinging of some minds and the perversion of others.

In a former paper we noticed the bearing of spiritualistic phenomena on some of the most prominent phases assumed by scepticism at the present day. We would now throw out a few thoughts on the relation of Spiritualism to the church, endeavouring to predict what sections of the same will probably reject its teaching, and what, on the contrary, may be expected to receive it gladly. No great prophetic intuition is needed to foresee that the members of both the extreme parties, high and low, in the Church of England will as a rule regard this new movement with distrust or aversion. Little as these parties sympathise in other respects, they are alike in abjuring all development in things spiritual and religious, except in so far as that development confines itself within certain narrow limits of their own fixing. And unfortunately these limits are by no means drawn according to reason, or even recognised standards of faith and practice. They are rather a sort of logical fence marking out the boundaries of theological systems. "The Bible and the Bible only," is the watchword of the Evangelical party, and if they would only stand

fairly by this rule of faith, we should not fear that Spiritualism would obtain an equitable hearing from them; but then the Word of God must be twisted into shape to meet their "views." Luther abolished Hades through aversion to Purgatory; although an intermediate state is as plainly revealed in Scripture as any other fact concerning the invisible world, the Evangelicals have followed in his steps—and, moreover, fearful of countenancing angel-worship, they almost ignore the ministration of angels altogether. Again, lest a theory of theirs on the subject of inspiration should be interfered with, they do their best to confine the inspiration of God's "free spirit" to the doctrines of the New Testament. These alone are ample grounds for anticipating opposition from low churchmen to all manifestations of Spiritualism, except, perhaps, those witnessed at revivals. Similar, but not identical objections to the entire subject will be adduced by members of the opposite party. It will present itself to them as a disturbing element in church-order, of which nothing may be read in the earlier fathers.

But happily Christians are to be met with elsewhere than among the partisans of either High or Low Church systems. We believe that the noblest souls in England have cast away their cords from them, and that such as a rule, fail in their fidelity to party in proportion as they grow in Christian faith and love. This mixed multitude is more difficult to describe, for it has no uniform or watchword, unless this latter be charity. Yet, is it not wholly without characteristics. Having faith in God, as the infinite truth; and in the Bible, as the revelation of that truth to men, as far as they are able to bear it; they are not disposed to cramp the teaching of Scripture within any set of logical dogmas, and they venture to hope that the mind and will of God is far higher and deeper, and wider than any human conception of it. What is the natural outcome of such convictions as these? First, a longing for some more satisfactory interpretation of Holy Scripture than that commonly deemed final and authoritative. Secondly, a disposition to doubt the soundness of any theology which does not keep pace with the providential education of men in other departments of truth, historical, ethical, and philosophical. We must call those who exhibit such dispositions Mystics, for want of any better title. It is a name which we fear has an ill odour about it, but which is perhaps more intelligible and comprehensive than any other we might fix upon. Robert Alfred Vaughan, who in his *Hours with the Mystics*, has done more than any other writer to help us to understand the mystical character, describes it as ever protesting against formalism, as esteeming heart-work in religion above national orthodoxy, and as more intensely realising the nearness of the unseen world than



colder religious temperaments. He warns us also against the dangers which beset the mystically disposed. Of these we will speak presently.

Now, we ask, is it not probable that the truths contained in Spiritualism will receive candid investigation, and then a hearty welcome from this so-called mystical class of minds? Does it not appeal to all their characteristic tendencies, their impatience of worn-out formularies, their longing for wider revelation, their belief in still existing inspiration, and their desire for direct knowledge. And we are fain to hope that many of the most promising sons of the Church of England have much sympathy with this mystical body. Amongst other cheering proofs of this may be reckoned the number and character of the signatures attached to the testimonial to the lately elected incumbent of Oxford Chapel, Marylebone. We notice the names of two Bishops, five Deans, endless Professors at the universities, and the majority of the Headmasters in our public schools. The Rev. F. D. Maurice, on whom this gratifying token of esteem is bestowed, is not only one of the profoundest ministers of the age, but also a mystic of the soundest mould. If any entertain doubts whether he may be rightly placed in this class, we would urge them to consider the many points of similarity between his teaching and that of Emanuel Swedenborg, whom Emerson so judiciously selected as his representative mystic. Swedenborg, indeed, possessed an advantage not enjoyed by Mr. Maurice in the singular gift, which laid open to his view numerous arcana of the unseen world; but the latter, on the other hand, is privileged to live in an era of greater light and faith, and, to our thinking at least, is endowed naturally with a more fervent, generous, and catholic spirit. However this may be, we imagine that we may assert without rashness that no living divine appears likely to have more influence on the theology of England during the next generation than the present incumbent of Oxford Chapel.

And who are those who most admire and sympathise with Mr. Maurice's tone of thought and feeling? And what are those perplexities out of which this great Doctor Dubitantum would lead them? The far-famed Theological Essays (a sort of *resumé* of the doctrines inculcated at Lincoln's Inn Chapel) were dedicated to Alfred Tennyson. *In Memoriam* furnished a motto to that volume, and in the *In Memoriam* we find, set to a series of exquisite minor strains, the most painful doubts and strongest yearnings of our time, to attempt to assuage and satisfy which, these theological essays were written. We will not stay now to show at length how intimate is the connection between these doubts and yearnings, and the facts with which we have to do in Spiritualism. Suffice it to say, that the countless speculations

touched upon in that wonderful poem, all revolve about a central thought or doubt;—namely, the state of the departed, and the relation in which they stand to those on earth. Let this doubt be once removed and swept away for ever, and *In Memoriam* alone contains evidence of the unspeakable misery which would pass away; and with it, the blessedness of restful assurance which would be its substitute. We wish that some more skilful hand than our own would undertake to analyse that tearful, measured moan over the closed grave, and so answer for ever the ignorant opposition to Spiritualism, offered by those who maintain that we in the 19th century stand in no need of confirmation in our belief of man's immortality.

We have seen that many members of the Church of England are unprepared to receive the truths, which a fair investigation of the spiritualistic movement might conduce to teach them. It may be well, by way of warning to such, to notice two dangers which beset the mystical temperament. This temper has its negative and positive sides, and is prone to run into extremes on either. Negatively, it rebels against formalism, positively, it longs for direct knowledge of unseen things. Mystics have often been tempted in exaggerating the inward light to reject the outward altogether; in other words, to deny the worth or necessity of any outward revelation. In America, as among themselves, it is to be feared, that many examples might be found among Spiritualists of the working of this tendency. The truths upheld by them are not indeed wholly derived from within; but yet, when the Bible has been rejected as worn-out old-world history, the Spiritualist finds himself afloat upon a sea of speculation, and bound to steer, if steer he may, almost wholly by the flickering light of reason. Spiritualism brings to men little truth with which they were not before acquainted; its proper work is to confirm and demonstrate existing revelation. Those who reject this last, and show by their conduct that they esteem their former faith disproved, would have us imagine that the light which has lately dawned upon us is to extinguish that far greater light of a similar, though superior kind, by which Providence for some six thousand years has guided, governed, and educated our race. The conceit of self-derived knowledge, and exaggerated dependence on the inward light, is really the very evil which the study of spiritualistic phenomena is calculated to avert; and those mystics who would otherwise make shipwreck of their faith on the rocks of rationalism, or lose themselves among the surging mists of Emersonian transcendentalism, may find herein safe anchorage.

The danger on the positive side lies in the temptation to impatience and irreverence. Mr. Vaughan maintains that mysticism has ever shown a disposition to degenerate into theurgy and

magic. Here we have another verification of the old saying that "extremes meet." The abjurer of all forms becomes the most rank formalist. As Quakers contemning creeds and sacraments as bonds of union, are fain to fall back upon "thy and thou," poke-bonnets and broad-brimmed hats, so the mystic, despising the ordinary means of obtaining a knowledge of Divine truth as material and unworthy, has too often had recourse to the most degrading arts of the sorcerer; or else has suffered the abused flesh to take out its revenge by afflicting the spirit with every species of delusive phantoms. In this way, delusion has begot irreverence and profanity, a sequence common enough in past time, and unless strongly checked destined to occur again. Let Spiritualists be on their guard against an undue confidence in impressions made upon the senses apart from moral convictions. Above all, may we keep clear of profane trifling. To see the means of intercourse with another world treated with the utmost levity as an idle pastime, must cause intense disgust to any but the essentially vulgar and most ill-regulated mind. More becoming would be the conduct prompted by the spirit which breathes, in the words of Tennyson,

" How pure at heart and sound in head,  
 With what divine affections bold,  
 Should be the man whose thought would hold  
 An hour's communion with the dead.  
 They haunt the silence of the breast,  
 Imaginations calm and fair,  
 The memory like a cloudless air,  
 The conscience as a sea at rest.  
 But when the heart is full of din,  
 And doubt beside the portal waits,  
 They can but listen at the gates,  
 And hear the household jar within."

S. E. B.

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We have received a copy of the *North of England News and Advertiser*, published at Newcastle-on-Tyne, from which it appears that a controversy has recently been going on in that paper on what the editor calls "Insanity in its new phase of Spiritualism." Mr. T. P. Barkas, whom the editor characterises as "our scientific townsman," in a letter to the editor, "deliberately, in the face of sneering, contempt, and risk of reputation," avows himself "a believer in the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism," and promises "A sketch of the history of Spiritualism in America and in England, the testimonies of some of the principal investigators in both countries, and my personal testimony and experience in the examination of these remarkable phenomena." Our friends throughout the country may take a hint from the example of Mr. Barkas, and bring their influence to bear, where they can, upon their local press.

## BAXTER ON APPARITIONS, &amp;c.

To one who has become convinced by the evidence of his senses of the genuineness of the spiritual phenomena, it is very interesting to trace the confirmatory proofs which abound, in the literature of the past, of the occurrence of similar marvels. It is curious to note also how much stress, *in proof of the immortality of the soul*, was laid by our forefathers upon phenomena which our modern savans, in their shortsightedness, reject as inconsistent with the laws of nature.

Among the Puritan divines of England there are few whose testimony is entitled to a higher respect than that of Richard Baxter, who died in 1691. In his *Saint's Everlasting Rest*, part 2, chap. vii., he remarks on the subject of *Apparitions*.—

“For my own part, though I am as suspicious as most in such reports, and do believe that most of them are conceits or delusions, yet having been very diligently inquisitive in all such cases, I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such apparitions; some from the mouths of men of undoubted honesty and godliness, and some from the reports of multitudes of persons who heard or saw. Were it fit here to name the persons, I could send you to them yet living, by whom you would be as fully satisfied as I: houses that have been so frequently haunted with such terrors, that the inhabitants successively have been witnesses of it.

“Learned godly Zanchius, in his tom. 3, lib. iv., cap. 10, *De Potentia Dæmonum*, saith, ‘He wonders that any should deny that there are such spirits, as from the effects are called hags, or fairies—that is, such as exercise familiarity with men, and do, without hurting men’s bodies, come to them, and trouble them, and, as it were, play with them. I could (saith he) bring many examples of persons yet alive, that have experience of these in themselves; but it is not necessary to name them, nor indeed convenient. But hence it appears that there are such spirits in the air; and that when God permits them, they exercise their power on our bodies, either to sport or to hurt.’—So far Zanchy. And he makes this use of it: ‘Of this (saith he), besides the certainty of God’s word, we have also men’s daily experience. These devils, therefore, do serve to confirm our faith of God, of the good angels, of the kingdom of heaven, of the blessed souls, and of many things more which the Scripture delivereth. *Many deny that the soul of man remaineth and liveth after death*, because they see nothing go from him but his breath; and they come to that impiety that they laugh at all that is said of another life. But we see not the devils; and yet it is clearer than the sun that this air is full of devils; because besides God’s word, experience itself

doth teach it.' Thus Zanchy pleads undeniable experience."—  
Lib. iv., c. 20, p. 312.

"The writings of Gregory, Ambrose, Austin, Chrysostom, Nicephorus, &c., make frequent mention of apparitions, and relate the several stories at large. You may read in *Lavater de Spectris* several other relations of apparitions, out of Alexander at Alexandro, Baptister Fulgasius, and others. Ludovicus Vives (lib. 1), *De Veritate Fidei*, saith: 'That among the savages in America, nothing is more common than to hear and see spirits in such shapes both day and night.' The like do other writers testify of those Indians: so saith Olaus Magnus of the Islanders. Cardanus de Subtilit. hath many such stories. So Joh. Manlius, in *Loc. Common. Collectan.* (cap. 4) *de Malis Spiritibus et de Satisfactione*. Yea, godly, sober Melancthon affirms that he had seen some such sights or apparitions himself; and many credible persons of his acquaintance have told him, that they have not only seen them, but had much talk with spirits.

"Lavater also himself, who hath written a book wholly of apparitions, a learned, godly, protestant divine, tells us, that it was then an undeniable thing, confirmed by the testimonies of many honest credible persons, both men and women, some alive, and some dead, that sometimes by night, and sometimes by day, have both seen and heard such things; some that going to bed had the clothes plucked off them; others had somewhat lying down in the bed with them; others heard it walking in the chamber by them, spitting, groaning; saying, they were the souls of such or such persons lately departed; that they were in grievous torments, and if so many masses were but said for them, or so many pilgrimages undertaken to the shrine of some saint, they should be delivered. These things, with many such more, saith Lavater, were then frequently and undoubtedly done, and that where the doors were fast locked, and the room searched, that there could be no deceit."

Of some of the phenomena of catalepsy and trance, admitted by Abercrombie and other physiologists, Baxter remarks: "Who can give any natural cause of men's speaking Hebrew or Greek, which they never learned or spake before; of their versifying; their telling persons that are present their secrets; discovering what is done at a distance, which they neither see nor hear? Fernelius mentioneth two that he saw; whereof one was so tormented with convulsive pain, sometimes in one arm, sometimes in the other, sometimes in one finger, &c., that four men could scarcely hold him, his head being still quiet and well. The physicians judged it a convulsion, from some malignant humour in the *spina dorsii*; till, having used all means in vain, at last the devil derided them, that they had almost destroyed the man

by their medicines. The man spoke Greek and Latin, which he never learned; he told the physicians a great many of their secrets," &c.

Those modern theologians who affect to spurn the confirmatory evidence which these despised phenomena of Spiritualism give of the immortality of the soul, would do well to look a little into the writings of the fathers of the Christian Church, and of eminent Christian divines, down to the end of the seventeenth century. They will then see how largely Christianity itself has been indebted to analogous phenomena for its hold upon the belief of such men as Melancthon and Luther, Baxter and Wesley. Well may John Wesley exclaim, in relation to the course of modern scepticism in regard to these phenomena,—“With my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one great proof of the invisible world.”

If a more enlightened pneumatology, instead of ascribing all evidences of spirit agency, which do not happen to comport with men's notions of spiritual dignity, to hags and fairies and devils, shall make it evident to our understandings that these evidences do but the more surely betoken that spirits may carry with them their human sympathies and foibles into the next stage of being, we shall not find the fact at war with a rational view of the laws of our complex nature. In my recent sittings with an excellent medium for physical phenomena of a very varied description, it has been cheering to me to receive the assurance, by deeds as well as words, that the element of *mirthfulness* will preserve its integrity, and that there is no banishment of *fun* from the society of the immortals. And why should there be? Has not a beneficent Creator planted it deep in the nature of all animate things? In the clumsy elephant as in the minutest insect, *playfulness* seems to be a divinely bestowed instinct as irrepressible as the appetite for food. Let us not believe that in the spirit-world it is the heritage only of devils.

Boston, America, January, 1861.

S.

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### IMPORTANT TESTIMONY TO THE FACTS.

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WE have been favoured with the following statement, made by James Hutchinson, Esq., who, as many of our readers no doubt know, is a gentleman of the highest standing in the commercial world, and for many years the respected Chairman of the London Stock Exchange. Mr. Hutchinson says:—

I have for some time past felt an interest in the subject of Spiritual Manifestations. Like most persons I had great difficulty in realising the statements

made to me of the wonders which were daily witnessed by others, but the evidence of friends satisfied me that there must be something worthy of serious investigation, and I therefore determined to take every opportunity of looking into it for myself. I have now done so, and I feel it a duty to openly bear my testimony to the *facts*, leaving others to *theorise* on the causes and tendency of these remarkable phenomena.

Recently introduced by a friend to Mr. D. D. Home, I found him a most kind and affable person, whose simplicity and candour at once disarms suspicion. A *séance* was arranged for the 23rd instant, and together with Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Mr. G. S. Clarke, Mr. T. Clarke, Mr. Gilbert Davidson, and another lady and gentleman unknown to me; we formed a party of nine. Shortly after sitting down, we all felt a tremulous motion in our chairs, and in the table, which was a very heavy circular drawing-room table. This movement of the table increased in power, and at the suggestion of Mr. Coleman, it imitated the exact action and sound of a stroke of a powerful marine engine acting on and vibrating the timbers of a weak-framed vessel.

The rapping sounds on the table and floor were constant; the heavy table was raised up repeatedly—and these manifestations were continued whilst my friend, Mr. Clarke, and another were seated, at the request of Mr. Home, *under* the table.

Two hand-bells, one weighing at least a pound and a half, were passed from one to another of the party by the unseen agencies. All of us in turn felt the touch and pressure of a soft and fleshy lifelike hand. I saw the full formed hand as it rested on my knee. The accordion, whilst held by Mr. Home in one hand, discoursed most eloquent music, and then to our great astonishment it was taken from him, and whilst both his hands and all of the party were visibly imposed on the surface of the table—the accordion, suspended from the centre of the table, gave out an exquisite air, no human hand touching it!

These and many other incidents of a seriously impressive but private character, of which I do not hesitate to speak among my friends, occupied about four hours of what I must admit to be one of the most interesting evenings I have ever spent. I place the facts as we witnessed them at your disposal for publicity, if you please, merely adding, that contrary to the assertions so constantly made that the manifestations are always in the dark, the whole of the phenomena of which I have spoken were manifested in a room lighted with gas, and a bright fire burning.

January 26th, 1861.

Yours, &c.,

JAS. HUTCHINSON.

## Correspondence.

### ODYLE *versus* OD.

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

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to differ from our excellent friend, Dr. Ashburner, for whom I have the highest regard, both on account of his talents and science, and of his noble maintenance of new and great truths in opposition to professional ideas, but he compels me, by his letter on Odyle in the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, to make some reply. He says that I have mistaken the meaning of Reichenbach in the word OD; and that the learned and excellent Dr. William Gregory in his translation of Reichenbach, has exhibited a certain "inexactness of mind,"

has added, by the use of the term ODYLE, meanings to the d, additional to those of Reichenbach.

Now what I said in my article on Reichenbach was, that OD o word at all. I am quite aware that it was the word inally used by Reichenbach; but Reichenbach, so far as I find, has nowhere given any light on the derivation of the l. It is not German—Reichenbach's mother-tongue: it is Greek, so far as I can discover. Reichenbach, at the place red to by Dr. Ashburner, speaks of having adopted the l, but says that he will, or may, take some other opportunity peaking of the *etymology* of the word. Such opportunity, r as I can find, has been like that promised by Festus to St. l; it has never come. I have gone through the work again again, to find it, in vain.

Before, then, we can know that Dr. Gregory has added to meaning of OD, by converting it to ODYLE, we must know it has any derivative meaning at all. Reichenbach throws ght upon this point: Dr. Ashburner throws as little.

Now, there is a derivation of ODYLE in the word ὀδᾶλδς or δς, a torch or brand, bearing a direct reference to the ering light from the magnet. It is true that this derivation des the definite article as well as the substantive; but OD, r as I know, or Reichenbach, or Dr. Ashburner show us, des nothing. Therefore, if Odyle be derived from ὀδᾶλδς, Gregory has the better of it. Now, I happen to have a munication from the late Dr. Gregory on the subject in these us:—"I do not know the derivation of the word, but this I w, that the word I have used I had from Reichenbach."

We know that Dr. Gregory translated the work by particular ngement with Baron Von Reichenbach; and if I am rightly rmed, they had some discussion on the word OD, which led to adoption of the term Odyle in the English translation, as a d not "concocted," but legitimately derived from a Greek t. However, let Dr. Ashburner give us the *derivative* mean- of OD. When I have got that I have something more to say.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

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[It seems to us that the question is not so much as to the rivation of the main word *Od*, as to the correctness of the mination *yle*, which has now a determinate meaning in emistry, and which if it be applied to the word *Od*, gives to the rce a chemical and material origin, instead of a spiritual source. his we apprehend to be Dr. Ashburner's meaning.—ED.]



DR. M. V. BLY.

WE are bound in all fairness, to let this person speak for himself, though, perhaps, had he been wise, he would have preferred silence to anything he says in the following letter.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I purchased a copy of your Magazine for January, and was much amused by perusing those articles wherein you kindly make use of my name. The name, in full, is correct, and that, I am sorry to say, is the only correct information given in the article.

As you are the public exponent of a philosophy whose principal doctrines are *charity*, the exercise of "brotherly love" towards your fellow man, and a desire for *truth* and *truth only*, I trust you will pardon me for inviting your attention to the contents of this note, as it may aid you in your untiring efforts to obtain that invaluable article.

You intimate that I practised as a medium in the States, "was detected, obliged to own up, &c." and that for a twelvemonth since I have lectured in the States. When your journal reaches the States, the Spiritualists themselves will at once see the falsity of such a statement.

For three years past I have lectured in the States, and have endeavoured to expose the tricks of spiritual jugglers, giving experiments to prove my position, and have never made a rap, revealed the contents of a ballot, or attempted to give a test in any way, except to expose the deception practised by those who claimed the aid of spirits. You probably refer to the exposure of Dr. Redman in New Orleans last winter. If you do not, will you please mention the time and place when I acted as a "spiritual" medium.

Since I arrived in London, from the very first I have denied the aid of spirits in my experiments, although in doing so I was thought impolitic by my friends, as such a denial they thought would detract from the interest of my exhibitions. This I can prove by reliable witnesses, and challenge any one to come forward and deny it.

At my first *séance* with your correspondent at the Great Western Hotel, I stated to the party at the close of the sitting, that I did not claim that it was spirits which had astonished them—for they were astonished at the time if I may judge from their appearance and conversation. After the first *séance*, the party heard that I had been an exposé of Spiritualism in America, and they began to doubt. They engaged me again after knowing this, for the ostensible purpose of discovering the *modus operandi*. I was well satisfied of this before I accepted the engagement, and then according to your correspondent's own statement, all the detection made in the two evenings was one *pellet* discovered in my hand, and that was by another party called in to watch my movements. The fact of my owning that I made the raps was no detection, and the party cannot now tell how the raps were produced. Your correspondent says nothing about the ballots revealed on the second evening, when he said himself there was no collusion—one written by himself.

You are a stranger to me, and all you can know of my connection with Spiritualism, is probably gained from back numbers of American spiritual journals—the writings of correspondents, who are mediums, or the friends of mediums, whose trade was injured by my lectures in their various localities. I think most of the believers in the spiritual phenomena are honest, but deceived, and will sometimes misrepresent to make out their case.

I am a believer in the spiritual philosophy as presented by A. J. Davis; but from an experience of six years with five hundred mediums, more or less, I believe the physical phenomena to be caused by the medium's own spirit, consciously or unconsciously; but if I ever witness a phenomenon which proves the falsity of my position, I will gladly admit it everywhere.

Notwithstanding the evident want of charity in your notice of me, I think you mean to be just; for certainly a dishonest man would not advocate a subject so unpopular with the mass as Spiritualism.

Those who really believe that the "angels are hovering about us," will not blindly denounce a supposed erring brother, but take him kindly by the hand, and by the influence of that "brotherly love" which always fills the heart and soul of the true Spiritualist, lead him out of his error, and *up*, where the influence of a higher class of spirits will control him. This is the doctrine *preached by all* true Spiritualists, and *practised by*—how many?—Yours for truth,

M. V. BLY.

Our correspondent mistakes his position, and the charge we made against him. We did not say that he was ever a medium. We expressly said we did not know whether he was one or not. Our charge was, that he took money from the public for shewing what they expected were genuine spirit manifestations, and that it was not *till he was detected in the imposture*, that he reluctantly admitted the impeachment. A more improper mode of life he could hardly follow. At his first *séance* at the Great Western Hotel, he was detected by all except one person. At the second he was obliged to confess. So much for his conduct in this country; but as he refers to his native land for a character, we insert a short notice of him, which appears in the *Banner of Light* of the 5th January:—

The London *Times* of December 8th informs us, that "Dr. M. V. Bly," has turned up in that metropolis. He probably couldn't make his "juggleries" pay at Barnum's Museum, and so has slid across the big pond, to impose upon the credulous of the old world. He has impudence enough for anything.

He was advertised to assist Mr. Novra in his lecture, and we deeply regret that, from some trifling difference of opinion between them, the public has been deprived of the advantage of seeing them both on the same platform. Dr. Bly thinks we are hardly kind to him in adverting to his conduct. It may be, however, that it is kindness to get him out of such a line, and at all events it is kind to the public to put it on its guard against him.

WE beg attention to the following letter of Mr. A. E. Newton, of Boston, who is one of the earliest as he is certainly one of the best, writers whom Spiritualism has brought into the field of journalism. We hope that he may often favour us with communications as valuable as the present.

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

Boston, U. S., 31st, December, 1860,

SIR,—Through the kindness of some unknown hand, I have been in the receipt of your very able journal during the past year. Many times, as I have risen from the perusal of its pages, have I wished to take my pen, and express to you my heartfelt gratitude for the existence of such a publication, and at the same time to remit to you a *substantial* token of my esteem of your labours. But these pleasures have been denied me. My own service in the same cause, through a series of years (as editor of the *New England Spiritualist*, afterwards the *Spiritual Age*, now discontinued), has procured me not only an empty pocket, but an injured physical constitution, which has unfitted me (till recently) for mental exertion. Your magazine has done much to reconcile me to my involuntary retirement for a time from a most interesting and absorbing field of labour. For in the elevation of its literary and religious tone, and in the catho-

licity and spirituality of its philosophy, it has seemed to me a more worthy and satisfactory exponent of the great Spiritual Reformation than any other publication with which I am acquainted.

I congratulate you on the temperate yet gallant and successful manner in which you are conducting the "Battle of the Evidences." You are now in the midst of an earnest contest, the precise parallel of which has been fought out on this side of the Atlantic, within the past eight years—and that, too, triumphantly for the truth. It is amusing to see how closely the tactics of the opposition in this country are copied and repeated by the opponents of Spiritualism with you. They but gather up and discharge over again the shattered weapons which have been many a time proved utterly powerless against the advancing truth.

I do not say that everybody here has become an avowed convert to the truth of spirit intercourse. Far from it. Many determined sceptics still remain, especially among fossilized journalists and the "religious" and "educated" classes. Numbers of these have had the great misfortune to get their opinions stereotyped in early life, in some substance too unyielding to admit of either corrections or additions. But so prevalent have been the varied manifestations of spirit-power among all classes in our country, and so clearly futile have proved all the pretended "scientific explanations," that a sort of semi-belief has forced itself upon the general mind. Most persons of intelligence in all classes of society now readily admit that Spiritualism has "something in it;" and not a few who decline avowing themselves spiritualists, are nevertheless secretly convinced that "something" is just what it claims to be—i.e., spirit interference.

Doubtless, changes in the popular mind are effected more slowly in your country than in this. But no one acquainted with the realities which lie at the basis of this movement can have the least doubt in regard to the ultimate result. "The truth is mighty, and will prevail."

Some of the surface phases of the spiritualistic movement in America have, no doubt, been a source of perplexity and regret to many of its earnest friends in Great Britain. I refer to certain irreligious or anti-Christian proclivities manifested by a class of its advocates, as also to the tendencies shown by individuals to break loose from all moral restraints, at the same time that they throw off the bond of *theological* error. That there was *some* truth in the representation of my well-meaning but excitable friend, Mr. Harris, in his famous London Sermon of January 15th, no well-informed person can deny. But from my point of observation, I am compelled to think that Mr. H. fell into a fault to which he is constitutionally liable—that of painting the truth in exaggerated colours. During the later years of his life in this country, he lived too much a recluse to be able to speak from personal knowledge of the great body of Spiritualists.

In forming an opinion of the general characteristics and tendencies of Spiritualists in this or any other community, one should look beneath the surface. Appearances are often deceptive. The seeming or self-constituted leaders of a movement do not always truly represent the rank and file of its adherents. It is proverbial that conceit and shallowness often make more noise in the world, and attract more attention for a time, than true worth. Undeniably, many of those who have made themselves prominent before the public in this country as advocates of Spiritualism,—who have put themselves forward as its loudest champions and exponents, and hence have given it in a great degree its popular reputation,—have been persons of very superficial religious culture and experience. They have understood neither the religious needs of their own natures, nor the essential truths of Christianity. Hence they have often treated the latter as an antiquated superstition, of no further use to the world. Mistaking the popular religious notions for Christianity itself, they have imagined Spiritualism to be an antagonistic system, which has "come to destroy" all its predecessors. A deeper insight into that, and into themselves, will show them. I am confident, that Spiritualism has "not come to destroy but to fulfil,"—to elucidate, confirm, and practically apply.

Many of these persons have been witnesses or subjects of extraordinary physical and psychical phenomena, and have had their minds aroused thereby to

a new and unwonted activity. Of course, they feel impelled to teach to the world what is to them so new and so important. If they could be induced to confine themselves to what they really *know*,—to the *phenomena* alone,—their teachings would all be valuable. But when were human beings (especially under the enthusiasm of a new idea) ever known to do that? They must speak what they *think*, as well as what they *know*, and hence these teachers must needs launch out into the wide fields of philosophy, theology, morals, &c. But it is an axiom that no one can teach or rightly apprehend spiritual or religious truths any farther than his own interior experience has qualified him. Each must speak, if he speaks honestly, from that stage of growth or inner life to which he has attained; and he honestly enough supposes that what is new and true to him must be so to all the world. This is equally true, I apprehend, of spirits out of the body as of those in it.

Hence it has been, that we have all the crudities and sophistries of the anti-Christian and rationalistic world since the days of Julian the apostate—to say nothing of more ancient times—all these have we had showered upon us as new revelations from the world of spirits!

Now all this is doubtless providential or necessary in the great work that has been begun. It has its use and its lesson. It shows that minds in similar stages of growth and internal experience will have similar views of religious truth, whether they live in the nineteenth century after or before Christ. And in so far as these anti-Christian and unspiritual teachings come from the spirit-world, they show that world to be peopled by beings as much at variance, and as much in the dark on questions of the soul's inner life and highest welfare, as are the people of this world. Hence we should never submit blindly to the teachings or authority of spirits. This is a most important lesson, which the world has need to learn.

But what I mainly wish to say is, that the disagreeable surface characteristics of the spiritual movement alluded to, by no means pertain to it as a whole. There are thousands of Spiritualists in this country who are not known as such—thousands who do not follow the lead, in religious opinions, of these superficial guides—thousands to whom Spiritualism has come as the quickener and intensifier of the divine life in the soul, as the illuminator and demonstrator of Christian truth. But this class, being less clamorous for the public ear, less inclined to public disputations, than the other—more anxious to live their new faith than to talk it—have thus far attracted less notice.

But if I do not mistake the signs of the times, the religious and practical phase of Spiritualism is ere long to be in the ascendant. The first stage of the movement—that of *wonderment*—has about spent its power. Marvels, of the external sort, are now rare. The second stage, already opening, will show “greater works than these,” though of a different class. The first decade has been prolific of outward “signs,” to arouse a materialistic and faithless generation; the second will exhibit miracles of *inward transformation*, of *spiritual regeneration*, to prepare a people of whom to construct a new social state—a new and living church.

Such, at least, is my faith; but I cannot give you now all the indications on which it is founded. Possibly those who are called to be pioneers in this next stage of the onward movement, will find themselves as unpopular and as much contemned among merely phenomenal Spiritualists, as the latter have been in the outside world. So be it. This is the law of progress, the order of ascent. But I will not trouble you with further observations at this time. I will close by giving you a little incident, pleasantly illustrative of spiritual truth.

When England's young Prince visited our city, a few month's since, he was called upon by a veteran survivor of the Battle of Bunker's Hill—a venerable man by the name of Ralph Farnham, who had reached the extraordinary age of 104 years. The interview was pleasantly described by the newspapers at the time, and has been rehearsed in your own country. The old man was then enjoying remarkably vigorous health—the result of a life of temperance, simplicity and piety. This continued up to a few days ago, when the venerable patriarch, ripe with years and labours, received the summons from the higher realm, “Come up hither!” Without struggle or pain, or scarce a day's illness,

the summons was obeyed. As the hour of his transition approached (I copy from a report in our public journals), he asked his daughter who was near him,—“*Are not these angels in the room?*” She replied, “Father, do you think there are?” “*Oh, yes,*” said he, “*the room is full of them, and they have come to assist me home.*” A few hours later, he closed his eyes on earth, and doubtless was escorted by shining ones through the portals of the better land!

Were mankind in general to live in harmony with physical and spiritual laws, no doubt a large proportion, if not all, would not only attain a ripe old age and a painless translation, but also enjoy an opening of the spirit-vision as they approach the confines of the higher realm, such as should banish doubt and fear, and make the passage but a triumphal entry to the regions of the blessed. To instruct and fit mankind for such lives and such departures, is one object of Spiritualism.

Again thanking you heartily for your valuable Magazine, and regretting my inability to make you a more valuable compensation, I subscribe myself

Your earnest well-wisher and co-worker,

A. E. NEWTON.

P.S.—I mail with this copies of two little tracts which I have recently put forth.

### DOUBLE APPARITION.

*To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”*

SIR,—I was recently staying at the Victoria Hotel, Southport, kept by Mr. Salthouse, an old and respectable inhabitant of that town.

I met there a party of gentlemen from Manchester, and our after-dinner conversation turning to the subject of Spiritualism, I mentioned some of my personal experiences, in the recital of which they became very much interested, and declared that though they had not seen anything of the subject they were prepared to believe on fair testimony, and would certainly investigate it for themselves. On the following day, one of these gentlemen told me that the landlord, Mr. Salthouse, was a firm believer in apparitions, founded on an incident which occurred in his own family. I accordingly asked Mr. Salthouse to tell me the particulars, and he related the following story:—

“Some years ago, my eldest son Thomas shipped as a sailor on a voyage to India. After he had been absent a month or two, I was surprised one summer morning to see him standing by my bedside in his sailor’s dress. I extended my hand to greet him, and enquired the cause of his unexpected return. The figure remained for an instant mute and immovable, and vanished from my sight.

“Excited and perplexed by this unlooked-for incident, I rose and prepared to make my usual visit to my farm, which is two miles distance from Southport, reasoning myself into the belief that I must have been under a delusion. On reaching the farm my servant William Ball, who still resides there, asked me if Master Tom had returned home. I said, ‘No; why do you ask?’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘I certainly saw him cross the farm-yard early this morning. I ran to open the gate and could not see where he had gone, but I am as sure as I live that I saw him in his sailor’s dress.’ This statement corroborating my own experience of the morning, I made sure that some disaster had befallen my son, and in due time this proved to be the case. He had died that very day and hour, of dysentery on board ship, before reaching Bombay.”

I hope you will think this story, so circumstantial and authentic, worth recording in the pages of your interesting journal. It is another proof of the wide-spread belief in spiritual visitations, and my own experience in the study of spiritualistic phenomena assures me that some well-attested fact of this nature is to be found in the history of almost every family. That these things are not more commonly spoken of arises from the natural timidity of most persons who fear to lay themselves open to the ridicule of the ignorant, and thus it is now, as it has ever been, that great truths have to struggle into existence against the foolish and popular prejudices of a sceptical multitude.

48, Pembridge Villas,  
Bayswater.

January 14th, 1861.

I am, Sir, yours truly,  
BENJ. COLEMAN.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. II.]

MARCH, 1861.

[No. 3.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR HARE.

In our last number we gave a sketch of the life of Judge Edmonds; and all men of right feeling cannot fail to admire the noble daring he has shewn and the worldly sacrifices he has made in the cause of Spiritualism. We desire now to claim our readers' attention to another name which must ever hold an honoured place in the history of Spiritualism—that of Professor Hare—one of the greatest chemists of modern times. His adhesion alone would be sufficient proof that the subject has been investigated by a man fully competent to the task.

In the recent controversy which arose out of one of the many masterly letters from the pen of William Howitt, published in the *Morning Star*, a correspondent signing himself "A Lover of the whole Truth" sought to lessen the value of Mr. Howitt's mention of Professor Hare's conversion to Spiritualism, by saying "It is a well-known fact, that soon after Professor Hare devoted his attention to these subjects, he went out of his mind, was confined in a lunatic asylum, and died mad."

Our readers may as well be informed that Professor Hare did not die mad—that he held for half a century the highest position in America as a professor of chemistry—that he was a leading member of various learned societies—and that he died a year or two since, at an advanced age, in the full possession of his faculties. This "lover of the whole truth," therefore, lent himself to the dissemination of an entire untruth! The opponents of Spiritualism seem to be driven to the necessity of descending either to ridicule, or to misrepresentation.

Some years before his death, Professor Hare wrote a book, which now stands as the noblest monument to his "love of truth" and self-sacrificing spirit, in placing himself at the mercy of an unbelieving and uncharitable world. In this volume he has placed on record, that this much-derided "table-talking" or "spirit-rapping," vulgarly so called, which he thought at first to be explainable on scientific principles, had effected that which all

pulpit eloquence had previously failed to do, an entire change in his religious feelings—by driving him, as it has done many others, from the materialistic errors to which he so tenaciously clung during a long and most useful life.

During his enquiries, and before his recognition of the truth of Spiritualism, Professor Hare had a correspondence, in 1854, with Mr. A. Holcomb, of Southwick, Mass. The Professor, as he himself states, had adopted, and was satisfied at that time with, the theory and explanations of Professor Faraday; and Mr. Holcomb was giving him, from his own experiences, proof of Faraday's error. He says: "I have seen tables move, and heard tunes beat on them when no person was within several feet of them. This fact is proof positive that the force or power is not muscular. If any further evidence was necessary to set aside Professor Faraday's explanation, it is found in abundance in the great variety of other facts taking place—such as musical instruments being played upon without any hands touching them, and a variety of heavy articles moved without any visible cause. I wish, sir, that you had leisure and opportunity to witness some other phases of this matter, which seem not yet to have fallen under your notice, and I think you would be satisfied that there is less 'hallucination' and 'self-deception' about it than you have imagined. If these things can be accounted for on scientific principles, would it not be a great acquisition to science to discover what those principles are? It is certainly of great importance that these strange things which are taking place everywhere should be explained. It is affecting the Churches seriously. No cause has yet been assigned that does not imply a greater absurdity than even to believe, as many do, that it is caused by spirits, either good or bad, or both."

To this letter Professor Hare replied: "I still concur with Faraday; and have seen nothing to make me believe in the spiritual manifestations. Yet I am not surprised that the latter should be believed in by those who have that belief, as there are phenomena which I cannot explain yet, any more than many which I have seen resulting from jugglery. I think you must be mistaken as respects a table moving when left to itself entirely. It would indeed be a glorious mercy if God would give us some evidence which should settle the religious opinions of mankind!"

In another letter, Mr. Holcomb, himself a materialist on the eve of conversion, and puzzled to find a way out of the difficulty in which he is placed by these manifestations, says: "You did not say whether you believed in the soul's immortality, or not: this is the most important of all questions to me, and how is it to be settled? If the Bible is not to be depended upon, and we have no communications from the spirit-world, what evidence have we

of immortality? I have been greatly afflicted with doubts upon this subject. You will at once see how desirous I am that these apparent communications should prove to be in *reality* from the spirit-world, as that would settle the question. I seize upon everything that seems to have a bearing upon the question of immortality; and I confess that I have strong hopes that Spiritualism, as it is termed, will settle the question. I suppose you are acquainted with the various and complicating explanations that have been given. They all appear, to my mind, perfectly absurd and incredible, and no two of them agree. The Rev. Dr. Beecher was appointed by his association to explain and report. He did so, and decides that the communications are from the spirits of the dead; but from the unblest portions of them. If it is from spirits, there is as much evidence that some of them are good, as that others are evil. If spirits communicate, it is certain that some of them deceive. It would appear that there are all sorts of characters, the same as there are in this world."

Professor Hare replies: "I hope for a future world, and therein to have a happier existence. All those reasons which have been advanced by wise and good men in favour of such futurity operate upon my mind as upon theirs; but if there be no such state of future existence, *I shall never wake up to feel my disappointment; it will only be a prolongation of a state of oblivion analogous to that we enter upon transiently every night.* The incentives which have acted upon you act also upon me. I have seen some of the manifestations on which you rely, but not so satisfactorily. The answers which I have received have not been worthy of the other world. A message, purporting to be from my father, amounted to this: '*Oh, my son, listen to reason*'—and there it ended.' I have, however, constructed an instrument to put the question of intelligence to the test. It works independently of any controul of the medium, as the letters, which must be seen to bring them correctly under the index, are concealed by a screen. I am about, by this contrivance, to test the manifestations farther."

Like a true philosopher, Professor Hare still went on investigating. He did not rush into print at once, and pronounce the thing a delusion or an imposture; and the result, as has been said, was his complete conviction of the truth of the manifestations. We have also Judge Edmonds's authority for saying that he died in the belief of the Christian religion.

At length, after two years' earnest investigation, his scientific tests failing him to detect imposture, the Professor found it impossible to withstand the accumulated proofs of spiritual agency, and he yielded up, as every honest investigator must do, all further doubt upon the subject. His final



conviction was brought about by the following test:—He was staying at Cape Island, and at one o'clock on a particular day, he dispatched a spirit-friend with a message to Mrs. Gourlay, a medium, residing at Philadelphia, requesting that her husband should make an enquiry from the note-clerk of a bank in that city, and bring him the answer at half-past three o'clock. The answer was duly received at the hour fixed upon. Nothing, however, was said upon the subject until his return to Philadelphia, when being at the residence of Dr. Gourlay, Professor Hare enquired if any message had been received, from him during his absence, and he was then informed that whilst Mrs. Gourlay was receiving a message from her spirit-mother, *his spirit-messenger interrupted them*, and desired her husband to go to the bank, which he did, and obtained the answer in the terms conveyed to Professor Hare; and on enquiry at the bank, the note-clerk confirmed the fact of Dr. Gourlay's visit.

In the preface to his book, from which we are now quoting, Professor Hare says: "Those who shall give a careful perusal to the following work will find that there has been some 'method in my madness,' and that if I am a victim to an intellectual epidemic, my mental constitution did not yield at once to the miasma. But let not the reader too readily 'lay the flattering unction to his soul' that 'tis my hallucination that is to be impugned, and not his ignorance and his educational errors. The most precise and laborious experiments which I have made in my investigation of Spiritualism have been assailed by the most disparaging suggestions as respects my capacity to avoid being the dupe of any medium employed. Had my conclusions been of the opposite kind, how much fulsome exaggeration would there not have been founded on my experience as an investigator of science for more than half a century; and now, in a case where my own direct evidence is adduced, the most ridiculous surmises as to my probable oversight or indiscretion are suggested as the means of escape from the only fair conclusion."

"It is a well-known saying that there is 'but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' This idea was never verified more fully than in the position I find myself now occupying, accordingly as those by whom that position is viewed, may consider the manifestations which have given rise to it, in the light wherein they are now viewed by me—or as they were two years ago viewed by myself, and are now seen by my estimable contemporaries. I sincerely believe that I have communicated with the spirits of my parents, sister, brother, and dearest friends.

"Although the foregoing prefatory pages should have no other influence, they may operate to show my own deep conviction of the righteousness of my course, founded as I believe it to have

been, on the most precise, laborious, experimental enquiry, and built up under the guidance of my sainted father and other worthy immortals."

From the foregoing extracts it will be seen that Professor Hare was an honest bold investigator, and a man of vigorous mind up to the period at least of the publication of this book, and that he was no more mad than is William Howitt, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. James Garth Wilkinson, Sir Bulwer Lytton, in England; Dr. Hoefler, of Paris; Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, the Rev. Adin Ballou, Governor Tallmadge, and Mrs. Stowe, of America—who have, with many other master minds, openly avowed their belief in the reality of spiritual phenomena, and their undoubted tendency to establish the proofs which so many require of the immortality of the soul.

What wonder if this generous large-hearted sensitive-minded philanthropist and scholar had died in a lunatic asylum!—driven there not in consequence of his "having devoted his attention to these subjects," but by the unchristian spirit with which his avowed conversion was met by the ignorant multitude, encouraged by the clergy and by his fellow associates of Harvard University, of which institution he was one of the oldest and most distinguished members.

Human nature seems to be the same in all countries. Priestcraft, bigotry, the pride of intellect, and the advantages which a portion of the press derives in pandering to the prejudices of the uninformed, make it a perilous step for any public man, however high may be his position, to proclaim his conversion to an unpopular truth; and thus it is that men like Faraday and Brewster in this boasted land of freedom and enlightenment, DARE NOT attempt a serious investigation of such a subject as Spiritualism, and that Dr. Blank, with whom we have the pleasure of being acquainted, was restrained by his friends, from a feeling of wise prudence, which his own honest impulses would have disregarded, to suppress his name when writing an account of his carefully-observed facts, to the *Spiritual Magazine* of April and August last.

However, that men of science should not investigate for scientific purposes is not, we think, of the least importance. Spiritualism does not lie in their domain; their evidence would only be of service so far as their authority might tend to silence those leaders of public opinion in the press, who can advance no further than to stigmatise Mr. Home as an impostor, and the believers in the reality of the phenomena witnessed in his presence, as simple-minded dupes.

It is for the clergy, of all denominations, to take the lead in the investigation of this momentous subject. It should not be

left in this country to be dealt with only by laymen. It forces itself upon us as a religious question; "You cannot," as the Rev. Dr. Maitland says, "put your foot upon it, as if it were a spider, and crush it out of existence." If it be a fact, it is a fact in nature, and must have a meaning in it, whether for good or evil. If for evil, a heavy responsibility lies upon the Church—the constituted organ of spiritual interpretation in this country—and it is, therefore, the solemn duty of the men of God, above all others, to give Spiritualism their earnest attention, and aid us in giving it a right direction.

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## TWO OR THREE CASES OF THE SUPERNATURAL

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FOOTE, THE COMEDIAN.

REALLY can you open a book of almost any kind, and of apparently the most unlikely kind, without coming on the supernatural? If Dickens, or Novra, or Frikell, or Brewster, or Faraday, were to write their autobiographies, forgetting in that agreeable occupation the present moment and the tenor of opinion, you would be sure to find some relations of the marvellous. There is not a man alive fonder of ghost-stories, nor more frequently introducing them into his writings than Dickens. And who would have suspected the laughing, joking, quizzing Sam Foote of a visitation of the spiritual heresy? Sam Foote who had determined to make capital fun of Dr. Johnson for his belief in the Cock-lane Ghost in his three-act comedy of *The Orators*, and was only deterred from it by Sam Johnson sending him word that he would be at the play with "one of the stoutest oak cudgels that could be bought in town;" that he would put himself in the first row of the stage-box on the first night of representation, and on the first word of ridicule of himself, would spring on the stage and knock him down before all the audience.

Yet here is this wag of a fellow, so ready to ridicule the Cock-lane Ghost: this sarcastic Foote who turned conjuror with Sir Francis Delaval on one occasion in Leicester Square, and astonished the great ladies of the day, the Lady Mayoress amongst them, by telling them all their family secrets,—a much cleverer fellow than your Novras with their clumsy machinery, who think the making of a counterfeit sovereign ample proof that there are no real ones—here is this clever, laughing, tricking, player and man about town, whose soul you would have said had no more of the sublime and beautiful in it than the sole of his boot—in Cornwall, at his father's house, and what happens?

"Soon after his marriage," says his biographer, "he went

down to spend a month in Cornwall, at his father's, a useful magistrate, and the following remarkable circumstance occurred. The first night they came there, to their surprise on going to bed, they were entertained with a concert of music, seemingly under their window, and executed in a capital style. On relating the circumstance the next morning to his father, and complimenting him on his gallantry, the old gentleman absolutely denied any knowledge of the affair, and doubted the possibility of its occurring. The young couple, however, were positive as to what they had heard, and Foote was so impressed by it, that he made a memorandum of the time, which turned out to be the very night on which his maternal uncle, Sir John Dinely Goodere was murdered by his unnatural brother, Captain Goodere."

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EXPERIENCES OF THE LATE HUGH MILLER, THE GEOLOGIST.

APPARITIONS DURING A WEEK.

The good Hugh Miller, who was not too scientific to believe in the existence of more laws of nature than belong solely to this earth, relates in his autobiography—*My Schools and Schoolmasters*—the wreck of his father's vessel. The story is told in the words of the mate, who reached home first, and brought the news:—

"We left Peterhead," he said, "with about half a cargo of coals,—for we had lightened ship a day or two before,—and the gale freshened as the night came on. We made all tight, however; and though the snowdrift was so blinding in the thick of the shower that I could scarce see my hand before me, and though it soon began to blow great guns, we had given the land a good offing, and the hurricane blew the right way. Just as we were loosening from the quay, a poor young woman, much knocked up, with a child in her arms, had come to the vessel's side, and begged hard of master to take her aboard. She was a soldier's wife, and was travelling to join her husband at Fort George, but she was already worn out and penniless, she said; and now, as a snow-storm threatened to block up the roads, she could neither stay where she was, nor pursue her journey. Her infant too, she was sure, if she tried to force her way through the hills, would perish in the snow. The master, though unwilling to cumber us with a passenger in such bad weather, was induced, out of pity for the poor destitute creature, to take her aboard. And she was now with her child all alone below in the cabin. I was stationed ahead, on the look-out beside the foresail *horse*: the night had grown pitch dark; and the lamp in the binnacle threw just light enough through the grey of the shower to show me the master at the helm. He was more anxious, I thought, than I had ever seen him before, though I have been with him

in ships in bad weather; and all at once I saw that he had got company—and strange company too, for such a night: there was a woman moving round him, with a child in her arms. I could see her as distinctly as I ever saw anything,—now on the one side, now on the other,—at one time full in the light, at another half lost in the darkness. That, I said to myself, must be the soldier's wife and his child; but how, in the name of wonder, can the master allow a woman to come on deck in such a night as this, when we ourselves have just enough to do to keep footing? He takes no notice of her neither, but keeps looking on, quite in his wont, at the binnacle. 'Master,' I said, stepping up to him, 'the woman had surely better go below.' 'What woman, Jack?' said he; 'our passenger, you may be sure, is nowhere else.' I looked round the ship and found he was quite alone, and that the companion-head was hasped down. Then came a cold sweat all over me. 'Jack,' said the master, 'the night is getting worse, and the roll of the waves heightening every moment. I'm convinced, too, our cargo is shifting: as the last sea struck us, I heard the coals rattle below; and see how stiffly we heel to the larboard. Say nothing, however, to the men, but have all your wits about you; and look, meantime, to the boat-tackle and the oars. I have seen a boat live in as bad a night as this.' As he spoke, a blue light from above glimmered on the deck. We looked up and saw a dead-fire sticking on the cross-trees. 'It's all over, master,' said I. 'Nay, man,' replied the master, in his easy, humorous way, which I always like well enough, except in bad weather, and then I see his humour is served out like his grog, to keep up hearts that have cause enough to get low. 'Nay, man,' he said, 'we cannot afford to let your grandmother board us to-night. If you will insure us against the shifting coal, I'll be your guarantee against the dead-light. Why, it's as much a natural appearance, man, as a flash of lightning. Away to your berth, and keep up a good heart; we can't be far from Covesca now, where, when once past the Skerries, the swell will take off, and then in two short hours we may be snug astern the Suturs.'"

They were destined never to see the Suturs; a heavy sea struck the vessel, the coals ran to the larboard side, and they were soon wrecked on the terrible bar of Findhorn. The master endeavoured in vain to get into the cabin and save the woman and child. They were both drowned below, and the master was nearly swept overboard by a tremendous sea. He and the men, however, escaped by clinging to the shrouds till relief came. The dead-light had only appeared for the woman and child.

Hugh Miller as a boy seemed to have been a regular medium. He says, "I have a distinct recollection, too,—but it belongs to

a later period,—of seeing my ancestor, old John Fiddes the buccaneer, though he must have been dead at the time considerably more than half a century. \* \* \* One day when playing all alone at the stair-foot—for the inmates of the house had gone out—something extraordinary had caught my eye in the landing-place above; and looking up there stood John Fiddes,—for I somehow instinctively divined that it was none other than he,—in the form of a large, tall, very old man, attired in a light blue greatcoat. He seemed to be regarding me with apparent complacency; but I was sadly frightened; and for years after, when passing through the dingy, ill-lighted room out of which I inferred that he had come, I used to feel not at all sure that I might not tilt against old John in the dark.”

When Hugh Miller's father at length perished with his vessel, the event was announced by another extraordinary phenomenon: “There were no forebodings in the master's dwelling; for his Peterhead letter—a brief but hopeful missive—had just been received: and my mother was sitting on the evening after, beside the household fire, plying the cheerful needle, when the house door, which had been left unfastened, fell open, and I was dispatched from her side to shut it. What follows must be regarded as simply the recollection, though a vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before. Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a grey haze spread a natural tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as I ever saw anything, a dissevered hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female: they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had seen the woman's hand—which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description.” The news of the loss of his father duly followed this apparition.

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## THE DEATH-BLOW OF AMERICAN SLAVERY FROM SPIRITUALISM.

[Extracted from a Letter from Judge Edmonds, 30th December, 1860.]

SPIRITUALISM is doing a mighty work here just now, but without getting the credit of it. I allude to the dissolution of our Union, on the Slavery question.

About seven years ago, just after I lost my office, I devoted two months or more to lecturing on the subject; I ranged in my mission from Boston at the east, to the Mississippi in the west,—going as far south as the Ohio River, and as far north as Milwaukie, on Lake Michigan. I lectured to many thousands, and saw and conversed with as many more; and I learned something of the state of feeling in the nation. On my return I said that Spiritualism was so generally diffused, that when the question of Slavery came up, it would receive its death-blow through those who had embraced our faith. I thought we were even then numerous enough to hold the balance of power between the political parties in the country; and if we were not, that we soon would be. In the Presidential election of 1856, we came very near it, and now in 1860 we have accomplished it.

We number two or three millions of Spiritualists in the United States; and I suppose, without an exception, every elector among us has quietly gone into the Anti-Slavery ranks, whatever may have been his previous party attachments. It required no organization to do this; there was no necessity for making a formal appeal to them: the principles of our faith did the work in each man's heart.

And now the fatal blow has been struck. We shall have a dissolution of our Union—temporary perhaps, but *pro hac vice*, a dissolution. The Slave States themselves will thereby release us from the obligation we are now under to tolerate it: they will form a Confederation of their own, without our sustaining aid; and then will come, among themselves, as a matter of necessity, the abolition of Slavery.

When to the physical freedom which our institutions secure to us is added the large mental freedom which our faith teaches, the result will be inevitable.

It may be that in retribution of our national sin, we are to attain that result only through a servile insurrection, and perhaps a civil war; but the result will come as certain as the grave. And out of the state of things thus produced will spring a condition of mind among our whole people, admirably fitted for the reception of our faith.

I may not remain on earth long enough to behold this result, but you who are younger may; and you will see that the element that has been at work has been based upon the true principles of Christianity, as purified and vitalized by spiritual intercourse.

The movement has been conducted with a marvellous wisdom, far beyond man's fashioning. "*Quem Deus, &c.*" is written on the front of secession, and a feeling of calm confidence and gentle charity pervades the rest of our people, indicative of the best results.

I am not reckoning without my host in this matter. I know what I say, and I can see evidences of my correctness all around me. And must it not be so? Can so great a work as Spiritualism aims at be done without a great commotion? As the Crusades protected Christianity against the approach of Mahomedanism, and the Reformation of Luther was attained only through a thirty-years' war, so now our task must stir the world up from its very foundation.

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## GLIMPSES OF SPIRITUALISM IN THE EAST.

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A BELIEF in spirit communion and influx has prevailed in the East from the earliest time; not alone in Judea, but throughout the Orient have this and kindred knowledges been received and practised, as the Bible, History, Tradition, Mythology, and extant monuments all attest. The oriental in many respects differs from the occidental mind; it is rather intuitive than scientific, meditative than logical; less immersed in nature, it appears more open to influx both of good and evil from the Spirit world. The East has been the cradle of the religions and philosophies of the world, as the West has been of its sciences and practical arts. To gather up all that is known of Spiritualism, past and present, among the nations of the East, would be a most useful work, which we should be glad to see performed by a competent hand. The object of the present sketch is simply to present the reader with a few of those random and casual glimpses of oriental Spiritualism of a more recent date, which we catch in the writings of missionaries and travellers, and in general literature.

For our first glimpse we shall be indebted to Dr. Wolff, "late missionary to the Jews and Mohammedans in Persia, Bokhara, Cashmeer, &c.\*" In the piquant and curious narration we subjoin, it will be seen that Wolff speaks of himself in the third person, as he does throughout the volume:—

Now for something about magic; for, although the event about to be recorded

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\* Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D.



happened after Wolff's *second* journey into Egypt, he will give it in this place. Wolff was asked whether he believed in magic; to which he replied that he believed everything that is found in the Bible; and even, though all the philosophers should ridicule him, he boldly repeats that he believes everything in the Bible; and the existence of witches and wizards is to be found there, of whom, doubtless, the devil is the originator; and Wolff believes that there are spirits in the air, for the Apostle tells us so; and Wolff believes also that the devil has access, even now, into Heaven, to calumniate man, for so we read in the Book of Job, and in the 12th chapter of the Apocalypse. However, with regard to witchcraft, he has seen it with his own eyes, and here he tells the story.

He was sitting one day at the table of Mr. Salt, dining with him. The guests who were invited were as follows: Bokhti, the Swedish Consul-General, a nasty atheist and infidel; Major Ross, of Rosstrevor, in Ireland, a gentleman in every respect, and highly principled; Spurrier, a nice English gentleman; Wolff himself; and Caviglia, who was the only believer in magic there. Salt began to say (his face leaning on his hand), "I wish to know who has stolen a dozen of my silver spoons, a dozen forks, and a dozen knives." Caviglia said, "If you want to know, you must send for the magician." Salt laughed, and so did they all, when Salt suddenly said, "Well, we must gratify Caviglia." He then called out for Osman, a renegade Scotchman, who was employed in the British Consulate as janissary and cicerone for travellers. Osman came into the room, and Salt ordered him to go and fetch the magician. The magician came, with fiery sparkling eyes and long hair, and Salt stated to him the case, on which he said, "I shall come again to-morrow at noon, before which time you must either have procured a woman with child, or a boy seven years of age; either of whom will tell who has been the thief." Bokhti, the scoffing infidel, whom Salt never introduced to Wolff, for fear he should make a quarrel betwixt them, said, "I am determined to unmask imposture, and, therefore, I shall bring to-morrow a boy who is not quite seven years of age, and who came a week ago from Leghorn. He has not stirred out of my house, nor does he know anybody, nor is he known to anybody, and he does not speak Arabic; him I will bring with me for the magician."

The boy came at the time appointed, and all the party were again present, when the magician entered with a large pan in his hand, into which he poured some black colour, and mumbled some unintelligible words; and then he said to the boy, "Stretch out your hands." He said this in Arabic, which the boy did not understand. But Wolff interpreted what the magician had said, and then the boy stretched out his hand flat, when the magician put some of the black colour upon his palm, and said to him, "Do you see something?" which was interpreted to the lad. The boy coolly, in his Italian manner, shrugged his shoulders and replied, "*Vedo niente*" (I see nothing). Again the magician poured the coloured liquid into his hand, and mumbled some words, and asked the boy again, "Do you see something?" and the boy said the second time, "I see nothing." Then the magician poured the colour into his hand the third time, and enquired, "Do you see something?" on which the boy suddenly exclaimed—and it made every one of us turn pale and tremble in both knees, as if we were paralyzed—" *Io vedo un uomo!*" (I see a man). The fourth time the stuff was poured into his hand, when the boy loudly screamed out, "*Io vedo un uomo con un capello!*" (I see a man with a hat), and, in short, after a dozen times of inquiry, he described the man so minutely, that all present exclaimed, "Santini is the thief!" And when Santini's room was searched, the silver spoons, &c., were found.

Wolff must remark that *no one*, except the boy, could see anything; all the other witnesses only saw the colour which the magician poured.

Mr. Lane, author of the *Modern Egyptians*, hearing of the foregoing adventure from Mr. Salt, was "desirous of witnessing a similar performance;" and was accordingly introduced to "the magician"—an Egyptian Sheykh, by the interpreter to the British Consulate. The Sheykh professed that his wonders were wrought by the agency of spirits; and in preparing for the experiment Mr. Lane witnessed, the names of two of these spirits,

together with certain forms of invocation, were written upon slips of paper, as instrumental "to open the boy's eyes in a supernatural manner; to make his sight pierce into what is to us the invisible world." Mr. Lane proceeds:—

I had prepared, by the magician's direction, some frankincense and coriander-seed,\* and a chafing-dish, with some live charcoal in it. These were now brought into the room, together with the boy who was to be employed: he had been called in, by my desire, from among some boys in the street, returning from a manufactory: and was about eight or nine years of age. In reply to my enquiry respecting the description of persons who could see in the magic mirror of ink, the magician said that they were a boy not arrived at puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a pregnant woman. The chafing-dish was placed before him and the boy; and the latter was placed on a seat. The magician now desired my servant to put some frankincense and coriander-seed into the chafing-dish; then, taking hold of the boy's right hand, he drew in the palm of it a magic square. The figures which it contains are Arabic numerals. In the centre he poured a little ink, and desired the boy to look into it, and tell him if he could see his face reflected in it; the boy replied that he saw his face clearly. The magician, holding the boy's hand all the while, told him to continue looking intently into the ink; and not to raise his head.

He then took one of the little strips of paper inscribed with the forms of invocation, and dropped it into the chafing-dish upon the burning coals and perfumes, which had already filled the room with their smoke; and as he did this, he commenced an indistinct muttering of words, which he continued during the whole process, excepting when he had to ask the boy a question, or to tell him what he was to say. The piece of paper containing the words from the Kur-ân, he placed inside the fore part of the boy's *tákeeyeh*, or skull-cap. He then asked him if he saw anything in the ink, and was answered "No:" but about a minute after, the boy, trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, "I see a man sweeping the ground." "When he has done sweeping," said the magician, "tell me." Presently the boy said, "He has done." The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a *beyrak* (or flag) was; and being answered "Yes," desired him to say, "Bring a flag." The boy did so, and soon said, "He has brought a flag." "What colour is it?" asked the magician: the boy replied "Red." He was told to call for another flag, which he did; and soon after he said that he saw another brought, and that it was black. In like manner he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh; which he described as being successively brought before him, specifying their colours as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did, also, each time that a new flag was described as being brought), "How many flags have you now before you?" "Seven," answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written, into the chafing-dish; and fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say, "Bring the Sultan's tent, and pitch it." This he did; and in about a minute after, he said, "Some men have brought the tent, a large green tent: they are pitching it;" and presently he added, "they have set it up." "Now," said the magician, "order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the Sultan." The boy did as he was desired, and immediately said, "I see a great many soldiers, with their tents: they have pitched their tents." He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and, having done so, he presently said that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing-dish; and soon after, he did the same with the fifth. He now said, "Tell some of the people to bring a bull." The boy gave the order required, and said, "I see a bull; it is red; four men are dragging it along, and three are

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\* He generally requires some benzoin to be added to these.

beating it." He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up, and to put the meat in saucepans, and cook it. He did as he was directed, and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. "Tell the soldiers," said the magician, "to eat it." The boy did so, and said, "They are eating it. They have done, and are washing their hands." The magician then told him to call for the Sultan; and the boy having done this, said, "I see the Sultan riding to his tent, on a bay horse; and he has on his head a high red cap: he has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it." "Desire them to bring coffee to the Sultan," said the magician, "and to form the court." These orders were given by the boy, and he said that he saw them performed. The magician had put the last of the six little strips of paper into the chafing-dish. In his mutterings I distinguished nothing but the words of the written invocation frequently repeated, excepting on two or three occasions, when I heard him say, "If they demand information, inform them; and be ye veracious." But much that he repeated was inaudible, and as I did not ask him to teach me his art, I do not pretend to assert that I am fully acquainted with his invocations.

He now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson; of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Sultan—"My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him, speedily." The boy then said so, and almost immediately added, "A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm." He then paused for a moment or two, and, looking more intently and more closely into the ink, said, "No, he has not lost his left arm; but it is placed to his breast." This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat: but it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear the left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.\*

The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress; and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country. I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said, "Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped up in a sheet." This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead.† The boy described his face as covered, and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did, and then said, "His face is pale; and he has moustaches, but no beard:" which is correct.

Several other persons were successively called for; but the boy's descriptions of them were imperfect, though not altogether incorrect. He represented each

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\* Whenever I desired the boy to call for any person to appear, I paid particular attention both to the magician and to 'Osman. The latter gave no direction either by word or sign; and, indeed, he was generally unacquainted with the personal appearance of the individual called for. I took care that he had no previous communication with the boys; and have seen the experiment fail when he *could* have given directions to them, or to the magician. In short, it would be difficult to conceive any precaution which I did not take. It is important to add, that the dialect of the magician was more intelligible to me than to the boy. When I understood him perfectly at once, he was sometimes obliged to vary his words to make the boy comprehend what he said.

† A few months after this was written, I had the pleasure of hearing that the person here alluded to was in better health. Whether he was confined to his bed at the time when this experiment was performed, I have not been able to ascertain.

object as appearing less distinct than the preceding one; as if his sight were gradually becoming dim: he was a minute, or more, before he could give any description of the persons he professed to see towards the close of the performance; and the magician said it was useless to proceed with him. Another boy was then brought in, and the magic square, &c., made in his hand; but he could see nothing. The magician said he was too old.

Though completely puzzled, I was somewhat disappointed with his performance, for they fell short of what he had accomplished, in many instances, in presence of certain of my friends and countrymen. On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father; of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant head-ache; and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse, in hunting. I am assured that, on this occasion, the boy accurately described each person and thing that was called for. On another occasion, Shakespeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. A short time since, after performing in the usual manner, by means of a boy, he prepared the magic mirror in the hand of a young English lady, who, on looking into it for a little while, said that she saw a broom sweeping the ground without anybody holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer.

I have stated these facts partly from my own experience, and partly as they came to my knowledge on the authority of respectable persons. The reader may be tempted to think that, in each instance, the boy saw images produced by some reflection in the ink; but this was evidently not the case; or that he was a confederate, or guided by leading questions. That there was no collusion, I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy who performed the part above described in my presence from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen. I tried the veracity of another boy on a subsequent occasion in the same manner, and the result was the same. The experiment often entirely fails; but when the boy employed is right in one case, he generally is so in all: when he gives, at first, an account altogether wrong, the magician usually dismisses him at once, saying that he is too old. The perfumes, or excited imagination, or fear, may be supposed to affect the vision of the boy who describes objects as appearing to him in the ink; but, if so, why does he see exactly what is required, and objects of which he can have had no previous particular notion? Neither I nor others have been able to discover any clue by which to penetrate the mystery; and if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope that he will not allow the above account to induce in his mind any degree of scepticism with respect to other portions of this work.\*

Mrs. Poole, sister of Mr. Lane, writing of this "supposed

\* It has been suggested (in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 117) that the performances were effected by means of pictures and a concave mirror; and that the images of the former were reflected from the surface of the mirror, and received on a cloud of smoke under the eyes of the boy. This, however, I cannot admit, because such means could not have been employed without my perceiving them; nor would the images be reversed (unless the pictures were so) by being reflected from the surface of a mirror, and received upon a second surface; for the boy was looking down upon the palm of his hand, so that an image could not be formed upon the smoke (which was copious, but not dense) between his eye and the supposed mirror.--MRS. POOLE.

mystery" more than two years after, says, "my brother thinks he can now explain, at least so far as to satisfy any reasonable person, respecting most, if not all, of the most surprising of the feats to which I have alluded." The explanation given is, "that his successes are to be attributed chiefly to the interpreter, but partly also to leading questions, and partly to mere guessing." But "two travellers, one of them M. Leon Delaborde, the other an Englishman, both instructed by the magician of whom I am speaking, are stated to have succeeded in performing similar feats." This is indeed a difficulty, and it is not at all lessened by the supposition "that those feats were accomplished by means of the suggestion of the interpreter or interpreters." Mrs. Crowe remarks:—

Monsieur Laborde purchased the secret of Achmed, who said he had learnt it from two celebrated Scheicks of his own country, which was Algiers. Mons. L. found it connected both with physics and magnetism, and he practised it himself afterwards with perfect success, and he affirms positively, that under the influence of a particular organization, and certain ceremonies, amongst which he cannot distinguish which are indispensable and which are not, that children without fraud or collusion can see as through a window, or peep-hole, people moving, who appear and disappear at command, and with whom they hold communications—and they remember everything after the operation. He says, "I narrate, but explain nothing; I produced those effects, but cannot comprehend them; I only affirm in the most positive manner, that what I relate is true. I performed the experiment in various places, with various subjects, before numerous witnesses, in my own room or other rooms, in the open air, and even in a boat on the Nile. The exactitude and detailed descriptions of persons, places, and scenes, could by no possibility be feigned."

Moreover, Baron Dupotet has very lately succeeded in obtaining these phenomena in Paris, from persons, not somnambule, selected from his audience; the chief difference being that they did not recollect what they had seen when the crisis was over.

The "English gentleman" mentioned by Mrs. Poole is probably the same "English gentleman of high character, himself one of the eye-witnesses of the feats of the modern Maugraby," referred to in the *Quarterly Review* (No. 117) as the writer of a paper on this subject, appended by the editor to a review of Mr. Lane's book. In this paper the writer says:—

This I am prepared to assert—that no collusion exists between the magician and the boy: and this is the decided conviction of all those who have taken any pains to enquire into the fact. Though many eye-witnesses, fully capable of suggesting and imagining different means used for such a purpose, have acknowledged the utter impossibility of accounting for it, yet we frequently meet with persons in this country who have never seen the magician ready to offer some crude notions of their own for explaining it, and without hearing half the details, imagining, with wonderful simplicity, that they have discovered the optical delusion, or the ordinary sleight of hand, by which it is performed. But let it be remembered, that conjurers are as common in Egypt as in England, more anciently known there, and quite as dexterous as ours; yet the Cairenes do not pretend that their tricks are the effect of magic, nor do they confound the performances of the magician and the conjuror. The magician does not make a livelihood by them: whenever I engaged him, he came rather as a matter of favour, and only required enough to cover the expense of the incense. He was of the medical profession, and was attached to the Cadi's court.

He also gives the following particulars of an interview, communicated to him "by more than one person present on the occasion." One of the boys made use of to see in this "magic mirrow of ink," (about half-a-teaspoonful, forming a liquid ball about the size of a pistol bullet, poured into the boy's hand), was a son of M. Massora, the dragoman of the French Consulate, and described as "dull and heavy." After the usual preliminaries, the boy saw in the ink the sweeper, the seven flags, the troops, the tents, and the Sultan, as had been seen by another boy on the occasion described by Mr. Lane; and then:—

The magician observed to the company, "Whatever question you wish to ask, now is the time." M. Delaborde, who would not tell any one of the party for whom he was about to ask, in order to obviate the possibility of collusion, demanded—"le Duc de la Rivière." The boy repeated the order. "A cavass," he said, "is gone for him." He was brought into the presence of the Sultan, dressed in uniform, with silver lace round his collar and cuffs, and round his hat. M. Delaborde observed, "This is an extraordinary coincidence." Monsieur de la Rivière is the *only* officer in France, whose uniform is decorated with silver lace. It is the uniform of *le grande veneur*. The magician then placed his hand over the boy's eyes, and took him from his seat. The boy, whose countenance had brightened while seeing these strange sights, endeavoured by looking again into the ink in his hand, to see them once more, but in vain. During the operation, when the first man appeared, he had explained how he was dressed, and told his colours and forms of the flags as they appeared, with the eagerness of delight. When, therefore, all was over, the party questioned him on the subject, and asked him how he knew it was the Sultan: he replied, "his dress was magnificent, his attendants stood with their arms crossed over their breast; they served him in the tent; he took the post of honour on the divan; his pipes and coffee-stands were brilliant with diamonds." "But how," he was asked, "did you know that the Sultan sent for the duke?" "The boy's expression was, 'I saw the lips move to the words, and heard them in my ear.'"

Another time, a Nubian boy was brought in, and:—

One of the party asked for Shakespeare. On seeing the figure which appeared to him, the boy burst into a laugh: and when asked at what he laughed; he said, "here is a man who has his beard under his lip, and not on his chin; and he wears on his head a caudcel (a glass lamp shaped like a tumbler, with a narrow bottom) upside down." "Where did he live?" asked another; the answer was, "In an Island."

Much has been said about the failures which sometimes occurred; but, as is justly remarked by a reviewer, these "corroborate rather than weaken the impression produced" as they "furnish an additional testimony to the absence of all collusion" and "controvert the idea of legerdemain." Mr. Salt, Dr. Wolff, Lord Prudhoe, Major Felix, and others, who subjected the Sheikh to long and repeated examinations, were all impressed with the belief that what occurred in their presence was effected by supernatural power.

We have quoted at greater length on this subject than we intended, and will only add, that when Harriet Martineau visited Egypt in 1847, she procured a visit from the Sheikh Mah'greby, at which the nephews of Mr. Lane and other English

people were present, and though she pronounced the experiments, witnessed by her "total failures" she "arrived at the conclusion" which she says "I now hold—that it is an affair of mesmerism, and that the magician himself probably does not know it. If the truth were understood, I have no doubt that it would appear that, in the first instance, a capital *clairvoyant* did see and tell the things declared, under the influence of the old man's mesmeric power, and when there was accidentally a *rapport* established between the questioner and the boy." And she believes "the magician did not understand the causes either of his success or failure." With a little persuasion he was induced to allow her to take the place of the boy, and she says:—

In two minutes the sensation came. Presently I began to see such odd things in the pool of ink—it grew so large before my aching eyes, and showed such strange moving shadows, and clear symmetrical figures and intersecting lines, that I felt uncertain how long I could command my thoughts and words; and, considering the number of strangers present, I thought it more prudent to shake off the influence while I could, than to pursue the experiment. The perfumes might have some effect, though I was insensible to them (having no sense of smell), and so might the dead silence, and my steadfast gazing into the ink. But that there was a strong mesmeric influence present I am certain."

We think it very likely that there was this mesmeric influence; its presence, however, is not at all incompatible with the concurrent and controlling agency of a spiritual power; for there is abundant evidence to show that spiritual operations are largely conducted by mesmeric processes. But the discussion of this point would lead us too far from our present purpose, and our readers have probably had more than enough of "the magician" and his doings. Mr. Lane prefaces the foregoing account of him, with observing that "among the Egyptians magic is of two kinds, '*il'wee* (or high), and *soof'lee* (or low). The '*il'wee*, is said to be a science founded on the agency of God, and of his angels and good genii, and on other lawful mysteries; to be always employed for good purposes, and only attained and practised by men of probity. The *soof'lee* is believed to depend on the agency of the devil, and evil spirits and unbelieving genii; and to be used for bad purposes, and by bad men." He speaks of a learned Sheykh, named Ab'oo Roo-oo's, as "very highly celebrated" for his knowledge of the '*il'wee* (or high magic.) Even the more learned and sober of the people of this country, relate most incredible stories of his magical skill; and, by many this skill was attributed to "his having *Ginn* at his service, whom he could mentally consult and command." "He is said to have always employed this supernatural power, either for good or innocent purposes; and to have been much favoured by the present Ba'sha, who, some say, often consulted him." Let us give the reader a taste of his quality. Mr. Lane says:—

One of the most sensible of my Moos'lim friends, in this place (Cairo,) informs me that he once visited Ab'oo Roo-oo's, at Desoo'ck, in company with the Sheykh El-Emee'r, son of the Sheykh El-Emee'r El-Kebee'r, Sheykh of the sect of Ma'likees. My friend's companion asked their host to show them some proof of his skill in magic; and the latter complied with the request. "Let coffee be served to us," said the Sheykh El-Emee'r, "in my father's set of finga'ns and zurfs, which are at Musr." They waited a few minutes! and then the coffee was brought; and the Sheykh El-Emee'r looked at the finga'ns and zurfs, and said they were certainly his father's. He was next treated with sherbet, in what he declared himself satisfied were his father's kcool'lehs. He then wrote a letter to his father, and giving it to Ab'oo Roo-oo's, asked him to procure an answer to it. The magician took the letter, placed it behind a cushion of his deewa'n, and, a few minutes after, removing the cushion, showed him that this letter was gone, and that another was in its place. The Sheykh El-Emee'r took the latter; opened and read it; and found in it, in a handwriting which, he said, he could have sworn to be that of his father, a complete answer to what he had written, and an account of the state of his family which he proved, on his return to Cairo, a few days after, to be perfectly true.

It is remarked by the *Quarterly Review*, that "the *Ginn* or *Genii* continue now among the Arabs to act the same part, for the good or evil of the human race, as they are described to have done in the *Thousand and One Nights*." The same may be said of the "saints" or good spirits, and the "*efreets*"—guilty, earth-bound ghosts who haunt the scenes of their former wickedness and earthly passions. These latter seem to be more prevalent in the East, even than in Europe. Mrs. Poole, to whom we have already referred, though a "strong-minded lady," not at all given to believe in "ghosts" and "haunted houses," yet gives one of the strangest accounts of this kind, as occurring in her house at Cairo. It has some features in it peculiar to the East, but the *efreet* was accompanied by those mysterious "violent knockings at short intervals," with "heavy trampling" by invisible feet, with which readers of ghostly narratives are already familiar. Not only was she in consequence of these disturbances driven from the house, but "six families succeeded each other in it in as many weeks;" and all were driven out as she and her predecessors had been "by most obstinate persecutions, not only during the nights, but in broad day-light, of so violent a description, that the windows were all broken in a large upper chamber, our favourite room," &c.\*

Turning from Egypt to India, we find it remarked in a work on "The Hindoos," in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge;" that "in his belief in sorcery and witchcraft, the Hindoo resembles the great majority of mankind," and that "the belief in ghosts and apparitions has prevailed in all ages and countries; but in India, the world of spirits is as present to the imaginations

\* It may be observed that the house had been the scene of the murder of a poor tradesman and two slaves by its former inhabitant and proprietor. Those who have not access to the *Englishwoman in Egypt*, will find the story of the "Efreet" in No. VIII. of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Tracts*.



of men as the world of matter by which we are surrounded." Some of their diviners, we are told, "chaunt incantations to the gods until their voice almost fails, become as if intoxicated or mad, and are believed to be inspired;" and "they possess the power of putting malevolent spirits to flight." A writer in the *Saturday Magazine*, observes that "the Indian jugglers by the natives generally are supposed to have intercourse with demons." Many of their feats are confessedly performed by the aid of spirits, though, of course, others are simply done by legerdemain.

The Karens are a people who inhabit all the mountain regions of the southern and eastern portions of Burmah proper, and all parts of the Tenasserim provinces extending into the western portions of Siam, and thence northward among the Shyans. Of their moral character, the Rev. Howard Malcolm, who was sent out on a missionary tour by the American Baptist Mission, says, "their domestic manners are less exceptionable than those of most heathen—truth, integrity, and hospitality, are universal. For a Karen to lie or cheat, is scarcely known. Females are in no respect degraded." He tells us, that "their only religious teachers are a sort of prophets called *Bokhou*, who predict events, and are greatly venerated by the people." "Besides these, is a set of wizards called *Wees*; who are far less respectable, but more numerous and more dreaded. They pretend to cure diseases, to know men's thoughts, and to converse with the spirits."

The Rev. Dr. Francis Mason, who has resided among these people as a Baptist Missionary for more than a quarter of a century, in an article in the *Examiner*, a Baptist paper of New York, gives an account of Spiritualism among the Karens, with whom he was stationed. "The effort to obtain a knowledge of the future from the spirits of the dead," he denounces as an "unhallowed practice." And he says, "I have ever dealt with it—not by examining the evidences for or against the alleged facts of spirits communicating with men, but by forbidding all attempts to procure such information, whether true or false." A practice quite accordant with the canon of current orthodoxy; but at present we are concerned with his facts rather than his philosophy. Let us then hear his testimony: as he is no friendly witness, it will, perhaps, be received with less suspicion. He tells us, that "Spiritualism has existed among the Karens from time immemorial":—

The Karens believe that the spirits of the dead are ever abroad on the earth. "Children and great grand-children!" said the elders, "the dead are among us. Nothing separates us from them but a white veil. They are here, but we see them not." Other genera of spiritual beings are supposed to dwell also on the earth; and a few gifted ones (mediums, in modern language), have eyes to see into the spiritual world, and power to hold converse with particular spirits.

One man told my assistant—he professed to believe in Christianity, but was not a member of the Church—that when going to Matah he saw on the way a company of evil spirits encamped in booths. The next year, when he passed the same way, he found they had built a village, at their former encampment. They had a chief over them, and he had built himself a house, larger than the rest, precisely on the model of the teacher's without, but within divided by seven white curtains into as many apartments. The whole village was encircled by a *cheval de frise* of dead men's bones. At another time, he saw an evil spirit that had built a dwelling near the chapel at Matah, and was engaged with a company of dependants in planting pointed stakes of dead men's bones all around it. The man called out to the spirit, "What do you mean by setting down so many stakes here?" The spirit was silent, but he made his followers pull up a part of the stakes.

Another individual had a familiar spirit that he consulted, and with which he conversed; but on hearing the Gospel, he professed to become converted, and had no more communication with his spirit. It had left him, he said; it spoke to him no more. After a protracted trial, I baptised him. I watched his case with much interest, and for several years, he led an unimpeachable Christian life; but on losing his religious zeal, and disagreeing with some of the Church members he removed to a distant village, where he could not attend the services of the Sabbath; and it was soon after reported that he had communications with his familiar spirit again. I sent a native preacher to visit him. The man said, he heard the voice which had conversed with him formerly, but it spoke very differently. Its language was exceedingly pleasant to hear, and produced great brokenness of heart. It said: "Love each other. Act righteously; act uprightly," with other exhortations such as he had heard from the teachers. An assistant was placed in the village near him, when the spirit left him again, and ever since he has maintained the character of a consistent Christian.

Several years ago, while preaching in a grove near a village of heathen Pwos, a man fell down in the midst of the sermon, in what I thought to be an epileptic fit; but after the service, I was told the man was not sick, but had a familiar spirit, and that the spirit had come upon him to forbid all the people to listen to me, for I preached falsehood. I visited him while under the influence of the spirit, and heard him sing out his denunciations against those that should receive the Gospel, like one half frantic, while his wife stood over him with a light, for it was said he would die if left without one. The man was subsequently converted, became a useful assistant, and was ordained and settled over a church within the last two or three years. He told me he could not account for his former exercises, but that it certainly appeared to him as if a spirit spoke, and he must tell what was communicated. He has not, so far as I am aware, had any communication with the unseen world since he first professed faith in Christ.

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Mr. Van Meter, writing in a recent communication from Bassein, of the irregularities in the Church, says: "The most serious case is in a strong tendency of a formerly substantial church member to the views and practices of the 'Spiritualists.' He pretends that communications are made to him by angels, and especially by Tway Poh, his former pastor, who died in 1853." It is no new thing with the Karens, but one of their old errors, and the most difficult to eradicate that I ever had to grapple with among them.

Here is a curious custom, once prevalent amongst the Cochin Chinese, and recorded "on good authority" by Dr. Brownson:—

In Cochin China, in the time of the predecessors of Gia-long, it was a custom in the province of Xu-Ngué, on certain solemnities, to invite the most celebrated tutelar genii of the towns and villages of the kingdom to games and a public trial of their strength. A long and heavy barque, with eight benches of oars, was placed dry in the centre of a large hall, and the trial consisted in seeing which of these could move it farthest, or with the greatest ease. The judges and spectators took their stand at a little distance, and saw, as they called the names and titles of the genii placed on the barque, the huge machine tip one side and then the other, and finally advance and then recede. Some of the genii would push it forward several feet, others only a few inches.

M. Huc, the Roman Catholic missionary, in his *Travels in Thibet, Tartary, and China*, and in his later works, *The Chinese Empire*, and *Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet* gives us repeated glimpses of Spiritualism in that region of the world. In his account of the embassy of Rubruk—the French ambassador to the Khan of Tartary in the thirteenth century, we find this account of “magic by rapping on a table;” which evidently, therefore, cannot be now patented as an original invention:—

When they (the soothsayers to the Tartar Emperor) were interrogated, they evoked their demons (spirits) by the sound of the tambourine, shaking it furiously; then falling into an ecstasy, they feigned to receive answers from their familiar spirits, and proclaimed them as oracles. It is rather curious, too, that *table-rapping* and *table turning* were in use in the thirteenth century among these Mongols in the wilds of Tartary. Rubruk himself witnessed an instance of the kind. On the eve of the Ascension, when the mother of Mangou, feeling very ill, the first soothsayer was summoned for consultation, he “performed some magic by rapping on a table.”

Of that singular people, numbering one third of the world's population, whose country is now for the first time being opened to Western commerce and civilization, M. Huc furnishes many very interesting particulars. Though their philosophy and their aims are almost wholly of a secular kind, and their religion “having fallen into the abyss of scepticism” has degenerated into little else than formalism and official ceremony, they yet recognize spiritual intervention as a fact, and it is an element in their religious systems. Of their religions—beside that of Boodh, which is more properly the religion of India—“the first and most ancient is called *Jou-Khiao*, the doctrine of the lettered, of which Confucius is regarded as the reformer and patriarch.” The followers of this system are very regardful of certain rites and ceremonies which they pay to their ancestors, and especially to Confucius. “They have temples, chapels, and oratories dedicated to them, in which are tablets of chesnut-wood inscribed with large characters,—‘Throne (or seat) of the soul or spirit’ of such or such a one, with the name and title of the person in question.” The rites—which we need not describe—all imply the presence and cognizance of the spirit in whose honour they are performed. At the rites in honour of Confucius, M. Huc expressly says, “The spirit of Confucius is addressed as present.” And again, he tells us that the Chinese go to the sanctuary where the tablets are placed “to inform their ancestors of whatever of good or evil happens to their descendants.”

From the same authority we learn that—

The second religion of China is regarded by its disciples as the primitive one of its most ancient inhabitants. It has numerous analogies with the preceding: but the individual existence of genii and demons is recognised in it, independently of the parts of nature over which they preside. The priests and priestesses of this worship are devoted to celibacy, and practise magic, astrology, necromancy, and a thousand absurdities. They are called *Tao-ssé* or Doctors of Reason,

because their fundamental dogma taught by the renowned Lao Tssé, is that of a primordial reason which has created the world. This doctrine is contained in a work pompously entitled the *Book of the Way, and of Virtue*.

This is probably the same belief which in Japan is called Sinto (literally, the "way" or "doctrine"), and which recognises 'the existence of an infinite number of spirits, exercising an influence over the affairs of the world, who are to be propitiated by prayers and the observance of certain rules of conduct.'

Mr. Medwin, in his work on China, tells us that "the adherents of Taou believe firmly in demoniacal possession. There are some who are regularly possessed, and some who can induce possession, which they call 'dancing the god.' Magic arts are used, or said to be used by this sect, by means of which they work wonders. They profess to have constant intercourse with, and controul over, the demons of the invisible world."

Dr. Macgowan, in the *North China Herald*, has given an account of the peculiar mode of "table-turning," and of "the manner in which writing is performed by the agency of the *Kwei*, or spirits" in China. We extract his description of the latter:—

The table is sprinkled equally with bran, flour, dust, or other powder, and two media sit down at opposite sides, with their hands placed upon the table. A hemispherical basket, of about eight inches diameter, such as is commonly used for washing rice, is now reversed, and laid down with its edges laid resting upon the tips of one or two fingers of the two media. This basket is to act as penholder; and a reed or style is fastened to the rim, or a chopstick thrust through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. The ghost in the meantime, has been duly invoked with religious ceremonies, and the spectators stand round waiting the result in awe-struck silence. The result is not uniform. Sometimes the spirit summoned is unable to write, sometimes he is mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it always moves—will make either a few senseless flourishes on the table, or fashion sentences that are without meaning, or with a meaning that only misleads. This, however, is comparatively rare. In general, the words traced are arranged in the best form of composition, and they communicate intelligence wholly unknown to the operators. These operators are said to be not only unconscious, but unwilling participators in the feat. Sometimes, by the exercise of a strong will, they are unable to prevent the pencil from moving beyond the area it commands by its original position; but, in general, the fingers follow it in spite of themselves, till the whole table is covered with the ghostly message.

He tells us, that "in Ningpo, in 1843, there was scarcely a house in which it was not practised for a season almost daily. More recently a club of literary graduates were in the Pau-tekwan, Taouish temple, near the Temple of Confucius, for practising the *Ki*, as the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the spiritual manifestations which they elicited." Here is an anecdote Dr. Macgowan received from a Christian preacher:—

A Mr. Li, in the village of Manthan, near this city, enjoyed the reputation of being remarkably successful in consulting spirits. Our informant, Chin, formed one of the party which had determined to test Mr. Li's skill. It was agreed

that the spirit should be requested to write a prescription for the wife of one of their number, then confined to bed with sickness. Two boys, who had no knowledge of what information the party desired, were called to hold the basket. In a little time, the table was filled with characters, in which the diagnosis and treatment were clearly expressed—of course according to Chinese notions of pathology: the whole, when copied, was shown to be perfectly correct; displaying thus, it must be confessed, a degree of magnanimity which native doctors never show their confrères in the flesh.

The same Mr. Li, however, was less fortunate a few months ago, when he thought fit to make public a revelation he received from the Kwei on the subject of a new pretender to the throne of the empire. Three of the invoking party have been beheaded, and Mr. Li himself is now in hiding, and in imminent danger of becoming one of the Kwei himself.

As a pendant to this little statement, we subjoin what Mr. Newton, in an old number of the *New England Spiritualist*, vouches for as "certain facts within our own knowledge." He writes:—

Some two years ago, we occasionally met with a circle in this city (Boston), at which an intelligence purporting to be the spirit of a Chinaman repeatedly manifested himself, and communicated very freely. He was wont to congratulate us on the freedom from molestation with which our investigations and intercourse with the spirit-life could be pursued in this land—remarking that it was far otherwise among his own people. He stated that this intercourse had long been known and practised in China; but that of late years, exalted spirits had been endeavouring through this means, to impart light to his countrymen—to give them a purer religion and freer government—that thereby the opposition of the dominant classes had been aroused, and a violent persecution had been excited against those who had anything to do with spirit intercourse. In the province where he had lived, it had been carried to the extreme of putting to death those who practised it; and he himself had fallen a victim to this tyranny, having been burned at the stake for endeavouring to heal his own sick daughter by the laying on of hands, under spirit-direction. The details which he would sometimes give of his arrest and execution, were interesting and pathetic. He furthermore stated that this tyranny of the ruling dynasty had given rise to a rebellion, which the powers above were helping forward, and which he firmly believed would result in giving freedom to his beloved China.

This last statement, in regard to the existence of a rebellion, was first made some two weeks before the news of such a state of things had reached this country through the ordinary channels.

Another writer tells us of "a kind of spirit called the *wu-tung*," which by the Chinese is believed "to produce spiritual rappings in and about houses, and to cause burning flames to be seen;" also that:—

Written communications from spirits are not unfrequently sought for in the following manner:—Two persons support with their hands some object to which a pencil is attached in a vertical position, and extending to a table below, covered with sand. It is said that the movements of the pencil, involuntary as far as the persons holding it are concerned, but governed by the influences of spirits, describe certain characters which are easily deciphered, and which often bring to light remarkable disclosures and revelations. Many who regard themselves persons of superior intelligence, are firm believers in this mode of consulting spirits.

With these facts before us we can scarcely avoid his conclusion "that spirits occupy a prominent place among Chinese superstitions, and have an important practical bearing upon domestic and social life." According to some authorities, methods of communi-

cating with spirits of the departed have been known and practised in the Celestial Empire, "at least from the days of Laou-tse, and he was an aged man when Confucius was a youth, between five and six centuries before the Christian era."

Concerning another Eastern people, of whom we have lately heard a good deal—the Druses of Mount Lebanon—one of our periodicals recently contained a long article from an Englishman, who had spent six months among them: and he gives us some curious information as to their beliefs and customs. He informs us that they are divided into "*Akkals*, or initiated, and *Djahils*, or uninitiated." The *Akkals* are of both sexes, and are the most respected part of the nation. Their being *Akkals* does not, however, give them emolument of any kind. "They pursue the ordinary callings of life like other men." Of one of the most distinguished of the *Akkals*—the Sheikh Bechir, he says:—

An English gentleman, long resident in Lebanon, and in whose word the most implicit reliance can be placed, has told me that he has seen at the Sheikh's bidding a stick proceed unaided by anything, from one end of the room to another. Also, on two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of the room, one being filled with water and the other empty, the empty jar move across the room, the full jar rise and approach its companion, and empty its contents into it, the latter returning to its place in the way that it came.

Interested in this account, our author made the acquaintance of the Sheikh, and solicited an exhibition of his wonderful power, which he at first declined giving, on the ground that he had made it a rule that "except to effect cures he would have nothing more to do with the unseen world." At length, however, he was prevailed on, and here is what he saw:—"The Sheikh then took a common jar, which stood by the door filled with water for any one who wished to drink, and placed it on the floor between two of the company. Then he commenced certain 'recitations,' and movements of the hands, at a little distance from it. At first the jar did not move; but, as the recitations and the movements of the hands grew more rapid, it began to go round, first slowly and then quicker, until it moved at quite a rapid pace. The Sheikh pointed to it as in triumph, and then stopped his recitations, when the jar stopped turning. After perhaps half a minute's silence, he began to recite again, and, wonderful to say, the jar began to turn again. At last he stopped, took the jar out of the hands of those who were holding it, and held it for an instant to my ear, when I could plainly hear a singing noise, as if of boiling water, inside. He then poured the water carefully out of it, and gave it to the attendants to be refilled with water, and placed it where it had stood before, for any one wanting a drink to use.

That the feat of making the water-jar turn was a very wonderful one there can be no doubt; nor could I account for it by any natural or ordinary means whatever. But how it was accomplished, or whether any supernatural means whatever were used, I leave others to infer, not having myself formed an opinion on the subject, and intending simply to relate what I was myself an eye-witness of. What I was more curious to learn was, what the Sheikh himself thought on the subject of spirits being placed at man's disposal, and how he had, or believed he had, acquired the power which he was said to possess.

A few days afterward he rode over to see me, and we had a long conversation on the subject, which interested me the more as the Sheikh was evidently sincere in all he said regarding his belief in the power of spirits and the means he had used to acquire that power. That he firmly believes in his intercourse with the spiritual world is certain.

\* \* \* \* \*  
His greatest triumphs have been in cures of epilepsy and confirmed madness,

in which I know of many instances where his success has been most wonderful. He resorts to no severe measures to those brought to him, nor does he use any medicine: simply repeating over them certain incantations, and making passes with his hands as if mesmerizing them.

For severe fevers he has a twine or thread, of which he sends the patient—no matter how far off—enough to tie around his wrists, when the sickness is said to pass away at once. A relation of his own told me that his (the relative's) wife had been afflicted for three years with a swelling, or tumour, of which the European doctors in Beyrout could make nothing, when at last she agreed to consult Sheik Bechir. The latter shut himself up in his room for thirty days, fasting all the time upon very small quantities of bread and water. He then took the case in hand, and after making several passes over the woman's body, she was in five minutes perfectly cured.

But what surprised me more than anything else about the Sheik was the singularly correct description he gave of countries, towns, and even portions of towns, which he could never have seen—having never been out of Syria—and even of some regarding which he could not have read much. He can only read Arabic, in which tongue works of information are very limited, and the number of Europeans with whom he has had any intercourse whatever might be counted upon his ten fingers. Moreover, he has never been further from his native mountain than Damascus or Beyrout, and that for only short periods, and at long intervals. He asked me to name any towns in which I had resided, and which I wished him to describe to me. I mentioned, among others, London, Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Cabool, Candahar, and Constantinople, each of which he literally painted in words to the very life, noticing the various kinds of vehicles, the dress of the different people, the variety of the buildings, and the peculiarities of the streets, with a fidelity which would have been a talent in any one who had visited them, but in a man who had never seen them was truly marvellous.

Here we must bring our extracts to a close; warning the reader that we have presented these glimpses simply as shewing a recognition of the fact of spiritual intercourse among peoples differing widely from ourselves in religion, civilisation, habits, and modes of thought; *not* as passing judgment of approval of their several qualities and modes. Spiritualism, like religion, we regard as a universal fact in man's history; and in considering both it seems to us that a vigilant and sound discretion is needed, in order that we may not confound things bearing the same name in consequence of some one or more broad superficial aspects which they possess in common, but which in their innate qualities and tendencies are mutually divergent. Both religion and Spiritualism may be inverted, till they sink into the dark and foul abysses of idolatrous pollution; or they may be significant of the highest communion of which man is capable; but, even in their lowest states, they testify to a spiritual nature in man linked to a world beyond the bounds of time and sense. This is the central truth which Spiritualism everywhere proclaims; and which, with God's blessing, it is our object to aid in establishing, not as an opinion which shall play around the head and come not near the heart, but as one of the deepest convictions of the human soul—such a conviction as shall be a sure foundation for all divine possibilities in human nature, and for those harmonious relations to God, Man, and Nature which the Creator has established.

T. S.

## A SPIRITUAL SEANCE AT MR. D. D. HOME'S.

THE following editorial remarks, introducing the letter of "A Plain Man," appeared in the *Sunday Times*, of the 17th February. The "Plain Man" is well-known to us, and we can personally vouch for his high character and intelligence, but he is in a position in this wicked world, which makes it a matter of prudence that it should not be known publicly that he has seen what he has seen. If science and religion are satisfied with this uncharitable state of things, we confess that we are not, and that we sigh for the days when every man and woman will be able to tell the truth without being robbed of their bread by the calumnies of those who are simply uninformed as to the facts which are observed. The editor of the *Sunday Times*, says:—

"In accordance with the pledge we made at the time when we inserted a notice of Mr. Novra's lecture, we hasten to give publicity to a letter which we have received, accompanied by the name and address of the writer. From the high position which that gentleman holds, and the widely-admitted truthfulness of his assertions, we cannot do otherwise than believe that he personally saw all that he relates, and thus we are again thrown back on the sea of doubt—anxious to arrive at the truth, yet unable to do so. Fortunately, it is not our duty to decide, or even to give our opinion on such matters; we, therefore, publish the letter, hoping that if a certain enlightening spirit is granted, which may clear up the truth, that it may be shed upon us, or that if the whole thing is fictitious and imaginary, the delusion may soon be dissipated. Too much credulity on the one hand is contemptible. A blind obstinacy has often nearly marred the best revelations which Providence has vouchsafed to science.

"To the Editor of the '*Sunday Times*.'"

"Sir,—For some time I have been waiting for a favourable opportunity to address you, and to state certain facts connected with Spiritualism, which clearly demonstrate the existence of what many persons seem determined to deny. Such sceptics, by their arguments, so far from doing any injury to the cause, have been the means of inducing many to enquire into the phenomena, who otherwise, in all probability, would never have thought of doing so, and as a consequence, have converted them into thorough believers. Nine such cases have occurred at my own house. Again, throughout all the books and articles I have read, I never have found advanced one single argument against the possibility of a communication with the spiritual world, but merely expositions of the tricks practised by some interested



persons, thus confirming those who were only half convinced, and enabling all who are fortunate enough to be present at a *bonâ fide séance*, more easily to distinguish between reality and deceit. Clearly, such persons deserve the thanks of us all. The columns of a newspaper could not admit, nor have I the time to write, the many reasons to be adduced in favour of the probability of spiritual manifestations; all I ask of you is to insert a plain statement, from a plain man, of certain facts so striking, extraordinary, and convincing, that those who have seen them cannot fail to believe, and by which not only are the ideas of a man's lifetime upset, but the very laws of nature and gravitation as hitherto understood appear to be scattered to the winds.

"A few nights since, a party of seven, including Mr. Home and two ladies, assembled, *en séance*, round a heavy large circular table. For a short time nothing extraordinary took place, but at length a convulsive throbbing was felt in the table, which shortly began to move, undulating with an easy, graceful movement, and raising itself at times about a foot off the ground. At the same time there were knocks in quick succession under the table, on the floor, ceiling, and round the room. A gentleman being under the table at the time, at Mr. Home's request, to guard against the possibility of collusion. In fact, I cannot give a better description of the noise than by referring to the scene in the pantomime at Drury Lane, prior to the appearance of the myriad of little sprites. After some trivial communications, a small hand-bell was held by me under the table, and in a few minutes I perceived, on looking down, a small white hand (every other hand belonging to the party assembled, being on the table), which commenced caressing and playing with mine. After ringing the bell once or twice (in my hand), I asked that it should be conveyed to a gentleman opposite, and no sooner was my wish expressed than I felt it pulled from my hand, and deposited in that of the gentleman I had indicated. This was done several times. The hand was smooth and white as a child's, and was quite visible, there being two large gas jets burning in the room. An accordion was held at the side of the table by Mr. Home, when the most lovely, plaintive, and melodious music was played, and no sooner had I expressed a wish to hear the "Last Rose of Summer," than that tune was played, at which moment the accordion was resting on my feet, without a hand of earthly description near it, it having been taken out of Mr. Home's hand and deposited there. Several hands now appeared in quick succession moving different articles of furniture; and one, a particularly powerful one, having touched Mr. Home, he exclaimed that enormous strength had been given him. It certainly had, and he proceeded at once

to exercise it. A block of wood, from the large arm of the tree of great weight, from the falling of which he was so wonderfully preserved, was taken up by Mr. Home as if it were a straw, carried round the room under his arm, and finally deposited near the table. It seemed of no weight to him, and yet, when two gentlemen, apparently much more powerful than Mr. Home, essayed, they could hardly move it. A singular circumstance connected with Mr. Home's receiving such extraordinary strength it is necessary to mention. One of the gentlemen present had lost a very dear friend in the late war in the Crimea, and who, prior to leaving this country, gave him his photograph. It was the only one he ever sat for, and after his decease the family asked for it to get it copied, but they had not returned it. On several occasions this spirit has manifested himself, and has constantly reproached this gentleman for having parted with it. On this evening a similar message was received, when he mentally asked for such a manifestation as would fully identify him with the departed friend. When in the world, he was a most powerful muscular man; and to convince this gentleman it was he, he enabled Mr. Home, through himself, to lift this mass of timber, which at another time he could not have moved. The last words spelt out were 'Get back a copy at least.'

"Another hand now appeared: and on Mr. Home being touched by it, he exclaimed 'They are raising me; do not look at me till I am above the level of the table, as it might have the effect of bringing me down.' Almost at the same moment Mr. Home was raised up and floated in the air at the height of about five feet, touching one gentleman on the head slightly as he passed, but on approaching the window he came again gently to the ground. He remarked, 'Their strength is hardly great enough yet, but I feel it will be soon.' The table which for some time had remained passive, now began to heave and throb most violently, and finished by moving towards a sofa at the end of the room, obliging all sitting round it to follow it. We had scarcely resumed our seats, when our attention was attracted by seeing a small table move across the room; and finally, after much difficulty, raise itself, and stand in the centre of the large table round which we were sitting. 'Less earthly light' was now spelt out, and the two gas-lights were turned down, leaving merely a bright blazing fire, which clearly illuminated the whole room. This was scarcely done, when a small baby's hand was seen creeping up a gentleman's arm, and almost at the same time he perceived between Mr. Home and himself the form of an infant in white. Being naturally very fond of children, he thought nothing of it, merely imagining that his inclinations were known; but on his wife's asking if it was

not the spirit of her little child now passed away, a timid answer in the affirmative was given—a bright light appearing close to the sofa at the same moment, which, by degrees, faded, and at last disappeared. The small table, which it must be remembered was still on the large one, now began to move, and at the same moment the same hand that before imparted such supernatural strength to Mr. Home was again seen grasping him. His arms were raised above his head, he was again lifted about two feet off the ground and carried towards the window, and when there, he was raised to within about eighteen inches of the ceiling. After remaining floating for about two minutes he descended; but on coming near his chair, he was again elevated, and placed in a standing position in the centre of the table, together with the small one. His weight not resting on it, it had no effect, nor was there even a creak heard. In about a minute both Mr. Home and the small table were elevated for a fourth time in the air, about a foot off the surface of the large table, and, after remaining in that position for about a minute, he descended and resumed his seat. ‘Good night,’ being then spelt out, our meeting was put an end to.

“Such is a short account of this most remarkable and satisfactory *séance*. I need scarcely add that of necessity I have been compelled to omit many small details which, although interesting in themselves, sink into insignificance by the side of the wonderful manifestations above described. *Cui Bono?* many people will say. What can come of all this? Of what use is it? That can be easily be answered; and, if you wish, can form the subject of another letter. This one contains merely a record of facts.

“I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“A PLAIN MAN.”

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

By MRS. CREDULOUS.

IN my report of a dialogue with my friend Scepticus, a slight sketch is given of the manner in which I believe the spiritual phenomena to be produced. Persons weighing my belief against the doctor's scepticism, may like to know on what facts or observations my theory is supported, and especially whether the explanation given of the resurrection of the spiritual body be anything more than a pleasant or plausible fancy. An account of a small part of the evidence by which my own mind has been

influenced, may elicit statements in confirmation, or disproof, from other enquirers.

Before I give any of my immediate experience, let me gather from seers of different countries, times, and degrees of perspicacity, their statements of the manner in which the release of the spirit was presented to their internal vision. Each one of these saw more or less dimly and partially, but we may find, by comparing their statements, how far the belief of Spiritualists in general is supported by the evidence of observation, and whether it agrees with the Scripture doctrine of the resurrection, as given by St. Paul in the 15th chapter of Corinthians.

Some readers will say, with Scepticus, "Swedenborg and the seers were visionaries, who fed their morbid imaginations till they were unable to distinguish between objective reality, and subjective appearance. Their dreams are unworthy the notice of a student of physical science." To these men of physical science, I would say, Look with a little more exactness, and if you find, first, that the coherence of Swedenborg's system is its most remarkable characteristic, and secondly, that if the accounts given by seers who never heard his name, not only confirm his assertions, but supply what he has left unexplained, you must seek some other source than 'dreams,' or 'heated imagination,' or 'pure invention,' to account for the conformity." A *visionary*, as the word is generally used, is one who allows his fancy to wander unchecked, careless of truth or reason. *His* beliefs or imaginations result from the incomplete working of his own brain. A *seer* is in a very different state. With him, as Spiritualists believe, and the Scriptures teach, the external senses being closed, and the brain being in a state of perfect repose, perhaps of inactivity, an internal sense is opened, which enables the seer to take cognizance of that internal or spiritual world, into which by change of state he has entered. We must not lose sight of this distinction. Of course it will be said that the existence of an internal world, and of an internal sense are assumptions. It is not my work to meet this objection at present.

First, then, as being first in order of time, and far beyond other seers in the extent and variety of his revelations, I place Swedenborg. His description of the process of death is as follows :—

When the body is no longer able to perform its functions in the natural world, corresponding to the thoughts and affections of its spirit, which it has from the spiritual world, then the man is said to die. This takes place when the respiratory motions of the lungs and the systolic motions of the heart cease; but still man does not die, but is only separated from the corporeal part which was of use to him in the world for man himself lives. It is said that man himself lives, because man is not man from the body, but from the spirit, since the spirit thinks in man, and thought with affection makes man. Hence it is evident that man when he dies, only passes from one world into another. Hence it is that

death, in the Word, in its internal sense, signifies resurrection and continuation of life. The inmost communication of the spirit is with the respiration and with the motion of the heart, its thought with the respiration and the affection, which is of love with the heart; wherefore, when these two motions cease in the body, there is immediately a separation. These two motions, namely, the respiratory motion of the lungs, and the systolic motion of the heart, are the very bonds, which being broken, the spirit is left to itself, and the body being then without the life of its spirit grows cold and putrifies. That the inmost communication of the spirit of man is with the respiration and with the heart, is because all the vital motions thence depend not only in general, but also in every part. The spirit of man after the separation, remains a little while in the body, but not longer than the total cessation of the heart's action, which takes place with variety according to the state of the disease of which the man dies; for the motion of the heart with some continues a long while, and with some not long; as soon as this motion ceases, the man is resuscitated; but this is done by the Lord alone. By resuscitation is meant the drawing forth of the spirit of man from the body, and its introduction into the spiritual world, which is commonly called resurrection.

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How resuscitation is effected has not only been told me, but also shewn by living experience. The experiment itself was made with me in order that I might fully know how it is done. I was brought into a state of insensibility as to the bodily senses, thus almost into the state of the dying; yet the interior life, with thought, remaining entire, so that I perceived and retained in memory the things which occurred, and which occur to those who are resuscitated from the dead, I perceived that the respiration of the body was almost taken away, the interior respiration, which is of the spirit, remaining, conjoined with a slight and tacit respiration of the body. Then there was first given communication as to the pulse of the heart with the celestial kingdom. . . . . Angels thence were also seen, some at a distance, and two near the head, at which they were seated. Thence all proper affection was taken away, but still there remained thought and perception: I was in this state for some hours. The spirits then, who were around me, removed themselves, supposing that I was dead. There was also perceived an aromatic odour, as of an embalmed corpse, for when the celestial angels are present, then what is cadaverous is perceived as aromatic, and when spirits perceive this, they cannot approach. Thus also evil spirits are kept away from the spirit of man, when he is first introduced into eternal life.

The angels who were seated at the head were silent, only communicating their thoughts with mine, and when these are received, the angels know that the spirit of man is in such a state that it can be drawn forth from the body. The communication of their thoughts was made by looking in my face, for thus communications of the thoughts are made in heaven. Because thought and perception remained with me, in order that I might know and remember how resuscitation is effected, I perceived that those angels first enquired what my thought was, whether it was like the thought of those who die, which is usually about eternal life; and that they wished to keep my mind in that thought. It was afterwards said, that the spirit of man is held in its last thoughts when the body expires, until it returns to the thoughts, which are from its general or ruling affection in the world. Especially as it was given to me to perceive, and also to feel that there was a drawing, and as it were, a pulling out of the interiors of my mind, thus of my spirit, from the body; and it was said that this was from the Lord, and that thence is resurrection. When the celestial angels are with a resuscitated person, they do not leave him because they love every one, but when the spirit is such that he can no longer be in company with the celestial angels, he desires to depart from them; and when this is the case, angels come from the Lord's spiritual kingdom, by whom is given to him the use of light, for before he saw nothing, but only thought. It was also shewn how this is done. Those angels seemed as it were to roll off the coat of the left eye towards the septum of the nose, that the eye might be opened, and be enabled to see: the spirit does not perceive otherwise than that this is done, but it is an appearance. When the coat seems to have been rolled off, there appears something lucid, but obscure,

as when a man at first awaking looks through the eyelashes. This obscure lucidity seemed to me of a heavenly colour, but afterwards it was said that this takes place with variety. Afterwards something is felt to be rolled off softly from the face, and when this is done, spiritual thought is induced; that rolling off from the face is also an appearance, for by it is represented that he comes from natural thought into spiritual thought. The angels are extremely cautious lest any idea should come from the resuscitated person, but what savours of love; they then tell him he is a spirit.—*Heaven and Hell*, 445–450.

As I wish merely to give the concurrent testimony of many seers, the remainder of Swedenborg's statement is omitted. It relates to the mode of introduction into the spiritual life, and the direction taken by the newly-risen human being according to his natural affections and affinities, the law of polarization and attraction according to *affinity* remaining as true in the glorious spirit-land, as it is found to be in the laboratory of the earthly chemist, or natural philosopher. The next extracts relating to this subject are from the *Seeress of Prevorst*.

She (the Seeress) was frequently in that state in which persons who have the faculty of ghost-seeing perceive their own spirit out of their body, which only enfolds it as a thin gauze. She often saw herself out of her body, and sometimes double. She said: "It often appears to me that I am out of my body, and then I hover over it, and think of it; but this is not a pleasant feeling, because I recognize my body. But if my soul were bound more closely to my nerve-spirit, then would this be in closer union with my nerves; but the bonds of my nerve-spirit are daily becoming weaker." . . . . .

The Seeress said, that the separation of the spirit from soul and body in sleep-waking bore a great resemblance to death, but was not the same. When the spirit quits the body in the last moments, it becomes weak and helpless,—it cannot draw the soul after it, and can only wait. The dying person is then unconscious of all that happens: the future is hidden from him, and he can no longer express himself. When, previously to this moment, a dying person declares that he is now certain of the existence of a future state, &c., it is because the soul being no longer under the direction of the brain, recovers its natural power of clear-seeing and hope of the future, which had been before obscured. When the spirit has quitted the body, the soul knows it can no longer stay, but struggles to be free. This is the moment of the death-agony; and at this moment, instead of the now powerless spirit, the spirits of the blest stand by to aid the soul; and the struggle is longer or shorter, in cases of natural death, in proportion to the ease or difficulty with which the soul can separate itself from earthly things.

With respect to the nerve-spirit, or nervous principle of vitality, she said, that through it the soul was united to the body, and the body with the world. . . . . The nerve-spirit is immortal, and accompanies the soul after death, unless where the soul is perfectly pure, and enters at once amongst the blessed. By its means the soul constructs an airy form around the spirit. It is capable of increase or growth after death, and, by its means the spirits who are yet in the mid-region, are brought into connection with a material in the atmosphere, which enables them to make themselves felt and heard by man, and also to suspend the property of gravity and move heavy articles. When a person dies in a perfectly pure state, which is seldom the case, he does not take this nerve-spirit with him (though indestructible, it remains with the body, and at the general resurrection is united to the soul, and constructs it an aerial form.\*) Blessed spirits, to whom this nerve-spirit is no longer attached, cannot make themselves heard or felt, they appear no more. The purer the spirit is, the higher grade it holds in the mid-region, or intermediate state, and the more entirely it is separated from the nerve-spirit.

\* As the Seeress's own words are not quoted, but only the report of them by her biographer, Justinus Kerner, the accuracy of this sentence seems doubtful. At all events it requires farther elucidation.

I beg that the description of the nerve-spirit, which I have purposely italicized, may be compared with the explanation of rapping, moving, &c., given to Dr. Scepticus.

My next account is taken from a most interesting little volume, *Guardian Spirits: a Case of Vision into the Spiritual World*, from the German of H. Werner. J. Allen, New York, 1847. The author of this little book gives no proof whatever of being acquainted with the writings of Swedenborg. On the contrary, he declares his decided disbelief, before this experience, of the phenomena of mesmerism. He was pastor at Beckelsberg, Stultz, on the Rhine. The translator, A. E. Ford, appears by his preface to be a Swedenborgian. The revelations are given in a series of dialogues between the author and his patient, R.—

AUTHOR.—You said that the magnetic sleep was similar to death. Explain this to me, if you can.

R.—Yes. Certainly. The magnetic state is similar to death. The way in which the soul leaves the body I cannot indeed explain to you; I can only give you an image of it, as I feel it. It seems to me, now, as if, in the waking state, the body were the house of the soul, and it might look out now at this window, now at that. In the somnambule state, however, the soul has gone out and shut the door of its dwelling. For this reason I now see you and myself, as a third person does a group. I am at your left, and am looking at you and my own body.

AUTHOR.—Will this be the case also in dying?

R.—Yes: only with the difference that the return to the body is then no longer possible. In dying, the spirit leaves its residence exactly as in the magnetic sleep. But as it cannot be without the soul (because they are there united as body and soul) for this reason it cannot rise without it. This latter does not part from the body so easily as the spirit which is divine in its quality; only with hard struggles does the soul leave the body, with which it has much affinity, and which it greatly loves. For this reason it also, for the most part, takes with it in dying its corporeal appendages, which often are not the best; because they have grown, as it were, into its very nature.

AUTHOR.—What distinction is there between spirit and soul?

R.—The spirit is the life of the soul, the eternally divine, begotten from God; the latter belongs to its personal essence, and completes its whole. In its essence it is a spirit-body—and hence can put on altogether the nature of the spirit, and supernaturalize itself; and, on the other hand, can overcome the spirit and more and more corporealize and debase itself. It is the countenance of the spirit, its characteristic form, or clothing, as you will. Neither can subsist without the other; they are as closely united as soul and body—how, I cannot tell. These are connections that exceed the power of my eye.

AUTHOR.—But perhaps you can tell me how both are united with the body?

R.—Yes, I can. The soul is the internal sense of the man, by which the spirit expresses its essential activity; the latter gives the soul power for its vital expressions. But that these may be manifested, there is required still a third, which is superadded, and which, at the same time, moves and animates the body. This is an exceedingly fine substance, of which the soul itself seems almost entirely to consist, and with which it pervades the body in all its parts.

AUTHOR.—Is this the so-called nerve-spirit?

R.—You have the right idea. It is what gives to the body eternal life, nobility, and power; but the name does not please me.

AUTHOR.—Do you know any which describes it better?

R.—No; I know no word for it.

AUTHOR.—What becomes of this nerve-spirit in death?

R.—It is indeed taken out of the essence of the soul, but by its operations in the body, has more of its nature than the soul, in itself, considered. *It is almost its instrument for operating in the external world.* And, when the soul parts from

the body, this fine substance accompanies it; for it is as well a part of the soul as of the body. Should it stay in the body, this would live on, notwithstanding the soul had left it. This is in some measure the case in my present state. \* \* In death the soul is the body of the spirit, and is destined, if the spirit is not to miss the high end of its creation to become one with it, to be spiritualized. This presents itself to me as another dying; the nerve-spirit is destined at last, as what is more gross and corporeal, to be entirely removed, and the soul to assume the nature of the eternal light of the spirit.

**AUTHOR.**—To what purpose does the nerve-spirit serve after death?

**R.**—It does not renounce its nature; although invisible to the bodily eye, it is very gross and corporeal, in comparison with the essence which spirit and soul form together. The soul cannot free itself immediately after death; each, it may be said, takes something of lower desire with it into the other state—and this is what attracts and weighs the nerve-spirit downward to the earth. Souls quite earthly wrap themselves gladly in it and give thereby the characteristic form to their spirit. By the aid of this substance they can make themselves seen, heard, and felt by men. . . . They can excite sounds in the atmosphere of the earth.

Some very curious particulars of a case of lucid vision induced by magnetism are given in a little work, *Somnolism and Psychicism*, by J. Haddock, M.D., London, 1851. The patient, Emma, "while in a state of extasis made some revelations, in which Dr. Haddock says:—

Man is represented as a spiritual being, rising from what she calls "the shell" of the dead material body, immediately after death; or as soon as the connexion between the soul and its material covering is completely severed, which, she says, does not sometimes occur until a day or two after what appears as death. The risen and emancipated spirit is a perfectly organised existence, preserving the human form, and having a complete sensational perception of his fellow spiritual beings, and of the beautiful scenery of the spiritual spheres; that is, provided he was during life in a moral state in harmony with those spheres. \* \* \* \* \*

"It seems," said the clairvoyant, "as if the idea of what you should say comes into the mind and they (the angels) tell you what you want to know. When I got with the angels, I seemed like one who had gone a long journey and got home; but I could not tell how I went the journey. When I was seated near the fountain, I asked, 'How people got there?'—meaning how they left the world by death. It was told me that persons were not always dead when their friends thought so, for all the actions of the body stop by degrees. It was sometimes two or three days after what is called death; but was not always alike; some were a longer, others a shorter time. During this time, they were like a person asleep, and in a state between this world and the other. The angels can see them before they can see the angels. . . . As soon as people rise into the spirit-world, angels talk to them, and tell them where they are, and endeavour to lead them upwards."

Mr. A. J. Davis's description of the departure of a spirit in his work, *The Great Harmonia*, will occur to many readers. It is extremely interesting; but its length, as well as the mixed character of Mr. Davis's revelations in general, prevent my inserting it here.

How very differently the birth of the spirit may appear, *even to the same individual*, at different times, according to the greater or less opening of internal vision, will be seen by the following narratives,—the first two given to me by Mrs. J. D., a person in humble life, but of unquestionable good sense and truthfulness; the third, by a friend of many years, whose powers of internal vision are well known to many of the readers of this Magazine.



I give Mrs. D.'s own words as they stand, with her signature attached, in my note book.

When I was sixteen years old, I had been nursing a child of seven, who had been ill since his birth with disease of the head. He had been some days expected to die, quite sensible. About noon I left him in his bed, in a back parlour, on the ground floor. His mother and a friend were with him. I was returning from the kitchen to the child, and had just reached the top of the kitchen staircase, when I saw, coming from the door of the back parlour in which the bed stood, the form of a little child. It did not stop on the ground, but *immediately* went up over the staircase and disappeared from me. The bed in which the sick child had laid was close to the door of the room, and that door was not more than about a foot from the top of the staircase which I came up. As I entered the room his mother said, "He is just gone." The figure that I saw was that of a little child, quite naked, fair and fresh looking, and perfectly healthy. It looked much fatter and younger than the little sick boy, and had a very animated, happy expression.

More than twenty years after that—about ten years since—I was sitting up with the mother of a child who had been ill three or four days with fits. It was more than two years old. The mother had one arm under the child's head. I was on the other side of the bed, lying by the baby; and the fire, a bright one, was on the same side of the room as that on which the mother sat. Suddenly I saw the fire darkened by something which seemed to flutter or move backwards and forwards before it. I noticed this to the mother (who was between the bed and the fire), but she did not see it, and declared the fire was burning brightly. The fits left the child about six o'clock, and it lay perfectly still till it had ceased to breathe, at about half-past ten. I saw the darkening of the fire for an hour before the child died, and the instant it expired the fire was distinctly visible.

1850.

(Signed) J. D.

Sunday, January 6, 1860.

At a little after eight, p.m., I thought Mrs. R—— was breathing more from the throat than she had done all day, and went in to look at her. There was only a rushlight, but I found the room in a blaze of light, and saw that over her head were hovering two bright angels; on each side the bed there were two more who held a kind of cradle, and at the foot were several spirits who I think were her own departed ones, as I recognized A—— amongst them. Seeing this, I asked E—— to bring his brother in. When they came, he passed to the other side of the bed, and F—— remained where I stood. I got him to rest upon the bed, and told him to lean on me, but he said, "No; I feel stronger;" and when I looked at him I saw a bright spirit come behind him and hold him up. We stood looking at her for some minutes, and then she breathed *once* heavily, and in about half a minute breathed so again; then I saw the angels at the side lift up the cradle, and those near her head stooped down and lifted *something* from her eyes—which was *herself*. I saw her head and shoulders; the rest seemed to be floating drapery. I first saw them place this in the cradle, and then was obliged to go into the other room to attend to the medicine for F——. About three o'clock the next morning, having occasion to fetch something from the room, I saw the four angels who had stood at the side of the bed still there. I wanted to look at her, and they made way for me to stand beside the bed, whilst I uncovered her face. When I covered it again they fell back to their places, just like guards. I have seen her twice since she left us—once swathed up like a mummy, lying in an alcove, and the second time with a white veil on, when she gave me, through A——, some messages for E——.

E. M. N.

The following vision, which was given in answer to a request for an explanation of death, to a seer unacquainted with the foregoing accounts, is remarkable as confirming their statements of the order in which the various processes are effected.

January, 12th, 1859.

I said I saw a glorious sunset. It is wonderful, indeed! This sunset is shown me as a type of earthly life. Across this glowing sky hastens a group of angels. What are they bearing along with them in such haste? Ah! I see now! They carry a golden cross, a golden cup, and a lily crown. How beautiful are these angels, but they hasten rapidly away! I am going with them. I see where they are going. It is towards the earth where it is cold and twilight. They are gone to comfort a little child! A little, pale, very pale child. The child is about to die. Yes, it is for this child that the angels have brought these glorious gifts of the cross, the cup, and the lily crown. Ah, how pale is the little child! Now it is dying! But how can I describe this wonderful process of death? It is too interior to be described: it should be witnessed. An angel has taken the child, and is drawing forth the internal of the child into the external; the old external child will die, but the new child will be drawn forth, and become the external.

The mode of this is more wonderful than can be conceived. The angel draws forth as with a magnet the various internal particles of the child, and attracts them in a new form. First of all, as by a wonderful music, all the particles of hearing are drawn forth, later on, all the particles of vision, and then will the child behold as well as hear. It is most wonderful!

The following, written with excessive rapidity by the hand of a child eight years old, professes to be an account of the sensations of one, who has passed the boundary. As the young "medium" was perfectly ignorant of any description of death, or of any of the theories on the subject, the coincidence in some minute particulars with Swedenborg's account is very remarkable.

When a mortal dies, some friendly spirit enters the room, and strews rose-leaves over the floor and the body. They then take a tiny silver bell and ring it, which is the signal for the spirit to come out of the body. When I came away, ——— rang one these tiny bells. It was so gentle, that I came directly to sense. I rose up, and stood by the window. The smell of rose-buds made the room like Paradise. The golden light was shining on the wall, and something seemed to call me. I turned; and it seemed as if a gulf were opening at my feet, and then I saw lying before me a dark thing like a shadow. Something told me it had been myself, and then ——— came and took me away. I could first see shadows, and the spirit-world quite dazzled me. I looked down on the earth, and saw a quantity of houses, gloomy churches, and little people, so small, that at first I thought it was a shew, and I was glad I had such a pretty place to live in. Since then I have lived in happiness, but one of my happy days was that when I came from the body, and saw the golden light, and smelt the flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

When we were on earth, the strength of our spirit was locked up, and we could not use it, but now we have the everlasting and beautiful strength of the spirit, and the strength we took from the body, always, which mingles with the spirit's strength.

With respect to the "bell" and the "rose-leaves" it must be remembered, that in accordance with a law, well explained by Swedenborg and other seers, true spiritual communications are always more or less in the language of correspondence. The bell corresponds to the summons, or drawing out, of the spirit by those angelic friends, who are to welcome it on its arrival. The rose-leaves typify their love, and answer to the aromatic odour described by Swedenborg, as accompanying the presence of celestial angels. This has often been observed and spoken of

as the "odour of sanctity" about the death-beds of the good and pure. I hope at some future time to be permitted to give farther illustrations of this law of correspondence.

If the foregoing statements are found to be coherent and rational, we may be prepared to understand more clearly than heretofore, the cheering doctrine of St. Paul, concerning the rising of the spiritual body. The attractive force, or centre, by which every particle is crystallised, so to speak, or polarised into form according to the needs of the individual is the most internal,—the spark given off from the divine life. This is called by the Apostle *pneuma*. But the nervous influence by which it acts in the human being, causing the muscles to move in obedience to the will is, in its more refined portions, the *psyche*, or soul. The ancients, who gave the same name to the soul and to the butterfly, had a better guess at the nature of the resurrection body than our intellectual physiologists.

When we are next called upon to listen to St. Paul's teaching over the perishing dust of some dear friend, let us remember that instead of the departed treasure being buried under the church-yard mould, there to wait for thousands and thousands of years to rise to an indefinite heaven, the resurrection of the spiritual body has taken place already, and the ascent of the risen being to the Lord of all, or to its descent and deterioration, till the last spark of divine life, or good, is extinguished, will surely follow in strict accordance with its own inmost aspirations and affinities.

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## SPIRITUALISM v. PSEUDO-SWEDENBORGIANISM.

A Mr. Foster, of Preston, a Swedenborgian, having come to the assistance of the Catholic Priest who retired from the scene after the receipt of Mr. Howitt's letter in our last number, Mr. Howitt has addressed to the *Preston Guardian* the following letter.

"It has thus been ordained by the Lord from eternity that there should be such an intercourse and communion between men and angels."

*Swedenborg's Spiritual Diary*, 2,541, 2,542.

"In the way which they call heresy, worship I the God of my fathers."

*St. Paul*

*To the Editor of the "Preston Guardian."*

"SIR,—It is said that poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but religious intolerance makes us acquainted with far stranger exhibitions. Whoever would have dreamed

of Swedenborgianism and Popery leaguings together to crush freedom of opinion? Who could have imagined the reputed followers of the great seer and wanderer through spiritual regions shaking hands with the disciples of Loyola to damn the doctrines and life-long practice of their founder? Yet here have we hard-shell Swedenborgianism becoming foster-brother to libellous Papistry. Never, perhaps, did Old Rome and New Jerusalem imagine such a monstrum horrendum, such ghastly twins as they have now produced. Messrs. Christie and Foster are the polemic Darby and Joan of Preston. Father Christie fires off his little pop-gun which frightens nobody, and withdraws from sight, but then comes out Joan Foster, picks up the harmless pellet, dips it in Pseudo-Swedenborgian gall, and flings it afresh. The charge against Spiritualism is precisely the same from both these incongruous allies; it is that Spiritualism proceeds from the devil; but I think nobody could be prepared to find the new ally of Popery a still more unscrupulous adept in the art of distorting facts and dealing in empty myths than the very Jesuits themselves whose cunning has consisted in the unscrupulous mixture of a grain of truth with a cart-load of falsehood. They are masters at telling a little and keeping back a great deal; they make lies by clipping and laming the truth. But I think you will presently admit that Mr. Foster has outdone them at their mystery. The feud that is rending the very vitals of the Swedenborgian body in London has shewn that they are becoming fossilised and intolerant, but I did not look for downright dishonesty in one of that creed. Spiritualism, in the shape of Mr. Harris, has thrown a bombshell into the midst of them; one might conceive jealousy, one might expect alarm, but one could not so readily imagine literary felony in a dweller in the New Jerusalem.

“Yet what will you say when I tell you that the greater part of the letter on Spiritualism in your supplement, signed ‘E. Foster,’ is a wholesale theft? The whole of the letter, except the first paragraph, is stolen bodily from ‘A Discourse by the Rev. O. Prescott Hiller,’ of the New Church, an American, published by the Conference, and reprinted in the *Intellectual Repository*, No. 68. I send you a copy of it, published in the *Spiritual Telegraph* of July 1st, 1859, whence, no doubt, your correspondent has purloined it. There you will see that he has merely altered a few words, chiefly at the commencement, for the sake of disguise; but that, with this trivial exception, the whole of his letter, from the words beginning ‘The Spiritualists of our day are egregiously mistaken,’ down to ‘it is disorderly to feel in any way their ‘manifest operations,’ is a wholesale plagiarism of no less than 75 lines of your columns,

including the whole quotation from Swedenborg. Here is a pretty fellow! Here is a parade of learning indeed! What a spectacle!—a Swedenborgian jackdaw tricked out in the peacock-feathers of Mr. O. Prescott Hiller! This is doing the devil's work with a vengeance, whilst chastising others for devilism. To cudgel the innocent is bad enough, but to steal a cane to do it with is *piquantly* wicked. And all this comes of Brother Foster fostering unholy passions, and not listening to Christ's advice, to see whether his own hands are clean before he begins stoning imagined offenders.

“It hardly seems worth while to notice further the attacks of a man who, whilst professing to serve truth and Christianity, is doing the work of the devil, by literary theft and imposture. It might be enough to say to this convicted plagiarist, in reply to his accusations of devilism, ‘His servants ye are to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey.’ But though the man himself deserves nothing but the contempt of every honest mind, he has brought up some litter which needs dispersing.

“‘The Spiritualists,’ says Mr. O. P. Hiller, ‘are mistaken’—and Mr. Foster intensifies his plundered article by adding ‘egregiously’ mistaken—‘if they imagine that they have discovered anything new;’ that this spirit influence ‘is as ancient as the oldest recorded facts.’ It is not the Spiritualists, but their opponents, who imagine any such thing. The Spiritualists assert, and that on the evidence of the records of all nations, pre-eminently of the Hebrews, that this privilege of communion between spirits in the flesh and out of the flesh is a great law of nature and of God, commencing with creation and co-extensive with it. This is precisely what I have myself asserted a score times in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the *Spiritual Magazine*, the *Morning Star*, in newspapers, and literary journals. We know that this beneficent influence, this gracious gift of God, has been known in all times and all nations, and is conspicuous in all literatures. We know that it is that power within us which is continually drawing us upward, and opening vistas into heaven. Swedenborg taught this fundamental faith of all lands and times, though his pretended followers would put the stamp of devilism upon it. ‘This privilege,’ he says, in his *Arcana Caelestia* (9,438), ‘is granted to man during his life in the world, to whom it has been given by the Lord, to discourse with spirits and angels, for man is a spirit and angel as to his interiors.’ We know, however, that it has its two sides, like everything else. That, like everything, it may easily be vitiated; that, pursued only for spiritual edification, by holy means, and by trust in Christ, as orderly Spiritualists pursue it—as the patriarchs, prophets, and saints pursued it—it is legitimate, sacred, inestimable. That,

pursued as the depraved Jews pursued it, expressly seeking to devils, and for base purposes, it is sorcery, and sinful. We are all agreed upon this point; it is only Jesuits and Pseudo-Swedenborgians, who are infected by the old leaven of persecution, which sent the martyrs to the stake as dealers with the devil.

"Why, sir, these men, had they lived in the time of Christ, would have charged him as the Jews did, with dealings with the devil. They would have said, 'See! this man has the closest intercourse with the devil. He has been secreted with him in the desert for forty days and nights together. It is known that he has suffered the devil to carry him up into the mountains, and to the top of the temple. Other spirits, no doubt familiars, have come and borne him down again.' They are but libelling us, as they would have libelled our Saviour.

"But whoever made the quotation from Swedenborg did a very foolish thing. Swedenborg, they say, declares that there is danger in intercourse with spirits; and, therefore, nobody is to have intercourse with them, be they good or bad. And yet this Swedenborg, of all men living, declares himself to have spent the greater part of his life in such intercourse. He tells us of his interviews with all sorts of spirits—in heaven, in hell, and on the earth—from the Holy Spirit to demons; and that he, through this intercourse, discovered those great truths in which his writings abound. Nay, he would go on special messages to spirits, as he did for the Queen of Sweden to that old rascal miscalled Frederick the Great. If, as it has been well observed, Swedenborg condemns spiritual intercourse, of all men he condemns himself. But Swedenborg does nothing of the kind: he only tells you there are dangers, as there are ineffable advantages.

"But Mr. Foster seems to have learned from his new allies, the Jesuits, their trick of telling only one side of a story. This is the way in which he has treated all the facts and statements of his letter. He quotes the Jewish law aimed at detestable Jewish practices, as the vilest necromancy; but he does not tell you that Christ himself most solemnly abrogated this law of non-intercourse with the dead, by seeking *the spirits of the dead*, Moses and Elias, on the Mount of Transfiguration, and introducing his disciples to them. I have shewn the completeness of this remarkable abrogation of the law which Mr. Foster quotes, both in the *Spiritual Telegraph* and in the *Morning Star*, and of our Saviour's inauguration of the new liberty, by raising and sending the dead into Jerusalem at his crucifixion, and by sending one of the dead—'one of his brethren the prophets'—to St. John, in Patmos. But if Mr. Foster still thinks that we are bound by all the clauses of the Jewish law, he should lose no time in getting circumcised, and setting up a harem of half-a-dozen wives. He should stone

to death not only the first adulteress that he meets, but every sculptor and painter that he can find.

"I have shown Mr. Foster's literary larceny; let me now point out his aggravations of this offence, by misrepresenting various facts regarding Spiritualism in America. It is a curious circumstance that the opponents of Spiritualism so continually fly across the Atlantic for their charges against it. Here Mr. Foster Jesuitizes again. They are American myths that these Jesuit fathers particularly deal in. Spiritualism is widely spread in England; its results are well known; all its facts are most easy of ascertainment; why, then, do not these gentlemen draw their statistics from home? Simply because everybody knows—who knows anything of Spiritualism—that here it is orderly, salutary, and holy, producing only 'peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.' But America, these learned gentlemen seem to think, is so far off, and so little known, that they may propagate the grossest falsehoods as American facts without detection. The short-sightedness of this is astonishing, as they should know that everything occurring in America is known here in a few weeks at the furthest, through newspapers, letters, and periodicals; and I warn opponents for their good, that the English Spiritualists are perfectly familiar with the spiritual statistics of America, and ready at any moment to expose any perversions of truth.

"Let us now notice Mr. Foster's statement regarding Dr. Randolph and Judge Edmonds. I do not pin my faith entirely on Dr. Randolph. Many think him a good medium, and he may be so, but he was an eccentric and a fanatic, just as Catholicism, and Swedenborgianism, and every other ism has had its eccentrics and fanatics. St. Anthony and St. Dunstan and a thousand other saints were plagued and made miserable and half mad by devils; many—a very large class of the present community—think the same of Swedenborg, and why should not Dr. Randolph be so? He says he was driven to desperation, and even to attempt his life—by what? By neglecting the Scripture rule of 'trying the spirits.' He made a recantation, but of what? Of scientific Spiritualism only, not of religious Spiritualism. He declared over and over in public meetings that he never had recanted 'true Spiritualism, which, he said, was the very essence of Christianity; it was only the false, the fanaticism, the machine-mediumship that he had renounced.' He is a firm Spiritualist, and, say they who know him, a good teacher: constantly acknowledging the cause of his aberration—his neglect to try the spirits. He says in his letters—'Spiritualism is grown to be a first-rate power in the world, and its facts will remain facts, stubborn as iron in spite of all gainsayers.' Spiritualists are always warning the inexperienced, as the Apostle warned the churches, not to be

subject to the spirits, but to 'try them, whether they are of God.' There cannot be a fairer definition of the law and practice of modern Spiritualism than is given in the motto of 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 recognises a *continuous* Divine inspiration in Man: it aims through a careful and 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.' That surely is an object worthy of the Christian of every creed or name. And when Mr. Foster quotes conjurors he should not be surprised if they commit him to something that he will have cause to regret. It is well known that the statements regarding the amount of insanity resulting from Spiritualism in America, for which he takes the Wizard of the North as his voucher, were most false and groundless. The Spiritualists of the United States immediately examined the returns of their lunatic asylums, and so far from 'nearly nine-tenths of the inmates being victims of Spiritualism,' it presented by far the lowest figures on the scale of all exciting causes. I cannot give all the details here. The worst returns were those of sixteen insane asylums, which gave—Insane from religious excitement, 417; from Spiritualism, 34. But the rest were very much on the scale of the State Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, Massachusetts,—Excessive labour, 79; disappointed love, 98; politics, 3; fright, 25; Millerism, 10; religious excitement, 161; pecuniary loss, anxiety, and fear of poverty, 175; infidelity, Mesmerism, Pantheism, each 1; Spiritualism, 0. I would advise Mr. Foster not to quote conjurors again.

"The garbling process, so common to Jesuits, and appearing likely to be adopted by Swedenborgians, has led Mr. Foster to give the same false ideas of Judge Edmonds. The worthy judge says that 'at the *outset*, there is great danger of being deceived,' and that he had been so. But what did Judge Edmonds do? Turn back from the quest of truth by the dread of danger? Certainly not. Danger! What childish platitude! Why, there is danger in everything; in walking, for we may fall and break a leg; in eating, for we may be choked; in going on shipboard, for we may be drowned; in travelling by rail, for we may be crushed to death; but does any one dream of ceasing to walk, to eat, to voyage, to travel by train on that account? Danger! Is not every preacher in every church and chapel the world over for ever ~~continuing~~ with all his energies on our danger from the con-



tinued interference of the devil? But does any one on that account ever think of abandoning Christianity in any of its forms, as dangerous? Judge Edmonds went on like a man, and soon struck through the fogs of first uncertainties, and is one of the staunchest of Spiritualists; finds, and has always found, the highest peace and comfort in it; sees his daughter enjoying the same satisfaction from it; has written a large and important work, and a great many tracts upon it; and in the very opening article of the *Spiritual Magazine*, January, 1860, has these concluding words—'I can safely assert, after nearly nine years' earnest attention to the subject, that there is nothing in Spiritualism that does not directly tend to the most exalted private worth and public virtue,' adding 'because it never fails to awaken in the heart that devotion which is at once a badge and an attribute of our immortality.'

"Do these opponents want anything more about Spiritualism in America? I will give it them. Mr. Robert Chambers has been making an extensive tour in the United States. I saw him the other day, and asked him, What of Spiritualism in the States? He replied, 'I have studied that question wherever I have gone, and the result was most satisfactory. There the great fight is over; you hear little comparatively said of it, but you find it in all the churches. It has given new evidence, new life, a new heaven to Christianity there. It has destroyed much bigotry and sectarian feeling; it has wonderfully quickened the pulse of the religious heart, and spread a sounder, nobler tone of faith, a more palpable sentiment of 'peace on earth and goodwill towards men.'

"As to all the deification of Swedenborg towards the close of Mr. Foster's letter, of his being the only man capable of passing amongst spirits without injury, I don't believe a word of it. It is the mere egotism of a small class of men, who, by calling themselves Swedenborgians, think they engross the whole Swedenborgian faith; a set of men who have begun to idolize the man instead of prosecuting, in his grand spirit and temper, the same limitless inquiries. It is a sign that they are already losing the first animating fire of Swedenborg's zeal and prophecy—are freezing and petrifying into a sect. Truth is of a giant breed; no sect can bind it in swaddling bands. It will burst them, and fly all abroad, vivifying the churches; leaving all mere man-worshippers at the foot of their idol, a dead circle of shells and rubbish. Swedenborg himself speaks with a far deeper knowledge. 'Man,' he says 'was so created that during his life on earth amongst men, he might, at the same time, also live in heaven amongst angels, and during his life amongst angels he might at the same time also live on earth amongst men; so that

heaven and earth might be together, and might form a one; men knowing what is in heaven, and angels what is in the world.'—*Arcana Cœlestia*, 1,880.

“Now, if this was the condition of man before the fall, Christ by restoring him from the fall, has re-opened and renewed this condition; and there is no reason why not one man, but millions of men, shall not enter into it. There is no patent granted to Swedenborg to stand in the doorway of this middle passage betwixt the two worlds, and keep all other men out. Other men will boldly press in, and will find the same protection of the Lord, who is not Lord of Swedenborg alone, but of all who have souls who put their trust in Him.

“Here it is my intention to leave these misquoting and evil-speaking men. So long as Spiritualism stands simply on the broad generous nature of the Gospel; so long as it refuses to narrow itself to the petty interests of a sect; so long as it refuses to dogmatize and to persecute; so long as it seeks purity of soul and breathes benevolence of purpose, it will defy all the assaults of calumny. They may continue to call us sorcerers; no matter, we are not so, any more than were Luther, Melancthon, Zwinglius, Ecolampadus, and thousands of other reformers, who were by the dominant church of their time termed the spawn of the devil. New Jerusalem, hobnobbing with old Jesuitism, may misquote and garble; but after this exposure of their system, simple must they be who believe them.—Yours very truly,

“January 2nd, 1861.”

“WILLIAM HOWITT.”

## Correspondence.

### THE QUESTION OF CUI BONO ANSWERED.

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

“It is a beautiful belief,  
That ever round our head  
Are floating on angels' wings  
The spirits of the dead.”—MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

SIR,—The records in your journal during the past year, prove that spiritual manifestations have been known and recognised in all times and in all countries. Yet the present self-constituted leaders of public opinion in this country, in defiance of the historical events of the last 13 years, during which it has spread throughout the States of intelligent America—in many parts of England, France, and Germany—have tried to ignore its existence altogether, by denying the testimony, heaping

ridicule on all who ventured to proclaim the truth, and giving such multiform reasons to prove the impossibility of well-attested facts, that the best and most complete answer which could be given to these pseudo-philosophers, would be to quote to each the other's irreconcilable reasonings and explanations.

But there are other objectors who are entitled to more respectful consideration. Some there are who believe in the miracles of the Bible, but not in the possibility of modern miracles. Others believe in the power of spirits to interfere in human affairs, but see only in such the agency of the devil; and others again, the most numerous of all, believe in nothing beyond their natural ken, and therefore not in an existence beyond the present life. It is, indeed, a curious study to observe the various workings of the human mind, which such a subject as Spiritualism evokes.

Thanks to the intelligent and unselfish character of your advocacy, and the powerful aid you receive from men of known integrity, Spiritualism has at length taken deep root in the minds of the community of this country, as evidenced by the active controversy which has arisen in the metropolis and in the leading provincial towns of the United Kingdom. Those only who have studied the subject thoroughly, and have sympathised in all that relates to this interesting question, can have any idea how generally the facts have become known, and how widely the phenomena have been witnessed. I can, for instance, enumerate not less than eighteen families in my own circle of acquaintance, where the mediumistic power in one or other of its numerous phases exists, and this at once proves its widespread reality, and satisfies me that the recent statement published in America, where it is said that there are at least 30,000 mediums and three millions of believers, is no exaggeration.

I am also able to say with truth, that I know four men of high intelligence, occupying respectable positions in society, who having had no belief in a life eternal, are now by their recognition of the truths of Spiritualism entirely changed in thought and aspirations, and I am permitted by one of them to give his name and address, which I do with pleasure, feeling assured that there is no Christian man or woman, who will not reverence one, whose honest candour impels him to publicly proclaim his new-born convictions and his past religious errors.

The gentleman I allude to is Mr. James Wason, of Wason's Buildings, Liverpool, a solicitor of many years' standing, with whom I have been on terms of intimacy for a long period. In a recent letter, he says:—"If you think it will in any degree serve the cause, I have no objection to your using my name and address in a letter to the *Spiritual Magazine*, and stating that

until I had what was to me proof positive of the power of spirits to communicate with mortals, I had no belief in a life hereafter." And I may add, from my own knowledge of my friend, that though he was always esteemed a most excellent person in all his social relations, I never met with a more determined dissenter from the teachings of the Bible.

Do we need anything more than such examples to answer the sceptic's question of *Cui bono*? Need we be scared from the spread of Spiritualism by the priestcraft cry of satanic agency?

Surely with such an example, and the hundreds of similar well-known cases, it is not reasonable to insist that the devil is and must be the master spirit of the transaction, howsoever fair and pleasing it may seem to us. This cry of satanic agency, put forward by the opponents of Spiritualism, is like all others I have heard, quite untenable. It is the cry of orthodox Christians, who find in it a refuge when accumulated facts have annihilated all their other theories. With every disposition to respect the conscientious religious scruples of all men, I am at a loss to comprehend how professing Christians reconcile this theory of satanic agency with the decided and unmistakable injunction of St. John, 4th chapter, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus is the Christ come in the flesh is of God," &c. It is clear that the Apostle acknowledged the existence of spirits, good and bad, and so does every Spiritualist. Therefore, to this extent, it may be said that they are more orthodox than the clerical objectors, and their pious followers.

Let us be patient, and ere long we shall probably be furnished with a satisfactory answer for all classes of sceptics. Mr. Home's residence amongst us is a great boon. Happily he is placed beyond suspicion in one respect. He is not a professional medium, and those who have thought to strangle enquiry by well or ill-founded imputations on humble women, because they receive of necessity payment for their services, now have to answer the accumulated testimony of men above suspicion, who are daily witnesses of the most marvellous phenomena evoked by Mr. Home's mediumship, under entirely new conditions. It is known that some of the most remarkable manifestations have hitherto been made in a darkened room. Such was the condition demanded by the invisible agents; though every sense but that of sight was satisfied, and unmistakable results followed—yet the querulous sceptic would not have them; the spirits, forsooth, must accept conditions, not dictate them. With as much reason might it be demanded that the artist should conduct the whole photographic process in the full glare of a summer sunlight, or the sceptic would reject the fact of the portrait before him.

I have myself seen an accordion and a piano played upon without any human hand touching them; and we are even told by a reliable witness that at a recent *séance* in America a piano, weighing eight hundred pounds, was suspended in the air for several minutes, and played upon in the presence of thirty persons, in broad daylight, no one being within ten feet of the instrument. Astounding as such a statement may appear, it is not a whit more improbable than the manifestations which are now daily witnessed by scores of persons moving in the best society in London. Let us, therefore, be patient, and the Sadducees will have either to shift their ground or to yield to the overwhelming evidences of these derided spiritual manifestations. I am, &c.,

48, Pembridge Villas, Bayswater.

BENJ. COLEMAN.

THE SPIRITUAL THEORY EVIDENCED BY ANALOGY.—There is a class of proof of the Spiritualist Theory which comes properly under the head of Special Analogy to which those versed in the laws of evidence would be forced to give immense weight, and of which, so far as I know, the Spiritualists themselves have not so forcibly and skilfully availed themselves as they might. I advert to the corroboration of different witnesses in their testimony to the same general facts, coupled with a diversity and seeming contradiction in particulars. Each of these circumstances, the agreement in generals, and the difference in particulars, contributes equally to the strengthening of proof. If witnesses do not agree in the main facts of a statement, in relation to any matter, their testimonies mutually destroy each other; if, on the other hand, they agree absolutely in all the details and particulars, this very agreement is conclusive evidence of collusion and fraud, since no two persons ever see precisely the same facts in all their minutiae. Either too much disagreement or too much agreement of different witnesses is fatal to credibility. Now the multitudinous testimonies in relation to the spirit-world emanating from seers, trance-mediums, and others at this day, all over this country and the world, have a wonderful identity as respects the great outlines of the subject, and an equally wonderful diversity in particulars; and these are precisely the conditions requisite to induce belief. It is said that Emerson has observed that, "Let who will ask a question, and let who will be the medium, the response from the spirit-world is always given by Swedenborg." If he has said this, he must have meant that the statements of Swedenborg are always essentially confirmed; and if so, nothing could speak more loudly in behalf of the facts stated, when we know that not one in a hundred of the mediums ever heard of Swedenborg's specific relations, and that many of them do not to this day so much as know his name. Among the grand features of identity in the testimony of the host of witnesses in behalf of Spiritualism are these: That spirits are men and women who have survived death, and not an independent and distinct race of beings, as angels and devils have been conceived to be; in other words, that the spirit-world rests upon, and is derived from this world; that spirits are *still* essentially men and women, with bodies which are substantially copies of the human, with all their members complete and with none added; that these bodies are to their inhabitants as substantial as ours to us, and that they reside in a substantial or real world, which is only not called material, because it differs from ours, but which is just as actual and positively existent as this; that spirits, as to their minds, passions, capacities, and aspirations, are still men and women, only in a new stage of development, but without essential change; that spirits consociate by internal attraction, and not by the force of external circumstances as men do here. In the midst of this general agreement upon points, many of which are diametrically opposed to the prevalent ideas of the whole world except the Swedenborgian Church, there is, as I have said, the greatest diversity in details.—S. P. ANDREWS.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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## ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.\*—REV. BADEN POWELL.

It does not need a striking title to bring a book into notice! What could be quieter than "Essays and Reviews," and yet what could there be more noise about? Nor does it seem that fame depends on writing something that has not been written before; for scarce one of the reputed heresies of this volume might not be found in books which Mr. Chapman has published year after year. Nor does even fame depend on writing something one has never written before. The writers in this volume who have given most offence are Jowett, Powell, and Williams, and their papers contain nothing which may not be found in books and sermons, under their names, with which the theological world has long been familiar. No, fame is something beyond the reach of art to secure; it is not to be bought or won by any means one can calculate. Shakspeare and Milton glide from the outer to the inner world, and their generation wist not what manner of men they are. Swedenborg dreams dreams, and sees visions, and prints and publishes incessantly, giving books away gratis, and seeking notice with all his might, but the world will not even attend to be either amused or surprised. And here we have a volume of Essays and Reviews, containing nothing new or extraordinary, and the whole bench of bishops with one voice condemns it, and the clergy set up such shrieks of horror that the great world pauses in its course to see what is the matter. The uproar over this book was never anticipated by its authors; had some one told that its publication would prove a loss they would have believed far more readily such a prophecy, than the truth that it should run through seven editions and its title be for a time a household word in England. The state of the Church itself is the cause of such opinions as it now stands aghast at. It is the fruitful mother of such progeny, and is destined to have many of such children.

\* *Essays and Reviews*, by Frederick Temple, D.D., Rowland Williams, D.D., Baden Powell, M.A., H. B. Wilson, B.D., C. W. Goodwin, M.A., Mark Pattison, R.D., and Benjamin Jowett, M.A. London, J. W. Parker & Son, 1860.

Dr. Temple's essay on "The Education of the World" whilst it forms a most appropriate introduction to the volume is in itself very harmless. Mr. Mark Pattison's on "The Tendencies of Religious Thought in England from 1688 to 1750" is a brilliant and well-informed essay which Macaulay might have been glad to own, and, except for its company, is as innocent as Dr. Temple's. Mr. Goodwin is not a clergyman, but a barrister, and his paper is mainly to prove that all attempts hitherto made by Buckland, Chalmers, Hugh Miller, Pratt, and a host of others, to harmonise Genesis with geology, are failures. The Rev. H. B. Wilson's paper on "The National Church," in its broad liberality has proved especially offensive to narrow churchmen. He advocates national inclusion in the Church, and not that process of exclusion by creeds which is the lust of sectaries. He seems to point to the day when the Church of England will be the Church of the people of England, and when all religious opinions shall find room and representation in the Church, just as political opinions do in the Parliament of England. Dr. Williams's article on "Bunsen's Biblical Researches" is written with a sympathy for Baron Bunsen's opinions and with a dashing freedom of utterance which must be quite shocking to timid and tight-laced orthodoxy. Professor Jowett's paper on "the Interpretation of Scripture," whilst it is written with all the freedom of Dr. Williams', has a tender and serious earnestness breathing throughout, a spirit of reverent seeking and worship of truth, which awaken in us a deep and sincere regard for its author; it is written too with great care, and in the purest and most correct English, containing some passages which alike in their beauty of thought and verbal cadence tempt one to read and re-read, and ask one's friends to listen.

A theological criticism of these Essays and Reviews, whatever may be our sense of their merits or their shortcomings, is beyond our province. Their authors have given us their open minds, and we can meet their confidence with nothing but kindness and respect. If they are wrong, they, by their candour, put it in the power of wiser men to set them right; if they are right, they have done their duty in striving to make others happy and free in the truth with themselves. With sincerity we are in a sure way of progress, for by sincerity alone can we ever know how and where to help one another. With secrecy and pretence, on the other hand, improvement is hopeless. Let us then be careful above all things to encourage free and open speech, and to remove every hindrance, every terror, that lie between the inmost mind and the outmost world! The crime of our authors in the eyes of many of their critics seems to be not in their having doubts, but in their publishing them. There are others who are shrieking "Heresy! heresy!" over the book, who are orthodox as parrots

might be orthodox, "who never doubt, because they never think," whose faith is verbal, who have never felt what it is to know the truth in themselves for themselves. And what a sight it is to see this pert, shallow orthodoxy set itself up as a judge over those brave, seeking, striving souls! There is, however, even a worse set than these "accusers of the brethren" who hiss condemnation of heresy, not that they hate error, but that they delight to persecute and accuse; zealous against error, but with no love of truth, luxuriating in scandal, magnifying faults, spreading alarms, exaggerating dangers; without any sorrow that wrong should exist, but delighted that it gives them occasion to tear and to worry heretics. The heart in which Christ lives is in incessant strife against sin and error, but with pain and sorrow; is very pitiful and tender, and weeps while it resists. In that fierce, scoffing, pitiless cry of many theologians against these seven essayists and reviewers Christ has no part.

The characteristic spirit of the volume is what is, however, called rationalism, which is coming to a head now in the Church of England, after it has pretty nearly worked itself out among the free-thinkers of Chapman-dom. In Germany this rationalism has completed the circle, and has nearly got back into faith again. Eighteen years ago, as we find it mentioned in Mr. Howitt's book on Germany, the Germans said that England would come to this state when it was philosophical enough. So now we suppose that we are becoming philosophical enough to reject the historic evidences of 4000 years, and to emancipate the heart from all but geometrical visitations of God's laws. The discovery after all is not a great one, but is rather in an inverse ratio; for after long discussion by bishops and convocations, and by essayists and reviewers, it will still be found that Christendom is not so great a mistake after all, and that even if it were, the soul will seek some better haven than the small world of matter and of mind which is here presented.

Such ideas and negations as those of Baden Powell, in his essay, come from an intolerance of mystery, a belief that the universe is compassed by our science; that *our* experience is *all* experience, and that whatsoever is recorded in the Bible or elsewhere, transcending that experience, is incapable of proof, is repugnant to reason, and is in fact incredible. All the essayists and reviewers are not alike filled with this conceit, and some give way to it at one time and not at others; but all this Sadducean spirit is stronger than in the late Rev. Baden Powell, Savilian professor at Oxford, and who contributes the essay, "On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity." Professor Powell as a Clergyman was by his office bound to the Bible; but the miraculous element which transfuses that book was to him a constant trouble, and it was



the business of his life by all means at his command to soften down, to reduce, and if it might be, to eliminate from the Bible everything which his science and experience did not include among the possible. The miracles he seems to have felt as excrescences on Christianity; for the life and teaching of Jesus Christ he had a sincere regard, but "the mighty works he wrought" only bred in him doubt and suspicion, and to disconnect them from his Gospel and to prove them non-essential to it was his constant aim. By his profession he was called to the belief and defence of what he disliked and disbelieved, and which under other conditions he would no doubt have more openly repelled and disowned. In his essay we see the heart of the man struggling into freedom, striving to break a yoke very heavy for him to bear. In this incredulity, Professor Powell far exceeds his comrades, yet his spirit is only their spirit *à l'outrance*. This incredulity to facts as yet outside their experience we do not bring as a special charge against our essayists and reviewers: we all too much share it with them. We are all too ready to say that what we have never seen is impossible, and that those who relate wonders are either deceivers or deceived; and thousands of most orthodox Christians who are ready to swear and die in attestation of every wonder narrated in Scripture, are as ready with as vehement assertion, to maintain the untruth of every wonder outside of Scripture. Their hard sceptical spirit, we take it, would in its arrogance deny Scripture wonders likewise, were it not for the repute these wonders have in the world, and for the sanction they have had in every day of their Christian breeding. It is of this spirit of the Sadducee, of which Professor Powell is the representative, in mildness, pertinacity, and learning, that we would now in some few words treat.

When it is said that a fact is doubted or denied, *because we have never seen its like*, every one sees that an insufficient reason is adduced for disbelief. But how prone we are to disbelieve, yea, how constantly we deny, on no better grounds. There is an aloe which flowers once in a hundred years. Had we such an aloe in our garden flowerless through a long lifetime, would we not be ready to attest that it was a plant that never did flower, and never could there? The oft-told story of the King of Siam, who laughed to scorn a visitor who told him that in northern climes water turned to ice, over which his elephants might walk, again illustrates the case. We are amused with his conceit, yet had we been in his place, or among his courtiers, should we not have laughed too?

Argument against miracles on such grounds is obviously fallacious; and though continually unconsciously adopted, is seldom consciously defended. "Yet," says Powell, "the multi-

plication of such instances to confound scepticism is useless, because such instances, however wonderful and anomalous at first sight, are yet in process of time discovered to be in subordination to some fixed physical law from which there can be no deviation." Here Professor Powell only evades the question; and shifts back and intensifies the arrogance of the Siamese King, who laughed when told of water turned to ice. He says, "All facts may be brought under dominion of some fixed physical law, and thereby become credible." He does not credit the miracles of the Bible, because he does not believe they can be ranked under any fixed physical law. But herein do we not find a vast increase of presumption in Powell over the Siamese? Who is Professor Powell that he should say that miracles are incredible, because he knows of no law under which they may be classed? Did he know all laws? And unless he did, what are we to think of that cold-blooded conceit with which he classes the works of the Lord Christ, sacred and shrined in the heart of humanity, among old wives' fables?

The fixity, order, and method of physical laws are Powell's stronghold, and to it he retreats on every occasion. That there is a routine in nature, and from that routine that there never is, there never was, and never can be any departure, seems to have been an idea which possessed his mind to the exclusion of all others; through this essay, and through all his writings, it is the one weary strain, sung in a thin passionless voice, monotonous as the perpetual croaking of frogs. Void of imagination, weak or deficient in the higher faculties of the soul—Powell was about the last man in the world to deal with any living biblical question. An excellent professor of geometry, no doubt, but for mercy's sake, let such a man not presume to criticise history, psalm, song, drama—anything in which the heart of man or woman, or living flesh and blood has part.

After all, too, what is this weary cant about law, law; known, broad, fixed, physical laws, under which all men and things are chained! What is a law? Is it not merely the observed recurrence of a certain order of similar facts or events; no more, no less; and this legal bug-a-boo is what Powell and others use to frighten us into dropping our Bibles! A new order of observed facts is a new law, and a single fact once observed might never again recur to observation, and then that would be a law by itself. It is quite possible that a miracle should take place once and never be repeated; and as Powell and others of that ilk had not any facts to match—therefore, say they, that miracle never took place, and it is straightway voted impossible and incredible. Thank God! common human nature, simple human faith, is wiser than all this philosophy falsely so called.

Shut up within this brazen circle of dogmatism, Professor Powell, one afternoon, came across Spiritualism. A professor, learned as himself in his own specialty, related to him, a few months before his death, the wonders he had himself witnessed in a then recent spiritual *séance* with Mr. Squire, and how he had seen a table rise from the floor and remain suspended in the air while he passed his hands under its feet. How also direct writing had been done in his presence. Professor Powell was amazed beyond measure; and admitted that were the facts so, a dreadful rent would be made in his philosophy. He desired strongly to see the facts for himself, and had his life been spared he would shortly have been gratified. As it was he offered to his brother professor that, if he would give a statement with his name of what he had seen, he would insert his letter verbatim in the next edition of these very *Essays and Reviews*. What a wretched system of doctrine that is which is at the mercy of facts like these, and whose entrance therein works such utter ruin and destruction in the negative philosophy of a lifetime.

Professor Powell, much as he thought and wrote concerning the miracles of the Bible, never seems to have apprehended their causes, purpose, and conditions. He speaks of them as at "variance with nature and law, with the order of nature," and so on. This talk, as we have said, is to us mere dreary jargon. Who are we, that we should say what could and what could not happen? Let us observe, as Professor Powell did not, by whom miracles have been performed, what were the conditions of their performance, and whether our own experience is not full of hints of their possibility and probability.

In a word, Professor Powell was a materialist. The physical world was to him all in all, and within what he called physical laws, he thought were included all the phenomena of life. Such is not the teaching of the Scriptures, such is not our faith. Man is a spirit in a body; and unless that is allowed the Bible cannot be understood — and until that is proved untrue, the Bible is at its heart untouched.

Now all the miracles of our Saviour were connected first with Himself, springing from His spirit, acting on the spirits of others, and thence descending into bodily and physical effects. Professor Powell read the Bible as a book of natural philosophy; the miracles were to him records of reputed experiments in physics, which, as neither he nor others could repeat, were deemed impossible. But the miracles were nothing like this. They demanded in their transactions a divine life in the soul of the operator, and an answering spirit in those operated on. Thus cures were wrought, the dead were raised, lunatics delivered from devils, bread and fish created, the tempest was stilled, and the

sea was walked upon. Our Lord's spirit of love and wisdom is to us the miracle of miracles; and that that spirit wrought in nature the wonders recounted by the Evangelists seems to us most reasonable and easy of credence. Yet even He required in those in whom He wrought His cures an answering spirit of faith. Need we quote some of His words to that effect? as for instance, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole;" and to another, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt; and her daughter was made whole even from that hour." When he cured the blind men, he asked, "Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, yea Lord: then touched he their eyes, saying, according to your faith be it unto you." Then the father of the poor lunatic child was told, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth: and straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."\* It will be remembered, too, that for His disciples unsuccessful in healing, he gave them as reason, "Because of your unbelief: for verily, I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you; and that in his own country it is recorded, "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."†

Such is the Bible account of miracles, or to use philosophic language, such their law and conditions; but to all this the Rev. Baden Powell was utterly oblivious. The law and conditions of miracles, as set forth in the Scriptures, he seems never to have studied or apprehended in the slightest degree. Why, any good woman who reads her Bible, could tell us far more about miracles, and the power to work them, than this grand Oxford Professor! Truly, the simple may take courage and fear not the learned. As of old, wisdom seems hid from the wise and prudent. To prove the miracles impossible, Powell was bound to show that the conditions, on which the power to work them was given, were impossible; or, that these conditions having been fulfilled, the promised effects were not forthcoming. This he never dreamt of doing, but kept grinding his logical wheel to the tune of "fixed invariable laws; laws physical, broad and self-sustaining; laws never broken, never transcended," and so on; all which had no relation whatever to the real question of miracles. The miracles of the Bible always involved spirit as their cause; and the existence of spirit, Powell either tacitly

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\* Matt. ix. 22.—xv. 28.—ix. 28, 29.—Mark, ix. 23, 24.

† Matt. xvii. 20,—xiii. 58.

ignored or never apprehended. Miracles were to him simply impossible feats in physics. His talk was great and incessant concerning inductive philosophy, a philosophy reverent towards facts, and springing out of facts. But the facts of the miracles he never weighed or encountered. What avail, then, his criticisms, except to serve as instructive warnings of philosophic folly?

With the influence of the mind or spirit over the body we are all more or less familiar. We know how joy, or sorrow, or excitement suspends appetite; how broken hearts, and anxious hearts, are the death of many. Said a physician, the other day, "Your friend died from fever, but I should have saved him if it had not been for his ceaseless anxiety about his business." How many such cases could doctors relate! Men's bodies are killed from without, struck from the side of matter; but often too from within, struck from the side of spirit. Good news have revived many a sickly body; bad news turned health to disease; frightful news have struck the ear that received them deaf, and turned raven hair to gray in a night. A sudden call to effort has caused an invalid to start from his couch and leave there his ailments; moved by love and terror, a weak woman has found her limbs nerved with the strength of Samson, and made fit for deeds, before impossible. Now in all these experiences, and with the idea of their culmination in the Christ-man, have we not hints of the possibility of many of those acts of our Lord and his Apostles which we call miracles? and which we are distinctly told were conditioned in and related to the spirits, and thence to the bodies of the actors and the recipients. We have only to conceive that influence of the mind or spirit over the body, which we witness continually in the ordinary course of life, widened and intensified, to render the miracles of the Gospel easily credible.

Then, too, we have, pointing in the same direction, the facts of mesmerism, and those statements of the power of spirit over matter, which the pages of this magazine, and thousands in England and America attest. The truth is that miracles have never ceased; we have them in the Primitive Church, in the Roman Catholic Church, among Jesuits and Jansenists, in the Protestant Church among Camisards and Covenanters, Wesleyans, Irvingites, and Mormons; in every church, except the Anglican Protestant. Miracles are promised, in the Bible, to faith, and wherever faith has been, miracles have been—and miracles in proportion to the degree of faith. Where there is no faith there are no miracles; and if it were true that the age of miracles is past, it would only prove that faith had died out of men. The promise of the power of working miracles to faith was absolute; our Lord said, "These signs shall follow them that believe:—in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall

“speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.” And the Apostle James tells us, “The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”\* Nay, more, the promise of our Lord is, that greater works than he wrought should his faithful disciples do: here are His words—“Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.”†

Whoever has tried God by faith has never found God fail him; God is to him even as his faith. Muller, in his Orphan House at Bristol, gives us but a glimpse of the wonders that are possible to any man who by faith makes himself at one with the Omnipotent.

Poor Professor Baden Powell talks of invariable law, and so we will talk of it too. Spiritualism, as we understand it, is a search into this higher and invariable law, and it appears to us as the only solvent for all these honest materialist thoughts and gropings after reality. Only change the philosophic meaning of the word natural, and see that all facts, physical and spiritual, are orderly and under the God of order, and Baden Powell might have been at peace with his Bible. There is an invariable law of faith, an invariable law of miracles; set faith out in answer to God, and God will answer faith, as surely as steel flies to the magnet and as water seeks its level; surely as arithmetic, as two and two make four; sure beyond our best-known certainty. There is indeed order in the universe, and an order deeper than our dreams; for there is a spirit above matter and greater than nature, and a God above spirit, to whom spirit and matter are alike subject, and whose power becomes our power when by faith we seek Him aright.



On Monday, March 18th, Mr. William Carpenter gave a Lecture at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on “The Phenomena of Spirit Manifestations.” The lecture, which had evidently been prepared with great care, was well delivered, and was listened to throughout with earnest attention. At its conclusion, Mr. Carpenter intimated that he should go further into the subject in future lectures which he proposed to deliver.

\* Mark xvi. 17, 18. James v. 15, 16.

† John xiv. 12.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR HARE.

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

WE have received from Judge Edmonds the following new and interesting remarks and reminiscences of this eminent chemist and philosopher, of whom we gave a short notice in our last number.

New York, February 12th, 1861.

In answer to your request for a sketch of Dr. Hare, I endorse you an extract from the *American Cyclopædia*, now in process of publication. To which I add the following:—

In the summer of 1854, I was very ill for a long time, and while at a friend's house near Boston, I received a letter from Dr. Hare, expressing a wish to see me on the subject of Spiritualism. I appointed him to visit me as soon as I returned home, which he did, and spent several days with me. I had never seen him before, and knew him only by reputation as a man of science. He was then a mere novice in Spiritualism, but he was investigating it with the same care and scrutiny that he would display on any proposition in science. And his examinations were different from mine. He investigated as a natural philosopher, and I as a lawyer, but we both arrived at the same result. And what was singular was, that we had both of us gone into the investigation of what we thought was a humbug, and which we were confident we could detect and expose. And this without any preconcert between us, and without either knowing the purpose of the other.

He had, however, an additional incentive. He told me that he had been all his life long, an enemy to the Christian religion, a denier of the possibility of revelation, and a disbeliever in God, or in our immortality. He told me that he had gone so far as to collate and publish offensive extracts from the Bible, in order to impeach the validity of the so-called revelation, and that he would put down this which also claimed to be a revelation. He was very earnest and honest and simple-minded, but searching and clear-headed in his investigations. He was fearless in saying what he believed, and expressed to me a good many times the wish, that men of science would investigate the subject, and it seemed strange to him that they could not be prevailed upon to do so.

On one occasion, when the American Scientific Association met at Albany, he persisted in bringing the subject before them, and he urged them to examine it. They treated him very rudely, and if it had not been for the interference of Agassiz, they

would not have heard what he had to say. Agassiz prevailed upon them, from regard to his age and high character, to hear him, but that was all they would or did do. He renewed the effort once afterwards at Saratoga, and met with similar treatment. He gave the result of his examinations to the world in a book, written with great candour and acuteness, but which had but little circulation outside the circle of Spiritualists. The profits of the work, with his wonted liberality, he gave to his medium, a female in straightened circumstances.

I saw him frequently after our first interview, and I often laboured in concert with him. The last interview I had with him lives in my memory with intense interest. He called on me, and complained that in my correspondence with the Chancellor of South Carolina—published as Nos. 4 and 5 of my Tracts—I had represented him as having been an infidel. I had said of him, "Thus Dr. Hare has all his life long been an honest, sincere, but inveterate disbeliever in the Christian religion. Late in life Spiritualism comes to him, and in a short time works in his mind the conviction of the existence of a God and of his own immortality. So far his spirit teachers have already gone with him. But he still denies revelation," &c. In reply to his complaints, I told him that I had imbibed my impressions from his own mouth. He said it was true, that he had been so once, but that he was so no longer. His sister, who had been dead many years had, he said, come to him, and so thoroughly identified herself to him as to convince him it was she, and that she still lived. He had reasoned thus: "If she lives, I shall live also, and there is an immortality, and if an immortality, there must be—there is, a God." "But," said he, "Judge, I do not stop there, I believe in Revelation—and in a Revelation through Jesus of Nazareth. I am a Christian!"

How was I struck! Here was a strong man, with a clear and vigorous intellect, and a mind practised in searching investigations, who had lived threescore years and ten in scorn of the religion of the world around him, made a Christian by the much-despised spirit-rapping and table-tippings. That evening, I attended one of our public meetings with him. We both addressed it, and he made a public avowal of his belief in the Revelations of the Bible, and in the Christian religion.

I never saw him again. He was shortly afterwards taken ill and died, but I have heard from him since his death several times. The most remarkable of those occasions was about a year ago. I received a letter from the State of Maine, from a person who was an entire stranger to me, and not very well educated, who wrote me that a spirit had come to him, representing himself to be Dr. Hare, and requesting him to write to me, mentioning some things,



which my correspondent detailed at length. The man said he knew nothing of the matters he was writing about, and doubted if it was Dr. Hare. The interesting feature was, that what the man wrote to me, was an accurate statement of a part of my conversation with him at our last interview, and which was known only to Dr. Hare and me. He was an excellent man, and all who knew him, loved him for his purity, simplicity, and candour. With all his talent and learning, he was very childlike in everything, and his courage was of the most natural kind, and arose from the mere fact that he did not know what it was to conceal or disguise the truth. To speak it right out just as he understood it, was as natural to him as it was to breathe.

Yours ever,

To the Editor.

J. W. EDMONDS.

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(From the *American Cyclopædia*.)

"HARE (ROBERT).—An American chemist and physicist, born in Philadelphia, January 17, 1781, died there May 15, 1858. His father, an English emigrant, settled in Philadelphia, and married an American lady. He established there an extensive brewery, and his son in early life managed the business. His tastes, however, led him away to scientific pursuits. He attended the course of lectures on chemistry and physical sciences, and before he was 20 years of age, he joined the Chemical Society of Philadelphia. At this early age, he communicated to the society a description of his first and most important scientific invention—the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe; which he then called the hydrostatic blowpipe, and which was afterwards named by Professor Silliman the compound blowpipe.

"His memoir, published in 1801, appeared the next year in *Tillock's Philosophical Magazine* (London), and also in the *Annales de Chimie* (1st series, vol. XLV). At this period the subject of combustion was very imperfectly understood, and even Lavoisier, who had discovered that heat sufficiently intense to fuse alumina, might be obtained by directing a jet of oxygen on charcoal, and who had burned the elements of water together to produce this fluid, failed to discover that by this union of hydrogen and oxygen in combustion the most intense heat known, might be obtained. By means of this apparatus, Dr. Hare was the first to render lime, magnesia, iridium, and platinum fusible in any considerable quantity, and he is perhaps the only one who has obtained calcium in a pure metallic state, and strontium without an alloy of mercury. In addition to these discoveries, Dr. Hare first announced that steam is not condensable when combined in equal parts with the vapour of carbon. For the invention of

the blowpipe, Dr. Hare received the Rumford medal from the American Academy at Boston.

"In 1818, Dr. Hare was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, and continued in this office till his resignation in 1847. His course of instruction was marked by the originality of his experiments, and of the apparatus he employed. His instruments, often designed, and sometimes made by himself, were furnished in the greatest profusion, and always of large dimensions and of the most perfect plans: no expense or personal labour was spared to render every piece of apparatus as complete as possible. The great collection which he accumulated, he bestowed on the Smithsonian Institution, of which he was one of the few life members.

"One of the most useful small instruments of his invention, is that called the valve cock or gallows screw, by means of which perfectly air-tight communication is made between cavities in separate pieces of apparatus. To his zeal and skill in devising and constructing improved forms of the voltaic pile, American chemists are indebted for the distinguished success they attained in applying the intense powers of extended series of voltaic couples long in advance of the general use of similar combinations in Europe. In 1816, he invented the calorimeter, a form of battery, by which a large amount of heat is produced with little intensity. The perfection of these forms of apparatus was acknowledged by Faraday in 1835, who adopted them in preference to any he could devise. (*Experimental Researches*, 1124, 1132). It was with these batteries that the first application of voltaic electricity to blasting under water was made. This was in 1831, and the experiments were made under the direction of Dr. Hare. Numerous papers were contributed by him to scientific journals. The catalogue of these in the index (50th vol.) of the *American Journal of Science*, occupies nearly five columns, and many more are found in the succeeding volumes of the second series. A considerable portion are controversial, and stamp the author as a strong original thinker and a combatant by no means easy to vanquish. In the earliest volumes of this journal he established his claims as the original discoverer of the blowpipe, and presented descriptions of his galvanic batteries. In later volumes of the same work are his letters to Berzelius, Liebig, Faraday, and others. In vol. I. of the second series, 1847, are two papers, in which he attempts to refute the reasoning of Liebig in favour of the salt radical theory.

"The attention of Dr. Hare was not exclusively directed to scientific subjects. He sometimes entered with interest into the discussion of important political and financial questions, and occasionally indulged in poetical compositions. He was a frequent

speaker at meetings of scientific men; and in conversation, especially when it assumed an argumentative character, he discoursed with great ability. His external features were in harmony with the strength and massiveness of his intellectual qualities. His frame was powerful and remarkable for its muscular development, and his head was large and finely formed. During the last few years of his life, while most of his faculties retained their original vigour, others either through the effects of age or long-continued application appear to have been somewhat weakened. In this condition he was induced to attend one of the exhibitions of what is called a medium, and having received as he thought correct replies to questions, of which no one knew the answers but himself, he became a believer in spiritual manifestations, and with his characteristic fearlessness in advocating what he considered to be truth, he lectured and published on the subject. In domestic life, he was noted for his kindness and amiability, though often abstracted and abrupt in manner. He was a firm friend, of strict integrity, a lover of his race and of his country.

“ Besides his papers communicated to scientific journals, he published in 1810 a *Brief View of the Policy and Resources of the United States*; in 1836, a work on *Chemical Apparatus and Manifestations*; a revised edition of *Henry's Elements of Experimental Chemistry*, in 2 vols.; and also a *Compendium of the Course of Chemical Instruction in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania*.”

[The cyclopædist was no doubt true to his instincts in speaking of the *weakened faculties* of this great good man, when he after long and scientific observations and analysis came to the belief of the fact of spiritual life. Is it not enough that a man should have grown gray in scientific infidelity, and have attained to the full age of humanity, before by these *weakened faculties* he was enabled to believe in immortality, and in God? Pity that the faculties of cyclopædist do not weaken or, perhaps, rather soften and melt in the same direction. We, on the contrary, regard this happy, this blessed period of his age, as a proof of the true vigour and life of his intellect, no less than of his heart.—ED.]

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## THE ROMAN MIRACLES.

THE lives of the Catholic Saints will in these days be found to contain much matter of interest, for with the light which is now being thrown on subjects hitherto mysterious, we are far more capable of rightly appreciating those strange monoideists, so revered in former ages, and to whom their church stands so largely indebted. We now are able to see that ignorant and fanatical as they doubtless were, it has been a mistake to contemn them as mere crazy visionaries, and to assume that they were in reality viewed as such by an astute priesthood, affecting to honour them because finding in them fit instruments wherewith to promote the objects of Rome and of their order.

They may be now recognised as mediums, more or less powerful, some highly so. We read that they were sometimes raised from the ground and suspended in the air, that luminous appearances in various forms were seen around them, that they worked marvellous cures, had visions of spiritual things, were addressed by voices not of earth—in a word that many spiritual and psychological phenomena of the same nature as those of the present day were manifested through them.

After making every allowance for exaggeration and incorrectness of statement, we may reasonably conclude that their marvels had a basis in truth, however that truth was misapprehended; and that they fell into an error common to mankind both of that day and of this—that of mistaking the merely ultramundane for the Divine. There is no doubt that they sincerely believed themselves to be recipients of heavenly favors, and that their directors and superiors with equal sincerity entertained the same idea. Their relation to the Church seems to have been that of gifted children towards an august and revered parent, who cherishing and applauding them required in return implicit obedience, and the most entire conformity to her views.

So long as the alleged occurrence of such marvels as those recorded of these children of the Church of Rome was confined to an unenlightened and distant period, it required the unquestioning faith of the devout Catholic to credit them. It is widely different in the present day, when each supposed miracle has its parallel, authenticated by the testimony of trustworthy living witnesses.

The life of St. Teresa is one of those of the Roman Catholic hagiology most abounding in instances of the supernatural. Her own account of her elevation in the air, testified by many eye-witnesses, is a fact as to which we can have no doubt. Having said that in raptures her soul was carried away so that she could not stop it, she adds: "Sometimes my whole body was carried

with it so as to be raised from the ground, though this was seldom. When I had a mind to resist these raptures, there seemed to me somewhat of so mighty a force under my feet which raised me up, that I know not what to compare it to, all my resistance availed little." In conclusion, she says: "I confess it produced in me a great fear (which at first was extreme) to see that a massy body should be thus raised up from the earth—for though it be *the spirit which draws it after it*, and though it be done with great sweetness and delight, yet are our senses not thereby lost."\*

In speaking of her raptures, she says that words could not express the heavenly sweetness and felicity which at such times overcame her, causing her body to lose its strength, and to faint away. "Many great secrets of the Kingdom of Heaven," says her biographer, "were then shown to her, at which she remained amazed, and was ever after moved entirely to despise all things below; but she found it impossible to give any description of the least part of what she saw, the brightness of the sun being mean and obscure in comparison of that light which no human imagination can paint to itself, nor any of the other things which she then understood, and that with a sovereign delight, all the senses enjoying a superior degree of sweetness which cannot be declared." †

Such accounts recal forcibly the experiences of some persons during the mesmeric trance. There are those who on awakening from that state bitterly lament having been, as they express it, recalled to earth after having left the body, and begun to taste ethereal joys.

A perusal of the descriptions in the lives of the saints, of the spiritual phenomena, enhances the interest belonging to works of mediæval art. Certain representations originating in pictures of the early schools—representations looked upon in later times as merely fanciful and conventional conceptions of the supernatural, now appear as truthful copies of exceptional aspects of nature. In the middle ages, painters of that mystic school of which the spirituality was so ardent and profound, had doubtless gazed on brows encircled with the halo, on forms round which a radiance was diffused. Nor can we think it unlikely that in the cloistered seclusion in which some of these artists lived and worked, visions may at times have appeared before their eyes, of which the divine loveliness of their masterpieces may be but the reflection.

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\* *The Lives of the Fathers Martyrs, and other principal Saints, compiled from Original Monuments and other Authentic Records*; by the Rev. Alban Butler. vol. x., p. 329.

† *Ibid*, p. 332, vol. x.

## “SENSORIAL VISION,” AND VISION THROUGH THE SPIRITUAL EYE.

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PERSONS writing, lecturing, or discussing in society, the phenomena of Spiritualism, disregard in most instances, probably from want of knowledge, all those varied, yet kindred branches of this vast subject, which do not come under the terms “spirit-rapping” or “table-turning.”

“Spirit-rapping” and “table-turning,” although curious and note-worthy manifestations of spirit-power, are recognised by those who have been led step by step into a deeper knowledge of these things, to be only some of the earlier and more obvious links in the chain of spiritual agencies.

Our readers will, however, comprehend under the term Spiritualism, the study of the infinite variety of the powers possessed by “the spiritual man”—powers latent in every human being, though dormant in the majority. Doubtless, the idea of a *spiritual body* dwelling within the natural body has become to our readers, not only familiar as an interesting theory, but in numerous instances, through individual experience, an ascertained fact. To such it is known that, as well as the natural eye, man possesses a spiritual eye; as well as the natural ear, a spiritual ear; as well as the natural senses of taste and smell, spiritual senses of taste and smell; as well as the natural sense of touch, the spiritual sense of touch; also, that these faculties of the spiritual body co-existing with the external senses, can be, and very frequently are sublimated into keener powers of perception and intenser vitality even than those exercised by the external body.

Through this wonderful and exquisitely subtle organism, it is the firm faith, nay, rather the positive knowledge of the Spiritualist, that man is linked with the world of spirit—a world only invisible to the external eye, but of absolute *objective* reality to the spiritual perceptions when these are once unfolded.

The knowledge of this dual nature of humanity is no new discovery. The experience of the whole human race, in every age, and in every clime, bears testimony to this great truth. Every mythology and theology proclaim it in varied forms, with myriad tongues through allegory and pregnant fable. The Divine Word enunciates it in its burning and sacred pages. It is a powerful key, unlocking a thousand gates of mystery in the psychological history of the world; a key to decypher the mystic hieroglyphics and runes inscribed in the world’s literature by prophet and poet, from the earliest to the latest era.

The gradual unfolding of these latent faculties, is at the present day progressing with a rapidity, incredible to the multitude. Recognition of these spiritual senses, and through them of the invisible world, is an experience now permeating society. It is confined to no particular age or sex, social position, religious creed, geographical wealth, or physical conformation. It is to be met with at every turn by the candid enquirer, when once his attention has been aroused to the extreme and subtle vitality of this leaven, which already has commenced its work "with power."

Perhaps nowhere does the Spiritualist meet with facts more fully confirming his belief, than in that world of "science, falsely so called," which will generally oppose his theories with ridicule, and treat his experiences with scorn. If judiciously drawn into conversation, persons antagonistic to or entirely ignorant of what is termed Spiritualism in its fullest sense, will yield in their relation of singular phenomena and "puzzling experiences" the most valuable information, frequently filling up many a wanting link in the chain of evidence.

In September, 1858, Sir J. F. W. Herschel delivered before the Philosophical and Literary Society at Leeds, a lecture upon what he terms "sensorial vision." This lecture was printed "by order of the President and Council of that Institution, in compliance with an unanimous resolution at a general meeting of its members." Perusing this interesting lecture, a person acquainted with the remarkable phenomena of interior or spirit vision, recognises with pleasure that one of the earliest links in the chain has been noticed by so high a scientific authority as Sir John Herschel. Although unaware of the spiritual origin of the phenomena, and possibly inclined to ignore the possibility of such origin, Sir John having himself experienced certain puzzling instances of what he designates "sensorial vision," sets about in a calm philosophic spirit to investigate them, and arrives so far upon his road towards truth, as to satisfy himself that these remarkable "involuntary productions of visual impression" are highly worthy of observation, and belong rather to the realm of "psychology" than to that of "physiology."

His experiences will be familiar to many of our readers, and will, together with the calm spirit of investigation which inspires his lecture, be hailed with gratitude, as possibly indicating the dawn of a day when science shall cease to regard such enquiry as a condescension.

We will, however, give our readers Sir John's remarks and experiences, in his own words. Having cursorily referred to the phenomenon of "ocular spectra," produced by strong light on the retina, the observation of which first directed Sir John's attention

to the other class of phenomena, which he terms "sensorial vision," he says:—

I fancy it is no very uncommon thing for persons in the dark and with their eyes closed to see, or seem to see, faces or landscapes. I believe I am as little visionary as most people, but the former case very frequently happens to myself. The faces present themselves involuntarily, are always shadowy and indistinct in outline—for the most part unpleasing, though not hideous, expressive of no violent emotions, and succeeding one another at short intervals of time, as if melting into each other. Sometimes ten or a dozen appear in succession, and have always on each separate occasion, something of a general resemblance of expression or some peculiarity of feature and physiognomy. Landscapes present themselves much more rarely, but more distinctly, and on the few occasions I remember have been highly picturesque and pleasing, with a certain but very limited power of varying them by the effort of the will, which is not the case with the other sorts of impressions. Of course I now speak of waking impressions, in health, and under no kind of excitement. When the two latter conditions are absent, numerous instances are on record of both voluntary and involuntary impressions of this kind, and singular as some of the facts may appear, I am quite prepared, from my own experience on two several occasions, to receive such accounts with much indulgence.

But it is not to phenomena of this kind that I am about specially to direct your attention. The human features have nothing abstract in their forms, and they are so intimately connected with our mental impressions, that the associative principle may very easily find in casual and irregular patches of unequal darkness, caused by slight local pressure on the retina, the physiognomic exponent of our mental state. Even landscape scenery to me habitually moved by the aspects of nature in association with feeling, may be considered as in the same predicament. There is nothing definite or structural in its forms, which are arbitrary to any extent, and composed of parts having no regular or symmetrical relations. It is perfectly conceivable that the imagination may interpret forms in themselves indefinite, as the conventional expressions of realities not limited to precise rules of form. We all know how easy it is to imagine faces in casual blots, or to see pictures in the fire. But no such explanation applies to the class of phenomena now in question, which consist in the involuntary production of visual impressions, into which geometrical regularity of form enters as the leading character, and that under circumstances, which altogether preclude any explanation, drawn from a possible regularity of structure in the retina of the optic nerve.

I was sitting one morning very quietly at my breakfast-table, doing nothing and thinking of nothing, when I was startled by a singular shadowy appearance at the outside corner of the field of vision of the left eye. It gradually advanced into the field of view, and then appeared to be a pattern in straight-lined angular forms, very much in general aspect like the drawing of a fortification, with salient and re-entering angles, bastions, and ravelins, with some suspicion of faint lines of colour between the dark lines. The impression was very strong: *equally so with the eyes open or closed*, and it appeared to advance slowly from out of the corner till it spread all over the visual area and passed across to the right side,—where it disappeared. I cannot say how long it lasted, but it must have been a minute or two. I was a little alarmed, looking on it as the precursor of some disorder of the eyes, but no ill consequence followed. Several years afterwards the same thing occurred, and I recognised, not indeed the same precise form, but the same general character—the fortification outline, the dark and bright lines, and the steady progressive advance from left to right. I have mentioned this to several persons, but have only met with one to whom it has occurred. This was a lady of my acquaintance, who assured me that she had often experienced a similar affection, and that it was always followed by a violent headache, which was not the case with me.

I come now to cases of perfect symmetry and geometrical regularity. The most ordinary class of patterns of this sort, I find to be formed *only in darkness, and if the darkness be complete, equally with open as with closed eyes*. The forms



are not modified by slight pressure, but their degree of visibility is much and capriciously varied by that cause. They are very frequent. In the great majority of instances the pattern presented is that of a lattice work; the larger axis is horizontal. The lines are sometimes dark on a lighter ground, and sometimes the reverse. Occasionally, at their intersections appears a small, close, and apparently complex piece of pattern-work; but always too indistinctly seen to be well made out. The lattice pattern, if constant, and if always upright, might be explained by the habit of looking fixedly at a lattice window, with a view to noting the order of succession of colours in the ocular spectra, which this mode of viewing them shows finely. Occasionally, however, the latticed pattern is replaced by a rectangular one, and within the rectangles occurs, in some cases, a filling in of a smaller lattice-pattern, or of a sort of lozenge of filagree work, of which it is impossible to seize the precise form, but which is evidently the same in all the rectangles. Occasionally too, but much more rarely, complex and coloured patterns like those of a carpet appear—but not of any carpet remembered or lately seen—and in two or three instances when this has been the case, the pattern has not remained constant, but has kept changing from instant to instant, hardly giving time to appreciate its symmetry and regularity before being replaced by another; that other, however, not being a sudden transition to something totally different, but rather a variation of the former.

Hitherto I have mentioned only rectilinear forms. I come now to circular ones. Having had to submit to a surgical operation, I was put under the blessed influence of chloroform. The indication by which I knew when it had taken effect consisted in a kind of dazzle in the eyes, immediately followed by the appearance of a very beautiful and perfectly regular and symmetrical "Turk's-cap" pattern formed by the mutual intersection of a great number of circles outside of a tangent to a central one. It lasted long enough for me steadily to contemplate it so as to seize the full impression of its perfect regularity, and to be aware of its consisting of exceedingly delicate lines, which seemed, however, to be not single, but close assemblages of coloured lines not unlike the delicate coloured fringes formed along the shadows of objects by very minute pencils of light. The whole exhibition lasted, so far as I could judge, hardly more than a few seconds; and I should observe that I never lost my consciousness of being awake, and in full possession of my mind, though quite insensible to what was going on. I spoke, but the words I am told I uttered, had no relation to what I know I meant to say.

After a considerable interval of time it became necessary to undergo another operation, which was also performed under chloroform; but this time the dose was less powerful, or differently administered. Again the "Turk's-cap" pattern presented itself on the first impression, which I watched with much curiosity, but it did not seem quite complete, nor was it identical with the former. In the intersections of the circles with each other, I could perceive small lozenge-shaped forms or minute patterns, but not clearly enough to make them well out. On both these occasions the patterns were far more lively and conspicuous than the dim and shadowy forms before spoken of, and probably belong to quite a different class of phenomena.

"Since that time," Sir J. F. W. Herschel continues, "circular forms have presented themselves spontaneously (of the shadowy and obscure class) on three occasions, one of them quite recently. . . . All these phenomena were, however, much fainter than the chloroform exhibitions, and of the order of lattice patterns. Now the question at once presents itself: What were these Geometrical Spectra—and how and in what department of the bodily and mental economy do they originate? *They are evidently not dreams. The mind is not dormant, but active and conscious of the direction of its thoughts, whilst these things obtrude themselves on notice, and by calling attention to them direct the train of thought into a channel it would not have taken of itself.* Retinal impressions they can hardly be, for what is to determine the incidence of pressure, or the arrival of vibrations from without upon a geometrically-devised pattern on the retinal surface, rather than on its general ground. . . . Where does the pattern itself, or its prototype in the intellect, originate? *Certainly not in any action consciously exerted by the mind, for both the particular pattern to be formed and the time of its appearance are*

*not merely beyond our will and control, but beyond our knowledge. If it be true that the conception of a regular geometrical pattern implies the exercise of thought and intelligence, it would almost seem that in such cases as those above adduced we have evidence of a thought, an intelligence, working within our own organization distinct from that of our own personality.* Perhaps it may be suggested that there is a kaleidoscopic power in the sensorium to form regular patterns by the symmetrical combination of casual elements, and most assuredly wonders may be worked in this way. But the question still recurs in another form: *How is it that we are utterly unconscious of the possession of such a power, utterly unable voluntarily to exert it, and only aware of its being exerted at times, and in a manner we have absolutely no part in except as spectators of the exhibition of its results.*"

Sir John Herschel observes that he has mentioned his experience to several persons, and that only in one instance—that of a lady of his acquaintance—did he meet with similar phenomena. We have been personally familiar with this and its kindred phenomena for some years, have mentioned them to many persons, to relatives, intimate friends and acquaintance, and can enumerate not less than twenty individuals who are familiar with them in many singular grades of development. Two of these have obligingly offered memoranda of their experience.

Those portions of Sir J. Herschel's lecture which are given in italics as pointing out characteristics always met with in spiritual vision will be corroborated by the following communication from a lady, whom we will describe as Mrs. W. Her experience is given in her own words:—

I communicate with pleasure a few memoranda of visions which have been seen by me at various times. With reference to my experience of the unfolding of this faculty of spiritual sight, I would observe that although for years I have been partially sensible of what we now know to be vision through the spiritual eye, albeit in a transient and rudimentary form, the fuller and conscious possession of this power first developed itself within the last six years, and then very gradually—simultaneously however with spiritual hearing and spiritual perception of flavours and odours.

For a considerable time I was accustomed to perceive spiritual objects vaguely, and as if traced in grey outlines. Gradually these indistinct objects became clearer and glowed with intense light and colour. Never have I been able to call forth these interesting living moving pictures by any effort of the will. Frequently I have greatly desired their presence, but never when desired have they made their appearance. Only when my mind has been turned in other directions and my will has been entirely passive have I been visited by them.

The earlier tableaux were usually landscapes, such as from early childhood I had frequently, much to my enjoyment, beheld in dreams, but they were colourless and very transient. Sometimes only portions of a landscape would be seen, a rocky piece of ground for instance, with tree roots covered with moss, and twisted picturesquely amongst stones and tall beautiful fern. These pictures resembled nature seen as in a photograph, that is to say, in light and shade, but as if alive, for the leaves would be fluttered by the wind, little birds would come and fly through the wood, &c.; and everything would be animated, but colourless. Thus also for some time was it the case with many curious objects, almost indescribable in their whimsical combinations of forms and textures, sometimes portions of architecture or decorative ornament, intricate damask patterns, &c. Curious heads and faces began also to present themselves, and then as suddenly vanish. I can recal very clearly a whole procession of strange men and boys appearing and walking past, every face was individual and perfectly human, yet nevertheless each countenance had an indescribable strangeness about it. These men and boys were all very miserably attired in clothes of

the humblest kind, many of them as if they were paupers belonging to a work-house. With much curiosity I watched them mounting a staircase by slow degrees. At first I was accustomed to see these visions with closed eyes, but when perfectly wide awake, and conscious of external things. Gradually I began to discover that I saw these tableaux *with my eyes wide open* if I were in a dark room. Only once, and at a later period have I beheld spiritual objects with open eyes in broad day-light. I then saw the room in which I was and its furniture as background to the spiritual objects presented. Usually, and up to the present time, I am accustomed to see these curious things, either in the *day-time with closed eyes shaded from the light, or in the darkness with closed or open eyes as the case may be*. Invariably, however, the vision is spontaneous, and can in no way that I am aware of be induced by will.

Having, perhaps for six months, been accustomed to see these pictures in grey, unexpectedly one afternoon I saw in colour a winter landscape, hills and valleys, covered with deep and hardly frozen snow, a glowing crimson sunrise flaming above the hills. A vast lilliputian army of variously attired soldiers suddenly appeared marching across the snowy landscape beneath the crimson dawn. A second fairy army encountered them, and a terrific conflict ensued.

This was about five years ago, and was the first time when in the broad day I beheld these tableaux. The first time that I had seen them in colour, and the first time also that one picture had developed into a second. Since this period I have almost invariably seen them in colour, and as it were illumined by their own intense light, also their power of development out of each other has continued, until they have become in fact "dissolving views." It is impossible to convey to those unacquainted with these phenomena an idea of the brilliant light, colour, movement, and intense vitality of forms thus presented before the eyes. Occasionally it is as though a window opened suddenly in the darkness, and you gazed through it into a region of light and active vitality, where every possible object animate and inanimate might be beheld. It is noteworthy that whilst observing these varied scenes and objects, the mind regards them as beautiful and curious *natural* realities. Only later, when the picture has disappeared, flashes the consciousness upon you that what you have beheld was spiritual, and spiritually discerned.

In course of time I was led to comprehend that each vision was a pictured parable, and contained an inexhaustible variety of instruction: also, I had reason to regard them as a very sacred gift from God. To discover the meaning of these parables conveyed in symbols, was always intellectually interesting, but not always easy. Sometimes the explanation was conveyed, whilst the tableau passed before the eyesight, through the sense of spiritual hearing. Not infrequently the explanation was not given until months after the vision, and when in fact the vision was all but forgotten. There have been many instances in which no interpretation whatsoever has been granted. When I became acquainted with the writings of Swedenborg, some two years after the time when my spiritual vision first developed itself, I was enabled to discover through Swedenborg's "Doctrine of Correspondence," the meaning of many of the symbols which had been shown me. I have used his works in fact as a dictionary upon various occasions.

Here are a few of the picture-parable to which I have referred:—

1858.—Whilst in Wales, the spiritual vision not very strong within me, possibly owing to the natural vision being occupied by the beautiful objects around us; I had presented, however, as in a living tableau:—

A rough grey stone tower in the process of erection. Scaffolding raised around it, and workmen busily at work upon the scaffolding.

A pure white Parian vase, and within it a bouquet of exquisite and delicately tinted exotic flowers, several of which were orchids.

Saw myself standing upon the centre of a bridge, which spanned a stream. The bridge was very peculiar, the parapet on either hand being formed of one entire unbroken stone.

Saw a female figure walking across a green meadow. She was clothed in ragged and dusty garments. I could only clearly see the lower portion of the

figure. I was on this occasion sensible of the faculty of *hearing* as well as sight, an *interior* voice communicating audibly that this vision typified the condition of the human soul in the world at large when dwelling only in external worship.

January, 1859.—I saw a series of small visions upon waking in the morning during two or three weeks. The following are some of them:—

A field of oats in full ear and ripe, with a venerable head with long hair, and a very long beard, reminding me of the expression "The Ancient of Days," gazing down from heaven upon the waving grain.

A door opened and a female figure, bearing a water-can filled with water, entered a room where stood an empty pitcher. The woman poured the water out of her can into the pitcher, until it was not only full, but the water ran over, and sank into the carpet upon which the pitcher stood. The voice of the Spirit spoke these words upon the disappearance of the tableau, "I will send my handmaid with Divine Truth, and she shall fill the vessel prepared for my service, and not alone shall truth be given in full measure, but it shall run over and saturate even the unthankful soul."

A number of small packets, carefully wrapt up in paper, were placed in my hand, and were observed by the spiritual eye. The words spoken—"Gifts for thee; purchased by trial."

A number of large new copper coins, which I saw taken up by a hand and counted.

A number of scarlet leather-bound volumes, not unlike almanacks, shown me and passed one by one before my eyes, the voice saying "The books of the years of man's life entrusted to the hands of God."

The most exquisite spiritual perception through the ear, of a trumpet call; the melody ravishing in its sweetness. A melody that, though sounding from afar, appeared still to proceed as from within the very centre of the soul. Only those, who have experienced spiritual perception, can comprehend these sensations. I simply heard the sound; still it conveyed the idea of early summer morning, dew, sunshine, opal colouring of heaven, and waving green leaves, fragrant blossoms, and dewy grass. The voice of the Spirit spoke these words, "The trumpet call of the Last Judgment."

Various foods and wine brought to me, placed in my mouth by invisible hands, and tasted by my tongue. Amongst these foods was honey, which was not, however, placed within my mouth, though I desired to taste it. Butter, bread, cakes of various delicate kinds, fruits, and roasted meats were amongst the food, and sometimes fish.

About this time a friend with whom I was accustomed to converse upon religious and spiritual subjects, began to behold similar visions of representative objects. At first she could not understand what these things meant. Bread and wine especially were frequently presented thus before her. She was quite unconscious that I was accustomed to receive spiritual communication in this manner, and mentioned her new experience to me with much surprise. These objects appeared suddenly and unexpectedly, and then as suddenly vanished.

February, 1859.—One morning there was presented in vision a blank drawing-book; the pages were turned over by an invisible hand. The spirit-voice observed: "Thou dost not perceive the figure upon the first page of this book, but I will describe it to thee. A female figure is seated mourning: her head is bent very low; her hands are clasped together in dull grief. She mourns over the loss of her child—her child called 'External Life.' Above the woman's hair glitters a golden star; upon the woman's hands are rich gems, but she does not perceive them, she only mourns." Upon the second page appears the same woman. She is filled with deep joy and thanksgiving, for God has given into her charge a small organ: it is of celestial origin; its pipes are of gold, and its ornaments are of lustrous blue enamel. The woman kneels offering the organ to her Maker, her eyes stream with tears of holy joy.

Christmas, 1859.—Several shrubs shewn me in a garden, in various stages of decay. Here and there amidst the dead twigs and branches still lingered a green leaf or bough. They were such objects as no careful gardener would leave standing. Whilst observing these dead objects they passed away,

and in their place I beheld a large orange tree growing near a fountain. It was a vigorous tree, much larger than any of the dying shrubs, and I observed that it grew upon the spot formerly occupied by them. There were, however, neither buds, flowers, nor fruit upon the tree. The voice of the Spirit said solemnly: "Thou hast beheld a representation of the condition of the churches at the present day. They are dead or dying. This orange tree signifies the spiritual church of the Lord. But as yet it has borne neither flowers nor fruit."

The picture changing, I beheld a filthy kennel, the impure water flowing down a dirty wide street. This water rolled heavily along, leaving filthy straw and refuse vegetable matter behind stranded on the muddy stones. Whilst watching these things with disgust, fresh, pure water began to flow, and the stones became transformed into the pure rocks of a mountain torrent, the water dashing and sparkling over them in cheerful glee. Again the voice of the Spirit observed: "Thou hast beheld a parable of Adulterated Truth flowing through 'the great city of Babylon.' But water of Living Truth shall flow forth from 'the Living Rock—Christ.'"

Upon waking in the morning, I heard with the spirit-ear a bell ringing. In vision I perceived the gate of my father's garden open as if of its own accord, and a singular procession of birds, tall as human beings, enter. Their expression was singularly human, and still they were birds—some tall, some short, some middle-sized; they were of various colours: eagles, ostriches, ducks, swans, jackdaws, barn-door fowls, &c. With great gravity they walked towards the house. I observed that each bird had something wrong or deformed about him. This one had an ugly hump upon his back, of a colour quite inappropriate to the rest of his plumage; that one a huge "topping," which he appeared greatly to pride himself upon, spite of its being a complete disfigurement to his otherwise well-shaped head; whilst another had a huge hump sticking out of his neck. "These are guests which Love sends unto his servants," spoke the voice of the Spirit in explanation of this singular and grotesque procession. "Receive them in the name of Love. You will have to aid them in the removal of those ugly and useless appendages with which they have disfigured themselves. Perform this office with much care and patience. These ugly false things are neither ugly nor evil in the sight of their unfortunate possessors. Remember that you yourselves have equally beloved deformities which Love alone will remove, through your loving and patient removal of your neighbour's deformities."

I beheld a small circular exquisitely furnished apartment. I appeared to stand within its centre. There was neither door nor window, but its domed ceiling seemed to open up into heaven itself. Resplendent light poured down into the apartment, flooding it with ineffable glory. Every portion of the room was light and filled with fragrant warmth. The light was neither as the light of the sun, nor yet of a lamp. It was only to be described by the word "illumination." Intense silence brooded over the room—a sense of entirest secrecy. No explanation of the vision was given at the time. After a year or more, when walking alone in the country, and when I had forgotten this spiritual tableau, the spirit-voice reminded me of it, and observed: "That little room is the secret chamber of the human heart, wherein God listens to the thoughts of man."

Similar in character to the "picture parable," communicated by Mrs. W—, are the following visions seen by Mr. O—, a gentleman residing in Gloucestershire. They have been kindly forwarded for insertion in this article, by Miss S—, referred to in the following narrative:—

"Mr. O—, had never throughout his life seen any visions, remarkable or otherwise, until he came to P—, October 3rd, 1859. About a fortnight after this time he began to see in the night, or early in the morning, and always when quite dark, gleams of light entering his bed-room windows. He did not at first take much notice of them, but sometimes attributed them to

the shining of a watchman's lantern directed upon his window, and sometimes to lightning.

"Mr. O——, frequently saw the light flashing in through the window. At length one night it settled as though upon the wall, and took the form of a rose, and afterwards of large stars of various shapes. One night it assumed the appearance of two angels with trumpets inside a bright tablet 'all bright and beautiful.' The night that this vision appeared, Mr. O—— had retired to rest in rather an unhappy mood, but a wonderfully consoling feeling came with it, and he experienced most sweet and happy sensations. He was greatly comforted and peaceful whilst receiving it, and after its departure. It only continued a second or two, and then vanished.

"A week afterwards a bright tablet appeared, and within it the face of a child kissing a kitten. Many times figures would appear, but too dim to be distinguished. In March, he saw, surrounded by a circle of light, the profile of 'a very well-featured woman.' He soon recognised his mother in the face, and exclaimed, 'My mother, my mother,' with great joy; but it quickly vanished.

"The next morning (by morning you must always understand quite early before daylight) he saw in a beautiful tablet, a very handsome elderly lady, dressed very richly and neatly, with a bonnet on, apparently in walking costume. She was like all the rest of these visions formed of light, bright and refugent looking.

"A night or two afterwards appeared a pretty dog with a boy. A light then appeared to him like a window, though the outlines were not strongly marked. This went out and returned again four times. The first three times only about half a minute at once. Mr. O—— lay four or five minutes thinking and wondering what meaning the three appearances had, and whether it might be that he had only three years or three months to live. It then returned once more, and he sat up in bed and watched it for nearly a minute before it faded away.

"April 3rd.—A bright light as if there were an opening in the dark, and in this inner bright apartment was part of the face of a man, the forehead and eyes and part of the nose visible, very prominent eyes and large, looking steadily at Mr. O——. It soon retired.

"April 4th.—The face and bust of a lady, with two little children kissing each other. She smiling upon them. They looked very pretty. A little after this, the upper part of the head of a man, which Mr. O—— recognised from the hair and forehead, to be that of a friend lately deceased.

"July 27th.—A hand pointing downwards. This first appeared as a bright phosphorescent light on the wall, beside Mr. O——'s

bed, in which gradually the hand became revealed. Presently a head appeared, belonging to the hand of an elderly man, with a small grayish beard, and small thin features. He looked at Mr. O—— with a pale, solemn countenance. In a few moments the whole vision faded away. Mr. O—— had an awe-struck feeling upon him that made him tremble, and at the same time rather a pleasant sensation of warmth. A scroll with hieroglyphic-looking writing upon it.

“September 28th.—A piece of ornament, but not distinct, through the surrounding halo of which the pattern of the paper upon the wall of the room could be seen.

“December 12th.—A bird with out-stretched wings feeding its young in a nest.

“December 13th.—Two animal's heads like leopards.

“December 15th.—A loud knocking heard by Miss S—— in her room, waking both her and Mr. O—— from a sound sleep.

“December 16th.—A noise of bells ringing; heard also by Miss O——. An angel with a bright baby which afterwards turned into flowers. Also a stag's head with large antlers.

“December 18th.—A number of indistinct figures and two doves billing.

“December 20th.—Several faces of men, women, and children.

“January 1st, 1861.—A large skull, from the top of which a child's head gradually emerged, and afterwards wings to the head.

“January 3rd.—A cherub and a child. Mr. O—— has seen many more visions than these, especially animals, but he has omitted to note them down.

“One night about a month ago he had a picture shown him of a most beautiful landscape. It was as if an opening were made in the darkness, through which he viewed a bright and glorious country, indescribably lovely, with meadows and fields, trees, &c. One man was walking in it, and one animal—a cow. The brightest sunshine was over everything. One peculiarity of these bright visions is, that frequently they light up the various articles in the room as though it were day-light. When they disappear everything is dark again.

“Mr. O—— generally sees them on first opening his eyes. I think their light must awaken him; but he is not aware whether it is so or not. He imagines the visions to be brought by some dead friend who wishes to converse with and comfort him; and he says that they have had a soothing effect upon his mind.

“I have mentioned the noises also, because we both feel that they have some unearthly origin. The rapping was very peculiar. They are not the only mysterious sounds we have heard since we came here.”

Probably this class of symbolic tableaux may belong to that species of spiritual teaching repeatedly referred to by the Swedish seer in his works on "Representative Speech." In the first volume of the *Arcana Cœlestia*, when relating his experience regarding "the speech of spirits and angels" he observes: "The speech of angelic spirits is incomprehensible; suffice it, therefore, to speak of it briefly, and only of their representative speech. In this the subject itself is exhibited *representatively*, in a wonderful manner, which is abstracted from the objects of sense, and is varied in numberless ways by the most pleasing and beautiful representatives. . . . . By virtue of influx from the Lord, all things generally and individually are, as it were, alive. Every particular subject is thus exhibited, and this by continual series."

With reference to a very remarkable experience of angelic communication given through a representative picture, the Rev. T. L. Harris also observes, in *The Wisdom of Angels*: "I then realized that thoughts are things; that spirits speak in correspondences; and consequently, that while I had endeavoured to express certain ideas in language far more sublimely, the same ideas had been represented in visible and splendid Paradaical images. Each idea that I had sung appeared represented by a form, and the whole poem thus appeared dramatized in sublime pictures."

In a curious book entitled *The Sanctuary of Spiritualism, a Study of the Human Soul*," by L. A. Cahagnet, a M. Gaspart gives the following account of his experience under the influence of hashish, which throws some light upon the subject of spiritual vision, and upon the theory of thought being objective in the spiritual world, and transforming itself into pictures with marvellous rapidity and in endless succession. M. Gaspart says:—

Ideas have a body: that, to me, has become palpable; I saw them too perfectly not to be certain of it. Each idea is represented by the reunion and concurrence of a certain number of objects which form an allegory. But the choice of these objects is so happy, and their arrangement so harmonised, that the spirit, which observes and judges them as they pass by, cannot mistake their meaning. A picture composed more or less of emblematic objects forms one idea. From this idea flows another, represented by a fresh picture. The first picture which is the first idea, gives birth, therefore to a long series of ideas, that is of tableaux. It is the collection of these ideas that forms reasoning, the argument, until the arrival of the last idea, which is the conclusion, the judgment. One cannot express the rapidity with which this multitude of ideas passes before the eyes of the spirit, for frequently the conclusion touches closely upon the premises, yet is separated therefrom by hundreds of pictures. In the natural state we do not remark the train of ideas we pass through, and which we put in motion, to arrive at the consequences of a syllogism; we sometimes reach it at a single bound, and yet it occasions considerable labour in our brain—a labour figuratively represented by a great number of pictures, none of which escape our spiritual eyes. They were dazzling as the sun, and although passing with the rapidity of an arrow, our spirit (which might justly be called the understanding) has time



to see them all, both as a whole and in their details; to analyse them; then to classify and make a summary of them which it transmits to speech without any suspicion of the operations in which it has been employed.

“W.”

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I recollect well when this two-fold consciousness, in my own case, began to return,—and how strange it seemed to me that I could converse with a friend in my room, hear him with the natural ear, behold him with the natural eye—look out through the windows upon the natural landscape and see the sights of the heavens above, the reflections of natural light on hill and valley, the waving, whispering trees and flowers, the whole panorama of objects that diversified the outward scene,—and then, at the same time, yet in a totally different plane of vision, see persons who were just as visible to the inner eye, as these things and objects were to the outward eye. I recollect well the novelty of the fresh experience—hearing my friend in the natural world conversing, and then, without passing from that state in which I could distinguish the language of the natural voice, hearing the spiritual language—hearing, perhaps, some angelic spirit who was near me, conversing with a friend or addressing himself directly to my own organs.—*Rev. T. L. Harris.*

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## SPIRITUAL DYNAMICS.

WE extract the following interesting test from a number of the *Shekinah* for July 1853, which has been recently sent us along with other early journalistic specimens of Spiritualism. We shall have to notice these literary efforts in an early number. Meantime we commend this test fact to our readers as one that might be retried here for the benefit of our friends the sceptics, and might even be of service to some of the authors of *Essays and Reviews*, who are inquiring into the relations between matter and spirit.

“MECHANICAL TEST OF SPIRITUAL FORCE.—Persons who are most familiar with the spiritual manifestations are aware that tables, or other articles of furniture, are sometimes made apparently very light or very heavy by an invisible agency which they claim to be spiritual. A query, however, has arisen in some minds, as to whether the apparently increased or diminished weight of the article subjected to the experiment is not owing to some *psychological* influence exerted upon the person who lifts, or attempts to lift it. The writer, in company with some friends, recently tested this question in a manner which leaves no doubt as to its correct answer. A circle of ladies and gentlemen being convened at my house, two of the ladies, who were mediums for ‘tippings,’ placed their fingers lightly upon a writing-table, peculiarly constructed with a block and pillar, which the spirits soon threw over upon the floor. The spirits then were requested to make the block, or foot end of it, ‘heavy,’ while the fingers of the mediums were resting lightly against the top of the table, then turned nearly in a vertical

position, and in such a manner that the mediums could not, by pressure, add anything of consequence to the weight of the foot-block. Each person in the room then tried to lift the *foot end* of the table; they all succeeded easily except one lady, who could not raise it from the floor except when the spirits permitted her.

“To ascertain beyond doubt whether the table was really heavier to her than it was to others, or whether contact with it abstracted from her muscular strength, as by a psychological process, I procured a spring scale, capable of weighing twenty-four pounds, and hooked it under the foot-block of the table as it lay upon the floor. Then taking the ring or handle of the scale, a gentleman lifted the foot of the table from the floor by the hook, when it was observed that it weighed *just twelve pounds*. The lady before mentioned then took the ring of the scale, and lifted it precisely in the same manner as did the gentleman, raised the foot of the table about an inch clear from the floor, when the index of the scale showed a weight of *twenty-two pounds*, or a small fraction less! After this was carefully observed by the persons in the room, the scale was given again into the hands of the gentleman, when the weight indicated was twelve pounds as before. It was again changed to the hand of the lady, when the weight again became twenty-two pounds, as in the previous trial. And so it was changed backward and forward between the lady and gentleman for several times, until there could possibly remain no longer any doubt as to the difference of the weight. The party adopted the unanimous conclusion, in which the reader will doubtless concur, that that inanimate scale could not *lie*, nor even be *psychologised*; and the invisible force stood thus irrefutably established by a mechanical test. “F.”

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## THE MYSTIC CRAYON DRAWINGS.

### A NEW PHASE OF MEDIUMSHIP.

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WE extract from the *New York Herald of Progress*, edited by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the accounts which follow of certain Spirit-drawings executed through the mediumship of Mrs. E. J. French of New York. The first account is given in the words of Dr. Hallock, addressed to the New York Spiritual Conference, and the certificate at the end of it is signed by him and by several of the best known and most respected of our friends in New York. The account, therefore, may be regarded as entirely authentic, and the investigation may be received as having been made by those of all others the most competent to the task. We shall be glad to

receive further accounts of this curious development of spiritual force, which we regard as one more chapter in the book of spiritual influx, and which however little its meaning and value may be recognized as yet, will before long be found to be an important stone for building up a true theory of inspiration.

Dr. Hallock's statement is as follows :—

“ On Thursday evening, the 22nd Nov. last, he met by invitation a party of ladies and gentlemen at the residence of Mrs. E. J. French, at No. 8, Fourth Avenue, to witness certain alleged manifestations on the part of spirits, in the art of drawing in crayon, or, more strictly speaking, in black lead pencil. A little after eight o'clock Mrs. French left the room in which the party was assembled, and took her seat on a lounge in a small bedroom adjoining. Mrs. F. did not leave this seat during the occurrence of what follows. Soon after taking it she appeared to be entranced, and remained so throughout, the eyes open, fixed and staring. She requested Dr. Hallock and Prof. Brittan to examine the room. They found upon the bed opposite to where she was seated a portfolio closed with tape strings, and a bottle said to contain wine to be used in the experiment, the drawing paper to be used for the pictures being in the portfolio. This portfolio and bottle we were requested not to touch. Several lead pencils and two pieces of india rubber were upon the bed, but no drawings nor drawing paper were found in the room. After this search Mr. Culbertson was requested by Mrs. French to take the portfolio into the room occupied by her guests, to open it, and to hand her the contents. It contained common drawing paper. Six sheets of different sizes were taken from Mr. Culbertson by Mrs. French and laid upon a table which had been just previously placed before her. She then called for some pins, and, taking a strip of paper five or six inches in length, she placed one end parallel with the edge of the drawing paper and pinned the other end with three or more pins to it. This done, one of the party was requested by name to take the sheet with the slip of paper pinned on it to let the company examine it to their perfect satisfaction, to retain the narrow slip of paper with the pins sticking in it, in his own possession and to return the drawing paper to her. This was done with all the six sheets, the pins in each case differing in number and position, and each sheet being handed to a different individual, the object being to identify the drawing paper by means of the pins which remained in the slips, fitting the holes in the drawing paper, corresponding to the number upon the slip, both drawing paper and slips being numbered from one to six inclusive. When these sheets had all been examined and returned to Mrs. French, Mr. Culbertson handed her the wine. She then laid a sheet of the drawing paper upon the table, poured upon it a

quantity of the wine sufficient to wet the entire surface, and then with the palm of her hand spread the wine all over it. This was done to each of the sheets in succession, the whole party looking on. Next commenced the process of drying. She took these sheets one by one, rolled them up, blew through them, and waved them gently through the air. During this process, which occupied but a very few minutes, she requested the light to be turned partially down, as its full glow, she said, interfered with the process. It is proper to state here that during the process of drawing, one of the sheets about to be used, she said, had become too dry; so she called for the bottle of wine (simple grape juice and sugar, by authority of taste—a production of New England,) wetted the sheet over again, and dried it as before. When the drawing was about to commence, the light was restored and the party requested to take seats near the open door of the room where she sat, Mr. Gurney, Prof. Brittan, Dr. Warner, and Dr. Hallock being within six feet of her and all the rest being in full view.

“Laying one of the sheets of drawing paper upon the table before her, and placing several lead pencils between her fingers, she requested that when she said ‘time,’ as many as chose should examine their watches, with a special injunction, jocularly expressed, that Dr. Hallock should keep *his* eyes particularly upon her, which he very readily promised to do, and *did* throughout.

“All being ready, Mrs. French called out ‘time.’ Then was seen a rapid move of the hand, and, for a moment or so, of both hands, accompanied by a sound as of pencils rapidly marking upon paper, and then both pencils and paper were thrown, as by a spasm, to some distance from the table upon the floor. The time occupied was twenty-one seconds. The picture is a bouquet of flowers, consisting of hyacinths, lilies, tulips, &c. “No. 2 is also a group of flowers, but the kind cannot be stated here, the picture having been given away, and this statement is made from the facts before him, and not from memory. The time used was twenty seconds. “No. 3 is a very beautiful bunch of grapes, with stem, leaves and tendrils, all complete. The time, occupied in the drawing was twenty-one seconds. “No. 4 is a stem and leaves, with five distinct representations of full-grown fruit attached. The fruit resembles apricots, but the leaves in structure though not in shape, look more like some of the ferns. When all was arranged for the drawing of this picture, (No. 4 of the series,) Mrs. French asked in how long a time they (the party) would have it done? Some answered ten seconds, and others less, while some said take you own time. “Well,” said Mrs. French “I am going to talk while this picture is being drawn. When I say *one*, look at your watches; when I stop counting, the

picture will be finished. Now ! One, two, three, four," and then the picture, as described, was done. Time, four seconds. "No. 5 represents a stem from a gooseberry bush. On it are twelve beautifully drawn gooseberries, represented as in the green state, with blossoms and leaves to match ; and also a partial background of leaf belonging to some other order. This picture was presented by Mrs. French, while in the trance, to Mr. Buckmaster, of Pittsburgh, Pa., as a token from his spirit daughter, promised him on a previous occasion. The time was twelve seconds. No. 6 which may be considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the series, is a drawing, nine by fourteen inches in dimensions, consisting of flowers and foliage, in white, upon a shaded background—that is to say, they are the natural color of the drawing paper, their outlines being distinctly marked in pencil, and the interstices coloured, with the lead nicely shaded. In all, save two other drawings produced in like manner on a former occasion, the reverse of this appears, viz., the drawings are in pencil, upon a white ground. In the centre of this group of flowers, and springing from the lower margin of the drawing, is a hand holding an open book. This book measures one inch and a quarter by three quarters. Its corners are not exactly right angles, but what is very curious, the pin holes, corresponding to the pins in the narrow slip of paper which he held in possession, marked the extreme dimensions or four corners of the book. At the top of the left-hand page is written Galatians vi, and then follows the first six and a part of the sixteenth verses of that chapter, covering nearly the entire of both pages, in characters mostly legible in a good light to the naked eye, and all readable with a common magnifier. This writing contains over one hundred words fairly written. The time occupied in the production of this was thirteen seconds. When it had been examined and the paper upon which it was drawn identified, Mrs. French (still entranced) invited such of the party as felt willing, to testify under their own signatures to what they had witnessed. The following is a copy of the certification written at the time upon the blank margin of the picture:—

"Executed in thirteen seconds, in our sight, by Mrs. French, on the 22d of November, 1860, at No. 8, Fourth Avenue.

"John F. Gray, Robert T. Hallock, L. S. Warner, I. Gurney, Mrs. S. M. Dimon, S. H. Le Fever, T. Culbertson, Mrs. E. Merwin, Mrs. A. House, S. B. Brittan, Mrs. E. G. Warner, F. E. O'Connor, Beloit, Wis., N. Buckmaster, Pittsburgh, M. L. French."

The *Herald of Progress*, of the 26th February last, contains further and more precise observations of this new phase of spirit manifestation which will be found to answer all the necessities of the most accurate testing. We should be glad if one or more of the drawings could be forwarded for inspection in this country, if we might ask for such a favor:—

“We have lately witnessed again the mysterious drawings through the mediumship of Mrs. French. Whatever there was of the marvellous and inexplicable in those described in previous numbers of the *Herald*, seems to be much increased in the cases we have recently observed, though the conditions under which the sketching has been performed appear to preclude all possible explanation, except through the intervention of spirits. The process by which the pictures were produced, in the instances hitherto reported in this journal, was substantially as follows: In a fully-lighted room, in the presence of many observers, common drawing-paper has been handed to the medium, cut in such a manner as to give a large sheet with a counterpart check. The checks being given to the company, the several sheets have been taken by the medium, openly washed in some acid liquid, dried by rolling, wiping, and breathing upon them; and, by holding pencils over them, or by inserting in them, when rolled, bits of paper blackened with crayons, pictures have been produced of exquisite taste and delicacy, within the space of a few seconds. These pictures can be erased by a rubber, are evidently substantially made of crayon lead, and are most of them such as would require the labour of hours by a skilful artist. How are they produced? The friends of the medium say, that by some unknown process of chemistry, the substance of the lead pencils is suddenly precipitated upon sketches already limned by spirit artists, in such a way as to *bring out* the pictures by some art similar to that of our ordinary photography. The gradual development of her mediumship in this direction, which has been continued now nearly a year, and her incapacity to sketch in her normal capacity, confirms them in this belief. On the other hand, the staggering nature of the phenomena has suggested to the sceptical, particularly those who have heard of, but never witnessed the drawings, simpler hypotheses. They may be reduced to two. The first is, that the pictures being drawn, previous to the sitting, the blank sheets prepared in the presence of the company have been dexterously withdrawn, and the finished pictures substituted by sleight-of-hand. A careful study of the method in which the sittings have been conducted, as before reported in the *Herald*, should suffice, as we think, to put an end to that supposition.

“The other supposition is, that the pictures, being sketched

by the medium in some invisible chemical, previous to the sitting, were brought out by washing the paper in acid liquids. To this hypothesis it should be a sufficient answer, *that the pictures do not enter into the body of the paper, and that several have been produced, moreover, upon an unexpected call, after the paper had been washed with the acid solution.*

“ Well, to meet both these objections efficiently, a public sitting was given by the medium at Clinton Hall, on the evening of January 23rd, to which the spectators were admitted by ticket. The gentlemen and ladies present numbered seventy-four. The sitting commenced about half-past eight. On a raised platform at one end of the room, which was well lighted with gas, the medium occupied a common settee; before her was a table, which permitted most of her person to be seen, as also the vacant space on her seat to the right and left hand. At one end of the settee stood a desk, but just within reach. The audience occupied seats in front of the platform. Soon after order was established, a committee of three was appointed by the audience to go out into the street and purchase paper, for the avowed purpose, as stated by a gentleman in behalf of the medium, to preclude all possibility of any sketching upon it by her with invisible fluids, or any exchange of pictures already drawn for blank sheets. The committee went out and purchased several sheets upon which they *secretly inscribed their names with sympathetic ink.* These sheets were handed to the medium at twenty minutes to nine, who, upon taking them, remarked to the members of the committee, from whom they were received: ‘ We shall cut off all your marks!’

“ Water was next drawn from the hydrant in the corner of the room, and handed to the medium, who took it and washed several of the sheets, wiping them and laying them one upon another. She next commenced cutting them, as she had promised to do, till she had reduced several to a quarter of their original dimensions. Paper checks were now attached to many of them, with a number of pins to each check.

“ These small drawing sheets with their checks were passed to the members of the committee to examine and return, though the checks were to be kept. The cutting, washing, drying, and checking the sheets occupied a wearisome fifty minutes, or till half-past nine. All things being now ready, at a given signal the time was called for the first picture, which was produced in *two seconds*, the only visible agency in its production being the thrusting of a piece of paper, blackened with crayon lead, into the rolled sheet. The picture No. 1 is a lake scene, with two boats, hills, &c. In a similar way were produced No. 2, in four seconds—a bouquet of flowers with the head of a child, this

latter being asked for by some one present. No. 3, in four seconds—a bunch of flowers, with a bird and nest, a basket and butterfly. Nos. 4 and 5, together, in four seconds—No. 4 being a bunch of grapes, with leaves, stems, &c., and No. 5 being two hens with flowers. No. 6 came out in two seconds—it is a beautiful vase of flowers, with birds. Much time was lost in the examination of the pictures by the company, so that it was ten minutes past ten before the last one was delivered. The pictures are mostly admirable as artistic efforts, as has been already mentioned. The sheets were hardly a moment out of sight of those sitting nearest the medium; and the pin marks on the pictured sheets corresponded exactly to those on the checks.

“After the drawing was finished, a few animated remarks by the medium on the object of such manifestations, to wit: the awakening of men to a consciousness of their immortal destiny, very appropriately closed the sitting.

“Another sitting followed the foregoing at the medium’s rooms, No. 8, Fourth Avenue, on Friday evening, Jan. 25th. At this, thirty-three gentlemen and ladies were present.

“The medium sat upon a sofa, in the open door of a small room connected with a full-lighted parlor, in which the company were seated. This small room with the sofa, had been previously examined by members of the party, to see if it contained paper or pictures. Before the medium stood a small table with a marble top, and containing no drawer. At a quarter past eight a committee, chosen by those present, selected at random, from a roll of fifteen drawing-sheets, purchased a few hours before, two sheets at random, and laid them before the medium. These were taken by her and cut into eight smaller sheets before all, washed with water, wiped, rolled in small rolls, and laid in a folded towel upon the table, from which table they were not for an instant removed till they passed into the hands of the spectators. The period occupied in washing, wiping, rolling, and drying, however, was long. Bits of the sheets, as in the previous sittings, were blackened with the pencils and laid upon one end of the table, near, in contact with which, sat several of the company. A few minutes before the first picture was produced, one of these blackened pieces was taken by a member of the committee sitting nearest the medium and this he was to hold constantly in his hand. The first blank sheet was then given to him to open, to see if it contained any picture, and to close again immediately. Upon a signal given, he was to thrust his *crayoned* bit of paper into the rolled sheet, and then time was to be noted. At this juncture, those sitting immediately around the table were called to suggest subjects. The holder of the crayoned paper suggested “*instruments of music, with music;*” another suggested a goat’s



head with flowers. Upon the giving of the signal, the crayoned paper was thrust into the rolled sheet, and after the lapse of three seconds, the sheet was opened, and found to contain a bouquet of flowers, in the midst of which was depicted the head of an Angola goat, without horns. When examined by one of the committee, five or seven minutes before the picture came out, the sheet was perfectly blank. Moreover, though his fingers were very much blackened by holding the crayoned paper, *it left no marks inside the rolled sheet where they ought not to be!*

“A similar process was pursued with sheet No. 2, it being examined by one of the committee, to see if it was perfectly blank. In four seconds a beautiful bouquet of flowers appeared upon it. On No. 3 appeared, in three seconds, various kinds of fruit, (some of which was cut) with a bird. No. 4 was produced in four seconds, under like conditions—it is a picture of old-fashioned instruments of music, with an open book, in which are written musical notes. This picture was alike a surprise and a gratification to the member of the committee who called for it. No. 5 was produced in four seconds; it is a bouquet of flowers and leaves, from which a bird seems to have just been frightened by a dog, the head of which, inverted, peers out from among the foliage. No other pictures were brought out this evening. They varied in dimensions, as on Wednesday evening, from an area of two inches square to four, and were, as usual, beautifully executed. The gentleman who called for the head of the goat, seems to be of the impression that his will operated, to some extent, mesmerically in producing that feature of the picture. At least, he seemed to entertain no doubt of the entire good faith and *involuntary* agency of the medium. He had been present only at the sitting of the preceding Wednesday, and has had no opportunity to witness similar manifestations before, as his business requires him to be absent in Europe much of the year. Want of space compels us to omit many incidental details connected with the production of these pictures, which would increase the interest of the statement. Under all the circumstances, we must confess to a belief in the intervention of spirits, in manifestations in which intelligence makes use of agencies unknown to man.”

[Why may not this phase of mediumship be tried in this country? So far as our experience goes, it is not likely to be confined either to time or place, but only to state and to conditions, one great element of which is, strong human endeavour with receptivity.—ED.]

## INDIVIDUALITY OR ORGANIZATION?

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

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

SIR,—In your letter of the 21st January, you make a remark or two, which I desire to notice. You say you have a "strong belief that the subject is now so widely and deeply spread, that it is becoming a power which will have great results, and at no long day, *although there is no organization:*" and you think "there must be something wanting in the literature of Spiritualism that its organs should be so short lived."

When the reality of spiritual intercourse began to dawn upon me, I at once said, If this is true, it must be for all mankind, and not for any particular people; and if it comes with us in America, it must and will shew itself elsewhere. Its end and aim must be universal, and its manifestations and instrumentalities will be seen everywhere: and it will not be right to attempt to give it any form—Christian, Mahomedan, or Boodish—that would make it unacceptable to any. Still I thought that concentrated action would be serviceable—and it was attempted, but in vain. Over and over again, here and elsewhere in the United States, efforts at organization have been made—and some of them in a spirit of wisdom and freedom that removed all reasonable objection here among us—but every such effort has failed. So with the Press and every effort to get up a periodical devoted to the subject, almost all have failed; though some of them have been conducted with ability far superior to that displayed on many of the successful periodicals of the day.

To what shall we ascribe these cognate failures? Surely not to a falling off in the number of believers—for we are increasing marvellously every day, until we are counted, in this country alone, by millions. Not to any diminution in the interest which the subject excites, for we behold that interest constantly augmenting, and men of character, education, and ability, enrolling themselves in our ranks. Not to fear of the world's condemnation of it, for we have survived that in its severest form, and lived to see our belief tolerated and in many localities actually popular. In the meantime the cause is moving on and spreading throughout the whole earth. My own observation alone tells me this, besides information from others. Men have been to see me from the four quarters of the earth, of different nations and languages. Letters come to me from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I hear of manifestations among the Indians on the Rocky Mountains, the slaves at the South, the Arabs in Northern Africa—the natives of the isles of the Pacific. I have

heard of my own publications being found on the Himalaya Mountains, in Japan, and among the whalers in the North Seas. I behold Spiritualism in the churches—Catholic and Protestant—and that so strongly existing there, that the priesthood have been obliged to recognise and tolerate it, and some even to use it. The pulpit has stilled its denunciations, and the Press has learned to acknowledge its reality; and now, day by day, numbers are added of those who shall be saved. And yet no organization of our adherents can be successful, no concentration of our power be permitted? If this movement had been of a human device, the human means of organization and concentration would long since have been in full operation. But if it is Divine in its origin, it needs no such mortal appliances, but each soul shall move in its own orbit around the great centre of the system—forming part, indeed, of a harmonious whole, but preserving its own independent individuality to the end.

I have often, within the last six or seven years, reasoned with the spirits with whom I have been in communion, in regard to the plan of their operations—have well understood what it was, and have from time to time been instructed wherein I could aid in the work. Evils which afflicted the past and retarded the progress of truth in the olden time, they were determined now to avoid. Man's proneness to worship objects palpable to the senses, rather than the invisible Creator of a boundless universe, should no longer be indulged with the opportunity of deifying the instrument rather than the Divine influence. This movement was not, therefore, confined to one instrument, but was confided to many, and they of every conceivable grade of society, so as to render the worshipping of them too absurd to be thought of for a moment. It has therefore been a cardinal principle with the spirits to let no one man have an undue prominence over his fellow: and we have none such, and are not to have. No Mahomet, or Luther, or Wesley is to be found in our ranks to interpose their imperfections between us and a direct reception by us of the Truth from the same source whence they claimed to obtain it. No one man shall stand in our midst like Moses, clothing his commands with the formula, "Thus saith the Lord." But each shall work out his own salvation: to each shall be accorded the liberty of doing so in his own way; and each shall be taught to worship the Lord God and none other.

There was another evil which the spirits were determined to avoid, and that was one which would surely flow from organization. In every organization there must be some minds to lead, guide, and govern—and hence would arise inevitably an oligarchy among us. So it would be with any publication well grounded and permanently established: its controlling mind would surely

lead, guide, and govern the masses. There is such a proneness in man to save himself the trouble of thinking for himself—such a disposition to indulge a mental indolence, by accepting a faith ready made for him, that the designing in all ages have taken the advantage to enslave and benight him. Hence the churches, which have done such immense good in speeding man upward, have been shorn of much of their power and their usefulness to advance him still farther; and from this cause the Church now has become, as the Jewish Church became 1800 years ago, an instrument rather of man's retardation, than of his advancement. Had this matter in which we are engaged been of human origin, it would have been easy to have formed a hierarchy among us. There are enough among us who could be tempted with the prospect of power; and the constant demand we hear for something certain, definite, reliable, from the spirits, shows us that there are enough ready to yield to the temptation of having somebody to think for them. And I know of nothing short of Divine wisdom that could have prevented these elements, so rife as they are among us, from producing the same results which have been seen since the world began, to spring from the same causes. I confess that when these designs were revealed to me, I could hardly conceive it possible to escape the consequences which the whole history of the race seemed to declare were inevitable: and I have watched the movement with great interest to see if the purpose would be carried out. I think now, from the success which has attended the effort thus far, that it can. God grant that it may! For there is no tyranny so debasing as that of mind over mind—no bondage so destructive to human progress, as the mental. Your own poet has nobly said:—

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free.

And when any human device, be the pretence what it may, stands in the way of the advent of the truth to each mind, according to its own capacity to receive it, its direct tendency is to enslave, and to retard, if not to debase the immortal spirit of God that is within us. The High and Holy Ones who are dealing with us now see this, and seeing, they are determined to avoid. Hence all seems chaos in our ranks; yet we are moving forward with a harmony of action that is marvellous in its existence and in its results. While the uninstructed mind can behold in the firmament nought but wild confusion of the stars, the astronomer can see, pervading it all, that order which is Heaven's first law. So we, who look beneath the surface of this movement, can see a scheme—a plan wisely devised and steadily executed.

Organized public meetings are rare among us; but private circles, "where two or three are gathered together in His name,"

are everywhere. In this city, amid our 40,000 or 50,000 Spiritualists, it is hard work to keep up a weekly meeting of 400 or 500; yet private circles are numerous, and every day. To keep up a periodical devoted chiefly to our cause is very difficult, yet almost all the newspapers are open to us, and the general literature of the day and the arts and sciences are redolent with the principles which Spiritualism teaches. The pulpits are ostensibly closed to us, but they are nevertheless pouring out our doctrines to their people and vitalizing Christianity under our unseen but pervading influence. Everywhere throughout the whole earth the manifestations of the spirit presence are of the same general character. The variations are slight, but the agreement in characteristics is found everywhere. This is true both of the physical and mental manifestations, and it is frequently found that where they show themselves for the first time, and to those who have never witnessed or never heard of them before, they are of the same general character, and demonstrate their origin to be in one general purpose. The truths taught by the manifestations have the same general character everywhere. Varied as they must be, and as they are, by the character and temperament of the spirit communing and the mortal holding the communion, they yet all agree in the main features of the teachings. The two great features are to show to man how intimately, in his mortal life, he is connected with the spirit-world, and to reveal to him what is that world into which all are yet to be ushered. And on these points will be found everywhere a substantial agreement of revelation, be the discord in the teaching on science, philosophy, or doctrine, what it may.

There is then, in the movement, concentration of action, though not of our handywork—there is organization, though not of mortal fashioning; and we can well afford to dispense with any of our own contrivances. Let it not, however, be understood that there is nothing for us to do—nothing in which we can act in concert with each other. There is indeed much for all of us to do, both singly and together. But the first great work which each has to accomplish is with himself; for until each has interwoven into himself, as part of his very being, the great truths now being revealed to him from beyond the grave, he is not fitted to participate in the mighty movement which is stirring up the human soul from its deepest depths. The revelation addresses itself to the senses; but it will not do to treat it merely as matter of curiosity or sensuous gratification—it addresses the understanding; but it will not do to deal with it merely as a philosophy. It speaks to the heart, and to the spark of divinity that is planted there, and there is but one response that can spring from the heart—and that is devotion. It is the Spirit of God communing

with its offspring—of righteousness and the judgment to come—and that is religion. Everywhere, in every form and in every language, it is uttering the same sentiments—telling us of the future, and teaching us how to meet it. No mere human concert could have done as much in attaining this end as has been already accomplished in the last decade; and who is there that will not say of the work, surely,

The hand that made it is Divine ?

Truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

## THE DEATH-BLOW TO AMERICAN SLAVERY THROUGH SPIRITUALISM.

THE following letter was addressed by Mr. Howitt to the *Preston Guardian*, as a fitting close to his correspondence with the Romish Priest, and the Swedenborgian, whose strange union was so prematurely broken in upon by Mr. Howitt's previous letters:—

*To the Editor of the "Preston Guardian."*

Sir,—As a splendid top-stone to my late correspondence on the subject of Spiritualism, I hasten to put you in possession of a fact—UNDOUBTEDLY THE GREATEST FACT OF MODERN TIMES—which has just reached me. In a letter just received by a friend of mine from Judge Edmonds of the United States, he says that Spiritualism has done, and is doing a mighty work for which, as yet, it has not obtained credit. All the world knows that the Anti-Slavery party in the United States has now beaten the Slavery party; has achieved the appointment of Mr. Lincoln an Anti-Slavery President; and that the Slave States in their wrath have seceded. This is the beginning of God's judgment on that accursed institution, which converts men into beasts of burden, into the property of villains; which converts women into the slaves of lust; which causes men, calling themselves Christian, to sell their own children, and ministers of the Gospel, so-called, to quote Scripture for it. All the world knows that this infernal institution thus upsets all the principles of religion and morality; thus corrupts the very foundations of all virtue, of all faith and law; thus puts a lying spirit into the mouths of preachers, and whips and chains into the hands of remorseless men; thus makes these monsters of the Slave States burn negroes alive if they attempt to rebel against this hideous Anti-Christian system—but all the world does not know that it is Spiritualism which has put the axe

to the very root of this diabolical abomination. But hear what Judge Edmonds says: he says, that some years ago when he resigned his Judgeship, he determined to make a tour, and lecture on Spiritualism. That he went from the East coast to the Mississippi, and far and wide North and South. That he saw then, by his observation of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, that they were destined to turn the balance against Slavery, for that *every man, whatever were his previous character, or principles, or politics, the moment he became a Spiritualist, became the natural enemy of Slavery.* That the progress of Spiritualism has steadily confirmed this conviction. That some time ago he thought they were numerous enough to turn the balance, and carry an Anti-Slavery President—that they tried and *nearly* succeeded; that now that they have about three millions of Spiritualists in the States, every man and woman of whom is opposed to Slavery, the experiment has been tried again, and succeeded! “I know what I am saying,” says the Judge: “they are true Spiritualists,” he says, “which have turned the balance, and that as Spiritualism progresses, it will utterly root out Slavery from America.”

Sir, after such a fact, we need no longer descend to argument. That fact alone puts the question beyond all argument. Whilst shallow conventionalists, and petrified scientific men in this country, like so many toads in a mud wall, think there is no world beyond their little dirty wall, and deny the very phenomena of Spiritualism—whilst Papists and sham Swedenborgians refer its phenomena to the devil, those phenomena, in the hand of God, are marching in a sublime silence, overturning the stoutest bulwarks of evil, putting fire to the most pestilential jungles of devilism, and shaking out from their fancied security the violators of all human rights; and that when all other means have failed.

The stone cut out of the mountain without hands is rolling over the oppressors, and the cavillers, and the demigiants, and leaving them confounded in their shame and humiliation. If we are to know—as Christ has appointed—things by their fruits, here are the fruits of Spiritualism. Let those who think Spiritualism imposture, or proceeding from the devil, produce, since the first promulgation of Christianity, one result so divinely affiliating itself as this. Let Popery, now shivering all the world over amidst its ruins, and the ruins of nations which it has dragged down with it; let Pseudo-Swedenborgianism, amid its premature fruits and dogmatism; let Science, with its one eye directed to the earth, leap and bestir themselves. Let them produce some fruit like this; or let them put their mouths into the dust and keep silence in their shame.

Yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM HOWITT.

January 21st, 1861.

## A REMARKABLE POEM.

The following striking poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Doten, a spiritual trance speaker, of America, at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, so far as she was concerned, and to speak under the direct influence of the spirit of Edgar A. Poe. Whatever may be the truth about its production, the poem is in several respects a remarkable one. Miss Doten is apparently incapable of originating such a poem. If it was written for her by some one else, and merely committed to memory and recited by her, the poem is nevertheless wonderful as a reproduction of the singular music and alliteration of Poe's style, and as manifesting the same intensity of feeling. Whoever wrote the poem must have been exceedingly familiar with Poe, and deeply in sympathy with his spirit. But if Miss Doten is honest, and the poem originated as she says it did, it is unquestionably the most astonishing thing that Spiritualism has produced. It does not follow, necessarily, in that case, that Poe himself made the poem—although we are asked to believe a great many spiritual things on less cogent evidence—but it is in any view of it that may be taken, a very singular and mysterious production. There is in the second verse an allusion to a previous poem that purported to come from the spirit of Poe, which was published several years since, and attracted much attention, but the following poem is of a higher order and much more like Poe than the other.—*Springfield Republican*, U. S.

From the throne of life eternal,  
 From the home of love supernal,  
 Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—  
 Mortals, I have come to meet you,  
 Come with words of peace to greet you,  
 And to tell you of the glory that is mine for evermore.

Once before I found a mortal  
 Waiting at the heavenly portal—  
 Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;  
 Then I seized his quickened being,  
 And through all his inward seeing,  
 Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour!

Now I come more meekly human,  
 And the weak lips of a woman,  
 Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore;  
 But in holy love descending,  
 With her chastened being blending,  
 I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,  
 As a child turns to its mother,  
 From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,  
 Where I drained the cup of sadness,  
 Where my soul was stung to madness,  
 And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens,  
 Human vampires—sordid cravens,  
 Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore;  
 Life and I then seemed mismated,  
 For I felt accursed and fated,  
 Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,  
 Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,  
 Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour,  
 Till the golden bowl—Life's token—  
 Into shining shards was broken,  
 And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison door.



But while living, striving, dying,  
 Never did my soul cease crying ;  
 " Ye who guide the fates and furies, give ! oh, give me, I implore,  
 From the myriad hosts of nations—  
 From the countless constellations,  
 One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore !"  
 Through this fervent aspiration  
 Found my fainting soul salvation,  
 For, from out its blackened fire crypts, did my quickened spirit soar ;  
 And my beautiful ideal—  
 Not too saintly to be real—  
 Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed Lenore.  
 'Mid the surging seas she found me,  
 With the billows breaking round me,  
 And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love upbore ;  
 Like a lone one, weak and weary,  
 Wandering in the midnight dreary,  
 On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore.  
 Like the breath of blossoms blending,  
 Like the prayers of saints ascending,  
 Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend *our* souls for evermore.  
 Earthly love and lust enslaved me,  
 But divinest love hath saved me,  
 And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.  
 Oh, my mortal friends and brothers !  
 We are each and all another's,  
 And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more.  
 Would you lose your life, you find it ;  
 And in giving love, you bind it,  
 Like an amulet of safety, to your heart for evermore.

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## Correspondence.

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WE have before referred to the manful contest which Mr. T. P. Barkas is waging with the Editor, and all comers, in *The North of England News and Advertiser* of Newcastle. The controversy has been carried on with strength and good feeling for many weeks, Mr. Barkas' last letter being No. 17. As usual with all earnestness, it is not long without results ; and there have been several persons, to our knowledge, who have been attracted by the intelligent advocacy of Mr. Barkas, whose testimony to the facts which he has witnessed and on which he argues in such a philosophic spirit must be received with deep respect in a town in which he is so well known.

As an instance of the value derived from his advocacy of the truth, we give the following interesting letter from Mr. Morgan, published on the 16th of March.

DEAR MR. BARKAS.—It may be interesting to you to know, that for the last two months I have closely investigated the nature and phenomena of Spiritualism.

At your recommendation I went to Blackhill on the 2nd of January last, to witness the phenomena of table-turning and rapping under the "mediumship" of Mrs. and Mr. Porteous. We experimented for several hours for three days successively, and Mr. Porteous gave me every opportunity of testing the genuineness of the phenomena presented; the result of which I published in the *Sunderland Times*. My opinion was, after a careful examination of the facts, that the whole of the phenomena were the result of neither trick or collusion, but could be accounted for by natural and mesmeric laws.

I fully proved, that before any movement of the table, &c. took place, that in all cases there was a certain amount of mesmeric influence emanated from the "mediums," and I thought it more rational to conclude that the spirits in the body used this influence, rather than the spirits of the departed, to execute their purposes; but I did not fold my arms in the confident assurance that I had unravelled all the mysteries of the subject. I continued diligently to search after the truth, and brought all my experience of physical and physiological laws to bear on the subject, with the view of corroborating, by experiment, the opinion I had already formed in reference to it. "But vain at best are the imaginations of men."

I was stopped on the very threshold of my inquiry. The first night at home, that I sat at a table with a friend, phenomena were presented, for which I had no means of accounting. William Trotter, a young man, who has been in my employ for nearly three years, can detect by sight and other senses the presence of mesmeric influence, which has been proved to the satisfaction of thousands in different parts of the country.

I put W. Trotter into the sleep-waking state, and wished him to watch the course of the mesmeric currents, and how they affected the table, while Mr.— and I sat with our hands upon it. I would here remark, that I believed, that the table, if it moved at all, would do so by mesmeric agency; so did W. T. So that, mesmerically, the minds of the operator and subject were predisposed to the same theory, and had the result been the effect of hypnotism or electro-psychology, it would have been, according to the dominant impression, viz., mesmeric influence. But, lo! after W. T.— had watched the table with intense interest, for five minutes, towards where my hands were resting, he said that he saw a lady, and, shortly, a second lady appeared, and he ordered the gas to be lowered; then followed some of the most beautiful and interesting phenomena I ever witnessed. He was, by some unseen agency, thrown into a trance, during which he recoiled from my breath and touch, as though they were painful to him, and he was brought out of this state by the same agency. During this *séance*, two or three messages, purporting to come from the world of spirits, were given through W. T.—, which I have only time to refer to. It was soon evident to me that W. T.— had become a trance "medium," and a number of messages, both written and spoken, have been given through him, purporting to come from departed spirits of friends and relations of mine. Having minutely investigated every fact connected with these exhibitions, and, though deeply impressed by them, I endeavoured to class them under the head of clairvoyant revelations, or psychological impressions, and contented myself with what I could not account for, and that further experience would enable me to explain the whole; but fact after fact, more difficult to account for, came in quick succession, and evidence stronger and stronger still was given, for the express purpose, said some unseen intelligent, through W. T.—, "to convince my judgment." On Sunday, February 10th, my own hand was moved by some unseen agent, to draw some stems, leaves, and flowers, and since then my hand, under the same agency, has drawn several plants, which have been pronounced very pretty, though I cannot tell whether they have, or ever had an existence in nature or not; neither can I tell whether they are drawn according to art or not: but this I can affirm, that I never could draw any in my life. Simple as the drawings, which have been produced through me are, I could not, if my existence depended upon it, draw a copy of them without some foreign aid. My hand has also been moved to write two important communications; dating from the spirit world.

Now, such is a brief outline of my experience: what am I to do? Hypnotism, electro-psychology, and automatic cerebration will not account for what I have felt and seen. Still I seek for more convincing evidence, though cautioned

on Sunday night last, by unseen intelligences, not to be too exacting, nor to demand a miracle to convince me of the truth of spiritualism, but to declare myself at once a believer.

You are at liberty to make what use of this you think proper.

I am, in great haste, yours truly,

N. MORGAN.

### THE GHOST OF DANTE.

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

52, Tyneside Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,  
March 7th, 1861.

SIR,—At the present day, when the mysterious subject of "Apparitions" has again begun to occupy as large a place in our current literature, it occurs to me that the following singular narrative is well worthy of a place in the *Spiritual Magazine*.

I have been rather surprised, considering the celebrity of the author who mentions the circumstance, and the still greater celebrity of the individual whose spirit is there said to have returned to this world, that such writers as Mr. Howitt have not quoted it before. When I say that the ghost who appeared was the immortal Dante, that the seer was his own son, and that the narrator is Boccaccio you will perhaps think my surprise very natural. The apparition of the great founder of Italian poetry, related by the first really important Italian prose writer, surely is worthy the attention of literary men. I append the narrative, translated from the Italian of Boccaccio. It is taken from a biographical notice of Dante, prefixed to an edition of the *Divina Comedia*, published by Gennaro Palma, at Naples, 1827. The narrative begins at the foot of the 70th page of the author's life, and is as follows:—

After alluding to the unavailing efforts put forth by Dante's relatives, and especially by his two sons Jacopo and Piero, to find the thirteen final cantos of the *Comedia*, the author states: "Jacopo and Piero were both sons of Dante, and also accustomed to write verses, and were much importuned by their friends to do their best to finish their father's work, in order that it might not remain in an imperfect state, when Jacopo was surprised by an extraordinary vision (he being far more zealous in the matter than his brother), which not only took the presumptive notion entirely out of his head, but shewed him where the thirteen cantos were, which they had hitherto vainly endeavoured to find. A worthy citizen of Ravenna, named Pietro Giardino, who had long been a disciple of Dante, related that about eight months after the death of his master, one night, a little before dawn, Jacopo, Dante's son, came to his house, and told him that he had a little before that time seen Dante, his father, in a dream, clothed in shining garments, and with an unusual light shining in his countenance, come to him, and that when he enquired of the apparition if it yet lived, he was answered "Yes, real life, not such as yours." Upon which, he further enquired if he had finished his poem before passing into real life, and if he had finished it, where was the remainder which none of them had been able to find. In reply to which, he received the following answer "Yes, I did finish it." And then it seemed to him that the spirit took him by the hand, and led him to the chamber in which he generally slept when alive, and touching one of the partitions, said, "What you have so much sought for is here;" and after these words it appeared to him that both Dante and the dream vanished. He then stated that he had not been able to rest any longer till he had come to tell him what he had seen, in order that they might go together and search in the place pointed out (which he had firmly fixed in his mind) in order to see whether the information came from a genuine spirit, or was a false delusion. On this account, although the night was not yet spent, he arose and they both went to the place indicated, and there found some hangings fixed to the wall, and having slightly raised them, they saw in the wall an opening, which none of them had ever before seen or known to be there, and in it they found some manuscripts, nearly mouldered and corrupted

by the dampness of the wall, and having gently cleansed them from the mould and read them, they saw that they contained the thirteen cantos so much sought for by them. They then placed them joyfully in the hands Messer Cane della Scala, as the author himself was wont to do, who joined them to the rest of the work, and then the work which had taken so many years to prepare, was at length finished."

It seems to me almost impossible that such a story as this could arise and gain credit if it were not substantially true. At any rate it rests upon authority quite as good as, if not better than, many other stories considered authentic, while the motive for the spirit's appearance is of such an important and interesting character, that it places the narrative far above the ordinary tales of this description.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. M. DAWSON.

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[We are much obliged to our correspondent for giving us this curious and interesting anecdote, though we do not join in his surprise that it has not already been noticed by Mr. Howitt or any other correspondent. We have not yet by any means ransacked all the archives of Spiritualism, and it is only by extended reading, and the extended kindness of our fellow students, that we can hope to gather even a few of the rich gems which are everywhere to be had for the seeking. Mr. Howitt, in his "Cornfields," at page 501 of the last volume of the Magazine, mentions Dante, Boccaccio, and Ariosto, as all abounding in instances of the inner spiritual life. A translation of this very anecdote of Dante is given in the *Athenæum*, of the 16th March, by W. M. Rosetti, of 45, Upper Albany Street, who asks the editor if there is any authority for the remarkable story besides Boccaccio. We are not aware of any; and Boccaccio, unfortunately like our own Defoe, has somewhat the reputation of romancing, and of laughing in his sleeve. Boccaccio's own biographer, speaking of his *Life of Dante*, says it is written "in aria più di romanzo che di storia," but it may be true for all that, and it is notorious that a number of the cantos of the *Divina Comedia* were missing long after Dante's death.—ED.]

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

SIR,—One evening in last December, a party of eight met to take tea together, and discuss Spiritualism. After tea it was proposed to have a sitting; Madame Besnon being present, some manifestations were expected. The hostess is a partially developed medium; one of the company is sometimes used as a writing medium. After a short time there were movements of the table: a circular one, four feet in diameter. At first the movements were horizontal. On questions being put, the answers—affirmative and negative—were by vertical movements; the table tilting sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other: once or twice the table jumped, as it were, to emphasise the response. It was thus intimated that the spirits wished to write. On the writing medium holding a pencil, the following came:—"God comfort all! God protect all!" Then a little faster: "You are good children; so keep in the sight of God!" The hostess said, that while the first sentences were being written she could recognise the influence of her mother; and that the last sentence was like the hand-writing of her father—both deceased. In answer to the question, "Shall I put the pencil down?" the writing

was resumed: "My dear William, I am happy that you are here.—R. P. D." This was the writing and signature of the son of the medium, and seemed to be addressed to his cousin, who was present, and to whom he was much attached. Then, after a little pause: "Thomas D. (the medium's father), We are all at hand." Then: "W. T. D." and "H. D., 1836." These were respectively the initials of the uncle and father of William, who said that the latter was a perfect autograph of his father, but could not conceive what the date following it meant.

The writing appeared to have ceased, and Madame B. was passing into the magnetic sleep. The question was again put whether the pencil should be laid aside. The table was moved in the affirmative. "Shall I make a few passes over madame?" asked our writing medium. Again three movements of the table. A few slow passes having been made, similar movements signalled to cease. After a brief pause, the trance-medium slowly rose as another individual, and joining the hands of our writing-medium and his wife, who was seated by his side, addressed them in affecting terms as their son, who was taken from them two years ago. Coming under another influence, she turned to William and addressed him at some length, as his father might have done. Then, as the mother of our hostess and her two brothers, joining their hands, and exhorting them in a pious and affectionate strain, in a manner very characteristic of her: one of the brothers is a widower; him she addressed separately as his wife—deceased about a year—speaking to him lingeringly of her love for him and of their two children, charging him, and asking him to promise, to bring them up in the love of God. To another widower present she spoke in the words of his departed wife's brother, and also in the character of a deceased school companion, giving his name. None of these several particulars could, by any possibility, have been known to the medium. Before she returned to the ordinary state, and after she had ceased to be used to speak to those present, she seemed to gaze about and above her in ecstasy, and burst forth in expressions of delight at the beauty and harmony of scenes invisible to us.

Next morning our writing medium, feeling a movement indicative of writing, held the pen, and expressed a wish that he might know the meaning of the date after the initials of his relative H. D. Instead of this wish being responded to, the following was written:—"God created the earth in hieroglyphical representation of his infinite qualities. The qualities you should live up to are those shown in the life of Jesus the Christ." The medium then repeated his wish: then this came in the well-remembered handwriting of his son:—"My dear father,—The society was arranged by Father D. (his grandfather must be understood), and the proceedings were conducted by me. This prevented confusion, which sometimes arises where many are, even among spirits who are orderly. The sometime Samuel Cooper (a spirit who has communicated once or twice with this medium) was there, and served a useful purpose in moving the table, which we do not. The spirit, Mrs. S., could scarcely write, and her husband helped her: he wrote through you while she sat by and expressed what he should write. I then intimated my presence to my dear cousin William. Then Father D. said we were all at hand, and introduced the other." The medium said: "Thank you, my dear, now may I know the meaning of the date?" H. D. now wrote his name in full, and then: "Repeat with me the Lord's Prayer." This being done: "Thanks; when you sit at the table for communications, repeat it, and spirits will come who love to hear it." After a pause, the writing went on to the effect that 1836 was, in a moral point of view, a memorable year in his existence.

Upon subsequently communicating the explanation to his son William, who had in the meantime been comparing dates and events, he said there was great meaning to him in the reference to that especial year. A sermon could not be more significant; to all, indeed, to whom the particulars were communicated.

Calling upon Madame Besson a few days after, she said she had seen a spirit, the morning after the *séance*, who had entreated another meeting with the same circle. Upon asking her to describe the spirit, she gave an exact description of W. T. D., as he was a short time before his dissolution. His object in the requested meeting was to give certain family explanations; and in making his request he mentioned persons and circumstances as unknown to her as was his physical appearance when on earth.

J. DIXON.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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[No. 5.

## GLEANINGS IN THE CORN FIELDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

### No. III.

#### SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

“*Sehst du in die naturgemäße Urzeit zurück, in der noch nicht die sogenannte Cultur das innere Leben bedeckt, in die Geschichte des alten Testaments, oder auch jetzt noch dahin, wo die Sitten des Menschengeschlechtes war, wie zum Oriente, so siehst du auch dort noch Ueberreste, die von gleichem innerem Leben bei ganzen Volkstammern zeugen, das wir hier nur als Krankheit an Einzelnen zu beobachten glauben.*“

Justinus Kerner.

YOUR able correspondent, T. S., has given us a very interesting “Glimpse of Spiritualism in the East.” Let us now take a glimpse of Spiritualism in the West: for it is, and has been for ages, prevalent there. By travelling far enough east we come into our west. The American Indians inhabiting our west, came thither by migrating still farther east, for undoubtedly they were originally an eastern people. All the traditions of the different Indian tribes describe them as reaching the American continent by the north-west. They came from Asia by traversing its north-eastern regions, and descending on America somewhere near Behring’s Straits. Many persons have been so much struck by their resemblance to the Jews, not only in their features, but in their customs and traditions, that they have assumed them to be the lost Ten Tribes. William Penn was so much struck by this likeness, that he says they continually reminded him of faces in Monmouth Street. Elias Boudinot wrote a large work to prove the hypothesis of the lost Ten Tribes. He showed that the North American Indians had traditions of the creation of a first human pair; of God walking with them in their state of innocence; of their fall: of the flood; of the law being given from heaven amid thunder and lightning. That they had, in some tribes, an ark which they bore about with them; had their feasts of new moons, and other customs; and had so true an idea

of the spirituality of God, that, whilst other heathen nations had idols, they would suffer no image of him to be made.

All these are curious coincidences at least ; but as people have imagined the Ten Tribes to be found in so many places, in India especially, and as a Mr. George Moore is now endeavouring to prove that we, the Saxon tribes, are also the lost Ten Tribes, and, therefore, our great destiny, we will leave this point, and merely assert what appears unquestionable, that the American aborigines are an eastern people, who brought with them the most ancient eastern traditions. So strong is their hereditary tendency in that direction, that they still lay their heaven in the West ; for our East is their West. They say spirits follow the sun. They brought all the ancient spirituality with them, and retain much of it to this day ; though dimmed and debased, yet strong and extraordinary. They have their prophets, or medicine-men : their dreams and *séances* ; their firm persuasion of the visitations of good and evil spirits. They have wonderful accounts of prophecies which heralded the white man for ages—

For they were not a brutish race, unknowing  
Evil from good : their fervid souls embraced  
With Virtue's proudest homage to o'erflowing,  
The mind's inviolate majesty. The past  
To them was not a darkness, but was glowing  
With splendour which all time had not o'ercast :  
Streaming unbroken from Creation's birth,  
When God communed, and walked with man on earth.

Stupid idolatry had never dimmed  
The Almighty image in their lucid thought.  
To him alone their zealous praise was hymned ;  
And hoar Tradition from her treasury brought  
Glimpses of far-off times, in which were limned  
His awful glory ;—and their prophets taught  
Precepts sublime,—a solemn ritual given  
In clouds and thunder to their sires from heaven.\*

And in the boundless solitude which fills  
Even as a mighty heart, their wild domains ;  
In caves and glens of the unpeopled hills ;  
And the deep shadow that for ever reigns  
Spirit-like in their woods ; where, roaring, spills  
The giant cataract to the astounded plains,—  
Nature, in her sublimest mood, has given  
Not man's weak faith, but a quick flash from heaven.

Roaming in their free lives by lake and stream,  
Beneath the splendour of their gorgeous sky ;  
Encamping, while shot down night's starry gleam,  
In piny glades, where their forefathers lie,  
Voices would come, and breathing whispers seem  
To rouse within the life which may not die :  
Begetting valorous deeds and thoughts intense,  
And a wild gush of burning eloquence.

If this portraiture of the American natives, North and South,

\* See *Adair's History of the American Indians*.

seem too highly pitched, to those who have known the diminished tribes only since their debasement by contact with the vices and sensuality of the white invaders, we have only to turn to the accounts of those who saw them in their fresh glory, when the Spaniards first arrived,—to Columbus, Herrera, Oviedo, Gomara—ay, even to Cortez and his companions; to the words of Peter Martyr: “Dryades formosissimás, aut nativas fontium nymphas de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.” “Their forms,” continues the same authority, “were light and graceful, though dusky with the warm hues of the sun; their hair hanging in long raven tresses on their shoulders, unlike the frizzly wool of the Africans, was tastefully braided. Some were painted, and armed with a light bow, or a fishing spear; but their countenances were full of gentleness and kindness.”

Such was the opinion of the North American Indian by West the painter, who saw an image of him in the Apollo Belvidere. Such is the opinion of Captain, since Sir George Head, of the natives of Brazil and Chili. In his *Rough Notes*, he says: “They are as fine a set of men as ever existed, under the circumstances in which they are placed. As to their strength, which we have been taught is deficient, I have seen them in the mines using tools which our miners declared they had not strength to work with, and carrying burthens which no man in England could support.”

Such are the races that Europeans have exterminated as much as possible as inferior. Of their moral qualities, all the discoverers bear testimony to their being far more honourable, hospitable and kind, than their so-called Christian oppressors. Columbus himself exclaims: “This country excels all others as far as the day surpasses the night in splendour. As for the people, they love their neighbours as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable: their faces always smiling, and so gentle and affectionate are they, that I swear to your Highness there is not a better people in the world.”

Once as I had the pleasure of gazing on the South American coast, warm with its tropical hues, and the feathery palm hailing us from the hills, I could not but think in deep sadness of that great mystery of Providence by which this simple race was hidden for ages from the rest of the world, and then suddenly exposed to the hordes of Europe, rabid with thirst of gold.

Much of a Southern Sea they spake,  
And of that glorious city won,  
Near the setting of the sun,  
Throned in a silver lake.  
Of seven kings in chains of gold,  
And deeds of death by tongue untold—  
Deeds such as breathed in secret there,  
Had shaken the confessor's chair.—*Rogers.*



As I wandered amongst their hills and plantations gorgeous with the most resplendent flowers, amongst their palm-groves and orange-groves, their fields luscious with the ripe pine-apple, their thickets of melting bananas, above which towered the lofty cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, and saw the swart children of Africa torn from their own country to supply the labour of a half extinct race, I could not help remembering the words of Jeremiah: "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast born me a man of strife, and a man of contention to the whole earth."

Yet the terrible catastrophe of the invading and desolating race had been for ages revealed to the Mexicans by spiritual agency. It had hung like a huge sorrow over them for generations. Throughout the American nations ancient prophecies prevailed, that a new race was to come in and seize upon the reins of power; and before it the American tribes were to quail and give place. In the islands in Mexico and Peru—far and wide—this mysterious tradition prevailed. Everywhere these terrible people were expected to come from towards the rising of the sun; they were to be completely clad, and to lay waste every country before them,—circumstances so entirely verified in the Spaniards, that the spirit of the Americans died within them at the rumour of their approach, as that of the nations of Canaan at the approach of the Israelites coming with the irresistible power and the awful miracles of God. For ages these prophecies had weighed on the public mind, and had been sung with loud lamentations in their solemn festivals. Cassiva, a great cacique, declared, after much fasting and watching, that one of the Zemi had revealed this terrible event to him. These Zemi were spirits whom they believed to be messengers of God, and of whom, contrary to the practice of the North American Indians, they made little images. Montezuma, though naturally haughty and warlike, on the fulfilment of this ancient prophecy, lost all power of mind, and exhibited nothing but utter vacillation and weakness, whilst Cortez in defiance of his order, was advancing on his capital. When he and his companions appeared at the gates of Mexico, the young exclaimed: "They are gods!" But the old shook their heads, saying: "They are those who were to come and reign over us."

When the Spaniards wanted slaves to work the mines in Hispaniola, they availed themselves of the faith in a paradise to which they went after death, to inveigle away the natives of the Lucaya Isles. They told them that they had discovered the paradise of their friends and ancestors, and were come to carry them thither in their ships. What a tale is that of the wrongs of this unhappy race at the hands of pretended Christians! But let us turn from the dark history to the pleasant task of noticing how,

through all, they have clung to the spiritual gifts and nature of their forefathers, and after an experience enough to have blackened all the heavens and shut out the vision of them, they still, though amongst much darkness and superstition, retain their kinship with the invisible.

Kohl, the German traveller, has given us a complete picture of the spirit-life of the Ojibbeway Indians in his *Kitchi Gami; Wanderings round Lake Superior*. He describes their manner of life, and enters into all their sentiments with an honest sympathy which credits much, and, without comment, tolerates more. He describes their charms and medicine-bags, without ridiculing them, and so as to leave us doubtful whether they have the powers which their owners attribute to them. To their medicine-bags, which contain a variety of things appearing to us very trumpery, they themselves ascribe much spiritual power. They have written signs and charms, made on birch bark, which they believe, having been duly prepared by the medicine-men, to have a wonderful efficacy in enabling them to secure game, and would think their rifle and ammunition of little value without them. They have all the faith of the ancient Hebrews in dreams, and seek disclosures from them on important occasions, but through severe fasting and prayer. Their youths, at a certain age, seek, by fasting and watching, the dream of their life—that is, to discover in a dream the future course and character of their existence—and they firmly believe in the realization of it; and from the character of this dream, they generally assume a new name. There are several relations of these life-dreams, but they are too long for quotation. We select the mode by which they are obtained, as illustrative of the general custom.

#### EXTRACTS FROM "KITCHI GAMI."

Agabe-gijik, or the cloud, said "Kitchi-Manitou (the good spirit) sent us our Midés from the east, and his prophets laid it down as a law that we should lead our children into the forest as soon as they approach man's estate, and show them how they must fast, and direct their thoughts to higher things; and in return it is promised us that a dream shall then be sent them as a revelation of their fate—a confirmation of their vocation—a consecration and devotion to deity, and an external remembrance and good omen for their path of life.

"I remember that my grandfather, when I was a half-grown lad, frequently said to my father in the course of the winter, 'Next spring it will be time for us to lead the lad into the forest and leave him to fast.' But nothing came of it that spring; but when the next spring arrived, my grandfather took me on one side and said to me, 'It is now high time that I should lead thee

to the forest, and thou shouldest fast, that thy mind may be confirmed, something be done for thy health, and that thou mayst learn thy future and thy calling.'

"The grandfather then took me by the hand, and led me deep into the forest. Here he selected a lofty tree, a red pine, and prepared a bed for me in the branches, on which I should lie down to fast. We cut down the bushes and twined them through the pine branches. Then I plucked moss, with which I covered the trellis work, threw a mat my mother had made for the occasion over it, and myself on the top of it. I was also permitted to fasten a few branches together over my head, as a sort of protection from wind and rain.

"Then my grandfather said to me that I must on no account take nourishment, neither eat nor drink, pluck no berries, nor even swallow the rain water that might fall. Nor must I rise from my bed, but lie quite still day and night, keep by myself strictly, and await patiently the things that would then happen.

"I promised my grandfather this, but, unfortunately, I did not keep my promise. For three days I bore the lying, and hunger, and thirst; but when I descended from the tree into the grass on the fourth day, I saw the acid and refreshing leaves of a little herb growing near the tree. I could not resist it, but plucked the leaves and ate them. And when I had eaten them my craving grew so great that I walked about the forest and sought all the edible sprigs, plants, mosses, and herbs I could find, and ate my fill. Then I crept home, and confessed all to my grandfather and father.

"Wert thou not severely punished?" I interposed.

"Not further than that they reproved me, and told me I had done wrong, at which I felt ashamed; and as I had broken my fast, it was all over with my dream, and I must try again next spring; I might now have been a man, but would remain for another year a useless fellow, which was a disgrace at my age."

At this point of the conversation the Cloud explained that they placed the bed of the dreamers in a tree because of the Matchi-Manitou, or evil spirit, which they imagined has most influence on the ground, and shows it in toads, snakes, and other venomous reptiles. He said that the boys were warned that as soon as a nightmare, or bad dream, oppressed them, to return home, and then try again and again till the right dream came. The next attempt that the Cloud made was by going alone into the forest and making his bed on a small island in a lake. He described the place to his friends that they might find him when necessary. He had a friend also going through the same process in the same locality, but two or three miles off. It could not have been very warm lodging, for the ice on the lake was so

strong that he walked across it, and made his bed on a red pine tree at the usual elevation of about twenty feet from the ground. He then continues :—" The three or four first days were as terrible to me as at the first time, and I could not sleep at nights for hunger and thirst. But I overcame it, and on the *fifth* day I felt no more annoyance. I fell into a dreamy and half paralysed state, and went to sleep. But only my body slept, my soul was free and awake.

" In the first nights nothing appeared to me ; all was quiet : but on the *ninth* I heard rustling and waving in the branches. It was like a heavy bear or elk breaking through the thickened forest. I was greatly afraid. I thought there were too many of them, and I made preparations for flight. But the man who approached me, who ever he may have been, read my thoughts and saw my fear at a distance, so he came towards me more and more gently, and rested quite noiselessly on the branches over my head. Then he began to speak to me, and asked me, ' Art thou afraid, my son ? ' ' No, ' I replied, ' I no longer fear. ' ' Why art thou here in this tree ? ' ' To fast. ' ' Why dost thou fast ? ' ' To gain strength, and know my life. ' ' That is good, for it agrees excellently with what is now being done for thee elsewhere, and with the message I bring thee. This very night a consultation has been held about thee and thy welfare ; and I have come to tell thee that the decision was most favourable. I am ordered to invite thee to see and hear this for thyself. Follow me ! "

" Did the spirit say this aloud ? "

THE CLOUD.—" No, it was no common conversation. Nor do I believe that I spoke aloud. We looked into each other's hearts, and guessed and gazed on our mutual thoughts and sensations. When he ordered me to follow him, I rose from my bed easily and of my own accord, like a spirit rising from the grave, and followed him through the air. The spirit floated as before me to the east, and though we were moving through the air, I stepped as firmly as if I were on the ground, and it seemed to me as if we were ascending a lofty mountain, and higher and higher eastward. "

In the regions to which he was conducted he was introduced to four white-haired old men, sitting under a splendid canopy, who approved of him, and gave him power, in consequence of his high spiritual tendencies, to be a successful hunter, and live to a great and honourable age, all of which have been fulfilled. When he returned to his body he had been ten days without food, and his exhaustion was such that he could not move ; but his grandfather came just in time to save him. He was carried home, and restored with nourishing food.

In this account there are several circumstances worthy of note. In it, as in all the modes of procuring pure dreams, the body is reduced till the mind becomes liberated from its domination, and clairvoyant. In the spiritual state into which he entered in his trance, he describes seeing the whole compass of the sky at a glance; and he tells us that he and the spirits amongst whom he went had no want of words, they read each other's thoughts and sensations. Now this poor Indian had neither read Swedenborg nor the writings of the Spiritualists; yet in all these points he perfectly agrees with them. The liberation of the spirit from the despotism of the flesh by abstinence and watching, the vast horizon of a spirit eye, and the thought-reading of spirits are all facts asserted by Swedenborg, the Spiritualists, and these Indians alike, and without any communication—a reciprocal proof that they are facts. There are numbers of these dream experiences. But now for another curious extract:—

“The Indians have, for a lengthened period, been great Spiritualists, ghost-seers, table-rappers, and perhaps, too, magnetizers, which we educated Europeans have only recently become or returned to. The lodge which their jossakids or prophets, or, as the Canadians term them, jongleurs, erect for their incantations is composed of stout posts, connected with basket-work, and covered with birch-bark. It is tall and narrow, and resembles a chimney; it is very firmly built, and two men, even if exerting their utmost strength, would be unable to move, shake, or bend it; it is so narrow that a man who crawls in has scarcely room to move about in it.

“Thirty years ago,” a gentleman told me, who had lived much amongst the Indians and was even related to them through his wife, “I was present at the incantation and performance of a jossakid in one of these lodges. I saw the man creep into the hut, which was about ten feet high, after swallowing a mysterious potion made of a root. He immediately began singing and beating the drum in his basket-work chimney. The entire case began gradually trembling and shaking, and oscillating slowly amid great noise. The more the necromancer sung and drummed, the more violent the oscillations of the long case became. It bent backward and forwards, up and down, like the mast of a vessel caught in a storm and tossed on the waves. I could not understand how these movements could be produced by a man inside, as we could not have caused them from the exterior.

“The drum ceased, and the jossakid yelled that ‘The spirits were coming over him.’ We then heard, through the noise, and cracking, and oscillations of the hut, two voices speaking inside, one above, the other below. The lower one asked questions,

which the upper one answered. Both voices seemed entirely different, and I believed I could explain them by very clever ventriloquism. Some Spiritualists amongst us, however, explained it through modern Spiritualism, and asserted that the Indian jossakids had speaking media, in addition to those known to us, which rapped, wrote and drew. . . .

"Thirty years later, the Indian had become a Christian, and was on his death-bed. 'Uncle,' said I to him, recalling that circumstance; 'Uncle, dost thou remember prophesying to us in thy lodge thirty years ago, and astonishing us not only by thy discourse, but by the movements of thy prophet-lodge? . . . . Now thou art old, and hast become a Christian; thou art sick, and canst not live much longer; tell me, then, how and through what means thou didst deceive us?"

"My sick Indian replied:—'I have become a Christian, I am old, I am sick, I cannot live much longer, and I can do no other than speak the truth. Believe me, I did not deceive you at that time. I did not move the lodge; it was shaken by the power of the spirits. Nor did I speak with a double tongue; I only repeated to you what the spirits said to me. I heard their voices. The top of the lodge was full of them, *and before me the sky and wide lands lay expanded. I could see a great distance round me; and I believed I could recognise the most distant objects.*' The old dying jossakid said this with such an expression of simple truth and firm conviction, that it seemed to me, at least, that he did not believe himself a deceiver, and believed in the efficacy of his magic arts and the reality of his visions."

Here is another remarkable case of clairvoyance. An Indian, named Peter Jones, was descended from a family which had lived on Lake Superior long before the white men came. "I asked him," says Kohl, "who first brought information regarding the whites. 'No one,' he said, had brought the news, and no one had described these strangers to the Ojibbeways; but when the white men—the French—came up the Lower St. Lawrence, one of his forefathers, who was a great jossakid, immediately had a dream, in which he saw something most highly astonishing, namely, the arrival of the white men.

The seer busied himself for days, and very earnestly, with his dream. He fasted, took vapour baths, shut himself up apart from the rest in his prophet-lodge, and did penance in such an unusual manner that it caused a great excitement in the tribe, and people asked each other what would be the end of it all? Whether it meant a universal war with the Sioux, or a great famine, a very productive hunting-season, or something else equally grand? At length, when the old prophet had examined into everything carefully, and had the whole story arranged, he

summoned the other jossakids and Midés, and the Ogimas (chieftains) of the tribe, and revealed to them that something most astounding had happened.

Then he told them that men of a perfectly strange race had come across the great water to their island—America. Their complexions were as white as snow, and their faces were surrounded by a long bushy beard. He also described to them exactly the wondrously large canoes in which they had sailed across the big sea, and the sails and masts of the ships, and their iron corslets, long knives, guns, and cannon, whose fire and tremendous explosion had filled him with terror even in his dreams and convulsions. His clairvoyance extended to the smallest details, and he described exactly how the boucan—smoke—ascended from their long tubes into the air, just as it did from the Indian pipes.

This story of the old jossakid, who spent a good half-day in telling it, was listened to by the others in dumb amazement; and they agreed on immediately preparing an expedition of several canoes, and sending a deputation along the lakes and the great river to the eastward, which could examine these matters on the spot, and make a report on them to the tribe. This resolution was carried out. The deputies voyaged for weeks and months, through the lands of many friendly tribes, who knew nothing, as yet, of the arrival of the white men, probably because they had not such clairvoyant prophets and dreamers amongst them as the gifted man on the Anse.

When the deputies from the Anse at length came to the lower regions of the river, they found one evening a clearing in the forest where the trees, even the largest, had been cut down quite smoothly. They camped here, and inspected the marvels more closely. They examined the stumps of the trees, which seemed to have been cut through by the teeth of a colossal beaver. They had never seen such a thing before, and their jossakid explained to them that this must have been a camping-place of the white men, and that the trees had been probably felled with the long knives he saw in his dream. This circumstance—the trees having been cut down with such ease, in such numbers—filled the poor savages with terror, and tremendous respect for the white men, and gave them the first tangible impression of their superiority. With their stone-headed axes they could not achieve such feats.

They also found long, rolled-up shavings, which not one of them was able to account for, and they thrust them, as something most extraordinary, into their ears and hair. They also examined very carefully the pieces of gay calico and woollen rags the French had left behind them, at their camping-ground.

and fastened them round their heads, as if they were magical productions.

Thus bedizened, they at length came up with the French, among whom they found everything: the long ships, the long knives, the bushy beards and pale faces, just as their prophet had seen them in his dream, and described them. They were very kindly received, and dismissed with rich presents of coloured cloth and pieces of calico.

This was a splendid piece of spiritual revelation. There are other indications of ancient traditions in Kohl's account, bearing singularly on the Scriptural history. They have not cities of refuge like the Hebrews, but they have various places of refuge. Kohl heard of such an asylum on Leech Lake. That murderers could flee to these places of refuge, and were there sacred from pursuit. He heard that the murderer of a governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, from the Red River, was living in security in such a place. It is clear too that they have traditions of the Saviour: "Paradise, they say, was made by Menaboju. He aided the Great Spirit in the creation of the world, and at first neither of them thought of a Paradise. Men, such was their decree, were to be happy on the earth, and find satisfaction in this life; but, as the evil spirit interfered, and produced wickedness, illness, death and misfortunes of every description amongst them, the poor souls wandered about deserted and hopeless. When the Great Spirit saw this, he grieved for them, and ordered Menaboju to prepare a Paradise for them in the West, where they might assemble. Menaboju made it very beautiful, and he was himself appointed to receive them there." (p. 216) It may be imagined that the Christian missionaries introduced these ideas amongst them; but the singularity is that the missionaries themselves found them on their first arrival amongst them.

It is equally singular that they have received from the most ancient times, several of the spells of witchcraft. "When they wish a neighbour, grief, death, or anything unlucky, they make a small image of wood, which represents their enemy or victim; take a needle and pierce holes in the figure in the head or region of the heart, or wherever they desire their foe to suffer. If he is to die of it, they bury the image with certain magic spells, and place four red pegs on the grave. At times they will burn the victim in effigy. If he really die, they boast of it, as a proof of their supernatural power."

They treat diseases the same that they wish to destroy. They make a human figure, or phantom of clothes stuffed with straw, to represent the disease or evil spirit that occasions it, carry this to their medicine-lodge and shoot arrows at it, in the presence of the sick man, till it is reduced to atoms. Such practices, Kohl



says, abound amongst the Pillagers, and other remote Ojibbeways, on the Upper Mississippi, as well as on Lake Superior.

Thus have these primitive children of the forest Spiritualism amongst them, descended from the most remote ages ; and which has still retained some of its purer element, but in other respects has degenerated into the impure. In some instances it ascends into religion, in others it descends into downright sorcery. But the modern Spiritualist will not fail to perceive how genuine are its manifestations and its characteristics. The reading of each man's thoughts by spirits, the vast horizon presented by clairvoyance, and the necessity of giving the spirit freedom from the flesh by abstinence and prayer, are diagnoses of the power recognizable by all the initiated as genuine and permanent truths.

Longfellow, in his poem of *Hiawatha*, finds his machinery confessedly on the statements of Mr. Schoolcraft in his *Algonic Researches*, and his *History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of North America*. These completely agree with the accounts of Kohl. We have the same spiritual phenomena, the same visions, dreams, ancient legends, and prophecies. Hiawatha, in fact, is but another name for Menaboju, the divine person, who, like Christ, takes the human form to work benefits to the Indians. He has his fasting in the forest in his youth, and the same messages from heaven to inform him of his future career.

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle,  
And renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage to the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the shining big-sea water,  
In the blythe and pleasant spring-time,  
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,  
And with dreams and visions many,  
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the fourth day of his fasting the heavenly messenger appears, and says :—

From the Master of Life descending,  
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you  
How by struggle and by labour,  
You shall gain what you have prayed for.

As in Kohl, so in Hiawatha, we have abundance of magic and its effects, Hiawatha, too,

In his wisdom, taught the people  
All the mysteries of painting,

All the art of picture-writing  
 On the smooth back of the birch-tree,  
 On the white skin of the rein-deer,  
 On the grave-posts of the village.

Hiawatha, like Christ, is assaulted by the devils :—

In those days the Evil Spirits,  
 All the Manitos of Mischief,  
 Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
 And his love for Chibiabos ;  
 Jealous of their faithful friendship  
 And their noble words and actions,  
 Made at length a league against them,  
 To molest them, and destroy them.

During a great famine we have ghosts appearing, by the evening firelight :—

Then the curtain of the doorway  
 From without was slowly lifted ;  
 Brightly glowed the fire a moment,  
 And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,  
 As two women entered softly,  
 Passed the doorway uninvited  
 Without word of salutation,  
 Without sign of recognition,  
 Sat down in the farthest corner,  
 Crouching low amongst the shadows.

And a mysterious voice says—

These are corpses clad in garments,  
 These are ghosts that come to haunt you,  
 From the kingdom of Pomena,  
 From the land of the Hereafter.

Before they leave, they give Hiawatha a piece of good advice, exactly such as spirits have repeatedly given to Spiritualists amongst ourselves :—

Cries of grief and lamentation  
 Reach us in the Blessed Islands :  
 Cries of anguish from the living,  
 Calling back their friends departed,  
 Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
 Therefore have we come to try you ;—  
 No one knows us, no one heeds us.  
 We are but a burden to you,  
 And we see that the departed  
 Have no place amongst the living.

Think of this, O Hiawatha !  
 Speak of it to all the people,  
 That henceforward and for ever  
 They no more with lamentations  
 Sadden the souls of the departed  
 In the Islands of the Blessed.

These extracts are sufficient from a book so well known as *Hiawatha*. The poem is full of such spiritual matter, which the poet has only adapted from the matter-of-fact historian. They are a striking testimony to the existence of that spiritual life

amongst the aborigines of the vast western world, which every age and every nation and every class of men has claimed, except modern Protestants. Protestantism, to protest against the errors of Rome in adulterating and falsifying the miraculous, has cut the cable of its belief in the supernal, and has consequently now drifted into that poor, childish, heartless and rootless thing called Rationalism. Protestantism—the Roman Catholics have always said “Is but a slippery highway to Deism.” *Ecce Signum* in *Essays and Reviews*—the wretched re-cooking of old German sapless neology, now upwards of eighty years old in that country, and as decrepid as old. Has not Spiritualism now found its answer to the cries of *Cui bono?* Are not the FACTS of Spiritualism the direct and the only possible answer to the miserable negations of scientific and theologic men? For my part, when I hear the arguments of these learned people, and see such rubbish as *Essays and Reviews* picked from the old dust heaps, where German professors have thrown their worn-out pipes and boots and notions, and behold them foisted on an English public as something new and philosophical, I cannot help exclaiming: “What donkies are these people who are denying the existence of what they may see almost any day at their next neighbour’s!”

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### MADAME GUYON.

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DR. COLLYER has furnished us with a letter received from a friend in 1843, which shews that in some progressive and open minds the connexion could even then be seen between the phenomena of so-called mesmerism and the higher spiritual experiences and manifestations of deep-souled men and women. We have much pleasure in preserving so valuable a link in the history of Spiritualism.

May 30th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—In fulfilment of my promise, I offer you the following extracts from the life of the pious Madame Guyon, a French Catholic, who lived contemporary with Archbishop Fenelon, whose favour and confidence she long enjoyed. Madame Guyon wrote her own life at the instance of her spiritual director or confessor, and although her pretensions may appear of the superlative order, there is no evidence in her writings of the least pride, vanity, or self-complacency. If the extracts I offer prove of any interest to you, I shall be repaid for the trouble of transcribing them.

Yours very respectfully,

B. W. BOWER.

To Dr. Collyer.

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“During my extraordinary sickness, the Lord gradually taught me that there was another manner of conversing among souls wholly his, than by speech. I learned then a language which before had been unknown to me. I gradually perceived, when Father La Combe entered, that I could speak no more; and that there was formed in my soul the same kind of silence towards him, as was formed in it with regard to God. I comprehended that God was willing to shew me that men might in this life learn the language of angels. I was gradually reduced to speak to him only in silence. It was then that we understood each other in God, after a manner unutterable and all divine. At first this was done in a manner so perceptible, that is to say, God penetrated us with himself in a manner so pure and sweet, that we passed hours in this profound silence, always communicative, without being able to utter one word. It was in this that we learned, by our own experience, the operations of the heavenly word to reduce souls into unity with itself, and what purity one may arrive at in this life. It was given me to communicate this way to other good souls, but with this difference, that I did nothing but communicate to them the grace with which they were filled, while near me, in this sacred silence, which infused into them an extraordinary strength and grace; but I received nothing from them—whereas, with Father La Combe, there was a flow and return of communication of grace, which he received from me, and I from him, in the greatest purity.

“All those who are my true children are drawn in their minds at once to continue in silence when with me; and I have the like tendency to impart to them in silence what God gives me for them. In this silence I discover their wants and failings, and communicate to them in an abundant plenitude according to their necessities. When once they have tasted of this manner of communication, every other becomes burthensome to them. As for me, when I make use of speech, or the pen, with souls, I do it only on account of their weakness, and because either they are not pure enough for the interior communication, or because it is yet needful to use condescension, or for the regulation of outward affairs.

“It was in this ineffable silence that I comprehended the manner in which Jesus Christ communicated himself to his most familiar friends, and the communication of St. John, when leaning on his Lord’s bosom at the Supper of the Passover. It was not the first time that he had seated himself that way—and it was because he was most proper to receive those communications, being the disciple of love.

“I began to discover, especially with Father La Combe, that the interior communication was carried on—even when he was

afar off, as well as when he was near. Sometimes our Lord made me stop short when in the midst of my occupations, and I was favoured with such a flow of grace, as that which I felt when with him—which I have also experienced with many others, though not in a like degree; but more or less feeling their infidelities, and knowing their faults by inconceivable impressions, without ever having been mistaken therein.”

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“To the above extracts many more might be added. Those quoted above are from Cruikshank’s edition of the translation of *Lady Guyon’s Life*, printed in Philadelphia, 1804—pages 296, 297, 298, 299, and 301. The religious or spiritual attainments of this lady may have some connection with the clairvoyant state—and as she wrote altogether with a religious reference, and lived in the 17th century, before mesmerism was treated of in Europe, the coincidence or correspondence seems to be the more wonderful, and would seem to have a tendency towards establishing the fact that there may be something of a clairvoyant state incident to the economy of our nature. Lady Guyon had, perhaps, by her sufferings and trials, entered upon a state not entirely foreign to the principles known as mesmerism. She professes, I think, deadness to the world in a spiritual or metaphysical sense.”

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### ISAAC WALTON AND DR. DONNE.

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WE gladly recognise the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge as an ally in the good work of disseminating records of Spiritualistic phenomena. From an edition of quaint old Isaac Walton’s *Life of Dr. Donne*, published by the above-mentioned society, we extract the following interesting narrative:—

“At this time of Mr. Donne’s and his wife’s living in Sir Robert’s house, the Lord Hay was by King James sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French Court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution to subject Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, *her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence*; and, therefore, desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really

to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasion for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London, and were, the twelfth day, got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he, and some friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch, that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but, after a long and perplexed pause did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you. I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you.' To which, Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which, Mr. Donne's reply was, 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and I am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, and looked me in the face and vanished.' Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he induced Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account: That he found, and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber."

After justifying his belief in the supernatural character of this occurrence on *à priori* grounds—and also by adducing somewhat analogous events from history, sacred and profane—Isaac Walton adds further:—

“More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief; but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare, that though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me (now long since) by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseverations, that (to say nothing of my own thought) I verily believe he that told it me did himself believe it to be true.”

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### CHANGING VIEW AS TO THE MIRACLES OF THE BIBLE.

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IN a sermon on “The Present Relations of Science to Religion,” preached last July before the University of Oxford, during the meeting of the British Association, by the Rev. Frederick Temple, head-master of Rugby School, and one of the writers of “Essays and Reviews,” there occurs the following passage. “The fact is that one idea is now emerging into supremacy in science, a supremacy which it never possessed before, and for which it has still to fight a battle; and that is the idea of law. Different orders of natural phenomena have in time past been held to be exempt from that idea, either tacitly or avowedly. The weather, thunder and lightning, the crops of the earth, the progress of disease, whether over a country, or in an individual, these have been considered as regulated by some special interference, even when it was already known that the recurrence of the seasons, the motions of the planets, the periodic winds, and other phenomena of the same kind were subject to invariable laws. But the steady march of science has now reached the point when men are tempted, or rather compelled, to jump at once to a universal conclusion; all analogy points one way and none another. The student of science is learning to look upon fixed laws as universal, and many of the old arguments are in consequence rapidly disappearing. How strikingly altered is our view from that of a few centuries ago, is shewn by the fact that the miracles recorded in the Bible, which were once looked on as the bulwarks of the faith, are now felt by very many to be difficulties in their way; and commentators endeavour to represent them not as interferences with the laws of nature, but as the natural action of still higher laws, belonging to a world whose phenomena are only half revealed to us.”

The ground here proclaimed as taken by the most enlightened

expositors of the Christian faith, has caused no small satisfaction to believers in the occurrence at the present day of spiritual phenomena through the action of unproven law, for if the miracles recorded in the Bible are now beginning to be viewed as effects of law, it must be admitted, wherever they are so viewed, that similar phenomena may and ought to be looked for at all periods. The consequence will doubtless be that a multitude of facts hitherto discredited as incompatible with the laws of nature, will appear in a different aspect, that attention to them will be awakened, testimony in reference to them no longer set aside, and ere long we may hear it proclaimed in high places, that a new idea is emerging into the light of science—the idea that communication between mankind and the spirits of the departed—communication governed by laws yet unknown, takes place now, as it has ever done wherever the requisite conditions are present.

We may well anticipate that this idea will be the starting point of a great movement of the human mind, that it will usher in a new era in the history of the world, that when spiritual phenomena are found to be part of the order of nature, and susceptible therefore of inductive inquiry, we may by degrees arrive at a knowledge of the laws governing our relations with the spirit world, with which communion will in consequence become finally unobstructed and complete.

It is gratifying to think that it is from that very quarter, whence opposition to the spiritual phenomena is now most strongly offered, that their confirmation and further development may be looked for.\* Step by step has science herself led the way to the confines of another realm, ere long we may hope she will unbar the portals through which light from that realm has hitherto struggled with faint or refracted rays.

Analogy strengthens anticipation as to an increase of spiritual light at no distant date, for we live, as is constantly remarked, in times of which the progressive movement is of unprecedented rapidity. In some departments the advance made within a brief period is startlingly conspicuous, while in others, though slower and less obvious, we may yet note the fairer outlines of the future beginning to steal over and to define themselves on the somewhat dissolving features of the present. Such being the case, it is but reasonable to infer that, closely linked and interwoven as are all the parts of the great whole, one, and that the most important province of human knowledge, will not alone long remain unchanged.

V.

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\* The "Physics.—Physiological Researches on the Imponderables in their Relation to the Vital Force," by Baron Reichenbach, especially will, there is reason to believe, lead to discovery of some of the laws governing the spiritual phenomena.



## INTERNAL RESPIRATION.

WITH all our philosophy, science, and sermons, how little do we yet know of human nature! On the one hand, our metaphysicians, while they affirm the independent existence and superior dignity of the soul in comparison with the physical frame of man, yet, when they come to treat of it, at once subtract from it almost every known quality or property, leaving only as a remainder a poor, pitiful "metaphysical entity," which they call "the thinking principle," a "pure simplicity," a "substance which has no parts, and no extension, and is circumscribed by no place;" "and which may be likened to a point which has no dimensions." If from these laboured and dreary efforts to extract cucumbers from moonbeams we turn for relief to our men of science, who have made man, or rather the body of man their special study, we shall find that, working from the opposite pole, they have reached the same centre of negation with a circum-bendibus—that while the metaphysicians have carefully abstracted from soul everything like body or substance, the physiologists have, for the most part, been equally diligent in eliminating everything like spirit, till in their ultimate analysis man seems compounded only of germ-cells and dust, operated on by chemical, electric, and magnetic forces. They would bring to light the laws of life by the study of corpses. They regard man either from the fishy point of view, or, as a study in engineering and carpentry—a machine of valves, and pulleys, and drain-pipes, a curiously contrived locomotive and self-adjusting apparatus; one, which you have but to take to pieces, and examine its different parts, and how they are put together, and work in harmony, and when you have done *that*, you know all that is or can be known about it. So long as either of these parties holds the leading-strings of public opinion, we fear that man will remain a sphynx's riddle, of which little will be read—and that little not very consolatory.

Instead of regarding man as simply an animal machine, or, "a monad, indivisible and unextended," which has no body, and "can exist nowhere," we prefer to follow the Scriptures, and the seers of all ages, who affirm that the essential man is a spirit-man, having all the organs and faculties proper to man, and destined to live in a world of corresponding realities in the future life as well as in the present; and who, while in this world, is clothed upon with a material body, adapted to his material surroundings, but not to be understood by any mere study of the body, any more than the body itself could be understood by a study of its clothes. We might, indeed, on *à priori* grounds alone, expect that there would be a fitness between them; (were

it otherwise, they could not work together) and, accordingly, we find that there are wonderful correspondences of volition and muscular action, of the affections and the heart, of thought and respiration. Before we can have a sound physiology, we must have a true psychology;—one which will recognize the intimate relation between spirit, soul, and body, without confounding them, or mistaking the clay tenement which man temporarily inhabits for the man himself. The student herein may find great help from Dr. Wilkinson's work on "The Human Body and its connexion with Man," in which the correspondences to which we have adverted, and others, are opened out with considerable fulness and ability. It is only to one department of the subject,—the connection between thought and respiration, and to certain remarkable experiences of different persons in relation thereto, that we would now invite a brief attention.

The writer just named says, "Let any reader think for a moment of what he experiences when he breathes, and attend to the act. He will find that his whole frame heaves and subsides at the time; face, chest, stomach, and limbs, are all actuated by his respiration. His sense is that not only his lungs but his entire body breathes. . . . But furthermore, thought commences and corresponds with respiration. The reader has before attended to the presence of heaving over the body; now let him *feel his thoughts*, and he will see that they, too, heave with the mass. When he entertains a long thought, he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath vibrates with rapid alternations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tumultuous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, so is his respiration; when success inflates him, his lungs are as tumid as his conceits. Let him make trial of the contrary: let him endeavour to think in long stretches at the same time that he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible: that in this case the chopping lungs will mince his thoughts."

So Swedenborg says: "If we carefully attend to profound thoughts, we shall find that *when we draw breath*, a host of ideas rush from beneath as through an opened door into the sphere of thought; whereas, *when we hold the breath*, and slowly let it out, we deeply keep the while in the tenor of our thought, and communicate as it were with the higher faculty of the soul; as I have observed in my own person times out of number. Retaining or holding back the breath is equivalent to holding intercourse with the soul: attracting or drawing it amounts to intercourse with the body." Let us also note what he says in his *Diary* (n. 3,464): That there are many species of respirations, producing for their subjects divers introductions to the spiritual and angelic persons with whom the lungs *conspire*; that accord-

ing as the breath continues or ceases, the man dies back for the time into the inward life, meets its inhabitants and explores their scenes.

If this intimate connexion between thought and respiration be allowed, it would seem reasonable to believe that an abnormal or exceptional development of spiritual faculties may be accompanied with a corresponding *differentia* in the respiratory system; and if facts tending to shew that it is so are presented to us, we ought, however strange they may seem, to give them a fair and candid hearing!

Many of those who attended Mr. Harris's recent preaching in London, must have been startled by his statements that he had experienced an opening of the internal respiratories, or spiritual lungs, and that through the inbreathing of the spiritual and celestial and divine atmospheres thus effected, he was able to hold converse with spirits and angels, and receive divine communications. In one of his sermons on *The Millennial Age*, delivered at the Marylebone Institution, February, 1860, he remarks, that "the act of conversion which is effected by the Divine Spirit, because man has a spiritual organization, is attended with a certain change in the condition of the organization of the inner man. . . . Man's respirations in the lungs of the spirit, are according to his emotional states. When the Spirit of God is dealing with a man's heart, and pleading for truth and righteousness till the man verily feels that he ought to give himself to God, then, . . . the Lord Christ, who fills the universal atmosphere of heaven with his breath, breathes into the spiritual lungs of that repentant sinner. The gift of the Holy Spirit is imparted. The Lord Christ breathes into his lungs,—not into the natural lungs, but the spiritual lungs; the man then inhales the atmosphere which descends from the affections of the Deity, and takes into himself the Holy Ghost." He considers that "the highest Christian philosophy and scholarship, the most indubitable Christian insight demonstrates this fact: that the first men breathed by inhaling, into the spiritual lungs, the breath of God, which then descended outwards into the natural lungs, and clothing itself, for its body, with the atmospheric air, became the force of respiration to the external creature." Had man remained in an unfallen state "the processions of the Divine thoughts would have descended from the higher or spiritual to the lower or rational consciousness, and all would have been of one speech of love, and of one faith of life. The revelations of divine order and virtue, now contained in the Holy Scriptures, would have been inwrought in the heart of every living, breathing, human creature." He believes that in the coming "Millennial Age" man will be restored to this condition, and that with "the

restitution of all things, spoken of by all God's holy prophets since the world began" there will be a "re-opening of the universal respiratories of the race," "the effect of this will be to open the spiritual eyes; to open the spiritual ears; to revive, or quicken, or unfold, or perpetuate the spiritual senses; to bring us sensationally as to the spirit into a knowledge of the invisible, the higher world."

Mr. Harris, in glowing language, pictures the effects this will have upon the church and the world; but into these speculations it is not our province to enter. We have only cited the foregoing passages as introductory to the statement he gives of his own personal experience; and to which we specially invite the reader's attention. Speaking of himself, he says:—

I knew a man upon the other continent who, ten years ago, this night, was preaching according to the highest of his perceptions to a cultured and highly gifted people. He was taken away from them, at the sacrifice of every personal feeling, and interest, and pride. After undergoing mysterious experiences, which, at that time, he could not fathom, and, perhaps, in this world, never may, he felt all natural respiration cease—felt the opening of the internal and spiritual lungs—felt the descent of the divine fire slowly into the external degrees of the body, and, finally, was re-established in this condition of internal or spiritual respiration, continued into the natural form. I know this to be a fact,—and I also know it to be a fact that the result of this was the opening of the internal and spiritual degree of the mind, of the internal and spiritual sense,—the descent of the spiritual influences, from the inmost of the body, to the very feet. I know it to be a fact that the Spirit of God, working through that man, has overpowered demons,—cast out evil spirits from persons who, physically, and utterly, and helplessly, were at their control.

I know it to be a fact; and more, that there are indications of the return of respiration continued from the Lord into the spiritual lungs, and from the spiritual lungs into the natural, not on the part of one individual, but of numbers. I could now, were it in order, narrate such facts concerning the beginning of the return of respiration as would make a record the most sublime, and, at the same time, the most terrible, the most cheering to the good, the most appalling to those fixed in evil, of any book that has been written since the canon of Revelation closed.

To most readers a statement of this kind will appear conclusive evidence if not of imposture, certainly of fanaticism, or fantasy, or downright insanity. Even the illustrious Swedenborg, while his great and scientific attainments, logical method, and strict veracity remain unchallenged, has not escaped the charge of insanity for claiming to be the subject of a precisely similar experience. Nevertheless, let us hear what he says about it. These are his words:—"My respiration has been so formed by the Lord, as to enable me to breathe inwardly for a long period of time, without the aid of the external air, my respiration being directed within, and my outward senses, as well as actions, still continuing in their vigour, which is only possible with persons who have been so formed by the Lord. . . . I have also been instructed, that my breathing was so directed, without my being aware of it, in order to enable me to be with spirits, and to speak

with them." And this he affirms himself to have done "not in any state of mind asleep, but in a state of full wakefulness." Towards the close of life, he wrote, "It has pleased the Lord to manifest himself unto me; he has opened the interiors of my mind and spirit, by virtue of which privilege it has been granted to me to be in the spiritual world with angels, and at the same time in the natural world with men, and this now for twenty-eight years." Swedenborg taught, as Harris now teaches, that this spiritual breathing continued into the natural was common to the primitive men of the most ancient church, signified by Adam; but that as they declined into evil their breathing became more and more external. Whatever we may think of this, we must bear in mind, when Swedenborg speaks of his own experience, that he was not only a philosopher and theologian, but a sound, practical physiologist, perhaps, the most distinguished of any in his day, and that he affirms his experience, not only as a psychological but as also a physiological fact.

In the case of Harris, too, we find his statements corroborated by physiological science. In a recent pamphlet, "Spiritualism, Swedenborg and the New Church: by Edward Brotherton," in a valuable chapter on "Respiration," we meet the following:—

As I have had frequent opportunities of private intercourse with him, (Harris) I am satisfied that he possesses a mode of breathing of a nature widely differing from that of any other person I have ever known. The phenomena are so peculiar that I cannot venture on an attempt to describe them. It is only occasionally, when some change of state takes place that this peculiar breathing is manifest, and never in his public ministrations. The breaths are sometimes of an incredible length and volume. But at other times, in states of trance, the breath seems entirely suspended for long periods, as though life had ceased.

Knowing that Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson had attended Mr. Harris professionally while he was in London, I wrote to him, when contemplating the present publication, asking him for any information on the subject of Mr. Harris's peculiar states of respiration which he thought proper to give. At the same time I asked him one or two questions respecting the fragment of a Diary of Swedenborg, only lately discovered, written in Swedish, of which he (Dr. W.) has made an English translation for the Rev. A. Clissold, who has presented it to the Swedenborg Society. From previous information respecting this fragment, which consists chiefly of dreams, and bears that name, I had put down two statements, and I asked Dr. W. whether I should be justified in publicly stating them. They were as follows:—

1st. That Swedenborg passed, in 1743—1744, when his spiritual opening commenced, through states such as are described by Wesleyans and other evangelical Christians, as conviction and conversion.

2nd. That the phenomena of respiration described by Swedenborg as his own experience were of the same kind, but not so perfect or powerful in degree, as those which are apparent in Mr. Harris.

The following are extracts from his reply, dated August 23rd, 1860:—

"The two positions which you affirm with regard to Swedenborg's *Dreams*, are exactly true: this little book contains a record of the pangs of Swedenborg's conviction of sin, and of his conversion. It is evangelical in the best Scriptural, and also in the modern technical sense; and contains, in my opinion, higher truths of faith than the *Doctrine of Faith for the New Jerusalem*, which he afterwards published."—"In fact, these *Dreams* are, *par excellence*, the spiritual record in all Swedenborg's career. All else is science, rising from mathematics

to reals, from the world to the body, from the body to the soul, from the soul to heaven, and from heaven to the humanity of the Lord, a process of science with a divine accident of seership, carrying it beyond the mundane sphere. But this little book is influx, and instead of an unsleeping schoolmaster, you see a penitent sinner on his knees.

"During many medical visits to Mr. Harris, it became necessary on one occasion to examine his chest, and I found it was peculiarly formed. At first sight, it appeared weak and contracted; in fact, malformed; great depression about the sternum; and the lower ribs folded in and as it were packed away under each other. This was while the lungs were moving but little. The examination, and direction of his mind to the subject of the lungs, excited the deeper respiration; and now the depressions on the sternum were expanded, the ribs came forth and opened out, and the breast swelled to huge proportions. I never saw such capacity of respiration in any other person; though, as you may conceive, I examine a good many subjects annually on this very point.

"With regard to *internal* respiration I have no experience, and though I listen, and do not reject, I have nothing to do with it short of experience. With regard, however, to respiration or breathing by influx, as distinguished from respiration consentaneous with thought, emotion, passion, or the natural life, it is a phenomenon which I have observed. It is, however, vain to tell of it to persons who know nothing of influx by their own experience.

"It will, in time, be worth while to show that as words can come into the mind by conscious influx, and as streams of thought can come by conscious influx, so breaths can come by conscious influx; and instead of being consentaneous with thought and the natural man, govern thought and the natural mind, and swell the boundaries of breathing, and therewith all the powers of the body, beyond the limits of mere nature. Of this Mr. Harris is at present a remarkable instance.—Yours, &c.,

J. J. GARTH WILKINSON.

Nor do these singular experiences of Harris and Swedenborg stand alone. In a book published in 1854, under the somewhat portentous title of "Astounding Facts from the Spirit World," Dr. J. A. Gridley, of Southampton, Mass., U.S., gives the following account of his personal experience:—

It was by the central play of the spiritual lungs within the physical, in inhaling and exhaling the divine atmosphere, that first gave me evidence of a spiritual organism within the physical. . . . For several weeks after the spiritual lungs began daily to breathe the new atmosphere, the most interior divine magnetic current, they (the spiritual lungs) seemed to expand to such a degree as positively to swell the physical with spirit life, so that the latter could not take in the common atmosphere but by the greatest effort, and a suffocating sensation was the consequence, which continued to increase till I was obliged to break off the divine communication for several successive days, as I thought, in order to preserve life. The next day, while lying on my back, surrounded with my family, the same current came again upon me, and the same suffocation also; but this time came with it the impression that *this is God's work*, and He knows how to modify and control it. My will responded yes, and if I die, I will die; I will not sever the holy cord; for a couple of minutes every breath seemed my last, and yet I got another, and still another, and yet the divine current increased till it verily seemed that I had drawn the last gasp I should ever get in this world. At this instant my lungs, ribs, and all—the entire chest—was expanded as quick and as forcibly as if a blast of powder had exploded within them. Nothing can make me doubt that the cavity of the chest was larger by many cubic inches, from that moment, than at any former period of my life. For a week after that event, I felt as if I could draw in an atmosphere of life either physical or spiritual.

Madam Guyon speaks of being subject to a very similar experience, her chest being suddenly enlarged as by an electric

or magnetic shock within the central life acting outwards. She experienced no pain or unpleasant sensation. She was obliged to call her female attendants to adjust her apparel to her so recently enlarged condition. Bossuet, by his authority, sought to induce her to retract this statement, but in vain.

We have only to remark that in each of the cases we have cited, the phenomenon does not appear to have resulted from any effort or artificial process, but to have been spontaneously induced. No doubt there have been many similar experiences, but we are not seeking to make any formal array of evidence in support of a theory—perhaps, any theory in our present state of knowledge on the subject may be premature; but we think much may be learned from abnormal or exceptional developments in humanity: they may manifest latent faculties, and powers in man, the traces of which in ordinary states are too faint to attract attention, or, it may be, too faint even for the most conscientious and careful study to detect.

T. S.

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[This subject of "Internal Respiration" is one of the most interesting in the whole range of Spiritualism. That there is some broad universal truth to be discovered from the study of it we have no doubt. If a millennial age is ever to flow over the broad plains of humanity, it is not easy to conceive by what other means than by this internal respiration it is to arrive, or even to be possible. It will probably be found to co-exist with all seership, and thus to open out the question of influx, and thence of inspiration in its various forms and degrees. The Rev. A. Clissold, who has much studied the subject from a Swedenborgian point of view, has come to the same conclusion of its immense value, and has remarked that if ever there is to be "a New Church," it is through the opening of the internal respiratories that it must come. We invite the assistance of our readers towards a discussion and enlargement of the subject, and more especially to the collection of facts and instances, which are no doubt numerous, and to be had for the searching.—ED.]

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MRS. STOWE ON SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in her story, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," has the following passage:—"It may be that our present faculties have among them a rudimentary one, like the germs of wings in the chrysalis, by which the spiritual world becomes sometimes an object of perception—there may be natures in which the walls of the material are so fine and translucent that the spiritual is seen through them as a glass darkly. It may be, too, that that love which is stronger than death, has a power sometimes to make itself heard and felt through the walls of our mortality, when it would plead for the defenceless ones it has left behind. All these things may be—who knows?"

## SPIRITUALISM ABROAD.

WE receive a French periodical, entitled *Revue Contemporaine des Sciences Occultes et Naturelles*, which lets us know that Spiritualism is extending among our neighbours. The *Revue* is published by Mons. Manlius Salles, at Nimes, and may be had of Baillièrre in Paris, and perhaps in London. It seems to be chiefly devoted to magnetism. One of its correspondents writing upon this subject, concludes thus:—

“As to Spiritualism, I know not what to say. I have just witnessed experiments in my own house by persons whose position, probity, and intelligence, compel me to throw aside all suspicion. I have witnessed phenomena so extraordinary that I am fairly perplexed.”

Another, dating from Sétif, in Algeria, informs the editor that his son, sixteen years old, is the subject of spontaneous magnetic sleep, and that, in this state, he writes in various languages, Latin, German, English, Arabic, Ancient Teutonic, or any other in which serious men may choose to question him. Examples of the youth's writing in this way, are sent to the editor, with a promise to send him any quantity. Some communications he has in verse. His correspondent, a M. Courtois, says that the phenomena and the writings have made him a Spiritualist; that his son is a medium for spirits, who sign themselves AUGUSTIN and DENIS; that his *séances* are held once a week.

There is also a letter of half a dozen pages from M. Jobard, of Brussels, headed *Avis aux Mediums*, in which he gives his reflections upon extended observations. He says, “Orthodox religion assigns too great a part to Satan and his presumed satellites, evil-spirits, who ought rather to be called malignant, ignorant, and lying spirits—who are almost all tainted with the sin of pride, which has been their ruin. In this they differ nothing from men of whom they have formed a part for a very short period, considering the eternity of their existence.”

The writer then warns mediums against the crude notion of spirits, as spirits, being perfect. “As well,” he says, “might a highway robber be looked upon as an honest man as soon as he is out of his prison; or a madman be regarded as a sage after clearing the walls of an asylum.” He tells mediums that there is as much difference between spirits as there is between men; that every one takes with him into the next state of life his character and his moral and scientific acquirements. “Fools here are fools there. Rogues, graspers, sensualists, suffer from being deprived of their selfish *stimuli*. Hence, we are instructed by the Holy Spirit to despise the goods of the earth, which we cannot assimilate to ourselves, nor take with us; but to attend



rather to spiritual and moral goods, which do follow us, and which will serve eternally not only to delightfully occupy us, but as steps by which we shall rise higher and higher, on the great Jacob's-ladder, into the boundless hierarchy of spirits. Thus it is that good spirits think but little of the goods and gross pleasures which they have left here in dying, or in their own words, in going home. Like the philosophers who had been shut up in prison, torn suddenly from their dungeon, they regret not the loss of garments, furniture, and coin, but of their precious books and manuscripts. The butterfly, shaking the dust from his wings before taking his sunny flight, cares little for the ruins of the shell, which had served him as a transient habitation. So a spirit like that of Buffon, regrets no more his Chateau de Montbard, nor will Lamartine regret his Saint Point—regretted by him so much while still here. Hence the calmness of the sage's death. How different that of the animal-man; to him the loss of the goods of the earth is the loss of all; he clings to them like the miser to his strong-box. The spirit even cannot get away from them; it holds to matter and haunts the places which have been dear to it; instead of making efforts to break the bonds which may still hold it to earth, he clings to it like an insensate, and is tormented because he can no longer enjoy it. Here is hell, here the fire which such spirits bend themselves to make eternal; here are the bad spirits who repel the counsels of the good, and who have need of the succour of reason and of human wisdom." But we shall not follow M. Jobard further in this direction, as he seems to go into the debatable ground of speculation, although he declares that all who may have the same experience as he has had, and give the same amount of study to it, would agree with him. On this point he finishes with these words:—"The power of evil, which it is admitted that spirits have, has its antithesis in the power of good, which may be hoped from them; these two forces are *adequate*, like all the forces of nature, without which equilibrium would be destroyed, and free-will be replaced by fatality, blind, unintelligent *fate*, the death of all, the absence of God, and the catalepsy of the universe."

Among spirits of the better sort, M. Jobard speaks of "poets, who dictate verses,—philosophers and moralists, who give good maxims,—historians, who throw a light on the events of their epoch,—naturalists, who will rectify past errors committed by themselves,—astronomers, who will reveal facts of which you are ignorant,—musicians and authors, capable of dictating their posthumous works."

All the spirits above mentioned he characterises as *esprits terrestres*—terrestrial spirits, from their being, he supposes, still associated with the earth's denizens.

Of healing mediums, M. Jobard writes, "There are no well-disposed mediums, who are not magnetisers and healers by nature; but not making use of their faculty they do not know that they possess it. In using it, they would be best advised and most powerfully aided by their good spirits. In this we have seen wonders performed similar to that effected at the hotel Nocera at Naples on the 13th of June last, upon the person of the Duke of Celenza, and who has published the fact that he has been cured of a disease from which he had suffered more than ten years, and which had been pronounced incurable, by the mere word of an old French chevalier to whom he related his sufferings. There are others who do such things in different countries—in Holland, in England, in France, in Switzerland—but they will multiply with time; the seeds are sown."

M. Jobard concludes his *Avis aux Mediums* thus:—"As to celestial spirits, or those of a transcendant order, it is so rare to find them communicating with individuals, that the time is not come to speak of them; they take part in the destinies of nations, in great reformatory crises, in great universal developments, and are at work now; let us await with confidence the great things about to happen. *Renovabunt faciem terræ.*"

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## "BLACKWOOD" AND THE "NORTH BRITISH REVIEW."

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

In *Blackwood's Magazine*, for October, 1860, and in the *North British Review*, for February, 1861, are articles assailing our belief in spiritual intercourse, which I desire to notice. *Blackwood*, if I recollect aright, some two or three years ago, contained an article on the same subject, denying the facts. Now it has taken one step forward, and admits the facts but denies the inference. The *North British*, however, sturdily denies the facts, and, lagging behind its *confrère* some two or three years, seems content to rest where the American periodical press was some ten years ago—denying facts which were standing in their way every minute, and to which they finally had to yield.

If these very respectable writers will not receive human testimony, there is an end of the argument; there is no more to be said. But if they will, then I desire to ask a few questions, founded on facts, which are testified to by thousands of witnesses in different parts of the world.

1. *Blackwood* calls Spiritualism "that ignoble and debasing superstition." Will it say how that can be true, when "Spirit-

ualism prevents hypocrisy; it reclaims the infidel; it proves the immortality of the soul; it recognises one God, and man's responsibility to Him; it enforces the great law of the Creator by inducements hitherto unknown to man; it heals the sick; it gives sight to the blind; it cures the lame; it comforts the mourner; it enjoins upon all the utmost purity of life; it teaches that charity which rather mourns over than rejoices at the failings of our fellow-mortals; it reveals to us our own nature, and what is the existence into which we are to pass when this life shall have ended."

This is an extract from a reply under my own signature, in November, 1855, to an attack on me and on my faith by the Bishop of Vermont, at St. Louis, at New Orleans, and at Montreal; it was published wide throughout the land; and was virtually a challenge to the whole press and the pulpit to refute its positions, and it has never yet been answered, except by some such general denunciations as those in *Blackwood*.

And for its truth, we appeal to evidence stronger and more abundant than can be found in support of any history, sacred or profane.

2. How will those journals account for this fact—attested to by hundreds of witnesses, in all parts of our country—*inanimate matter, moving without mortal contact, and displaying intelligence, and that intelligence being able to read concealed thought, to spell, to cypher; knowing geography, astronomy, and many languages, and holding free converse as if by a living person?* And what specimen of mortality is there which can read the mind, as inanimate matter, thus influenced, has been known to do, over and over again?

3. How will those journals account for this fact—*numerous instances, in which people have spoken in many languages, of which they were entirely ignorant?*

In my letter—No. VIII., to the *Tribune*—and which you have in a pamphlet form, I have given the names of twenty-seven persons who have done this; and, in my Appendix, I have given the evidence of this, and the names and residences of over one hundred witnesses, by whom the matter has been tested: and all this is but a small part of this class of manifestation.

4. If these facts are to be conceded—as one, if not both, of these journals seem forced to do—*whence comes the intelligence that accompanies them, and is displayed through them?*

Volumes would be required to detail all the forms in which that intelligence is displayed; and it must suffice, for the present occasion, to say, that the evidence is as strong as human testimony can make it; that it does not, and frequently *cannot*, come from mortal man; and any one who will investigate this subject

fairly, will see for himself that this is so. Whence, then, does it come?

As Professor Faraday's explanation of the phenomenon of table-tipping was utterly exploded by a table's moving without mortal contact, so here the mortal source of this intelligence is easily, and at once disproved, by a little patient examination.

Now, be so good as to propound these questions to those writers, and let us see what they will do with them? Showing, as they do, a lamentable ignorance of the subject they venture to discuss, and apparently regarding only a very superficial examination of it as necessary in order to frame their articles. They may complain of my asking questions which require a very different degree of knowledge; still, it seems to me fair to ask them, before submitting patiently to the denunciation of "delusion," "hallucination," and "monoideism," which, having died away years ago in America, is now revived in England.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, April 3, 1861.

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## A SEANCE WITH MR. HOME.

By E. F.

In placing before your readers the following facts, I must beg it to be understood I am not writing them in the hope of making converts to Spiritualism, nor in any polemical spirit, nor in a wish to impose on others a belief in a communion with the departed, but merely to place before them an account of certain extraordinary manifestations witnessed by myself, and of so singular and incomprehensible a nature, that had the occurrences I am about to relate been told me on the testimony of persons whose good faith I could have no reason to doubt, I am free to confess I should have believed them to have been imposed upon.

Before committing to paper what I witnessed, I must beg your readers to believe that as to the cause, or nature of these manifestations, I have no opinion to offer, but I feel myself bound in justice to the lady at whose house they took place, from her known integrity of character, high rank, and position in society, to declare that if any deception there be, it must have been without her sanction or knowledge.

The *séance*, at which I was present, occurred on the 18th of March last, at ———, the residence of ———. The party present were eight persons. The mediums (so-called) being our hostess, her daughter, another lady and the celebrated Mr. D. D. Home. The visitors, or enquirers, were Mr. ———, M.P. for ———, two ladies and myself; not one of whom I was informed

had been present at a *séance* before. The drawing room, in which we assembled, communicated with another of larger dimensions, lighted up by eight wax candles, placed in different parts of the room. The room was like most rooms in fashionable houses, furnished very handsomely, and full of every description of sofas, arm-chairs and ottomans. In the centre was a large loo-table, around which eight or nine persons could easily sit. We were invited to take our places at this table, which we did; the four mediums occupying one side, and the visitors the other. We then placed our hands on the table five or six inches from its edge; we sat for some time, ten minutes perhaps, or it might be more, without any manifestation taking place, and had almost given up the matter as a failure, when a slight hardly perceptible rapping, two or three times repeated, was heard by all present. The knocks, increased until the table appeared to me as if some blunt instrument struck it on the *under* side, in all parts, sometimes loud, sometimes so subdued as hardly to be heard. Mr. Home remarked that many spirits were present, and that the *séance* would be perfect. At this moment I felt a singular sensation, I can hardly describe it, a strange vibration convulsed the whole room, the chair on which we sat, the table, the floor, the very wall even of the room appeared to me to vibrate and tremble. I cannot describe the sensation better than by saying that it closely resembled that peculiar feeling we have felt in the cabin of a small steam-boat when first the steam is turned on and it is put in motion. This strange vibration lasted two or three minutes, then gradually subsided; but again occurred several times during the evening, though in a less degree. Questions were then put as to what spirits were present, and answered through the alphabet by raps, as the letters were called over and written down by one of the mediums. I should have said that on the table were placed sheets of paper, a pencil, and a small hand-bell.

We must have sat about an hour, when I observed a slight movement of the table; it appeared as if a hand underneath was lifting it up, but this could not be, for I counted fourteen hands besides my own placed so far *on* the table, that it would have been *impossible* for any one of them to have produced the movement; presently it rose steadily into the air, remained suspended a short time, and as steadily descended into its former place;—this occurred five times during the evening.

To describe all the phenomena of this evening would occupy a larger space than can be allotted me in the pages of a magazine. I must therefore confine myself to the most extraordinary. During the sitting my legs were continually touched, sometimes clasped as if by a hand, at other times as by a finger

pressing me with its point, and at another, as if some small animal was crawling on my knee. I placed my hand on the part so touched, but could detect nothing. I then took the bell, at the request of Mr. Home, and held it in my right hand under the table; it was immediately laid hold of, twisted and turned about, as if some one was playing with it. With my other hand I tried to ascertain if any finger could be felt, but there was nothing either to be felt or seen. I then handed it over to a lady opposite; it was immediately taken from her hand and placed in that of a gentleman who sat next me, and again by some unseen power conveyed to the lady who sat opposite to him. This was followed by a more extraordinary manifestation. Our hostess told me she some years ago had lost a much-loved child; that when in this world he had been her constant companion, and that his spirit was then present. From her arm she took a long and large bracelet, which she said had been a favorite plaything of his when alive; she held it under the table, and I heard it clutched as if held by the hand of some one; immediately it was placed in, or rather on, the palm of my hand; I tried to clasp it with my left hand, when it was withdrawn and conveyed back to its owner, who intimated to me that I had done wrong, and that I must promise not to snatch it again: I made this promise, and the bracelet was replaced in my hand,—and I distinctly felt the small, soft, and warm hand of a child resting in mine;—it was then conveyed back to her to whom it belonged, and apparently carried round the table and thrown up against it, as if in childish playfulness.

I have only to add, that spirit-hands appeared;—that an accordion played tunes without any perceptible means;—that a chilly cold air seemed to blow around us, rendering our hands of icy coldness—that a singular cry as of distress was twice heard in the room—that a flower from a flower-pot was plucked by some unseen power and placed in the hand of one of the visitors, who was informed it was a gift from a departed relative, and to be kept by him as a token of affection. Other manifestations (but from their personal nature and without permission I could not make them public) took place during a *séance* of three hours. In conclusion, let those who feel interested in these singular phenomena, refer to the August number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, where they will find in an article headed "Stranger than Fiction," a far better account of these "marvels" than I am able to give. It was from the perusal of that article that I was led to seek for proof. I was then (on the matter of Spiritualism) a sceptic—perhaps I am still; but from close and repeated enquiries from others who have been witnesses to these singular facts, and from a vigilant scrutiny of all that took place during

the *séance* of that evening, which I have attempted to describe, I am ready to assert my conviction, that no trick, no legerdemain, was put in practice to delude, but that the phenomena I there witnessed must have been caused by some unknown, and yet undiscovered power; but as to what that power is I have no opinion—no theory whatever. It may be, as believed by Spiritualists, the souls of the departed—or by spirits of good or of evil—or, in this age of unbelief, a manifestation from Almighty God to convince men of an after life—or through the agency of Satan, to establish a false creed to lead souls away from the one fold of the one Shepherd. The solution I must leave to wiser heads than mine.

21st April, 1861.

E. F.

### THE WOMAN IN A BLACK BONNET.

THE following narrative was communicated to me by a clergyman, on whose veracity I can entirely rely, who, immediately on leaving the company in which the Vicar of D—— had related his experience, wrote it down as nearly as possible verbatim.

Thinking it might be useful in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*, I send it for insertion, at the discretion of the Editor, and should have been glad if I had been at liberty to authenticate it with the real names of the parties; being of recent occurrence.

Yours, &c.,

York, April, 1861.

CATHOLICUS.

“ I was walking one Sunday afternoon by the canal side, and overtook four women; three of whom turned off before me, and passed down the bank. Some drunken men came up to them shortly after, and they ran away. The fourth was an odd looking creature, in a coal-scuttle black bonnet, with a great dent in it across the top; she wore a grey cloak, and looked very thin and meagre. I did not know her, and looked round to examine her face. It was thin and long, with a long, thin, Greek cast of nose. Seeing such a wretched being in my parish, and not knowing her, I felt inclined to speak to her. I therefore turned again, and as I laid my hand on her shoulder, it went right into her body. I immediately began to think something was wrong with me, and said to myself: ‘ This will never do—I must be in a queer way to-day.’ Feeling on my guard against self-deception, I determined to walk *through her*; and I assure you, Sir, I drew back my head as it came into contact with her black bonnet; yet I walked right through her, and felt nothing. A friend asked

me afterwards why I did not let her walk through me, but that never occurred to me. I lifted up my foot to trip her up, and should have done it, had I not thought to myself—What will the people think if they see the Vicar knocking down this poor old creature; so I went home as fast as I could, and left her there. I wrote an account of it to my friend T——, and he called it ‘a day-dream.’ ‘Is that account of it satisfactory to you, Dr.?’ said L. ‘No more than if you told me that our present conversation is a day-dream.’

“The Vicar proceeded to relate the following story—‘When I lived at —— House, I was standing in the staircase-lobby one night, with a candle in my hand, when I heard the step of a lady in a stiff silk dress, sweeping along the passage. I held up the light to see who was coming, and though the figure went by me, and made the candle-flame waver, I saw nothing. I followed the step up the back stairs, but saw nothing. Some time after, my son James told me that he had heard the same thing, though I had not mentioned the circumstance to any person.’ I subsequently found that the house was reported to be haunted by the J——s who formerly lived there.”

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PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM INSTANT DEATH OF MR. WESTON,  
OF OLD SWINFORD, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

The following is communicated to us by a Correspondent :—  
MR. WESTON, of Old Swinford, in Worcestershire, was walking one evening in the summer of 1759 in the park of Lord Lyttleton, of Hagley, and being overtaken by a sudden shower, ran into a grotto, and stood under a spreading oak, under whose shade several cattle were standing. He had not been above ten minutes in that situation before he saw the form of a man passing over the brook, almost close to the shade. Supposing it to be a poor peasant who had long worked for him, he called him by his name, but receiving no answer, and the apparition quickly disappearing, he found his mind much agitated. Regardless of the storm, Mr. Weston withdrew from the place where he had sought an asylum, and ran round a rising hill, in order to discover the form which had presented itself to him. That, however, had not the effect desired, but one, abundantly more salutary than it, it certainly had; for just as he had gained the summit of the hill, on his return to the grotto, a tremendous flash of lightning darted its forked fury on the venerable oak, shivering it to pieces, and killing two of the cattle under its boughs. On his return to Swinford, the death of the labourer was just announced. He attended his funeral, paid the expenses, and settled an annuity on the widow.



## A MOTHER'S VISION.

MY friend Emily, who related to me the following incident, was an orphan, and adopted as a daughter by my father. I have known her from childhood, and have perfect faith in her veracity.

In the last week of July, 1859, her infant, a sweet little girl of fourteen months, had been very ill, but seemed recovering. Emily had laid herself down on her bed to rest, leaving her babe asleep in the nurse's arms. The nurse sat at the foot of the bed, but as there was a high foot-board to it, Emily could not see her when lying down. Satisfied that the baby was out of danger, she composed herself for sleep. Suddenly there stood before her a much-loved friend, Miss Ann G., who had died thirteen years before. She appeared holding Emily's babe in her *left* arm, and lingered as though unwilling to depart. Ann G. in nursing infants used always to carry them in her left arm, whilst on earth. Emily, struck with wonder, was gazing at her, with both hands raised, when she heard a voice saying, "Hasten, her mother will detain her," at which word Ann G. departed quickly, bearing the child with her. Emily rose instantly, exclaiming, "Where is my babe?" and on looking in its face she found its spirit had indeed fled. The nurse and servant were struck with alarm and amazement at Emily's cry. They had noticed a change in the child, but deemed it so slight as to give no cause for disturbing the mother. Emily then went calmly into the adjoining room where her husband was sleeping, and said, "Thomas, Ann G. has been and taken my baby away."

I asked Emily to describe to me the appearance of our mutual and beloved friend Ann G. Her reply was that her spirit was not to be described; that there was no shadow, and she looked beyond description beautiful, whilst the child gazed up into her face in loving dependance.

Ann G. in her life in the world had been unusually fond of children; and, so much so, that although highly educated she used to declare that if ever compelled to leave home and take a situation, she would be a nurse, and not a governess. To Emily she promised, that if ever she was married and had children, she would come any distance to take care of them in case of illness.

A most remarkable incident in connection with this case remains to be told. Some months before, Emily had a dream, in which Ann G. appeared. She seemed to enter a room hastily, and as hastily turn and go out. Emily ran after her, and observed that there was a step down from the room door to the landing. She called cagerly to her friend as she retreated, "Where are you going? Why not stay longer?" Ann G. answered, "I cannot stay now; I will return in a short time."

On recalling this dream, which, although very vivid, Emily had at the time attached no importance or significance to, she discovered that the house in which her babe had died, was the house she had seen in her dream. There was the room, the step to the landing, and the staircase down which Ann G. had glided, precisely as in the vision she had seen, although at the time of its occurrence she had never entered the house in which she then lived, and in which her babe died.

It is probable you are overstocked with experiences of this kind; yet, if you are pleased to make use of this, I can send you one or more relations of similar occurrences in our family.

F. J. T.

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12, Bentinck Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

SIR,—I add my testimony, to that of my daughter, to the *strict veracity* of the mother, whose experience of spirit-vision is recorded, and *I believe in its reality*.

I feel that I am myself near the spirit land; I have been confined to one room for nearly nine months, by angina pectoris, calmly looking daily for *explanation* of this spirit mystery, which our finite minds cannot comprehend in this world of defective education. "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

ROBERT THEOBALD,

(Late publisher, of 26, Paternoster Row).

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### ANECDOTE FROM COLERIDGE.

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A STRANGER came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and enquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, and that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine,

and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:—"My father," said he, "was at Hamburgh on business, and, whilst dining at a coffee house, he observed a young man of a very remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort from the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronized by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburgh. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace; at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companions, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown him."—COLERIDGE. *Table Talk.*

## Notices of Books.

*The British Controversialist.* 1860. Houlston & Wright, Paternoster Row.

THIS publication, as stated on the title page, is "devoted to the impartial and deliberate discussion of important questions in religion, philosophy, history, politics, social economy, etc." This object is mainly worked out by statements *pro* and *con*, of the several subjects considered, as furnished by their respective partisans and opponents. Each side thus has its innings. The plan somewhat reminds us of a newspaper we have read of, called *The Cerberus*, intended to represent equally Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, with three editors, one of each school of politics, so that neither party might have cause to grumble, and the co-operation of all be secured. This clever and ingenious scheme came to grief, mainly we believe through the discovery that the three editors were rolled into one, who most impartially barked for each party in turn; and so *Cerberus* soon got no sop, and had to seek another kennel. We don't mean to insinuate that the *British Controversialist* is a publication of this stamp; no doubt its contributors write in good faith; but we think it would be more satisfactory, and its controversial papers would certainly be more valuable if, instead of being inserted from anonymous contributors, each party was represented only by known, competent, and, if possible, accredited advocates.

"Is Spiritualism True?" is "The Topic" of one of these discussions, and it gives rise to just that confused babble which always takes place when people rush into print knowing little or nothing of the subject, but fully persuaded of their competence to deal with it in a satisfactory manner. First, we have the "affirmative," and then the "negative," argued by a number of contributors on either side. We will take them *seriatim* in the order in which they stand:—

"D. H." refers to the "proof written *à priori* in the human frame of the intense reality of spiritual manifestations—of the fact, that Spiritualism is true." "QUID," is satisfied with remarking that "the believers in Spiritualism have not hesitated to guarantee by the publication of their names, &c., their statements, and their faith. Its opponents have almost entirely shrouded themselves in the strictest, almost Junius-like anonymity." "SPOT" reminds us that "inspiration, genius, seership, premonitions, visions, impressions, &c., are all forms of acknowledged spiritual agency," and he asks, "Why should these be its only forms, and man's acquaintance with the spirit not be like his knowledge of all things else, widened by the procession of the suns?" "Q. E. D." cites examples—Socrates, Homer, Luther, Swedenborg, and quotes George Herbert, that—

"Man is one world,  
And hath another to attend him."

"T. B. D." says that "the apparition, in some form or other, of spiritual agencies to human beings has been for ever a tradition among men; nor is there any feeling so widely diffused as that which teaches us to believe that there are ministering spirits." "SOCRATES," as we might expect from the name, philosophises on the twofold relationship of man's consciousness "to the material and outer world, and to the spiritual world, of which it is the intermediary organ." "G. G." appeals to "the wonders of modern science," which "were in their early day, *à priori* as much matters of hesitance and unbelief, as are now the agencies of the universe of spirits." "L. D. P." quotes *Fichte*, and gives the names "of many well-known persons," as "witnesses that they know and believe the truth;" while the others (unbelievers) can only affirm that they know nothing, and believe little, of the matter."

So far the "affirmative" writers; if they give us little that is new, there is nothing discordant in their several statements. They travel upon well-beaten but parallel lines of thought, and do not come into collision. We cannot say as much for the "negative" writers; to vary our figure, they row in the same boat, but with different sculls, and do not pull all together. It is to be hoped that they are strong swimmers, or that they belong to the class not born to be drowned, as there is every chance that their want of harmony will capsize the craft. We

are somewhat startled with the opening paragraph. "IOTA," is a terrible combatant, quite a "Red Indian of debate," and evidently determined to make short work of it. Here's a frightful tomahawk to flourish over our devoted heads. "To prove anything true, it is indispensable that we should understand the first principles of that which we investigate, the causes of its existence, its various operations, and its final results; and having all these clearly before our minds, we may nearly always judge of the truth or falsehood of any matter that is brought before our attention." Alas for us! If it is indeed *indispensable* to know *first principles, causes of existence, various operations, and final results*; and to have *all these clearly before our minds*, we are afraid that our knowledge will be brought down to zero, and that we shall not have left even an "iota" of belief. The writer indeed suggests that spiritual manifestations are "*the workings of phenomena*, with which we are yet unacquainted, and which may require another Newton to unveil." We are afraid that even "another Newton" could unveil very little under the conditions which "IOTA" would impose upon him. He "believes in the sincerity" of the writer in the *Corahill*, but opines that he was a victim to "the excitement of his brain," as we suppose was also Dr. Gully of Malvern, who was present at the *séance*, and has corroborated his account "in every particular." "J. C." starts off in the easy, bouncing, good-old "I am Sir Oracle" style. "Spiritualism, or spirit-rapping, is *not* true. It is an imposition upon the credulous; used, in most cases, to make money, and in others to create awe. . . . . It will, indeed, be surprising if any one person, after a perusal of these articles (in *Once a Week*), can have any doubt of Spiritualism being an imposture. From first to last, it is a successful cheat, and I sincerely hope that it will soon be universally treated with the contempt it deserves." "J. R. P." considers the discussion of the question "barren and unproductive." The writer of "Stranger than Fiction," having remarked that "ten thousand failures do not disprove a single fact." "J. B. P." shews his logical acumen by reasoning on this, as if the writer had said that in Spiritualism there are "ten thousand attempts for one success." "J. T. K." displays his acquaintance with the subject by informing us that "as long as spiritual manifestations are confined to mahogany movements, little faith can be placed in their reality," and that "these inhabitants of other worlds are unable to communicate any information, except through the medium of raps." "These may be either the result of some hidden law of nature, or perhaps, some peculiar combination of electrical and magnetic influence." "F. T. MILLS," (the only name in this controversy), says "If our friends on the affirmative will answer these questions, I will believe their statements:—1. Did they *themselves* ever see a ghost or spirit? or, Did they ever hear any sound that could not be accounted for naturally—and when? 2. Did they ever see a table move in such a manner, that looking under the table would not furnish the solution? 3. Did they ever hear any musical instrument play of itself, after it had been examined by them, and no machinery found?"

We don't suppose that anyone ever seriously claimed that a musical instrument played "of itself;" if it did, it would not be a spirit manifestation. But apart from this little qualification, if "F. T. MILLS" is so easily satisfied, his conversion will not be a difficult matter. "LUTHER," considers that much of the phenomena can be accounted for by science, and that as the Bible "never represents spirits and the denizens of this earth as holding communication through the medium of tables, nor at the bidding of professional media—Spiritualism is baseless as the fabric of a dream." "T. L. P." writes "So far as Spiritualism refers to the turning of tables, and to the rapping out of direct answers to direct questions, we can give our feeble testimony to its truth and reality. We have more than once seen this result. . . . . Our own theory is, that the motion of the table is produced by the *involuntary* pressure of those whose hands are placed on it." "T." candidly admits, "I have seen little, and read nothing of Spiritualism." Nevertheless, he too has his "own theory," which is: "That the *something*, whatever it may be, which moves tables, proceeds from the bodies or from the minds of those who place their hands upon the tables." "J. W." is indignant:—"I cannot conceive how any man in his senses can believe in the so-called manifestations of Spiritualism. . . . . All these ridiculous per-

formances take place in almost total darkness. . . . . It is simply absurd to fancy that the spirits of the dead can be influenced by the wishes of those on earth; and believers in this doctrine I look upon either as the dupes of some crafty medium, or their own disordered senses. Why not turn the spirits to some practical account in this matter-of-fact age?" "J. J. G." has the simplicity to enquire: "Do these spiritual communications appear to any who disbelieve in them? or, Are they confined to a few who are initiated in the mysteries, and are called media? Has anything ever been discovered by means of the spirits? Has any information ever been communicated on any subject by the rappings?" Finally, a writer, (we presume the editor, as he appends neither name nor initials), brings up the rear. He thus commences, in *ex-cathedra* fashion: "The hypothesis of spiritual manifestations is so flagrantly at variance with the present order of things, that it must necessarily be false in principle, therefore, deceptive in result." This is concise, if not conclusive; but we would humbly suggest that the putting two propositions together with "it must necessarily" in between, does not constitute an irrefutable syllogism; nor do "reasons" founded upon "if" and "we say" (abundantly sprinkled throughout the rest of the article) make a very formidable, though we confess it is a very popular logic. These "negative" utterances are "voices from the crowd," they represent the average mind, and are so far useful that they enable us to gauge its ignorance and its prejudices. Better that they should thus bubble up to the surface than that we should be unaware of their existence.

*Lectures on the Apocalypse; or, Book of Revelations of St. John the Divine.* By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A., Incumbent of St. Peter's, Vere Street. Macmillan.

It is not our purpose formally to review this volume of Lectures. Theological criticism scarcely falls within our province. But as the Apocalypse purports to unfold the relation between the visible and invisible world, it must have a peculiar interest for the Christian Spiritualist; therefore we gladly invite attention to a profound and worthy exposition of this celebrated drama. The characteristic of Mr. Maurice's Commentary consists in his endeavour to discover the nature of those eternal laws of Divine Providence which are unfolded in the Book of Revelation. He does not confine the fulfilment of these laws to any particular dates and occurrences, but seeks to point out their operation in all events and in every epoch in the history of the world. This object imparts a freshness, life, and practical interest to his work, which happily distinguish it from many other Commentaries on the Apocalypse. Our space will not allow us to make any more general observations on this valuable contribution to theological thought, as we wish to indulge our readers with an extract illustrating Mr. Maurice's idea of the Millennium, and of the influence of the departed on their brethren upon earth. He is commenting on Revelation xx. 4—6.

"Surely, if one takes these words as they stand they do not describe a descent of Christ to the earth, but an ascent of them who had been beheaded for the witness of Christ, to reign with him. \* \* \* It seems to me that the passage before us not only becomes more consistent with the rest of this book, and of the New Testament generally, if we understand it, of the ages during which the Gospel was establishing itself in the different parts of the Roman empire, but that by understanding it so, the difficulty which has perplexed so many minds about the connexion between the future state of each man after death, and the future state of the world at large, is removed; and a brilliant light thrown upon both.

"That a vision of the souls who *were beheaded for the witness of Christ* must refer to those who have died, not to those who escape death, no one can dispute. What, then, would it appear to tell us? That these witnesses of Christ who had cared so much for the earth when they dwelt upon it—who had laboured to do it good, and apparently had laboured in vain—who had told it of its true king, and of its revolt to a usurper—should, when they were no more seen, exercise an

influence over it which had been denied them before, should work as the efficient servants of Him who had given up His life for the redemption of the world, this is their high reward, exactly that reward which our Lord held out to them in His parable. He that had used the pound well, and had made it five pounds, was to have dominion over five cities. He that used the two well, and made them other two was to have dominion over two cities. \* \* \*

“‘This,’ we are told, ‘is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy are they that have part in it.’ Who, then, are they that have part in it? We have heard the definition of them. It is surely one that does not *exclude* the first ages of the Christian Church. Our first and most natural thought might be that it had special reference to the times when men were *beheaded for the testimony of Jesus*. Suppose, then, we considered what actually took place upon the earth in the centuries which followed that in which the Apostles lived. That idea of self-sacrifice which runs counter to every inclination and tendency of every human mind, enthrones itself in human minds as the effective principle, as that which can accomplish what no other accomplishes. The cross does in some marvellous way obtain a recognition from the emperors and kings who appear as if they did think, and must think it to be the most contemptible of all signs. How do they come to feel its power? By trying their swords against it; by seeing whether swords and stakes will not extinguish the confession of it. Those ages, therefore, exactly answer to the first part of the description in this chapter. No decrees of monarchs, no acts of priests will explain the alteration which is taking effect. It is a change at the very heart of society. The demon is forced to let go the hold over minds and spirits that had recognized him. The new life of the thousand years affects government, education, manners, the cultivation of the soil. But it proceeds silently, mysteriously, in defiance of all appearances. You must study it by the lapse of centuries to know how complete it is. You must see how the overthrow of one established corruption after another attests the permanence of the spiritual rule under which the earth has been brought. \* \* \* And what is the character of that spiritual rule? There is nothing, we sometimes say, more delusive than the dream of posthumous fame. The assertion is well founded, for every selfish anticipation is full of delusion. But is there anything more real, more undoubted, than posthumous influence? May it not be a very great help to us in studying the facts of the world’s history, if we suppose, that the dominion of the departed over the condition and destiny of the earth is associated by a Divine and Providential link with the dominion of Him who was the first-born from the dead—the head of many brethren? Blessed and holy, indeed, if this be so, is the first resurrection, and they who partake of it. One death they have passed through in the dear might of Him whom that death could not hold. The second death—the death which overtakes the self-seeker has no power over them, as it had none over Him. His Spirit bore witness with their spirits that they were sons of God, and therefore that their life in one world or another was to be spent in the service of men. And have they not been joined by all to whom the same Spirit has taught the same lesson? Do we not know what their occupations must be? Most truly the occupations of heavenly creatures, because devoted to the succour and comforting of those who are walking, and often missing their way, upon earth. A light falls upon a page of a book—some one seems as if he were showing you the true sense of it. Why not he who wrote it? he who perhaps understood his own words but imperfectly when he set them down, but has learned the signification of them since. A room brings back the memory of faces that were once seen, of voices that were once heard in it—why not those faces be looking at us; those voices be giving to us reproofs and consolations? If we thought so, we should care little for mock messages from the departed; the real would be infinitely precious and awful. If we thought so, we should indeed feel that the reign of the spirits is not ended yet; though perhaps a higher reign than theirs may have been revealed to us.”

S. E. B.

## Correspondence.

### MY BROTHER'S GHOST.

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

SIR,—To be thought superstitious, or a believer in apparitions, is a reputation which no one is anxious to obtain. It is, however, impossible to deny the existence of well-established facts,—more especially when the attendant circumstances do not admit of an explanation, on the supposition of deception, falsehood, morbid imagination, or hallucination. I have never—so far as my own personal experience is concerned—had any manifestation which was necessarily the influence of a disembodied spirit.

Some twenty years since, I devoted much time to the investigation of mesmerism in its varied phases of "mental transfer," "embodiment of thought," "induced mental hallucination," "phreno-mesmerism," "clairvoyance." These phenomena are so truly wonderful in themselves, that when I heard of the development of the "spiritual manifestations,"—from the period of the Misses Fox, and from the experience of others of high reputation,—it did not create in my mind any surprise. I have attempted to explain all the varied phenomena on a material hypothesis—that the nervous agency or force obeyed its own inherent laws—which, though unknown to man, under favourable circumstances, developed the varied vital phenomena. Since 1845, my mind has been devoted to the practical sciences of electricity, chemistry, engineering, mining, &c. These tended to confirm my ideas that all things were merely different states of materiality.

The object, however, of this communication has reference to some extraordinary circumstances associated with the death of my brother Joseph. On January 3rd, 1856, he being in command of the steamer "Alice," on the Mississippi, just above New Orleans, came in collision with another steamer. The concussion caused the flagstaff or pole to fall with great violence, which, coming in contact with my brother's head, actually divided the skull, causing, of necessity, instant death. In October, 1857, I visited the United States. When at my father's residence, Camden, New Jersey, the melancholy death of my brother became the subject of conversation, when my mother narrated to me that at the very time of the accident, the apparition of my brother Joseph was presented to her. This fact was corroborated by my father and four sisters. Camden, New Jersey, is distant from the scene of the accident, in a direct line, over one thousand miles, and nearly double that distance by the mail route. My mother mentioned the fact of the apparition on the morning of the 4th of January to my father and sisters; nor was it until the



16th, or thirteen days after, that a letter was received confirming in every particular the extraordinary visitation. It will be important to mention that my brother William and his wife lived near the locality of the dreadful accident, now being in Philadelphia; they have also corroborated to me the details of the impression produced on my mother.

Having the last year become much interested in the "spiritual manifestations"—so called—some of the phenomena presented to me are extraordinary, and I have observed them under circumstances which preclude the possibility of doubting the facts, without admitting or denying their spiritual origin. To tax my senses with deception, when hourly experience proves their truthfulness, would be, indeed, absurd. In writing to my mother lately, I incidentally mentioned some of these "spiritual manifestations," and stated to her that I believed in their reality as facts. This elicited the following, which I extract from a letter received this day:—

"Camden, New Jersey, United States,

"March 27th, 1861.

"My Beloved Son,—I received yours of the 7th inst. yesterday, for which I had been anxiously waiting. \* \* \* I was perfectly surprised to hear that you were a believer in Spiritualism. Let it not take hold of you too much—be moderate in your views; not that I am a total disbeliever, for I fully believe, and always have, that the spirits of our departed friends are hovering about us, and protecting us from evil. There are, certainly, curious things happen, which I cannot explain; for instance, the apparition of my dear Joseph. I suppose that when life was leaving him, his thoughts were on me. On the 3rd of January, 1856, I did not feel well, and retired to bed early. Some time after, I felt uneasy and sat up in bed; I looked round the room, and, to my utter amazement, saw Joseph standing at the door, looking at me with great earnestness, HIS HEAD BANDAGED UP, a dirty night-cap on, and a dirty white garment on, something like a surplice. HE WAS MUCH DISFIGURED ABOUT THE EYES AND FACE. It made me quite uncomfortable the rest of the night. The next morning, Mary came into my room early. I told her that I was sure I was going to have bad news from Joseph. I told all the family at the breakfast-table; they replied, "It was only a dream, and all nonsense," but that did not change my opinion. It preyed on my mind, and on the 16th of January I received the news of his death, and singular to say, that both William and his wife, who were there, say that he was exactly attired as I saw him. So much for departed spirits. \* \* Your ever affectionate Mother,

"ANNE E. COLLYER."

It will no doubt be said that my mother's imagination was in a morbid state, but this will not account for the fact of the apparition of my brother presenting himself at the exact moment of his death. My mother had never seen him attired as described, *and the bandaging of the head* did not take place until some hours after the accident. My brother William told me that his head was nearly cut in two by the blow, and that his face was dreadfully disfigured, and the night-dress much soiled.

On some future occasion, it is my intention to furnish you with some interesting investigations in connection with this intensely interesting subject. I cannot wonder that others should be sceptical, as the evidences I have had could not have been received on the testimony of others; we must, therefore, be charitable towards the incredulous. I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

ROBERT H. COLLYER, M.D., F.C.S., &c.

Beta House, 8, Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.,  
April 15th, 1861.

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

February 4th.

SIR,—A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of an unexpected visit from my friend, Madame Louise Besson, the medium and clairvoyante. There were beside her present, only myself and sister, and Mr. B——, an American friend. While sitting at the tea-table, more intent on creature-comforts than spiritual communion, we were a little surprised at hearing several very distinct raps on the table. Inquiring if any spirit-friends were present who wished to communicate with us in the course of the evening, we were answered in the affirmative; and a few other questions were also answered, both by the raps and by movements of the table (a heavy one, four feet in diameter). After tea, mentioning that my sister had seen in a crystal in my possession a face that she at once recognised as that of her mother, and also a face which she did not recognise, I took down the crystal from the shelf, and handed it to Madame Besson; both she and my sister looking in it, saw at the same moment, what at first seemed like a cloud, but which in a minute or two becoming clearer, appeared to them very distinctly as the face of a venerable old man, the hair quite white and parted in the centre, the top of the head bald, the eyes large and black, with dark eyebrows; the face though well defined appearing very small. Remembering that my friend, Mr. Hockley, (who has had, perhaps, more experience with the crystal than any other man in England) had told me that on one occasion in looking into a mirror, kept by him for the purpose of spiritual communion, his seeress had seen a scroll with characters inscribed on it, but so exceedingly minute that she could not distinguish them till, on looking through a powerful magnifying glass, she was enabled to read them, I gave them an old-fashioned reading glass. They declared that under it the face in the crystal appeared larger and more distinct, just as reading would have done. The ladies and I were at a loss to think whose appearance it was, as we could not call to mind any one corresponding to it; but Mr. B—— assured us that the description given was an exact description of his grandfather, who, at *seances* attended by him, had always represented himself as his spirit-guardian. A female face, and the entire figure of some young children were also seen, though not quite so distinctly as that of the first face seen.

The crystal having been replaced, Madame Besson passed into the trance state, and addressed Mr. B—— as his grandfather, saying how happy he was that he could thus appear in the crystal and be so readily identified, and proceeded to counsel him, especially in relation to certain circumstances in which he was then placed. The female face in the crystal, he was told was his wife's; (the children were Madame Besson's). Then taking the hand of myself and sister,

and addressing me by the abbreviation of my Christian name by which my mother usually spoke to me, she addressed us as our mother; and then spoke to us as from a sister, also in the spirit-world. On partially coming out of the trance, she saw the figure of an old man at the further end of the room; and, passing deeper into the state, a conversation appeared to ensue between them in the deaf and dumb language, and also by writing, the medium writing on her left arm and hand with the forefinger of her right hand, though too rapidly for us to trace the characters so formed; then suddenly rising, she went to the other end of the room, where she seemed to see the figure, when a further colloquy appeared to ensue with the most lively and dramatic action and gesture. The (to us) invisible figure appeared to be speaking of money, in a way very distasteful to her; suddenly she broke away in distress, and, as if addressing another spirit, she fell on her knees exclaiming, "O, my mother, I am so happy you have come! Speak to him—tell him to go away." Then turning, as if to face her former respondent, she addressed him, as from her mother, in grave language, telling him to think no more of money, or of earth, but of higher things, and to lift his soul to God in prayer. She then said, "He is gone." Next, her children seemed to appear; and she stretched forward as if to embrace them, and with passionate entreaty begged that she might go with them. Then she appeared to be soothed, and after kneeling, as if to receive the maternal benediction, and offering a prayer, she returned in a few minutes to her normal state, unconscious of what had transpired. On telling her about the old man, she said it was a relative—a rich miserly old man, who in childhood had not treated her well. After his death a considerable amount of money was found buried in his cellar.

Such is a brief, unadorned account of one of the most remarkable *séances* at which I have been present. Your readers will probably agree with me that it presents some "materials for thinking." I have attended other *séances*, at Madame Besson's residence, 49, King Street, Soho, equally interesting.

Yours, &c., S.

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

33, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.

SIR,—For a long time I have silently watched the progress of what I may term the *Spiritual* question, and (to be as brief as possible) the result is, that I am quite convinced of the *reality* of the *facts* to which you appeal—just as I was, from mere comparison of testimony, long ago, of the *facts* to which the Meamerists, Zoists, &c., appeal. In both cases, without having ever witnessed *one* phenomenon—I have *avoided* this—I have *not* seen, but *believe without seeing*. I believe in the real existence of spirits—intra and ultra mundane—of the living and of the dead or departed—good and bad spirits. But I also believe that God is a Spirit, and that He sent *His Son* (born of woman) who died, and now lives, and *is* the *Lord and Ruler of Spirits*. Now, it is because I am *doubtful* how far the current Spiritual experimenters acknowledge this Lordship and submit to it, that I never yet *would* do more than observe, hear, and judge—I *would not* touch the thing itself.

You know the view of the Catholic Apostolic (*vulgo* Irvingite) people—but they are not all of one mind, *some* of them, I think, err as *you say* they do, in thinking too lightly of the good there *may* be, and must be *without* their own circle.

On the other hand, you *seem* to me to err, as *they say* you do, in not fully subjecting your sayings and doings to the rule of Christ, the Lord of the spirit-world. *He* (Christ) lives and rules, and must have his administrators of rule somewhere on this earth. Where? and how? Here, in England, and by the *Apostles* of the Catholic Apostolics—or, where, and by whom does he administer rule. What say you to this? In what relation do you stand to Christ, and *where* do you find Him *on earth*? If you will favor me with your view on *this* point I should be much obliged; for I feel the deepest interest in the matter, and, having been thirty years thinking and reading on it, do not *fear* to fight on the right side.

Also, to sum up my *attitude* towards your cause:—

1.—I fully approve of every word of the article on Rev. B. Powell in the present April Number—it is *most excellent*.

2.—Reading at p. 181, what Judge Edmonds says, "It will not be right to give it (Spiritualism) *any form* (Christian, Mahommedan, or Buddhist)," I must

say, Mohammed is *not*, Buddha (or *Gaudama*) is *not*, but Christ is Lord of spirits and of the spirit world, and therefore the men who acknowledge Him—i. e. Christians—must give their acts and words *this* "form," and NO OTHER.

You are well versed in the matter—I a novice; therefore I beg as a favour that you will explain to me how you vindicate your cause on this ground. How do you show that it is really all submission to Christ? For, on one point, my own mind is fully made up—what Christ does not authorize is evil—what he does sanction is good. His Lordship, His anointing, His Christhood (to coin a term), is nothing, if it be not the exclusive control of all spiritual functions among His own disciples and members of his *own body*. How is He a Head, if He governs not the movements of His limbs (members).

My desire is to obtain from your kindness a *private* answer to this, a *private* communication—but if, in your discretion, you should think it in any way profitable to others to print my enquiry, and your answer, I do not object; for, as you see, though I am a Doctor of Medicine, and of the order *reputed most sceptical*, I can believe *without seeing*; and I wish to further the cause of truth, by asking you to put *your best interpretation* on the facts which I acknowledge.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your humble servant,

April, 1861.

W. T. COLEMAN, M.D.

[We gladly publish Dr. Coleman's letter, not only because of its earnest, kindly tone, but because it raises again the old question of *cui bono* in a new form, giving it this time, perhaps, even a narrower meaning than is usual with those who have been in the habit of asking it. We have another letter from a gentleman at Newcastle on the same subject, taking for his text Judge Edmonds's article on organisation, in our last number, with which he quarrels because the Judge does not insist for Spiritualism, that it should have been a warm Wesleyan organisation. His letter, however, is in rather a dogmatic tone.

The opinion which both writers wish to express is this—that Spiritualism, as they understand it, namely, the physical phenomena of it, and the messages which purport to be given from the spirit-world by mediums, ought all to be in the name and in the full acknowledgment of Christ the Lord of all spirits. If they are not so, then that they are evil and to be avoided.

It should be enough to refer to the motto on the cover of the Magazine to show that the notion of Spiritualism, involved in this question, is too narrow, and certainly, in conducting the Magazine, we have endeavoured to give a much wider scope to spiritual philosophy and facts, than this would imply. We look on all facts as being of extreme value, and the facts at the base of Spiritualism, have been found of inestimable service in convicting sceptics, of their want of knowledge of the existence of spirit, and of its supremacy over, and relations with, matter. Assume that these phenomenal phases are produced by low or by evil spirits who deny Christ, and that in messages through many mediums also, Christ is denied. Still the phenomena remain, and the fact of spiritual communion is untouched. Those facts alone, whether they come from good or from bad angels, are enough to revolutionize all the religious and scientific thought of the age, *and they*

*are already beginning to do it.* Greater discoveries await the inquirer into the laws of these despised facts, than those which have placed Newton on the pedestal of physical science. So if only in the interest of science or knowing, why should we, when any spiritual inquirer brings us a new discovery, ask him as a preliminary whether or not he believes in the Divine humanity of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and if he do not, then reject his facts and all he could tell us. We personally avow in all humility our full belief in the Divinity of the One Lord Christ Jesus, but we know many, who are more estimable than we, who have not been able to arrive at this belief. In our dealings with them in the world we do not therefore deny all they say, nor refuse even to be taught by them in matters of their special study. All this is only another way of saying that facts are facts, whatever people may think of them, and, in our opinion, it would not be more unwise to insist that Paradise Lost is not a true poem, because it was written by an Unitarian, or that the laws of gravitation were no laws at all, because Newton was unsound upon some points of theology.

We prefer to seek truth wherever and under whatever circumstances we can find it; and we believe that it exists in large proportions in every human being, though often much refracted and prismatic. The insisting that all shall think as we do, even on the great pivotal question of Christology, would cut us off from many of our most learned and most valued friends. Much less then in advocating an inquiry so catholic and actual as Spiritualism, would we erect at its entrance a narrow portal in the shape of a creed, be it Wesleyan, Irvingite, Evangelical, Roman, Mormon, or Mahomedan. If Spiritualism be what we think it is, it is large enough to embrace all these and every other form of religious thought; and, when we find that it is not, we will leave it for some larger thing.

It is, therefore, nothing but good to us, to be told that among the believers in the facts of Spiritualism, and the inquirers into its philosophy, are many of differing modes of thought. Thrice welcome are those, for thrice happy are they, who have seen the need of a Saviour, and have thereby found *Him*, but we welcome also those who have not this blessed knowledge. We want no organisation which shall culminate in a hierarchy, and no creed which shall exclude a single soul from brotherhood and studentship. We want help from all sides, and, though we have strong beliefs of our own, we prefer to let them speak for themselves rather than to force them upon others as an excluding test.

It may be that Christ has many children who have not come to know him yet. Meantime, we will work with them as brothers, and see what comes of it.—ED.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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[No. 6.

## SPIRIT KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS.

By the Author of "Death and Resurrection."

As a foundation for the theory of spiritual communications in a former article,\* I gave at page 126 of this volume of the Magazine, the statements of several clear-seers, on the spirit and soul of man, the process of death, and the evolution of the spiritual body. As many of the narrators were uneducated persons, ignorant even of the descriptions given by seers of their own time, they will not be suspected of having framed a coherent system from the remains of ancient philosophies. But notwithstanding this, a comparison of the doctrines of the oldest Eastern nations, the Jewish cabbala, and the Greek and Gnostic philosophers, will give us a series of statements almost identical with the revelations of modern seership. A few thoughts on the manner in which the religious education of the world, or the process of bringing all His children to Himself, has been carried on by our Heavenly Father, may help us to account for the seeming mixture of wisdom and ignorance in the spiritual systems of early times.

Every nation must go through the course of spiritual education best adapted to its own wants and peculiarities. The higher and more prominent minds of any period are chosen as the recipients and communicants of truth, by their invisible teachers, who again receive and transmit the highest knowledge from angelic sources; thus all receiving, in forms modified by the medium through which it passes, the ray of divine light from the first fountain. But, as was said before, and must be borne in mind, *every impression from the higher world comes clothed in the language or the image with which the brain of the prophet is familiar*, and thus the inspired teaching of the highest mind at any one time cannot deal with truths of nature or of science, greatly beyond the degree of knowledge to which the world has attained. We find, therefore, that the human element in all inspiration will be subject to two conditions—first, the individual character of

\* Vide "The Credulity of Unbelief," *Spiritual Magazine*, p. 8, 1861.

the inspired prophet or seer; and, secondly, the degree of advance in general knowledge made by his nation at the time of utterance. These conditions must be remembered in our retrospect of the world's religious history. And it will be found that two periods or states have alternated from the early teaching of our first fathers, to the half-knowing, half-doubting rationalism of our own time.

The first of these states or periods is that in which the external universe, with its infinity of objects, is allowed to make its impressions on the minds of men, as in the infancy of an individual the young senses are awake, and learning the names, forms, colours, &c. of objects. This is the time when Adam names the animals and plants of Paradise. The second state of the man or nation is that in which the internal sense is opened, and the knowledge gained during the first period is used as the material from whence is taken imagery for the corresponding spiritual truths. This last is the inspired age, or rather one of the inspired ages, of a man or nation. It is evident that it must be preceded by a time of external mental acquirement, and also that as the accumulation of science goes on during the age of revelation, the last, conveyed in natural symbols, will only retain its power as long as these symbols form a part of real science. As soon as they become obsolete, or are superseded by a deeper insight into nature, their spiritual meaning will be lost, and the outward symbol alone remaining with the ignorant, an age of mixed scepticism and superstition ensues, to last until the minds of the perceptive but presumptuous learners are found fit for a new influx of spiritual truth.

In this way from the very beginning have natural science and spiritual truth alternated, forming the ebb and flow of a wave from the holy source of all life. These *waves* or undulations of spirit seem to correspond to the undulations of light and sound, to the pulses of the heart, the breathings of the lungs, and the other regular and periodic influxes of power by which all nature is sustained and vivified. The great consummation of the last age, I write in all reverence, was the coming of our Lord upon earth, the Word made flesh, the complete union of divinity with *perfect* human nature. The consummation of the next age, will be that glorious second coming, when our spiritual eyes being opened, we shall behold him in the spirit. And for this we were taught by Him to pray, because prayer is the means of its own fulfilment, forming a pure channel through which the living water flows into and purifies the soul.

I must recur again to this idea of "the age," because it is found in many ancient writings. The original words *æon*, *æonum*, *æon*, having long been the subject of controversy among

the translators of Scripture and the interpreters of Greek philosophy.

It is evident that what we call a *law*, or rather a very simple form of spiritual teaching, does not necessarily emanate from a *bad* source. It will be as exalted as the brain of the person transmitting it can receive, and only its tendency, and its advance upon former religious beliefs, can furnish a test of its origin. Wherever the teaching has been given *in correspondence*, the outward sign, or exoteric meaning only, would be given to the untaught, while the internal truth formed the esoteric learning of the initiated. How much of the mystery kept up on these subjects by the priests may have been due to their love of wealth and power, and how much to a fear of disorderly communications cannot now be known. It is possible that a well-meant caution might be the original motive for secrecy, and priestly avarice and ambition might only take the place of conscience, as the internal truth was lost, and its outward symbol put in its place.

These remarks seemed naturally to precede a comparison between ancient and modern spirit-knowledge. They may help us to ascertain the degree of mental progress of a nation by the class of types and figures employed in their early sacred writings. And possibly to assign their respective places, in our own time, to the High Churchism, Low Churchism, German Rationalism and Neology, "Essays and Reviews," and all the varieties of belief, doubt, and enquiry, which mark the junction of a period of mental acquisition with one of spiritual enlightenment.

The following sketches are substantially and for the most part taken from *Brücker's Historia Critica Philosophiæ*. The short space of a magazine article will not admit of my giving notes of reference to each separate statement, every one of which indeed is familiar to the readers of ancient history. My aim in collecting them here is to show their similarity with each other and in principle with modern spirit-teaching.

The earliest religious belief of which any traces remain to us apart from Holy Writ, is that of the Chaldeans, whose theogony contained much in common with that of the Persians, Egyptians, and other early Eastern nations. "They believed in One God, the parent and Ruler of all, the fountain of all spirits (*omnium spiritum*), whose essence is like a soul diffused through every part of the universe. Thus all creation (*universus*) is filled with spirits, and the higher the portions of the universe the higher and nobler are its spirit guardians (*præsides*), who are given off from the divine universal soul. These are divided in order of dignity into separate classes, *God's Dæmons, Heroes*, the first being gods of certain zones (*qy. spheres?*), the others who are angels or dæmons, not restricted to any. This belief is



said by the historian to be the origin of all religious worship, even that which consisted in paying honour to the memory of the dead, though all degenerated into idolatry, as the worship due to God was given to these spirits."

It seems plain that the highest order, who are termed gods of certain zones, are what we should now call angels: risen and glorified spirits. The only apparent distinction between heroes and dæmons, is that those spirits called *Heroes* were great and renowned during their life on earth. The word *Dæmon* seems to be a generic term for a spirit, and must not be understood necessarily to mean an *evil* spirit. It may be either a watchful benignant guardian, as in the case of Socrates, or as in the instances given in the New Testament and wrongly translated *Devils*, spirits of a base malignant nature, whose affinity for earth led them to take possession of some weak or diseased human being. "The ancient Eastern nations in general believed in the existence of evil spirits, *clothed in a vehicle of grosser matter*; and in opposing and subduing these the power of their incantations was supposed to consist." Here again is a statement precisely identical with that of modern seers,\* who describe the spirits nearest to earth as gathering to themselves a denser covering of the nerve-spirit, and as thus enabled to produce sounds and to act in other ways upon matter.

It would require great research in a field hitherto unexplored, to trace in detail the connexion between the symbolism of the ancient nations and their spiritual belief. Perhaps the astronomy of the Chaldeans, on which their exoteric religion was founded, kept their symbolism from the more material forms of earth: but it is certain, as stated by the ancient historians,† that "instead of giving instruction *directly*, they conveyed their knowledge under the form of symbols, which they always retained the power to modify.

"Though the ancient Persians are said, like the Chaldeans, to have worshipped the sun, it has been held doubtful by the best authorities, whether their adoration was paid to him as the Supreme God, or only as the visible symbol of the Divine." Surely the law of symbolic or correspondential worship before laid down, would prevail in their case as in that of other nations. The untaught would worship the visible symbol, while the initiated knew, as Swedenborg has since taught, that the sun of the world is the most perfect *correspondence* of the spiritual sun, gathering into focus, and again pouring forth streams of vitality upon external nature. Fire, too, was a symbol of a lower degree. To this day the Parsees in India keep a fire of sandal-wood

\* *Vide* "Death and Resurrection," *Spiritual Magazine*, March 1, 1861.

† Diodorus and Ensebius.

burning incessantly in their temples, and boast that it has never been extinguished since their expulsion from their own land. There is reason to believe that the "pure fire" or "light" adored by the early Eastern nations was not the simple element of fire, but rather the wondrous vital ether, the essence of life, whose rays, in all their modifications, produce light, heat, and all the other effects of creation.\* This acting on matter was probably the *soul of the world* of the Orientals and of Plato. "The Persians of the time of Zoroaster identified with their good principle, light, spirit, life; with the evil principle, darkness, matter and death. *Through the Divine mediation*, they believed that the good would ultimately conquer." Zoroaster says: † "The time is coming when Ahriman (the evil principle) shall be entirely destroyed, when the earth shall become a perfect plain, one language shall be spoken, and men shall live together in happiness, neither requiring food, nor casting a shadow."

This doctrine, resembling that of the millennium, was almost inseparable from the teaching of Zoroaster concerning spirit and matter. He taught with the Chaldeans: "That various orders of spiritual beings emanate from the first fountain, which become less perfect as they recede from their original source. That the soul of man is a spark of divine light, ‡ immortal, and destined to return to its original source. That matter, being the emanation farthest from God, becomes thick and lifeless, and is thus the cause of evil; but in the conquest of good over evil it will be refined and spiritualized."

Here we find Swedenborg's doctrine: "*By the Divine mediation*," i. e. by the descent, as Swedenborg expresses it, of the Word into ultimates, the glorification of the Lord's humanity was accomplished, the conquest of life and good over death and evil achieved, and Heaven opened to all those souls who unite themselves to Him. This last doctrine stands out even more prominently in the Jewish Cabbala.

It is said by the historian of the Persian Magi that even before the time of Zoroaster, their rites consisted in interpreting dreams, and in the practice of divination and prophecy, "*they pretending that the gods appear to them.*" It will be seen that there is one marked difference between the doctrines of the ancients as above described, and that of Swedenborg. In the revelations of the Swedish seer it is very positively asserted that

\* It has been lately asserted, and to some extent proved, that this primal element was the object of the Rosicrucian worship. Vide *Curious Things*, by Hargrave Jennings. London: 1861.

† Plutarch.

‡ I once asked a very young clear-seer: "What are our souls?" The answer was, "Our spirits are in a form like our bodies, the soul is a *very bright spark.*"

every angel however glorious, has originally been in a human form upon some earth. In the early Eastern systems we read of gods and higher spirits subsisting by emanation from the first fountain, and by their very nature far above matter. Many seers since the time of Swedenborg have declared their perception of higher angelic natures born in a sphere above that of mortals. We have as much to learn of the new spirit-teaching as we have of the real meaning of the ancient philosophies.

We now come to the early belief of the Jews, in whose curious half-forgotten traditions and ill-understood phraseology will be found a mine of wealth for the searcher after spirit-knowledge.

There were among the Jews, before the coming of our Lord, four distinct sects in religion, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Essenes, and the Karaites. All these, with the exception of the Sadducees, believed in the future state of the soul of man. The doctrines of the Pharisees are well known. The *Karaites*, or *Scripturists*, were a sect who, it is said, introduced the allegorical interpretation of the law. The *Essenes* appear to have had more of immediate spirit-intercourse than any of the others. One division of this sect is distinguished by *Philo* by the name of *Therapeutae*, or healers. We find this word, *healer*, in its Hebrew form *repha*, applied to one class of prophets. The prophets were, like the apostles, *healers*; and they healed by that spiritual power, which we now vaguely call mesmerism or magnetism.

"I thought," says Naaman, "he (Elishah) will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike\* his hand over the place, and recover the leper." 2 Kings, chap. 5, v. 11. In the name of the Archangel Raphael, we have the same word, the name implying the divine healing power, and probably belonging to a glorious society of angels, or *seraphs*—for in *seraph* the word again appears, with the common inflexion of the initial letter. Of this last an example is found in the healing serpent, the *brazen* serpent of the wilderness, which, however, in the Hebrew, is a *seraph* serpent, a type of the glory which was to arise for the healing of the nations. But the spiritual phraseology of the Old Testament requires, as we believe it will hereafter receive, the reverent attention of the most learned critics, to fathom its wonderfully systematized knowledge. In the partly grotesque and fanciful, partly allegorical, yet marvellous system, called the Jewish Cabbala, we find a philosophy whose origin cannot be traced, but which is supposed to be extremely ancient, and to have been modified at

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\* Or, move up and down.

different times, by the incorporation of doctrines gathered from the East, from Egypt, and from Greece.

The following, taken in substance from *Enfield's Philosophy*, is a tolerably faithful version of Brücker's longer and more detailed description:—

The origin of this system (the Cabbala) is uncertain, but it is of extreme antiquity. During the prophetic ages, the secret doctrines probably consisted only in a simple explanation of divine truth, under the form of symbols; afterwards, from the gradual incorporation of other philosophies, amid great confusion and perplexity, the Cabbala arose. Its chief heads are these:—

The Being from whom all things proceed is a Spirit, having within itself the principles of life and motion, existing by the necessity of its nature, and filling the immensity of space. This Spirit is En-soph, the Infinite Deity. The world is a permanent emanation from Him, in which his attributes and properties are variously modified. The nearer any emanation is to the First Fountain, the more perfect and divine is its nature, and the reverse. Before the creation of the world, all space was filled with the Or ha Ensof, or infinite intellectual\* light. But when the volition for the production of nature was formed in the Divine Mind, the Eternal Light withdrew itself to an equal distance in every direction from a certain point, and thus left a spherical portion of empty space as a field for the work of emanation by which all things were to be produced. In this space, there were still, however, some traces left of the Divine Essence, which were to become the receptacle of rays sent forth from the first fountain, as the basis of future worlds. From a certain part of the concavity of Infinite Light, which surrounded the opaque sphere, the energy of emanation was first exerted, and rays were sent forth in right lines into the dark abyss. This beam was united to the concave of light, and was directed into the centre of the opaque sphere. From this channel streams of light flowed at different distances from the centre, and formed distinct circles of light, separated from each other by portions of dark or empty space. Of these ten were produced, called *Sephiroth*, splendours, or *spheres*.

The beam of light, which is the first emanation, and is itself the source of all other emanations, is called ADAM KADMON, the *First Man*, or, the *Son of God*. The ten sephiroth are subordinate to Adam Kadmon, and are sources of Divine light and life to inferior beings. They are *media*, through which the Deity produces whatever exists.

The first Infinite Source of Being is the Ensophic world; after which, as above described, four worlds are produced by the law of emanation, the superior being the immediate source of the inferior. These are:—1. The world of emanation, including the sephiroth. 2. The world of creation, containing spiritual natures derived from the sephiroth. 3. The world of forms, composed of substantial natures derived from the superior spirits, and animating and informing ethereal vehicles. 4. The material and visible world, comprehending all those substances which are capable of motion, composition, division, and dissolution. The last and most distant production of the Divine energy is matter, which is produced when the Divine light becomes so attenuated as to be lost in darkness, leaving only an opaque substance† (carbo ignis divinæ), one degree above nonentity. Matter has no independent existence, but is merely a modification of the emanative energy of the Divine Nature.

The first order of emanative beings are called Parzuphim, persons, to denote their real existence. The second are Thrones, implying their power over the angels who inhabit the third world. The fourth, or material world, is the region of evil spirits, called Klipboth, the dregs of emanation. *Spirits of all orders have a material vehicle, less pure and subtle in proportion to their distance from En-*

\* "Intellectual," here, seems to be used in Plato's sense, or as the word "wisdom" in Scripture. It has a more purely spiritual meaning than our word *intellect*.

† All spirits say that material objects appear to them as shadows.

*Soph, and this vehicle is of the nature of the world next below that to which they belong.* Those of the two lower worlds animate aerial vehicles, capable of impression from corporeal objects, and in many ways requiring renovation. The human soul, proceeding by emanation from the Deity, is an incorporeal substance of the same nature with the divine intellect. Being united with the body, one complex nature is produced endued with reason, and capable of action. The human soul\* consists of four parts—Nephesh, or the principle of vitality; Ruach, or the principle of motion (in the 1st chapter of Genesis, v. 2., translated spirit); Neschamah, or the power of intelligence, and Jechidah, a divine principle, by means of which it contemplates superior intelligence, and even ascends to the Ensophic world. Every human soul has two guardian angels, produced by emanation at the time of the production of souls. The mind of man is united to the Divine mind, as the radius of a circle to its centre. The souls of good men ascend above the mansion of the angels, and are delighted with the vision of the first light which illuminates all worlds.

Here again, in the early Jewish teaching, we find the doctrine of the Mediator, "THE WORD made flesh." And to this doctrine of *Adam Kadmon*, or the *Eastern* (or first) man, the LOGOS of Plato, by whom the ages were made, a reference is made by St. John in the first chapter of his Gospel, and by St. Paul in the Epistles of the Romans and the Corinthians.

The word Sefhiroth may be translated "Spheres." It is also Sapphires. I may not now refer to the clear seeing in the temple, when "the Word of God" came by *Urim and Thummin*, when the breast-plate of the high priest, and the ephod, both containing large sapphires, were among the means used for obtaining spiritual vision.

There is much that is curious in the Rabbinical description of the human soul, one of whose parts is *Nephesh*, the soul, properly so called. When the prophet Elijah restored the widow's child† "The soul of the boy (*Nephesh*) returned unto him." Balaam, in his spiritual or entranced state, is said to be "nephel, having his eyes opened." The *Jeckidah*, or power of ascending to the Ensophic world, seems to be the faculty of clear-seeing.

The foregoing is too slight a sketch to give anything like an adequate idea of the wonderful coherence existing among the spiritual teaching of all times. In perfect correspondence with the phenomena of universal nature, we find the Eastern nations gifted with a clearer vision than others, as their climate and constitution have been adapted to receive, with the earliest rays of the rising sun, the higher and holier beams of that spiritual glory of which he is the symbol.

I have tried to indicate the manner in which our newly-found key may be applied to the closed doors of the storehouses of the East. I hope that before long some abler hand and head will be found to penetrate into every dark recess, and to bring to light the hidden treasures of that wonderful region.

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\* This seems to imply, all that internal nature which is not material.

† 1 Kings, xvii. 21.

## A SPIRITUAL PENDULUM.

THE press in France, a few years ago, indulged in denials and witticisms on the subject of spiritual manifestation. A change has come over it: it laughs no longer: it frequently inserts communications on the subject, such as of facts and occurrences vouched by persons of credit. The *Monde Illustré* of the 23rd February, contains a letter from Dr. Eymard, of Lanchatre, near Grenoble, elicited by some comments which he had seen, attributing the physical phenomena of spirits to electricity, &c.

Dr. E. begins by saying, that in the year 1855, having been informed of the phenomena of the *sympathetic* or *magnetic pendulum*, but which he prefers to call the *Spiritual Pendulum*, he resolved to make a serious examination of them. He devoted a month to experiments. A piece of any thing flexible, with anything of weight at the end, served as a pendulum, and the signs of intelligence were expressed by agreed movements and oscillations having reference to letters and words to form phrases, as with the table. His experiments gave the following results:—

- 1.—That the pendulum was moved by an unseen and intelligent agent.
- 2.—That the actuating intelligence could not be a reflex of mine, seeing that it imparted to me things of which I had never thought, and of which I was entirely ignorant.
- 3.—That the intelligence was exercised upon facts, past, present, and to come.
- 4.—That it preferred to descant upon religious topics, and upon the spiritual world.
- 5.—That in sentences, perfectly well spelt and constructed, there would sometimes be words without vowels, and unintelligible.
- 6.—That its will was independent of mine; sometimes repellent to it: it would refuse to move the pendulum if I *ordered* it, and would move it with pertinacity if I *forbade* it.
- 7.—That this intelligence, in *rapport* with the pendulum, could be evoked by some persons better than by others.
- 8.—That this intelligence could express anger. I was out of temper with it one day, and it replied to me in a similar animus and tone: it might be said that we quarrelled; after which, it refused to satisfy my *curiosity*, unless the question had reference to its *power*.
- 9.—That anything, no matter of what nature, weight, or form, suspended by no matter what flexible substance, the first thing to hand, suspended by a yard of twine, would oscillate at my asking, but remain motionless without it."

Having thus related his experiments of six years ago, Dr. Eymard continues:—

"Imagine my astonishment, Mr. Editor, with these results fixed in my mind, at recently learning, through your journal, that the latest derider of the *marvellous* attributes the oscillations of the pendulum to purely human influence, especially to *electricity* in concurrence with the *will, thought, desire, or curiosity* of the operator—that the phenomenon is purely material and unmixed with intelligence. I said, I will go over my experiments of long ago again, and, if necessary, correct them. I now determined that the pendulum should be a non-conductor of *electricity*. I constructed an apparatus of wood, in the form of a miniature gallows, the transverse bar of which supported three accurately fixed pendulums, thus avoiding the inconvenience of digital suspension, which, in spite of every care, will produce little involuntary oscillations. The first pendulum consisted

of a small bell, at the end of about a yard of hempen twine. The second, of a chevalier ring, suspended in the same way; and the third of a piece of sealing-wax, suspended by a silk thread, and moving over a cake of resin, laid upon two glass plates. I commenced my experiments with the last, by lightly touching, with the point of my finger, the loose end of the silk thread, which was wound round the transverse bar. These are the questions I put, and the replies which were immediately made by oscillations, as free as those by ordinary pendulums, previously stating the number, &c., which should be understood as indicating letters and other elements of sentences:—"Is it the electricity of my body which causes you to move?"—"No." "Is it my thought, or my desire, or my curiosity?"—"No nearer." "May it be my will?"—"No." "What is it, then, which makes you oscillate?"—"It is my pleasure....(It here suddenly stopped short.) "Is it to show your power to act, or not, that you stop in spite of my will?"—"Yes." "What do you think of those who deny your power and intelligence?"—"That they are donkeys." "That is hardly polite."—"I know that." "Will you substitute the expression by another?"—"No—I maintain it." "Can any one cause you to move?"—"No." "What is required?"—"Judgment, confidence, and faith." "Is it necessary for me to touch and look at the pendulum for you to act?"—"Yes." "So, if I were to shut my eyes, or cover them with a bandage, you could not move?"—"No." "Can you tell me the reason?"—"No."

Dr. E. goes on to say that he made other curious experiments, such as obtaining movements of a bell, suspended by a string three yards long; and the oscillation of an iron ball weighing forty pounds. The intelligence, acting through the pendulum, informed him that it could cause the oscillation of any earthly mass that could be previously suspended.

"Strong in experiments so decisive," says the evidently excitable Dr. Eymard, "and more irritated than ever against those who see in this most marvellous phenomenon nothing more than the play of the imagination of the experimenter, I drew up a memoir on the subject, and sent it, last December, to the *Académie des Sciences* of Paris." The writer, however, concludes by saying that he doubts whether the *Sarans per excellence* of Paris will receive favorably a memoir to which it can assign no present place among the records of their sciences and modes. He seems inclined to the notion, entertained by many others, that they will not believe in the invisible world until, in its own light, they behold it with their own eyes.

J. D.

NATURE AND CONSCIENCE.—There are times when my soul is restless, and a voice sounds within me, like the trump of the archangel; and thoughts that were buried long ago come out of their graves. At such times the quiet face of nature seems to mock me. There are seasons when nature seems not to sympathise with her children. She sits there so eternally calm and self-possessed, so very motherly and serene, and cares so little whether the heart of her child breaks or not, that at times I almost lose my patience. But I think we must confess that all this springs from our own imperfection. How beautiful is this green world which we inhabit! Truly every man has a paradise around him until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours when this angel sleeps, and man comes back, and with the eyes of a child looks into his paradise again—into the broad gates and rural solitudes of nature.—*Longfellow's Hyperion.*

## THE PRIESTHOOD.

By A. E. NEWTON, of Boston, U.S.A.

A PROMINENT feature of all religious systems and all church organizations, in the past, has been the Priesthood. This has assumed various forms, from the imposing hierarchies of Brahminism, Judaism, and Romanism, down to the simple eldership and itinerant ministry of our most democratic religious assemblies.

There are not a few who look upon the priesthood, in all its forms and functions, as an unmitigated evil—a curse to humanity. They regard a priest as the embodiment of arrogance, self-righteousness, craft, love of domination, and spiritual despotism, and the natural enemy of all progress. It is too true that the nominal priesthood of the past has often earned such a reputation; but it behoves us, as candid seekers for the truth, to inquire whether these repulsive characteristics are inherent in the priestly function itself, or whether they arise merely from perversions of a function which is normal and necessary to human society. If the former, let the order be abolished for ever; if the latter, let it be reformed.

The word "priest" appears to be a contraction of the Greek word *presbūs*, or *presbūtes*, which means an old man, or an ambassador; old men being usually employed by the ancients to perform such services. From the same source is the word "presbyter," meaning merely elder, or older. The prominent idea involved is that of age, or eminence in wisdom, which age and experience are usually supposed to confer.

The priest, then, according to primitive usage, is simply a person qualified by superior age or wisdom to be an instructor, guide, and assistant to the young, the ignorant, and the inexperienced.

And is not this a perfectly natural, nay, indispensable function in human society? In the nature of things, there must always be the childish and the ignorant, who need to be taught; and there must always be the more mature and advanced, whose office and pleasure it is to teach. And since, in spiritual matters,

We measure age by wisdom, not by length of years;  
We count time by heart-throbs, not by figures on a dial,

It may not unfrequently happen that the beardless youth and the maiden in her teens may become priest or priestess to them of hoary head and tottering limbs.

The function of the priest has been usually limited to a single department—the teaching of the religious doctrines of his parti-



cular sect, and the performance of its ceremonials. But the fundamental idea of the priestly office underlies every form of teaching, in every possible department of human culture.

There are priests, yea, and high priests, of science as well as of religion. All who, by virtue of natural genius or patient study, have penetrated more deeply than others into the arcana of nature, become thereby the authorised priests and revelators of her mysteries to such as seek their aid. Our schools, colleges, laboratories, and institutes, are their temples and numberless are their reverent followers. And we have priests of music and of song, whose praises are on every tongue, and whose high function is devoutly acknowledged by every harmonic soul. We have priests of art, of beauty, of commerce, of mechanics, of agriculture, and of human physical culture. Often these know not their office, and appreciate not the high function they are exercising for the benefit of humanity.

Nor are the priests of religion to be found alone, nor chiefly, among those who are set apart in the church, consecrated by the imposition of episcopal hands, invested with sacerdotal robes, and dignified with the sonorous title of "Reverend Sir." Nay, nay. The true priests in spiritual things are far oftener found among the lowly and untitled. They are those who, in sincerity of soul and self-abnegation, have sought to know the right and to *do* it; who have had personal knowledge of the mysteries of the spirit, and experience of the inner life; who have learned, often through sorrow and suffering, rightly to estimate the shadows of the mundane, and to lay hold on the realities of the eternal. Such have become old in wisdom, if not in years. Such wisdom is to be had, not from books, nor from bishops' hands—though both these may be helps towards its attainment. It comes only of inward growth. They who have it may be ignorant of theology, yet they alone are competent to aid and succour others who may be struggling after them up the steeps of spiritual progression.

The lineaments of the true priest, in spiritual things, are thus sketched by Mrs. Stowe, in portraying one of the most lovely characters in the *Minister's Wooing*.

Yet was she, at that moment, unknown to herself, one of the great company scattered through earth who are priests unto God—ministering between the Divine One, who has unveiled Himself unto them, and those who as yet stand in the outer courts of the great sanctuary of truth and holiness. Many a heart, wrung, pierced, bleeding with the sins and sorrows of earth, longing to depart, stands in this mournful and beautiful ministry, but stands unconscious of the glory of the work in which it waits and suffers. God's kings and priests are crowned with thorns, walking the earth with bleeding feet, and comprehending not the work they are performing.

And again :

There are soul-artists, who go through this world, looking among their

fellows with reverence, as one looks amid the dust and rubbish of old shops for hidden works of Titian and Leonardo, and, finding them, however cracked, or torn or painted over with tawdry daubs of pretenders, immediately recognise the divine original, and set themselves to cleanse and restore. Such be God's real priests, whose ordination and anointing are from the Holy Spirit; and he who hath not this enthusiasm is not ordained of God, though whole synods of bishops laid hands on him.

This definition of the priestly function makes it identical with that of the "mediator" or "medium." The true priest in spiritual things stands between the higher and the lower realms of being or stages of growth; his office is to *help*, not to *dominate*. He may *offer* his services, but never *force* them upon any. The proof and seal of his divine commission is, that he actually quickens and stimulates the spiritual life, the growth of all that is good and pure and noble; in those who feel his influence that he ministers to the spiritual needs of those who seek his aid.

True, the priestly office has often been perverted from this. The nominal priesthood, of nearly every sect and time, has sought to *control* and to *use* the masses, rather than to *aid* them—to think for them, rather than help them to think for themselves—to repress rather than to stimulate individual progress. In so far as it does this, it becomes a millstone about the neck of humanity—a curse of which society should rid itself as speedily as possible.

It has been claimed that one peculiar and essential function of a priesthood is the *offering sacrifices*. Though strenuously repudiated by some, and absurdly interpreted by others, yet there is a momentous spiritual truth underlying this idea, which it may be well to unfold.

The Roman Catholic Church, insisting on the sacrificial office of her priesthood, requires them to offer a daily sacrifice in the "Holy Mass." It teaches that the Lord of Glory himself is actually present in the consecrated wafer of the Eucharist, and is veritably offered in sacrifice by the officiating priest! Nothing seems more absurd than this, when understood in its literal or external sense.

On the contrary, Protestants have utterly denied this function, and have run into an equally absurd extreme in the opposite direction. Says a high authority: "If the word priest be taken to denote a person commissioned by Divine authority to offer up a real sacrifice to God, we may justly deny that there is a priest on earth. Under the Gospel, there is but one priest, which is Christ; and but one sacrifice, that of the cross."\*

This is, doubtless, the common belief of the Protestant world, yet it is hardly possible to conceive of a greater mistake. It needs but a single ray of spiritual light to dispel such darkness.

\* Buck's Theological Dictionary.

What is a sacrifice? and what was the spiritual meaning and use of the sacrificial rites in the old religions? The answer is plain when we look into our own experience, instead of into the tomes of theologians. A sacrifice is simply giving up a lesser or earthly good for the sake of a higher or spiritual one. If our hearts are set upon any transient or unworthy object, as wealth, fame, position, or reputation, we all know that these must be given up before we can seek or rest upon the higher and the eternal. This giving up is a sacrifice—greater or less according to the strength of our devotion to the object.

The Jewish shepherds found their chief wealth in their flocks and herds. On these their affections rested. They were therefore called upon from time to time to devote or sacrifice the choicest of these treasures, in order to show and keep alive their attachment to the unseen power who guided them.

It is a spiritual law, that just in proportion as we surrender our baser and selfish loves, so is there room in us for the higher and purer to come in; or, in proportion as our affections are withdrawn from outward and earthly things, so only will they cling to the inward and the spiritual. This is the philosophy of sacrifice. Without it, in one form or another, there can be no spiritual progress.

Now, in the light of this simple truth, written in every consciousness, what is plainer than that the true priest in spiritual things is an offerer of sacrifices? That is, he or she who would attain any real eminence in this department, must, for the sake of the inner and higher treasures of the immortal spirit, give up and cease to delight in those external things which materialistic men and women most value—must be willing to be "crowned with thorns, and to walk the earth with bleeding feet," if need be; yea, to lay down even the external life itself as the last, complete, crowning sacrifice necessary to enter upon the highest condition of spiritual power and usefulness.

The Catholic, then, is right in the principle, though he gives it a miserably external and solemnly farcical interpretation. And the Protestant is absurdly in the wrong. For surely there cannot be a single child of the Eternal Father in existence but is "commissioned by Divine authority" within himself "to offer up *real* sacrifices" (the only real ones that can be offered), whenever and wherever he feels an inward prompting so to do. Even an old Hebrew discovered that "the sacrifices of God are [not bullocks and burnt-offerings, but] a broken heart." And Christians must have studied the Gospel to poor advantage, who have not learned that the avowed aim of the religious system of the New Testament is to make of its believers, as a whole, "a royal priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices."

(See 1 Peter, ii. 5, 9) Nay, more: that each individual Christian is taught to offer, not Christ, but his own body, as "a living sacrifice," which is declared to be "a reasonable service." (See Rom. xii. 1)

In fact, the law of sacrifice is the universal condition of eminence in every department of progress. The student who would become an acknowledged priest of science, must forego the ease, comforts and selfish indulgences of an indolent life, and become an earnest and laborious questioner of Nature's secrets, else he can never become competent to reveal them to others. So of every order of true Priesthood. Sacrifice or self-denial is the condition of upward progress—the price of all eminence. And when practised unselfishly, for the good of others, it is the noblest and most Godlike trait which human nature can emulate or conceive.

Such is a brief view of the Priesthood, as seen from the spiritual standpoint.—*From the Banner of Light, Boston, U.S.A.*

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## WHAT IS REQUIRED OF SPIRITUAL TEACHERS?

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UNDER this title we find in the *Banner of Light* some remarks by Mr. A. E. Newton, delivered at a Conference at Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., which ought to be preserved, but for want of space we can only give the heads of Mr. Newton's discourse. Spiritualism has produced no more kindly and Christian advocate than A. E. Newton—no one of more thoughtful sweetness and broader charity—no one who could better write by heart, and acquire the sympathy of a larger class—no one who has more freely sacrificed self in pursuing and proclaiming his mission of love. The world is never just to such, and we would hope that not only from his own country, but from England, some token of gratitude may be shewn towards a man, of whom it is enough to say, that the world will be better when it has more sons like him. We hope that the breadth of his opinions will be admired, and—what is better—acted upon.

Mr. Newton, addressing the Conference of Lecturers on Spiritualism, mentions the essential pre-requisites for co-operation amongst themselves, as follows:—

"1. Broad views of the work to be done, embracing every department of human interest and improvement.

"2. A recognition of the different capacities of individuals, fitting them for different departments of labour, which each must choose for himself.

"3. A concession of the inability of all minds to see alike in matters of belief; and hence a respect for all honest differences of opinion.

"4. An understanding of the law of growth and gradation, which renders one incompetent to deny or sit in judgment upon the perceptions or experience of another, who is in a different or more advanced stage. Hence a respect for all genuine soul-experiences, and a reverent study of them, as pages of God's varied revelation.

"5. Unselfish and sincere devotion to one's own views of truth and duty. Impure lives and hypocritical pretences render all respect and trust impossible. And we must become so strong in sincerity and earnestness, that self-seekers and pretenders will be uncomfortable in our society, and 'secede' from us. This can come only through self-renunciation and spiritual regeneration.

"6. The removal of all personal prejudices and misunderstandings, by means of frankness, mutual concessions, deference and teachableness.

"7. Most of all, a baptism of that Divine Spirit, which shall abash all our self-conceit, purge our human loves, and unseal in us the fountain of Divine celestial life.

"When we have attained these pre-requisites, we shall be fitted for a far greater work than perhaps we can now imagine. Let us see what they imply.

"I have said that the New State must grow out of the New Church. They who have begun to attain the well-rounded regenerate life, thus briefly outlined, have begun to have the real 'New Church' in themselves. It has begun to descend in all its beauty and radiance 'from God out of heaven,' into their own souls. The 'kingdom of heaven,' or the reign of justice, love and peace, has commenced within them. They become plastic and obedient instruments for the use of the wise Master Builder. They become living stones, fitted to take each his appropriate place in the great Temple of Redeemed Humanity.

"He who, through the crucifixion of self, becomes reverently submissive to the Divine will in his own inmosts, *and only he*, can be moulded and moved to the largest and noblest uses. Like the segregated atom in the soil, which lovingly yields to the attraction of the flower-germ, and is thus builded into a form of beauty and of use, such an one becomes a member of an invisible organization—the great Body of Redeemed Humanity."

## A RETROSPECT OF SPIRITUAL APPEARANCES AND MANIFESTATIONS.

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IN offering to the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* the following essay, it may be as well to state its origin. When the Magazine was first projected, I asked the spirit, S. J., the author of it, for a contribution. He consented—and the following was written as long since as February 22-27 of 1860. Circumstances prevented its being revised before March 2nd, 1861, and I now give it, just as it is, without any alterations save those made by the spirit himself, upon that occasion and upon the 16th April, when I read the printed proof to him. A previous essay was published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, vol. i., pp. 110-112. The method of receiving the essay was the same, and through the same medium.

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A.

April 16th, 1861.

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The idea of communion with spirits is, with some, a cause for ridicule and mirth; others disbelieve it, and pity those who make it their study: some in their inner minds really believe it, —though they will not allow they do so—for they are afraid of the subject, and banish it as much as possible from their thoughts: but a real believer feels a glory in the subject, and a solace in the assurance which it gives him of a world of bliss in the future, which soothes the cares of this world and makes its sorrows and troubles, which are but transitory, of little consequence. To those who laugh and ridicule such things we would say: “Do not laugh at what you have not studied, and therefore do not understand;” to those who disbelieve we will endeavour to shew that it is not new, and that as long as the world has been, this has been.

In different ages these communications have been made in different ways suitable to the times and circumstances. It is not necessary to enumerate the communications so well known to all readers of the Bible—suffice it to say, that the first man, or Adam, heard the voice of God, or rather his angel messenger; the serpent also was impressed to speak by the spirit of evil which was creeping into the world. Cain also heard the voice of God. Thus we may say that this was the first method of communication. We find afterwards angels appearing as men, and bearing the commands of God—as, for example, in the announcement of the birth of Isaac to Abraham. The angels taking upon them the form and bearing of man, proves, I think, the sanctity of the race, and that man was created to a great end, and not merely to pass a few short

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years in the world. Without a spirit of evil there could have been really no good and no free-will for man to choose his own path.

Another mode is presented to us in the way the ancient fathers were *impressed* to pronounce blessings, and to prophecy the future of their sons. All prophecy, I consider, is from *impression*—therefore, I think no one need fear being imbued with this gift.

The next means of communion was by dreams or visions—and this mode is in a manner similar to the sight or perception of the present day,—as, no doubt, Jacob really saw the angels described in his dream—his spiritual sight being opened to do so. Joseph had the power given him of interpreting the dreams of others,—as in the case of the baker and the butler, and the dreams of Pharaoh. Moses was the next great instrument in the hands of God; he appears to have heard the voice of the angel of the Lord, and also to have seen the messenger, no doubt, one of the highest, as when he was to approach the burning bush, in which he was to be face to face with the angel, great precaution was taken in his approach, lest the light should be too much for him. We must not think that it was God that he saw, as it has been said that “no one hath seen the Father.” In reading the Old Testament many allowances must be made for mistranslations and faulty tradition. The New Testament throws light upon many parts which were difficult to be understood. During the time of Moses, the communications took very different forms, as miracles or magical occurrences took place,—as in the case of the budding of the rods, and various other phenomena. It is needless to mention these, as they are so well known. Sufficient has been said to shew that the present spiritual communications are very much of the same character as those in ancient times. In the New Testament equal corroboration will be found of these facts; the whole of the Gospels are full of them.\*

We will now mention the present manifestations. The table-rapping and other physical modes are dangerous, as they bring man into contact with spirits of a low order, who may, unless great care be taken, obtain much influence and lead persons into a wrong use of this great power. The least harm they can do is to bring much ridicule upon the subject, and thus they prevent many from studying it, who imagine it is all a joke. Such spirits are

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\* On the revision of the essay, I asked the spirit why he passed from the biblical statements to the present manifestations, without noticing the accounts in the middle ages of supernatural appearances. He said (which I informed him I would append as a note): “They are scarcely acknowledged, and might be looked upon as only collecting stories, which are already printed, but that carry no authority.”—March 2, 1861.—K. R. H. M.

better left quiet.\* Another great misuse of the subject is that of using it as a means of gain—I do not mean that when a person is blessed with this gift, and is poor, that he or she should not be paid for their time, if it be given for a good purpose, either to assist others, or to impart information of any kind—"the labourer is worthy of his hire." But to make a mere show of it, or a subject only to satisfy curiosity, is prostituting a gift of inestimable value.

Spirit-writing is of two kinds—either by the brain being impressed to guide the hand, or by the hand being mechanically guided. The first mode is the highest and the best, as it proceeds from a higher spiritual power. The other mode may be sometimes used by low spirits, and of course doubtful communications may thus be given. Spirit-drawing is a beautiful mode of communication, and may be called the poetical mode of communion. A person who writes from a good impression is little inferior to a seer in a mirror or crystal; and if the medium is of consistent conduct in his or her life, and sits down to write with a religious intent to obtain information and truth, it is scarcely possible but that his or her communications will be good and true.

The trance and trance-speaking are generally good; but the good must be picked out from the long phrases which mostly accompany this mode. If a person speak in a trance with many others around him, the wordiness is generally much greater than when two or three only are present, which is an evidence that surrounding circumstances influence mind to some extent. Great quiet is necessary with a medium of this sort, and very often valuable information may be extracted from the communication.

Of spirit-impersonation I do not think much, as I judge it to be rather an exaggeration of a spiritual power, from the medium giving way to wild feeling, as it may be called.

Spirits seen in the air may be of two kinds: either merely atmospheric or wandering spirits, or spirits beyond the atmosphere and belonging to the heavenly spheres—this depends upon the seer.

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\* This is a point on which there will be differences of opinion. We submit that there is no need to disparage any form of spirit manifestation, as each has its use: other forms may be more perfect as means of communication, but as evidence of the presence of invisible intelligent agencies, the physical modes of spirit manifestation are often very convincing. As to the "danger" arising from their bringing man "into contact with spirits of a low order," that we think depends more upon the moral and spiritual states of inquirers than upon any particular mode of manifestation.—Ed.

Upon reading this remark of the Editor to S. J., on the morning of the 16th April, he observed:—"I agree with this. I said they were dangerous, but only when abused or used in a bad spirit. All modes of communion are good in the hands of those who only use them for really good purposes. From the difficulty of finding good seers, the other manifestations are the only means possible with many; and as they are used, so will be the communications obtained.—S. J."



The mirror and crystal I consider the highest mode of communion; and if the seer be of pure mind and intent upon good, he or she will perceive high spirits in them and receive beautiful and instructive communications. The visions and appearances that are often seen in the mirror or crystal are generally very beautiful, and sometimes open scenes of the spirit-world which cannot be seen or described by any other means, as it is not allowed in the writing to explain much of the world of spirits.\*

The benefits to be derived from spirit-communication are, first, a convincing proof of a future life, and of the happiness which will be the lot of those who bear patiently the trials and sorrows of the mortal life, who perform their tasks to the utmost of their ability and who endeavour to live in charity with their fellow-men. Another benefit is that good instruction is often given, by which the life of any one may be regulated, in addition to the rules of Christian life, which will ensure both present and future bliss. Again, these studies will prove a source of innocent amusement and enjoyment; and earnest persons will feel most exquisite happiness in the contemplation of the great subject in their own minds.

Little more, I think, need be said. It is to be hoped that the dread which is felt by so many at the mere idea of communication with those gone before, will now diminish, and that as the blessing of Spiritualism spreads in the world, that this dread will entirely disappear, and that in its place a pleasing dependance and security will spring up. Surely the knowledge that angels and spirits are watching around, must soothe and calm the mind and lighten many troubles. Spiritualism is of no sect; it belongs to the good, whatever their belief, country, or faith. Christ died and lived for all men of whatsoever religion they may be, and each who acts rightly, is one of the elect and a child of GOD, no matter in what manner he may address himself to the Creator of the world and the Supreme Being.

S. J.

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\* This assertion has repeatedly been made by the Spirit-author of this essay, but it seems at variance with many other circumstances of which I am aware. I am inclined to regard it as an opinion, or a matter of relative knowledge.—K. R. H. M.

## THE SCEPTICAL "HOW?"

By the REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

WE often find that the difficulties of comprehending the ways and conditions in which a religious truth can be fulfilled, are the most powerful barriers that obstruct its reception, or at least its practical influence. Men cannot comprehend how God can be uncreated; how he could have existed from eternity; in what way his thought, love, and will can be involved with the whole sweep of nature; by what agencies he deals with the human soul, nor how prayer is answered; and therefore their belief in these things wavers, and faith finds no vigorous soil. Scepticism not only urges a "but," and a "why," against the great propositions of the New Testament; when these are answered and satisfied,—it intrenches itself behind a clamorous and subtle "*How?*"

This is true, especially of the question of immortality. One of the chief obstacles to faith in that great truth, to the sanction it should give to our noblest sentiments, to the nobility it should lend to life, to the restraints it should lay on sin, and the cheer it should give the soul, is that men cannot send their imagination forward into a spiritual world and have it feel a foothold there. Their thoughts cannot locate it. They cannot form any conception of the modes and habits, the joys and pains, of an unbodied existence. All their winged speculations, like Noah's exploring dove, return weary to their tossed and drifting minds, and leave them still in doubt. They hear arguments about a future life that for the moment seem plausible; they read assurances of it in the Gospel that have the rhythm of authority; they listen to the confession of it in prayers, and to the sweet breathing of it in hymns, and it seems to come into natural and pleasant companionship with devout aspirations and elevated moods;—but they stand by a dying bed, and watch the ebbing breath, and when it stops they ask *where* is the spirit fled? or how could such a wondrous miracle be wrought as the liberation of the soul from its feeble tenement, and our senses take no note of it? They see a frame bowed with age and infirmities, and wonder how an unwasted soul can be hidden in such a tattered robe. They stand in the still enclosures that hold the community of the dead, and ask *how* can it be, if the doctrine of immortality be no delusion, that of all who have died since Adam, not one has returned to sweep away uncertainty, and report something of the place and the occupations of that dim realm?

Paul well understood this tendency, He foresaw, (and provided for the emergency), that even in the Corinthian Church, his eloquent argument for immortality from the resurrection of

Jesus, and the sufferings and heroism of Christian Apostles, would meet with some opposition; that after it was read in the assembly on the Sabbath meeting there would at least be one man who would say—the rhetoric of our beloved teacher Paul is strong and inspiring, but here is the troublesome point, “*How* are the dead raised up? and with *what body* do they come?” St. Paul was not ill-tempered, nor prone to sarcasm, yet he begins his reply to this anticipated objection by exclaiming, “Thou fool!”

What more arrogant and presumptuous folly can there be than that which a person exhibits who makes *his experience* of nature the measure of the *possibilities* of nature? Yet this is what all of us do who object to the doctrine of the soul's immortality, that we cannot conceive *how* it is released from its fleshy bondage, nor what are the methods of its disembodied life, If we should hear any man soberly affirm that he did not believe that any process could go on in this universe, or anything be true, which baffled his powers of comprehension, we should probably think that the application to him of Paul's apostrophe to the Corinthian doubter involved no dangerous lack of charity. It has pleased God to endow us with five senses, through which we hold conversation with the created realm. We do not know that five other media of communication might not be opened that would make the physical universe seem as different and as much higher than it now does, as if we were transported into another sphere. Who has told us that there cannot be any other avenues between the soul and matter than the touch, the taste, the ear, and the eye? Who has told us that all which *exists right about us* is reported by the limited apparatus furnished to our nerves? Conceive, for a moment, that the human race had been created without eyes. Of course, in that case, all the realities of nature would have been included in what the touch and the senses of hearing, smell and taste conveyed to the mind. Let some being come and try to awaken a conception of a different property of matter, and a different phase of the universe, from those which the four senses recognized, and speak of a state in which objects might be perceived far beyond the reach of the arm—yea, even millions of miles away, and what would these people say? They would not understand him. Their imagination could not interpret such a state. The eloquence of the stranger would be damped by the query, *How* can such a power of apprehending the existence of things at a great distance be given to beings who cannot stretch their hands three feet from their bodies? God gives each one of them a pair of eyes, and the air is flooded with light, the world is bathed in colours, and the brain is steeped in beauty, and takes in the image of the firmament.

Is it a wild speculation that another sense might be added to

our scanty stock that should enlarge our knowledge of God's works and ways as splendidly as hearing would to a race without ears, or vision to a universe of the blind, and make the horizon of the impossible or the mysterious retreat immeasurably beyond the line where it seems to rest? Let us not be hasty in urging with an air of triumph a sceptical "how?" I do not know that it is wild to imagine that a sense might be given us which would enable us to see *through* things as easily as we now look *at* them; to see causes as plainly as we now perceive results; to behold the soul and read its thoughts, and understand its superiority to the body, and comprehend at once how it can live independently of its vesture, as we now note the structure, motions, and hue of the frame; to apprehend *all* the operations of nature as we now apprehend a few of them, and feel as immediately the presence, love and holiness of God, as we now feel the presence and temperature of the air. Why, tell me, would such a faculty be more wonderful than that present power that enables me to have knowledge of a constellation that is myriads of leagues in space, or that mysterious capacity by which the present motions of my pen become instant ideas in your mind?

It has been truly said by another, that we should "easily believe in a life to come, if *this present life* were the wonderful thing to us which it ought to be." Here is the point. Not that there are startling difficulties in the way of conceiving a future existence, but that we lose the fine sense and the nice relish of the mystery and miracle that invest us here. There are a thousand scientific facts that would seem as marvellous to a cultivated mind, if they had not been demonstrated and published in veracious treatises, as the continued existence of the body. What would Plato have said, could he have seen a man, without using any flame in the experiment, cause fire to burst out of a lump of ice? Suppose that Newton had never heard of a loadstone, what would he have thought could he have seen an iron weight, in defiance of the law of gravitation which he had just demonstrated, spring from the floor to the wall? Before seeing the fact for the first time, would not the proposition have seemed as surprising to him, and as difficult to be believed, as the return of a dead man to life before his eyes, or the appearance of a spirit? And after he had seen it, how could he explain it?—How can any man explain the phenomenon now?

Is the statement that there is an enduring spirit within us, entirely distinct from the corporeal organization, and which the cessation of the heart liberates to a higher mode of existence, any more startling than the statement that in a drop of water, which may tremble and glisten on the tip of the finger, seemingly the most feeble thing in nature, from which the tiniest flower,

gently nurses its strength while it hangs upon its leaf which a sunbeam may dissipate, contains within its tiny globe electric energy enough to charge 800,000 Leyden jars, energy enough to split a cathedral as though it were a toy? And so that, of every cup of water we drink, each atom is a thunder storm?

Is the idea of spiritual communication and intercourse, by methods far transcending our present powers of sight, speech, and hearing, beset with more intrinsic difficulties than the idea of conversing by a wire with a man in St. Louis, as quickly as with a man by your side, or of making a thought girdle the globe in a twinkling? And when we say that the spiritual world may be all around us, though our senses take no impression of it, what is there to embarrass the intellect in accepting it, when we know that, within the vesture of the air which we cannot grasp, there is the realm of light, the immense ocean of electricity, and the constant currents of magnetism, all of them playing the most wonderful parts in the economy of the world, each of them far more powerful than the ocean, the earth, and the rocks—neither of them at all comprehensible by our minds, while the existence of two of them is not apprehensible by any sense?—*Gospel Banner*.

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## IDENTITY OF SPIRITS.

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THIS interesting subject has been discussed at two recent meetings of the New York Spiritual Conference, and elicited some remarkable facts from several of the speakers. Of course such an inquiry is at the base, or nearly so, of much of the superstructure of Spiritualism, and all well-ascertained facts bearing upon it are worthy of record. One of the most constant speakers at the New York Conference is Dr. Gray, respecting whom we find a paragraph from the *Home Journal*, quoted in the *Banner of Light*.

Dr. John F. Gray, at present, probably, the most eminent student, practitioner, and homœopathist in the world, is about starting for a year's travel in Europe—a vacation greatly needed by his over-worked powers. Being an admirable German scholar and as well known to the scientific men of Germany as one of their own great scholars, his visit to that country will be the most interesting portion of his year's travel. But, wherever he goes, the intelligent and the eminent will recognize in Dr. Gray one of the rare spirits of our time—as gifted and good a man, we believe, as the world has to show. May God bless and return him to us!

Dr. Gray's remarks we take from the report in the *Banner of Light* of the 28th April.

The question before us is a historical one: What have spirits done toward identifying themselves? and we wish to obtain the testimony of persons present.

as to instances of identification. There are two modes of observing spirits—the clairvoyant mode, and that of seeing and conversing with them in body, and by means of the natural senses. Spirits can manifest themselves to our external senses; they can produce physical forms, and mate them with their lives, and guide them with their wills, for a short time. I prize the last form of manifestation as carrying with it demonstration; the first, a subjective form, is fraught with more chance of delusion; as when, in many diseases, accompanied with visual illusions, the forms of animals and of monsters are supposed to be seen; and, in general, evidence is not so valid and useful to the world of persons not exceptionally organized when not corroborated by physical facts. My own experience in that way has been very small. I have never been able to see, in a temporary, organized body, a spirit whom I have known; but such testimony as that of my friend, heretofore laid before you, is perfect and irrefragable. In old times manifestations were referred to God or other beings above the human plane, for lack of identification; but we have now reached the time when spiritual manifestations of equal dignity are known to be produced by human beings; and that knowledge is derived from identification. The phenomena now occurring demonstrate the superiority of the present time over the past in respect of spiritual advantages.

My own personal experience in the identification of spirits I have known in the body has been slight; but in two or three instances I have been satisfied. The first of these occurred to my father, the late Judge Gray, by personation, through a near connection of mine, a physician, also now deceased, who was a trance-medium, as the two were sitting with me in my dining-room. We had been conversing on Spiritualism on this occasion, when the medium becoming entranced, approached my father and went through a series of gestures, which were not at once recognized. He then wrote the letters B. F., and continued his impersonation, which was that of a female who had apparently been quite intimate with my father, which, as he did not yet identify her, gave rise to some pleasantry at his expense. Still failing to recognize, the Judge commenced a cross-examination in familiar legal style; and by a series of questions, elicited the name of Betsy Foster, a woman who had lived in his father's house seventy years before, and long before the birth of the medium, who certainly had never known of such a person's existence. A great many circumstances were recalled which had passed out of my father's memory. As soon as this spirit had gone, another series of gestures was performed by the medium, including a peculiarity of gait, by which my father had no difficulty in recognizing Baron Steuben, of revolutionary fame, with whom he had been well acquainted, but who had passed from earth seventy years before. Conversations, witticisms, &c., were recalled, in connection with remote localities; and my father said that the Baron was perfectly represented. In these cases it was not possible for the medium to have gained the means of simulating his impersonation of the woman Foster; nor did he or I previously know my father's acquaintance with Baron Steuben. The other case was of a stranger character, as being accompanied by physical manifestations. My father's statement was that, one morning, in my house, as he was lying in bed perfectly wide awake, at about his usual hour for rising, his right hand under his head, his right elbow was struck smartly, so as to bring out the right hand. He at first supposed this was playfully done by my youngest daughter, who was accustomed to call him to breakfast; accordingly he spoke to her and turned round, when, to his infinite astonishment, he beheld his own father standing by his bedside, in his usual costume. He recognized him perfectly. The figure pointed to the other side of the bed, and said, "There is your wife"—and on turning round, there she appeared to be. These three instances are the only ones I now remember, in which I was a particular witness to their truth.

Dr. Hallock, also one of the best known physicians of New York, and whose name is familiar to our readers as one of the earliest and most acute inquirers into the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, spoke as follows:—

Early in 1851, I was at a house in East Broadway, where I first met my

friend, Dr. Gray, the object of the gathering being to examine into certain novel alleged occurrences. My seat was by the side of a mother, who had lost a child; and this mother, as all present heard, was, then and there, patted on the neck and pulled by the dress, as her little daughter, when alive, had been in the habit of doing. At the lady's request, for the purpose of assuring myself of the reality of these touches, I placed my hand on her arm; when, instead of feeling the expected motion of fingers, I was surprised by the pressure of a child's hand on mine, the reality of which was demonstrated by all methods possible to a human hand. The hand afterwards kept time to music, by patting on the mother's neck.

During the month just closed, I was at the house of Mrs. French, when it was said that the spirit of a certain young lad, the only son of a widow, would endeavour to present his mother and grandmother with some evidence of his continued existence and affection. Accordingly, coloured pencils, together with drawing-paper, were placed under the table, and a portion of the Gospel of Matthew having been read from the Bible, we sat in silence for a short time, during which we heard the pencils striking against each other, and sounds as of their marking on the paper, and then a well-known artist who was present drew from under the table a painting of a wreath, with the Scripture-passages which had been read written within it, in characters very minute, yet distinctly legible. Certainly, in this manifestation, human love invoked the purest and holiest answering emotions of the heart. These events, separated by the lapse of ten years, form the first and last chapters of my spiritual experience.

Similar instances have occurred to me every week during the interval; and, marked as they always are by human intelligence and affection, and by more than human power, they must be ascribed to a life beyond the present. It is hardly a philosophical supposition, that imponderable fluids or mere brute force can manifest human feelings; or that they can at all approximate to the displays of divine love and wisdom. As an essential part of divine love, there must be truth; and, similarly, human love and truth must go together. This is one of the grounds on which I rely to make out identity. Each communication from the other world carries its own weight of internal evidence, just as does a letter which I receive from a friend in a distant city, and which I cannot for an instant suppose to be a forgery, although I could not demonstrate absolutely that it is not one. The evidence is of too sacred and intimate a character to be weighed in legal scales, before a court and jury—they could not be made to understand it; and yet there can be no question as to identity in the case. Let us look at the matter in the light thrown on it by the general law of conjunction. In earthly society, no communication is possible between another and myself, unless, somewhere and somehow, we can come into mental contact; otherwise, that which either says appears to the other as a mere amorphous fungus on the outside.

So, whenever the right relations exist between a congregation and its minister, the latter says unutterable things to his flock—they understand each other; but, if a strange minister takes his place, he makes a noise only, without being heard to any valuable purpose. Does not this explain why it was that, at his first conversion to Spiritualism, every one found some relative or dear friend at the bottom of it? It is an infallible test of truth that it does not trip up the heels of any other truth. All the truth there is in the idea of church organization is built on the principle that those who are one in purpose are in conjunction with each other; and, in these manifestations, my father, if I am one in purpose and desire with him, is brought by this law, potentially and substantially, into communication with me, whether he choose or not to announce himself by name, or to become visible to me.

Mrs. French, as her personal experience, added:—

I have sufficient evidence on this question to make me a devout believer in the great fact that our friends do verily communicate with us—and amongst the best is that given by my mother and dear children. They seem to take a more lively interest in my welfare than any other spirits. I know them from the sweet feelings, the affectionate interest in myself, which they manifest. Long before

the spiritual phenomena were generally known, these loved friends came and communicated with me as they do now. I saw them in my normal condition, and recognised them as, beyond doubt, the persons they purported to be. My mother's spirit has presented itself, so that two or three other persons present at the time, who were not mediums, recognised her—and she subsequently spoke to me in another room, and informed me of the circumstances of her death, precisely as afterwards confirmed by letters which had not then reached me. I had a brother in California, who appeared to me for three successive nights, while I was perfectly wide awake, and told me he had lost his life, and of various family circumstances I did not then know; all of which were afterward fully confirmed from distant sources. My children come and communicate with me, and I know them well, and all my living children readily recognise their style and manner. The question of importance to me in connection with all this is not that of identity, but of the benefit to be derived from this knowledge and communication. Its object is our improvement and growth in wisdom, and that we may so order our lives here as to result in our advantage. In this way I know that my communications are greatly to my advantage. I am advised against doing what would be foolish and unjust to myself and others—and every point is placed in such a light as appeals to my judgment and reason.

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## THE SPIRIT-WORLD: WHAT DOES THE BIBLE TEACH CONCERNING IT?

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WHEN we consider that it is the general belief of Christendom that the future both of the individual and the race is bound up with the relations of man to the invisible world, and that religion is chiefly concerned in teaching him how he may be best prepared for that world—into which he must fully and consciously enter when the natural life has ceased, it is surprising that Christians in general should rest so contented with their present vague and dim conceptions of it,—that there should be so little enquiry and so little interest manifested in this direction; and that with our mass of theological literature, and with so many divines and Biblical scholars, expositors, and commentators, the revelations of Scripture on this subject should be so generally blinked and evaded. Even such investigations as we have, are, for the most part, but slight and superficial.

There are many good and pious men who timidly shrink from this enquiry as if it was something unlawful—a presumptuous prying into forbidden mysteries: they are afraid that the subject may be profaned, and they avowedly prefer “to leave the subject in the mist which commonly surrounds it.” We have no such apprehensions. Knowledge of any kind whether little or much, sacred or secular, may be abused, but we see no reason to deprecate earnest reverent enquiry into the nature of any part of God's natural or spiritual universe. We have no fear of too much light; and we know of no nobler employment than this of the faculties God has given us. If He has placed a limit to man's knowledge in any direction, it will be found in the nature of the subject and of the



faculties by which we comprehend or investigate it. We have no apprehension that man will be able to overstep or evade the limits which Omnipotent wisdom has prescribed; the danger is all the other way. God can protect his own mysteries. We can climb but a little way up the hill of knowledge, because of the heavy burden of sloth and prejudice upon our backs: too often we darken our windows lest the full flood of light should stream in upon us and make too visible the dirt and cobwebs we have allowed to gather in the chambers of the mind. Often when we look out upon objects in the world beyond, they appear to us distorted, grotesque, hideous,—not that they are or would appear so in the noon-tide light of clearer knowledge, but that these false appearances are occasioned by “the mist which commonly surrounds” them, and through which we are content to see them.

The fact is, men *will* form *some* conceptions of the spirit-world: and the nature of those conceptions and the mode in which they are formed is surely a matter of some consequence.\* No available means for attaining a correct judgment herein should be neglected; but we believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, if faithfully studied with a view to this end will illuminate the whole field of vision with a radiant and unimagined splendour.

We have no desire to enter into theological controversy or minute Biblical criticism, which would be foreign to the objects of the *Spiritual Magazine*; but we hope it may be of some service in the way of suggestion to indicate what appear to be some of the revelations of Scripture concerning the spirit-world. For the sake of brevity we shall do so in the form of propositions, to which we invite attention, for whether the reader agrees with us or not, an enquiry of this nature if conducted in a right spirit can hardly fail to be profitable, and we hope that more competent minds than ours may be induced to lay their thoughts before us that we may be thereby enlightened, and our judgment, where erroneous, corrected.

We think then that the Scriptures represent to us a *spiritual world*, not merely a *future state*—a world of living realities and

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\* If we were to trace the original sources of our ideas of the spirit-world, we should probably be surprised to find whence many of them have been derived. Not to speak of Pagan antiquity, we are indebted to an extent we little conceive to painters and poets,—to pictorial and sculptured representations of angels and demons;—to the Epic of Dante, the poem of Milton, and the prose-poem of Bunyan. The popular idea indeed falls far below these standards. How poor, pitiful, and inane is its conception of Heaven if we come to analyze it; while with regard to lost souls and their destination the popular mind dare not face its own idea. We had prepared a statement of some of the verbal and pictorial blasphemies that have been presented on this subject in books of devotion and the works of learned and eloquent divines, but we found them too revolting to place before the reader. Paterfamilias might reasonably have feared that they would frighten the children.

substantial forms—as objective to the spirit as rocks, trees, and animals are to the natural man. These and all other things in the natural world with their qualities and properties,—colours, extensions, spaces,—have their spiritual analogue in the spiritual world.

The Bible teaches that these are perceived and enjoyed not by any natural faculty, but by the inner spiritual senses; hence its spaces must differ from natural spaces (these appearances being outwrought from internal states), its substances from material substances—not in quality but in kind, not by greater fineness of texture but by difference in species. The spirit-world is not a continuation of the natural world on a higher level, but one, corresponding indeed to it, but on a different degree or scale of being—spiritual law taking the place of natural law; the glories and beauties of the spirit-world though objective, being not sensuous, but the afflux and pictorial representation of the divine affections within the soul; or, in the nether world, of their inversions.

Man, in this life, having within him the full complement of spiritual senses, it needs only a subjection of the physical nature and an opening of one or more of the spiritual senses for a man to be for the time brought into direct relation with their corresponding spiritual realities, as the natural eye requires only to be open for man to see the visible world, or the ear to be open for him to distinguish sounds.

Even while in nature, we, as to our spirits, are in the spirit-world;—for its presence is not a question of geographical boundaries; the kingdom either of God or the devil is within every man: it depends not on local proximity, but on spiritual affections; the law determining the consociation of spiritual natures being the conjunction of likes, the more the spirit is open and freed from material and organic impediments the more is it at one with spirits of like principle and degree, and the more are its latent faculties quickened until it becomes conscious of more vivid and unobstructed spiritual perceptions.\*

In the invisible world there are not only states of purity and

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\* Concerning the universal presence of the spirit-world, an eminent divine, the Rev. Dr. Peabody, has recently remarked: "We know not the laws of Spiritual life; but if, even while here on earth, and while it is confined to the body, the mind has, through its material organs, a kind of universal presence, and its thought outstrips the sunbeam, can we suppose that they who have advanced before us are more restricted in knowledge, and that eclipse falls on all they leave behind? I cannot doubt that this world lies open to their view. With enlarged powers, with higher faculties, while all seems darkness to us, all to their purer vision may be light around us. And I would fain think that there are blessed thoughts coming unawares, and holy impulses, and better purposes, which visit the soul in its struggles, from the helping love of the departed. Sure I am that our danger is not from too great faith in the reality of the spiritual world. That world, where is it? Is it not the teaching of reason, that it is all around us? God grant that we may feel the moral power of this idea of spiritual presence!"

blessedness, and of evil and misery (Heaven and Hell), but there is also a middle state (not the Purgatory of the Romanist, but the Hades or place of spirits of the Primitive Church), and in each of these again there are upward and downward series and degrees according to the quality and affections of the soul; which quality and affections determine also its employment and functions: the spirit-world being not a place of rest, (in the popular sense of meaning idleness), but of more intense and varied activities.

To establish and develop these principles would require copious argument and citation. We, however, have no desire that any ready-made conclusions of our own or of others should be adopted by the reader, our object is gained if we can but stimulate him to think and "search the Scriptures diligently to see whether these things be so." It is the attitude of mental apathy, indifference and conventionalism which is specially to be deprecated. The study of spiritual phenomena will, we feel assured, greatly help to a better understanding of the Bible pneumatology: they will mutually reflect light upon each other. The records and revelations of the past should never be dissevered from the facts of the present. The principles of human nature, of natural and spiritual laws, and of the Divine government, remain unchanged. When we see human nature wrought upon visibly by spiritual agencies, the narratives and language of Scripture in relation to spiritual things cannot fail to come home to us with greater force and deeper meanings than we have been accustomed to find in them. As remarked by the Rev. T. L. Harris:—"One year of thorough investigation of accredited spiritual phenomena now occurring will throw more light on the real meaning of the New Testament than any amount of mere critical reading of the expounders of the text."\* T. S.

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\* Possibly to some students of the Bible pneumatology it may be useful to supply the following list of works, which may be consulted on the subject:—*Foregleams of Immortality*, by E. H. SEARS; *Physical Theory of another Life*, by ISAAC TAYLOR. *Heaven and Hell*, by EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. *Mortal Life and the State of the Soul after Death*, by A PROTESTANT LAYMAN. *Essay on Sex in the World to Come*, by the REV. G. D. HAUGHTON. *Scriptures Revelations concerning a Future State*, by A COUNTRY PASTOR (Archbishop Whately). *Dissertation on Hades and Gehenna*, by the REV. DR. CAMPBELL. *Discourses on the New Heavens and the New Earth*, by the REV. DR. CHALMERS. *The Philosophy of a Future State*, by the REV. T. DICK. *Primitive Doctrines Restored*, by BISHOP CAMPBELL. *Discourse on the Happiness of Separate Spirits*, by DR. I. WATTS. *An Essay on the Evidence from Scripture that the Soul, immediately after the Death of the Body, is not in a State of Sleep or Insensibility, but of Happiness or Misery*, (Church Union Prize Essay). *The Invisible World*, by BISHOP HALL. *Sermon on the Doctrine of the Middle State*, by BISHOP BULL. *The State of the Departed*, by BISHOP HOBART. *The Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World*, by the REV. JOHN HOWE. *The Belief of the First Three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Underworld*, by FREDERICK HUDKOPER. *The Happiness of the Blest*, by BISHOP MANT. *A Review of the Spiritual Manifestations*, by the REV. CHARLES BEECHER. We would specially commend the two first-named works; Swedenborg's is too well known to need commendation.

## NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

UNDER this head, in his *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle philosophizes on the development of the spiritual forces in man. If we may accept his teaching as to the spiritual side of man whilst in this world, it will only be to wish that he would have carried out his far-seeing analogies into the true world of ghosts, the real spirit-world, the world of causes, and have recognized more fully the teachings which open that world to our enquiry. There is something more than mere natural philosophy wanted in such a search, and it must, unfortunately, be prosecuted without the aid of these great men of square scientific thought. We need not for that reason, however, undervalue such noble hewings from the natural rock as those which follow.

“Is the Past annihilated then, or only past; is the Future non-existent, or only future? These mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of To-morrow roll up; but Yesterday and To-morrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man’s Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God it is a universal *HERE*, so is it an everlasting *NOW*.

“And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY?—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and must be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion? Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and for ever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayst ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

“That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imaginings or imaginings,—seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on

us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay, even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities: and consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-effulgences! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand, and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand, and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practises on us.

“Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

“Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from the *Steinbruch* (now a huge troglodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses, and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civilizing Man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago: his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold Accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening in two-million? Not only was Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories in ever done.

“Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant Mover. The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? Oh, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-

sea of celestial wonder ! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God ; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

“ Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost ? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one ; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor ! Did he never, with the mind’s eye as well as with the body’s, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved ; did he never so much as look into Himself ? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish ; well nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time ; compress the threescore years into three minutes ; what else was he, what else are we ? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an appearance ? \* \* This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact* : we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions ; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity ; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls ? And again, do we not speak and gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debates and recriminations) ; and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful ; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still Home ; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day ? Where now is Alexander of Macedon : does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him ; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must ? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns ! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt ; which has now with its howling tumult that made night hideous, flitted away ? —Ghosts ! There are nigh a thousand million walking the earth openly at noon tide ; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

“ O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him ; but are, in very deed, Ghosts ! These Limbs, whence had we them ; this stormy Force ; this life-blood with its burning Passion ? They are dust and shadow ; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME ; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes ; force dwells in his arm and heart : but

warrior and war-horse are a vision ; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the earth, as if it were a firm substance : fool ! the Earth is but a film ; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's ? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago they were not ; a little while and they are not, their very ashes are not.

“So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body ; and forth issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends : one grinding in the mill of Industry ; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science ; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow :—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled ; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. . . . . Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage : can the Earth which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive ? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in ; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence ?—O Heaven, whither ? Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

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### SPIRITUALISM ABROAD.

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OUR contemporary of the other side of the Channel, the *Revue Spiritualiste*, informs us that Mr. Squire is again in Paris, after a month's sojourn at Algiers and Tunis. He had been invited to Algeria by a Spiritualist friend residing there. “Among those,” says the *Revue*, “whose astonishment was excited by the phenomena witnessed in Mr. Squire's presence, was the illustrious Duc de Malakoff. Mr. S. was equally well received by the Arab Sheiks there, who interest themselves, like all of their race, in facts of a spiritual order, always approaching them seriously and religiously.”

The *Revue* concludes an article on the subject of Mr. Squire's mediumship thus :—“For us who have often been present at his *séances*, and have heard clairvoyants, separated from each other, exclaim at the same moment that they saw the spirits round the table used in these experiments, for us who have minutely observed the phenomena in the presence of this young American, we hesitate not to declare that they are attributable to the action of intelligence exterior to himself. But all are not obliged to come to the same conclusion. There are those who may pretend to be able to do the same. In page 321 of the third volume of our *Revue*, we offered our columns to evidence that any one could, without the intervention of spirits, and under the same conditions as Mr. Squire's, do the same. *No one to the present time has done so. We still wait for some one to present himself who will throw, at a single cast, over his head and against the wall, the heavy table at our office, with his left hand, and without making the least movement.*

The *Revue* also contains the following narrative, with the editor's signature appended: in translating we have slightly abridged it:—

"On the 25th January last, died suddenly of apoplexy at Villecresne, not far from Paris, Madame Ermine Chaumet, wife of a landed proprietor. She was much beloved by her sister-in-law, a Madame Lefebvre, who lived in the vicinity. On the evening of the burial, as the latter was preparing for bed, she was startled by a noise, as of a violent blow on the glazed door of her room. Two days after, while rising, she heard a blow on her garden door, where no one from without could come. The noise was as loud as from a piece of ordnance, and was heard by the other inmates of the house. The bar of the door was loosened by the concussion. Next evening, and the following day, noises were heard and shocks felt. Madame L., a pious and impressionable woman, thought she must be falling under some evil influence, and gave herself to prayer. But two days after the noises troubled her and her family again.

"Several times during the same period, a ladies' boarding school in the village was disturbed by similar noises. One of the scholars was thrown by them into an alarming state. The hall bell of the house was often rung in the night; no ringers being visible. Officers were posted about the house, yet the ringing continued. These disturbances became the topic of conversation through the neighbouring villages. Hearing thus of them, we went to pay a visit of enquiry, accompanied by Monsieur Petit, a resident of the village, and others.

"Poor Madame L. was ill, having slept but little since these noises had begun. She attributed them to evil spirits, and had had a mass said to stop them. I told her that I thought they were to signify the presence of her sister-in-law, who, dying suddenly, had not satisfied her conscience by religious acts, or that she may have departed without imparting some secret, or expressing some wish; that these noises might be made to attract her attention, and failing that, of the inmates of the school, among whom might be some pious and impressionable persons whose presence afforded spirits a power of manifesting themselves.

"I undertook to return in a few days with a clairvoyante, who could see and describe spirits, and through whom we might be able to elucidate the mystery. I returned on the 12th February with the medium, Madame Delangue. In the meantime the manifestations had not diminished: noises at the door, in the wardrobe, in the safe, in the bedstead—everywhere. One night she and her husband heard a piece of money fall at the bedside; presently another piece fell, then more. Madame L. rose, and lighting a candle, found the pocket of her dress, which she had laid on the bed, turned inside out, and her portemonnaie lying, shut, by it on the coverlet. The coins on the floor had been taken from the portemonnaie.

"Having listened to these additional particulars, we formed a circle in the room. Having uttered a prayer, I invited the spirit making these manifestations, to communicate the cause. Presently we all felt several electrical shocks. To our interrogations, made in the usual way, we learned that it was the spirit of Madame L.'s sister-in-law, who was desirous of attracting her attention; that she needed her kind thoughts and prayers; that such expansion of the soul in her regard would, by spiritual magnetism, relieve and comfort her. To make sure that the communication was from the spirit in question, and not from an adroit deceiver, whether in or out of the body, I adjured the spirit to show herself to Madame Delangue.

"Madame D. had never even heard speak of the deceased. Presently she saw a female spirit, and described her face, stature and figure, even to the particular of her being a little lame. The family recognised the spirit of Madame L.'s sister-in-law by this description. The spirit, through Madame D. said, that the manifestations would continue nine days more, during which she entreated that prayers and acts of devotion should be made in her behalf.

"On taking leave, we received many thanks from the family. Everything passed as the clairvoyante said. After the ninth day the manifestations ceased. Monsieur Lefebvre has just paid me a visit of thanks, and tells me that nothing has occurred since.

"The facts here stated can easily be verified; the place and people being well known.

Z. J. PIERART."



## Notices of Books.

“*Spiritualism Fairly Tried and its Phenomena traced to their True Cause.* By EDWARD NANGLE, A.B., Rector of Skreen. Persons wishing to have this pamphlet will please to enclose fourpence, with their names and addresses, to the Rev. E. Nangle, Skreen, Ballisodare, Ireland.”

IF the promise contained in the title page, of tracing these phenomena to their true cause be performed, our readers will not regret, that like us, they sent fourpence to Skreen, near Ballisodare, Ireland, and for that small sum were put in possession of so vast a truth. We have read the book, and we freely say that it is almost worth the money, if only for the unreserved frankness with which the writer, a clergyman, admits the full range of facts, which he takes from the *Cornhill* article, and from published letters of Mr. William Howitt and others. This of itself is a considerable advance upon the usual run of criticism, and immeasurably before the foolish credulity of Mr. Novra and his *Once a Week* patrons, who, by-the-bye, have made the discovery that their mode of treating the subject does not pay, for we hear no more either of Mr. Novra's lectures or of his illustrated essays. The Rev. Mr. Nangle has quite adequately appreciated their efforts in the following sentence, which we quote as containing the main scope of his frank and honest little book :

The Editor of *Once a Week* by publishing the articles to which we allude, shows that the real causes of Spiritualism lie at a depth to which the thoughts and speculations of such writers cannot penetrate. Can anything be <sup>now</sup> supremely ridiculous than the assertion, that the rising of a table several feet above the ground is accomplished by the foot of the medium—as if hundreds of persons who have seen this done could be the dupes of such a bungling artifice? The writer in *Once a Week* attempts to account for the whole narrative in the *Cornhill Magazine* in pretty much the same fashion. The window-blind was drawn down by Mr. Home with a lazy-tong. His figure floating through the air, was produced by a small magic-lantern, which he had concealed about his person. And as to Mr. Home's foot which touched the shoulder of the narrator as he ascended into the air, he simply stood upon a chair near him and laid his foot upon him. Certainly the Editor of *Once a Week* must imagine that he writes for a very credulous public, if he thinks that such childish nonsense as this, illustrated though it be with neatly executed diagrams, can be accepted as sound argument. It should further be observed that the articles to which we allude deal only with the performances of professional necromancers like Mr. Home, while they leave such facts as we have published in a preceding chapter, wholly unaccounted for. The more this matter is examined, rationally and Scripturally, the deeper will be the conviction that the phenomena of Spiritualism can only be accounted for on the supposition of a supernatural agency—and that that agency is diabolical.

We must correct the writer in styling Mr. Home a professional necromancer, and inform him that Mr. Home is a private gentleman, and that he does not make the phenomena, but merely that

they happen to be produced in his presence. He has no power whatever over them, and is in no degree responsible for them, whether they be good, or bad, or indifferent. Mr. Home does nothing beyond sitting in a chair like any other gentleman, and these phenomena, which commenced with him when he was about seven years old, spontaneously occur. If the satanic theory were infallible we should expect to find Mr. Home, Mr. Squire, Judge Edmonds, William Howitt, Swedenborg, Harris, and Dr. Wilkinson, very hellish persons, instead of which they appear to be at all events not worse than their neighbours. Even we ourselves confess to have heard sundry noises, and to have seen strange sights, without feeling at all devilish in consequence. We do not even see much scope for any clever devil in the business, since a few raps more or less in the world are of no great import. But the deductions we draw from them *are* our affair, and these are of importance—so much so that we have always insisted that no communication should be relied upon because of its origin, but only for its intrinsic qualities; and that nothing should be received as a rule of life or of opinion which was repugnant to the enlightened teachings of the Bible, and of that highest conscience which God has given to each of us. The satanic origin of the phenomena is argued at considerable length by the author, and it is found that “from the sure word of prophecy, just about this time, there is to be an extraordinary putting forth of satanic power in the production of signs and wonders which should deceive, if it were possible, the very elect.” We hardly think that this discovery is worth the pence which we gave to get to the bottom of this perplexing question. It shows, at all events, either that the Rev. Mr. Nangle is not amongst “the very elect,” or that his satanic majesty, with all his cleverness, has not been able to deceive him. It is no small thing, now-a-days, when the devil is put forward as possessed of such supernal intellect, to catch him out the first ball, and we cannot enough thank the Rector of Skreen, near Ballisodare, for his eminent success as a fielder. But now that the great discovery has been made, we do not see why the devil should be any longer the bugaboo of Spiritualism—for are not we now on our guard against him? He can no longer hurt us now that we know his artful wiles. As we know that it is the devil who is behind all these spiritual phenomena, we can even play with them without danger, for he has no longer any power to deceive us. Above all, they afford an opportunity of the extremest value, to watch and analyse the workings and designs of that interesting personage. We can now place him on the dissecting table, and anatomize and diagram him for the benefit of ourselves and of all our fellow-sinners—and all for the small price of fourpence.

Were this true the world ought to stand still for a few days to enable men to contemplate the phenomenon, and to exercise its deepest thought upon the consequences of such a discovery. Of what enormous import is it, that such spiritual powers are now freely given to the devil, and that at last not only his existence, but his spiritual power of acting on what we call matter is a demonstrated fact. It is evident, then, that all our philosophical teachers are wrong; for the Brodies, and Brewsters, and Faradays, and Baden Powells, vehemently deny the possibility of such an acting, and they say persistently that spiritual powers have no dynamical action on mundane things, and that such would be against the order and possibilities of nature. The devil could teach them better; and he certainly might be made useful in the office of President of the Royal Society for a year, or at all events to give a course of six lectures in which he might be made to explain his views, and reform the false notions that prevail there of the relations of matter and of spirit.

Thus in God's providence the devil himself would be found to be useful, and it would be gradually perceived what an anomaly it is that the only known and acknowledged evidences of supernatural acting upon material things should be given over to Satan. The great question of the day is whether miracles are, or ever were, possible—whether there is a single instance of such in the history of the world. The Christian points to the Bible accounts, which, though written long ago and doubtfully preserved, he says that he implicitly believes; but he denies that they have ever occurred, or been possible, since the Bible times. The materialist, more consistent, denies their possibility at any time. We, still more consistent, with observed facts, assert not only their possibility, but their actual occurrence, at all times under favourable conditions of faith and receptivity, and that they are by Divine appointment the heritage of regenerated man. In proof of this, we point to these little physical phenomena, not as the end, nor even as the means, but as demonstrations of facts, from which the more important truths may be deduced, according to the Baconian method. We have lost faith in the devil since he has been so easily found out, and prefer to believe in the devil's Master, in the Divine Lord of all things, and in our Father's never-ceasing care and love. By His teaching we have found the devil to be nearer to us than outside of us, and that he is more easily detected by the process of self-examination, than by sending fourpence to the Rector of Skreen.

*Spiritual Tracts.* By JUDGE EDMONDS, New York. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

It has been fortunate for America that Spiritualism found amongst its early apostles one so eminent and respected as Judge Edmonds. It is its phenomenal phase which not only obtains it a name, and brings together the believers in it, but at the same time brings down on it the *odium theologicum* and the shrill denial of science, which declares it to be impossible. As the world goes in this century, however, there are other phenomena besides those of Spiritualism which at first sight would be declared impossible, and amongst them would be that one of the judges of our Supreme Court, whilst retaining his high office, should write a series of tracts detailing his conviction of the truth of Spritualism. That would be a fact quite out of "the order of nature," for this country, and indeed, when it actually happened in America, it was a little too early even there; for the Judge, chiefly in consequence of having been in rooms where he witnessed certain strange facts, was thought to be not a proper person to continue to administer his judicial functions. Probably the same would happen to the Lord Chief Baron or to the Lord Chief Justice, or any acting Chancellor of England, if he were to be so unfortunate as to witness the phenomena, and take to writing an account of them. Still more surely if one of these learned judges was, like Judge Edmonds, to become himself a medium. It is not enough, we see from this, that a thing should be true, but it must also be likely to be true, to be received with favour by self-satisfied persons. In spite of this, Judge Edmonds from time to time went on writing and publishing his experience in the shape of tracts, taking as his ground-work the old idea "I did not say it was possible—I only said it was true." Having essentially a legal mind, sharpened by a long and successful practice at the bar, and in the Senate, and a habit of weighing evidence in the judicial scales, his testimony is all convincing and sufficient. It is not necessary, so far as the mere question goes of whether certain facts occurred, or did not occur, on a certain occasion, to look for further proof than will be found in these well-reasoned and clearly-stated tracts. Much of the doubt in the scientific mind arises from its not knowing what has been already done in its own way of proving the facts, for it is not aware of the number of competent observers who have exhausted all the possible modes of inquiry and analysis. It is therefore with the greatest pleasure that we here find to our hand a convenient means of satisfying all such as want to inquire in a rational spirit, and the more so as it is neither easy nor necessary for all to see the facts for themselves. In this world, and probably

also in the next, something must be taken on trust and testimony, and for this special business we commend the testimony of Judge Edmonds, and we hope that each of our readers who wishes to have the facts and philosophy in a condensed and portable form for the use of himself and his neighbours, will take the opportunity now afforded to him of possessing this little book.

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*Spiritual Impressions.* By the REV. H. BOLTON, of Nottingham.  
Simpkin and Co.

THIS is a short Essay containing the writer's thoughts on a very interesting subject, and one that might be enlarged into questions of the utmost difficulty, such as the origin of thought and the mode of influx; questions which have exercised the mind of man in all ages from Aristotle and Plato—the centres of the two diverging lines. Aristotle was of opinion that man's thoughts were innate; Plato, that they were communicated. Mr. Bolton, however, does not go deeply into the subject, but from his own experience, and that of others, he admits the possibility of what we should call spiritual impression, and limits it to the following three conditions:—Firstly, If it have a holy tendency? Secondly, If it is not contrary to God's written word, or otherwise inconsistent with a Divine origin; and, Thirdly, If there *seems*, or *afterwards turns out to have been* a sufficient reason for it.

We have not much to object to these conditions, though we might have to give a broader meaning to them than, perhaps, Mr. Bolton would agree to. The third condition appears to apply to and to limit both the former, for the word "*seems*" opens out a wide question as to the depth of the mind, which is to consider the sufficiency of the reason, whilst the words "*afterwards turns out to have been*" is of very broad significance, though too lax to be of much use as a rule for immediate guidance. Spiritual impressions, like prophecy, are not seen in their fulness, at the time of their occurrence, perhaps not for years, or for centuries after, and this is too long for us to wait to pronounce upon the question of fact, which is much nearer home. It is better and truer to recognise that spiritual impressions are constant with us, and that they are both good and bad, and that by virtue of our conscience we are enabled to sit in judgment upon them, and pronounce with much accuracy their character, whether good or bad, or a mixture of both. We ought to be warned, however, against looking for great dignity in all spiritual impressions, or in all spiritual manifestations, or even in all inspiration. Instances of this, which are worthy of thought, may be given in the words of Mr. Howitt, in his answer to a similar objection by the Rev. E. White, in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, vol. iii. p. 125:—"Again, is there anything more ridiculous, taken from the same point of view, in the present manifestations, than in many acts of the prophets? Jeremiah carrying his girdle to the Euphrates, and burying it, in order to spoil it; his putting his neck into yokes and bonds; his thrusting great stones into a brick-kiln would not look very sane to a worldly mind, if done by a Spiritualist. Ezekiel, lying on his side for forty days, making a pretended siege with a tile and an iron pot; his shaving of his hair and beard, and burning one part, chopping another with a knife, and scattering the third to the wind; his stealthily removing his goods from one house to another by night, would not to us have appeared very rational, or very dignified. But you will say these were all sent for great lessons to the nation. True, and so are all the foolish things, which God has sent to confound the wisdom of the wise through Spiritualism, meant for great lessons."

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## Correspondence.

### CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

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

SIR,—A popular work entitled *Traits of Character*, contains an interesting sketch of the late Edward Irving, in which is related the following extraordinary case of clairvoyance, which the authoress introduces with some remarks on "the Spiritualists of our own day." The whole appears to me worthy of attention, and perhaps may elicit observation.

I remain, sir, yours truly,  
J. FAWCETT.

Yet, it is not often thus that the most extravagant superstitions find their readiest believers—their most undoubted votaries amongst the educated and intelligent? Look, for instance, at the "Spiritualists" of our own day, the "table-rappers," the "seeing-mediums," the "tilting-mediums," and the "writing-mediums."—Are these the illiterate and the ignorant? Quite the contrary. Scholars, divines, authors and authoresses, known, admired and honoured for their talents, are amongst the professed recipients of these "spiritual" gifts—the promulgators and firmest adherents in all that appertains to, or is necessary to, "Spiritualism." Attempt to question or combat their belief that feeble raps at a table, that tables swaying, and moving backwards and forwards, scratches and dots upon paper, are other than messages, manifestations and revelations from the unseen world, direct indications from spirits, long, it may be, passed upon earth—and they will defend their ground with a courage and determination as inflexible as if maintaining a world-wide attested and recognised fact. I have heard many do this; persons, too, of acknowledged and clear intellect, of unquestioned honour and veracity, whose names or authority, in any of the ordinary transactions or dealings of life, would be a perfect guarantee of honour and good faith, that none would hesitate in accepting as irrefragable evidence of anything advanced. How can we account for this, otherwise than by the solution that of all nature's mysteries, man to himself and others is the profoundest. The "religious revivals," now attracting so much attention, testify how existent in many human hearts is the panting and pining after a supernatural atmosphere—the craving desire for the wonderful and unknown. Of these "revivals" I have been no witness. For "mesmerism" and "clairvoyance," I have the respect and belief which personal experience of its power and faithfulness in one instance entitled it to. I will relate the occurrence:—In reference to "clairvoyance," I may here relate what occurred to myself some eight years since, the entire truth of which I most solemnly aver. I had become entitled to some property through a legacy. To obtain possession of it, it was necessary that the signature of one particular individual should be procured. Now I must observe that of this same person, no tidings had been heard for nine years. The last news represented him as resident in America, but no certified intelligence could be got. By many, myself amongst the number, he was supposed to be dead. Several of my legal friends had used all their skill to discover some clue to his whereabouts, if living; or attestation, if otherwise, of his death. He baffled all their researches to discover either. It was during the existence of this dilemma that I was dining with a lady friend one day, and accidentally named the fact. She heard my perplexity and lamentation to an end, with her usual patience and sympathy, and then said—"Why do you not consult Ellen Dawson? She, I daresay, could give you some

information of him." I replied, that I never heard of the young lady. She then informed me that Miss Ellen Dawson was understood to be the greatest *clairvoyante* of the day; and further, that through her instrumentality solely, a lady, well-known to my friend, had recently recovered a very valuable bracelet, of which she had been robbed by a servant. Of course, I enquired the necessary means to be employed to gain access to, and audience of, this "sibyl;" and learnt that this could only be achieved by the interposition of Mr. H——, a surgeon, resident near Grosvenor Square, whose patient she was, for the treatment of epileptic fits, to which she was subject.

I waited on Mr. H——, and with considerable difficulty, and only after stating that I was a friend of one whom he greatly respected, succeeded in getting a promise from him of an introduction to Miss Dawson, the fee for which favour was to be £1 6s., a guinea to the surgeon, 5s. to Miss Dawson. These terms I gladly acceded to. On the evening appointed, I went, accompanied by another lady, to the house of Mr. H——. We were shown into a well-lighted and handsomely furnished drawing room; and, in a few minutes, Mr. H—— entered, leading by the hand the heroine of the evening. She was said to be twenty-six, but looked much younger. She was very short and slight, almost childish in figure; but whether the effect of disease, or the too great exercise of her supernatural powers, there was such a wan and emaciated look about her face—something so worn and pinched—that it was painful to look at. After a very few minutes' operation, Mr. H—— succeeded in mesmerising her, and declared her to be in the necessary *ecstatic* state to answer questions. He then placed me in *rappor*t with her, and left the room, one of his assistants remaining with us.

I am not going to weary the reader with a recapitulation of all the details. Enough, that I soon asked the one important question—"Is Mr. —— alive or dead?" with a flashing smile, and quick confident manner. She instantly answered—"Alive." "Where is he?"—"Living amongst the blacks; but not under his own name. He does this—making a movement with her fingers as if writing—He practises as a solicitor." "Is he married?"—"Yes; to a lady that wears long gold ear-rings, and a gold ornament on her forehead." "How am I to find him?"—"Go and see his sister." "I do not know her." "Never mind—go. She will be very kind and tell you where to find him." "Is he in America?"—"No—I think he is in Africa." As directed, I did call on his sister, a few days subsequently, at her house in —— Place, Portman Square. She was most friendly, afforded me the long-desired information about her brother; which was, strange to say, coincident in every respect with what Ellen Dawson had asserted. He was then living at Natal, Africa; was practising there as a solicitor, and married to a native, who probably did wear the decorations described. Thus, what some of the acutest lawyers in London for years had been vainly seeking to arrive at, was obtained by the inexplicable operation of some agency Miss Dawson was possessed of.

Another *guess* or two, or whatever else you may denominate these specimens of Miss Dawson's occult gifts, were so remarkable in their truthfulness in the one interview I had with her, that I am tempted to repeat them. She said: "Before you get this money, you will have to produce your marriage certificate." "I daresay I shall. Where now is my marriage certificate?" "In a japan dressing-case." I turned to my friend, saying, "She is wrong there, for it is in my writing-desk." However, when I got home, anxious to test her reliability, before even I took off my bonnet I unlocked my writing-desk, and searched in its compartments for the tiny, but now often destiny-fixing document for a life's weal or woe. I could not find it. I then looked in my dressing-case, where, to my own great surprise, it was. It was not the place I usually kept it in, and I would have taken an oath unhesitatingly it was where I had asserted. The clairvoyante knew better. It was only the day before the final adjustment of the business which put me in possession of the money had arrived that the certificate was asked for; and I had repeatedly remarked, "Ellen is wrong about my having to produce that document," when at the very eleventh hour a letter from my lawyer came, with these words: "Be sure when you come to the Temple, to bring with you your marriage certificate." Strangest of all, perhaps, was the following. After I had exhausted the questions I wished to ask Miss Dawson,

I said: "Now, Ellen, come to me to my own house." When supposed to be arrived there, after describing the furniture of the room I ordinarily occupied, and bestowing sundry imaginary caresses on pretty pussy lying on the rug, she suddenly said, "How nice something smells in the cheffionier." I said to my friend, "What can she mean?—there are no spices there. She must mean the canister." To which, with a sneer, she answered: "No, it was not the tea-canister; for after you had got into the cab to come here you got out again, and went and locked it up in your bedroom." This was strictly the truth. After I had got into the cab, I said to my friend: "Susan is such a sad girl for taking the tea; I will go and lock it up in my wardrobe." How can the sagest wisdom supply the process by which she knew this?—or any ordinary intelligence account for it? I had driven from my house in St. James's to — Street, Grosvenor Square, with my friend. No human being knew of my projected visit but her. The drive occupied but a few minutes, and assuredly no living person but my friend had cognizance of my locking up the tea-canister. The fact in itself is almost contemptible, inconsistent, and trifling; but it has always appeared to me that her knowledge of its having transpired is one of the most wonderful and incomprehensible mysteries in the annals of clairvoyance with which I am acquainted.

After my interview with Miss Dawson terminated, Mr. — asked if I was satisfied; that if I had any doubts of her power I had better see Mr. —, one of the shrewdest magistrates of a metropolitan police court, to whom she had made the most extraordinary revelations in his past life, of which he alone was the depository. Now we all know that magistrates are not generally given to an overweening credulity; and the gentleman referred to was understood to be out of calm judgment and superior intellect.

[Further particulars of Miss Dawson's clairvoyance will be found in the *Zoist*, vol. iii. p. 226, communicated by Mr. W. Hands, of 23, Grosvenor Square, and also by the Honorable Miss Boyle, Maid of Honour to the late Queen Dowager, same volume, p. 236.—ED.]

## INTERNAL RESPIRATION, AND THE ART OF THINKING.

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

York, May 3rd, 1861.

Sir,—I am glad to see your pages open to an investigation of the phenomenon of Internal Respiration. Amid the countless signs of an impending crisis, which meet the awakened eye on every hand, this is, to my mind, by far the most important and significant. The dæmniacal invasion of the Western Continent; the shaking among the nations; the recent revivals; and the prodigious development of the internal sense of the Word, through three principal seers or mediums—Behmen, Swedenborg, and Harris—all these might fail in producing that real change of heart which alone can heal the disorders of our sin-stricken planet. But a change, at once physical and spiritual, which shall restore the intuitions of truth, and awaken the minds of all to the awful realities of the eternal world, seems to be a consummation worthy of the Divine power, which is so evidently working for the speedy coming of the Lord's kingdom. As in the case of Madam Guyon, it is probable that the initial stage of this change may already exist in similar characters, eminent for piety and purity of heart; whilst in others, it may merely stimulate to a speculative investigation from interior perception of causes. The connexion of thought and respiration is, however,



common to all ; and, as an illustration, I send you an extract, made some years ago, from a writer who seems at least to have acquired the faculty of using his own thoughts—a case somewhat rare in an age when so many are glad to transfer this duty to blind leaders of the blind, who would smother truth in a cloud of false learning. I dare say the book is familiar to most of your readers, but perhaps some notice of it may be useful.

Yours truly,  
WM. HIPSLEY.

The extract forwarded by our correspondent is as follows :—

“ IN conversation, in studies, in reading, and in oratory, the management of the breath is of very great importance ; and I am thoroughly persuaded that this is true likewise of meditation—that it governs, in great degree, the thinking faculty. Many people are so ignorant of relations as to admit no great consequences, unless they follow from great causes. Truths, and those of the purest quality, have been hidden principally through this prejudice, from the learned, from the worldly wise among men, and revealed to babes and sucklings. . . . There is a very close connexion between the faculties of thought and of respiration. . . . For instance, let any man hold his breath and endeavour to think upon any subject—he will find it to be impossible. He may attend, for attention is passive ; but he cannot think actively. The hurry and confusion of mind which one feels on walking into a cold bath, is attributable to the same cause. Respiration is checked, and the intellect, consequently, is abroad. In Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, soul, spirit, and breath are signified by the same word. . . . My new thinking method was precisely the same as the one I had before practised, for the furtherance of my reading and other faculties ; I breathed my thoughts forth, instead of suffering them to lie in stagnation. My breath was the current wherein they ran.

“ By its action and gentle agitation, it set my whole mental frame in movement. I despatched every *sentence* in a breath—*sentence*, I mean, in its strict literal sense, of an unspoken sentiment—and then, *ingeminans ictus* ; a second idea having flowed into the interval of vacuity, I applied myself to it in the same way, and so proceeded through the series. . . . Before this experiment, as often as I sat down to think, I found it difficult to set myself in motion. . . . But now I had got a steam-engine at work, working upon and within me ; and, by force of its alternate elevation and depression, its expiration and respiration, I could propel the whole body of my mind. At any moment, and in any circumstances, I could point my thoughts as I pleased to a particular direction, and through them into a particular channel. When my mind was without form and void, and darkness was upon the deep, then would my spirit move upon the

face of the waters, and form an intellectual creation out of chaos. . . . It is established that we can think only in words; they are our necessary instruments for the purpose. It is equally clear that we can employ words in the way of thinking, only by the agency of our breath; my experience assures me that it is so, and that it cannot be otherwise. . . . We must be free and easy, wearing our faculties, our mental investiture, loosely, as in an undress; for constraint in matters of intellect is utter condemnation. A cloud will keep out the sun; therefore, be not careful of what you should say or think, but let the spirit dictate to you in that hour; the soul must shine forth in cheerfulness. Again, when the thoughts are once in motion, eschew all vehemence of agitation. Reflection is nowhere else but on the smooth surface, . . . in the still small voice. How far-reaching and exact the parallel between faith and intellect. Both are born by regeneration, and not according to the flesh, arising into real life by the working of the inward spirit, and thenceforth repudiating the world and the world's uses, clear from the weak and beggarly elements. . . . Who would receive either of them must receive it as a little child. . . . In both the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Carefulness, in both alike, precludes all hope of consummation; confidence is the best test. Newton says, when he wished to master any subject, he was wont to fix his attention quietly and steadily upon it; gradually, the whole would discover itself; light would grow out of darkness. The act of composition ought to be the consequence of meditation, and subservient to it. The elaboration of the writer is like that of the sculptor; it is not by adding, but by taking away that his work is perfected. . . . I tried my new acquisition, my spiritual method of thought, over and over again, for hours together, till I had persuaded myself of its sufficiency."—*Self-Formation*. By A COLLEGIAN. Vol. ii., p. 222.

[To this we add the following anecdote of the poet Wordsworth, kindly furnished us by Mr. William Howitt. Mr. Howitt says:—

"Once, when we were at Rydal Mount, Mrs. Wordsworth suddenly called out to her husband, 'William! William!' I said, 'What's amiss?' the poet being seated very quietly in another part of the room. 'Oh!' said Mrs. Wordsworth, 'I am obliged to keep a sharp watch on William, for when he gets deeply thinking he ceases to breathe.'"—ED.]

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

Carlruhe, 158, Lange Strasse,  
8th May, 1861.

SIR,—I will state a remarkable case of miraculous power manifested through faith, and which is equal in greatness to the one known to the public; in which Mr. Müller, of Bristol, is identified as an instrument of God's providential

workings for the good of humanity, and to exhibit in a most special way the supreme power of the Deity over, and immeasurably above the materialistic reasonings of the sceptical philosophers of the day, who choose to attribute signs and miracles to anything else but to spiritual agency. Not far from this, at Boll, near Gappingen, in Wurtemberg, resides a M. Blumhardt (pasteur), who, through faith and prayer, performs all sorts of cures, and miraculously feeds his visiting patients, many coming from afar, without pecuniary means of his own, but trusting to the special providence of God on these extraordinary occasions, who provides, as in the case of Müller, the necessary means of sustenance for them. I have obtained this wonderful fact in Spiritualism from the Rev. Mr. Gotheil, resident clergyman at Cannstadt, Stuttgart, who regards this miraculous display of spiritual power in faith as analogous to that at Bristol.\* Lavater, of whom I spoke in my last letter, often performed miracles. He had great faith in prayer for obtaining spiritual aid. An unfortunate creature came one day to him, and demanded charity. Having nothing to give at that moment, he prayed to God to assist him on this particular occasion, when he found in his secretary a sum of money which he gave to the object of his appeal, returning thanks to the Author of all gifts. I would recommend all reasonable sceptics or disbelievers to investigate for themselves, and become duly familiar with psychical and physical phenomena. Let them consult the historical records of Christian and Pagan authors, of which there is a host, the traditions, revelations and initiations of the mystic wonders of antiquity, of chiefly the temples of Isis and of Mythra, in which Moses was versed, and coming down to the miraculous period of our Saviour, and then of his Apostles, and so continued unbroken up to the present day, they will see that the spiritual power in man is a part and parcel of the Divine essence after God's own image and likeness, existing from the creation, and augmented by the "outpouring of the spirit upon all flesh," manifesting its first miraculous effects through the instrumentality of the Apostles; and that there is no sleight of hand, no jugglery, no mistake, no delusion in the spiritual and physical wonders that are agitating the world at this moment. The more a man gets materialised in his ideas, and wrapt up in his own sufficiency, the more he will deny the working power of the Deity in himself, and thus become wedded to the Voltarian or Atheistical philosophy, which a high state of civilisation has superinduced. Hence, under providential guidance, may be attributed the dawn of Spiritualism, as predicted by Lavater for man's salvation, in accordance with the love of God and the Redemption. Lavater, who was one of the most remarkable men of the age, and a thaumaturgist, writes thus, and I am tempted to repeat it as an extraordinary case of prediction in the last century, and now in course of fulfilment to the very letter—"The dangerous opinion of Atheism will become general; the state of civilisation, with the empire of the sentiment of reason and philosophy, will have its weight on this frightful doctrine. This revolution keeps pace with the progress and actual direction of intellectual light. But God will have recourse to new manifestations for making himself known, and revelations and miracles are on the eve of being revived for enlightening and saving mankind." Man's short-sightedness in spiritual things is the work of his own self-sufficiency and pride, opposed to the proffered guidance of that all-sufficient Holy Spirit who, with "all his ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those that believe in Him," is the source of the phenomena in question, and hence the value of spiritual revelations to be received and studied, and not to be foolishly rejected and scoffed at without investigation.

We are going over for the second time our usual *séances* on each chapter of the New Testament with the Planchette. The two spontaneous writings of the spirit Luos on prophecy and Hades, or the mediate state, are sublime, as an effort of inspiration of the soul in moments of freedom from the influence of the temporal reason. The signs and wonders of the present day have a connected reference to the past and the future. In his Commentaries on the Hebrews, Luos writes as follows—"The 7th and 14th verses of the 1st chapter identify

\* An account of this will be found at page 183 of the first volume of the Magazine.

still more, and positively, the existence of spirits. But the question is as to what sort of spirits God sends out as messengers and angels. They must, doubtless, be very high ones, and inhabitants of very elevated spheres, and so they are, for they are the beings that have progressed from step to step, and from age to age: God makes use of them as messengers to souls in trouble, and these spirits have the power of manifesting themselves to our outward senses and to our inner feeling. The soul is the medium by which every thing godly and spiritual passes to our common understanding; this is always the power of our own soul working, but influenced by a still higher and more enlightened power, for everything goes by gradation and progression. This is the simple and plain doctrine that so few understand. The soul is mixed up in everything spiritual about man; for instance, if you see a vision or an apparition; you see with the spiritual eyes of your own soul the spirits and scenes of another world. The soul being the spirit of God in us, everything good and sublime comes from that source: reason must also tell you that the spirit in its earthly form cannot be perfect and know all, and so must needs get its higher knowledge from a higher source, and this source is the spirit messengers and 'ministering angels,' that God sends down as comforters and instructors to mankind, through the channel, or medium of their own souls, and which is the doctrine of true spiritualism."

Men of science are right in not holding to affirmations *à priori*—as affirmation in their eyes to be worth anything must be proved or demonstrated. The same rule is good and applicable to negations; how is it then that the learned man who does not dare to affirm *à priori*, does not hesitate to deny facts *à priori*? But like all human things, science develops itself progressively. It makes each day a step; that which was a doubt to it yesterday, is a reality to-day. Astronomy, that science so positive and so poetic, which has made from infinitesimal calculation the most magnificent of poems, is sprung from astrology. Chemistry, to the discoveries of which our industry owes its most powerful scope, is sprung from alchemy, even as the day springs from darkness. Science does not explain the miracle of the blade of grass, and of the grain of wheat: it does not, however, deny it; wherefore, then should it deny that which it cannot again explain, and which it will one day explain in the order of phenomena to which so many persons now attach the highest importance? But when, in the presence of a phenomenon, the learned critic confines himself to a purely simple negation, his negation stamps him as an empiric. In doubt, abstain thyself, says Wisdom! Why, therefore, be in such a hurry to deny? Where should we be, if it was necessary to deny all that we do not comprehend? Do we know how we live, wherefore we think, and wherefore we love? Can science or philosophy explain to-day these psychological phenomena which preside over the rapid movements of the thought; or the affections and antipathies that unite or divide the human race? Human science, still so incomplete, is quite incompetent to render an account of the signs and wonders of God without limitation of His omnipotent power which is as boundless as it is inscrutable and eternal. For many persons at present Spiritualism is only an object of curiosity; for others it is a philosophy; but there are many for whom Spiritualism is a religion; because it never fails to raise in the soul that devotion which is a sign and attribute of its immortality. The coming of Christ restored the thaumaturgic power that man had in a measure lost, and we find it among all those who have followed the footsteps and teachings of the Saviour. If in modern days this spiritual gift has been lost, it belongs to those initiated in Spiritualism to reconquer it for the sake of humanity, the Gospel being their itinerary chart, and the grace of God their armour of light.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

A. KYD.

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To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Kentish Town, May 5, 1861.

Sir,—My mother about six months since left England, on a visit to a married sister residing with her husband on the continent. My brother-in-law being at the time very ill, and gradually getting worse, died about Christmas last. It is necessary here to say that he was of a peculiarly nervous temperament, and that

when in health he was passionately fond of expressing his thoughts and feelings by playing on the piano, though rarely from notes. My mother did not return home from the continent until the Spring, and on her way back she stayed a night or two with myself and wife. The latter has frequently been influenced by unseen agency to write communications of a spiritual tendency, consisting chiefly of short sentences of advice or exhortation. My mother on the evening after her arrival (the 22nd of April last) was desirous of witnessing such writing, but as we had often tried to obtain it without any result, it coming when least expected, Mrs. Ridley sat down with paper and pencil merely as a trial. Almost immediately her hand was violently agitated beyond her own control, and after several attempts at writing it became quite calm, and slowly wrote the words "Go and play." I must here state that Mrs. Ridley, beyond accompanying me in a song, which she must previously *well study*, is no musician, not being able even to play music when learnt, without the notes before her, and certainly unable to improvise or play the ordinary chords without discord. She turned round and sat still at the piano, and presently found her arms, under other influence than her own, raised from her lap and placed upon the keys; after striking a few notes, the hands were carried up and down the keys with great rapidity, and commenced a beautiful plaintive air, and at times so exact was the character of expression, that we all immediately acknowledged it as being Mr. E.'s (my late brother-in-law's) improvisation. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, when I sent for two or three friends to witness it as well as ourselves. They, knowing my wife, were also astonished. I may remark that even a knowledge of music could not have given her such rapid and powerful execution as we witnessed. The same phenomenon has occurred twice since; once, while Mrs. Ridley was alone, and again, when she and I were together. After playing the first time we expressed a desire to receive, if possible, a written communication as to whose influence had guided her; when, on Mrs. Ridley holding the pen, E——, the name of my brother-in-law, was legibly written in dotted letters. Of the truth of what I have here written, there are three witnesses. I will only add, that during these manifestations, my wife's eyes were partially closed and her hands cold; and that she herself had no control over her own hands.

Yours very truly,  
S. RIDLEY.

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LECTURE AT THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.—We have received from a correspondent, who was present, an account of a recent Lecture by Mr. Philip on Spirit Manifestations, at the Whittington Club. On the occasion of Mr. Carpenter's lectures on this subject, at the same place a few weeks since, Mr. Philip had argued that the alleged facts were impossible, and pretty broadly expressed his conviction that the "phenomena" were an imposture. The better to prepare for his lecture, and with a view to strengthen his position, he attended several sittings; and, as the result, he candidly avowed his error in charging the mediums with deception. He said, "The mediums are as truthful as I am; the tables literally danced, and the two bells I bought at the Lowther Arcade to try the medium were rung. I heard rapping on different parts of the table, and I am sure that these things were done by a power not physical." The Lecturer then detailed his attempts to elicit intelligent responses by the raps, but though the spelling was correct, and the messages he received were sensible, he was not satisfied that they came from a spiritual source. He was sure that they must have originated somehow from the minds of those present at the *séance*. The agency was neither mechanical nor spiritual, but magnetic. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Jones, of Basinghall Street, author of *Nature and the Supernatural*, made a very effective speech, stating "that he had devoted as many years to the subject as the Lecturer had weeks; that he had attended hundreds of sittings for spiritual phenomena, and the result had been his firm conviction, not only that the phenomena were genuine, but that they were produced by spirits." In corroboration of this view he gave some illustrations, which were listened to with marked attention.

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## SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

### I.

DURING my recent visit to New York and Boston, in April, 1861, I made the personal acquaintance of some of the leading Spiritualists and best known Mediums of those cities; and at the request of several of the most prominent supporters of and contributors to the *Spiritual Magazine*, to whom I have read my notes since my return to London, I have great pleasure in placing them before its readers. I trust that my narrative may not only prove interesting, but that it will be instructive, inasmuch as it will convey additional proof of the reality of spirit-intercourse, confirmed by my own experiences in America, where I witnessed some of the most remarkable phenomena in Spiritualism ever recorded.

In my family and immediate circle of friends, for whom alone I kept a journal of my travels, I know that every statement I make is implicitly believed; but I am afraid that even among Spiritualists, it may be supposed in one or two cases to which I shall refer, that I may *somehow* have been deceived, and of course among the masses, who are still ignorant of the spiritual facts which are transpiring in their midst, my statements will be considered to be the ravings of a disordered imagination, or a gross attempt to impose on their credulity, senseless and profitless as such a proceeding would be; and therefore, it may not be out of place to remind these sceptics of an old story which I hope those who are familiar with will forgive me for repeating. It is this:—

A Dutch ambassador assured the King of Siam that in Holland the water at times became so hard that a troop of elephants might walk on it in safety. The King is said to have replied: "Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me because I looked upon you as a sober fair-minded man, but now I am sure you lie."

The multitude, who from want of opportunity or inclination, have never seen the marvellous phenomena which are now attested by thousands in this country, and by tens of thousands in America, are exactly in the position of the benighted King of Siam. The *facts* simply transcend *their* philosophy, and with an arrogance which their sober reasoning cannot justify, they coolly ignore human testimony and declare them to be "impossible" and untrue.

It is not my intention, however, to discuss the general subject, which is so ably handled by other contributors to the *Spiritual Magazine*, but only to warn the self-satisfied sceptic that before he can hope to influence the minds of serious honest men by sneering at statements which to his limited comprehension appear too extravagant for belief, he must first put himself on the same plane with me and others by investigating the subject with the sole object of eliciting the truth; and then, assuredly, the *reality of the phenomena* will no longer be denied by him, whatever differences of opinion the study of them may conscientiously lead us to.

My own belief in spiritual appearances, and that apparitions of departed persons are occasionally seen, has been long settled, and it is strengthened by the fact expressed in four lines of Byron:—

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,  
That in the course of some six thousand years,  
All nations have believed that from the dead  
A visitant at intervals appears.

On my passage to America I took an early opportunity of introducing the subject among the passengers, and in a day or two it was evident that my advocacy of the truth of Spiritualism had become generally known, as I was sought for and constantly surrounded by groups representing every type of scepticism. Dr. Mack, a highly respected and well-known physician, residing at St. Catherine's, Upper Canada, placed himself in the van, and contested my arguments very warmly. It was, however, but a repetition of the old worn-out story: my facts were not facts to him—he must see them first—he must examine all the surrounding conditions—there must be something wrong in my powers of observation, &c., &c. To most persons, the *facts*, at first, are a sad stumbling-block, and drive them to a setting up of their own judgment as superior to that of all who have become believers after due investigation. Judging from a variety of small civilities which were tendered to me on board, I had reason to think my unpopular views had nevertheless met with many sympathisers, and, among them, the very last person to whom I should have thought of speaking of Spiritualism from my previous knowledge of the man,—the captain of the ship. He however, I

found, had had his own experiences, as explained by the following colloquy which was overheard and reported to me:—

One of the passengers, a friend of the captain's, smoking with him on deck at night, said: "Have you heard all this d—d nonsense they are talking about spirits?"—"Yes," said the captain, in his solemn deep-toned voice, "I have; and let me tell you, Joe, there is more in it than people have any idea of." "Why, you don't mean to say that you believe the things of which Mr. Coleman is talking?"—"Well, Joe, I can only tell you that I had the clearest intimation of poor D——'s death, and in this way"—and the captain proceeded to tell his friend a veritable ghost story, which I have reason to believe made a serious impression on "Joe," inasmuch as he too exhibited to me afterwards many special civilities, showing a change of feeling in my favour. Among the officers of the ship who took the most interest in the subject were the doctor and the purser, who frequently invited me to their private cabins, and were serious and anxious in their enquiries. One evening, the purser said, "Doctor, do you believe in spiritual appearances?" "Yes," he replied, "I am inclined to do so—I never heard before on personal testimony of such facts as Mr. Coleman relates, but I believe them." "Well," said the purser, "so do I; and I will tell you why"—and he told the following story:—

"When C—— took a house, I went to live with him. One night I was disturbed by a loud knocking at the head of my bed, which destroyed my rest. I named it in the morning, and was laughed at by C—— and his sisters. This occurred a second and third time, with the addition of the bed clothes being on one occasion slowly dragged away from me. On a subsequent night, returning home late, I was groping my way in the dark to my bedroom, when at the door I was astounded by hearing a tremendous smash, as if a hundred weight of glass and china had been thrown at my feet. It was heard by all the house: C——, his sisters, and the servants rushed out of their rooms in great alarm; lights were procured, when to our surprise not anything was to be seen, and nothing was found to account for this extraordinary disturbance. The result was, that C—— gave notice of his intention to leave the house, and at length ascertained that the former occupant had packed up everything and decamped in the night; and the landlord on cleaning out the cellars found the body of a woman buried under the coals—who it was supposed had been murdered."

On my arrival at New York I made the personal acquaintance of Judge Edmonds, for whom I had long entertained the most profound admiration and respect. The undaunted manner in which from the first moment of his conviction he has proclaimed the truth, and the worldly sacrifices he has been compelled in



consequence to make in the cause of Spiritualism, entitle him to the affectionate regard of all men, without reference to those differences of religious opinion, which we too often stop to question and to quarrel with. I was surprised to find that the community who had forced Judge Edmonds from his high office, the duties of which it is admitted even by his persecutors he had discharged with fearless dignity, now pay him on all hands the most marked respect. I had an opportunity of observing this in two courts in which he was professionally engaged as counsel, and also in walking with him through the streets; and I was especially struck with the ease and masterly superiority which he exhibited over his opponent in conducting his legal arguments. He is called by his title by all around him, including the judge on the bench. I spent the evening at Judge Edmonds' house, and was introduced to his daughter, Miss Laura Edmonds, his sole companion. Both are genial and very cheerful, interesting persons. Miss Edmonds' health is very delicate, and for that reason the exercise of her very remarkable mediumship is not now encouraged. Her gifts are very various: she is a writing medium; and the spirits speak through her in the trance state; she sees spirits in her normal condition; and she can sometimes at will *project her spirit*; appearing in form, and delivering messages to friends in sympathy with her, even though living at a distance; and she cited two or three instances in proof of this. The power of the spirit to leave the natural body, and to present itself in visible form and identity to another, though rare, is not an attribute of Miss Edmonds' mediumship only; as I am acquainted with a lady resident in London who has the same power, and who has exercised it several times. This lady told me that on one occasion having a young friend staying on a visit with her, a gentleman who called to see them, in the course of conversation ridiculed the belief in apparitions, and said that he would give anything to see a ghost. He laughed at her assertion that her spirit could appear to him that very night if she pleased, and dared her to try it, which she agreed to do. In the course of the night, she told her friend that she had been to Mr. —'s bedside, and that finding him asleep, she awoke him by a box on his ear; and then, after repeating to him a verse from a poem of Keats's, came away. The gentleman called on the ladies early on the following morning, corroborated her statement, and acknowledged himself perforce a convert to at all events that phase of spiritual manifestations.

Miss Edmonds described to me a visit made to her by a lady who was an entire stranger to her, and who wished for a communication. Laura's hand was moved to write, but was prevented by the seizure of it by her left hand, which tried in a very decided manner to interrupt the spirit controlling the right hand. The

medium then gave utterance to a half-expressed sentence, which was in like manner checked by the second spirit; she then saw both spirits standing before her, and told her visitor that one was her husband and the other her father; and that by their interference with one another, she was made to write and talk so incongruously that she could make nothing of it; and she feared it would be very unsatisfactory. The lady, however, said the whole was most satisfactory to her as a test of the reality of the spirits' presence, as the same habits were exhibited in their lives: there had been a constant war of sentiment between her father and husband; whatever one asserted the other invariably contradicted.

I paid a visit to Mr. Colchester, who is what is called a "test medium." He obtains striking and very peculiar manifestations. Taking my seat in his private room with him alone, he placed before me slips of paper and requested me to write any number of questions I pleased. Whilst I was so engaged, he begged me to excuse him, and he went to speak to a person waiting in another room. On his return I had written out ten questions, each of which I had folded up closely and separately. He took them one by one before him and rapidly wrote out an answer to each question.

I may here explain that I have but three near relatives in the spirit-world—*viz.*: my father, whose name was Sylvester, my step-daughter Isabel, and my step-son Harry—these names I had written, with others, on separate pieces and rolled them up in small pellets. On opening the papers I found that each answer was appropriate and exact, and proved conclusively that either by a natural clairvoyance on the part of the medium, who appeared to be in his normal condition the whole time, or by a spiritual impression, he had read every word contained in each of the folded papers. Take for instance the following questions and answers:—

Q.—"Is Harry or Isabel with me, and can they prove to me their presence?"

A.—"Yes; we are often with you. It is our greatest wish to speak to you alone," &c., &c. (Signed, "Isabella. Henry." I had written them Isabel and Harry).

Q.—"Has my visit to this country any special significance?—Will it be of service to me or to any one else?"

A.—"You are on a special mission, which will not only benefit you, but be of considerable benefit to others. You will be very successful," &c.

I then asked what spirit had given me the answer to number nine. Mr. Colchester quickly unbuttoned the sleeve of his shirt, and stripping it up, showed me the name "Isabella" plainly imprinted on his arm in red letters about an inch long, slightly

raised. I tried, at his request, to rub them off, but the friction only tended to bring out the writing in stronger relief. In like manner, the first having faded away, the name "Sylvester" was afterwards shown on his arm; and in reply to other questions, the words "Yes," and "No," appeared successively on the palm of his hand. Mr. Colchester then requested me to take the pellets containing the names I had written, and to throw them, together with my pocket handkerchief, under the table, and to select at the same time one of the names. I said "Isabel;" and in an instant he said, you will find the name tied in the corner of your handkerchief. I took it from the floor, where I had myself placed it a moment before, and found the pellet, with the name Isabel tied, as he said it was, in the corner of my own handkerchief.

Querulous sceptics may save themselves the trouble of speculating on whether or not I may have been deceived by a sleight-of-hand trick. There was no trick in the case. It was broad daylight, and no possibility of deception.

On a second visit to Mr. Colchester, I took with me a sealed envelope, enclosing a folded paper on which I had written, "Will the spirit be so good as to give me the exact words of this paper, merely to satisfy me of its power to do so?—B. C." I laid the envelope on the table. Mr. Colchester did not touch it; but, taking a pencil and paper, he wrote rapidly *every word contained in it*. This was a conclusive test of that clairvoyant power which has been so frequently disputed, and which Sir Philip Crampton, M. D., challenged some years ago, when he said he had enclosed a hundred pound note in an envelope "to be given to any one who, by the operation of Mesmerism, shall describe the particulars of the note." It was never claimed, and it is therefore constantly cited as a proof that Clairvoyance is a fraud. In reference to this particular test, I find the following statement made in the 37th number of the *Zoist*, April, 1852:—"After all, it turns out that Sir Philip Crampton did not enclose a bank note, but a blank cheque; and they say he thought it good fun to substitute the one for the other." The fraud in this instance would thus appear to have been practised by the learned physician, and this is the way that men of science pretend to investigate and too frequently trifle with subjects which they know, if proved, would overturn their philosophy. If, however, there should be any *savant* in the present day who is bold enough to risk a hundred pound note on Mr. Colchester's ability, *without* the apparent aid of what is called Mesmerism, to decipher the contents of a sealed envelope, I shall be glad to be the "medium" of making the trial, and I am much mistaken, after my experience, if the sceptic is not made to pay for his temerity. The very remarkable manifestation of writing on the flesh is also obtained by Mr.

Foster, of New York, who was absent at the time of my visit from the city. I am told he is a respectable young man, and that his manifestations are quite equal to Mr. Colchester's, and much of the same character.

Dr. Gardner and Dr. Bell, of Boston, attest their having witnessed about two years ago similar manifestations through the mediumship of Miss Coggswell, of Vermont. Dr. Gardner asked mentally for some evidence that his brother in the spirit-world was present, and the letters M. G., the initials of the name, came up on the arm of the medium. Dr. Gardner then asked mentally—"How did he die?" and presently there rose up on her arm the figure of a human heart, and over it another figure of a pistol being discharged into the heart. This was a satisfactory test to Dr. Gardner, as his brother was shot through the heart by a ball from a revolver. Dr. Gardner sent for Dr. L. V. Bell, a well-known physician, who is not a Spiritualist, to witness this extraordinary phenomenon, and, in answer to a mentally-expressed desire of Dr. Bell, three crosses and a flower came up on the medium's arm. Dr. Bell, in reference to this and other phenomena which he witnessed, says he does not believe they are the work of spirits. He is equally sure they are not produced by imposture,—they come, in his opinion, "from some occult cause which I do not undertake to explain," &c. "But he says so far as I am qualified to appreciate or observe what occurs before my eyes, I cannot admit that there was juggling or self-deception in the matter."

Among the most valuable developments of Spiritualism in America is the number of healing mediums, many of high character and station, and whose apparently miraculous cures are attested by a host of reliable witnesses; and there is no more reason to doubt that spirit-power is exercised for the cure of disease, than in any other of the marvellous manifestations which many of the readers of this Magazine have frequently witnessed. I met a Mr. Hussey in New York, who is a healing medium. He described to me how strangely, despite of himself, and even against his wishes, he had been forced to relinquish other pursuits, and to devote himself to the healing art. He said he had cured almost every known disease, except yellow fever. One case of typhoid he cured in half an hour; another of spinal complaint confirmed by years of suffering, which had baffled all other treatment, he had cured in nineteen days. He confessed to me that he knew nothing of pathology; that he exercised no thought, but that without volition on his part, his hands were directed to the seat of disease, and its cure thereby effected.

In Boston, Dr. Newton has obtained great celebrity as a healing medium. I had not time to visit him, but I heard from a friend

who knew him well, and who frequently visits his house, that his powers are acknowledged on all hands. In one case known to my informant, a man, who had lost his sight for 15 years, was restored in one hour, and I was told that a pile of crutches is to be seen at Dr. Newton's house, bearing the names of the patients to whom they belonged, who had been cured "by the laying on of hands," and who had walked away without further use for them.

At New York, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Miss Catherine Fox, who is now well known wherever Spiritualism has been heard of, as one of the Fox family through whom the modern manifestations were first recognised in America, 13 years ago. She is still young, and a very interesting, amiable and lady-like person. Her mediumship is as strong now as it has ever been; and indeed she had, during my stay in New York, some of the most remarkable manifestations that have ever been recorded, and of which I shall give a full account in a subsequent number. The rappings in her presence are very loud and precise. When I called on her one morning, the room resounded on all sides as if a host were giving me a joyous welcome. I asked if the spirits who were present would give me their names, and the names of Harry, Isabel, and Sylvester were spelt out, no names having been mentioned by me in Miss Fox's presence, and of course, I and my family being wholly unknown to her. These were followed by other names of friends, spelt out in full, and one, a relative of my wife's said, "Let me speak." A message followed, of a specially significant and touching character, which I am precluded from giving, as it relates to private family affairs; but I may mention that the tenor of the message is an actual apology offered for an injustice done to me during her life-time, now 20 years ago.

Dr. Kirby, a well-known physician residing in New York, told me that he had investigated Spiritualism for some years, and that he was a confirmed believer. Among many facts which he named, I select the following curious proof of spirit-power:—He and his friend Dr. Wilson were at a *séance*, when a spirit gave his name William Nixon. "What?" said Dr. Wilson, "are you my old friend with whom I have played so many games at cards?" "Yes" was the reply; "I can play now as well as I ever did, and I challenge you to a game." A pack of cards was obtained and handed under the table, where a naturally-shaped though not a fleshy hand, cut them. Dr. Wilson then dealt five cards to each, and proceeded to play an American game, called *euchre*, receiving from the spirit card for card throughout the game, which was won by the spirit, who said exultingly, "You see, Doctor, I had the advantage, as I could see every card in your hand."

Mr. Hussey, of whom I have made mention, related to me an equally curious manifestation which occurred recently at a sitting where he was present. A spirit requested that a tumbler filled with water should be placed in the centre of the table around which they were seated; they were then told to put out the light, which was done, each one of the party holding the other's hand. In a minute, the gas was re-lighted, when the tumbler was found to be entirely emptied of its contents. The spirit next requested the room to be made dark, and on re-lighting it in an instant after, it was found that the glass had been refilled to the brim. They asked the spirit to explain the process, and were told that a hand was formed large enough to hold in its hollow the contents of the glass, by pressing it up against the lower surface of the table, which on looking was found to be wet.

These are some of the incidents which so frequently occur in the experience of those engaged in the prosecution of this subject; and which prove with irresistible force the reality of some super-mundane agency.

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## SELECT READINGS ON SPIRITUAL THEMES.

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### PRAYER.

*Prayer: What is it?*

“Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd, or unexpressed:  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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“Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,  
God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth.”

GEORGE HERBERT.

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*Unuttered Prayer.*

“If prayer be the communion of the soul with God, it is but a little part of it that can be uttered in words; and still less that

will take form of words in the presence of others. Of outward wants of outward things, of one's purely earthly estate, we can speak freely. But of the soul's inward life—of its struggles with itself, its hopes, yearnings, griefs, loves, joys, of its very personality, it is reserved to such a degree that there can be no prayer expressive of the inward life, until we have entered into the closet and shut to the door. Every Christian whose life has developed itself into great experience of secret prayer, knows that the hidden things of the closet transcend all uttered prayer as much in depth, richness, and power, as they do in volume and space."—H. W. BEECHER.

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*Prayer, a Relief to the Heart in Time of Suffering.*

"Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts  
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,  
And the poor common words of courtesy  
Are such a mockery—how much  
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!"—WILLIS.

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*The Dynamics of Prayer.*

Prayer is first an acknowledgment of weakness or dependence, which is in itself a force, for it has within it that same true force of attraction which a vacuum has in nature. . . . The soul feels its weakness, and holds out its cup to be replenished. These deep longings and yearnings of the soul are the electric chain that guides it to the loving power of God, and brings down by very contact the return current of the holy fire. This is the union with a strength which is not our own, and to feel this high need is the act of prayer. Every act of life may and should be thus a prayer to God; and it has been well said, that "a good man's life is no mean prayer," for it is a continual aspiration of his soul toward the highest. . . . Prayer is the conjunction of the soul with Heaven, and to be joined with Heaven, the soul must be in a state to receive it, and to be assimilated with it. . . . Each man's prayer is his individual conjunction. He is not always able to go into the inner courts of the tabernacle, to the mercy-seat, and there to receive the communings from above, from between the cherubim. Nevertheless, it is there that the communing or communion must be; it is there that he is to be carried before he can feel the perfect prayer. Not, then, a prayer that is said, but one that is felt, the result and intuition of the place and state in which the soul there finds itself. These are the rapt moments of a life, which, once felt, can never be effaced."

W. M. WILKINSON.

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“ But thou,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

TENNYSON.

*The Efficacy of Prayer consistent with the uniformity of Nature.*

“ We unreservedly grant the uniformity of visible nature ; and now let us compute how much, or how little, it amounts to. Grant of all our progressions, that, as far as our eye can carry us, they are invariable ; and then let us only reflect how short a way we can trace any of them upwards. In speculating on the origin of an event, we may be able to assign the one which immediately preceded, and term it the proximate cause ; or even ascend by two or three footsteps, till we have discovered some anterior event which we term the remote cause. But how soon do we arrive at the limit of possible investigation, beyond which if we attempt to go we lose ourselves among the depths and the obscurities of a region that is unknown ? Observation may conduct us a certain length backwards in the train of causes and effects ; but, after having done its uttermost, we feel that, above and beyond its loftiest place of ascent, there are still higher steps in the train, which we vainly try to reach, and find them inaccessible. It is even so throughout all philosophy. After having arrived at the remotest cause which man can reach his way to, we shall ever find there are higher and remoter causes still, which distance all his powers of research, and so will ever remain in deepest concealment from his view. Of this higher part of the train he has no observation. Of these remoter causes, and their mode of succession, he can positively say nothing. For aught he knows, *they may be under the immediate control of higher beings in the universe ;*\* or, like the upper part of a chain, a few

\* In a subsequent passage, Dr. Chalmers again appears to recognise among “ the depths and mysteries of an unknown region ” in “ the pathway of sensation ” the agency of subordinate spiritual intelligences, as a divinely appointed means of answer to prayer. He remarks :—“ The things which are done in the higher have an overruling influence, *by lines of transmission*, on all that happens in the lower—yet without one breach or interruption to the uniformity of visible nature. Whatever is done in the transcendental regions—be it by the influence of prayer ; by the immediate finger of God ; *by the ministry of angels*—”



of whose closing links are all that is visible to us, they may be directly appended to the throne, and at all times subject to the instant pleasure of a prayer-hearing God. And it may be by a responsive touch at the higher, and not at the lower part of the progression, that he answers our prayers. It may be not by an act of intervention among those near and visible causes, where intervention would be a miracle; it may be by an unseen but not less effectual act of intervention, among the remote and therefore the occult causes, that He adapts Himself to the various wants, and meets the various petitions of His children. If it be in the latter way that He conducts the affairs of His daily government—then may He rule by a providence as special, as are the needs and the occasions of His family; and, with an ear open to every cry, might He provide for all and administer to all, without one infringement on the uniformity of visible nature. If the responsive touch be given at the lower part of the chain, then the answer to prayer is by miracle, or by a contravention to some of the known sequences of nature. But, if the responsive touch be given at a sufficiently higher part of the chain, then the answer is as effectually made, but not by a miracle, and without violence to any one succession of history or nature which philosophy has ascertained—because the re-action to the prayer strikes at a place that is higher than the highest investigations of philosophy. It is not by a visible movement within the region of human observation, but by an invisible movement in the transcendental region above it, that the prayer is met and responded to. The Supernal Power of the Universe, the mighty and unseen Being who sits aloft, and has been significantly styled the Cause of causes—He, in immediate contact with the upper extremities of every progression, there puts forth an over-ruling influence which tells and propagates downwards to the lower extremities; and so, by an agency placed too remote either for the eye of sense or for all the instruments of science to discover, may God, in answer if He choose to prayer, fix and determine every series of events—of which nevertheless all that man can see is but the uniformity of the closing footsteps—a few of the last causes and effects following each other in their wonted order. It is thus that we reconcile all the experience which man has of nature's uniformity, with the effect and significancy of his prayers to the God of nature. It is thus that, at one and the same time, do we live under the care of a presiding God, and among the regularities of a harmonious universe.

DR. CHALMERS.

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“It is not truth nor philosophy to say that prayer alters

nothing, that the laws of nature are fixed, and that entreaty cannot change them. The laws of nature *are fixed on purpose to be used for the granting of prayer.* Any man can use the laws of nature to grant the requests of his child. Does he say that God, who made those laws, cannot do as much with them as *he can?*"—H. W. BEECHER.

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*The Best Preparation for Prayer.*

"Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below; so is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

“ He prayeth best who loveth best  
 All things, both great and small ;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all.”—COLERIDGE.

*Prayer, to be Effectual, must come from the Heart.*

“ My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;  
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go.”

SHAKESPEARE.

*Be Truthful in Prayer.*

“ Never lie in your prayers: never confess more than you really believe; never promise more than you mean to perform.”

JEREMY TAYLOR.

*The Sum of all True Prayer.*

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

T. S.

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## PERPLEXING EXPERIENCES.

By A. E. NEWTON.

A CORRESPONDENT living in a remote section of the country, where Spiritualism is little known, has recently become a writing medium; and having no one at hand from whom to seek counsel, applies for advice. He says:—

I have good times in a morning—up by three, four, five or six, a.m., and have a pleasant pen-and-ink or pencil chat with my relatives, or some spirit they bring. . . . I have a large number of relatives in the spirit-land, parents as well and I allow no spirit to commune but by their introduction—they giving me name, purpose, etc. . . . I feel myself unable to say all the laudatory things some of the spirits say of me, for I know they are not strictly true; and I am anxious to know if, with this arrangement, a spirit could come and give a false name. I have undoubted faith and trust in all my relatives.

Among the spirits thus introduced are those claiming to be Daniel Webster, Macaulay, Douglas Jerrold, and the Apostle Paul, “about whom,” our friend says, “I had a controversy with my mother as to its being he, and I dare not doubt her word,” &c., &c. “I feel you will say just what you think as to whether all this is truth or deception.”

It is not easy to give a positive opinion in such a case. This friend's experience is not peculiar. Most mediums have that which is equivalent to it at the commencement of their medium-

ship. It is often difficult to believe that the spirits whose names are given are the real communicators; and yet one is loth to conclude that any beings will be allowed to amuse themselves at the expense of honest and trusting mortals, by practising such cruel deceptions, and trifling with the holiest affections of our human nature. But the experience of almost every medium presents much that looks like this. And it must be said that the common forms of mediumship, such as writing, rapping, entrancement, spirit-vision, &c., furnish no security against such deceptions. The "tests" commonly applied, to determine the identity of communicating spirits, such as names, signals, knowledge of facts, &c., are no tests at all to a discriminating mind. Any intelligence possessing the power of reading human minds, or imitating personal peculiarities, could readily give proofs of this kind. No tests are of any worth, except those of a *moral* character. There are some persons gifted with the power of "discerning spirits"—of intuitively penetrating through all disguises, and perceiving the real characters and motives of those who approach them, whether in or out of the body. But this gift is rare, especially among those who are in the earlier stages of spiritual development. It is attained usually through severe experience. The next best substitute for it is to carefully watch the general moral tendencies and results of spirit influence and teachings over our own minds and hearts. Are they for good, or for evil? To determine this fairly, often requires much time and experience, as well as enlightened views of what is good and evil.

It is a common, nay, almost universal thing, for communicating spirits to indulge largely at the outset, in laudation and flattery—to endeavour to excite large expectations of future greatness and distinction on the part of mediums and others, whose development they have taken in hand. If the secret history of modern Spiritualistic experience is ever written, it will disclose a mass of extravagant promises and persuasions most astounding to the uninitiated world. What numbers of excellent and otherwise sensible men have been led each to believe himself the one chosen and ordained Head and Generalissimo of the world's re-organization—the sole Prophet and mouth-piece of Heaven on this planet—the "Coming Man" for whose advent the nations are waiting! How many have been designated for Presidents, Kings, Emperors, in the new regime! What numbers were to be fathers or mothers of new-born Messiahs, who were to eclipse the Man of Nazareth, as the sun eclipses the Morning Star! What multitudes were to be made prodigies in oratory, music, art, science, healing, &c., or to become possessors of untold wealth!

Some, in view of these things, have been ready to pronounce the whole movement evidently "the work of Satan"—or, at best, of mischievous and seducing spirits, seeking only to annoy and delude their victims. Whatever part such beings may play in these temptations, there are other views of this common experience, which are worth considering.

First, such temptations to inflation are not peculiar to modern Spiritualism. They have been common, in one form or another, to persons of marked spiritual experience, probably in all times. Christ is said to have been "led up by the devil into an exceeding high mountain," and offered "all the kingdoms of the world;" and these temptations are represented as a part of His preparation for the work on which he was about to enter.

Doubtless such tests need to be presented, in order to determine our internal conditions. Some persons can withstand them, and say at once, "Get thee behind me, Satan," as Jesus is said to have done; others are weak, and yield. The former may be prepared to enter at once on an effective mission of redemption to others; the latter must have further discipline, before they are worth anything for such a work. And our vanity or self-conceit is not the only weak point that is assailed in these temptations. In fact, every passion and appetite must be subjected to the severest tests, ere we can have any well-grounded confidence in our strength. It is evident, then, that the beings who are the immediate actors in these temptations, are doing a very important work *for us*, whatever may be *their* character or motives. Very likely, mischievous and wicked spirits, both in and out of the body, may be the permitted agents in some part of this work; but if so, they are doubtless overruled by higher powers, and can do us no harm, except we yield to their flatteries and enticements. If we firmly resist, the tempters will flee from us; but if we allow ourselves to become puffed up with conceit, to put on airs, and attempt to assume superiority over others,—to make bread of stones, turn summersaults from the pinnacles of temples, or any other like thing—we may expect to be humiliated in an equal degree as the result. We probably need just such a schooling, to take our conceit out of us.

Such, I think, is a rational view of the design and use of much of this sort of experience. We often think we are testing the spirits, when in fact they are testing us. Their promises or prophecies are usually given in ambiguous or figurative language. Like Macbeth's witches, and Hebrew seers, and the "oracles" of all times, they

———"palter in a double sense,"

leaving us to interpret according to our states and wishes—thus disclosing our real characters.

But even this view does not cover the whole ground. I feel that I should do injustice to some sincere yet sorely tried souls, did I not recognise still another phase and use of such discipline. There are those who have renounced self, and whose deepest prayer is for truth and usefulness, who have yet been led by unseen guardians through what have seemed to others (and often to themselves) strange and purposeless illusions. Elevated at times into the seventh heaven of bliss and angelic communion, they have felt unspeakable joy in the near prospect of being able to confer immense benefits on their kind; and anon they find themselves plunged in the lowest depths of gloom, disappointment and despair—seemingly deserted of all helpers, human or angelic, and impelled even to cry, “My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?” Should our correspondent find himself in just this case, one of these days, he should not imagine that he is an exception.

Can there be any *use* in such experiences? Let us see.

One prime object of a wise and special guardianship over us would seem to be the promotion of our individual *growth*. Especially if we are to be, as we are wont to hope, called to perform any signal service in the general re-construction which must follow the present period of dissolution, we need to have our conceptions and all our capacities greatly expanded. How can this be done? One method surely is, by awakening in us large conceptions of our possibilities, and stimulating our ambition to realise them. Every teacher of youth knows the value of this process. Without it there is no rapid progress, and no great attainment.

The mind, it should be remembered, is a real organic substance, which, under appropriate influences, and at certain seasons, may be made plastic and pliable. Then, it may be *stretched*, or its capacities enlarged, to the dimensions of a grand ideal, which, at another time, could not be taken in. Once thus expanded as to its capabilities, it may require years or centuries of patient growth to fill up this grand ideal with the stamina and fibre necessary to realise their possibilities.

The height to which one can be lifted in ecstasy, only equals the depth to which the same person can descend in suffering; and both together measure the orbit of his or her capacity of usefulness to others, when fully ready for the work.

Wiser teachers than we, understanding these laws of growth, and working patiently yet unflinchingly for our highest good, may lead us through paths which we would fain avoid. Final results alone can justify their wisdom.

How much of modern spiritual experience is of this nature, I cannot pretend to say. Each subject of it must judge for him-

self, at his own risk. The possibility that any of it may be such, should lead those who are lookers on to temper their hasty judgments of such as may seem victims of strange hallucinations; and at the same time should encourage all tried souls to remain true to their holiest convictions, through whatever perplexities they may meet.

I have said things which the correspondent who drew them forth will not now understand. They were not written for him alone. Years hence he will see more of their significance.—  
*Banner of Light, U.S.A.*

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### A NEW MEDIUM.

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WE extract the following account of manifestations in the presence of Mr. Charles Colchester, of New York, from a recent number of the *Herald of Progress*. It will be found to corroborate the interesting account given from personal observation by Mr. Coleman in the first article in this number, and to add some further particulars as to the origin of his mediumship:—

“Wishing, rather as a spectator than as an enquirer to witness the medium’s powers, I requested him to invite some of his stranger guests to be present at our interview. Accordingly, a young English gentleman, with whom I had entered into conversation while waiting, was selected; he was an unbeliever in the spiritual origin of this communion, having paid his first visit to a medium in Philadelphia but a week before. I was kindly permitted to examine and hold the questions propounded by this gentleman: and as I did not place them upon the table consecutively, the mind of the medium could not have influenced the response. Presently, raps were audible upon the table; the spirits were ready. I selected one of the folded papers, opened, and read the question to myself, then laid it, rolled into a pellet, before the medium. The words ran thus: ‘Who was present at my father’s funeral?’ Immediately the medium’s hand was controlled, and he wrote: ‘Your mother, and your cousins Jane and Annie, were present.’ ‘Oh,’ said the stranger, heaving a long breath, ‘it is true! those two cousins were present, but I did not even write their names or mention their relationship. It is very remarkable!’ To another question: ‘What was my father’s name, and where was he buried?’ The spirit wrote: ‘JAMES ROSS, Kensal Green, England.’ ‘Yes,’ he exclaimed, with moist eyes and flushed cheek, ‘It is correct—and so far off.’ Looking at the joyous face of this young

Englishman, I asked myself if life held any better gift than this power to communicate with the departed. ‘*So far off!*’ What a bitter pang, a heart-ache, a weary longing those words betray! But, thank God, our beloved are not far off. Let them ascend to Immortality from the snowy heights of the Alps or Andes—let their bones whiten unburied on the frontiers of our new countries; let the briny ocean surge over their unshrouded corpses, let them be swept away by pestilence and famine, let them die on the battle-field, or rest in some sunny peaceful nook in the country churchyard, their souls are free. Call, and they will answer. They are not far off.

“What is this strange gift of mediumship which baffles all science, evades all law, save that of its own devising? An indefinable change steals over the face of Mr. Colchester. What weird, uncanny secret is he about to reveal? His soft flexile flesh betrays some internal irritation, his cheeks flush with a brighter tint, his head droops waitingly, his grasp tightens in your hands, which he has seized; some curious spell is at work; presently he withdraws his hold, the cloud passes from his countenance—‘Come to the light!’ he cries. You follow wonderingly; quickly the coat sleeve is uprolled, the linen cuff unclasped, the white strong arm unbarred, and lo! in bold relief upon the close, fine-textured skin, crossing the blue veins in appealing contrast, stands forth in vermilion-tinted characters, a name. You can all read it—JOHN HOLMES! Rub it, scour it, wet your handkerchief to remove the ruddy spirit-penmanship, it only glows more brightly. It is not a horrible sight, that scarlet tracery beneath the transparent cuticle, but it affects the beholder strangely. In reply to my enquiries, Mr. Colchester informed me that he experiences a sensation of exhaustion while the name is being thus written.

“Mr. Colchester has been used by spirits as a medium but eighteen months. He discovered his powers accidentally, while engaged in a social chat with an acquaintance in an ice-cream saloon. The conversation turning upon Spiritualism, his companion, who was a partial medium, asserted that he could give Mr. C. the name of his deceased father—to his surprise the name was given correctly. ‘Father,’ exclaimed Mr. Colchester, astonished at the unexpected result, ‘If you can do this through a stranger, you surely can manifest in the same way through myself. Do you remember that you promised, when I was a lad, to grant the first request I might make when I became of age? My twenty-first birthday is but just past. I now ask you to fulfil this promise by making me a medium.’

“Immediately his hand was controlled to write, and his powers as a test medium have continued from that hour unintermittingly.



He received his education in England, and possesses the bearing of a gentleman. He is courteous and considerate to investigators, lending himself cheerfully to any test demanded by their doubts. Names, ages, place of death, and other tests of identity, are given with unfailing success.

SUSAN G. HOYT."

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## SPIRITUALISM AND POPULAR NOVELISTS.

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THERE are beliefs of the soul that are not formulated in the intellect, and that seldom rise through the superincumbent strata of conventionalism to the surface of the mind's consciousness. For the most part, our minds receive their impress from without, as the wax receives its impress from the seal. Belief, in the generality of instances, is a geographical accident, a reflection of "the very age and body of the time" and place in which our lot is cast. We sometimes speak of "habits of thought," and there is more truth in the phrase than at first appears. Much of what is called thought is, indeed, merely the mental costume of the period: we wear it as we do swallow-tailed coats,—as our fathers wore knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, because it is the *habit* most in fashion. There is no sovereign so absolute as King Public Opinion—no authority so infallible as that of the Protestant Pope—Mrs. Grundy. He must be a bold man who dare, even with "hated breath," question her decrees. A man may *think* for himself,—that's a misfortune that can't be helped, but he had better keep his thoughts to himself if they do not happen to agree with those of his neighbours. Woe to the unfortunate essayist or reviewer who dare to question any point of orthodox doctrine or ritual. The "drum ecclesiastic" will beat the alarm, and the jackals of the "religious press" will hunt him down with untiring step. In the East, when a patriotic Vizier wished to tell the Sultan a useful but unpalatable truth, he was compelled to do so by some indirect circuitous method, wrapping it up in some cunning story or fable, leaving the "moral" to be detected by the penetration of his auditor; and there is so far a resemblance between the Sultan and Mrs. Grundy that that which if spoken outright (say in the *Spiritual Magazine*) would be treason or heresy, is received with favour and applauded to the echo when sentimentally expressed or converted into an episode in the last new novel. Many of the deepest truths, those which show that we are sometimes "wiser than we know," often escape from the mind in what are called "works of imagination"—in the picture, the poem, and the novel. In their composition it often happens that the intuitions

of the soul have freer scope and a wider play, that its native beliefs assert their integrity, and vindicate their supremacy over conventionalism, or that conventionalism is altogether forgotten.

The novel is a form of literature which in our time has received new applications, and is year by year acquiring greater potency. Public opinion is influenced by it, perhaps, more widely and speedily than by any other. "Young England" sets forth its principles—not in a manifesto, but in a political novel. The advocate of freedom to the African appeals—not to "invincible statistics," but to invincible human sympathies; and for this purpose the novel is found considerably more effective than the "Blue-book." High and Low Church—not forgetting "Muscular Christianity"—fight their battles now not only in pews and pamphlets, but often in "three vols. *octavo*."—Mudie's being the chief battle-ground.

Why should not Spiritualism avail itself of this "so potent art?" We commend the consideration of this query to genius in search of a subject. There would be no occasion to fall back upon the clumsy mediæval machinery of Horace Walpole or Sir Walter Scott; no need for the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or the horrors of Frankenstein and Zanoni; albeit, we regard the latter work as the masterpiece of its author—the highest work of art in its particular sphere which any novelist has yet put forward.\* To illustrate the relations between man and the world of invisible intelligences, the novelist need not go beyond the accredited facts—"Stranger than Fiction" of modern Spiritualism. It is indeed on the foundation of its leading principle, and as exemplified in certain of its phases (as we hope to show more fully in future papers) that some of the highest achievements in art (using the word in its widest scope) have been built. At present, the most cursory examination may show that already many of our best popular novels are leavened with

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\* In this connection it may be interesting to supply the following anecdote, the authenticity of which may be relied on, as I had it from a gentleman—a friend of my own—who was present on the occasion. I have given it in his own words:—"The Right Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and his son paid a visit, in 1854-5, to Mr. Rymer's, at Ealing, where Mr. Home was then on a visit. Among the manifestations, a spirit, whose rappings were unusually loud, said in answer to Sir Edward's demand to know who, &c., &c., 'I am the spirit that influenced you to write *Zanoni*.' 'Indeed! I wish you would give me some proof of your presence. Will you take my hand?' His hand was grasped with great power, which made him start from his seat. The alphabet was called for, and the words 'We wish you to believe in the——' Whilst they were suggesting the word, the sentence was closed by a cross being put into Sir Edward's hand. It was made of card-board, and had been lying on a small table containing little drawing-room ornaments, in a distant part of the room. Sir Edward asked permission to take the cross away as a *souvenir*, to which Mrs. Rymer consented, provided, as she jocularly said, 'You will promise, Sir Edward, to observe the injunction.'"

the spiritual idea, and that it is this which constitutes the interest of many of their most effective passages. So true is Spiritualism to the cravings of the human heart, that when it is put forward free from admixture with any obnoxious elements, and from all degrading associations, it finds a ready and a universal response, even from those who receive with incredulity facts of the spiritual kind which clash with their pre-conceived opinions.

We shall probably best evidence this, by giving from some of the best known and favourite novels of the day such illustrations as our space will permit. And first, let us show some of the obligations we are under in this respect to our "lady-novelists." Perhaps we cannot do so better than by commencing with one of the most remarkable works of this class—one which certainly needs not our commendation—*Jane Eyre*. Its perusal, we think, must satisfy the reader that it is an expression of earnest thoughts and feelings in the mind of the writer, and incline him to the belief that much in it, even in the way of incident, is the outgrowth of personal observation and experience. On this point, however, we now are not left in doubt, it is no longer an inference, but a known fact. But first, let us glance at what her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, tells us as to the author's mode of composition, which to those who have paid attention to the question of spiritual influx will be found very suggestive. She says:—

I remember, however, many little particulars, which Miss Brontë gave me, in answer to my enquiries respecting her mode of composition, &c. She said, that it was not every day that she could write. Sometimes weeks or even months elapsed before she felt that she had anything to add to that portion of her story, which was already written. Then, *some morning she would waken up, and the progress of her tale lay clear and bright before her in distinct vision.*\* When this was the case, all her care was to discharge her household and filial duties, so as to obtain leisure to sit down, and write down the incidents and consequent thoughts, which were, in fact, *more present to her mind at such times than in actual life itself.* Yet, notwithstanding this "possession," as it were, &c.

And again:—

I asked her whether she had ever taken opium, as the description given of its effects in *Villette* was so exactly like what I had experienced—vivid and

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\* Something like this is related by the Rev. T. L. Harris, in the following passage in the *Millennial Age*:—"A novelist, in whom we may have every confidence, affirms this statement:—"I saw the image of a book with all its thoughts, its scenes, its incidents, gathered up into a human form: it stood before my eyes palpable, gliding, as it were, into the brain, and taking possession of it, so that I embodied scene after scene without any creative effort upon my own part, and the result was a volume complete, in scene, in story, in incident, to its last catastrophe." Mr. Harris, as is well-known, affirms that his *Poems and Hymns*, and *The Arcana of Christianity*, were all spiritually given him, and after alluding to the rapidity with which, without any mental effort on his part, they were produced: he adds:—"In the degree in which the man who has the organisation and the use of the artist in words, becomes the child and agent of the spirit, this is the result. The work of days before, becomes the work of moments now; the work of years before, is gathered into weeks, or woven into the texture of a flying season."

exaggerated presence of objects, of which the outlines were indistinct, or lost in golden mist, &c. She replied, that she had never, to her knowledge, taken a grain of it in any shape, but that she had followed the process she always adopted when she had to describe anything which had not fallen within her own experience; she had thought intently on it for many and many a night before falling to sleep—wondered what it was like, or how it would be, till at length, sometimes after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she awakened up in the morning with all clear before her, *as if she had in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it, word for word, as it had happened.* I cannot account for this psychologically. I only am sure that it was so, because she said it.

But, let us now give one or two incidents from her story. Jane has been describing a great crisis in her life, in which her heart was wrung with agony. She continues:—

That night I never thought to sleep; but a slumber fell on me as soon as I lay in bed. I was transported in thought to the scenes of childhood: I dreamt I lay in the red-room at Gateshead; that the night was dark, and my mind impressed with strange fears. The light that long ago had struck me into syncope, recalled in this vision, seemed glidingly to mount the wall, and tremblingly to pause in the centre of the obscured ceiling. I lifted up my head to look: the roof resolved to clouds, high and dim; the gleam was such as the moon imparts to vapours she is about to sever. I watched her come—watched with the strangest anticipation; as though some word of doom were to be written on her disk. She broke forth as never moon yet burst from cloud: a hand first penetrated the sable folds and waved them away; then, not a moon, but a white human form shone in the azure, inclining a glorious brow earthward. It gazed and gazed on me. It spoke to my spirit: immeasurably distant was the tone, yet so near, it whispered in my heart—

“My daughter, flee temptation!”

“Mother, I will.”

So I answered after I had waked from the trance-like dream.

Her action consequent upon this vision influences her whole after-life. In the next passage we are about to quote, the importunity of her cousin had nearly wrung from her a resolution that would probably have been fatal, not only to her own future, but to that of another whose happiness was most dear to her. Her fate was trembling on the instant balance:—

I sincerely, deeply, fervently longed to do what was right; and only that. “Show me, show me the path!” I entreated of Heaven. I was excited more than I had ever been; and whether what followed was the effect of excitement, the reader shall judge.

All the house was still; for I believe all, except St. John and myself, were now retired to rest. The one candle was dying out: the room was full of moonlight. My heart beat fast and thick: I heard its throb. Suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to my head and extremities. The feeling was not like an electric shock; but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor; from which they were now summoned, and forced to wake. They rose expectant: eye and ear waited, while the flesh quivered on my bones.

“What have you heard? Who do you see?” asked St. John. I saw nothing: but I heard a voice somewhere cry—

“Jane! Jane! Jane!” nothing more.

“Oh, God! what is it?” I gasped.

I might have said, “Where is it?” for it did not seem in the room—nor in the house—nor in the garden: it did not come out of the air—nor from under the earth—nor from overhead. I had heard it—where, or whence, for ever

impossible to know! And it was the voice of a human being—a known, loved, well-remembered voice—that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe wildly, verily, urgently.

"I am coming!" I cried. "Wait for me! Oh, I will come!" I flew to the door, and looked into the passage: it was dark. I ran out into the garden: it was void.

"Where are you?" I exclaimed.

The hills beyond Marsh Glen sent the answer faintly back—"Where are you?" I listened. The wind sighed low in the firs: all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush.

"Down superstition!" I commented, as that spectre rose up black by the black yew at the gate. "This is not thy deception, nor thy witchcraft: it is the work of nature. She was roused, and did—no miracle—but her best."

There is a sequel to this strange narration—the other side of the story, as subsequently told by Rochester to Jane, which we subjoin:—

Of late, Jane—only—only of late—I began to see and acknowledge the hand of God in my doom. I began to experience remorse, repentance; the wish for reconciliation to my Maker. I began sometimes to pray: very brief prayers they were, but very sincere.

"Some days since, nay, I can number them—four; it was last Monday night, a singular mood came over me: one in which grief replaced frenzy—sorrow, sullenness. I had long had the impression that since I could nowhere find you, you must be dead. Late that night—perhaps it might be between eleven and twelve o'clock—ere I retired to my dreary rest, I supplicated God, that, if it seemed good to Him, I might soon be taken from this life, and admitted to that world to come, where there was still hope of rejoining Jane.

"I was in my own room, and sitting by the window, which was open: it soothed me to feel the balmy night-air; though I could see no stars and only by a vague, luminous haze, knew the presence of a moon. I longed for thee, Jane! Oh, I longed for thee both with soul and flesh! I asked of God, at once in anguish and humility, if I had not been long enough desolate, afflicted, tormented; and might not soon taste bliss and peace once more. That I merited all I endured, I acknowledged—that I could scarcely endure more, I pleaded: and the alpha and omega of my heart's wishes broke involuntarily from my lips in the words—'Jane! Jane! Jane!'"

"Did you speak these words aloud?"

"I did, Jane. If any listener had heard me, he would have thought me mad: I pronounced them with such frantic energy."

"And it was last Monday night: somewhere near midnight?"

"Yes; but the time is of no consequence: what followed is the strange point. You will think me superstitious,—some superstition I have in my blood, and always had: nevertheless, this is true—true at least it is that I heard what I now relate.

"As I exclaimed 'Jane! Jane! Jane!' a voice—I cannot tell whence the voice came, but I know whose voice it was—replied, 'I am coming: wait for me;' and a moment after, went whispering on the wind, the words—'Where are you?'"

"I'll tell you, if I can, the idea, the picture these words opened to my mind: yet it is difficult to express what I want to express. Ferndean is buried, as you see, in a heavy wood, where sound falls dull, and dies unreverberating. 'Where are you?' seemed spoken amongst mountains; for I heard a hill-sent echo repeat the words. Cooler and fresher at the moment the gale seemed to visit my brow: I could have deemed that in some wild, lone scene, I and Jane were meeting. In spirit, I believe we must have met. You no doubt were, at that hour, in unconscious sleep, Jane: perhaps your soul wandered from its cell to comfort mine; for those were your accents—as certain as I live—they were yours!"

Reader, it was on Monday night—near midnight—that I too had received the

mysterious summons: those were the very words by which I replied to it. I listened to Mr. Rochester's narrative; but made no disclosure in return. The coincidence struck me as too awful and inexplicable to be communicated or discussed. If I told anything, my tale would be such as must necessarily make a profound impression on the mind of my hearer: and that mind, yet from its sufferings too prone to gloom, needed not the deeper shade of the supernatural. I kept these things then, and pondered them in my heart.

I have quoted these passages at length, because they illustrate not only a wonderful psychical law, but also the personal experience of the writer. The "Shadow clothed from head to foot" had crossed the wild Yorkshire moors, and entered her father's humble parsonage again and again; and each time as one of the household band disappeared, leaving a vacant place around the hearth, and in her sisterly heart, there came to her in the language of her biographer, (who attributes it to the "grim superstitions learnt from servants in her childhood"):

Such an intense longing once more to stand face to face with the souls of her sisters, as no one but she could have felt. It seemed as if the very strength of her yearning should have compelled them to appear . . . . Some one conversing with her once objected, in my presence, to that part of *Jane Eyre*, in which she hears Rochester's voice crying out to her in a great crisis of her life, he being many, many miles distant at the time. I do not know what incident was in Miss Bronte's recollection, when she replied, in a low voice, drawing in her breath, "BUT IT IS A TRUE THING; IT REALLY HAPPENED!"

With a knowledge of this fact, we can understand her as expressing her own deep convictions, when she says:—

Presentiments are strange things! and so are sympathies; and so are signs: and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key. I never laughed at presentiments in my life; because *I have had strange ones of my own*. Sympathies, I believe, exist: (for instance, between far-distant, long absent, wholly estranged relatives; asserting, notwithstanding their alienation, the unity of the source to which each traces his origin) whose workings baffle mortal comprehension. And signs, for aught we know, may be but the sympathies of Nature with man.

And again, when she affirms in a still higher and more solemn tone:—

Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits: that world is round us, for it is everywhere; and *those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us*; and if we were dying under pain and shame, if scorn smote us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognise our innocence (if innocent we be), and God waits only the separation of spirit from flesh to crown us with a full reward. Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness—to glory?

So another distinguished novelist and something more—Harriet Beecher Stowe, writing under the heart's best inspirations, enquires:—

May we look among the bands of ministering spirits for our departed ones? Whom would God be more likely to send us? Have we in heaven a friend who knew us to the heart's core—a friend to whom we have unfolded our soul in its most secret recesses—to whom we have confessed our weaknesses and deplored our griefs? If we are to have a ministering spirit, who better adapted?

Have we not memories which correspond to such a belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never an invisible voice whispered, "There is lifting up?" Have not gales and breezes of sweet and healing thought been wafted over us, as if an angel had shaken from his wings the odours of Paradise? Many a one, we are confident, can remember such things; and whence come they?

Why do the children of the pious mother, whose grave has grown green and smooth with years, seem often to walk through perils and dangers, fearful and imminent as the crossing of Mahommed's fiery gulf on the edge of a drawn sword, yet walk unhurt? Ah! could we see that glorious form! that face where the angel conceals not the mother—our questions would be answered.

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken, because the Divine One sees that their ministry can act upon us more powerfully from the unseen world than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse.

Here the soul, distracted and hemmed in by human events, and by bodily infirmities, often scarce knows itself, and makes no impressions on others correspondent to its desires. The mother would fain electrify the heart of her child; she yearns and burns in vain to make her soul effective on its soul, and to inspire it with a spiritual and holy life; but all her own weaknesses, faults, and moral cares cramp and confine her, till death breaks all fetters—and then first truly alive, risen, purified, and at rest, she may do calmly, sweetly, and certainly win amid the tempests and tossings of life she laboured for painfully and fitfully.

Conformably to these views, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, she represents the face of the dying Eva as "wearing only a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures;" and "the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed" at the glorious spiritual vision she beheld; "those eyes that spoke so much of heaven."\* The same thought of "the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures" is delicately conveyed in representing the usually gay St. Clare, exclaiming, while in full health and the prime of life, "I don't know what makes me think of my mother so much to night, I have a strange kind of feeling, as if she was near me. I keep thinking of things she used to say. Strange what brings these past things so vividly back to us sometimes." That night was his last. He turned into a *café* to look over an evening paper, and while there was fatally wounded in seeking to avert a drunken fray. Being borne home:—

The sinking paleness of death fell on him; but with it there fell, as if shed from the wings of some pitying spirit, a beautiful expression of peace, like that of a wearied child who sleeps.

So he lay for a few moments. They saw that the mighty hand was on him

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\* How many mothers, who have read this story and admired little Eva, have experienced the truth of what Mrs. Stowe says in the following passage:—

"Has there ever been a child like Eva? Yes, there have been; but their names are always on grave-stones; and their sweet smiles, their heavenly eyes, their singular words and ways, are among the buried treasures of yearning hearts. In how many families do you hear the legend that all the goodness and graces of the living are nothing to the peculiar charms of one who is not? It is as if Heaven had an especial band of angels, whose office it was to sojourn for a season here, and endear to them the wayward human heart, that they might bear it upward with them in their homeward flight. When you see that deep, spiritual light in the eye—when the little soul reveals itself in words sweeter and wiser than the ordinary words of children—hope not to retain that child, for the seal of Heaven is on it, and the light of immortality looks out from its eyes."

ust before the spirit parted, *he opened his eyes, with a sudden light, as of joy and recognition, and said "Mother!"* and he was gone.

After the death of St. Clare, Uncle Tom finds a very different master in the brutal savage, Legree.

In that simple heart (Uncle Tom's) waged a fierce conflict: the crushing use of wrong, the foreshadowing of a whole life of future misery, the wreck of all past hopes, mournfully tossing in the soul's sight, like dead corpses of wife and child, and friend, rising from the dark wave, and surging in the face of the ill-drowned mariner! . . . . . Wrapping about him a tattered blanket, which covered his only bed-clothing, he stretched himself in the straw, and fell asleep.

In dreams, a gentle voice came over his ears: he was sitting on the mossy seat in the garden by Lake Pontchartrain, and Eva, with her serious eyes bent downward, was reading to him from the Bible. . . . . Gradually the words seemed to melt and fade, as in a divine music; the child raised her deep eyes and fixed them lovingly on him, and rays of warmth and comfort seemed to go from them to his heart; and, as if wafted on the music, she seemed to rise with shining wings, from which flakes and spangles of gold fell off like stars, and she was gone!

Tom awoke. Was it a dream? Let it pass for one. *But who shall say that a sweet young spirit which in life so yearned to comfort and console the distressed, is forbidden of God to assume His ministry after death?*

It is a beautiful belief  
That ever round our head  
Are hovering, on angel wings,  
The spirits of the dead.

Nor can we omit that vision of the Divine Man, that in his utter dejection and prostration lifted him above all his cares and miseries, and gave him a foretaste of that peace and blessedness and freedom which he was so soon fully to realize in the Master's Kingdom. On the very border of despair—

Tom sat like one stunned at the fire; suddenly everything around him seemed to fade, and a vision rose before him of One crowned with thorns, buffeted and bleeding. Tom gazed in awe and wonder at the majestic patience of the face; his deep pathetic eyes thrilled him to his inmost heart; his soul awoke as, with words of emotion, he stretched out his hands and fell upon his knees; when gradually the vision changed, the sharp thorns became rays of glory; and in splendour inconceivable he saw the same face bending compassionately towards him, and a voice said: "He that overcometh shall sit down with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

After so glorious a spiritual vision well might he "look up to the silent, everlasting stars—*types of the angelic hosts who ever look down on man*" and make the night ring with his triumphant hymns. "So short now seemed the remaining voyage of life—so near, so vivid, seemed eternal blessedness—that life's uttermost woes fell from him unharmed."

Ah! but this is all a mere invention of the writer without warrant in fact, it may be said. Not so, Mrs. Stowe tells us—

Those who have been familiar with the religious histories of the slave population, know that relations like what we have narrated *are very common among them. We have heard some from their own lips* of a very touching and affecting character.

Yes, and "those who have been familiar with the religious



histories" of other populations can give similar testimony. It is frequent in the obituary of pious Christian men and women of every denomination.

In Miss Muloch's novel of *John Halifax* there is an incident given, which in its main feature resembles that concerning Rochester, quoted from *Jane Eyre*. Whether like that it rests upon any fact in personal experience we are not able to say. John is alone in his chamber, apparently dying of soul-sickness; his friend, Phineas Fletcher, who has been watching him in an agony of grief, having left him to see and speak to her whom he knew to be, though unwittingly, the cause. On his return he is astonished to hear John address him in—

The old way of speaking—the old, natural voice, as I had not heard it for weeks.

"You must not grieve over me any more, dear lad; to-morrow, please God I mean to be quite well again."

Amidst all my joys, I marvelled over what could be the cause of so miraculous a change.

"You would smile if I told you—only a dream. . . . Yes, she sat there talking. She told me she knew I loved her—loved her so much that I was dying for her; that it was very wrong; that I must rise up and do my work in the world—do it for Heaven's sake, not for hers; that a true man should live nobly for the woman he loves—it is only a coward who dies for her."

I listened, wonder-struck—for these were the very words that Ursula March might have uttered—the very spirit that seemed to shine in her eyes that night; the last night she and John spoke to one another.

The rest of the dream and its fulfilment we need not quote; but we present a scene from their married life.

Their first-born child, poor blind Muriel, their especial pet, the darling of the family, is dying, though as yet they know it not:—

The children were wildly happy. All the afternoon they kept up their innocent little games by Muriel's bed-side; she sometimes sharing, sometimes listening apart. Only once or twice came that wistful, absent look, as if she were listening partly to us, and partly to those we heard not; as if through the wide open windows the soul were straining at sights wonderful and new—sights unto which her eyes were the clear-seeing, and ours the blank and blind.

No wonder that when no longer present to material vision in the family circle—

Her image only a shade, yet often more real than any of these living children seemed perpetually among us. It crept through the house at dusk; in winter fire-light it sat smiling in dim corners; in Spring mornings it moved about the garden borders, with tiny soft footsteps, neither seen nor heard.

We will cite only one other passage from this book. John, in a serious conversation with his daughter Maud, remarks:—

There are so many sad things in life that we have to take upon trust, and hear, and be patient with, yet never understand. I suppose we shall some day.

His eyes wandered upward to the wide-arched blue sky, which in its calm beauty makes us fancy that Paradise is there, even though we know that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within us," and that the kingdom of spirits may be around us and about us everywhere.

Take another "novel of the season"—and one that we hope will continue popular for many seasons—*Adam Bede*, which though written under the pseudonyme of "George Eliot" is known to be the production of a lady. Its opening chapters illustrate the vivid belief in spiritual agency among the early Methodists. Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher and evangel, is so

as she are told—  
Had that belief in the visible manifestations of Jesus, which is common among the Methodists, and she communicated it irresistibly to her hearers; she made them feel that He was among them bodily, and might at any moment shew himself to them in some way that would strike anguish and penitence into their hearts.

She herself "in the days of her vanity" had been arrested by this solemn vision. "One day when she put her new cap on and looked in the glass, she saw a bleeding face crowned with thorns." And in reference to mundane affairs and their relation to spirituals, she speaks much as a "medium" of the present day might do; as may be seen in the following colloquy:—

"You've quite made up your mind to go back to Snowfield on Saturday, Dinah?"—"Yes," said Dinah quietly, "I'm called there. *It was borne in upon my mind while I was meditating on Sunday night, as sister Allen, who's in a decline, is in need of me. I saw her as plain as we see that bit of thin white cloud, hanging up her poor thin hand and beckoning to me.*"

Of the interlocutors in this dialogue, the author observes:—

I cannot pretend that Seth and Dinah were anything else than Methodists—indeed of that modern type which reads quarterly reviews and attends in process with pillared porticoes, but of a very old-fashioned kind. They believed in *present miracles*, in instantaneous conversions, in *revelations by dreams and visions*.

Adam Bede, however, is no Methodist, and is not at all given to dreams and visions. He is a very practical man who has a firm belief in mathematics and "an uncommon notion of carpentering." His father has gone the wrong way in life, and puts a steady industrious son to shame by his daily errors. One night, on returning from his daily work, Adam finds his father gone away, and work that should have been completed left undone. His mother in reply to his anxious enquiry, "Where's father?" answers: "He went off to Treddles on this forenoon, an's niver come back. I doubt he's got to th' 'Waggin Overthrow' gain." Adam, "too angry to speak," walks into the workshop and works there manfully through the night to finish a coffin promised to be ready at the neighbouring village by seven the next morning; not however, as may well be imagined, without some grumbling:—

Father's a sore cross to me, an's likely to be for many a year to come. What then? I've got th' health and the limbs, and the sperrit to bear it.

At this moment a smart rap, as if with a willow wand, was given at the house door, and Gyp, instead of barking, as might have been expected, gave a loud howl. Adam, very much startled, went at once to the door and opened it.

Nothing was there: all was still, as when he opened it an hour before: the leaves were motionless, and the light of the stars showed the placid field on both sides of the brook quite empty of visible life. Adam walked round the house, and still saw nothing except a rat which darted into the woodshed as he passed. He went in again, wondering; the sound was so peculiar, that, the moment he heard it, it called up the image of the willow wand striking the door. He could not help a little shudder, as he remembered how often his mother had told him of just such a sound coming as a sign when some one was dying. Adam was not a man to be gratuitously superstitious; but he had the blood of the peasant in him as well as of the artizan, and a peasant can no more help believing in a traditional superstition than a horse can help trembling when he sees a camel. Besides, he had that mental combination which is at once humble in the region of mystery and keen in the region of knowledge: it was the depth of his reverence quite as much as his hard common-sense, which gave him his disinclination to doctrinal religion, and he often checked Seth's argumentative Spiritualism by saying, "Eh, it's a big mystery; thee knowest but little about it." And so it happened that Adam was at once penetrating and credulous. If a new building had fallen down and he had been told that this was a Divine judgment, he would have said, "May be; but the bearing o' the roof and walls wasn't right, else it wouldn't ha' come down;" yet he believed in dreams and prognostics, and you see he shuddered at the idea of the stroke with the willow wand.

But he had the best antidote against imaginative dread in the necessity for getting on with the coffin, and for the next ten minutes his hammer was ringing so uninterruptedly that other sounds, if there were any, might well be overpowered. A pause came, however, when he had to take up his ruler, and now again came the strange rap, and again Gyp howled. Adam was at the door without the loss of a moment; but again all was still, and the starlight showed there was nothing but the dew-laden grass in front of the cottage.

Adam for a moment thought uncomfortably about his father; but of late years he had never come home at dark hours from Treddleston, and there was every reason for believing that he was then sleeping off his drunkenness at the "Waggon Overthrown." Besides, to Adam the conception of the future was so inseparable from the painful image of his father, that the fear of any fatal accident to him was excluded by the deeply-infixed fear of his continual degradation. The next thought that occurred to him was one that made him slip off his shoes and tread lightly upstairs, to listen at the bedroom doors. But both Seth and his mother were breathing regularly.

Adam came down and set to work again, saying to himself, "I won't get the door again. It's no use staring about to catch sight of a sound. There's a world about us as we can't see, but th' ear's quicker than the eye, and catches a sound from 't now and then. Some people think they get a sight as 't too, but they're mostly folks whose eyes are not much use to 'em at anything else. For my part, I think it's better to see when your perpendicular's true, than to see a ghost."

Such thoughts as these are apt to grow stronger and stronger as daylight quenches the candles and the birds begin to sing. By the time the red sunlight shone on the brass nails that formed the initials on the lid of the coffin, any lingering foreboding from the sound of the willow wand was merged in satisfaction that the work was done and the promise redeemed. There was no need to call Seth, for he was already moving overhead, and presently came down stairs.

"Now, lad," said Adam, as Seth made his appearance, "the coffin's done, and we can take it over to Brox'on, and be back again before half after six. I'll take a mouthful o' oat-cake, and then we'll be off."

The coffin was soon propped on the tall shoulders of the two brothers, and they were making their way, followed close by Gyp, out of the little woodyard into the lane at the back of the house. It was but about a mile and a half to Broxton over the opposite slope, and their road wound very pleasantly along lanes and across fields, where the pale woodbines and the dog-roses were scenting the hedgerows, and the birds were twittering and trilling in the tall leafy boughs of oak and elm. It was a strangely-mingled picture—the fresh youth

of the summer morning, with its Eden-like peace and loveliness, the stalwart strength of the two brothers in their rusty working clothes, and the long coffin on their shoulders. They paused for the last time before a small farm-house outside the village of Broxton. By six o'clock the task was done, the coffin nailed down and Adam and Seth were on their way home. They chose a shorter way homeward which would take them across the fields and the brook in front of the house. Adam had not mentioned to Seth what had happened in the night, but he still retained sufficient impression from it himself to say—

"Seth, lad, if father isn't come home by the time we've had our breakfast, I think it'll be as well for thee to go over to Treddles'on and look after him, and thee canst get me the brass wire I want. Never mind about losing an hour at thy work; we can make that up. What dost say?"

"I'm willing," said Seth. "But see what clouds have gathered since we set out. I'm thinking we shall have more rain. It'll be a sore time for the hay-making if the meadows are flooded again. The brook's fine and full now: another day's rain 'ud cover the plank, and we should have to go round by the road."

They were coming across the valley now, and had entered the pasture through which the brook ran.

"Why, what's that sticking against the willow?" continued Seth, beginning to walk faster. Adam's heart rose to his mouth: the vague anxiety about his father was changed into a great dread. He made no answer to Seth, but ran forward, preceded by Gyp, who began to bark uneasily; and in two moments he was at the bridge.

This was what the omen meant, then! And the grey-haired father, of whom he had thought with a sort of hardness a few hours ago, as certain to live to be a thorn in his side, was perhaps even then struggling with that watery death. This was the first thought that flashed through Adam's conscience, before he had time to seize the coat and drag out the tall heavy body. Seth was already by his side, helping him, and when they had it on the bank, the two sons in the first moments knelt and looked with mute awe at the glazed eyes, forgetting that there was need for action—forgetting everything but that their father lay dead before them.

Leaving our "lady novelists," let us turn to one distinguished as scholar, historian, and diplomatist, and in whose writings a clear vigorous style is combined with an almost womanly grace and delicacy and tenderness. We believe that to many thousands on both sides of the Atlantic the recent departure from us of the accomplished author of the *Sketch Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall* has been felt as a personal loss. In the latter work, Washington Irving speaks of "the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings dear to them during the body's existence," as being "in itself awfully solemn and sublime." From our ignorance of the nature and operations of the soul, even while it is continually present to our consciousness in its connection with the body, he reasons that it would be presumptuous "to deny its powers and operations when released from its fleshly prison-house;" and he asks, "What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare? . . . A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue; rendering us circumspect even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured were invisible witnesses of all our actions. And speaking of his own loving and

beloved departed ones, he exclaims: "I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight."

Let our next illustration be from one who we think will not be accused of being a weakly sentimentalist—that stalwart champion of "muscular Christianity"—the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. Tom is having his first conversation with his young friend and school-fellow Arthur since Arthur's recovery from a dangerous fever.

"But, Tom, I've had such strange thoughts about death lately. . . . Sometimes I think they're wrong; but, do you know, I don't think in my heart I could be sorry at the death of any of my friends." Tom, it may be imagined, is not a little astonished at this announcement, and naturally thinks Arthur a little light-headed. Arthur soon undeceives him, and insists on a little serious talk with him, in which he tells him how it all happened—how at first he thought it hard to be taken away from mother and sisters and all he loved just as he was beginning to see his way in many things, and to feel that he might be a man and do a man's work. And he goes on to say:—

I got terribly impatient, and accused God of injustice, and strove to justify myself, and the harder I strove the deeper I sunk. Then the image of my dear father often came across me, but I turned from it. Whenever it came, a heavy numbing throb seemed to take hold of my heart, and say, dead, dead. . . .

And so I struggled and plunged, deeper and deeper, and went down into a living black tomb. I was alone there, with no power to stir or think; alone with myself; beyond the reach of all human fellowship; beyond Christ's reach. I thought in my nightmare. . . .

I don't know how long I was in that state. For more than a day, I know, for I was quite conscious, and lived my outer life all the time, and took my medicines, and spoke to my mother, and heard what they said. But I didn't take much note of time, I thought time was over for me, and that that tomb was what was beyond. Well, on last Sunday morning, as I seemed to lie in that tomb, alone, as I thought, for ever and ever, the black dead wall was cleft in two, and I was caught up and borne through into the light by some great power, some living mighty spirit. Tom, do you remember the living creatures and the wheels in Ezekiel? It was just like that: "when they went I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, as the noise of an host; when they stood they let down their wings"—"and they went every one straight forward; whither the spirit was to go they went, and they turned not when they went." And we rushed through the bright air, which was full of myriads of living creatures, and paused on the brink of a great river. And the power held me up, and I knew that that great river was the grave, and death dwelt there; but not the death I had met in the black tomb, that I felt was gone for ever. For on the other bank of the great river I saw men and women and children rising up pure and bright, and the tears were wiped from their eyes, and they put on glory and strength, and all weariness and pain fell away. And beyond were a multitude which no man could number, and they worked at some great work; and they who rose from the river went on and joined in the work. They all worked, and each worked in a different way, but all at the same work. And I saw there my father, and the men in the old town whom I knew when I was a child: many a hard stern man, who never came to church, and whom they called atheist and infidel. There they were, side by side with my father, whom I had seen toil

and die for them, and women and little children, and the seal was on the foreheads of all. And I longed to see what the work was, and could not; so I tried to plunge in the river, for I thought I would join them, but I could not. Then I looked about to see how they got into the river. And this I could not see, but I saw myriads on this side, and they too worked, and I knew that it was the same work; and the same seal was on their foreheads. And though I saw that there was toil and anguish in the work of these, and that most that were working were blind and feeble, yet I longed no more to plunge into the river, but more and more to know what the work was. And as I looked I saw my mother and my sisters, and I saw the Doctor, and you, Tom, and hundreds more whom I knew; and at last I saw myself too, and I was toiling and doing ever so little a piece of the great work. Then it all melted away, and the power left me, and as it left me I thought I heard a voice say, "The vision is for an appointed time; though it tarry, wait for it, for in the end it shall speak and not lie, it shall surely come, it shall not tarry." It was early morning I know then, it was so quiet and cool, and my mother was fast asleep in the chair by my bedside; *but it wasn't only a dream of mine. I know it wasn't a dream.* Then I fell into a deep sleep, and only woke after afternoon chapel; and the Doctor came and gave me the sacrament, as I told you. I told him and my mother I should get well—I knew I should; but I couldn't tell them why. Tom," said Arthur gently, after another minute, "do you see why I could not grieve now to see my dearest friend die? It can't be—it isn't all fever or illness. God would never have let me see it so clear if it wasn't true. I don't understand it all yet—it will take me my life and longer to do that—to find out what the work is.

The Rev. Professor Kingsley, who belongs to the same school as the last writer, in his novel of *Westward, Ho!* represents Mrs. Leigh as enquiring of her son Amyas, concerning his brother Frank, a martyr to the Inquisition:—

"When did he——?"

"Three years ago, and more. Within two months of our sailing."

"Ah, yes! he told me so."

"Told you so?"

"Yes; *the dear lad has often come to see me in my sleep*: but you never came. I guessed how it was—as it should be."

"But I loved you none the less, mother."

"I know that, too: but you were busy with the men, you know, sweet; so your spirit could not come roving home like his, which was free. Yes—all as it should be."

The reader of this work will remember too the vision of Amyas among the rocks after he had been struck blind by lightning; and that again of Ayacanora in the church at Bideford, at the baptism of the red man:—

The service was half performed, when a heavy sigh, or rather groan, made all eyes turn, and Ayacanora sank fainting upon Mrs. Leigh's bosom. She was carried out, and to a neighbouring house; and when she came to herself, told a strange story. How as she was standing there, trying to recollect whether she, too, had ever been baptized, the church seemed to grow larger, the priest's dress richer; the walls were covered with pictures, and above the altar, in jewelled robes, stood a lady, and in her arms a babe. Soft music sounded in her ears; the air was full (on that she insisted much) of fragrant odour which filled the church like mist; and through it she saw not one, but many Indians, standing by the font; and a lady held her by the hand, and she was a little girl again.

And after many questionings, so accurate was her recollection, not only of the scene, but of the building, that Yeo pronounced—

A christened woman she is, Madam, if Popish christening is worth calling such; and has seen Indians christened, too, in the cathedral church at Quito, the

inside whereof I know well enough, and too well: for I sat there three mortal hours in a San Benito, to hear a friar preach his false doctrines, not knowing whether I was to be burnt or not the next day.

Even Mr. Dickens, to whom in his ordinary moods the idea of a ghost, or of spiritual agency, appears to present itself only as a funny subject—to be treated with *badinage* and facetious pleasantry; yet, when under the influence of a more serious feeling could write:—

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is seldom uttered and so soon forgotten.

And his last Christmas tale—*A Message from the Sea*—contains two capital spirit-stories, written as if he believed that they, or stories like them, *might* be true. We are happy to chronicle even the beginnings of an improvement. But we must here bring our extracts to a close. It will be seen that we have taken them—not from the trash which under the name of novels so frequently encumber the shelves of circulating libraries, but from the best works of the best and most popular of our recent and living novelists; from writers who have chiefly adopted this form of literature as being the readiest and most effective means of impressing important truths on the largest number of persons. And these passages (as would be still more evident by examining them in connexion with their contexts) are among the most serious that can be found in the books whence they are taken, and evidently express the strongest and most interior convictions and feelings of the writers. We are not habitual novel readers: novels indeed being rather out of our line; but without wishing to add the slightest impulse to the present mania for novel reading, we may yet remark that in this, as in other corn-fields of literature, the industrious gleaner may add a goodly sheaf to his illustrations of Spiritualism.

T. S.

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Why is it that the great proportion of our pastors seem to conspire together with one consent to make the periodical duty of listening to them as hard as possible? Can they imagine there is profit or pleasure in a discourse wandering wearily round in a circle, or dragging a slow length along of truisms and trivialities? In the best of congregations there can be but few alchemists; and without that science who is to extract the essence of truth from the *mole congesta* of crust moralities? To persuade or dissuade you must interest the head or the heart. I admire those who can do either successfully, but I do protest against those clerical tyrants who shelter themselves behind their license to fire at us their ruthless platitudes. If such could only struggle against that strong temptation of our fallen nature—the delight of hearing one's own sweet voice—so as to concentrate now and then. The best orators, spiritual and mundane, have been brief sometimes.—GUY LIVINGSTONE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PREVAILING ERRORS  
REGARDING THE SENSE OF THE TERMS  
"PHISOSOPHICAL" AND "MATERIAL."

By Dr. ASHBURNER.

In the Report of the Eleventh Annual Meeting of the London Mesmeric Infirmary, at pages 8 and 9, occurs this passage: "None but mesmerists, not metaphysicians nor medical men in general, nor those who are professed physiologists, have much conception of the influence of the mind upon the body,—or in strict philosophic language, of the brain, as the mental organ, upon the other organs, and the body at large. In some persons, not only can effects be produced by impressions, of which there is a consciousness, but also some of which there is no consciousness. The *Zoist* contains in its abundance of invaluable matter, numerous instances of this. Persons during sleep-waking, who when awake know nothing which has occurred in it, will make promises to do or to refrain from doing certain things, and to experience certain corporeal and mental feelings, at certain times, perhaps very distant, and these promises shall be fulfilled in the waking state, they themselves wondering at, and puzzled to account for the circumstances. In the 11th number of the *Zoist*, article II., are very striking facts of this kind, deserving the study of everybody. These effects take place far more readily in mesmeric patients, or in those susceptible of mesmeric influence, than in others, and the impressions are made most readily in their mesmeric state. There are many marvellous mental and physiological phenomena known to few but those who have studied mesmerism."

It is strange that those who fancy themselves philosophers should be so apt to blunder on somewhat obvious truths. The passage just quoted from a report presumed to be sanctioned by a council on the list of which appear names not of obscure, but of well-known persons, is so unworthy of the body whence it emanates, that but for the habitual confusion which characterises the works of all who advocate the doctrine of matter being of itself endowed with the power of acting, we should be inclined to attribute the authorship to one whose strong prejudices overpower his sense of truth. Apt as we are to respect industry, and a love of science, we must not allow the cause of mesmerism to suffer from those who adhere *per fas et nefas* to the conclusions of an erroneous course of thought.

The passage we have quoted contains some propositions so true, that we the more lament the confusion in the main assertion that the influence of the brain and of the mind upon the body must, in strict philosophic language, be the same. If



this be not the meaning of the passage, there is only one further conclusion at which we readers must arrive—that is, that the brain, as the organ of the mind, exerts an influence upon the body more powerful than the mind itself. This is a proposition so very objectionable, that we must be excused for our anxiety to disclaim any share of the merit of approving of it. Those who are governors and supporters of the Mesmeric Infirmary are not bound to allow their names to be published as approvers of all the arguments in favour of atheistic doctrines which the council publish as documents authorised by all the subscribers. We shall, however, take leave to enlarge upon the theme of our whole quotation; partly because we are bound to praise the editor of the *Zoist* for fair industry, and for the courage displayed in continuing the journal through all the obloquy and all the unfair and unjust persecution he was obliged to suffer, in a cause which he very properly called one of holiness.

Having in this publication advocated the doctrine that mesmerism is the foundation of Spiritualism, we cannot allow so important a fallacy as we have indicated, to pass without observation. We may say, then, that mesmerism leads us to the knowledge of spiritual phenomena, and that if it had been studied in this point of view when, in 1853, it was proposed to its editor to throw open the pages of the *Zoist* to full, free, and fair discussion, the cause of mesmerism would be now as far advanced, as it has been retarded by the refusal, and by the unphilosophical course adopted on the question of its higher developments. It cannot be pretended that any one who held the reasoning powers of the readers of the *Zoist* so very cheap, had, in the papers on the physical phenomena of spiritual manifestations, the slightest idea that he was insulting their common sense by what he put forth. Time, which is a great test of our powers, has placed the matter beyond a doubt. No one would now be found to jeer, as the writer in the *Zoist* was accustomed to do, at the power of the toes to frame replies to questions propounded in the stillness of silent thought. He who would now venture to put forward such assertions as those which appeared in the dying throes of the *Zoist*, would obtain far more contempt than had then reached the knowledge of its editor. He did his best to crush the nascent truth, when poor Major Buckley was able to show him phenomena which he refused to accept as facts. Satisfied for a time that the two girls he came to my house to see were not impostors, he signed a declaration that he had witnessed the fact of mottoes being read which were enclosed in nutshells; and thus he had solemnly recorded his testimony as to the verity of Major Buckley's repeated assertions. I make no comment on his returning to my house four hours afterwards to reclaim

his signed certificate, nor upon his conduct in the course of that evening at the College of Physicians, where he denied the facts; little aware that the same facts were witnessed by the present Earl of Dunraven; Mr. Moncrief Arnott—the distinguished surgeon; Mr. and Mrs. Gutch; and several other persons. Mesmerism, without clairvoyance, he asserted was a truth; while clairvoyance (equally a truth to minds as clear as his own) was fit only for the credulous.

We are sufficiently alive to the many considerations presenting themselves to us, while we reflect on the facts reported to the subscribers of the Mesmeric Infirmary. In spite of the efforts of the council to follow the dicta of their leader, mesmerism pours out many undeniable truths that sternly refuse to be hidden. The report tells us that patients go to sleep; that in their sleep they predict future events—nay, that these events come to pass at the very time predicted; that, with astonishing accuracy, they are noted for occurrence, not only at the minute, but at the second predicted. The editor, however, suggested doubts on as clear a case as any in his Report, when in my absence from town he attended Sarah Noyes, who afforded him a precisely similar case of spiritual prevision. We feel grieved at the want of philosophy which can in the face of such facts reiterate the proposition, that brain is superior to mental power; that brain is mental power; and that, consequently, matter is more mental than our intelligent minds, or than the intelligence of unseen spirits. Strange that men should be found to advocate materialism under the guise of philosophy, while they adduce powerful facts that contravene their own assertions. We defy the council of the Mesmeric Infirmary to produce a single phenomenon in proof of the dogma that the thought-producing power of the material brain is a more philosophical belief than the proposition diametrically opposed to it, *viz.*, that the material brain is regulated by forces which are obedient to the human soul.

Shew me the human soul! rejoins the materialist. Shew me the magnetic force of universal gravitation! I may reply. Shew me the forces productive of chemical affinity! Shew me the delicate aspirations of the mother in her silent prayers for her beloved infant! Shew me the poet's thoughts while he is arranging a magnificent poem! Shew me the unwritten truths at which the close and correctly-thinking philosopher is arriving! but do not ask me to believe in the dogma of thinking brain and of self-active matter.

We will mention the application of certain forces emanating from the chemical decomposition of fluids and metals, in reality a magnet, which we call a voltaic battery, and capable of sustaining a heavy weight attached to the electro-magnet. Would

the council of the Mesmeric Infirmary insist on its being philosophical to say that the weight was sustained, not by electro-magnetic force, but by the thinking and powerful block of iron that constitute the electro magnet? Inert matter does not regulate forces, but forces regulate inert matter.

We must not be led away to adopt ideas that are at variance with the received views of physical science. We know what is meant by weight. We know that it is neither more nor less than the influence of the attractive force of gravitation inducing matter to tend towards the centre of the earth. If, therefore, a magnetic force overcomes this powerful tendency, which we call weight, it is clear that the matter which before was under one influence, is now operated on by another. What shall we say to the organs of the brain, which we know vary so much in energy, in different individuals. Can we say that we do not accept the proposition that we are the creatures of circumstances. We need fear no accusation of being fatalists. All men, in a sense, are fatalists, for all men acknowledge themselves to be bound by a powerful destiny. But we are by no means sure that our destiny is not in our own hands. That must depend on the exercise of our power of self-control. If we cannot learn the noble art of self-control, our destiny is assuredly not in our own hands; for we are not our own masters. But who are our masters? This is the question which Dr. Elliotson and those of his school believe we cannot answer. They refuse to study the higher developments of mesmerism. They think they are warranted in stating most extraordinary facts, and when they are called upon to account for those facts, they shrink from the only solution which the subject affords. The same man cannot claim to be a pioneer in the ranks, and at the same time a general in command. The pioneer is a very necessary as well as useful soldier, but he is not necessarily endowed with the intellect of the general. I believe Dr. Elliotson has fulfilled his object. He has amassed a great number of valuable facts; but he has not yet carried his ideas beyond an accumulation of materials, and he sometimes opposes obstacles to the labours of those who would utilize his facts. Chenevix taught him that diseases were cured by mesmerism, and he was captivated by Chenevix. He had oiled the machinery which was to thrash out the grain, and the machine has been thrashing away ever since. But he was severely disappointed that the public would not follow him when he fancied that mesmerism was the road to high practical art. He never had any notion of reducing medicine to a science. He was opposed to Dr. Leger's discoveries. He was never cordial on the subject of the Baron von Reichenbach's great advance in that science he had himself taken up as a practical enquiry. He

thought of crystals only as a means of putting people to sleep. When Mr. Rutter made one of the most important discoveries of his age, we were delighted in foreseeing the amazing results which must follow, upon the establishment of the fact that man was at the head of the infinite series of magnets. We were fortunate in inducing Dr. Leger to view the subject in the same point of view; but when the genius of that man led him to apply Rutter's discovery, to the science of phrenology, we immediately recognized the vast importance of the application of mathematical science, to the philosophy of the human mind. These steps in progress were strides. It was worth while to suffer martyrdom, when such were the results of a self-sacrifice. I cannot regret one act of my past life in connexion with the march of animal magnetism. I have never faltered. I have marched directly to my point.

Our observations on the terms philosophical and material are, then, by no means confined to the Report of the Council of the Mesmeric Infirmary. They relate to all the consequences of following the mistaken idea, that our brains oblige us to act according to our configuration of organs. We may yield to cunning, covetousness, and love of self. We may hold it to be philosophical, to think that our propensities result from our organs, and that we have no power to control their force. This is the real stumbling-block of the materialist. We must not allow the word philosophy to be so libelled. From its derivation it signifies a love of wisdom. It is not wise, to be aberrant from truth. It is not true that it is out of our power to control ourselves. We must allow that when the habit of self-control has been arrived at, we are not only able to lay aside our propensities, but to improve our moral faculties; we are not only bound to become wiser, but less covetous, less selfish, and less disposed to wish harm to those who have despitefully entreated us. Thus, philosophy is the opposite pole to materialism, and we should be inclined to call the attention of the Council of the Mesmeric Infirmary to these observations, in order that they and their supporters may reflect on the noble tendencies of a science, the curative powers of which are so greatly enhanced by the holy aspirations and spiritual forces of the magnetizer, and which assist the operation of the will in those thaumaturgic cures, which have too seldom taken place at the Infirmary. Wonders may attract for a time, and the increasing subscribers to the institution may temporarily gladden the heart of my friend, Dr. Elliotson; but if he does not wish for the Mesmeric Infirmary the languishing fate of the *Zoist*, he must not mis-name philosophy; he must become a real lover of wisdom, controlling himself, and leading his followers to take advantage of the spiritual phenomena which mesmerism may present to their notice.

## IS IT POSSIBLE?

By DR. COLLYER.

THE Great Spirit of the Universe—the God of Nature—regulates all things in conformity to positive laws. The pen of science and experience has revealed and will continue to reveal the mysteries of Creation. The history of the world from the moment of its birth, has been but the development of fixed principles in unison with original design.

To battle with theories or with mere speculation is a loss of time and a fruitless purpose, for man really comprehends nothing of finite causes; he merely appreciates *effects*, and even these are generally submitted to the ordeal of some cherished dogmas as to what constitutes a law of nature. When, however, the philosopher, whose mind is freed from the despotic power of conventional schools, is emboldened by what he has learned of the natural world, and dares to soar beyond the visible and the known, into the regions of the undefined and ideal, he is in fear of degrading his favourite philosophy by the fictions of his fancy, and fettering the simple truths of nature with the false creations of superstition. There is an easy descent from the noblest aspirations of reason and discovery, to the lowest and most benighted forms of visionary speculation; from the sublimest deductions of science, to the wild delirium of the madman. Hence it is, that when men of science, in their investigations after the unknown, discover that all things, sensible and material, bear a hidden relation to the *immortal world*, (on the very threshold of which all philosophical research stops,) and desire to penetrate this new sphere—they are in danger of being classed with the votaries of mystery and fable—of summoning to their aid machinery which sound philosophy disdains, and science indignantly rejects. Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Franklin, Harvey, Jenner, and a host of other brilliant minds, have had to contend with a bigoted, dogged opposition, not from the ignorant and common people, but from the recognized apostles of science and learning. The class from whom every protection and encouragement should be expected, contains within it those who are the most unrelenting opponents to the reception of new revelations. It is, perhaps, well that it should be so. If it were not so intended by the Creator, it certainly would be otherwise. These men are conservators of truth; for what matters the recognition of a glorious revelation by one generation? If we were possessed of infinite knowledge, the conditions for the development of all the phenomena of nature would be at our command, and we could at all times produce uniform results,

even in the production of the highest phenomena of psychology, of which now only a faint shadowy knowledge has been vouchsafed to us. In material science—that which can be demonstrated mathematically—we are obliged to recognize certain facts, which few, if any, can conceive an idea of, or picture to the mind.

Professor Ehrenberg, of Berlin, found that the silicious stone, known as tripoli, was composed of millions of the remains of organic beings. This stone, when examined by a powerful microscope, was found to be made up entirely of these minute relics, so small that, in a cubic inch, there were forty-one thousand millions of individual existences! In a single grain were contained one hundred and eighty-seven millions! What imagination can grasp such a world of matter as this, which could lay on the point of the pen with which I write? Had we powers adequate to the task of perceiving them, these very specks of creation might be found to be worlds—in relation to others a million times more minute. Sir William Herschel, by observing the disturbances of Saturn, was led to the discovery of the planet Uranus, eight hundred millions miles beyond it; and this remote planet, which has doubled the diameter of the solar system, in its turn, by its disturbances, led Leverrier to predict the discovery of another world two thousand four hundred and eighty-four millions of miles from the sun, having a revolution of one hundred and sixty four years. Who is prepared to say that these are the confines of our system? The animaculæ, three thousand of which only produce a discernible point—or the world, near two hundred and fifty millions of miles in space, are both equally difficult to the mind to grasp:—both are absolute myths to the great majority of the uneducated, who are incapable of corroborating or falsifying the truth or error with regard to these discoveries. Though entirely beyond the ken of the great multitude, no one pretends to doubt their existence, or to dispute the facts. They are here brought forward in antithesis to show how limited, even in material creation, is our vaunted knowledge. Should then a similar limitation of knowledge and similar mysteries in relation to the spiritual creation surprise us? Or, should this consideration deter us from entering upon psychical any more than it does from entering upon physical investigations? Should we not, at least, endeavour to learn all that can be known of our relations to both the material and the spiritual universe?

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## SPIRITUALISM IN TURKEY.

IN nearly every part of the globe, spiritual phenomena are the subject of experiment and investigation. We condense a letter contained in the last number of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, of Paris, so ably edited by Monsieur Pierart:—

“Constantinople, May 1, 1861.

“Our experiments became daily more interesting. We hold several *séances* weekly, sometimes at one's house, sometimes at another's. Every day new believers are made. Tables rise into the air, and the spirits begin to raise persons. Our most remarkable mediums are two young ladies, whom the spirits magnetize direct, and through them they play at the piano—duets sometimes—the music being of wonderful harmony. Then we have trances, visions, and self-magnetizations, the subjects themselves knowing nothing of magnetic science. We cannot make known the subject so much as we would, for these young ladies are in a profession which brings them under the influence of the clergy; and the priests among us, as elsewhere, are inimical to Spiritualism.

“Some of us, from table mediums, have become writing mediums. I am one of these; and, under spiritual influence, I play music: I being ignorant of even the notes in my ordinary state. I enclose you a piece recently composed through me. The spirits call the air the ‘Song to Eternal Love.’\* ”

“One of the spirits of our circle names herself Sophia. At our request she, through my hand, (though naturally I know not a line of drawing) has executed her portrait. It is a fine head, and is admired by all, meeting every requirement of artists to whom it has been shewn. It has been lithographed by our friend Montani. He is also a medium of the highest order. The spirit Sophia has thanked him for his execution of his part of the work. At the first opportunity I shall send you a few copies of the portrait so produced.

“To tell you what we have obtained in writing is not possible in a letter. I must content myself with informing you that Sophia is writing *The Theory of Spirits*, a magnificent work which she commenced a year ago. Other scientific treatises are in course of composition—*The Harmony of Colours*, *Musical Harmony*, &c. All intended to form a compact whole, and showing the direct relation of Spiritualism to external things, and through it an ultimate resolution into universal harmony.

“A spirit of our circle who is named Angelica, and who is

\* The piece of music thus forwarded is beautiful in the opinion of connoisseurs to whom we have shown it.—Z. B. PIERART.

recognized by the other spirits as the head of the spiritual manifestations with us, always addresses us in verse. She has dictated an Ode to Garibaldi. We forwarded it to him three weeks ago: since then she has dictated the words and music of a Hymn to Garibaldi.

“This spirit spoke prophetically in June, 1860, of Garibaldi in connection with the events of Italy. Three fourths of the prediction are already fulfilled. I must send a copy of that *séance*.

“B. REPOS, JUN.”

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### M. JOBARD ON SPIRITUALISM.

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M. JOBARD, the director of the *Musée de l'Industrie*, at Brussels, is a well-known advocate of mesmerism. He has lately addressed a long letter to his friend Lafontaine, the celebrated mesmerist of Geneva, who has not yet crossed the threshold of mesmerism, upon the subject of Spiritualism, to which M. Jobard has given much study. From his discursive letter, published in the *Revue Spiritualiste*, we select the following passages, which we think may be interesting to our readers, as showing how the subject is viewed elsewhere. M. Jobard claims a spiritual origin for his theory:—

Spirits escaped from their grosser envelope—the body—retain their *perispirit* (A finer envelope of the spirit, from *peri*, around, and *spiritus*, spirit), as nuts, stripped of husk and shell, retain their *pericardium*. Now this corresponding finer envelope of the spirit is semi-material; it is ordinarily invisible and transparent; like the film of a gas bubble, it is visible or invisible according to external conditions and the perceiving power of the observer. Take a balloon as a figure to render the comparison more obvious. You know that as the hydrogen is purer, and its envelope lighter, the higher will it rise in the atmosphere; it would even clear it if the envelope weighed nothing, and if it were as infinitely extensible as the gas is infinitely expansible. Take, in this comparison, the gas as the spirit, but still endowed with every sense which characterised it when in its grosser envelope of earth.

Spirits take in space the place which they *must* take according to the specific gravity of their *perispirit*; the heaviest, the most material, cannot rise from the earth: others rise, according to their degree of purity, to higher spheres. Those who have devoted themselves to their iron safes, their equipages, their luxurious abodes, &c., not being able to loosen their hold, are tormented at seeing them held and enjoyed by others; while they, on the other hand, who have passed their lives in seeking to do good to others, in detaching themselves from material excitements—those, in fine, who have worthily passed their time of trial, who have well fulfilled their mission, joyfully quit the earth to rise towards better worlds; taking with them their moral, intellectual, and spiritual acquisitions—the only ones they can take, and of which death cannot deprive them.

Think of the number of ignorant and wicked spirits, accumulated from the beginning, immediately around our globe: this crowd can infuse into us only their own stupid or unhealthy ideas: they abound in the low quarters of great cities, filling their vile resorts, their abodes of vice—truly *inferior* or *infernal* places, where body and soul are alike endangered: there they cluster around us, and would make us as bad as themselves.



There are houses where crimes have been perpetrated: in these places the spirits of the offenders are often condemned to remain until they have expiated their offences. Such spirits, sometimes feel a malignant pleasure in plaguing the residents; they will deteriorate their minds with evil thoughts, and will tempt and instigate them to evil deeds like their own.

Sometimes among the persons inhabiting a place thus haunted, there may be a medium of physical influence, these spirits then exhibit a power of manifesting their presence materially, or, they perform physical acts; tables rock, blows are struck, things are thrown, and damage is done, the perpetrators of which the police look for in vain. The departure of the medium is followed by a cessation of such demonstrations.

In perforating ancient Lutetia with new and spacious streets, we know not what spiritual cleansing the Emperor may have been the means of effecting. Without this, Paris would have become more and more the resort of crowds of these earth-bound and evil-doing spirits, and would have sunk as great cities of old have before, through the perversion, by their influence, of the moral sense of its population.

There have been crises in the history of the human race; and to me there are signs of an approaching one. Thus, we see the Czar of Russia enfranchising its forty millions of serfs; the American Republic taking a course which may end in the freedom of its four millions of negroes; the Bey of Tunis giving his subjects a liberal constitution; and the Pope becoming enlightened to the danger of the mixture of temporal with spiritual government. Such, and many others, are signs of the action of good spirits upon the human mind.

If in Edenic and patriarchal times men enjoyed tranquillity of soul and length of days, it was, in part at least, because the spirit population was sparse, while in these latter times of mental trouble and shortened earthly existence, it is so numerous that were their *perispirit* opaque, the very light of the sun would be hidden from us.

It seems, my dear Lafontaine, that you are at present content with the explanations of those elementary schools called *Academies*, imperial or royal; for my part, I think all our sciences, like our institutions, have to be reconstructed; and I hope I shall soon be in some higher sphere, whence I may see you taking part in this work of reconstruction. If you then feel inclined from the heart to do so, you may be able to call me to give you information from the strange world of which I have just given you a slight ethnographic outline.

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## Notices of Books.

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*Mysteries of Life, Death and Futurity. Illustrated from the best and latest Authorities.* By HORACE WELBY. London: Kent and Co.

THE design of this book is thus stated in the Preface:—"It has been undertaken with the view of concentrating within its focus the views and opinions of some of the leading writers of the present day, and placing them before the reader in so popular a form and setting as to adapt them for a larger class than would be likely to consult the authorities themselves whence the substance of this volume has been derived. Facts, anecdotes, personal traits of character, and well-grounded arguments and opinions, are the staple of the work; and special care being taken to give each statement its mint-mark of its authority."

This design is worked out, not in a continued treatise, but in series of short suggestive extracts, under such general divisions as "Life and Time," "Nature of the Soul," "Spiritual Life," "Mental Operations," "Belief and Scepticism," "Man after Death," "The Future States," &c. Under these general divisions there are extracts on such special topics as "What is Life?" "Unity of the Human Race." "The Development Theory." "Plurality of Worlds." "Spiritual Life." "Materialism and Spiritualism." "Personal Identity." "Mesmerism

and Somnambulism." "Clairvoyance." "Mind and Body." "What is Revelation." "Special Providences." "True Course of Christian Life." &c.

These are but a few of the many subjects treated of in this volume. The citation of these heads will perhaps give a better idea of its character than would be conveyed by quotation from a work of such multifarious contents. It presents in a compendious form some results of an extensive and varied reading on subjects of universal interest. It has a quaint curious frontispiece, representing the seven ages of man, from a block print of the fifteenth century, in the British Museum.

## Correspondence.

### SOME NEW RAPPINGS.

A RECENT number of the *Sussex Advertiser* contained the following paragraph, headed

#### FLETCHING.

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.—The quiet and peaceful little village of Fletching has been, since Saturday, May 11th, kept in a state of great excitement by the report that in the house of Mr. Alfred Wood, a respectable shoemaker, residing opposite the church, there had been heard strange sounds, said to be "spirit rappings," by which the inmates were thrown into a state of alarm. The mysterious sounds were first heard on the evening just named, about nine o'clock, and they continued to be repeated in quick succession, at intervals, until eleven, when all resumed its wonted quiet. A renewal of these singular sounds was heard on Sunday evening, commencing and terminating about the same time as the previous night, and on each succeeding night during the week, they were to be heard with the same regularity. The neighbours were made acquainted with the circumstances, and drawn by curiosity to the house, they there received abundant proof that they had not been mis-informed; for not only those who gained admission to the house, but those who had congregated in the street, could also distinctly hear the strange sounds. A minute investigation of the cause was made, both in and around the house, every facility for this being given, by Mr. Wood, to all parts of the house, but without success. An intelligent police constable made an inspection of the premises, but it baffled the ingenuity of that astute official to discover whence the sounds proceeded. Even the much esteemed and highly-respected vicar did not consider it unbecoming his sacred calling to enquire into the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, but, like the limb of the law, he failed to ascertain the why and the wherefore. Several of the floor-boards were taken up as the sound seemed to proceed from the wall close to the bedroom floor, but without any satisfactory result. Various are the reports and conjectures concerning the affair, and, as might be supposed, vague superstitions are entertained respecting it by the more ignorant rustics. There is, doubtless, some trickery in the affair, and it is trusted that, before long, some satisfactory explanation of it may be obtained.

One of our contributors, wishing to know more about the matter, wrote to Mr. Wood, and has received from him the following letter, which we have permission to publish:—

Fletching, Sussex, May 31.

Sir—In answer to yours respecting the rappings in my house, I should and did feel pleasure in any respectable persons coming in to hear it. From the 11th to the 21st inst., it was constant. People came miles to hear it, and seemed convinced it was no deception; but now we scarcely hear it more than seven or eight times during the evening—three evenings since the 11th not at all. From the 11th to the 14th the rapping began at about nine o'clock and continued until about eleven o'clock, hard enough to shake the middle wall of the house, which is bricks—

nine inches; also the contents of the cupboard, pots, glasses, &c. When we are upstairs, the boards shake under our feet. I did, from the 11th to the 14th, open my house to any one that liked to walk in. I should think, on the 14th, there were not less than 100 persons heard it, outdoors as well as in. Now there are many false reports about it—some say it is the inmates of the house; but others positively declare that we are all innocent; as the policeman, myself, and two or three others have kept a strict watch over them. I wish it would continue that it might be found out, or it will always remain a mystery. I should not like you to come, as you might be disappointed in hearing it. If it should come again and continue, I will write to you. I am, sir, yours, &c.

ALFRED WOOD

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

SIR,—Since forwarding you the remarkable case of 'Cai-voyance related in "Traits of Character," I have obtained the 2nd vol. of that work, in which the following narration occurs.

I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

May 16th.

J. FAWCETT.

'In this sketch'—Tyrone Power—'I have alluded more than once to three pretty sisters. They ranged from fifteen to eighteen. The youngest Helen, was the loveliest. She went to India, made what is called a special match—marrying the eldest son of a wealthy English baronet, and died in less than three months after her bridal. There was something very remarkable about this dear girl. She was a somnambulist, a "dreamer of dreams" and possessed besides, what one in the family even, the father, asserted was endued with the power of "second sight." In this, as in every kind of superstition they all believed implicitly; but the father and Helen were the most conspicuous in this respect. That she was a somnambulist, I know, as I have seen her under its influence. She had the sweetest voice I ever listened to, and was in singing. One Scotch song—"I am wearin' awa' to the land of the living" she used to sing with such exquisite pathos that she was obliged to give up singing it in society, as it always produced such an outburst of weeping and wailing in her auditors. I have frequently seen her fast asleep, seated by the side of the bed, with her fingers moving in rapid succession as if playing on a piano, and warbling in tones of the most thrilling mournfulness and sweetness this her favourite song. *Amina*, in the opera of "Somnambula," always comes in mind of poor Helen. Whether really she had the power of "second sight" I cannot tell, but that she was a "dreamer of dreams" I can vouch. She was staying with me, and we were occupants of the same chamber. One night she was suddenly aroused from sleep by her violent shrieks. I inquired the cause and she told me "she had dreamt she had seen Mr. —" (a gentleman with whom her family was very intimate) "shoot himself." The gentleman alluded to had, with his wife, a few weeks previous, set off for the German baths. I tried to soothe and tranquillize her as much as I could, and begged of her to go to sleep again and endeavour to dream of something pleasanter. She went to sleep but in an hour or so the screams again awoke me, and she explained that she had been visited a second time with the same horrible dream, and she had vividly seen Mr. — shoot himself, and that the details of such a catastrophe were minutely embodied before her. As she appeared very much agitated, and as the day was beginning to dawn, I proposed we should get up and take a ramble in the garden, where the balmy flowers and the carolling birds made us soon forget Helen's dismal dream. The next day the servant brought up a card, bearing on it the name of a lady whom I had certainly heard of, but with whom I had no personal acquaintanceship. Helen was with me when she entered the room. "Can I speak with you alone?" were her first words. Helen withdrew. "Was not that young lady one of the Miss —?" my visitor enquired. I assented. "Have you heard anything from Mr. and Mrs. — since they went to Germany?" I answered that I had not. Neither had Helen's father, the bosom friend of

fr. —. I was about to tell her of Helen's dream, when I noticed she held in her hand a letter with a broad black edge to it, and that there was that gravity and sadness in her manner which the bearer of evil tidings ordinarily assumes. She then narrated that the sister of Mrs. —, who was connected by marriage with her husband, had written to him that morning announcing that her brother-in-law—whom, with his wife, she had only lately joined, intending to make with them the tour of the German baths—had shot himself. It appeared he had, like many a one, indulged in the fatal passion for gambling, which at that time was so marked a characteristic of the watering-places in Germany,—contracted debts of "honour," which he was totally unable to meet, and, overcome by despair, did what, alas! before and since, others have done through the same criminal cause—put a pistol to his head, and shot himself. The remarkable verification of Helen's dream of the preceding night astonished my visitor when I narrated it, as much as it did myself. What made it even more singular was, that it was in a wood, or grove, where the unhappy man committed the fearful deed; and this was precisely in accordance with Helen's description, as she spoke of the large trees she had seen on the spot; and had she been a personal witness of the tragedy, she could not more minutely have detailed the accessories surrounding it. The lady had called on me to break the painful news to Mr. —, Helen's father, as gently as I could.

There was yet another instance in her brief life, which came within my own knowledge, of her possessing some mysterious prophetic faculty. One of the legendary superstitions of the family, handed down from generation to generation, was that the knowledge of the death of any member of it was always communicated in a whisper, at the period of its occurrence, to one special individual belonging to it. It was supposed that Helen, to whom her father and sisters fully believed "coming events cast their shadows before them," would be the recipient of these unseen revelations. But no deaths had occurred to test the curacy of the surmise. There was a son in the family, a dissolute and graceless youth, whose evil nature and disreputable conduct had tended greatly, it was said, to accelerate his mother's death, and whose name was a "sealed book," never to be spoken by any. He had fled the country, having, if not exactly, violated its laws, gone so dangerously near to doing so, that exclusion from society was the consequence. Where he was they knew not—I believe cared not—so utterly had his profligacy obliterated and destroyed all natural affection; whether he even existed they took no trouble to ascertain. One day Power, with Helen, her sisters, and some other ladies, and myself, were walking in, then as now, that loveliest of our Metropolitan rambling places, Kensington Gardens. The weather was very warm, and as she complained of suffering from headache, I proposed that we, who felt tired, should rest awhile, whilst Power and the rest of the party proceeded on their promenade. We entered one of those wooden recesses which are such a nice shelter from the heat, and afford to be weary the opportunity of sitting down. Doubly acceptable were they at that time, when the advent of 'chairs' had not dawned. We were highly amused watching the pedestrians and equestrians, commenting on the dresses of the ladies—ever such a dear delight to young girls or old women—when suddenly I saw Helen start, tremble convulsively, and every tint of colour recede from her cheek, leaving it of an unearthly paleness: while from her blue lustrous eyes the large tears fell thickly, though silently. 'Are you ill, Helen?' I anxiously enquired. 'My brother is dead—it has just been told me—I have heard the death-whisper.' I certainly never saw so strange and unnatural an expression on any face as was stamped on hers while repeating the words 'My brother is dead!' As she had complained all the morning of her head aching, and as she was a most excitable imaginative girl, I thought the supernatural telegraph she affirmed to have heard was but the vision of a heated brain. Of course we returned home immediately. Her father was informed of what had occurred, and giving implicit credence to her statement, caused inquiries to be instituted about that 'prodigal son,' so long an alien and outcast. It was several months before any definite information was received, as there was great difficulty in tracing him through the Bohemian career he had followed. But at last it was ascertained he had gone to Australia, and died at Sydney on the very day, and at the

specific hour, the 'death whisper' was heard by Helen in Kensington Gardens. I pretend not to give any explanation of the circumstance—I only narrate what occurred under my own cognizance."

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

SIR,—I appreciate the candid remarks of Dr. Coleman, and I am glad that his note has been published, as I think that the difficulty to which he has alluded, and to which you have replied, has discomposed many well-meaning minds. A similar apprehension has prevented some persons from making any examination into the philosophy of spiritual phenomena, and thus it has deterred profitable gleaners from even entering the sunny corn-fields of Spiritualism. Your comments entirely agree with my own ideas upon the subject of spiritual intercourse, so far as my knowledge has extended. With respect to minds having a natural bias towards materiality,—a quality certainly not more applicable to medical men than to people in general, including lawyers, literati, or even divines, the grand fact for establishment is simply whether any spiritual influence does exist, irrespective of its nature or degree of perfection, good or evil, and as you have remarked, "spiritual communion" remains in either case as a fact, clear and indisputable. It has been contended that all crystal revelations may be depended upon on account of the particular form of invocation adopted, and wherein the Divine character of the Saviour is recognised. I am not prepared to assert or to deny that such is the case when the crystal has been duly consecrated, and the invocation properly and reverently made after the custom of ancient seers; but I have known cases where true statements have been thus given irrespective of any preparatory charge or prayer, at least with respect to worldly affairs. In the several cases of spirit writings which occurred to myself, *Spiritual Magazine*. vol. 1, p. 430-1, the influences apparently represented persons who, when living, were pious and moral; yet, except in one case, no word was mentioned respecting the Deity, nor was the name of the Saviour mentioned, although in all the cases there seemed to be the existence of bliss and an acknowledgment of a higher power controlling the influence.

From one, deceased some years before, it was written: "As progression is gradual, so we come to you; were we permitted to unfold to you or to mortals generally the beauties that continually surround us, you would become disgusted with life in the form, and you would not be willing to remain the time God has allotted. Therefore, be patient, and you will yet know more of spirit-laws and regulations."

In another case, reference was made to "our beautiful home," in the spiritual sense. This idea of progression in the spirit-world is in accordance with the experiences of Judge Edmonds, and of others, being perhaps, in the opinion of some persons, more consistent with divine justice than the commonly-received opinion still in vogue amongst able and learned theologians and secularists,—of an eternity of posthumous felicity or of woe.

In reply to a question, the spirit of Bacon stated to the Judge, that it had not seen Christ, and it described eloquently why such vision had not occurred—namely, because the spirit had not progressed sufficiently, but it believed that Christ was with God, and that at some future time, the vision would be granted.

Dr. Hare also declared, prior to his decease, that in consequence of his sister, many years deceased, having identified herself so as to convince him that she "lived," and of communications from her and other spirits, he had "believed in revelation through Jesus of Nazareth, and had become a Christian."

Converts have likewise been made, and the truths of Christianity confirmed, by spirit communications in the crystal; and many cases might be cited where persons have believed by means of Spiritualism generally, in spiritual truth and in the Christian religion, which belief respectable and popular sects and creeds had failed to impart.

As a novice in spirit knowledge, I write subject to correction, but it seems to me that some spirits have a vague idea of time, as well as of higher intelligences. In the case first quoted above, the querist had only been deceased for some three years, and yet her spirit alluded to having "long since bid adieu" to earth.

Yours faithfully,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

58, Pall Mall.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. II.]

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[No. 8.]

## SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

### II.

THERE is a phase of mediumship to be met with in America which has never, that I am aware of, been known in Europe, which tests in the most satisfactory manner the actual presence of spirits, and the faculty which certain media possess of seeing and recognizing them; and that is, the power of delineating on canvas or cardboard an exact likeness of the spirit.

I am indebted to Mr. Berry, of Boston, editor of the *Banner of Light* newspaper, for a photograph copy of a spirit drawing, which he had just received, enclosed in a letter, from Mr. P. Butter, of Springfield, Illinois. It is the full-length likeness of a child in ball costume, four years of age, who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Soaper, of Bloomington, Illinois. It is said that the spirit of this child presented itself to Mr. W. P. Anderson, a portrait-drawing medium, who was unknown to the family, and that he produced, in an abnormal state with his eyes closed, the original picture, life size, in 2 hours and 40 minutes, and it is pronounced to be an exact likeness. I showed the photograph to Mrs. Burbank Felton, of Boston, a very intelligent and well-known trance-speaking medium, of whom I shall have occasion to speak presently, and she told me that she had recently seen a most wonderful production obtained under somewhat similar, but still more curious, circumstances, through the mediumship of a Mr. J. B. Fayett, of Oswego, who is a tailor by trade, and who is unacquainted in his natural state, with the art of painting in any way. The likeness Mrs. Felton saw was thus obtained:—A friend of hers, Mrs. Macumber, a well-known public test medium, whilst on a visit with a Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, gave them at a *séance* a message from their spirit daughter, to the effect that she would appear to Mr. Fayett on a particular day and hour to sit for her likeness, and she described very minutely how she would be dressed. They lived at some distance from

Oswego, and had never heard of Mr. Fayett; but they wrote to his address, and told him that a spirit had promised them to sit to him for a likeness on a specified day and hour, without mentioning any particulars whatever, and they requested him to send them anything he might get at that time. On the day but one after this day, Mr. Fayett sent the drawing which Mrs. Felton had seen, which proved to be an exact and artistically-finished likeness of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess's child, dressed precisely as she had said she would be. It was drawn by Mr. Fayett whilst in the trance state, *in total darkness*, which, it is said, are the only conditions under which he can produce these spirit portraits. I may here, perhaps, be permitted to digress for a moment from my narrative to consider this question of special conditions, which it is claimed are essential to the production of a certain class of spiritual phenomena, but with what the cavilling sceptic invariably quarrels. I hold that it is an unphilosophical state of mind, and one which unfits a man for calm and fair investigation, to insist as a preliminary that his prejudices shall be satisfied. In every situation, and in every act of our lives, we are dependent on conditions. We can effect, under suitable and harmonious arrangements, that which we should find it impossible to accomplish under the slightest variation from them. The chemist requires his darkened room to produce certain results, and the photographer is obliged to have two extremes to bring out his picture. How unreasonable, then, is it to attempt to ignore, as many do, unmistakable palpable facts in Spiritualism, because they are not done to order. Assuredly the man who allows his prejudices to interpose, who stands on the pride of intellect plane, and refuses to imitate the humility of the great Newton in the pursuit of truth, misses a golden opportunity, by neglecting Spiritualism, of increasing his wisdom, and, as I believe, his future happiness.

At Boston, I met Miss Lord, of Portland, Maine, and as I was anxious to realise the wonders exhibited through her mediumship of which I had previously heard, an arrangement was made for me to visit her, and accompanied by three gentlemen holding prominent commercial positions in the city, and all interested in the subject, we formed a circle, including the ladies of the house, of nine persons. Miss Lord is in very delicate health, in advanced, I fear, in consumption, and consequently incapable of any great physical exertion. We took our seats around a good sized table in a small room, the medium being seated between one of my friends and myself, and we formed a chain by holding each other's hands all round the circle, resting them lightly on the surface of the table. On another table, about two or three feet distant from the back of the chair on which the medium sat.

there had been placed various musical instruments—a guitar, a dulcimer, tambourine, harmonium, a horn—such as is used by the fish sellers of the city, and four bells of various sizes, and in a corner of the room there stood a very large bass viol and bow, which I was informed had belonged 70 years ago to one Squire Simmons. After sitting quietly for a few minutes in a subdued light, the medium became entranced by Black Hawk, an Indian Spirit, who is the presiding spirit of the band that visit this circle, and his orders spoken through the medium in broken English, are implicitly obeyed. The first request was that we should sing; which the ladies of the party did, and continued to do through several plaintive airs lasting some minutes, until we had become, as I supposed, harmonised. We were then told to put out the lights, which was done, and seated under the conditions I have described we were left in total darkness. The first manifestation arose from the unseen agent taking the guitar, which was whisked about with great celerity over and around our heads, whilst a quick negro air was capitally played upon it the whole time the instrument was floating about us. It tapped me on the head playfully several times, and once it rested on my shoulder, the air still continuing, with the strings so close to my ear that they touched me in their vibration. It was then announced that Squire Simmons was present, and that he would perform a solo on the bass viol. Three sharp musician's taps were made by the spirit with the bow to call attention, and we listened in mute astonishment to hear this large instrument played upon with all the harmony and force that could be exercised by any performer in the flesh. At its conclusion I thanked the Squire for his condescension, and he responded by tapping me gently with the bow on my head. I then asked him to shake hands with me, but instead of a hand he gave me one end of the bow, shaking it, and holding the other end with quite as firm a grasp as I did. Each of the instruments was played upon by a new performer. The bells were all floating about our heads at one time, ringing harmoniously in tune with the guitar. Black Hawk took the tambourine, and asking for "Hail Columbia" to be sung, he jingled the instrument about in the wildest manner, striking us with it alternately on our heads—then on the table—the back of our chairs—and on the floor with inconceivable rapidity. He then gave us an Indian dance, and the dull heavy bumping and thumping sounds as of feet in mocassins or Indian slippers, kept excellent time. The tambourine was then placed on my head, and he passed his large hand over it, by which I could feel its full shape and size. He concluded this part of his performance by saying "Me do someting else for you," and in an instant the medium seated in her arm chair was lifted on to the centre of the



table, chair and all. I assisted in lifting her from her elevated position, and was surprised at her dead weight, being twice as heavy as I should imagine her to be from her fragile appearance when in her normal condition. Black Hawk blew a shrill and ringing blast on the horn, quite as loud as any human being could do it. He then played on the harmonican, and surprised me by saying through the horn, "How you do, Mr. Coleman." I asked the company if it would be agreeable to have the door opened, as the room felt close and hot, and immediately a fan, which I found had been taken from a drawer in the room, was actively wafted before my face just as if human hands were using it, and still more surprising, a goblet of water was placed to my lips to drink, and though I gently resisted, my head was pushed back and I was thus forced to take a good draught of the cooling beverage. The whole exhibition was a most marvellous and convincing proof of the presence of intelligent invisible agencies, and, apart from all other considerations, the *precision* with which heavy instruments were hurled at times about our heads in the dark, touching us lightly and playfully, was in itself proof positive, that spirit eyes guided, and that no human being handled them. Every sense but that of sight being satisfied, the *séance* was quite as satisfactory to me as if the manifestations had been made in broad daylight.

Of another character, though no less curious and wonderful, were the manifestations which I witnessed on a subsequent evening at New York with Miss Kate Fox. I have spoken of the casual morning visit which I made to this interesting young lady, but I omitted to name that among other messages given to me on that occasion was the following: "When you come here on Friday evening I will manifest my presence in a light—tokens unmistakable in lights.—SYLVESTER." I had no idea of the meaning of this message, nor could Miss Fox explain it, I only knew that Friday evening had been fixed by my friend Mr. L. for us to sit with her. On that evening we accordingly met; our party being limited to Miss Fox and her mother, Mr. L., and myself. We fastened the door of the room, and put out the gas. We sat as usual round a table, taking hold of each other's hands; the ladies being separated by my friend and myself. After various short messages were given by the raps, we were desired to pull open the slides of the table, which being done, an aperture of about a foot in width was made. A request was then rapped out, through the alphabet, "Give us a pencil and paper." I first handed my pencil case through the aperture of the table, which was taken from me by what appeared by the touch to be a naturally shaped hand. I then gave a large sized plain card, which was in like manner taken from me in a quiet

gentle manner. We then heard very distinctly the pencil being used as in writing rapidly, and in a minute or two the card and pencil were handed back to me. On the identical card I found written in a legible hand, though not a fac-simile, "My dear father, may God bless you. I am with you, dear father, pass me not, for I am by your side. I am with you, and to-night I will manifest.—HENRY C. D.—." Then gradually there rose up between the opening in the table a *half globular-shaped light*, about the size of the palm of my hand. It was not like a phosphorescent light, it was more like the light of a bull's-eye lantern, spreading an illuminating ray around. It rose three times to the surface of the table, and then disappeared. A hand, naturally shaped and about the ordinary size, was then placed on my head, and continued for some little time to pat and caress me in the kindest and most gentle manner; it felt very warm, almost hot. I put up my hand to touch it; having my pencil case between my fingers, the spirit-hand immediately took hold of the pencil, and held it firmly at one end, whilst with my arm extended above my head I held the other; in this position it was swayed about see-saw like, and then abandoned to me. At this moment a startling rap, much louder than anything of the kind I had ever before heard, was made on the outer surface of the table. I asked for this to be repeated three times, and accordingly three sharp sounding heavy raps were made as if done by a large-sized auctioneer's hammer. The rapping sounds then spread all about the room, and came simultaneously from the walls, floor, and ceiling, and the lights, diminished to the size of a half-crown piece, played about and on us, resting alternately on various parts of our bodies.

My previous experience with Mr. Home had prepared me for all such manifestations as I witnessed with Miss Lord and Miss Fox, and although extremely curious and differing in some important points from his mediumship—they seem only to vary the character of the phenomena, but do not transcend the marvellous facts which hundreds of our neighbours have witnessed at numerous *séances* with Mr. Home, and which have been already fully recorded in the *Spiritual* and *Cornhill Magazines*. It will probably be said among other objections, that even admitting the facts, (which many I know will not do, whilst others will assert that they are *too* real, being all of the devil) when curiosity is once satisfied and the wonder ceases, there is nothing very elevating in this class of manifestations. This objection, as far as it goes, is certainly a valid one, and if the manifestations claiming to be of spiritual origin were indeed confined to the moving of chairs and tables, and of rapping sounds accompanied by only common-place messages, they certainly

would not (except for the consequences they involve) be worth any more consideration than we should give to the curious tricks performed by a Houdin or a Frikel, to which it is usual to compare them. But who but very perverse people, or those who know nothing of the subject, will say that spiritual manifestations, so called, are thus limited in their character, and confined to the phase of unintellectual physical phenomena? Who that has paid the least attention to the subject does not see a wisdom in this lifting of tables into the air, and of these despised rappings, and that thus "God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." Who does not see that they are necessary to arrest in the first instance the confirmed sceptic, and lead him when nothing else would, to enquire into the "why" and the "wherefore" of these previously denied but now demonstrated facts, and that they are thus made stepping-stones to higher knowledge, and ultimately to the most consolatory of all convictions, that there is indeed another state of existence after the spirit leaves the natural body, and that in that state they who have been dear to us here are not so very far removed from us, but that they can still watch over, guard and direct us during our prolonged pilgrimage on earth.

We, in England, who are only on the threshold of this enquiry, will find when a sufficient number of witnesses have been secured—as in America, where it is said there are hundreds of thousands, that we shall be indifferent to the striking manifestations which now excite our wonder, and shall no doubt settle down to study the higher philosophies, which this new light will have forced upon our previously darkened minds; and we shall then be prepared to recognise and encourage the higher developments of Spiritualism, which will rise up amongst us, as it has amongst our transatlantic brethren, where numbers of previously unlettered men and women, have become writing and trance, or inspirationally influenced, speaking mediums; and by a little patience, and by abstaining from condemning phases which are not understood and may have much hidden wisdom in them, we shall in due time realise the true purport and intent of these modern manifestations, and the *cui bono* so impatiently demanded be made plain to us all.

One of the most interesting writing and seeing mediums with whom I became acquainted in New York, is Mrs. Staats, residing at 87, Amity-street. Her quiet earnest manner assures you at once that she is entirely reliable in all she says and does. She requested me in the first instance to write a number of names, including any of friends I had in the spirit-world. I accordingly wrote a list of about a dozen family names. Her hand, with a pencil, immediately moved towards the paper, and

dashed under the names of Sylvester, Henry and Isabel, who as I have before said, are the only ones related to me who have passed away; the rest of the names I had written were of those still living. She then wrote the name of Harry, and asked me if I recognised it, saying "He is here standing by your side. He tells me that you have lingering doubts about his treatment during his illness. You thought the medical men treated him wrong. He is your son." I said "No, he was not my son." "Well, he was your wife's, and he knows no difference in you. He is very like you. He passed away about four months since. He was very fond of drawing." &c., &c. Whilst Mrs. Staats was making these remarks, which were literally correct, her hand at the same time was writing rapidly a message addressed "My dear father," and signed "Henry." Other short messages followed with snatches of poetry. Then the following words—"We gather, my dear father, wherever you are, and whisper sweet words of consolation and encouragement. You will return satisfied to my dear mother, and I will be with you—

“ ‘Tapping, gently tapping’ on your cheek the while  
Your heart will gladden with the smile,  
Which light up eyes that welcome you,  
When safe at home again.  
I will not whisper, ‘nevermore,’  
But come oft as in days of yore,  
And from our treasure to you pour  
A stream of love undying.

“My style as you know.”

This was certainly remarkable, as my step-son had a great admiration for the poems of Edgar Poe, and used to imitate his style occasionally.

Mrs. Staats then took another sheet of paper, and said that a very beautiful influence from a charming spirit possessed her, and wrote—"Isabel is here." Be it remembered I had not mentioned any names. The medium continued to write, whilst at the same time she was talking to me, and in a few minutes the following message was completed and handed to me:—"I have long been watching this chance to write a few words of tenderness and love. Dear ones stand waiting to open the door to hearts who have long looked through the dim and shadowy outlines of the past—to gather, if possible, one bright ray of hope—to assure of blessed re-union and communion of soul. Dear mother—your treasures are safe here, and not so far removed but that they can tell their love, and be to you guiding stars, cheering you on and up to this more durable home where angels become teachers. We help in all those hours of darkness,

and disclose those new beauties which are in store for the faithful. Let Faith be to you light in darkness! Hope will lure you onward! Charity will deck you in robes of undying beauty, and your children be the crown of your declining years, and wait to welcome you here, where peace flows on for ever sweet as the love of—ISABEL.”

Mrs. Staats has many visitors who come frequently to obtain communications from the spirit-world, and I was told of some very extraordinary information obtained by one gentleman whom I met there. He got an entire list of names of persons to a document required to establish the birthright of a lady, whose case was recently brought to a successful issue in the English courts of law. Mrs. Staats' hand wrote out directions where this document of ancient date would be found, and gave the fac-similes of the signatures attached to it. I also made the acquaintance, at Mrs. Staats', of another gentleman, a Mr. J—, whose knowledge of Spiritualism was brought about under the following interesting circumstances, which I will endeavour to relate as nearly as I can in his own words,—“I married,” he said, “the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in this city, who disapproved of our union, and refused to see his daughter afterwards. It was a marriage of the purest affection on both sides. She was a woman of unusual accomplishments, of great strength of mind, and capable of giving sound advice on all subjects. There was, indeed, something like inspiration in all she said and did. A proposal was made to me to go to the new settlement of Pikes Peak, in the Rocky Mountains, some thousands of miles away, which is now my settled home. I hesitated, on account of the long separation it would necessarily entail, though the advantages to be derived were great. I discussed the matter with my wife, and she strongly advised me to accept the proposal, which I at length did, though reluctantly, for among other difficulties, she was expecting to become a mother, and I feared the world would think it an unfeeling thing to leave her alone and unprotected at that time. My arrangements being made, I started on my journey, accompanied by my wife as far as Washington. Before parting, my wife said, ‘Now, love, if we should never meet again on earth, let us try to communicate with each other, and let the one who may be removed from this sphere guide and protect the other.’ This remark surprised me; we had never spoken on such a subject before, and we neither of us knew anything of Spiritualism. In due time, I arrived at my destination, and found I had taken the step just in time to anticipate others, and to secure the object I had in view. On my way, I lost off my finger a plain ring which my wife had given me at our parting. It was found by

the conductor of a train by which I had travelled, and restored to me some weeks after; but it was, as you see (showing me the ring), broken. By the next periodical mail, I received this letter from my wife, which I should like you to read." I did so, and it fully corroborated his previous description of her affectionate disposition and her superior acquirements. "Taking up," he continued, "the *New York Herald* of two days subsequent date, I was struck down on seeing the announcement of her death. She had, as I afterwards learned, died suddenly on the very day on which this letter was written. I returned as quickly as I could to New York, where I have remained since, and received my wife's papers and trinkets and this ring (showing it to me), which I gave her at our parting, and which I found, as you see it, *broken exactly as mine had been*. Recollecting the promise we had mutually made, I became anxious to test her ability to manifest to me, and meeting a friend who knew something of Spiritualism, he recommended me to visit Mrs. Staats, and here is the first evidence I ever had of spirit intercourse; see how remarkably this message agrees with her last letter to me. You will not wonder, I am sure, that I should become a firm believer in this faith, and that I should now never take any serious step without seeking her advice, which for six months she has continued to give me from time to time. It is always exceedingly pertinent, clear and reliable." This story which, from memory, I have but imperfectly quoted, will, I trust, prove as interesting to the reader as it was to me.

At the St. Nicholas Hotel, where I staid, I also became acquainted with a gentleman, who told me he was an old convert to a belief in Spiritualism, a Mr. John McKinney, of Lawton, Michigan, where he holds a State appointment. He said, "Spiritualism is recognized by the great majority of those who are residents of the Western States. We all know something of it. Family circles and mediums are everywhere amongst us. It is not a religion with us, but all sects admit the facts, and we meet frequently at each other's houses, not for the purpose of obtaining wonderful manifestations which we have all witnessed in past times and no longer need, but to obtain information and instruction from our departed friends and relatives. I myself was a writing medium for several years; but latterly my power has left me. I have had some very remarkable predictions made in writing through my own hand, and among other things, the deaths of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were most accurately foretold, and so far back as 1855 I was informed that this present crisis in our political history would occur. I have the papers at home, and will look them up and send them to you. I was told that a separation of the States would take place about this period

—that a collision would ensue, though not leading to very serious consequences—and that our difficulties would culminate about the year 1864, when a new confederation would be made, and the slave question voluntarily settled by the Southerners themselves arranging the terms on which they would consent to its ultimate and final extinction.”

In reply to my question, Mr. McKinney said he had reason to place the fullest confidence on all predictions made by the spirits through his own hands.

I visited at Boston another test-writing Medium, Mr. J. V. Mansfield, who has obtained great celebrity from the character of the communications made through him. I was to him, as to all others in America, an entire stranger. I took my seat in a small ante-room alone: he placed before me a long strip of paper and a pencil, and requested me to address any question I pleased to any one with whom I desired to communicate in the spirit-world, whilst he retired to another room. I did as requested, and having folded the paper containing the writing, and placed my hand upon it, Mr. Mansfield entered the room, and took his seat by my side, and putting his left hand lightly on mine, he traced, as he said, the affinity between me and the spirit by a principle of magnetism, and declared at once that it was the spirit of my son who was about to communicate with me. “I do not guess, he said, I know it for a certainty.” His hand then wrote out rapidly a long message, beginning “My dear father”—and signed “Harry.” The message itself was not worthy of the source from whence it purported to come, but, nevertheless, it contained two very curious and striking allusions. Such as—“*This was known to you before you left your home in Sussex-place, Regent’s Park,*” where I once resided, and “*You can tell your friend Howitt, &c.,*” and at my request the address, adding my Christian name, was appended, none of which particulars could the medium by any likelihood have known.

Trance mediums and inspirational speakers are now very numerous in America, and this form of the spiritual development has, as I have previously said, taken the place of the earlier manifestations, and it seems a most valuable, practical, and highly satisfactory result.

I found crowded audiences assembled to hear discourses delivered by young women, who without previous education have risen up from the middle and lower ranks of society to become teachers; and whose lectures on Theology, Politics, Morals, and Science, are delivered with a force and eloquence which would compare favorably with the most popular lay and clerical speakers of the present day.

I heard Mrs. Cora Hatch for instance, who is a young woman of about three or four and twenty, deliver an address which

purported to be spoken through her by the spirit of the American statesman, Jefferson. I do not stop to inquire or to satisfy myself whether the speaker was really influenced by the particular spirit who claimed to be present, I only know that I listened to a marvellous piece of oratory delivered extempore in well-chosen language without falter or hesitation, occupying an hour and a quarter, by a young uneducated woman; and I am left to say whether I can reasonably regard it as the result of a natural genius and ordinary training, (which I am assured by herself and those who know her that it is not) or of some abnormal influence which I am told it is, and I confess that I am forced to receive the latter as the true solution of such a phenomenon.

Miss Emma Harding, whom I had also the pleasure of hearing, is one of the most popular lecturers in America, and I think deservedly so, but in her case it cannot be said that she was without training or education, and her discourses, I believe, so far differ from Mrs. Hatch, that she may be said to be an eloquent advocate for the truths of Spiritualism, and rather than an inspirational speaker. Miss Harding is now devoting herself to the establishment of a home in Boston for the fallen of her sex, and I was happy to hear that ladies and gentlemen of all denominations were assisting her to complete her benevolent task.

Mrs. Burbank Felton, of whom I have spoken, is, as I have said, a speaking medium, differing in character from either of the two ladies to whom I have just alluded, inasmuch as she, I believe, always speaks in the trance state. I am told that this lady obtains at times some very remarkable manifestations. The spirits of friends and relatives take possession of and entrance her, and she carries conviction by the accuracy of her delineation of voice and manner. I was introduced to Mrs. Felton by Mr. C., a gentleman who holds an official position connected with the port of Boston, but as she was indisposed I had not the opportunity of testing her mediumship. Mr. C., however, has had many proofs of it, and he related to me a very remarkable story which, though somewhat lengthy, I venture to think will prove interesting to my readers, as it answers a question frequently put—Why don't these spirits tell us something useful?

On one of his casual visits to Mrs. Felton, a spirit speaking through her, introduced himself to Mr. C., and gave his name Ezekiel Webster, a well-known American lawyer, and brother to the celebrated statesman, Daniel Webster. After some general conversation, Ezekiel took leave of Mr. C., saying in a courteous way that he was happy to have made his acquaintance, and added "If you are ever in want of my assistance and advice come to me, and I will give it to you." Some time after this interview it so happened that Mr. C. became involved in a law suit, arising



out of the following circumstances:—The firm of J. B. and Co., of Boston, discovered a guano island in the Carribbean Sea, and sent several vessels there to load. The Venezuelian Government hearing of this, sent an armed ship to take possession, and drove them away. Soon after this event a company was formed, who leased all the Islands in the Carribbean Sea from the Government, and J. B. and Co. were invited to take a lease from the company of the island they had already worked, which they agreed to do, and gave a surety bond for the due fulfilment of the conditions of their lease, and to this bond Mr. C. became a party. One of the conditions was that J. B. and Co. should carry away, within a given time, 10,000 tons of guano, and pay five dollars per ton royalty. When J. B. and Co. had obtained about 4,000 tons, the island was exhausted, and they called upon the company either to give them another island to work upon or to cancel their lease, which the company refused to do, and insisted on payment for the stipulated number of 10,000 tons. The defence was that the company had by implication guaranteed that J. B. and Co. could obtain 10,000 tons, and in equity they could not be called upon to pay royalty on a greater quantity than they had actually carried away. Mr. C. being sued on his bond bethought himself of Ezekiel Webster's promise, and determined to seek another interview with him, which he obtained by visiting Mrs. Felton. She soon passed into the trance state, and assumed the official manner and importance of the lawyer. Mr. C. stated the case as I have given it, upon which the following conversation took place:—WEBSTER,—“Was the Island uninhabited when J. B. and Co. first took possession of it?”—“Yes!”—“How far is it from the Continent?”—“30 miles!” “My brother Daniel is better acquainted with international law than I am, allow me to ask his opinion on one point, and then I will give you mine.”

In a few minutes he returned and continued, “My brother says I am right; the defence you make is a fair one, and ought to prevail, unless there is some clause in the lease which cuts it off, and that I cannot pronounce upon without seeing and carefully examining the contents. It is hardly necessary, however, to do this, as the lease itself is a nullity, and therefore the lessors can neither recover under it for what you did take away, nor, of course, for what you did not. They had no title, and could not give one. They were, in fact, only undertaking to lease to you your own property, from which you had been driven by violence. By a law of the United States, any of her citizens who may discover guano on an island not occupied, and lying without the maritime jurisdiction of any other nation, has a right to take possession thereof, and to hold possession against

all subsequent comers till he has exported all the existing guano upon it. Now, you discovered the island in question, and were peaceably and legally employed in carrying the deposit away until interrupted and driven away by the armed force of Venezuela. But they did not own the island, and therefore had not any right to interfere with you, nor, of course, any right, after taking possession, to lease or to sell it; nor had the guano company any right to convey because their own title was worthless. You have, therefore, taken away nothing but your own property, and the guano company, instead of having a claim on J. B. & Co., are bound to repay to J. B. & Co. whatever sum of money they have exacted under their lease."

Mr. C. then observed—"But it will be said that J. B. & Co. waived their rights by accepting the lease."

WEBSTER.—"Perhaps so. The answer, however, is, that all parties appear to have acted in ignorance of their rights, but that is no reason why the party having rights should be deprived of them for the benefit of those who had none."

Mr. C. showed this opinion to his own lawyer, who, without knowing the source from whence it was obtained, said it was excellent and sound law. Mr. C. accordingly acted upon it—put the company at defiance, and they have not troubled him further in the matter.

I am about to relate several anecdotes which may be called "Curiosities of Spiritualism." They have been told to me by serious, intelligent, and highly respectable people, and I readily yield to them as implicit a belief as I expect to obtain from those who know me when I speak of my own personal experiences:—Mr. Daniel Farrar, who is at the head of a leading and wealthy commercial firm in Boston, gave me a history of his conversion to Spiritualism. He had, he said, given close attention to the subject for several years; a member of the orthodox Church he opposed Spiritualism for two years, and at length yielded to overwhelming evidence of its reality.

The Rev. Mr. Willis, who was educated at Harvard University, and who is now residing at Coldwater, Michigan, is a medium of remarkable power, and was a frequent visitor at Mr. Farrar's house. Invited on one occasion to stay there over night, he consented on the condition that Mr. Farrar would sleep in the same room with him, which he did. During the night all sorts of disturbances took place, their clothes were strewed about in all directions, and in the morning they found almost every article of furniture in the room had been moved out of its place. Mr. Willis had carefully folded up a small miniature which he usually wore attached to a gold chain, and had placed it for safety in his waistcoat pocket. In the morning the chain was missing, after

a minute search it could nowhere be found, and Mr. Willis left for his home without it. On a subsequent visit some weeks after Mr. Farrar assured me that he saw this chain descend, as it were, from the ceiling of the room in which they were seated, and though no visible agent was present, he saw it placed carefully around Mr. Willis's neck.

A similar occurrence was related to me recently by Mr. C., of New Orleans, who is at present residing in London. Accompanied by his wife and a well-known medium, they were walking a little way out of the city in a quiet lane, when Mrs. C. exclaimed, "My wedding ring has just been taken from my finger," after a search they all saw it trundling along like a hoop in the road before them. Mr. C. ran after it, picked it up, and restored it to his wife. After their arrival at home, Mrs. C. again missed her ring, and they were amazed to see it suspended in the air in a distant part of a large room out of their reach. It gradually approached them, and as Mr. C. held his wife's hand, the ring was, without any visible agency, gently deposited on the back of his hand.

Mrs. Kennison, of Quincey, near Boston, told me that after the persecuting spirit with which the Rev. Mr. Willis was treated by the students of Harvard College, led on by Professors Felton and Eustis (which is a well-known episode in the history of American Spiritualism), he had a long and serious illness, during which time he was carefully nursed by several ladies who sympathised with him, as well as by the spirits; and, among other very curious manifestations, when Mrs. Lord, of Boston, and another were sitting in his room in the third story, Mr. Willis's bed was suddenly covered with a quantity of real flowers which came through the open window, and they were gathered up by spirit hands into one bouquet, and presented to him.

Mrs. Staats, of New York, related to me an incident which occurred to her long before she became a medium and knew anything of Spiritualism. She said she went on a visit to her mother, who resides in a distant part of the country, and took with her the daguerreotype likeness of her two brothers, who had but then recently emigrated to California. On presenting them to her mother, she was greatly surprised and mortified to find that both portraits were obliterated, and on the following morning, on looking again, she was equally puzzled and delighted at finding them restored.

This remained a mystery to her, until one day after she had become a writing medium, she got messages through her own hand from her brothers, who were drowned by the wreck of the vessel in which they sailed, explaining that their bodies were interred on the day she was showing the portraits, and that their

spirits stood in the way, and shadowed the plates so as to make them appear blank.

Mrs. Lewis, the wife of a merchant in Boston, who takes an active interest in the spread of Spiritualism, gave me the history of her first experience. One evening Mr. Lewis, her sister Mary, herself, and some friends, none of whom knew anything of Spiritualism, were engaged in playing cards, when suddenly Mary started up from the table, walked about the room in an excited and very unusual way, and declared she was Esther—a sister residing with her husband in California. Scattering the cards, she assumed the very manners and voice of her sister Esther, and announced to them that she had just left the body and had entered the spirit world.

The whole party were greatly disturbed by this unlooked-for exhibition, and thought that Mary must have become insane. They found, however, that she was in what they afterwards knew to be the trance state, and that the spirit of Esther was speaking through her; during which she gave exact particulars of her illness and death, which were subsequently confirmed by the receipt of letters from Esther's husband some weeks afterwards.

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## DYING OUT.

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It is asserted in many quarters, with much confidence, that Spiritualism is "dying out." One of our religious exchanges, the *World's Crisis*, bears the following testimony on the subject, which is no doubt true:—

**SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.**—While many, who are not posted with the facts, think that Spiritualism is not advancing, it is a sad truth that its doctrines are spreading very rapidly, and are being embraced by large numbers of church members, and many clergymen, who have not yet identified themselves with Spiritualism.

A writer in the same paper from which the above is taken, in his alarm at the certain prevalence of Spiritualism, prophecies that Spiritualists will become a persecuting power, putting to death or starving to terms all who do not accept their belief. He says:—

It is manifest that by these oppressive measures, accompanied with a sore persecution, the opponents of Spiritualism will be reduced, principally, to those who accept the Bible and its religion, and will stand by it unto death, if need be.

Our friend seems to see things exactly reversed. It is well known to all calm and intelligent minds, that the Church has generally been a persecuting power according to the extent of her ability; while a distinguishing characteristic of Spiritualism is the broadest toleration.—*Herald of Progress*.

## THE SPIRITUAL SIGHT OF ANIMALS.

HERE are some remarks, with an extract from Swedenborg, in a recent number of the *Crisis*, U.S.A., on this curious subject, which may serve to open out the question to our readers, and be thus the means of collecting facts and opinions in further elucidation of it. A correspondent of the *Crisis* asks the following questions:—

If beasts have no spiritual sight, as stated in the *True Christian Religion*, No. 64, how could Balaam's ass see the angel that stood in the way with a drawn sword?

Again, if animals are substantial spiritual forms in the spiritual world and consequently act and see, do they lose their spiritual sight by being clothed in materiality?

The editor says in answer, that—

In reading over the whole of the paragraph, it appears rather that Swedenborg means to say, that beasts have not the same kind or degree of spiritual sight that men have. Men have the faculty of spiritual presence by virtue of thought, memory and affection. Swedenborg says: "The reason that angels and spirits have such presence, is, because every affection of love, and thence every thought of the understanding, is in space without space, and in time without time: for any one can think of a brother, relative or friend in the Indies, and then have him as it were present to him, in like manner he may be affected with their love by recollection. . . . . Such presence has each sight of man, both intellectual and corporeal, because his spirit sees through his eyes; but no beast has similar presence, because they have not spiritual sight." A careful reading of the subject treated of, conveys the impression to our mind, that all that Swedenborg intends to say is, that beasts cannot have a presence except by actual contact, because they have not those faculties which cause presence irrespective of time and space. Animals cannot rise above as man can, because they have not the same kind or degree of spiritual sight.

Concerning the souls of brutes, Swedenborg says in *A. E.* 1200, 1201, 1202: "Inasmuch as there is such a similitude between the animals appearing in the spiritual world and the animals in this world that no difference can be discerned, and the former derive their existence from the affections of the angels of heaven, and from the cupidities of the spirits of hell, it follows that natural affectives and cupidities are their souls, and that these being clothed with a body, are, in effigy, animals. . . . . The soul of beasts, considered in itself is spiritual; for affection, whatsoever may be its quality, whether good or evil, is spiritual for it is a derivation of some love, and derives its origin from the heat and light which proceed from the Lord as a sun, and whatever proceeds thence is spiritual. . . . . It is, however, to be observed, that the souls of beasts are not spiritual in that degree in which the souls of men are, but they are spiritual in an inferior degree; for there are given degrees of spirituality, and the affections of the inferior degree although viewed in their origin they are spiritual, are yet to be called natural, they are to be so called, because they are similar to the affections of the natural man. . . . . The difference betwixt men and beasts, is as between waking and dreaming, and as between light and shade. Man is spiritual and at the same time natural, whereas a beast is not spiritual but natural. Man is endowed with will and understanding, and his will is the receptacle of the heat of heaven, which is love, and his understanding is the receptacle of the light of heaven, which is wisdom; but a beast is not endowed with will and understanding, but instead of will has affection, and instead of understanding, science."

From these statements it appears that the case of Balaam's ass seeing the angel does not come within the author's meaning, when he distinguishes the

difference of spiritual sight and presence with man and with beasts. Man can be present with those who, *in space*, are afar off; brutes only when near or in contact. Thus the ass could see the angel because the angel was there: it was spiritual sight, indeed, but it was on a natural plane,—unlike that sight and presence which overleaps all distance, and rises above the conditions of time and space.

We see no difficulty in accounting for the ass seeing the angel, as beasts derive their life through man, and thus the angel could easily cause his presence to be seen. We know that animals have singular presentiments about them of coming storms and other convulsions in nature; and it is also said, have a decided perception and apparent dread of the presence of spiritual beings.

The second question, being involved in the first, is thereby answered. The souls of beasts are the same in both worlds, and in both have no spiritual sight extending beyond the mere contact of objects presented to their senses.

### LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It is a fact, more or less widely known, that Louis Napoleon has been, ever since its advent in France, deeply interested in the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. Frequent sittings are held at the Tuileries, and Eugenie has herself become developed as a medium.

We are led to this remark by the following extract from a work lately published in England, entitled "The Early Life of Louis Napoleon," written by an English lady, in relation to a prophecy given to Queen Hortense, in 1834, or 1835:—

"One day, when she was residing in Aremburg, the conversation turned on mesmerism, on those prodigies of divination before which human reason recoils in affright and astonishment, although their authenticity is, in some cases at least, undoubted. The Queen was anxious to put it to the test—to see if any hand possessed the power of raising before her that mysterious curtain that veils the future from our eyes.

"Dr. Bailly, who happened that day to be on a visit to the chateau, chose for his subject a negress, named Malvina, who was in the service of the illustrious exile. He mesmerised her, and placed her in communication with the Queen, who demanded if she could then see her son—the Prince being that day at the camp of Thun.

"On receiving a reply in the affirmative, she next enquired what he was then doing and about to do?"

"'I see him,' replied Malvina, 'surrounded by soldiers, who crowd round him, shouting and brandishing their sabres.'

"'Is it in Switzerland?'

"'No; but the people speak German.'

"'What more do you see?'

"'Alas! all is over—he is taken prisoner.'

"'And whither are they conducting him?'

"'To America.'

"'Shall I follow him there?'

"'No; illness will prevent you doing so.'

"'And what then—can you see nothing more?'

"'Heavens! what do I behold?' suddenly resumed Malvina, as though dazzled by a vivid burst of light; 'he is here all-powerful; the sovereign of a great nation!'

"'Of what nation?' exclaimed the Queen. 'Of the French?'

"'Yes,' replied Malvina; 'he is in France.'

"The negress was not mistaken in her first prediction. Two months afterwards the Prince went to Strasbourg, was there taken prisoner and sent to America, whither the Queen, having been taken ill, was unable to accompany him. As to the second prophecy, our readers can judge for themselves how far it has been accomplished."—*Banner of Light*.

## PRE-EXISTENCE.

THE doctrine of the pre-existence of the human soul has been a subject of speculation and belief from very remote times. Plato was the most distinguished of its defenders among the ancients; and he represents Socrates as making it the starting-point of his argument for the soul's immortality. Several of the Jewish Kabbalists and Christian Fathers entertained this belief, which also enters largely into many of the oriental creeds. And, as Bishop Warburton says:—"The idea of a pre-existence has been espoused by many learned and ingenious men in every age, as bidding fair to resolve many difficulties." Among the moderns, many of the learned have regarded it with favour. Dr. Henry Moore believed and Glanvil defended it. Southey confesses, "I have a strong and lively faith in a state of continued consciousness from this stage of existence, and that we shall recover the consciousness of some lower stages through which we may previously have passed seems to me not improbable." Wordsworth has illustrated this faith in the most magnificent of his odes—*Intimations of Immortality from recollections of Early Childhood*. He tells us that—

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.

The new-born child comes "not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory." "Heaven lies about him in his infancy;" and earth is—

Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

But soon he feels "that there hath past away a glory from the earth." The things that he hath seen he now can see no more. "Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy." Daily he travels farther from the East, and though still the Youth—

By the vision splendid  
Is in his way attended,

Yet,—

At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Nature, "even with something of a Mother's mind,"

— doth all she can  
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Early, he shapes to himself some little plan or chart of life, and later, he fits his tongue "to dialogues of business, love, or strife." The parts he plays on this our stage of life are severally thrown

aside, but "O joy! that in our embers is something that doth live." Not, however, for "delight and liberty, the simple creed of Childhood," though these indeed are "most worthy to be blest," doth the poet raise—

The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realised,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised:  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet the master light of all our seeing;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal silence . . . . .

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Tennyson, in his *Two Voices*, has addressed himself to the same high argument. Like Wordsworth, he intimates that, at times, there is within the soul a consciousness of this, its antenatal state; but he goes farther, and reasons that were it otherwise—were there a total and universal oblivion of it, no conclusive argument from this could be drawn against its truth. He asks—

Yet how should I for certain hold,  
 Because my memory is so cold,  
 That I first was in human mould?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 As old mythologies relate,  
 Some draught of Lethe might await  
 The slipping through from state to state. .

As here we find in trances, men  
 Forget the dream that happens then,  
 Until they fall in trance again.

So might we, if our state were such  
 As one before, remember much,  
 For those two likes might meet and touch.

Moreover something is, or seems,  
 That teaches me with mystic gleams,  
 Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;  
 Of something done, I know not where;  
 Such as no language may declare.



There are communications from spirits to persons in the magnetic state, who could see and converse with them, which directly affirm the soul's pre-existence.\* The Monadial theory of Leibnitz again is substantially an affirmation of the same doctrine in another form, and with an attempt at a more scientific and exact expression of it.

The doctrine of re-incarnation, though presenting the idea under a very different phase, may be regarded as another form of the same belief; and, however strange and foreign it may seem to the modern and western mind, there have been many singular experiences which appear to countenance it, and which have led individuals at various times to adopt it. It is probably out of such experiences that the belief has sprung. We are told that Pythagoras professed to have a distinct recollection of more than one previous incarnation on earth; and that he even went so far as to specify the names and characters he had sustained.†

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton remarks, "How strange it is that at times a feeling comes over us, as we gaze upon certain places, which associates the scene either with some dim-remembered and dream-like images of the past, or with a prophetic and fearful omen of the future."

Sometimes we find an illustration of this remark in a quarter where we should least expect it: thus Mr. Dickens, in describing a scene he witnessed on his first sight of Ferrara, says:—

If I had been murdered there on some former life I could not have seemed to remember the place more thoroughly, or with more emphatic chilling of the blood; and the real remembrance of it acquired in that minute is so strengthened by the imaginary recollection, that I hardly think I could forget it.

And Sir Walter Scott, in his diary, has the following passage:—

Yesterday, at dinner time, I was strongly haunted by what I would call the sense of *pre-existence*, in a confirmed idea that nothing which passed was said for the first time; that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them . . . . The sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a *calenture* on board a ship.

Of course all experiences of the kind we have instanced are popularly set down to "imagination" or "delusion," and the unfortunate individuals who are subjects of them are so compassionate that it is no wonder that many shrink from all relation of them. Some physiologists think they are to be explained on the theory of "The duality of the brain." It is not our present purpose to discuss either the scientific or the popular theory. We are content to state the question without

\* See for instance, Cabagnet's *Celestial Telegraph*, pp. 116, 117, 118.

† See article, "Pre-existence of Souls," in Welby's *Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity*. Reviewed in the last number of the Magazine.

becoming its advocate. We neither affirm nor deny its truth, but wait and hope for more light. In the meanwhile, we would ask the reader to consider whether Spiritualism may not throw some light on these psychological states—these apparent reminiscences of an earlier existence, which seem to lie at the foundation of the belief we have been considering.

Swedenborg affirms, and his averments are confirmed by other seers, that spirits can so infuse their own thoughts and feelings into the minds of those who are subject to their influence that such persons know not but that these thoughts and feelings are their own; the self-originated and proper product of their mental operations and individual consciousness. Now, if this be so, have we not here a key to the difficulty? A spirit *en rapport* with a susceptible person or medium (and all are more or less open to spiritual influx), recalls scenes, characters, and incidents of his earth-life, or perceives things present, or, it may be as with clairvoyants, takes cognizance of certain things past or future, and these perceptions, thoughts, or memories, by a natural spiritual law are transferred or reflected on the surface of the mind under conditions of receptivity, and are regarded by the individual as evidence of his own prior individual cognition. Having no relation to his experience in the present life, he concludes that they are reminiscences of a former existence. So also a spirit's thoughts and feelings concerning the spirit-world and his experience therein may be reflected in like manner; though, we should expect, not so vivid and distinct as in the former case, as minds on the earth have not images of spiritual as they have of material things, nor language in which they could be properly expressed.

We put this forward only as an hypothesis, which will serve its turn if it leads to a better one; and in the hope that it may lead to disclosures of individual experiences which will help in solution of these hard problems of human nature. Spiritualism, if we rightly study it, may help us to see many of these "old-world questions" under new or unaccustomed phases, and, perhaps, eventually to recast our judgment of them under more favourable opportunities for arriving at correct conclusions. Let us at least encourage the frank, outspoken, and wise utterance of genuine experiences. Let us deal honestly by ourselves, by each other, and by all God's facts; most of all with the facts of the soul—with that mysterious hand-writing of God written on the walls of the inner temple of Humanity. While men of science with laudable application are exploring the mysteries of the universe, we would seek humbly and reverently to explore some of the divine mysteries in our own spiritual nature. Even if wholly unsuccessful in objective result (as Mr. Buckle tells us all

such investigations must be), the attempt is one worthy of those high faculties with which God has endowed us, and, if made in the right spirit, it (like every true effort) will carry with it its own reward.

T. S.

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## A DREAM.

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THE *Monde Illustré*, a Paris paper, in its number of the 16th February last, gives the following:—

“It is a year ago that the distinguished operatic cantatrice, Madame Anna de la Grange (Countess Stankovich by marriage), was fulfilling a professional engagement at New York. Invited to go from thence to Boston, it was a question which mode of conveyance should be adopted—steam-boat or railway. Her husband inclined to the former, thinking it the less fatiguing.

“At breakfast, on the day when they were to start, their mode of transit was again debated between them and their medical attendant, Dr. Gaillardet. The voyage by water was agreed upon. But, hearing this decision, the lady’s daughter, a child of ten years, burst into tears. ‘What is the matter?’—‘Oh, mamma, don’t go by the boat.’ ‘Why not?’—‘I dreamt last night that the boat was struck by another, and sunk to the bottom; and I saw you under the water.’

“The doctor tried, by pleasantry, to do away with the effect produced by the child’s dream, but the mother, moved by her tears and sobs, said—‘But why should we cause her so much trouble? The idea of our going by the steamer may make her ill. We will go by railway.’ The doctor laughed at what he called weakness; but that evening they started by the train.

“The next morning the Count rose early to take a stroll through the streets of Boston. He returned to his wife much excited—‘The boat we would have come by yesterday has been struck by another, and foundered by the shock; thirty passengers are drowned.’”

Their child’s dream had saved them.

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Beautifully and sweetly passed away the spirit of two little girls of my acquaintance, a few days ago. They were schoolmates, and one had lost a little sister. “Mamma,” said the darling child, “I shall die to-morrow.” Sure enough, on the morrow she drooped and faded. Just before she closed her eyes to earth, she whispered softly to her parent; “Oh, mamma, I wish you and papa could go with me. I see the beautiful angels all around me, and sister is not dead, for I see her now, with the angels;” and thus she passed away. The other longed to die. “Don’t cry, mamma, I am going to die and be a little angel.” Hopefully, joyfully was this said, while above her bent her anguished parent. “It is all right, mamma.” Angels gathered her to their embrace, and she gladly went with them. Are not such beautiful scenes in helpless childhood proofs of spirit presence? Do they not shew that beautiful angels are ever around us in life as in death?—*The Rising Tide.*

## MY FIRST SÉANCE WITH MR. HOME.

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THOUGH I have been on terms of intimacy with Mr. Home for some years, and have heard and read of all the wonderful things which occur in his presence, yet this 19th June is the first time I have come to see them for myself. It has not been because I either disbelieved them, or thought them of no importance, for I quite believed them, and thought them of very great importance. Having been, however, in the habit of hearing from friends of all that was occurring, I was fully satisfied with their accounts, and did not think that they were so much beneath me in observation, that it was necessary for my own eyes to convince me. I take no credit to myself for this, for it is mainly a consequence of my experience. I remember about 25 years ago, when I first heard of mesmerism, and of its psychological wonders, I committed the folly of saying that I did not believe a word of it, and since I had on that occasion, to surrender at discretion on seeing for myself, I have made much fewer similar mistakes. Since that time, I have pursued this and kindred subjects, and I may fairly say that I can now readily believe in much more than I once thought possible. I have found this, at all events, convenient, for I have not had so often to find myself at variance with facts, which is always a painful position to be in; and, besides, it has opened up to me a new world of spiritual forces, which, though generally ignored, I have found to account for many of the strangest, and otherwise incomprehensible chapters of human history.

I had on two or three occasions, through Mr. Squire and other mediums, seen phenomena as wonderful as those which I now witnessed in the presence of Mr. Home. I had seen nearly all the wonderful things so admirably described in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and in the letter of Dr. Gully; I had also been present when others of even a more powerful kind were done, and which were ably described by Dr. Blank, at page 161 of the 1st volume of the *Spiritual Magazine*. I had several times seen, both in London and Paris, direct writing by invisible power, on paper placed beyond mortal contact, and I was well convinced also of the alleged power of mediums to float in the air, by having had one come down on my chest, as well as having on other occasions had hold of his hand, whilst he was floating about in the room. I did not, therefore, on this evening care to disturb myself and others by taking those precautions which would have been necessary if I were the President of the Royal Society, and were about to make a conclusive report to that illustrious body of inquirers into physics. I did not doubt, but I sat, and saw, and heard, and felt, and made notes. There were eight of us, all well known to me,

and some of them known wherever the English language is spoken. We were in the drawing-room of a house in Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, and we sat round a large loo table, and commenced talking. Curiously enough, one having said that Professor Faraday was coming on the following Monday to a *séance*, and speculating as to his guardian spirit not allowing him to be easily convinced, there were at once very loud knocks on the table in affirmation of that proposition. I was sitting next to my wife on her right hand, and immediately afterwards I felt my left leg gently touched, in a position where it was impossible for Mr. Home to have reached it. There then began a gentle but deep vibration of the table, chairs, and floor, till all the room was shaking violently, during which the table rose about 10 inches, the trembling continuing all the-time. The table began to rise on the opposite side to where Mr. Home was sitting, and it was clearly out of his power to have so raised it. Mr. Home's chair was quietly moved back, away from the table, about three feet, and whilst there the dresses of my wife and of the lady next to her were both pulled, and so strongly that I could see them dragging down. I also felt my wife's dress whilst being so pulled, and there was a powerful force expended in the act. At this time Mr. Home was fully six feet off, and both from distance, and from his being in full view, I could see that it was done by no force of his. Mr. Home now held the accordion in his right hand beside his chair, and it at once began to play. He held it by the bottom, the keys being on the top, and they were therefore out of his reach. It was impossible that he could touch them. I carefully examined the instrument, opening the slide beneath the keys, and I found it to be a common instrument, with only the usual mechanism of the keys. There was nothing inside it. I looked steadily at it, and at the hand and fingers with which he held it. There it was, being pulled up and down, and discoursing sweet sounds, whilst his hand was stationary, and his fingers motionless. I could see above and beneath the instrument, but there was no visible cause for its motion, nor for the opening and shutting of the keys which caused the music. When it ceased, my wife asked if it could not be played in her hand, and immediately the instrument emitted three sounds, which we took to mean that it would have much pleasure in trying. It was accordingly given to her, and whilst she was holding it, she said she felt one of her fingers being touched. Immediately afterwards the table was raised about a foot steadily from the floor. As there was no sound from the accordion in her hands, she returned it to Mr. Home, but it was taken from his hand immediately, and given back to her, and whilst in her right hand it began to play. She felt it distinctly lifted up and

drawn forcibly down, and she did not and could not touch the keys, which, however, must necessarily be opened to make a sound. In Mr. Home's hands a beautiful tune was now played, during which we heard what has been so often described, the full notes gradually decreasing till they died away into the thinnest streaks of sound. By three quickly repeated notes it was promised that the instruments should play the tune of the other evening, representing "The Two Lives," the one in this world, the other in that which follows. The first, or this world's life, was represented by discords grating painfully on the ear, and which I thought did but scant justice to a world which, though capable of improvement, still has some rich harmonies within its depths. In mercy to our ears, the first life did not last long, and was then succeeded by the second, which was made up of beautiful soft angel music, such as I had never heard. It played for several minutes, swelling into rich sounds, of which the sweetness was enchanting to the ear, and gradually changed into the dear tune of "Home, sweet Home."

What more appropriate and happy view of the second life could be given in musical sounds than this of its being home; and what a sweet sermon on the relative values of the two lives! I believe it was received more solemnly, and yet more thankfully by all who were present, from our knowing the sickness "even unto death" of one of the party, the youngest and the happiest in her bright longings for this second life. It would be almost blasphemy to ask in her presence what is the good of Spiritualism. Such a question would not occur to a good man, and could not be asked by a wise one. The mere man of science who measures human souls by mathematics, would be out of place in such a scene, and had I not been too happily engaged with my own thoughts, I should have felt glad that we were troubled with none such. I did not during this last performance scrutinize the instrument further than to see that it was, bottom upwards, held in Mr. Home's right hand, his other hand being upon the table, as were the hands of all the other persons present, and I am not aware of any natural means by which an accordion can be played under such conditions. I do not doubt for another reason, however, having once had an accordion play in my own hands, when I know that I did not do it. I also know that Lord Lyndhurst, and many other public men whom I could name, have had a similar experience.

But now the table rises again a clear foot from the floor, and there stands, not quietly, but strongly undulating, still so that I was able to make the following note on my paper resting on the table, whilst it was at its full height:—"Table rose a foot. Count 10. I wrote this whilst up and undulating." It then

gently descended to the floor again. We now changed places according to directions, and a gentleman became my right-hand neighbour, who, in a minute after, said that he saw a hand which he believed to be his son's. I did not see it, nor did I see three fingers which my wife shortly after saw; but in answer to a question, I had three taps on my knee as from a hand, still with no such distinctness as to make me sure what it was. At this time, several at once said they saw a light cloudy appearance dart across the room, but, being behind me, I saw nothing of it.

In one corner of the room, near where we were sitting, was a shrine with several Indian idols of bronze. Suddenly, there was a commotion among them, and a crash, and a large one was thrown down, and brought with some violence and noise under the table. There it appeared as if it was in the hands of some vigorous power, and presently we found a jingling of some metallic substance against it, which afterwards proved to be a metal ornamental canopy, which had been unscrewed from the back of the idol, and with which questions were now answered by knocking them together. In like manner, loud knocks were made in answer to questions, by rattling the idol against the floor. A remark was made as to the want of respect thus indicated, and at once a number of jubilant raps were produced, by again knocking the two parts of the idol together. Two or three times the idol appeared, pushing up inside of the table cloth, and twice it made its appearance naked above the table, and gently reached the ground again. Some flowers were brought from the shrine, and placed in the hand of each person present. Our present consisted of a rose and several pinks. I felt the rose placed in my hand under the table, all other hands being visible and on the table.

Several times during the evening we all perceived a cool air pervading the table, and which it was impossible not to notice. The accordion was now placed on the floor, and all hands on the table, when it was heard to sound clearly several times, but no tune was played. It then tried to get from the floor to the table, but was not able to accomplish the whole journey, and fell gently back to the floor. The table was now again raised clear from the ground, both my feet being on its pediment, and pressing heavily downwards the whole time. The resistance and upward steady movement of the table were strangely curious, as was its careful quiet descent, my feet still pressing on it, and yet it reached the ground without noise. There was now a general rattle among the idols, and several very loud knocks, and then came an end of a very interesting evening, during which I had seen and heard what was sufficient to convince me that those are wrong who deny the possibility of these phenomena. How they

are to be accounted for is another matter, which may be discussed with many honest differences of opinion; but that they exist is not a matter of doubt, but of certainty. There are some well-meaning persons who say that they are done by the devil; but I saw no signs on this evening of any wickedness, either in the work, or in the persons who looked on. For myself, I took up much the same attitude as I should do at a scientific lecture, illustrated with experiments and diagrams, and I perceived no special influence but that of a strong desire to observe the facts.

As to the facts being impossible, because they do not square with the ideas of spirit and of matter which are current in the Royal Society, that is not my affair, for I did not make either the facts, or the opinions which find them so inconvenient. I do but state that which I have seen, and if I have done so clearly, that is my only wish. Facts will always take care of themselves, and those are the most wise to whom they administer no reproof. There is another reason why I hope to have enlarged the circle of observers, by my description of this evening's phenomena. It is impossible for many that they should see what I have seen, and so far as they can believe my testimony, the necessity for their personal seeing is avoided. Many things must be taken on the evidence of others. "Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum." It does not happen to every one to go to Corinth, and so they who can't go themselves, must take the account of those who have been there. A certain few of a peculiar turn of mind, common to all ages, cannot accept the testimony of others, and they are best left alone, till an opportunity offers of convincing them by a mode suitable to their peculiar weakness. It is not yet fashionable to believe in these impossible things, and as some one must begin and put up with the necessary ridicule, I willingly submit my name for as much as can be made to stick to it.

Hampstead.

W. M. WILKINSON.

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**ABSTRACTION.**—Those who are profoundly abstracted, are often magnetized by the angels. Not merely as an agreeable fancy, but rather as a solemn and beautiful reality, do I entertain and express the thought. Some higher intelligence wins the rapt soul away from earth, and it dwells above and blends with the Infinite. In the charmed hours when we are able to retire from the dull sphere of grosser life, we think most deeply and truly. Only when earthly sounds are hushed, when earthly scenes grow dim and then invisible, do we ascend to the highest heaven of thought. Communion with external nature; the investigation of her interior laws; the consciousness of the still higher spiritual realities that surround us, and the soul's true worship, are the subjects and exercises best adapted to induce this state of mind. When wholly absorbed with the material objects and events of time, the mind is fettered in its thought. Chained down to earth by a material magnetism, it is difficult to rise above the cramped plane of artificial life. For this reason the mind's noblest monuments have ever been wrought out from invisible worlds, where, veiled for ever, are the sources of its highest inspiration.—S. B. BRITTON.



## SPIRITUAL PROGRESSION.

By A. E. NEWTON, Boston, U. S. A.

THE idea of Unlimited Progression is attractive to most people. There is an almost universal longing for *something better*—a yearning for something conceived of, yet unattained, which predisposes to such an idea. The common experience of individuals in the present life, and the current history of the race, seem to foretoken and illustrate the doctrine.

We are individually introduced into conscious existence at zero, and thence advance through successive stages of growth, unaware of any limit to what we may acquire. We see nations, which a few centuries since slowly emerged from barbaric ignorance, now making rapid and accelerating advances in science, refinement, and the useful arts. New discoveries and cunning inventions are springing forth day by day. None of us can set bounds to this progress.

And since its mainspring is in an insatiable desire of the human mind to *know* and to *enjoy*, the inquiry seems rational, "Why should it not continue, in some form, so long as mind shall continue to exist?"

With modern Spiritualists the doctrine of Progression is a favourite one. But they, like others, are not agreed as to its nature and methods. Many have but vague and questionable notions respecting it. Some hold that all human beings are inevitably destined to eternal advancement in good or in happiness, by virtue of an innate and irrepressible power operative within themselves, superior to volition. Others think progress depends, in some measure at least, upon choice, and that there is such a thing as progression from good to bad, and from bad to worse, at least through an indefinite period of existence—ending in—what?

These are important questions. Let us not be satisfied with an answer on the authority of any man or spirit. Let us rather examine them in the light of the authoritative laws written in our own constitutions and experience.

Every visible living organism is, doubtless, the embodiment of an invisible life-principle. These life-principles differ, of course, in their qualities and potencies, as visible organisms differ in forms, functions, and duration. The life-force of an annual plant, for example, expends itself in a single season; that of an oak may continue to expand for centuries. The life-principle of an insect may exhaust itself in a few days or hours; that of an elephant may flourish for a century. All these reach at last the

limit of their power of expansion or progression, when decay of the external organism succeeds.\*

The animal life-principle, or *soul* of man—that which is distinctively human in him, constituting him an individual—seems to follow the same law, so far at least as the earthly body is concerned. The latter reaches a period of maturity, or highest development; after which decay and dissolution follow. Who can say that the same may not be the case with the spirit-body—the *soul*? Though this may continue to exist and to expand even for ages in the after-life, who can positively assert that it may not, like the natural body, reach a limit somewhere? (Observe that I am speaking of the human *soul*—not of the *spirit*, properly so called.) This question is asked rather to provoke careful inquiry than to give a definite answer here.

Let us turn to another thought. Two kinds or modes of progression are readily conceivable. One may be termed *continuous*; the other *ascending*. The first is a progressive expansion of the powers and capacities pertaining to any one degree or quality of life; the second, an ascension from a lower to a higher degree of life.

The familiar example of the caterpillar and butterfly affords a partial illustration of both. This creature progresses first from an apparently lifeless egg to a full-grown creeping caterpillar. This is *continuous* progression. Reaching its limit on that plane of life, a transformation takes place, and forth comes the winged, soaring butterfly. Here is *ascending* progression—advance to a higher grade of existence.

Man is capable, at least, of a double life, and hence of realizing both these modes of progression.

First, he may advance in the development of all that pertains to his strictly human life-principle or natural selfhood. This includes not only physical development from infancy to maturity, but all possible achievements of human intellect in all departments of science, art, ornament, luxury, and social improvement. Perhaps none may tell what possibilities are yet latent in the merely human life-principle or “*soul*” of man. These we may expect will be progressively manifested in the life of the race on earth, and in the experience of individual souls in the after-life.

Secondly, man may rise out of the first or “*natural*” plane

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\* These life-principles, when set free from decaying organisms, doubtless continue to exist; perhaps for a season they remain individual entities—some suppose they may be always such. The more probable theory seems to be that they are eventually absorbed by higher forms of life; and thus man, being the highest form of all, may combine within himself the elementary life-principles of all creatures below him. In this way he is capable of becoming a universe in himself.

of existence, to the enjoyment of a *higher degree or quality of life*. This, in distinction from the *human*, may be called the *divine* life; or, in distinction from the "natural," it may be termed the *spiritual* degree of life.

These distinctions are not fanciful or arbitrary. Let us endeavour to get clear ideas of them. All life-principles are, no doubt, primarily *loves*; that is, life of any kind is a manifestation through matter of a subtile essence or potency, which, for want of a better term, we may call a *love*. It attracts and draws to it that which is like itself. Loves, then, must be of different qualities. The basic element of any individualized being must be a self-centering, self-preservative love. Nothing else can constitute or maintain individuality. On the contrary, the peculiar element of the Universal Being must be universal, all-comprehending love.

This is the radical distinction between self-love and divine love. The one cannot be, as some seem to imagine, merely a refinement of the other. The difference is that of a discreet degree. The one centres and ends in the individual self; the other, overlooking self, expands and delights in the Universal, the Absolute, the Right, the True—that is in God. It

Takes every creature in, of every kind.

While self-love is the centrifugal force which throws man out, making him an individual world, divine love is the centripetal force which strives to round his course into an orbit of beauty and eternal harmony. The first is necessary to make him a man; but unless subordinated to the latter, he flies off in a tangent, and wanders in sunless, hopeless night.

Again, from the principle of self-love, when developed inordinately, it is well-known spring pride, envy, jealousy, hatred, revenge, tyranny, and all other hateful "works of the flesh." From divine or spiritual love, on the contrary, spring spontaneously humility, generosity, justice, beneficence, charity, and all sweet graces of the spirit.

If these distinctions be correct, the first mode or kind of progression cannot be properly called *spiritual*. It is but a continuous development of the human natural or selfish life-principle. And even could we be sure that this process can go on endlessly, it is doubtful whether in itself it would be desirable—albeit it is the kind of progression that most people seem to be dreaming of and looking for.

Such progression, of itself, is not certain to produce happiness. Who does not know that the most learned, talented, skilful, luxurious, and powerful, whether nations or individuals, are far from being always the most happy? In truth, is it not a law written in our constitutions, attested by almost universal ex-

perience, that living for merely selfish ends, whether refined or gross, leads sooner or later to disappointment and bitterness? It is, then, certain to produce unhappiness.

Nay, more: Does not progress in this direction point directly to decay and dissolution? Loss of power, both in nations and individuals, is proverbially the consequence of luxury and selfish indulgence. The more entire the surrender to the lower appetites, the more rapid the decay. Who can say that there is not a disintegration of the mental structure itself? Who can affirm that the merely human life-principle may not sooner or later reach the limit of its potency, and then, like other natural products, fall into desuetude and disorganization? And who can reveal what agonies may attend the slow process of this "second death?"

These are questions not to be too lightly dismissed. But even if the case be otherwise, what thoughtful mind can wish for endless progression in mere selfishness? What else could this be but to "dwell with everlasting burnings"—the burnings of insatiate desire? No "orthodox hell" need be more dreaded than a "heaven" of selfishness, if such a thing were possible.

What, then, is Spiritual Progression? Its first stage is being born or introduced from the natural into a higher degree or quality of conscious life, as distinct from the highest human as this is from vegetable life.

Its *rationale* may, perhaps, be briefly stated thus:—Man's human life-principle, being the apex and crowning product of Nature, (or of God through Nature,)—the highest point where she approaches Deity,—is capable of receiving within itself a germ of the Universal Spirit, which in its nature is an unselfish love. This germ, under suitable influences and proper conditions, may (analogously to all other germs) be quickened into activity, and may expand till it pervades and possesses the whole personality. This process may be more or less rapid, accordingly as it is favoured or otherwise by surrounding conditions. Receptivity, or humility and teachableness, are plainly among the requisite conditions. As the process advances, it causes an overcoming and successive putting off or clarifying of all human loves—a surrender of selfish will into the sweet acquiescence with the Universal Will—a calm, joyful trust in an all-controlling power and an all-directing wisdom. It does not require the death of the physical body, nor does it necessarily follow that event, as some imagine; but it does require a *voluntary* dying to, or withdrawal of the affections from, all earthly objects, in so far as they minister to the selfish life.

With some persons—those of a plastic, yielding temperament—this process of dying to the "natural," and being quickened in the "spiritual," may be comparatively easy and smooth,

unmarked by severe experiences. With others, who are more positive and self-willed, it is often attended, in its earlier stages at least, by struggles, agonies, and heart-rendings, indescribable. All who experience it must expect a sufficiency of severe discipline, to induce a letting go of all external ties and reliances, and a resting solely upon the internal and the everlasting. Those who understand the uses of such discipline will not go whining about under it to excite sympathy, nor boasting of it as evidence that they are special favourites of the Almighty, but will gratefully and modestly accept it as a token of parental guardianship, and seek to learn its lesson in full.

This kind of progress is surely no "inevitable" downhill slide. It is an upward struggle. Only earnest, energetic souls can experience it. If the listless and indolent are ever to realize it, it must be when they, through purgatorial fires, have been rendered earnest and energetic. It may be expected in due time to deliver its subjects from all bondage to earthly passions,—from all pride, envy, jealousy, and other unlovely traits,—and introduce them into a new world of perpetual youth, of unselfish love, of ever-increasing delights.

This is SPIRITUAL PROGRESSION. It embraces and presents in a rational form the grand truth underlying the church dogma of "regeneration" or "new birth." It is an ascension from the natural to the spiritual plane of conscious life.

Its result is, in fact, identical with the "resurrection" state, of which the New Testament speaks so frequently, though often vaguely; and of which the mere raising of the spirit-body to a future life is but a symbol. What we have called the human or natural selfhood is what Paul termed "the first man Adam;" and what we have called the spiritual or divine selfhood he terms "the last Adam," and "the Lord from heaven." "And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a *living soul*. The last Adam is a *quickening* [*i. e.*, life-giving] *spirit*. . . . The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven," *i. e.*, the Universal Spirit, descending by influx, and becoming incarnate in human forms.

Thus our subject rationally solves another problem of the theologians,—even the great "Mystery of the Incarnation,"—making it a thing to be practically realized, reader, by you and by me. "Whoso readeth, let him understand." Is not the attainment of such progression worthy of all possible effort on our part?

## NANGLE, OF SKREEN.\*

WITH AN ENQUIRY WHEN CHRISTIANITY IS TO BEGIN.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

You may, if you please, say that the Bible is not true,—or you may say that its ethics are not practicable; but if you say that the religion of modern Europe is CHRISTIANITY, you must excuse me laughing in your face. Come, let us lay aside our disguises. Christianity, we know is sublime, but the sublime is not easy. The world is *very* easy, and clever at a compromise. So she has entered into a pleasant convention with us,—to pronounce a staring copper Brummagem Christianity, the TRUE CHRISTIAN SOVEREIGN; and it is amazing with what acceptance it passes with a clever people like us who would blush to be out of the fashion!—*From a description of "The admired Image of Christ, pronounced by the best judges superior to the original antique, being from the modern Brass Foundry of Cosmos, Sarx, Diabolos, and Co."*

NANGLE, of Skreen—what does he mean,  
That the devil's converted, or turned very green?  
The pamphlet he sends us is not vastly new,—  
It only takes up the old cry of the Jew,  
Who said when our Saviour was healing the sick—  
"Oh! that is the work of that crafty Old Nick!"  
When our Lord in his mercy his miracles wrought,  
That man through belief might be savingly taught;  
When he called up the dead, and gave light to the blind,  
And speech to the dumb, and sane thought to the mind;  
And Divinity shone in each heavenly action,  
They declared it at once a satanical paction.  
And that is the way that the parsons still view it,—  
If the world's to be saved—it's the devil must do it;  
If miracles come and upset learned rules,  
And Atheists and Infidels own themselves fools,  
If new life appears in the old Christian root,  
And the tree of religion is known by its fruit;  
If doubts of the future are driven to their den,  
And men see that spirits are but bodiless men;  
If they hear from a world so long hidden from view  
That the gospel is substance, eternal, and true;  
And that heaven lies about us, and those gone before,  
Are coming to tell us to tremble no more;  
For the God of that nature around us outspread,  
Is the God of the living and not of the dead:  
In short, if there be a salvation—how odd—  
They *will* give it to Satan, and not unto God!

\* The Rev. Mr. Nangle, Rector of Skreen, in Ireland, is the author of a little Essay, ascribing Spiritualism to the Devil.

And, what! if it should then turn out to be true  
 That the Devil himself is reformed, and made new?  
 If the saw should be verified e'en of his burning,  
 That the longest of lanes must yet have a turning?  
 If down in that region of scorching highways,  
 Where houses and passions are all in a blaze;  
 If the Devil himself should aspire to repair—  
 What wonder—to earth, for a breath of fresh air?  
 And seeing how sadly the clergy are floored?  
 How virtue, and faith, and pure life are ignored?  
 How the church which is set up and linked to the State  
 To make men good Christians, and keep them all straight,—  
 Has riches and titles, and archbishops grand,  
 But has let the old unction slip out of its hand;—  
 That all Europe, called Christian, is humming and drumming  
 Inventing new engines of death for foes coming;  
 That "Peace upon earth, and goodwill to mankind,"  
 Amidst powder and rifles are deafened and blind:  
 That the church which should save us, is cracked and dyspeptic—  
 With one side all Popish, the other all sceptic;\*  
 That forgetting its watchword—the Princedom of Peace—  
 It has given to the War-god a bloody new lease;  
 That it teaches our striplings in school and in college  
 That the doctrine of Pagans is still the true knowledge;  
 That through seventeen long years—the soft season of youth,  
 They steep us in Pagan ideas as the truth;  
 That with Homer, and Virgil, and Ovid, and Flaccus,  
 They cram us, and jam us, and stuff us, and pack us;  
 With the wrath of Achilles, the rage of Tydides,  
 The adulteries of Jove, and the like of Alcides,  
 With Anacreon and Pindar so brimmed to the chin,  
 That for Christ or a spark of his faith to get in,  
 Of all the great miracles ever yet done  
 Would be the most wonderful under the sun!

If the devil, I say, should come up and behold  
 What a sort of queer beasts have crept into Christ's fold,—  
 How his vineyard lies trodden, of wild-boars the lair,  
 And man in his darkness sits clad in despair—  
 If he *does* come and work—in this wonderful fashion—  
 What can be the reason but Satan's compassion?  
 For the world at this moment, in country and city,  
 Is wretched enough to make devils feel pity;  
 For the wise and the foolish alike have combined,  
 To teach that all life is to matter confined.

\* Vide *Oxford Tracts and Essays and Reviews*.—*Laud and Straus* *et alii* for supremacy in the Establishment.

With impurity stalking through every street,  
 Where avarice, and luxury, and blasphemy meet;  
 And that which of old had a name of pollution,  
 Is now become "social," a great institution!  
 If the devil himself, seeing this, has grown sad,—  
 And is doing great signs, and redeeming the bad,—  
 And renewing our faith in the holy and true,  
 Which churches and priests were not able to do—  
 To flash a new light on death's chaos so dim—  
 What a scandal to them!—what a credit to him!

But soft! can the devil forsake his old craft?  
 Is it he that will give us o'er Lethe a raft?  
 Not so! Come there life, revelation, and power—  
 We know from what hand is the glorious dower:  
 The devil may work, and the learned may plod,  
 But truth and salvation are only from God!

Now, I trust that the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* will not imagine that the sentiments expressed in these free and easy verses are nothing more than fun and satire. They are, believe me, great and solemn truths. We are continually wondering at the difficulty which we have in persuading people to accept the facts of Spiritualism; but it would be still more wonderful if they did. Nearly two thousand years have elapsed since the advent of Christ, and we have not yet been able to accept and to incorporate in our intellectual constitutions, Christianity. I say this seriously and advisedly; and if any one will take his New Testament in his hand, and examine what is the standard of Christianity as there laid down by its divine Founder, and then just look round him on this present world of ours, he will soon see that we are just where the moralists, the poets and dramatists of Greece and Rome, placed their world in the scale of ethics. And why so? Simply because we educate our children still in the Paganism of Aristophanes and Juvenal. We do it, and always have done it, diligently, uniformly and thoroughly. We beat Paganism into our children, and expect them to turn out Christians. We used to put young sweeps up chimneys, and might as well have expected them to wave their brush from the chimney-pot with clean faces and ungrimied shirts. We have done with that; but we always did and do put our young men through the sinks and stews of Paganism, and expect them to emerge saints.

Why, these very Pagan writers themselves warn you in a thousand places of the inevitable consequences of the first teachings of youth. Habit, we say, is *second* nature; but the old Pagans seemed to think that it became the first, foremost, and only nature. We could quote a volume from Plato,



Menander, and his imitator, Terence, from Seneca, Lucian, Horace, and the rest of them, to prove that what you sow in your children you are sure to reap.

—Dociles imitandis

Turpibus et pravis omnes sumus.—JUVENAL.

But if you want to know what the ancients thought of education, read the whole fourteenth Satire of Juvenal.

—Cum septimus annus

Transierit puero, nondum omni dente renato,  
Barbatus licet admoveas mille inde magistros,  
Hinc totidem—

That is, when your boy has passed his seventh year, and has not yet renewed his teeth, you may give him a thousand bearded masters, if you will, but it will be all the same. But if this be the case at the end of seven years, what must it be at the end of seventeen? How is it then, that the Society for the Suppression of Vice has not turned its attention to the works used in all our national and other seminaries, as the text books in Greek and Latin? They explore Holywell-street diligently, and bring forward books and pictures destructive of public morals for condemnation, yet they never turn a single glance on Westminster, or Harrow, or Eton, or Rugby, or a thousand other schools, where the children of the higher and middle classes are daily and regularly indoctrinated with Paganism, and this in its most obscene and unchristian forms. Lactantius, in his day, declared that it had been impossible to the heathen, however educated or civilized, to comprehend true virtue, much less to be virtuous, because their gods were set before them as examples of every species of violence, injustice, lasciviousness, adultery, and crimes unnameable. He especially mentioned the books of Homer and Virgil as abounding with all these indecencies and monstrosities; as fraught, from beginning to end, with the spirit of war, of aggression, of physical violence, of sensuality, and a turgid and intolerable pride. Yet what are the books now employed in all our schools in the teaching of the two languages which are deemed absolutely essential to every man of education? Precisely these very same books. Homer, Virgil, Terence, Ovid, Horace, and the like, are the books which are expected to be daily in the hands of all our boys who are to become our senators and rulers, our preachers and teachers; to form and lead the public sentiment, to originate the acts and the history of the nation. Is it any wonder, then, that Christianity remains only a name amongst us? That in all our great opinions and practices we are as essentially Pagans as were Homer and Thucydides themselves? That pretending to be the disciples of the Prince of Peace, we are unblushingly the disciples, and very zealous ones, of Mars and Bellona?

We open Homer's Iliad, the book presented for the study and supreme admiration of our youth, and the first words that meet us are—

Μηριν, ἀειδε, θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος  
Οὐλομένην—etc.

In fact, the gloomy wrath of Achilles, the great hero of the book, which sent thousands of the brave Greeks to Hades, and occasioned unnumbered sorrows to his countrymen. The first view of this hero is in this fierce quarrel with Agamemnon; the next is his fury for the loss of his kept mistress. Then quickly follow scenes betwixt Jove and Juno, and Paris and Helen, of the most luscious kind. We open Virgil, and it is again, "Arma virumque cano"—followed by similar scenes with Æneas and Dido. Pretty readings for growing boys! And it is not merely the reading, it is the daily and yearly study of the whole of these volumes, freighted with violence and sensuality. Where Christ says "Love your enemies, and do good to those that hate you, and despitefully use you," we say to our youth in Homer—

"ὦ κύνες, οὐ μ' ἔτ' ἐφάσκεθ' ὑπότροπον οἴκαδ' ἰκίσθαι  
Δήμου ἀπο Τρώων,"—

Dogs! you have had your day! ye feared no more  
Me in the beggar from the Trojan shore.

We pronounce with Ulysses most earnestly—

The hour of vengeance, wretches! now is come,  
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom!

Whilst we are told that, under the influence of real Christianity, we shall beat our spears into ploughshares, and our swords into pruning-hooks, we are, as a nation, armed to the very teeth; spending thirty or forty millions a-year in warriors and war-ships; and growing so excessively Homeric that our very lawyers and doctors, and clerks and shopkeepers are rushing from their stools and desks, their pill-boxes and counters, to strut as volunteers, and to say to our French neighbours, "Come on, we are ready for you?"

What a very Christian nation! What a wonderful progress in the principles of the religion of peace in only eighteen hundred years! But can it be otherwise, when every day our boys grow up in admiration of Mars and Hector, and Achilles, and Ajax Telamon? When they gloat open-mouthed, over Achilles boasting—

I sacked twelve ample cities on the main,  
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain.

Or see with wonder—

How raged Tydides, boundless in his ire.

Fed for days and years on this sort of food, can these lads long

for anything so much as to sack their twelve ample cities in India, or somewhere else, and then, like him, vaunt—

The wealth I gathered, and the spoils I made ?

How is it possible that the meek and humane sentiments of the Gospel can ever enter souls thus nurtured, thus built up? That they can ever regard its precepts as anything but to be heard in churches, and left there in the great church Bible, as their only proper place?

How is it to be expected,—what fools we must be to expect anything but what we see from a nation's whole youth familiarized every day for above ten years together,—those growing, susceptible years,—those years when their feelings are developing, their passions are kindling into volcanic strength—with all the roving rapes and peccadilloes of gods and goddesses, whom they have learned to admire above all things, by the preference given them by the most approved of all systems of education? When the luscious things of Catullus, and Anacreon, and the tenfold indecencies of Ovid, are put into their hands as their daily and nightly study?

We educate the nations as Pagans of the highest type and deepest tone, and we expect them to become Christians. What logic! We roll our children in a Styx of heathen grossness and satyr bestiality, and we expect them to become, as a matter of course,—pure as lilies, and gentle as lambs. And yet, is not everybody complaining of the sad tone of our public schools? I heard a very learned man say lately, "When my boys come from Eton, I try to instil a little Christianity into them. But bless me! it seems of but little use." Nevertheless, so completely has custom blinded us in this respect, that the most Christian of our teachers, the most pious and sagacious of our preachers and prelates never discern the enormity; never suspect the rottenness of the system that they perpetuate. They put filth into all the food of youth, and think that, like manure and sewerage at a tree root, it will percolate into piety, and produce the most salutary fruits. "O fools and blind!" How is it that such men as Arnold and other school reformers never get a glimpse of this great Serbonian bog of moral pestilence and death?

Yet Plato saw it, and denounced the desolating impurity of Homer and the other poets; so that he excluded the poets altogether from his model republic. Yet the early fathers saw it. Lactantius saw it; and Augustine saw it. Let us look a little at the "Confessions" of the latter. "Over the entrance of the Grammar School is a veil drawn! True; yet this is not so much an emblem of aught recondite as a cloke of error. Let not those whom I no longer fear cry out against me. . . Let not

either buyers or sellers of grammar cry out against me. . . But woe is thee, thou torrent of human custom ! Who shall stand against thee ? How long shalt thou remain undried up ? How long roll the sons of Eve into that huge and hideous ocean, which even they scarcely over-pass who climb the cross ? Did I not read in thee of Jove the thunderer and the adulterer ? Both, doubtless, he could not be, but so the feigned thunder might continue, and pander to real adultery. And now, which of our gowned masters lends a sober ear to one who from their own school cries out—‘ These were Homer’s pictures, transferring things human to the gods : would he had brought down things divine to us ! ’ Yet more truly had he said,—‘ These are, indeed, his pictures, but attributing a divine nature to wicked men, that crimes might be no longer crimes, and that whoso commits them might seem to imitate not abandoned men, but the celestial gods. . . ’ “ And yet, thou hellish torrent, into thee are cast the sons of men, with rich rewards for compassing such learning ; and a great solemnity is made of it, when this is going on in the forum, within sight of law, appointing a salary besides the scholar’s payments ; and thou lashest thy rocks and roarest—Hence words are learnt ; hence eloquence ; most necessary to gain your ends, or maintain opinions.” As if we should never know such words as “ golden shower,” “ lap,” “ beguile,” “ temples of the heavens,” or others in that passage, unless Terence had brought a lewd youth upon the stage, setting up Jupiter as his example of seduction :—

Viewing a picture where the tale was drawn,  
Of Jove descending in a golden shower,  
To Danæ’s lap, a woman to beguile.

And then mark how he excites himself to lust, as by celestial authority :—

And what god ? Great Jove,  
Who shakes heaven’s highest temples with his thunder.  
And I poor mortal man, not do the same ?  
I did it, and with all my heart I did it.

“ Not one whit more easily are the words learnt for all this vileness, but by their means the vileness is committed with less shame. Not that I blame the words, being, as it were, choice and precious vessels, but that wine of error which is drunk to us in them by intoxicated teachers : and if we too drink not we are beaten, and have no sober judge to whom we may appeal. But, O my God, in whose presence I may now without hurt remember this, all this, unhappily, I learnt willingly, with great delight, and for this was pronounced a hopeful boy.

“ Bear with me, my God, while I say something of my wit, Thy gift, and on what dotages I was compelled to waste it. But we were forced to go astray in the footsteps of the poetic fictions. What is it to me, O my true life, my God, that my declamation

was applauded above so many of my own age and class? Is not all this wind and smoke? And was there nothing else whereon to exercise my wit and tongue?"—B. L.

Is there nothing else, indeed, after more than a thousand years on which to exercise the wits and tongues of our children? After all the praises of the classic writers of antiquity, are there not to be found sufficient prose and verse among them worthy of a Christian mind to imbibe and a Christian memory to retain, without the polluted pages of a Homer, or a Virgil, or of some of their compatriots, who, with all their genius, are sources of a moral poison thus sucked in by unsuspecting youth under the highest sanctions of the learning, the talent, the station, and the custom of this country? Are the souls of men, looking back on this early feeding under the upas trees of classic Greece and Rome, still to repeat the lamentations of Augustine? Still to deplore the desolations that these Pagan poisons have perpetrated on their lives? Are men with the gospel of peace and holiness, of a divine purity, of a God-like forgiveness, of an arch-angelic nobility in their hands, daily read or readable in their houses, weekly read in their churches, still to have their moral perceptions, its world-restoring truths forestalled, prevented, made impossible by this Pagan virus, diffused through every vein and artery of their bodies, through every sense and sentiment of their souls; and thus to go on re-enacting old Paganism in wars and aggressions on their neighbours for ever? Are they to scatter pollution through our cities, till men's minds stand aghast at the torrent of licentiousness that sweeps through our streets, sweeping down women's peace and virtue to destruction, the souls of our youth to perdition?

Are Homer and Virgil, and Catullus, and Ovid still to envenom our passions with death; still to dictate our life's maxims; still to model our opinions, and give to our sentiments a lethal dye, as if there were no gospel, and no vitalizing Christ? These are questions which it is high time for all men to ask themselves. It is not the question whether we shall learn Greek and Latin, but from what source? It is not the question whether we shall read Homer and Virgil, but when? In mature life, and with hearts and minds filled and fortified by the divine spirit and doctrine of Christianity, we may read and enjoy the nobler parts of these authors, rejecting, by a perfected taste, their offal, as we feed on beef, and cast away the garbage that once accompanied it. But for God's sake, for humanity's, that savage war may cease to disgrace a *soi-disant* Christian world, that sensuality may be checked and snubbed, and whipped down into its own nether regions, let not the tender minds of our children be fed on poisons pregnant with death and misery, and anti-civilization to

every generation which is past, and to every generation which shall still use them.

Cast a glance on our Europe of 1861. Behold its enormous armies, its despots, its war spirit, its peoples groaning under the weight of a martial taxation, its every nation living in distrust of its neighbour. Look at the enormous mass of litigation in this country, and remember the words of St. Paul, who thought it monstrous that Christians should "go to law one with another." Is that a mark of our religion? Behold the vices of cities, and the ignorance of the poor, and ask yourselves whether this could have possibly been the Europe of to-day, if a fair and manly Christianity had been taught with half the zeal and honour with which we have taught the fierce dogmas, the resentful pride, the loveless ethics, and the sensual prurience of Paganism. Augustine tells us twelve hundred years ago, that this could not have been the case in his day, "had the tender shoots of the heart been supported by the prop of the Scriptures. So it had not trailed away amid these empty trifles, a defiled prey to the fowls of the air. For in more ways than one do we sacrifice to the rebellious angels." Augustine remarks how much more men are shocked at a barbarism of speech than of action. That they had rather hate a *human* being than omit the aspirate in a *uman* being. That if they were pleading before a judge in public, they would feel more shame in murdering the words *human* being, than in having murdered the human being himself. And this, he adds, "Was the world at whose gate unhappily I lay in my boyhood; this the stage where I feared more to commit a barbarism, than having committed one, to envy those who had not. These things I speak and confess to Thee, my God, for which I had praise from them whom then I thought it all virtue to please."

These were professedly Pagan teachers, but would not Augustine be rather astonished, if he returned to earth, after more than twelve centuries, to find a professedly Christian world still laying their children at this same gate of Pagan debauchery? But this would not be his sole astonishment. He would have more in beholding the terrible and discouraging fruits which it has scattered over the world. Fruits more prolific of armed men than the dragons' teeth of a thousand Cadmuses or Jasons.

And has not every one beheld the avidity with which such works as Tom Brown with his fisty-cuffs, and Kingsley's novels and their "Muscular Christianity," have been read? How the war-spirit has been inflamed by them, and they again by the war-spirit? How the whole country is mad with Tom Brownism and Muscular Christianity in parliamentary votes for "The Services," and in Volunteerism? Muscular Christianity! Mus-

cular nonsense! Paganism with a sham-Christian whitewash! The genius and eloquence of these writers, and the usual justice of their sentiments have enabled them the more vigorously to stimulate this belligerent mania.

The corruption of the age—a Christian age too, forsooth!—has just had a charming revelation in our Divorce Court, and in the “Pretty Horsebreaker” correspondence in the *Times*, which journal by no means went to the bottom of that gangrene, for the *Times* dare not probe thoroughly such a fester on the very forehead of society. There is a step onwards beyond the young single men and their “pretty horsebreakers,” in amongst the married men in high places and the same *Aspasia*s. In fact, nearly two thousand years after Christ, we have not yet adopted Christianity, but teach and practise Paganism as diligently and as successfully as ever. Is, it not then, premature by a thousand years to expect people to embrace Spiritualism?

And yet, let no one mistake me, and say that I stamp us all as Pagans. Not so. Though I say, and that by the clearest marks and proofs of gospel test, that for any nation yet to call itself a Christian nation, is a gross and impudent assumption, yet it is equally certain that God has a large and a true church in each. In none, perhaps, so great as in England. That is a church still in the wilderness, but it is a true and a great church. It has grown in spite of the deep and systematic foundation of Paganism laid in education. It has grown by the labours of great and independent souls of all sects and establishments, and of no sects and establishments—by such as have broken through the bondage of scholastic teachings and creeds, by such as never knew them. By pure, diligent, unambitious men, in thousands who have borne the badge of hierarchy or anti-hierarchy on their backs, but the lamp of God's love and light in their hearts, and have gone on their way forgetting outward names and institutions in the ever-absorbing and overflowing spirit of a divine benevolence towards their fellow men. Such men we see penetrating daily into the darkest, foulest, most man-forsaken, but not God-forsaken purlieus of our great cities; undaunted by contempt, uncheered by applause, unslackened in their zeal by the prospects of an almost boundless wickedness. God's heroes! true, staunch heroes! who shall never receive estates and seats amongst our peers for their services, but the far more glorious heritage of those who “shine as stars in the firmament for ever and ever.” This church has grown by the self-devotion and self-sacrifice of Catholic and Anglo-Catholic, of assenter and dissenter, of learned and unlearned, and it is the great cheering fact of the age that it is visibly and widely growing. In all ranks, and in all places, we cannot come into contact with our fellows without discovering a

deep and earnest spirit of enquiry after a more pure and inward life. The great cry is—

More life and fuller 'tis we want.

While the tempest of Paganism sweeps on amid guns and drums, and the brazen music of strife and bloodshed; while Babylon, the harlot, still claims her tawdry and voluptuous votaries in this wealthy and corrupt age, there is yet "a still small voice" of the tender and the divine whispering amongst loving hearts and earnest, tearfully aspiring souls; and as this breath of the upper heavens, of the inner sanctuary of the Saviour's peace, touches more and more of the seeking ones as it passes, the numbers and the boundaries of the living undivided church must still expand. And it is to aid this expansion, to favour this genuine life, that it is necessary that the old philosophy of Paganism should be put into its proper place, and the opening of life be cleared from the poison plants of Pagan passions and ideas, and be inaugurated only amid the dews and scented herbage, the flowers and free airs of unfettered, unprevented, unperverted CHRISTIANITY.

#### REICHENBACH'S RECENT VIEWS ON SPIRITUALISM.

TO BARON LANGSDORFF—DEAR SIR,—Thanking you for the confidence you manifest in me, I do not delay to reply to your letter.

Publications about Spiritualism are very rare in Germany; besides those of Hornung in Berlin I cannot mention any of importance of recent date. The best of Hornung's publications is "Heinrich (Henry) Heine," the immortal Poet. (Stuttgart, 1857).

I am personally acquainted with Hornung; he has visited me, and six months ago I visited him in Berlin. He is certainly a very honest man. I deem his writings worthy of some attention, but the scientific world in Germany did not take notice of them.

The doctrine of Spiritualism in the *American* sense of the word is only ridiculed in Germany and treated with contempt. The pretended nonsense is considered unworthy of an investigation. Even the tipping of the table, this palpable phenomena of the greatest mystery and importance, has not found one man who has taken pains to investigate it methodically. Here in Germany all (people) subordinate under authorities, and if a short-head as "Liebig" gives a foolish verdict, it is a *Gospel* for the crowd, and all affirm his judgment: "O yes, yes, Mr. Judge, yes."

You will have traced out that there is a vast space between my writings and Spiritualism, and that my method to manage this subject is, to adhere *strictly* to exact Natural Science in connection with the laws of logical development, so *strictly* as no Naturalist, no Physician, no Philosopher ever did before in this difficult and most important matter.

The public has swallowed my letters on "Odic Force" in hot haste, but science did not move a finger. My chief work, "The Sensitive Man," (human being) passes silently down the Orkus. Nobody dared to attack its contents, and those who assaulted its outsides are battered down by my arguments.

So it is in Germany. The gentlemen feel that my assertions rest on a foundation not to be overthrown, and they know that as long as I live they are untouchable. But after my death, cowardice will attempt to throw dirt on my works when I cannot struggle against their folly.



In France, Spiritualism has not made much progress since some shallow scholars have advocated it and the scientific kept distant. Only in England exists some sobriety, but no distinguished heads keep it aloft and separate the counterfeit from the genuine. Likely half a century has to pass away before a brighter day will dawn in Europe for a calm, impartial, and judicious investigation.

I approve fully of your course to receive a medium in your house. This will give you the opportunity to penetrate into the peculiarities of this theory.

When you will read my book, "The Sensitive Man," you will find a number of facts bearing upon this subject, scientifically arranged. "The World of Plants," (or, Vegetable Kingdom,) in its relation to sensitiveness, is also one of my publications, and, I think, an intelligible book. But you ask for special guides to Spiritualism. All my publications serve only to build its foundation and not the superstructure, and until a good foundation is laid never can we erect a durable structure.

The Americans build a pyramid by beginning at the top, and therefore their efforts will hardly have sufficient firmness. First we must know the natural powers which are acting here, and then we can look farther: how they develop their activity in higher regions, in spiritual spheres. Any other road, as, for instance, that travelled by "Mesmer," leads to confusion and mistakes.

Respectfully yours,

Castle of Reisenberg, March 1, 1861.

REICHENBACH.

## SPIRITUAL PROCESSIONS AT BOULOGNE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has been many years resident at Boulogne, informs us of some curious occurrences there of a spiritual nature, not altogether unlike the ghostly funeral processions sometimes seen in Wales. These, however, have been noticed, and are testified by several persons, and amongst them by some, little likely to be carried away by small delusions of the senses. We think them therefore to be sufficiently proved to find a place here, and we shall be glad to have any further particulars concerning them.

Our correspondent, writing in June last, says:—

"Ghostly processions are the fashion in Boulogne at present. I heard one from my bed the other night. The funeral service was being intoned in the streets at a quarter past 2 a.m., but no steps were audible, only the procession stopped at our door, and was there joined by another priest, who issued out. That same week the night patrol going their rounds, saw a religious procession headed by a curé, whom they recognized as having died some years ago, M. Sergent. They knocked up the curé of St. Pierre on the Heights, begging him to come and put a stop to it; but the curé called them imbeciles, and shut up his window. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, some nights after (it is now three weeks since), they again saw the spirits in procession; this time two curés, M. Sergent and another, who stopped before St. Pierre, and M. Sergent knelt on the church steps, the procession singing the mass. When the *gardes de nuit* tried to approach, stones were hurled at them by the spirits! Again they ran to the curé, and asked if he did not hear singing—that M. Sergent *faisoit le tour de l'église*; so the curé said "*C'est bien; nous prions pour lui.*" and they have had masses said *et on n'entend plus rien*. The wife of one of the *gardes de nuit* is so frightened *elle n'ose pas se coucher* till her husband comes home, and the sacristain opposite St. Pierre *ne dort plus*, for fear of what may next happen."

## Notices of Books.

*The Heavenly Marriage. A Discourse by a LAYMAN.* Whitfield, Strand.

THIS is a pamphlet of only a dozen pages; but its value is in inverse ratio to its bulk. By "the Heavenly Marriage," the author intends the indissoluble union of God and Humanity; that blissful union and communion of the soul with God, which can alone satisfy its infinite yearnings. This is its divine destiny; the consummate excellence and flower of its immortal nature. Both in materials and spirituals our knowledge advances, from the simple to the complex, from outmost to inmost, from circumferences to centres. "At first, men in their investigations of external nature were content to imagine and speculate, making their crude conceptions the measure of God's boundless wisdom. At this time we hear of four elements and a fixed earth surrounded by a solid firmament. By degrees, thoughtful and wise men laid the foundations of science in the study of forms and magnitudes, and mathematics, the simplest and the earliest of the sciences, arose. From this they proceeded to the study of forces, or to dynamics; and then a science of astronomy became possible. The relations of minute particles of matter then attracted attention, and the wonders of chemistry came to view. Organic life was next examined, and physiology, founded on anatomy and chemistry, is slowly developing the wonders of life to the mind; the crowning science of psychology, or the study of mind, and social science, or that of the relations of men to one another, are becoming the objects of study, and complete what may be called the hierarchy of the sciences." Thus, "we have been ascending the steps of God's temple, though only in the outer court. Our progress, however, tends from without inwards; the sciences are conveying to God. The feelings of the heart and the inductions and deductions of science will ultimately be as one, religion and science be united, and God be all in all."

The course of worship has been analogous to that of science. "At first, worship was purely external; an external God, approached by symbol and ceremony, which often usurped the place of what they meant, and degraded instead of elevating the mind. Protestantism simplified matters, but did not essentially alter for the mass the external character of worship; and the Bible, as the object of intellectual speculation and an infallible authority, kept men away from him of whom it testifies." The author believes that it is in the exercise of those divine affections which God has implanted within the soul, that man must seek after God, if haply he would find Him who is not far from every one of us. But, "if we would come to God, we must first come to ourselves. In order to do this, we must give up, as competitors for our supreme love, all external objects and beings." Self-sacrifice is the distinctive principle of Christ, proclaimed alike by his teaching and example. As we die to self we live to God, and are truly reconciled to Him. This day of reconciliation for humanity the author believes is fast approaching. "The greatest minds of the race have never lost sight of the great central truth of God, but have trustingly held on to Him, as children with imperfect senses learning to walk hold on to the hand of an earthly parent. With clearer views and firmer hold the seers and prophets of the race, their inner senses open, have communed with God, and have cheered their toil-worn brethren of science with precious utterances. These come to us across the centuries with unabated interest, and will continue to be fresh long after the theologies grafted upon them by the opinions of the time have gone to merited oblivion. Nor do we depend on these alone; sad were it if the human heart at the present day were left to depend on the experiences of the past. The true heart in all ages, now as ever, will ever, by looking within, find evidences of its God. Inspired utterances have not ceased among us; humanity is not worn out. Multitudes at the present day believe in a spiritual world very near; and testimony to this is growing apace." "And the friends of the race and the powers for good are increasing with every good man who goes to the Father. The whole Church of Jesus; Apostles,

Martyrs, Prophets, Teachers, all benefactors of their kind, have gone to prepare a place for us, and to act on the minds of succeeding generations by their sympathy, their succour, their heavenly consolation. They have become ministering spirits sent forth to minister to suffering humanity, the heir of universal salvation." We must conclude our notice with one further extract, which urges a consideration of the highest practical moment. "Ah! nothing cripples thought so much as wrong feeling. The narrow heart is parent of the narrow creed; and when we are not right at heart we are always fearing to be wrong in everything. Love enlarges the heart, and purifies the conscience, and frees the intellect, and sanctifies the man. No narrow views of salvation *there*; no unworthy views of God." We would not, any more than the author, apply these reflections to any one church or body of men in particular. We may all ponder on and profit by them. A true spiritual catholicity is one of the great wants of the age.

### *M. Fiquier's Histoire du Merveilleux dans les Temps Modernes.*

It is not a little strange that among the opponents of Spiritualism the misconception should still prevail that ultramundane phenomena are regarded by believers in their occurrence as violations of the laws of nature. This misconception pervades the argument of M. Fiquier, who appears to think that by pointing out that the essential sameness between the various phases of the marvellous is an indication of law, he has dealt a blow to Spiritualism; the truth being that on nothing have Spiritualists more strongly insisted than that these ultramundane manifestations take place in accordance with law and are part of the divine order; and they have adduced this very identity of principle amidst multiform variety, as affording to this view the firmest support.

The first page of M. Fiquier's preface reads, in fact, precisely as though from the pen of a defender of the faith, but when he has gone through a portion of his narrative, and when from statement he comes to deduction, he asks "Is it not demonstrated that in consequence of the natural inclination of man towards the marvellous, the same extravagancies, the same hallucinations may break out after intervals of ages, and that on this dangerous ground the human mind seems to revolve in a fatal circle?"

It is asked in return whether it is more likely that a tendency, admitted by M. Fiquier to be innate and powerful in the human mind, implanted, therefore, by the Creator, should be one leading only to hallucination; or, that this tendency should point to occult realities glimmering through yet unexplored portions of nature's realm? The extravagancies M. Fiquier depicts, are the result not of belief in spiritual phenomena, but of ignorance of their nature and laws. The scientific would do well to remember the words of Bacon, when he tells us that "We may well hope that many excellent and useful matters are yet treasured up in the bosom of nature, bearing no relation or analogy to our actual discoveries, but out of the common track of our imagination, and still undiscovered, which will doubtless be brought to light in the course and lapse of years."\* Unfortunately the tendency of men of science has on the contrary ever been to turn away from, or to oppose new truths "bearing no relation or analogy to our actual discoveries." It is to be lamented that they should thus diminish the large debt of gratitude due to them by mankind.

M. Fiquier himself amusingly relates the eagerness with which in the early part of last year the faculty in Paris took up hypnotism, considered then merely as an anæsthetic process: likening their revulsion of feeling with respect to it, when its mesmeric character developed itself before their eyes, to that of the man in the fable, who threw from him with horror the reviving serpent, which he had picked up, taking it for a stick as it lay benumbed with cold.

M. Fiquier's opinion, however, is that stick or serpent hypnotism must henceforth be subjected to serious examination, and that by it we are now

\* *Novum Organum*, p. 87.

afforded an explanation of all phenomena hitherto regarded as spiritual or supernatural. It is difficult to see how that, which is itself so wrapped in mystery, can be said now to explain other mysteries; there is, however, reason to expect that the study of the mesmeric or odylie force will, by degrees, lead to the discovery of the laws of ultramundane phenomena. The *Histoire du Merveilleux* is an agreeably written book, though containing nothing either new or newly brought to light, and though very erroneous in statement as to that phase of the marvellous termed by M. Fiquier "spirits' rappings." It comprises much worthy of perusal by those requiring information as to the mere facts of its subject-matter; but in the eyes of persons who have seriously investigated the marvellous, no failure could well be more complete than the attempt made by M. Fiquier towards its elucidation. The prejudice that can lead a writer of his standing so to trample on human testimony, to put forth reasoning so loose and founded on a purely arbitrary selection of facts, is, in some degree, explicable only by reference to the great and fundamental misconception already mentioned. M. Fiquier and other men of science conceive that the spiritual phenomena would be subversive of the laws of nature: penetrated, therefore, as they are through their labours and experience with the conviction of the immutability of those laws, and fixing their eyes on the magnificent and beneficial results of their application to the affairs of life, they are unable to give their attention to the alleged phenomena so as to apprehend them correctly. On discovering their error, we hope they will be consoled for any check thus given to their pride by finding that their species is less prone to hallucination and imposture than they had believed it to be.

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*The Wedding Guests; or, the Happiness of Life. A Novel, by*  
MARY C. HUME. Pitman, Paternoster Row.

It is not as a novel, though as such it ranks high above the average, but for the elevated tone and spiritual philosophy by which it is pervaded that we notice this work. The writer is the daughter of the late Joseph Hume, M.P., and is a receiver (but in no narrow sense) of the teachings of Swedenborg. It must not be imagined, however, that it is made the vehicle of doctrinal discussion, or that it is written in any polemical spirit: on the contrary, it is an agreeable well-written story. The reader may be both entertained in the reading of it and the wiser for having read it. The last chapter, entitled "Home," is one which we think will be particularly interesting to our readers, though it is, we regret, too long for extract into our pages. It is to be hoped that the reduced price at which this edition is offered will secure for it a greatly extended circle of readers.

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## Correspondence.

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

DEAR SIR,—I have attended many circles in London, and find that we do not get here, generally, such incontestible proofs of spiritual agency as are common in America. I think this proceeds mainly from the magnetic conditions and circumstances of mediums and circles not being well studied and respected.

I have been several times present at a circle where Madame Louise Besson has been one of the mediums, but through the want above noticed, I have sometimes shared in the perplexity of others as to how much of the phenomena exhibited through her are due to "unconscious cerebration," how much to "suggestion," and how much to direct actuation of spirits. She seems to me a medium whose power for physical manifestations is equalled by impressibility for psychical ones. Her capabilities as a medium are only known in circles formed harmoniously; but even the best of these are held irregularly.

That spiritual and vital magnetism is in operation in these circles is evident. On one occasion, while waiting for the circle to assemble, the hand of Madame Besson and of another medium in another part of the room, were simultaneously thrown into involuntary and uncontrollable action, and drawn to each other; the hand of each being uneasy and tremulous until locked together, when Madame exclaimed "It is your sister," and then gave the sister's name. When the influence went off, her hands were agitated again, but in a different manner, and extended to a gentleman and his wife present, with the words "I feel it is your son Robert." I have seen Miss Caroline D——, and other mediums, affected in this magnetic way, accompanied by mental spiritual impressions, but more particularly so in America. Madame B. is frequently moved, in the waking state, in a manner characteristic of persons who have entered the spiritual life, and who are thus recognized, as much as by the sentiments they utter through her. I wish I could say "the words;" but these are in indifferent English. It seems that the spirit impresses ideas, and the medium expresses them in her own words.

According to my observations, the vito-magnetic susceptibility of mediums varies. I have seen few so susceptible as the medium I speak of. If a stranger enters the room after she has passed into the magnetic state, her whole organism is often disturbed: she becomes silent, trembles, shrinks, and cannot well proceed until magnetic *rapport* is established with the new arrival, the circle and herself. Some mediums seem tolerably independent of extraneous influences, but this one seems hurt if any one touches metals while in the circle, after she has passed into the sleep. The clairvoyante, Mrs. Welton, is similarly sensitive to her magnetiser touching metals while she is examining a case in the sleep; if he is obliged to do so, he interposes his silk handkerchief between his hand and the metallic object. I know of an instance when at a circle once, a spirit intimated a wish, by the alphabet, to make a communication through the hand of a writing medium at the table. The alphabet-medium, thinking that her part was over, presently rose from the table with the object of stirring the fire, the communication was interrupted with the sentence "*Don't touch iron!*" We must consider that magnetic *rapport* was for the time established between the spirit and the medium, through whom he had used the alphabet.

This subject requires to be studied by circles if they would have such phenomena as would over-ride the theories about "unconscious cerebration," "automatic action," "mesmeric suggestion," &c. Without the observance of the proper magnetic conditions, the medium cannot be *truly a medium*, in the full acceptance of the term. Am I asked what I think are the proper conditions? My experience prompts the answer, that the spirit-visitant to a circle will best prescribe them; but that before they are asked to do so, devotional feeling should prevail, and common prayer be made. Then let the conditions and circumstances they recommend be loyally observed.

Let me conclude with an interesting fact. At a late circle, when the conditions I have mentioned were observed, the medium was magnetically drawn to a gentleman seated in a corner of the room. Grasping his hand, she said, he was a stranger to the circle, and addressed him reprovingly and exhortingly upon some moral failing. To his inquiry as to who was addressing him, her answer was "Be satisfied, I am a spirit friend and brother." A gentleman present seemed to know the person thus addressed, and on the breaking up of the circle, spoke apologetically to him, and said that mediums sometimes erred. His answer was "It is singular: all mediums address me in the same manner and strain. There is a foundation of fact in what they all say to me. What she said as to my being a stranger here, is true. I was admitted on using a friend's name."

On this evening fourteen out of a circle of sixteen were severally addressed in a characteristic and recognisable manner by spirit friends and relatives through one medium.

A. BOSTWICK.

9, Exeter Change, Strand.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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## SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

### III.

I AM now about to introduce a story, to which I ask the reader's especial attention, as it is fraught with incidents by far the most wonderful of the kind I have ever seen or heard of, and although I am not permitted to publish the narrator's name, it will be found in the sequel that I am able to corroborate the statements made to me in the most satisfactory manner, and indeed, in a way little short of my own personal testimony.

I must, in the first instance, introduce the English reader to the name of Dr. John F. Gray. He is a gentleman enjoying a prominent position in society, a scholar, highly respected by the community in which he resides, and though he has been an unflinching and open advocate of Spiritualism for several years, he has, I am told, the largest practice of any physician in New York.

Weekly conferences are held in New York and Boston, which are attended by many of the leading Spiritualists in those cities. Questions are proposed and discussed, and all the best information pertaining to the spread of Spiritualism is imparted at these meetings. I attended one of them, held at Clinton Hall, New York, and Dr. Gray read on that occasion the following highly interesting and very extraordinary account of manifestations of a wife to her husband, through the mediumship of Miss Kate Fox, being a continuation of similar experiences witnessed on previous evenings by a gentleman, who is a personal and intimate friend of Dr. Gray's. After some remarks on the precautions taken to assure himself against the possibility of deception from any quarter, Dr. Gray's friend proceeds thus to describe a *séance*:—

"The lights being extinguished, footsteps were heard as of persons walking in their stocking-feet, accompanied by the rustling sound of a silk dress. It was then rapped out by the alphabet—'My dear, I am here in form; do not speak.' A

globular light rose up from the floor behind me, and as it became brighter a face, surmounted by a crown, was distinctly seen by the medium and myself. Next, the head appeared, as if covered with a white veil: this was withdrawn after the figure had risen some feet higher, and I recognised unmistakably the full head and face of my wife, surrounded by a semi-circle of light about 18 inches in diameter. The recognition was complete, derived alike from the features and her natural expression. The globe of light was then raised, and a female hand held before it was distinctly visible. Each of these manifestations was repeated several times, as if to leave no doubt in our minds. Now the figure, coming lower down and turning its head, displayed falling over the globe of light, *long flowing hair*, which even in its shade of colour, appeared like the natural tresses of my wife, and like hers was unusually luxuriant. This whole mass of hair was whisked in our faces many times, conveying the same sensations as if it had been *actually human natural hair*. This also was frequently repeated, and the hair shown to us in a variety of ways. The light and the rustling sound then passed round the table and approached me, and what seemed to the touch a skirt of muslin was thrown over my head, and a hand was felt as if holding it there. A whisper was now heard, and the words, 'Sing, sing,' were audibly pronounced. I hummed an air, and asked—'Do you like that?' 'Yes, yes,' was plainly spoken in a whisper, and in both cases I recognised distinctly the voice of my wife, to which I had become sensitively familiarised during her last illness, when she had become too weak to talk aloud. An arm was passed round my neck, and I asked her to kiss me. The light immediately approached me, and a form like a face touched me sensibly twice on the left side of my mouth. A head then reclined on mine, the long hair falling over my face and shoulder, and remained until the heat became unbearable. A bright light then appeared, and disclosed a figure with the arm raised over its head. I asked for an explanation of the nature of the drapery, and it was answered by the raps:—'It is a spiritual garment naturalised; I will bring you the key.' Footsteps and the rustling indicated a movement towards the door, and the sofa which was against the key was removed, the key turned in the lock, and was then placed in my outstretched hand.

"The manner of making the raps was also shown by another spirit, thus:—a luminous ball about the size of my hand, with a blunt point attached to it, about three inches above the table, answered our questions by striking against it," &c., &c.

At another sitting a few days after, the same precautions and conditions being observed, the following phenomena were witnessed:—

“The table was lifted from the floor, the door violently shaken, the window-sash raised and shut several times, and in fact, everything moveable in the room seemed in motion.

“Questions were replied to by loud knocks on the door, on the window, ceiling, table, everywhere; all being the work of several powerful spirits, who were present, and whose presence was necessary, as it was afterwards explained, to support or induce the manifestations of a more beautiful and interesting character.

“An illuminated substance like gauze rose from the floor behind us, accompanied by a heavy rustling sound like a silk dress. The previously described electrical rattle became very loud and vigorous. The figure of a female passed round the table, and, approaching us, touched me. The gauzy substance was shaped as though covering a human head, and seemed as if drawn down tight at the neck. Upon close examination as it approached near me a second time it changed its form, and now seemed in folds over a melon-shaped oblong, concave on one side, and in this cavity there appeared an intensified brilliant light. By raps I was requested to look beyond the light. I looked as directed, and saw the appearance of a human eye. Again receding with the rattle, the light became still brighter, and then re-approaching, the gauze which had changed in form was grasped by a naturally-formed female hand, and unfolding, revealed to me, with a thrill of indescribable happiness, *the upper half of the face of my wife*, the eyes, forehead, and expression in perfection. The moment the emotion of recognition had passed into my mind it was acknowledged by a succession of quick raps. The figure disappeared and re-appeared several times, the recognition becoming each time more nearly perfect, with an expression of calm and beautiful serenity. I asked her to kiss me if she could, and, to my great astonishment and delight, an arm was placed around my neck, and a real palpable kiss was implanted on my lips, through something like fine muslin. A head was laid upon mine, the hair falling luxuriantly down my face. The kiss was frequently repeated, and was audible in every part of the room. The light then moved to a point about midway between us and the wall, which was distant about ten feet. The rattling increased in vigour, and the light, gradually illuminating that side of the room, brought out in perfection an entire female figure facing the wall, and holding the light in her outstretched hand, shaking it at intervals, as the light grew dim. My name and her name were repeated in a loud whisper, and among other things which occurred during this remarkable sitting, the figure at the close stood before *the mirror, and was reflected therein.*”

The incidents of another evening were thus described:—“The



lights and electrical rattle were as strong as on the previous occasions. Hands were placed upon my forehead, a head placed upon mine, the hair, as before, falling down my face into my hand. I grasped it, and found it positively and unmistakably human hair; it was afterwards whisked playfully at me, creating as much wind as an ordinary fan. The spiritual robe was then dropped over my head and face, as real and material in substance as cotton or muslin of a very fine texture. At one time, the globe of light extended to about two feet in diameter. At last, it was shaken with another sharp rattle, and shining brightly, revealed again the full head and face of my wife, every feature in perfection, but spiritualised in shadowy beauty such as no imagination can conceive, or pen describe. In her hair, just above the left temple, was a single white rose, the hair being arranged with great care. The next appearance, after a brief interval, revealed the same face, with a pink rose instead of a white one. The whole head and face were shown to us, at least twenty times during the sitting, and each time was recognized by me, the perfection of the recognition being in proportion to the brilliancy of the light. During the whole of these manifestations cards of a large size, provided by myself, were placed on the floor with a pencil, and long messages were found to have been written upon them." &c., &c.

Dr. Gray, in conclusion, said—"These manifestations could not have been produced by human means, and if you admit the competency of the witness, of which, from my knowledge of him, I have no doubt, they are, in my opinion, conclusive evidence of spirit identity." Several persons in the assembly rose to ask questions of Dr. Gray, respecting this very startling narrative; and one gentleman said he really could not, though a believer in Spiritualism, receive such statements without great misgivings of delusion being mixed up with them. "Now, he said, "I put it to you, Dr. Gray—Do you believe that such things can and did occur?" Dr. Gray replied, very calmly, "Yes, my friend; I believe as implicitly, every word of those narratives, as I do in my own existence." I then made some remarks, observing "that, wonderful as the phenomena witnessed by Dr. Gray's friend must be admitted to be, I was prepared, from my own experiences, to receive them on fair testimony. The only thing to be regretted was, that manifestations so marvellous should have been witnessed by only one person beside the medium, and that that one should withhold his name from the world." &c., &c.

I have had occasion to remark, when writing on this subject before, that no one can have any idea of the number of persons who have more or less knowledge of spiritual facts, until he shall have openly proclaimed his own belief in them, as I have done.

The confidence of finding sympathy and respect for an extraordinary statement, instead of sneers and derision, brings out men and women from all ranks of society, among whom are many we should least expect to be so "weak," or so "deluded," and who have each to tell of some mysterious occurrence, or well-attested ghost-story. To the readiness, therefore, with which I ever received testimony from serious people, I owe the advantage of having collected many curious facts, which men of more sceptical tendencies could never obtain; and it is to the few remarks I made on Dr. Gray's paper, I have now the advantage of introducing the foregoing narrative to my readers, and more of the same character which follows, which I do with as much confidence as if I had myself witnessed the wonderful phenomena therein spoken of. At the close of the meeting, a serious and gentlemanly person, of about five-and-thirty, dressed in deep mourning, who had been seated at my side, presented his card, and said he should be glad to make my acquaintance. "I am," he said, "the friend of Dr. Gray, and it is I to whom these manifestations have occurred. You appear to understand the subject, and I shall be glad to satisfy you of the facts. I knew nothing whatever of Spiritualism eight weeks ago, and had been, up to that time, most disconsolate. Dr. Gray, is an old friend. He attended my wife during her illness, and it was at his request that I called on Miss Fox. The result has been a complete and most happy change in the state of my feelings. No one could be more sceptical than I was. With the exception of my sister and Miss E., who resides with us, I do not speak to any one on the subject, knowing that none of my friends are prepared to receive such statements, and that I should be, in all probability, treated by them as I should previously have treated others, that my experiences would be set down to delusion, or aberration of intellect; and situated as I am in business, I am not disposed to risk, at present, the consequences of publishing my name to the world."

All this I could of course appreciate, although, it is certainly much to be regretted that such marvellous and deeply interesting facts should not have the advantage of being at once openly attested by the witness of them; who, in this instance, would be a most valuable one, as this gentleman is the head of a highly respectable commercial firm in the city of New York, who is well known to, and in correspondence with, the American banking-house of Messrs. Peabody and Co., of London. However, I am bound to respect his wishes in this particular, and my readers must therefore, for the present, be content to know him by the initial L., and his wife by the Christian name of Estelle. I have given to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Mr. and Mrs.

Wilkinson, Dr. Ashburner, and others, most ample evidence that this is not a tale of fiction, and I shall not object to show to any serious inquirer the evidence in my possession. With Mr. L. I became better acquainted. He invited me to his residence, where I saw two very fine portraits of his wife, painted in Europe, and she appears to have been a very lovely young woman. Mr. L. also read to me the diary he had kept of the evenings he had spent with Miss Fox, which contained some curious particulars not mentioned in Dr. Gray's paper, and I was especially interested with the numerous cards in his possession, on which were written long notes addressed in the most loving and natural terms of endearment, and which are *fac-similes*, as shown me by comparison with his wife's own hand-writing: some of the cards are written upon on both sides, and it must be understood that the writing was obtained by the card and pencil being laid upon the floor, and came *direct from the spirit-hand*, and not through the medium, or any other human agency. I have one of these cards in my possession, and will, if the editors think it desirable, have it lithographed for the magazine. I have exact copies of several others, and as it will, no doubt, interest the reader to know the style of composition of these "loving-letters," I give the following as a specimen, and it is one of the shortest:—"My darling—little did I think when I was departing that I should have a blessing like this. Had I *then* the knowledge that I have now, the grave would have lost its gloom. There is no separation—no death! and what is so beautiful to me, is the fact of angels being the watchers of their loved on earth. My darling, I look forward with joy to the time when I shall be permitted to raise the veil which clouds your vision, and talk *with* you face to face. The time is near; be happy; meet me to-morrow night, and be free from fatigue. God bless you; love to my father; when can I meet him?—Yours in heaven.—ESTELLE."

On the day before I left New York I received the following letter from L. :—

"My dear Sir,—I enclose herewith two cards, *fac-similes*, as nearly as I can write them, of those you have seen. The division of words and sentences and the underscoring is precisely the same as in the original. They were written for me by spirit-hands in the presence of Miss Fox. I have had as many as six of these cards written upon both sides at one sitting, and most of my communications have been written in this way.

"My first experience was in February last. I have never sat with any medium except Miss Catherine Fox, and up to the time I first saw her I was not only a thorough sceptic, but had taken no interest in the subject. The accounts of the extraordinary manifestations published by Dr. Gray were written by me

at his request in order to avoid any exaggerations which might creep into a verbal narrative. You may rely upon the facts as being exact in every particular, the same having been witnessed by Miss Fox, both of us being in a normal condition. Each manifestation was promised by the spirits, and the time appointed beforehand in their own handwriting on cards. You are quite at liberty to state the facts related by me to you, but for reasons which you understand I beg you will withhold my name. Wishing you a pleasant voyage and safe return to your friends,—I am, &c.

“B. Coleman, Esq.”

“L.”

Previous to my leaving New York I made a special visit to Miss Fox to inquire from her as to the facts and character of these manifestations. She fully corroborated all Mr L. had told me; and said that, with one exception, these appearances far transcended anything of the kind she had ever witnessed through her own or any other mediumship. She appeared as much surprised at the results as Mr. L., and was, she said, much more nervous when witnessing them. Whilst at Boston I received another letter from Mr. L., from which I make the following extracts:—

“April 30, 1861.—I enclose herewith a *fac-simile* of another remarkable card, written for me last night, which I have no doubt you will be glad to have. I called at the St. Nicholas a few minutes after you had left, and regret that I missed seeing you, as I should have liked to have shown you the original. It is so near an approach to perfection in its execution—not a word misplaced, &c. Another card was written at the same time, purporting to come from Dr. Hull, a valued friend of mine, and brother-in-law of Dr. Gray. Thus far every promise has been literally fulfilled. One only has not been as perfectly accomplished as I expected, namely, that of conversing in familiar tones on the part of my wife. If any further remarkable development occurs, I shall send an account of them to you,” &c.

The card enclosed was neatly written on both sides, and in the following terms:—“My darling—We have much to contend with, but we must be patient and abide God’s time, which will, I know, be soon. When there is anxiety in your mind, it is almost impossible to come near you, and therefore I pray be not too wishful or too anxious. I have been with you to-day, and the past was vividly recalled when returning home to the room where I had passed so many happy hours. Even my last moments were made precious, a peace surpassing all earthly power entered my soul while I waited for the bridegroom to come. God bless you, darling; bless you when you rise in the morning, and bless you when you rest at night. Thine shall be a happy future. Flowers are blooming in heaven for me, and I

am with the pure and holy. Live a pure life.—ESTELLE.  
When can I meet my dear father? Love to him.—ESTELLE."

I can imagine nothing more real than the earnest, affectionate tone of these letters; the anxious desire to be remembered by her father, to whom, I was told, she was especially attached, is a peculiar feature of these communications. Believing that I cannot relate anything which will interest the reader more than Mr. L.'s experiences, though I have yet in store something of a different character quite as marvellous, witnessed by myself, I shall continue the narrative, and give the reader the information which has reached me since my return to England in letters I have received from Mr. L., and which, as will be seen, contain an account of some further most astounding manifestations and suggested theories which will, no doubt, interest the scientific student of spiritual philosophy.

"New York, May 20, 1861.

"My dear Sir—In compliance with your request to be informed of any further experience which I might have, I beg to say that it has continued with such interesting and varied developments, that it is impossible for me, at this time to enter into anything like detail. We have now arrived at that point where cards are written, with the date prefixed. The first of this kind, headed 'Friday, May 3rd, 1861,' was most carefully and correctly written, and the identity of my wife's handwriting proved conclusively by minute comparison. You have seen the cards of an earlier date, and hence it is unnecessary for me to speak further of them, except to say that the spirit, style, and handwriting are positive proofs to my mind of the identity of the writer, if the other more convincing proofs still, which I have had, were left entirely out of the question.

"A portion of one of my last was as follows:—'We have in preparation for you, greater manifestations, greater developments than you have yet witnessed; do not forbear to give them to the world. You must benefit others by your experience.' I was requested, soon after you left, to procure drawing paper and material for 'a picture.' Three sheets of paper, about two feet square, and three large crayons were brought and placed upon the table in front of Miss Fox and myself. Each sheet was privately marked by me, the room carefully closed, and all made secure. The light being turned down, a selection was made by the spirits of one of the sheets of paper; the other two were handed to me with the signal that they should be laid aside. The crayons were asked for, and handed to the spirits by me, for, perhaps, half an hour, we heard them as though being used in drawing. At the end of that time, they were again handed me, and the paper commenced floating about the room, occasionally

touching our heads. Cards were called for, and written upon as usual. The two crayons were also again called for, and taken from my hand. A light was now struck, and upon looking for the picture, *neither it nor the two large crayons could be found.* Upon reading the cards, they explained as follows:—‘We have concealed the picture and crayons in the atmosphere of the medium.’ Notwithstanding the most careful search, I could not find either paper or pencils.

“Two evenings afterwards I went to Miss Fox, and that there should be no mistake, I at once suggested going into another room upstairs. I then locked the door, carefully examined every nook and corner, and Miss Fox’s pockets as well, and am *positive* that neither the paper nor pencils were in the room. Upon sitting down and turning out the light, a pair of scissors was called for, and placed by me upon the table. In about fifteen minutes a spirit-form stood by me, tapping me lovingly upon the shoulder. *The two crayons were dropped one by one on the table from over my head, and the rattling of the paper indicated that it also was in the spirit’s hand.* The scissors were now taken, and rapped out a communication by my side upon the table, and commenced cutting vigorously the thick drawing paper, replying to my questions when asked, and going on again immediately, cutting as before. Nearly half-an-hour was thus employed, when the fragments were dropped upon our heads and hands, and at last the picture was placed in my hand.

“Upon getting a light, we discerned a very pretty sketch of a spirit, with the veil and rose in the hair, precisely similar to the appearance as described to you of my wife. This was about five inches square. The remainder of the paper was cut into grotesque shapes and forms very ingeniously done, many small hearts, &c., &c., which I have retained to show to any of my friends. I have since had a beautiful large picture done in colours, representing the removal of my wife’s spirit from the earth, supported by angels, with others above strewing flowers in their path. I shall probably write you again, but hope, in the meantime, to receive the Magazine. Please not to mention my name, as I am not yet ready for publicity.

“Very truly yours,

“B. Coleman, Esq., London.

“L.”

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“New York, June 24th, 1861.

“My dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed favour of 4th instant, and shall at all times be happy to hear from you.

“The very short time, during which my investigations in spiritual phenomena have been made do not, perhaps, permit me to speak authoritatively, yet the developments have been to me so

wonderful, that I should feel recreant to my sense of duty were I to hide them under a bushel.

"You are, no doubt, correct in saying that anonymous statements carry less weight than when attested by a respectable signature. In my case, however, the credibility of the witness can be proved, first by your own testimony, as well as again by that of Dr. Gray, to whom I am well and intimately known. And here permit me to say, that I regard Dr. Gray's opinions on spiritual science as entitled to, perhaps greater weight than those of almost any prominent spiritualist in this country. He has an eminently practical mind, with great analytical comprehensive power, and is not likely to be unduly influenced by imaginative minds. He is strongly opposed to what he considers the too great prevailing confidence in spiritual identities. Dr. Gray fully understands the practical nature of my investigation. How I have receded step by step, from a state of thorough scepticism, and therefore he attaches importance to facts *so important*, which he knows are free from exaggeration. My earnest desire was, above all, not to be deceived myself, and now that my faith is impregnable, I wish to keep it pure by a strict adherence to positive truth. From the first I have kept a record, including the states of the atmosphere, direction of the wind, &c. My experiences and observations prove that the electric conditions, both of the atmosphere and of the persons receiving manifestations, are, if possible, more important and subtle than mental conditions. I find that a perfect manifestation can only be received under a combination of favourable conditions—mental, physical, and atmospheric. A north wind and clear sky are both desirable, but the greatest electric phenomena (of lights) witnessed by me was during a snow storm, when the atmosphere had become highly electrical by the action of the falling particles of moisture suddenly congealed by an extraordinary change of temperature to intense cold. Our atmosphere, you are aware, is ordinarily dry, while yours is surcharged with moisture; and I am satisfied it would for that reason be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain as perfect manifestations in London as in New York. As Miss Fox says, she has never received such powerful ones with any other person it would, perhaps, be proper for me to state that my condition has always been highly electrical. The combing of my hair elicits electrical sparks in profusion in dry weather,\* and I find no

\* A similar statement is made by the Rev. C. H. Townshend, in his *Facts in Mesmerism*; the passage appears to us so interesting and suggestive in this connexion that we here transcribe it. [*Ed.*]

He says:—"I am of an electric temperament, so much so, that long ago, when a child, I used to amaze and even alarm my young companions by combing my hair before them in the dark and exhibiting to them the electric coruscations. Of course, also, this phenomenon takes place most remarkably in a dry, and

difficulty in lighting gas, by applying the end of my finger to the burner, after having excited the electricity in my system by friction of my feet upon the carpet. This, however, is a not an uncommon occurrence here, although I have repeatedly tried it in England without success. I give you these facts, because I think it important to look at all the means, by which spirits are probably enabled to produce their wonderful phenomena without transcending the laws of nature.

“ You ask if I believe all the manifestations are from one spirit. Most certainly not—for it has been repeatedly explained, and I think proved, that the spirit made itself visible to me through the powerful aid of other spirits. The startling noises, I believe, were made by others for the purpose of exciting the nervous system, and throwing off from the body of the medium and myself the electric fluid, which are then seized upon and made available by the will of the active spirit. This is my theory gathered entirely from observation.

“ On the occasion of the first appearance, I was told that the spirit of Benjamin Franklin had aided in producing the electrical phenomena by means of which the spirit was made visible. From that time he has invariably announced himself. His identity it has been impossible for me to prove, except upon his own affirmation confirmed by that of my wife. But *her* identity has been established beyond the shadow of a doubt. First, by her appearance ; second, by her hand writing, and third, by her mental individuality, to say nothing of the numerous other tests, which are conclusive in ordinary cases, but upon none of which have I relied, except as corroborative evidence.

“ The weather has of late been so warm and unfavourable, that no further efforts have been made at crayon drawings, beyond perfecting the one which I named to you. It is a representation of the departure from earth of the spirit of my wife, borne upon the shoulders of four angels, while others above are scattering garlands of flowers. I send you enclosed memorandum of an evening, when drawing paper, crayons, &c. disappeared and re-appeared in face of a most scrutinising search. *The facts are beyond any question* ; and the explanation given by the spirits, is as follows:—‘ The paper, &c. was concealed in the atmosphere of the medium, dissolved in the air, and spiritualised by being in our presence.’ The appearance of my wife has taken place

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therefore, non-conducting atmosphere. Now between this electrical endowment and whatever mesmeric properties I may possess, there is a perfect relationship and parallelism. Whatever state of the atmosphere tends to carry off electricity from the body hinders in so far my capacity of mesmerising ; and whatever state of the atmosphere tends to accumulate and insulate electricity in the body, promotes greatly the power and facility with which I influence others mesmerically.”



several times since you left, and I am now promised the appearance of another person; an account of which, should it take place as promised, I will send you. But it is not likely to occur until the fall, as during the very hot weather, Miss Fox will be absent from the city, as well as myself, and the manifestations are not as successful in such a temperature. She and her mother, after considerable deliberation, concluded not to undertake the journey to England, and have given it up, at all events for the present. I have had many wonderful experiences since seeing you, but nothing particularly new. It is not uncommon now for the spirit of my wife to come in form, and spell out messages upon my shoulder, with repeated kisses and tokens of love so palpable that I could not if I would avoid realising her presence. The writing continues and has become as perfect as her handwriting in life. I enclose a card, as requested by you. I do not wish to part with it, and shall, therefore, feel obliged if you will return it after keeping it as long as you wish. It may be difficult for me to send you a specimen of her handwriting, as most of her notes and letters contain private matter, which I would not wish to have made public. I will, however, before closing this search for something, which can be sent without violating (what I consider sacred) her private thoughts and feelings. I send this card because it is a test. I had been that day at Greenwood Cemetery with my sister and Miss E—, and while looking at some flowers planted upon my wife's grave my attention was called by Miss E— to some little birds which flew across (after stopping an instant) to an adjoining copse of trees. I thought no more of the birds until they were mentioned as you will notice in the card. I have also lately received several cards written in French. My wife was an excellent French scholar and both wrote and spoke the language, while Miss Fox does neither. Should I have further drawings in the Autumn, I shall be very glad to send you a specimen; but you are of course aware that they are not done with the same care and facility as those of Mrs. French, which seem almost like photography."

"*June 25th.*—I had written thus far, not supposing I should have any new manifestations of interest during the warm weather, but last night the wind having suddenly changed to the north-west with an unusually clear, cool and pure air, I went to see Miss Fox, and received the most wonderful manifestation it has ever been my lot to witness. My wife appeared to us in such glittering transcendent beauty and perfection, as no human mind can conceive of; and I have been completely overpowered and overwhelmed at the recollection of that glimpse of heaven. Do not, I beg of you, think me a demented enthusiast—for such I am not. Miss Fox is in raptures at what she conceives to have

been the most stupendous and wonderful of anything she has ever dreamed or thought of.

"I was requested to write a series of questions upon a card, numbering each. This I did, keeping them entirely private. No living person but myself knew what these questions were, and I did not take them from my pocket until the light was turned out. Yet the blank card was returned with every question answered perfectly, with numbers corresponding. Benjamin Franklin purports to have answered them; and on another card gave me a brief account of his life and purposes, written in his peculiar style, terse and expressive.

"I shall from time to time write you of any further developments. I expect them. I feel great confidence that I shall not be disappointed, as my spiritual promises have all been kept. I will make enquiries respecting spiritual telegraphy soon. I have received but three back numbers of the Magazine. You will excuse the hasty imperfect style of my communications, as they are necessarily written without care, from my want of time.

"With kind regards, I am sincerely yours,  
"L."

The card enclosed in this letter is three inches long, and two inches wide, containing, *on one side only*, the following interesting message, written in a very neat small hand, and exactly like the natural handwriting of which a specimen for comparison was also sent by Mr. L. :—

☉ Heaven bless you, my dear Charley. In all your earthly walks I glide by your side. Dear Charley, did you not notice as you were standing over the grave that now holds the remains of one you knew so well, that even the little birds seemed conscious of the event? They seemed to fly so noiselessly, winging their way to less sacred groves. Oh! how I tried to awaken you then from your musings and transport you from the past to the present. Oh! dear Charley, it gives me so much happiness to talk with you, to write to you, to manifest to you in every way. You are in no dream, dear Charley. Let no dream of unbelief enter your heart.

"Anguish may drown the swelling hymn, may check the voice of love, but faith shall burn more brightly.

"But now, dear Charley, I must go. The harps of heaven have already sounded. The invisible choirs have commenced the song 'Hallelujah' to our Father and our King! There is rejoicing in our angelic hosts, rejoicing in the happy choir, for a new seraph has joined our glittering files. Good night.—ESTELLE."

"June 13th, 1861.—The object of this meeting was to finish a picture, previously commenced upon a sheet of drawing paper,

about two feet square. This was unrolled and spread upon the table, placing a book upon one corner, and a box, containing twenty-four coloured crayons upon the other. The door of the room had been locked, and the key placed in my pocket, and both of the medium's hands were held in mine. Soon, the box of crayons was rubbed against my hands, various loud raps, &c., were made upon the table, during which the paper was noiselessly taken from its position. Cards were called for, and a written explanation returned as follows:—"My darling, I have taken the picture to perfect it—you shall have it to-morrow, finished." Upon turning up the gas, the paper and box of crayons had both disappeared. I made a most careful examination of the room, no police detective could have done it more thoroughly; and I am as positive as I can be of anything that neither of the articles were in the room. The medium did not leave the table; both her hands were held by me, and there was no person but ourselves in the house."

"*Friday, June 14th, 1861.*—On this occasion, I determined to make thorough work of my examination of the room, &c. After locking the doors and taking the key, I locked the drawers of the bureau, and examined every corner and crevice, as well as the medium's pocket, and having satisfied myself that neither the picture nor the crayons were in the room, I tied the medium's hands, took them in mine, and put out the light. At the end of half an hour, the rustling of spirit-ropes was heard. I turned my head in the direction of the sound, when a hand was placed upon each side of my head, turning it back to its former position. The rustling indicated an approach to the table, at my left (the medium being on my right), and gentle raps, as though made by the knuckle, were made, the box of crayons was shaken, and its contents turned upon the table. The paper was now heard as though in a roll: it was unrolled, and placed against my face. Holding the medium with one hand, with the other I took the paper and laid it upon the table, while raps upon my shoulder spelled out as follows:—"Be careful with the picture—I wish you to have it copied." The spirit was now distinctly heard to walk to the other side of the table, to open and shut the drawer after making an examination of its contents, apparently, and repeating the operation. For nearly an hour, the spirit was in form by my side, during which I was kissed audibly, probably twenty times. During this time, at intervals, startling manifestations were taking place. The heavy sofa was lifted up and down; the marble-topped bureau was pounded violently upon by a daguerreotype case, by chance lying there, and a bunch of keys was shaken about our ears. An effort was made to speak, which was so far successful as to call me by name, audibly, several times; but the medium, at this,

became so nervous that it could not be continued. A card was written upon, in explanation of the former one, as follows:—  
 ‘The new seraph, darling, was one not known to you—Daily and hourly we are called upon to minister to the sick and dying—It is our duty—ESTELLE.’ Upon getting a light, the picture was found completed, and the identical one which had disappeared. I had put a private mark upon each, and from the extraordinary examinations and care which I took, I am positive that the disappearance and re-appearance have been entirely without human agency.”

“*Monday, June 24th, 1861.*—Locked the doors, placed the key in my pocket and made everything secure. Sat in quiet, and was told not to ask questions. Then by raps—‘There will be no failure to-night—I will come to you first—ESTELLE.’ Soon, a bright light followed a rustling sound, and appeared near our shoulders, between us. The medium became nervous, when I requested it to come to my left. This was immediately replied to, by three raps upon my left shoulder, and a corresponding movement of the light to that side. Hands were placed upon either shoulder, turning me a little to the right, then upon my head, pushing it down till my forehead was near the table. Three taps upon my head indicated that the position was satisfactory, and I remained passive. The intention was, evidently, to prevent my too earnest gaze. Vigorous rustling was heard, and the light, now very vivid, rose to a height of about three feet above the table (at the side). It was so bright as to illuminate surrounding objects, and as it approached, there seemed a heavy dark substance before it. Reaching a point, about two feet from my eyes, the dark shadow was lowered, revealing beauty, such as God only, in his infinite goodness and power, could permit those in the flesh to behold. A glimpse of heaven it was, and of an angel, as bright as ever stood before his throne:—the spirit of my wife, a white rose in her hair over the left temple, and her loving eyes smiling inexpressible blessings. She appeared in this manner six or seven times. The perfection of the appearance was such that every feature, lineament and expression was as complete as a full blaze of light upon a face could make it. A roll or veil surrounded her head, leaving a clear space of about a foot or eighteen inches between it and the hair, and this veil glittered like silver gauze. The whole scene was transcendently beautiful, beyond the power of description. About fifteen minutes afterwards, the light appeared in a corner, illuminating the centre of the room, and a female figure in full proportions stood before us, back towards us, with a veil depending from the head to the feet, of silver gauze, which glittered and shone almost like diamonds when the light struck upon it. I asked if she would raise her arm above her head, and my request was immediately complied with.

No pen can describe the exquisite beauty of what was revealed this night to us. If heaven is half as bright or beautiful, death should have no terrors. This appearance was very much more vivid than any previous manifestation, and each one seems more nearly perfect."

Mrs. Kennison, of whom I have spoken, is herself an "impressionable" medium, by which is understood that she is impressed by spirits, and forced, in her natural state, to act upon her impressions. One spirit in particular, she informed me, used to come frequently and impel her to carry out his anxious desires for the welfare of his former clients. This was the spirit of Robert Rantoul, of Washington, a well-known lawyer. She took messages for him as directed to many persons whom she did not know, and they invariably understood them; for instance, she said, "A short time since I was told by Rantoul to go to Mr. Bassett, a merchant in Boston, and warn him, that if he did not give immediate attention to a particular debt due to him of 5,000 dollars he would lose it. As I did not know Mr. Bassett, and it was not convenient for me to go to Boston, I did not at first attend to the request. But Rantoul came again, and again, until at length I was obliged to comply with his wishes. I made inquiries for, and found Mr. Bassett. I explained to him, as well as I could, the nature of my errand. He seemed at once to understand it, and said his attention had been called to the transaction that very morning, and that he had taken the necessary steps for his protection. I then said, Rantoul also told me to say to you, 'For God's sake to give up the law-suit.' And this, too, Mr. Bassett said he perfectly understood."

Some days after my interview with Mrs. Kennison I met when travelling a Captain Jonathan Hallett, of Quincy. Our conversation turning to the subject of Spiritualism, I found he was a believer, and strangely enough he incidentally mentioned Mrs. Kennison, and confirmed the statement she had made to me of the special character of her mediumship. Captain Hallett said, "I had been for a little time looking into the subject, having up to this period no belief in a future life, and I had attended a meeting of Spiritualists; on coming away a lady, who was an entire stranger to me, addressed me, and said, 'I do not know who you are, sir, but during the evening I was impressed to give you this message from the spirit of your mother;' and the lady, who proved to be a Mrs. Kennison, gave me this paper, which I preserve, as from this incident I date my complete conversion from infidelity." The paper, which he took from his pocket-book, and which I read, congratulates him on the light which is dawning, and exhorts him to follow it, "in the

blessed hope of a brighter future for my dear son," &c. Captain Hallett then went on to say, that as he pursued his inquiries his faith became strengthened from many sources. He found that two very remarkable mediums lived immediate neighbours to him. One was the daughter of his friend Mr. Southworth, a girl of 15, named Sarah. The other was a professional man, who had not announced his name to the public, and therefore he did not wish to mention it; but, he said, it is a common occurrence for him to be carried about by the spirits, and he had assured him that he prescribes for his patients with great success entirely by spirit dictation. Captain Hallett then gave me a very curious and interesting history of the manifestations he had received through Sarah Southworth. "Sixteen years ago," he said, "I lost my brother Charles, to whom I was much attached, by the wreck of his ship. I went to claim his body, and I expressed aloud my surprise to find it looking so fresh and life-like. One of the first messages written to me through Sarah's hand purported to be from this brother, of whom I am certain she had never heard. Captain Hallett gave me the message to read and copy. It runs thus—"Dear Johnnie—I have at last the satisfaction of controlling this medium by the kindness of one of her spirit guardians, and now that the way is open before me, I have so many things to say, that I scarcely know where to begin. I am glad, dear brother, that you have opened the doors of your heart, and invited the spirits to enter. Many spirits, I find, are unhappy, because their friends do not receive them. I think if the unbelieving ones only knew this, they would reflect a moment ere they let them suffer thus," &c., &c. The letter then goes on to speak of various subjects, and an allusion is made to the circumstance of his going to claim the body, repeating the exact words he, Captain Hallett, said he had used on that occasion, and adding, "I then stood by your side, Johnnie, and was surprised that you did not recognise me." The message is written quite sailor-fashion, full of seafaring phrases, and it completely satisfied Captain Hallett of the identity of his brother's spirit.

After the lapse of some months, Captain Hallett got another written message through Sarah Southworth, which I think is worth transcribing in full, and it is as follows:—

"Dear Brother Johnnie—I have, at last, got the control of this medium again, though she is pretty much used up; but I guess I can steer her into a safe harbour after I get through, although I ain't much used to this kind of rigging. I have many friends that I would like to speak to, but they are so much wrapped up in the mists of orthodoxy, that I can scarcely see them. If I could get a chance I should talk plain, for the

doctrines they believe can no more nourish the soul, than paving stones can the human body. Oh, the inconsistency of mankind! They shut themselves up in their houses, bolt the doors, and bar the windows, and then call upon God to reveal himself. There is a mighty change sweeping through the earth, Johnnie. It speaks in thunder tones, and startles the priest at his altar—the king on his throne. The blade is now drawn, and the banner unrolled, for the struggle between the old and the new; and though the sea may roll mountains, it cannot prevail against this mighty spirit. Humanity has wrangled over musty creeds too long; but when the light of the present and past are combined, a glorious day will dawn upon the world. Man has been an animal long enough—be men and women now. Angels have come to earth for a purpose—let it not be thwarted. Communications now come, and the world heeds them; and in time, they shall give place to a grand, noble, inspiring religion, where God shall be worshipped in spirit and in truth. These rappings broke the shell of selfishness, and man is free; and when he is once free, and has plumed his wings and soared away on the breeze of liberty, he cannot return, and, hugging his wings close to his side, enter the old shell again. He may put his head in, but his heart will be outside. It is by the power of will that man communes with man. Spirits send out their thoughts upon this magnetic ether, and very few are insulated from this power. Inspiration comes not in words, but in ideas, and flows in mighty currents through the human mind. Many upon earth, in coming time, will recognise the good seed that has been sown, and taken root, which will yield an abundant harvest. Hell fire and damnation have done their work: so long as the human heart remained cold as an iceberg, such a fire could be tolerated; but now it is being warmed with the fire of love, and so the fire of brimstone is failing, and those Divine teachers who for eighteen hundred years have been endeavouring to teach the Good Father the error of *His* ways—that it is His duty to damn nine-tenths of His children, and divide heaven among the few that be saved—will, no doubt, take a sea voyage for the benefit of their health, and to enlighten the heathen a little further away from home. I heard a minister say the other day that he thought God ought to send a rain of fire and brimstone on the earth, it was so wicked. But I dare say he would like to be perched up somewhere out of harm's way. I knew at once what sort of man he was, by his ideas of our Heavenly Father. But why is it that the world is not better, when Christianity has been the ruling power for eighteen hundred years? If the world is so wicked, it is certainly time that God sent his spirit-messengers to redeem it. I have been wanting to write to

you sometime, Johnnie. I don't make much head-way though—Mum's the word. Sister Lucy's playmate Sarah is here, and will write to her soon. I will steer this craft into port now, so good-bye, Johnnie—from your spirit brother—CHARLEY."

"Mum's the word" is an allusion to the Doctor, through whose mediumship it appears the spirit occasionally manifested to his brother.

## CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM IN THE MEDIÆVAL AGES.

By MRS. H. B. STOWE.

To the mind of the really spiritual Christian of those ages, the air of this lower world was not a blank empty space from which all spiritual sympathy and life have fled; but, like the atmosphere with which Raphael has surrounded the Sistine Madonna, it was full of sympathizing faces—a great "cloud of witnesses." The holy dead were not gone from earth; the Church visible and invisible were in close, loving, and constant sympathy, still loving, praying, and watching together, though with a veil between.

It was at first with no idolatrous intention that the prayers of the holy dead were invoked in acts of worship. Their prayers were asked simply because they were felt to be as really present with their former friends and as truly sympathetic as if no veil of silence had fallen between. In time this simple belief had its intemperate and idolatrous exaggerations; the Italian soil always seeming to have a volcanic forcing power, by which religious ideas overblossomed themselves, and grew wild and ragged with too much enthusiasm; and, as so often happens with friends on earth, these too-much loved and revered invisible friends became eclipsing screens instead of transmitting mediums of God's light to the soul.

Yet we can see in the hymns of Savonarola, who perfectly represented the attitude of the highest Christian of those times, how fervent might be the love and veneration of departed saints without lapsing into idolatry, and with what an atmosphere of warmth and glory the true belief of the unity of the Church, visible and invisible, could inspire an elevated soul amid the discouragements of an unbelieving and gainsaying world.—*Agnes of Sorrento.*



## THE MORNING STAR ON "MODERN SPIRITUALISM."

THE periodical which is now before us (*Spiritual Magazine*) is the organ of a decidedly unpopular cause. "Spiritual Manifestations," as they are termed, are regarded by the majority with incredulity; by some they are denounced as the fruits of deliberate imposture. On the other hand, a very large body of believers not only allege that they continually occur under given conditions, but also hold that they are to be ascribed to the operation of a purely spiritual agency. In the investigation of the subject these two points may be conveniently kept apart. The genuineness of the phenomena must be established before any necessity can arise for endeavouring to assign to them a cause. We are quite aware that there are many who will treat with contempt the suggestion that the matter is worthy of serious inquiry. The human mind has an unhappy tendency to ridicule all that it cannot comprehend. The egotism which sets up its own finite comprehension as the test of possibility rejects with scorn everything alien to its experience or antagonistic to its preconceived ideas. It can scarcely be necessary to urge that such a mode of dealing with alleged facts is not only grossly unphilosophical, but would, if generally adopted, prove a positive barrier to the elucidation of important truths. As the world has grown in age new wonders have been constantly crowding into view—so marvellous as to excite incredulity on their first discovery, but now become so familiar through habit as to awaken no surprise. Candid and impartial research can alone distinguish realities from illusions, and discriminate between genuine phenomena and the effects of fraud. Of course, a marvel apparently irreconcilable with known natural laws, and vouched for only by a single individual, is not to be held entitled to such serious treatment. But when a very large number of independent and respectable witnesses testify that they have repeatedly seen phenomena wonderful in their character, identical in their nature, and occurring always under certain fixed conditions, it is obviously our duty to sift their evidence, in order that we may either crush an imposture, dispel a delusion, or establish a new and possibly most important truth.

This is the position which the controversy with regard to Spiritualism has unquestionably assumed. In England and in America thousands of men and women esteemed for their piety, their intellectual ability, and their social worth, aver that they have been eye-witnesses, not once but repeatedly, of very strange manifestations, which can scarcely be accounted for by the operation of any known natural agency. They tell us that they have

seen heavy tables lifted up a foot or more from the ground and held for some moments suspended in the air; men raised from their chairs and floated across the ceiling of the apartment; accordions and guitars, held in the hand, played upon by unseen fingers; bells carried about a room and rung at intervals by an invisible power, and passed from hand to hand of the quiescent circle; intelligible sentences written upon slates and slips of paper placed beyond the reach of any present; luminous hands appearing in the air, lifting articles from the floor and placing them upon the table; and a host of other marvels to all appearances equally beyond the grasp of ordinary credibility. These things are said to have been witnessed, not by one individual at a time, but by a dozen or more, all of whom aver that they saw the same things at the same moment. They are alleged to have taken place rarely in the dark, occasionally in semi-obscurity, but in the greater number of instances in fully lighted rooms. Other phases of the manifestations are reported of a different but equally striking character. The present number of the *Spiritual Magazine* contains the second of a very interesting series of papers on "Spiritualism in America," by Mr. Benjamin Coleman, which embodies some eminently curious details. In the United States, the belief in Spiritualism has taken root very deeply—its adherents are numbered by hundreds of thousands, and a large number of periodicals exist devoted specially to its advocacy. If the statements of Mr. Coleman are to be believed—and he is a gentleman whose word would be unhesitatingly taken on any ordinary matter—the phenomena are there developed even more remarkably than elsewhere. He tells us, for example, of a drawing medium, who has the power of sketching perfect portraits of deceased persons whom he never saw, and with regard to whose personal appearances he had no means of forming any idea. He relates his visit to another medium, to whom he was personally unknown, who, in answer to his mental question, wrote a communication to him from his step-son, sometime deceased, signing it with the young man's full name, and adding his own residence in London; and he states that he listened to some speaking mediums, persons in their ordinary state wholly illiterate, who, under what was asserted to be spiritual influence, spoke in public for more than an hour at a time with very remarkable eloquence and intellectual power. He recounts an instance, which he declares was certified to him on excellent authority, in which a communication was received through a medium leading to the discovery of a lost document essential to the success of an important law suit; and he recites an example of an opinion obtained by the same means which brought to light a new point, and put a stop to a harassing litigation. But putting aside all

that he gives on the authority of others, his narrative of his own personal experience is strange enough to satiate the most ravenous appetite for the marvellous. At one *séance*, for example, at Boston, he states that a guitar was carried rapidly about the room above the heads of those present, a melody being accurately played upon it as it moved through the air—that bells were similarly floated about, ringing all the while—that the medium, in her arm chair, was lifted on to the centre of the table, from which position he himself removed her—that his own name was pronounced in a loud voice through a horn—and that, when he complained of the heat of the room, a fan was taken from a drawer and waved before him, and a tumbler of water was raised and placed to his lips.

All this is no doubt passing strange, and those who have never with their own eyes seen anything of the sort may be well excused for shaking their heads in doubt. It is true that the striking singularity of some of the phenomena reported induces us sometimes to forget that, if we concede the possibility of one of them, we may without much difficulty admit that of all. Grant that a power exists which can raise a heavy table from the ground and hold it suspended in the air, it is clear that the same agency may just as easily lift a man from his chair, carry a bell, wave a fan, or play upon a guitar. The simple rapping upon the table, if not fraudulently produced, is intrinsically, though not apparently, quite as marvellous as any of the most elaborate manifestations. But these physical effects are by far the least interesting of those which the Spiritualists allege to be of every-day occurrence in their circles. They complain, indeed, that the use of the phrases "Spirit Rapping" and "Table Turning" has tended to give the general public a very low and inadequate idea of the scope and object of this class of phenomena. According to their doctrine, these strange freaks which are played with material objects are designed solely to arrest attention, and to convince the sceptical that unseen agencies are present capable of holding communion with mortals; and that, this end having been attained, the real purpose of that which they regard as a beneficent dispensation acquires its needful scope and comes into full play. This purpose they hold to be the communication from departed beings to their surviving relatives of messages of solace, of warning, of encouragement, and of counsel—conveyed occasionally by audible voices, but much more frequently in an alphabetic form. They appear to believe—and we are of course merely stating their theory, without expressing any opinion as to its claims to adoption—that the ultimate end of these "Spiritual Manifestations" is the advancement towards moral and religious perfection of the living through the loving ministrations of the dead—the proximate end being the counteraction of materialistic tendencies by the exhibi-

tion of cogent proofs of the reality of spiritual existence. Mr. Coleman's paper contains a few of the messages thus sent, and a host of examples of them are found cited in other publications. It is only fair to say that they are uniformly admirable in tone, and pervaded by genuine piety and sound morality. The literary merit of certain communications which have been dictated in the United States, purporting to come from eminent intellectual celebrities of past times, is certainly infinitesimal. But it is nevertheless true that credible witnesses assert that these were spelt out in their presence, as they stand, by raps given at the various letters as the alphabet was called over, and their evidence to this is the only point with which, in the present stage of the inquiry, we have to deal.

If the extraordinary narratives, of which we have thus summarised a few of the most salient points, were vouched for only by men utterly unknown, or of dubious credibility, they might scarcely be deemed worthy of serious attention. Even then we could scarcely avoid the reflection that the idea which constitutes the postulate of the Spiritualists, so far from being novel, has had adherents in every age and every nation. The belief in the possibility of intercourse between spirits and mortals has found a place in almost every religious creed ever held by man, and pagan traditions and biblical records alike bear witness to supernatural communion. Nor can we entirely exclude the thought that these phenomena, if sufficiently attested to be accepted as real, would cast much light on many incidents in past secular history which stand greatly in need of some rational elucidation, in place of the wholesale rejection of a mass of evidence which has hitherto been our desperate expedient. But are they so attested? This is the first point to be settled. The principal witnesses are literary men of note, merchants, lawyers, physicians, and divines; ministers of divers sects, men and women of unblemished repute, artists, poets, and statesmen. Of minor witnesses the name is legion, but we have no personal knowledge of their claims to our belief. This much we know, that in America and in our own country there are many whose sanity no one doubts, whose general veracity no one would impeach, who aver that they have seen these strange things with their own eyes. It remains for us to say whether we will take their word.

If we stamp all those who declare that they have witnessed these so-called "Spiritual Manifestations" as liars, of course the inquiry will be at an end. If, on the other hand, we are willing to believe that, in the narratives which they have given us, they have honestly recorded the impressions produced upon their eyes and ears, we shall next have to consider to what causes these phenomena may fairly be ascribed. Four hypotheses have been

put forward: fraud, self-delusion, the operation of *some hitherto* undiscovered natural law, and spiritual agency. The idea of fraud, as a general explanation of the manifestations, may, we think, be fairly discarded. Imposture there may have been in cases where money was to be gained; but seeing that many of the most striking manifestations testified to took place in private houses, where no paid medium was present—this being especially true of the intellectual communications purporting to come from departed relatives—it is difficult to believe that those who formed the circle could have been fools enough to practise a deliberate cheat upon themselves for no object whatever, to say nothing of the blasphemy against the holiest affections which was involved in simulating a message from a deceased parent, wife, or child. It is not easy to understand what invisible mechanism would take a man out of his chair, float him round the ceiling, and then replace him in his seat; and that must be a very knowing apparatus for the production of raps which would spell out to an unknown foreigner the name of his step-son, who had been some years in the grave. But in purely private circles—the vast majority of those which are held—fraud is clearly out of the question. If self-delusion be the chosen explanation, then we ought to have it explained how it happens that the same delusion operates upon a dozen or more persons at the same time; or, to take a stronger case, how Mr. Coleman and his companions all fancied that they saw the medium in her arm-chair placed upon the table, and he imagined he lifted her off, while they only thought they saw him do it. If the operation of an unknown natural law be the solution adopted, it must be one law capable of producing all the phenomena recorded, for they appear to present themselves in very indiscriminate order at various *séances*. It is a current, but very grave error, to suppose that the most startling of these physical manifestations are opposed to known natural laws. It is generally said, for example, that the lifting of a table from the ground—one of the commonest of the alleged phenomena—is opposed to the laws of gravitation. Clearly it is not, if an unseen force be applied to it, powerful enough to counteract its attraction. An unseen force is no novelty in nature. Life is unseen—electricity is unseen—heat is unseen, until, by igniting matter it gives birth to flame. But this force must be one, capable of accounting for all the effects. It will not do to say that this phenomenon results from hysteria, that from magnetism, the other from thought-reading, a fourth from the od force, whatever that may be. If the spiritual theory be resorted to, a vital point arises. Is it a good or an evil agency? The advocates of the Satanic theory have this great stumbling-block to get over, that the advice given in the messages communicated is said to be universally good, the

sentiments moral, and the doctrine piously Christian; and it can scarcely be supposed that the Author of Evil would labour for his own discomfiture. There may be a mixture of good and evil agencies; then we ought to discover how we are to discriminate between the two. For ourselves, we express no opinion on the subject; all we wish is to see the matter fairly investigated, with a total absence of that spirit of ridicule which is always offensive and proves nothing, and which is in the present case especially out of place. With the consideration of "*Cui bono*" we have nothing whatever to do. The first question to be solved is, "Is it true, or is it not?" The second, "Whence is it?" If the first be answered in the affirmative, then, even should the second remain without reply, we may tranquilly leave the rest to the good providence of God.—*Morning Star and Dial*, August 5th.

[We are happy to find that our pleasant labours have called forth so clear and candid a statement of the question as the foregoing; the most fair and satisfactory that has yet appeared in the newspaper press of this country. We trust that many others of our contemporaries will soon show an equal openness to learn, and an equal impartiality of statement. It will be their own disgrace if they do not profit by so good an example. The *Morning Star and Dial* has also, with commendable liberality, opened its columns (a second time) to the discussion of the subject, and several letters *pro* and *con* have appeared. We trust that every fresh discussion may be conducted with increasing wisdom, and that all who write on Spiritualism will first take the trouble to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with it. We desire that the physical phenomena should receive the fullest investigation, but, at the same time, that the discussion should by no means be limited to these, for they are not even essential to Spiritualism, but are merely the outcrop on the surface indicating the action of an inner life and of more central forces. We would respectfully suggest to all who may take part in this or any future controversy of the kind, that it would probably be more instructive to consider the question in that larger spirit we have endeavoured to indicate in the words adopted as the motto of our Magazine.—*Ed.*]

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#### THE DEAD.

Oh, hearts that never cease to yearn!  
 Oh, brimming tears that ne'er are dried!  
 The dead, though they depart, return,  
 As if they had not died!

The living are the only dead;  
 The dead live—never more to die;  
 And often when we mourn them fled,  
 They never were so nigh!

## A LAY SERMON ON THE SUPERNATURAL CHARACTER OF CHRISTIANITY.

“ I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation.”

THE mere profession of Christianity, now, is attended with no discredit; it is respectable; often it is politic and worldly wise. Yet we know that as long as the world is unreclaimed, so long as it is out of harmony with its Maker and Redeemer, there must be a certain amount of reproach connected with a pure, consistent, unflinching attachment to so utterly unworldly a thing as Christianity. Therefore, if the outward profession of Christian faith is so popular as to involve no self-denial, it becomes us to ask, what is the form in which the reproach of the cross presents itself to us? It comes to each age in different forms; it wears a different aspect for different classes of society; it appeals in special ways to all grades of culture and refinement. How does it reach us? Let us pause awhile before we answer this question, and take a glance at one feature of the age in which we live.

If there is one characteristic of modern thought which we are more inclined to boast of than another, it is its scientific character. We live in a scientific age. Eager eyes all around us are looking with fixed, resolute, penetrating glance into all departments of nature, and reading the laws that, as open secrets, are written there. Science extends its boundaries every day. It is constantly putting its interpretations upon facts which were supposed to be outside its sphere—beyond its range. There is a deep, and earnest, and commendable faith in a God of order and harmony at the heart of all this scientific earnestness. It is this faith, as a spiritual axiom, which lies at the bottom of all enthusiasm for science. Scientific men, perhaps, call the axiom by a different name—they may even profess to exclude faith in God from the recognized axioms of science altogether; but because they do injustice to themselves, that is no reason why we should do injustice to them. No; we will reverently acknowledge this faith as the real basis on which all true devotion to science rests, whether it is so regarded by scientific men or not. The tendency, then, of modern thought is to bring all events into the embrace of natural science—to reduce all life, all experience, all facts under the dominion of fixed and unchangeable laws.

We do not complain of this, so long as science keeps to its own domain. Christianity approves of all the lawful work of science; but its very existence rests upon the fact that nature,

and merely natural order and laws, do not contain all that enters into experience. There is a supernatural element in life, in which the fixed successions and unalterable sequences of natural causation do not exist. Science has yet to recognize this. When she does, she will discover a new sphere for her activity; for there is a science of the supernatural, as well as a science of the natural, and this region of scientific thought is yet almost unknown, and quite unexplored, although it is the region to which all the most precious and sacred experiences of human life must be referred. Christianity, once and for ever, gives to this supernatural element in life its due place of rule and authority. It started with miracles—not in order to astonish us, not to prove its Divine authority, not to establish any doctrine which otherwise could never reach the heart of man—but in order to raise man above the plane of nature, and put a supernatural element into existence. Christ never pretended that these wonders were peculiar to one age of the world; he did not even assert, what we might perhaps have expected, that his own miracles were of so stupendous and exalted a character as to be exceptional—never to be matched or surpassed. Doubtless there is a quality in Christ's miracles which makes them unique and unapproachable; but Christ himself carefully explains that that special and peculiar quality does not consist in their mightiness, their startling external wonderfulness. On the contrary, he says, "greater than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father;" thereby intimating that his power was under restraint, and that the full scope of the mighty realm of the supernatural to which he had introduced his disciples could not be fully realized till he had ascended to the skies. There seems, then, to be no reason, either in the nature of things, or in the words of the New Testament, why we should expect "mighty works" to be restricted to one age of the world, but very much the reverse. But whether this be the case or no, certain it is that Christianity proclaims spiritual gifts as the inheritance of man, and leads us to expect a constant, abiding spirit of power to dwell with us and within us. Life is to be no longer merely natural and ordinary, shut out from all the powers that exist beyond the region of our sensible perception. We have a right to look for such an interior force in our being as shall sway our natural forces, and give a perpetual Divine quality to our consciousness.

Now, here is our vulnerable point. We are all apt to be so brow-beaten by the overbearing autocracy of natural science as to shrink from the most distant avowal of sympathy with this feature of Christianity. Scientific men have looked at nature, and nature only, with such a fixed, undeviating stare, that they have become biologized by it, and can only see what nature



shows them, only hear what nature tells them, only believe what nature allows them to believe. They have no vision for the supernatural, and they prescribe their own limitations for others. They condemn any attempt to report of wonders outside mere nature, and those who dare to believe in supernatural experiences are supposed to have lost their hold on reality, and to have surrendered themselves to every mad delusion that can visit a disordered mind. Reality means with them those things which happen according to fixed laws; consequently, the supernatural becomes equivalent to the unreal.

Thus it arises that we have been awed and abashed by natural science, and by the incurable scepticism of scientific men when they deal with matters outside their own domain—a scepticism which has even invaded our churches and flavoured our theology. We are afraid, for instance, to acknowledge a special, minute, particular, providential oversight, guiding us in all the details of life; planning our existence for us; leading us by ways we know not; providing for contingencies we had not anticipated; averting dangers we had not perceived, or could not have escaped; opening up new sources of help, new sources even of bodily sustenance, when our necessities increase or our powers fail; steering us through embarrassments, which appear as if they must crush and overwhelm us; putting suggestions into our minds, and words into our lips exactly when they are wanted; fortifying our faith when it is threatened; giving us an inward certainty, which is proof against all assaults; confirming and justifying our trust in God, by assuring us of his constant presence and nearness; interpreting the words and facts of Scripture; revealing Christ; clothing his words and works and doctrines with new attractions; investing our common duties with unexpected and profound meanings; raising the secular into the plane of the spiritual and sacred; putting freshness and fervour and breadth and richness into our prayers; making us feel that the thinnest possible veil separates us from vastly more wondrous experiences than we have ever yet realised; making the terrors of death appear absolutely and completely unreal,—not more formidable than the passage over a river into the next country; in short, giving us a new and wonderful life, and communicating a supernatural interest to all we think and do and are. We are afraid to appropriate as our own this rich mine of Christian wealth. And although every one of us, looking back in serious contemplation on the past, must be startled into amazement, and awed into worship by seeing how strangely the finger of God has been at work in even the most trivial details of life, still we remain blind to the fact as an abiding possession, we are afraid to take its sweet comfort home to us every hour. We are

cowed into timidity and reserve because we see awaiting us the charge of fanaticism or madness; and so we prefer to shut ourselves up within our four square walls, immured in nature, imprisoned by our own external sensations, "cribbed, cabined and confined," in spiritual darkness and poverty, in languor and weariness; chafing and fretting against our limitations, pining in solitude, when we might receive into co-operation and companionship God and his Christ and all the hosts of heaven, and fill our expanded being with inexhaustible freshness and strength. And what is this but to be ashamed of Him, who, when he ascended into the heavens, "led captivity captive;" released us from our captivity to the impressions of sight and sense, our captivity to mere nature, our captivity to the common places of ordinary experience? What is this but to be false to Him who "gave gifts for men"—gifts for body, soul and spirit; gifts for the individual; gifts for society; gifts for nature; gifts supernatural; and who gave these "that the Lord God might dwell among men," no longer as a distant, unknown dignitary, but in human form; in closest, sweetest, holiest intimacy; nearer than wife or child, dearer than parent and friend; loved with a personal rapture, which is now the rarest of all experiences, because the supernatural nearness of the heavenly friend is so little believed.

Meanwhile, as the supernatural has dropped out of our Christianity, Christianity itself ceases to be real to us, and we are ashamed of it. We falter in our defence of it. We are not half so proud of it as of our English birth and blood. It is not half so substantial or necessary to us as a carpet for our drawing rooms, or a summer excursion to the sea-side. We cannot distinctly trace its influence in our education, and in the development of our character. It seems to have had less to do in forming us than Latin or Greek, or any study we have pursued. It looks like a faded tradition of the past, not a fresh living fact of to-day. For it has never opened heaven to us; never clad us in the sacred mystical consciousness of acting under Divine inspiration. It leaves us as it finds us, of the earth, earthy; common place beings; sunk in nature; duped by the pompous shows and empty vanities of a heartless pleasure-seeking world; poor, mean, miserable, deaf, blind and naked.

Perhaps some one will say these representations are exaggerated; that we have portrayed the new life which Christianity offers in mistaken colours. Very well! Make what deductions you please; correct or modify the outline as you desire. We have no deductions to make. Would to God we could place these considerations before your mind, and our own in infinitely clearer light and more vivid colours. But after all, your deductions admit at least that we have some reason for being ashamed

of as much of the Gospel of Christ as we can at present see embodied in human life and character. If this is all that Christ has to offer, the doubt may sometimes arise whether we could not dispense with the Gospel altogether—or at any rate, whether it might not have come in less costly form, and with more moderate pretensions. If there is an element of scepticism in this thought, let our indignant recoil provoke a righteous anger against ourselves, that our profession of Christianity has been so poor and ineffective as to afford to the sceptical suggestion even a show of plausibility. And at any rate, let us not suppose that any conception we can form of what the Gospel is to do for us, and our race can be too exalted. We may be mistaken; we may expect false things; we may hope for that which God has not promised. But if so, depend upon it we err not on the side of excess, but of defect. We do not expect too much, but too little. For our expectations are based on that which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. And he that believeth—believeth eagerly, passionately, as longing to see the salvation of Christ—believeth intensely, fully, hungrily, in a power deeper than the depths of hell, broader than the waste places of humanity, lasting as eternity, immutable and steadfast as the throne of God—he that believeth in the Gospel of Christ cannot, if he would, be ashamed of it. He must, with all the force and fervour of his renovated nature, with all the music of his spirit, join in the swelling chorus of the heavenly hosts, and sing before God and man and angels. “Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill to man.”

R. M. T.

#### A REMARKABLE TEST OF SPIRIT PAINTING.

From the *Banner of Light*, June 8th.

“In the *Banner of Light*, of February 2nd, I read a communication in regard to spirit painting, by J. B. Fayette, Esq., of Oswego, N. Y. Being very anxious to get the portrait of my spirit mother, and having had a communication from her to the effect that she would sit for Mr. F. on the 25th of February, I simply wrote to Mr. F., stating that I wished to have the portrait of my spirit mother, and that she would sit for him on the day above named. Some three weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. Fayette, stating that he received, on the day appointed, the portrait of a lady, giving a description of it. I immediately sent for, and have it now in my possession. My surprise can be imagined, when, on opening the box, I recognized in it a true portrait of my spirit mother—true and perfect in every particular.

“Now the most remarkable feature is this: My mother was born in Germany, and died there about eleven years ago. Her portrait was never taken in her lifetime, and her attire was entirely different from any fashion in this country. Mr. Fayette knew nothing of all this. To my astonishment and delight, the painting exhibits not only the true and perfect likeness of my mother, but even the particular fashion of her dress, and the very one that she used to wear before her last sickness.

“Any one who wishes, can see it at any time by calling at my residence.

“CHRISTIAN FISCHBACH.

“St. Louis, Mo., April, 1861.”

## THE OLD COUPLE HOMEWARD BOUND.

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It stands in a sunny meadow,  
The house so mossy and brown,  
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,  
And the grey roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,  
The trees a century old ;  
And the winds go chanting through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,  
And the roses bloom on the hill ;  
And beside the brook in the pastures  
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them—  
They sit in the sun alone !  
And the old wife's ears are failing  
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,  
That has soothed her in many a care,  
And praises her now for the brightness  
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—  
How, dressed in her robe of white,  
She stood by her gay young lover  
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,  
But the rose from her cheek is fled ;  
And the sunshine still is golden,  
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,  
Come back in her winter time,  
Till her feeble pulses tremble  
With the thrill of spring-tide's prime.

And looking forth from the window,  
She thinks how the trees have grown,  
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,  
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,  
 And dimmed her hair's young gold ;  
 The love in her girlhood plighted  
 Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,  
 Till the day was almost done ;  
 And then, at its close an angel  
 Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—  
 He touched their eyelids with balm ;  
 And their last breath floated upward,  
 Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed  
 The unseen, mystical road,  
 That leads to the beautiful city,  
 " Whose builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country  
 They will give her lost youth back ;  
 And the flowers of a vanished spring-time,  
 Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters  
 Shall call back his manhood's prime ;  
 And eternal years shall measure  
 The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,  
 The wrinkles and silver hair,  
 Made holy to us by the kisses  
 The angel had printed there,

We will hide away 'neath the willows,  
 When the day is low in the west ;  
 Where the sunbeams cannot find them,  
 Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,  
 With its age and date, to rise  
 O'er the two who are old no longer,  
 In the Father's House in the skies.

SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION OF NATURE IN  
CLAIRVOYANCE.

By A. J. DAVIS.

WHEN I seated myself in a chair, facing the operator, I observed a few individuals in the room; but had not at the time the least idea of having anything resembling a successful experiment performed upon me. I knew then but very little of human *magnetism*, having simply heard the term used a few times, but had not learned of the wonderful phenomena of clairvoyance, or second sight, and hence did not entertain the remotest conception of such a psychological condition. Nevertheless, the magnetic state was completely induced in thirty minutes; and my mind, for the time being, was incapable of controlling the slightest muscle of the body, or of realizing any definite sensation, except a kind of waving fluctuation between what seemed to me to be either decided *action* or *inertia*. This was a very strange feeling, but not at all unpleasant. In a few minutes, all this mental commotion subsided; and I then passed into the most delightful state of interior tranquillity possible to describe. Not a discordant sensation rolled across my spirit. I was completely "born again," being in the spirit. My thoughts were of the most peaceful character. My whole nature was expanded. I thought of the joys of friendship—of the unutterable pleasures of universal love—of the sweetness and happiness of united souls; and yet, I experienced no unusual emotion—no increased pulsations of life, which one might suppose would be a natural consequence of these pleasurable themes of thought upon the mind.

Now, notwithstanding my mind was meditating in this manner, I perceived as yet not the least ray of light in any direction; and therefore, concluded that I was but lost physically in "a deep sleep," and that my mind was simply engaged in a peaceful reverie. But this conclusion had no sooner settled among my thoughts as a strong probability, than I instantly perceived an intense blackness before me, apparently extending hundreds of miles into space, and enveloping the earth. Gradually, however, this midnight mass of darkness disappeared; and, as gradually, my perception of things was enlarged. Our room, together with the individuals in it, were all illuminated. Each human body was glowing with many colours, more or less brilliant. The figure of each individual was enveloped in a *light* atmosphere, which emanated from it. The same emanation extended up the arms, and over the entire body. The *nails* had

one sphere of light surrounding them; the *hair* another; the *ears* another; and the *eyes* still another. The *head* was very luminous; the emanations spreading out into the air from four inches to as many feet.

The utter strangeness or novelty of this view overwhelmed my mind with astonishment and admiration. I could not comprehend it. I could not feel perfectly certain that I was living on earth. It seemed that earth, with all its inhabitants, had been suddenly translated into something like an Elysium. I knew then of no language which could describe my perceptions; hence, I did not attempt the slightest exclamation or utterance, but continued to observe with a feeling of unutterable joy and reverence.

In a few moments more, I not only beheld the *exteriors* of the individuals in that room clothed with light, as they were, but I also as easily saw *their interiors*, and hence the hidden sources of those luminous emanations. In my natural or ordinary state, I had never seen the organs of the human viscera; but now I could see all the gastric functions,—and the liver, the spleen, heart, lungs, brain, with the greatest possible ease. The whole body was transparent as a sheet of glass! It was invested with a strange, spiritual beauty. It looked illuminated as a city. Every separate organ had several *centres* of light, enveloped by a general sphere peculiar to itself. I did not see the physical organ only, but its *form, aspect* and *colour*, by observing the peculiar emanations surrounding it. I saw *the heart* as one general combination of living colours, interspersed with *special* points of illumination. The auricles and ventricles, together with their orifices, gave out distinct *flames* of light; and the pericardium was as a *garment of magnetic life*, surrounding and protecting the heart in the performance of its functions. The pulmonary department was illuminated with beautiful flames, but of different magnitude and colour. The various air chambers seemed like so many chemical laboratories. The fire in them wrought instantaneous chemical *changes* in the blood, which flowed through the contiguous membranes; and the great sympathetic nerve, whose roots extend throughout the lower viscera, and whose topmost branches are lost in the superior *strata* of the sensorium, appeared like a column of life, interwoven and super-blended with a silvery fire!

The brain was likewise very luminous with prismatic colours. Every organ of the cerebellum and cerebrum emitted a light peculiar to itself. I could easily discern the *form* and *size* of the organ by the *shape* and *intensity* of its emanations. This view, I well remember, excited in me much admiration; but I was so deeply in the magnetic condition, and was likewise so im-

poorished in language, that I did not openly manifest any delight, nor describe anything which I then beheld. In some portions of the smaller brain, I saw *gray* emanations, and, in other portions, lower shades of this colour in many and various degrees of distinctness; down to a dark and almost black flame. In the higher portions of the larger or superior brain, I saw flames which looked like the breath of diamonds. At first I did not understand the *cause* of these beautiful breathings; but soon I discovered them to be the *thoughts* of the individuals concerning the strange phenomena manifested in my own condition. Still I continued my observations. The superior organs of the cerebrum pulsated with a soft, radiant fire; but it did not look like any fire or flame that I had seen on earth. In truth, the brain seemed like a *crown* of spiritual brightness, decorated with shining cressets and flaming jewels. Each brain seemed different—different in the degrees, modifications, and combinations of the flames and colours; but very beautiful! From the brain I saw the diversified currents of life or fire as they flowed through the system. The bones appeared very dark or brown; the muscles emitted in general a red light; the nerves gave out a soft, golden flame; the venous blood, a dark, purple light; the arterial blood, a bright, livid sheet of fire, which constantly reminded me of the electric phenomena of the clouds. I saw every ligament, tendon, cartilaginous and membranous structure, illuminated with different sheets and magnetic centres of living light, which indicated the presence of the spiritual principle.

Thus I not only saw the real physical structures themselves, but also their *indwelling* essences and elements. And I knew the individuals had garments upon them, because I could see an element of vitality, more or less distinct, in every fibre of clothing upon their persons. And yet, as you would look, by an act of volition, from the blisters in a pane of glass, through it, at the objects and scenes beyond; so I could discern, and that without a conscious effort, the whole mystery and beauty of the human economy, and enjoy the illumination which *the ten thousand flames of the golden candles of life* imparted to every avenue, pillar, chamber, window, and dome of the living temple.

But the sphere of my vision now began to widen. I could see the *life of nature*, living in the atoms of the chairs, tables, &c.; and could see them all with far more satisfaction, as regards their *use, structure, locality*, than I ever remembered to have known in my ordinary state. Then I could perceive the walls of the house. At first they seemed very dark; but soon became brighter and transparent; and presently I could see the walls of the *adjoining* dwelling. These also immediately became light,



and vanished, melting like clouds before my advancing vision. I could now see the objects, furniture and persons in the adjoining house as easily as those in the room where I was situated.

At this moment I heard the voice of the operator. He enquired, "If I could hear him speak plainly." I replied in the affirmative. He then asked concerning my feelings, and "whether I could discern anything." On replying affirmatively, he desired me to convince some persons that were present, by "*reading* the title of a book, *with the lids closed*, behind four or five other books." After tightly securing my bodily eyes with handkerchiefs, he placed the books on a horizontal line with my forehead, and *I saw and read the title* without the slightest hesitation. This test and many experiments of the kind were tried, and repeated; and the demonstration of vision, independent of the physical organs of sense, was clear and unquestionable.

At length, feeling somewhat exhausted, I resigned myself to a *deeper sleep* that seemed to be stealing over my outer form; and, presently, my *former* perceptions returned with greater power. The village was now instantly subjected to my vision. It was as easy for me to see the people moving about their respective houses as in the open thoroughfares, and it was also as easy to see their most *interior* selves as the lights and shades of their physical bodies.

But my perceptions waved on, and the village with its inhabitants melted away.

By a process of *inter-penetration*, I was placed *en rapport* with nature! The *spirit of nature* and *my spirit* had instantly formed—what seemed to me to be—a kind of psychological or sympathetic acquaintance; the foundation of a high and eternal communion. Her spacious cabinet was thrown open to me, and it seemed that I was the sole visitor at nature's fair!

The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible. Every fibre of the wild flower, or atom of the mountain violet, was radiant with its own peculiar life. The capillary ramifications of the streamlet-mosses,—the fine nerves of the cicuta plant, of the lady's slipper, and flowering vines,—were all laid open to my vision. I saw the living elements and essences flow and play through these simple forms of matter; and, in the same manner, I saw the many and various trees of the forest, fields and hills, all filled with life and vitality of different hues and degrees of refinement. It seemed that I could see *the locality, properties, qualities, uses and essences of every form*, and species of wild vegetation, that had an existence anywhere in the earth's constitution. The living, vivid beauty of this vision I cannot even now describe; although I have since frequently contemplated scenes far more beautiful and ineffable.

But my perceptions still flowed on! The broad surface of the earth, for many hundred miles before the sweep of my vision,—(describing nearly a semi-circle),—became transparent as water. The deep alluvial and diluvial depositions of earth were very easily distinguished from the deeper stratifications of stone and earth, by the comparative and superior brilliancy of the ingredients of the former. Earth gave off one particular colour; stones another; and minerals another. When I first discerned a bed of minerals,—it was a vein of iron ore,—I remember how I started with a sensation of fright. It seemed that the earth was on fire!—for the *instantaneous elimination* of electricity from the entire mass, gave the appearance of a deep-seated furnace in the earth. And my agitation was not lessened by perceiving that these *rivers of mineral fire* ran under the ocean for hundreds of miles, and yet were not diminished in a single flame!

I soon saw innumerable beds of *zinc, copper, silver, limestone, and gold*; and each, like the different organs in the human body, gave off diverse kinds of luminous atmospheres of emanations,—more or less bright and beautiful. Everything had a glory of its own! Crystalline bodies emitted soft, brilliant emanations. The salts in the sea sparkled; sea plants extended their broad arms, filled with *hydrogenous* life; the deep valleys and ravines, through which old ocean flows, were peopled with countless saurian animals,—all permeated and clothed with the spirit of nature: and the sides of *ocean mountains*—far beneath the high pathway of commerce—seemed literally studded with *emeralds, diamonds, gold, silver, pearls, and sparkling gems*.

I now looked abroad upon the fields of dry land; and *saw* the various species of animals which tread the earth. The external anatomy and the internal physiology of the animal kingdom were alike open to my inspection. The idea of *comparative or relative anatomy*, entered my mind in an instant. The philosophy of the vertebrated and invertebrated, the crustaceous and molluscan divisions of the animal world, flowed very pleasantly into my understanding; and I saw the brains, viscera, and the complete *anatomy* of animals that were, at that moment, sleeping, or prowling about, in the forests of the eastern hemisphere, *hundreds and thousands of miles from the room in which I was making these observations!*

It was very beautiful to see everything clothed with an atmosphere! Every grain of salt or sand; every plant, flower, and herb; every tendril of the loftiest trees—their largest and minutest leaves; the mineral and animal forms, existing in the broad fields before me, were each and all clothed with a dark, or brown, or gray, or red, blue, green, yellow, or white

atmosphere,—divided and subdivided into an almost infinite variety of degrees of intensity, brilliancy and refinement. And in each mineral, vegetable and animal, I saw *something* of man! In truth, the whole system of creation seemed to me like the *fragments* of human beings. In the *beaver* I saw *one* faculty of the human mind; in the *fox* another; in the *wolf* another; in the *horse* another; in the *lion* another; and so, throughout the entire mass of the spirally progressive and concentric circles of mineral, vegetable and animal life, I could discern certain relationships to, and indications of man. Had I then possessed the language, I could have truthfully exclaimed, in the words of the *poet-psalmist* :—

Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they  
Find their acquaintance there.

\* \* \* \* \*

All things unto our flesh are kind.\*

In my visions, I well remember how I gazed at the little plants in the fields, and saw around each one an atmosphere of life peculiar to itself. This emanation, surrounding some species of vegetation, was apparently from four inches to eight feet in diameter. Some animals gave off a sphere three or four feet thick, and beyond this a very fine thin air—as many feet more, losing itself in the surrounding space. From all this the great *law of sympathy* was very distinctly visible. I saw that everything in nature was arranged and situated in accordance with this great general law; and that by it, all true sympathetic relationships are established and reciprocally maintained. The relative positions of mineral bodies in the bosom of the earth; the situation of trees, vegetation, animals and human beings; yea, the relative positions of the sun and stars even, were manifestly conducted by this universal sympathy. I saw the different crystalline bodies, in the earth, act upon each other, and, intermediately, upon the solid substances to which they were attached by a generous commingling of their magnetic emanations. I saw the flowers exhale their odours, with which they clothed themselves,

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\* [This is very similar to some of the spiritual visions of George Fox, as related by him in his Journal. For instance, he tells us that :—“ Now was I come up in-spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God. All things were new, and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. . . . The creation was opened to me; and it was showed me how all things had their names given them according to their nature and virtue. I was at a stand in my mind, whether I should practise physic for the good of mankind, seeing the nature and virtues of the creatures were so opened to me by the Lord.” And again :—“ The Lord showed me that the natures of those things, which were hurtful without, were within, in the hearts and minds of wicked men. The nature of dogs, swine, vipers. . . . I saw within, though people had been looking without.” Another seer, Swedenborg, has elaborated this view in his doctrine or science of “Correspondences.”—Ed.]

and then formed attachments with neighbouring flowers, by breathing upon them, according to a spontaneous blending of spheres, the sweet breath of their life. There was not a dew-drop, chambered in the petals of the rose, that did not glitter with a living essence,—prophetic of coming animation. I saw currents of electricity flowing from a mineral bed in one portion of the earth, to its kindred, but *positive*, neighbour in another department of that hemisphere. And I saw the little flames arising from the essences of plants and trees, leap upward into the flowing currents, which were instantly absorbed, and wafted away to more proper and foreign destinations.

Language cannot describe this scene. All nature was radiant with countless lights, with atmospheres, colours, breathings and emanations—all, throbbing and pulsating with an interior life-essence that seemed just ready to *graduate*, and leap into the human spiritual constitution! Everything tended to man; apparently, emulated to be man! I could no longer endure the exquisite happiness; I felt incapable of maintaining a quiet feeling; my emotions had become so deep and unutterable! Yet I yearned for association. I then realized that I was viewing all this magnificence, alone! This thought made me feel isolated and incapable of retaining a recollection of all that I had witnessed. I began to think of the village—of the room, in which I had taken a seat for an experiment—of the individuals, whom I had seen in the room, and of the operator. And immediately, my vision began to diminish. The distant continents, oceans, fields, hills, forests—all gradually disappeared. The lights were left behind! Now I could see, as before, the interior condition of those in the room, and the operator; who now spoke to me, and asked, if I had “anything to say.” I made an effort to describe what I have, for the first time, related,—on this occasion. I remembered how I struggled for words, and as I was about to relinquish all attempts to pronounce a word, I exclaimed, in a low, tremulous voice:—“How beautiful!” *I heard my own accents*, and never did I realize a stronger sense of the total *inexpressiveness* and impotence of human language. At that time I said and beheld no more. In a few moments, I felt the hand of the operator passing over my head; and by it was soon awakened to my ordinary state, with not a single idea—of what I had seen—alive in my external memory. Therefore, all that I have just related to you is a revival of the first impressions which were made upon my mind.

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[In the *Great Harmonia*, from which the above account is taken, Mr. Davis tells us that, “This occurred on the evening of the 1st of January, in the year 1844. At that time, and for a

period of four years subsequently, I could not recal to my mind, when *out* of this (the clairvoyant) condition, anything which I had seen or said while *in* it. But now (1852) the vast scenes break upon my memory in all the *vividness* and *beauty*, with which they were originally invested and impressed upon *me*." He adds that "the foregoing account does *not* detail a three-hundredth part of the particulars of my *first* introduction to a spiritual perception of nature. At best I can but give you a rude outline, for words do not answer the purpose; they seem to me like *dark stone prisons*, in which we too often coercively incarcerate our highest thoughts." And he expresses his conviction that, "In the foregoing vision, I saw everything just as *you* all will perceive forms and objects, with the penetrating eyes or senses of the spirit, after you have passed away from the body at the event of physical death." The auras and luminous emanations described by Mr. Davis seem to be in character identical with those detailed by Reichenbach in his *Physico-Physiological Researches*. We hope to give an account of Mr. Davis's remarkable spiritual development and experiences in our next number.—ED.]

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## INSPIRATION.

By A. E. NEWTON, Boston, U.S.A.

THE word INSPIRATION is from the Latin words *in* and *spiro*, the latter meaning *I breathe*. Its general significance is simply *in-breathing*, or *breathing within*. It is applied alike to the physical process of inhaling atmospheric air for the support of bodily life, and to the mental process of receiving thoughts—or a subtle quickening influence from which thoughts are generated—for the sustentation of mental and spiritual life.

The two processes seem to be entirely analogous or correspondent—the one external, the other internal—and hence the one is illustrated by the other. If so, it follows that as our bodies live in a *physical* atmosphere, the constant in-breathing of which is indispensable to their life and growth, so do our minds and spirits exist in a *mental* and *spiritual* atmosphere, the continued inhalation of which is equally essential to our inner life and expansion. We inspire constantly from the vast realm of thought in which we live and move, the subtle elements from which our feelings and ideas are generated.

It also follows, that as the health and vigour of our bodies depend upon the purity of the air we breathe, so do the soundness and energy of our spirits depend upon the purity of the spiritual atmosphere we inspire. And as the external air we

inhale varies in quality in different *locations*, being purer and more vitalizing in elevated regions, so do mental and spiritual atmospheres differ with the *internal states* in which we are—the loftier realms of aspiration and thought affording us purer and more life-giving inspirations. And again, as the *quantity* of atmospheric air and accompanying vitality inhaled is increased by bodily exercise and exertion, so does the largeness of one's internal inspiration depend in part upon the degree of mental and spiritual *effort* that is put forth. Hence it is that indolent, unambitious souls, who are content to grovel on the low plains of accustomed thought and personal ease, enjoy so little of spiritual life and freshness of idea, and are prone to doubt the reality of present inspiration. These, as well as they who are willing to breathe the stifling airs and foul miasms of ignorance, selfishness and sensuality, can know little of the higher joys to be found in self-denying activity and earnest aspiration towards the mountain heights of mental and spiritual attainment.

So much of Inspiration as a general or universal fact. It has also some particular or special phases which demand attention. The Divine inspiration of the Bible, as well as all modern analogous phenomena, may be considered of a special rather than a general character.

When a series of connected ideas, methodically arranged, and clothed in fitting language, is *injected* into the mind by *impression*, or presented to it in symbolic vision, by a process which is consciously distinct from its own usual operations, then there is evidence of something beyond the mere inhalation of a general atmosphere of thought. The action of *another mind*, a distinct personal entity, is clearly evinced—an *inspiring* mind, which first conceives and arranges the thoughts to be presented and then communicates them to or through the *inspired* mind. In such case, the latter merely receives and transmits to others, and is properly termed a *medium*. Especially is there evidence of the action of *another* mind, when, during the communication, the inspired person is *controlled*, or his senses locked up, by a power and intelligence beyond himself.

Now it is manifest that if one finite mind has the power to control the action of another, or to project its feelings, thoughts and language into another; and if we are surrounded continually by invisible beings of diverse characters, as well as by our fellows in the body, then there may be much of *inspiration* which does not come direct from the infinite mind, or from the Holy Spirit, as the religious world has to a great extent supposed.

The familiar facts of what has been called Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, Psychology, and Sympathy, have proved that it is possible for one mind, even in the body, to control another, and

to fill it with thoughts and suggestions at will, under certain conditions.

This being true of minds in the body, the same surely, *may* be true of those disembodied; and the demonstrations of modern Spiritualism prove that it *is* true. The Bible itself shows that it was equally so in ancient times as now. There were *false* prophets as well as true; there has always been "Pagan" inspiration as well as Jewish and Christian—the subjects of both being equally moved and controlled by invisible intelligences. As the Rev. Charles Beecher has declared "Scripture never denies to false prophets a supernatural inspiration, nor bases the distinction of *true* and *false* on physiological grounds."

The simple truth, then, in relation to the whole subject appears to be this:—All human minds are susceptible, some to a greater or more conscious extent than others, of influences from other minds that may be in *rapport* or sympathy with them. These influences may come from the direct and purposed action of individual minds, in or out of the body; or from bands or societies of spirits, acting associatively; or from a general sphere of mental activity, perhaps without the conscious participation of any individual mind.

Some persons, possessing a peculiar degree of nervous susceptibility, may be powerfully excited by this inspirational influence, or may be entirely controlled, to the complete overpowering of their natural faculties, by the inspiring mind or minds. When spirits of a low order, possessing little intelligence and little skill to control the physical organism, attempt to exercise this power, for either a bad or a good purpose, it is not strange that they should produce contortions and frantic movements; nor that their inspirations should fail to embody the highest wisdom. Yet contortions and spasmodic action *may* attend the influence of even exalted spirits upon some organisms—resulting from either excess of power, resistance, nervous derangement, or grossness of condition, in the subject.

The latter would seem to have been the case with Saul of old, if we accept the statement that it was the "Spirit of God" which came upon him, causing him to prophesy frantically, and then to strip off his clothing and lie in unconscious nakedness for twenty-four hours. Of a similar character, perhaps, have been the famous "Kentucky jerks," the sudden prostrations of the late "Irish Revival," and other instances where what has proved to be a really salutary and elevating spiritual influence has at first manifested itself in powerful and seemingly ridiculous forms. It would seem more probable, however, that if the Divine Spirit can be said in any sense to participate in such violent and grotesque operations, it is *through the intermediate agency of*

*subordinate spirits* of a grade near the condition of the subjects acted upon. Hence, the frenzy, the forcible control, and seeming folly, are to be attributed to these intermediates; while the substantial good alone is from Him who is "over all, and through all, and in all."

But as the subjects of inspirational influence become more spiritualised—their bodies more refined, their minds more pure and elevated, their spirits more fully in harmony with the Divine Spirit, by the renunciation of self-will, and submission to the Father's will—so do they come in *rapport* with correspondingly higher grades of individualised minds—so purer, more refined and wiser beings can minister immediately to them—so do their whole organisms become permeable to the Divine influence—so do all violent control and spasmodic action cease, and the breath of holy inspiration flows unobstructedly into and through the chambers of the soul, not to overwhelm and obliterate the normal powers, but to quicken, illuminate and exalt them to their highest, noblest action.

This we deem the true philosophy of inspiration. It gives us a *reason* for the phenomenal differences between Pagan, Jewish, and Christian inspiration so far as such differences existed; also for the differences between the lower and higher phases of Christian inspiration as well as of that of our own day.

It shows also why there have been inconsistencies and contradictions in inspiration—why there were Pagan as well as Jewish and Christian inspired men—why there were false prophets as well as true—why the early Christians were cautioned not to "believe every spirit, but to try the spirits whether they be of God"—why they were inspired men in Paul's time "who called Jesus accursed"—why there is Mohammedan inspiration, and Mormon inspiration—why there are Roman Catholic and Protestant, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Rationalistic, Naturalistic, and even Atheistic inspiration, in our own day. It is simply for the reason that in the great world of spirits there are minds and societies in every conceivable grade of advancement, and hence entertaining every shade of opinion and fantasy that ever found a lodgment in minds similarly advanced on earth, and how many more we pretend not to say. Prophets, seers, pythonesses, dervishes, mediums, &c., are but persons peculiarly susceptible to influences from the world of spirits; and as they have come into *rapport* or sympathetic relations with one or another individual, society, or sphere of spirit life, so have they been inspired with the ideas and doctrines of such individual, society, or sphere—in other words, they have *breathed in* the spiritual atmosphere of that grade of life to which they have risen. And so do we all.



The same law applies to poetic, musical and artistic inspiration in general. All genius is but capacity for inspiration; all men of genius confess that they succeed only as a greater than they works through them. So interlinked is our mental and spiritual life with the life of a universe of intelligences, that none of us can claim absolute originality, or make clear title to a patent right on any high achievement. We do nothing of ourselves alone. Ministering intelligences, rank above rank, form the unbroken chain or channel through which thought and life reach us from the Central Fount of life and thought. As are our desires and capacities, so do we receive.

Inspiration is thus the perpetual answer to *aspiration*. In one or another form, it is the indispensable means of all individual growth, and equally so of all human progress. It is thus the birthright of every soul and the heritage of all ages. That which is adapted to the needs of childhood is unsuited to the requirements of full grown men and women; and that which met the wants of the world's infancy cannot suffice for the dawning age of manhood.

Having shown that the truth of inspired teachings cannot be determined either by phenomenal signs, by the claims of the inspiring intelligence, or by accompanying miracles we proceed to indicate where the true test is to be found.

There remains to us simply the *intrinsic character, qualities, and tendencies* of the inspired communications themselves,—to which we must apply *our intellectual and moral perceptions and our spiritual intuitions*. In other words, the totality of truth-determining powers with which God has individually endowed us, and which are in a sense His representatives in us, must be brought to bear honestly and reverently upon all teachings purporting to be God-inspired. We are shut up to this—there is no possible escape from it, except by rushing into the arms of a blind, external authority, where all manhood and individuality are basely surrendered, and our noblest powers denied their proper exercise. This is treason to ourselves; and blasphemy against the indwelling God. We are made with capacities for determining truth for ourselves, and have *no right* to surrender the work implicitly into the hands of others, either in this world or any other.

We are so constituted that all truth is authoritative to us, when perceived as truth. The mere affirmation of any being *outside* of ourselves cannot make this *perception* in us. It comes of growth, experience, and enlightenment by influx to our own interiors. Whatever commends itself to our individual perceptions and judgment as true, useful and good,—calculated to elevate and ennoble man, making him more godlike in character and action,—we *must* call Divine, and attribute to the great Fount of

Truth and Good, through whatever channel it may come to us. Whatever does not bear this stamp to us, lacks the image and superscription of Divinity, and cannot be accepted, whatever *external* claims it may bear.

This, to us, is the grand test of all inspired teachings,—the final standard to which they must be brought.

“But,” says one, “our perceptions are imperfect, our judgments fallible and liable to be warped by inclination; hence we are liable to mistake error for truth, and truth for error. It is not safe for us to be left to ourselves in matters of such transcendent importance.”

Be it so: yet has it not been equally true of men in all past ages—even of those to whom we would look for authority? All inspired truth in the past has been communicated to the world through human instrumentalities, and preserved through human agencies. This has rendered it *liable* to vitiation. Those to whom it has *first* come, having no previously written standard with which to compare it, have been of necessity compelled to judge for themselves. Why should their judgment be considered infallible, more than our own? Were the semi-barbarous Hebrews whom Moses led out of Egyptian slavery any better qualified to judge of the value and source of *his* inspirations than are we? Were the first receivers of Christianity, educated as they had been in Jewish ritualism and Pagan superstition, more competent to estimate the teachings of Jesus and the writings of Paul than any other people can ever be? Yet they were called upon to “judge of themselves what was right,”—to “prove all things and hold fast that which is good.” They doubtless did the best they could with the light they had; but does that absolve us from the responsibility of doing the same for ourselves, or make their decision any more binding upon us than ours will be on coming generations? Not one whit.

We cannot, then, rid ourselves of the responsibility of distinguishing for ourselves between truth and error, if we would. Weak, timid, and indolent minds may seek to throw it upon the Church or the Fathers, upon Paul or Jesus, Isaiah or Moses, ancient spirits or modern spirits; but they do so at their own peril. Every man must in the end bear his own burden. All faith built on external authority, and not grounded in internal perception and experience, will sooner or later prove worthless to the soul, and be swept away like the house built on the sand. If the Bible, or any part of it, contains Divine and unalterable truth, (which the writer most fully believes,) we should *know it* for ourselves, and not *believe it*, either on its own claims or the say-so of anybody.

## Notices of Books.

*The Macrocosm and Microcosm; or, the Universe Without, and the Universe Within. Being an unfolding of the Plan of Creation, and the Correspondence of Truths, both in the World of Sense and the World of Soul. In Two Parts, by WILLIAM FISHBOUGH. Part I.: the Macrocosm; or, the Universe Without.* New York, Fowler and Wells; London, Caudwell, Strand. Price, 4s. 6d.

It will be seen from the title-page of this work, that its subject is a most vast and comprehensive one. In its preface, the author avows that its object is "to draw the bold outlines of a comprehensive primordial philosophy, and to contribute, so far as possible, to the establishment of a system of thought, in which all truths may be viewed in their serial, orderly, and mutually explanatory relations from generals to particulars." Adequately to review a work of this scope, would evidently require a larger space than we can give, and a more thorough and encyclopædic knowledge than we can make any pretension to. We would only caution the reader against confounding it with those empirical works on Universal Philosophy which have done so much to bring inquiries of this kind into contempt. Whether the reader agrees with its conclusions or not, he can hardly fail in studying it attentively to profit by its clear synoptical statements of human knowledge in the several departments of the material creation. These are presented, in order "to exhibit a general view of the various series and degrees of systematic creation which compose the aggregate of the outer realm of being, both in their separate and united capacities, together with their relations to each other, and to their common divine cause and governor." Its most distinctive peculiarity appears to be the development of a "septenary and ternary serial law," of which the author finds evidence, not only in all the several kingdoms of nature, but in all their divisions and sub-divisions. All things in nature, in his view, exhibiting a primary trinity, a secondary trinity, and an ultimate. The "seven serial parts or elemental degrees, corresponding to the seven notes of the diatonic scale, and, as composed of such parts, the systems are arranged side by side, or one above another as so many octaves, corresponding to the octaves in music; and, like them, each one serves as a general exponent of all the others, whether on a higher or lower scale."

In working out this view, the author shows great ability in his arrangement and classification of facts. He reasons upon these with ingenuity, modesty and freedom, proceeding from the known to the unknown. Nature and analogy are his guides. He seeks, "by the aid of sense, reason, and intuition, to trace, *analytically*, the descending scale of creation, from exteriors to interiors, from effects to causes, from ultimates to origins." And then he proceeds "to retrace our steps *synthetically*; upward through the successive series and degrees of natural unfolding, and in a general way to discover *how* the system of creation, in its present completed form, came to exist, and also what are the prominent principles of its constitution and government." He invites "particular attention to that feature of the present volume, by which the fundamentals of an elevated theology are preserved and established upon the very basis of those facts in science which have been thought to be rather Pantheistic in their intimations."

The present volume is preliminary to, and designed as a basis for, the second part, which is announced to follow:—*The Microcosm or the Universe Within*. A work which we hope will not be much longer delayed, and to the publication of which we look forward with considerable interest. For its due execution, Mr. Fishbough seems to us peculiarly qualified. He is known to have made psychology a special study for many years; and from the fragmentary essays and papers from his pen, which have appeared in various serials, we are confident that it will be a valuable contribution to psychological science. We observe, with regret, that he has now for some time past withdrawn from that field of

periodical literature in which he has so honourably laboured, for the cause can ill spare his advocacy. If, however, this is occasioned by the demands upon his time of the forthcoming volume, we feel sure that, on its appearance, we shall be amply compensated for his present, and, we hope, but temporary withdrawal.

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## Correspondence.

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

SIR,—I send you an account of my first spiritual *séance*. As being a novice, and much impressed with what passed, I may, perhaps, shew Spiritualism in a new light; I mean my feelings may be different to those of others. By the kindness of Mr. Home, and the lady at whose house he was stopping, I was admitted to a *séance* at eight o'clock, on Saturday, 13th July. We sat round a common drawing-room table, in the twilight, close to the open window. We were a party of six, *viz.*, Mr. and Mrs. Home, the lady of the house, two strange gentlemen, and myself—three veterans—three novices. In about ten minutes, the table trembled, it did not vibrate, it literally trembled, as if every vein of the wood was a human nerve. Then it rocked, turned, tilted, and rapped. Mr. Home turned up the table cloth, expecting a whirl, but the motion soon ceased. Looking under the table, I saw a massive column and four enormous paws of mahogany, leaving very little vacancy for the conjuror to lie hid in. Presently there was a motion about my feet, then my left knee was tapped three times—a soft, gentle, but decided touch—other rappings occurred. I said to Mr. Home, "We ought to ask whose spirit it is," he replied, "You must ask." I did so; then repeating the alphabet until my knee was tapped, Mr. H. wrote down the letters at which I was stopped. Let me here observe that the reason, I think, why the taps were given on my knee was that the dear spirit knew I could not hear them on the table, being perfectly deaf (but I was quite sensible of them when my hands were on the table, the wood conveying the vibration). Thus we proceeded till the word "father" was spelt. My delight was great, here was my beloved father, who had been dead 30 years, come to visit me, as full of love as ever. Mr. H. said, "Ask his name," I did so, and "J" was tapped. I spoilt this by crying out, "Yes, his name is John." Mr. H. then said, "what a noble mind your father has, what a beautiful head." He then described his figure accurately. "How do you know?" I enquired.—"I see him." "Where?"—"Behind your chair." I said, "Father, if you are there, please touch my hand." I put my hand under the table, and immediately something stroked my fore-finger, so soft, so gentle, so delightful; I never felt anything like it. I was not in the least frightened, like Lord Nelson, I never saw *fear*. With my father at hand what was there to be afraid of? It seemed to me the most natural thing in the world. Sometime after, I again put my hand under the table, and was again stroked. Mr. H. said, "Your father's hand is stout." "How do you know?"—"He has just put it on my knee." I understood exactly what that meant. Mr. H. explained to me the next day in what a hearty way it was placed; and it meant "God bless you for what you are doing to my daughter." At one time, Mr. H. had the peculiar look of second sight, his hand contracted and was raised up to my ear, and there for a minute mesmerised me. We thought it was my father's doing. He likewise spoke of my mother, and of my childish troubles, and of a brother. In fact, though he had never heard of me before that day, he knew all my history. He then said, "There are other spirits behind your chair, Elizabeth, Mary, Harriet." The two first puzzled me, but Harriet I knew well; she was my old school-fellow and earliest friend. I begged Mr. H. to describe her. He directly began scribbling, (she was a great writer) and looked very merry. Soon after, my chair was playfully pushed twice—just what Harriet would have done, had she been present in the body; for she was full of fun. Elizabeth, I felt convinced, was an elderly friend of mine. Never having called her by her Christian name, it did not occur to me till the next day. Mary was a puzzle, till the following Monday, when I received a letter informing me she had been some months gone. She had been so kind to me, that I used to call her my second

mother. How pleasant it was to have all my old friends about; they all seemed glad to come and visit me, the very first opportunity they had. The tendency of Spiritualism cannot be bad, or these good people would not sanction it by their presence. These four dear friends of mine were all remarkably religious. And why should it be thought a thing incredible that spirits should re-visit their friends? We know that they are not really dead, they have only left the earth-form. Some persons say, "What's it all for? I don't see the use of it." We might say, "What's the use of flowers?" They are very sweet, soothing, and comforting; and the visits of good spirits are not only that, but elevating and ennobling. It lifts us above the little things of this transitory world, and helps us to set our affections on things above. It takes away the fear of death, and we feel that when we die we are really going home. A lady said to me, "If our parents can see us, they would not be happy." I don't know that, for their bliss may be so great that their sorrow and troubles may be only as the dust in the balance, and they may likewise know the reasons and results of what they see, and whatever their love to us may be, it cannot equal the love of our Heavenly Father, who permits affliction. But we cannot tell, all we have to do, is to record facts. The facts of Spiritualism are not new; all history and biography has a sprinkling of them. Now they are coming in a flood, for what cause we shall perhaps soon see. Mr. Home expressed his regret that it had been so poor a *service*. I thought it *could* not have been more satisfactory; and let me here thank him for his very great kindness to a perfect stranger.

15, Little Blake Street,  
York, July 29th.

Yours very truly,  
ANN BRANCKER.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—It is about twenty-five years ago since I mislaid a bank note, which I had received for a correspondent. I searched for it time after time, but in vain. One afternoon, being at my office, 167, Fleet-street, I sat down with a book: I couldn't read—my mind wandering about the loss. Suddenly, the words sounded in my ear—"Should you not like to find it?" Startled, I exclaimed, "Yes that I should!" Thinking it fancy, I struggled on with my attempt to read, but with no better success: my eyes wandered off the page, and felt as if drawn to a piece of screwed-up paper at the foot of a pile of waste, under the washing stand, at the left of the fireplace, in front of which I was sitting. As my attention settled upon this, I heard—"If that was it, would not you be glad?" I said as before, "Yes, that I should." But, regarding the voice as the illusion of my fancy, I returned to my book—only, this time, to fall asleep. Presently awakening, I got up to leave. Passing the pile of waste paper on my way to the door, I heard the voice again—"Will you not look at it?" I picked it up. It was the note about which I had been worrying myself, and the finding of it was an unspeakable relief.

At that time, spiritual communications were not talked of; but even then, there was an inkling in my mind that this might possibly be one, and my present knowledge of Spiritualism confirms the supposition. I believe now, that the good spirit of my mother, who left this earth when I was very young, has operated upon my mind for good in very many instances.

Thirty years ago I wrote some stanzas, headed, "Is it well with thee?" and had them printed for distribution. A parcel of these had been laid aside, and long forgotten. I found this parcel among some old papers the other day, and took it to a circle at which I am privileged to attend. I presented a copy to each friend present, the stanzas being of a religious character. (I take the opportunity of enclosing one.) Upon the circle being formed, and after prayer, the spirits present communicated, through the medium (Madam Besson), with the majority of those in the room, about twenty, and coming to me, nearly the last, after greeting me affectionately, the spirit expressed pleasure at the improvement of my health. I asked, "To whom am I indebted for these affectionate regards?" To this she replied, "You do not know me. I am your mother." Then, taking from her bosom my stanzas, she continued, "Ah, you know that! It was I who dictated that to your mind. I was with you then—have been always with you—and shall continue to be so. May God bless you!"

May 20, 1861.

R. G. IBBETT.



The open book contains 200 words from the 14<sup>th</sup> Chap.<sup>r</sup> of the Gospel of St. John "Let not your heart be troubled, &c." down to the second line of the 10<sup>th</sup> verse "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, &c."

The words are apparently written with a lead pencil.



Executed by the Spirits in 11 Seconds,  
through the Mediumship of Mrs. E. J. French,  
New York, April, 25<sup>th</sup> 1861.

in the presence of  
Benj<sup>m</sup> Coleman, J. Gurney,  
and several others.





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# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. II.]

OCTOBER, 1861.

[No. 10.]

## SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

### IV.

THE readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* were made aware some few months ago of an entirely new and very remarkable development of spirit power through the mediumship of Mrs. French, which was then exciting great attention in New York. It was stated on the authority of Dr. Gray, Dr. Hallock, and several other well-known and intelligent Spiritualists that elaborate pencil drawings had been done in their presence by the spirits in the inconceivably short space of a *few seconds*. Before leaving for America my friends requested especially that I should try to see and report upon this new phenomenon; I accordingly took the earliest opportunity after my arrival in New York of making the acquaintance of Mrs. French; she resides together with her daughter at the house of Mr. J. Culbertson, No. 8, 4th Avenue, who is a serious, respectable, and very intelligent man—one upon whose word without enquiry I should be disposed at once to rely. Mr. Culbertson took some trouble to explain to me Mrs. French's history, and more particularly the incidents attendant on this new development OF INSTANTANEOUS SPIRIT DRAWING PRODUCED WITHOUT THE AID OF HUMAN AGENCY. Mrs. French it appears has from her childhood had peculiar gifts, and several extraordinary stories are told of her power of second sight at a very early age, and since the first advent of the "Modern Spiritual Manifestations" she has been prominent as a trance-speaking medium and medical clairvoyant, and she now practises as a "physician," which title with her name is inscribed on her door-plate. The new development is entirely apart from her professional avocations, and is only exhibited occasionally, being without her control, inasmuch as the spirits entrance her first, and then make their own arrangements for a *séance*. The circumstances immediately preceding and attendant on this new and most extraordi-

nary phase of Mrs. French's mediumship were thus described to me by Mr. Culbertson.

On the 15th of February, 1860, Mrs. French left her house at two p.m., and returned at five. It had been snowing furiously all the day, and the side walks and streets were almost impassable from the melted snow and deep mud. She said she had been to visit Mrs. Melins, a lady friend of hers residing at Brooklyn, which, as my readers no doubt know, is a town lying on the opposite bank of the river to New York. Whilst there she said she had been entranced, and the spirits had made to Mrs. Melins some indefinite prediction of coming events, which they said, if realized, would be the greatest possible proof of spirit-power. Mrs. French spoke of other communications which had transpired at Mrs. Melins', and added that she did not leave her house until 35 minutes past four, that she had no recollection how she got to Brooklyn nor back again, nor of anything on the way until she found herself in the street cars opposite her own door. Mr. Culbertson and her family listened to her statement in doubt and astonishment, and concluded that there must be some delusion, that she had concealed herself in a trance, and had never left the house, since there was no appearance whatever in her dress to indicate that she had been in the streets. *She had on thin shoes, they were not in the least soiled, and her stockings were not even damp,* and the time occupied in coming from Brooklyn, according to her statement, was at least half an hour less than the journey could be done in under ordinary circumstances.

Whilst they were cross-questioning her she became entranced, and a spirit speaking through her said—"You need not doubt her, all she has said is true; Mrs. Melins will confirm it. Mrs. French *did not* ride from the ferry at Brooklyn to Mrs. Melins' house, nor back again to the boat, nor did she ride on this side to or from the cars, and she *did* come home in the time she has stated." Mr. Culbertson and Mrs. French's daughters were very much puzzled and surprised at this statement, and asked—"How is it if she did not ride that her shoes and feet are not wet, and her dress unsoiled? She could not possibly step even across the side walk without wetting her feet in the present slushy state of the streets." The spirit answered—"She was in our hands—sustained by our influence; she could not, as you say, have walked, and did not, she was carried along with a rapid gliding motion seemingly walking, but not actually so, and never stepping into the mud." Mr. Culbertson was disinclined to receive this explanation, but looking at all the facts it was inevitably so, since it was quite impossible that she could have passed to Brooklyn and back under ordinary circumstances. He then asked if they had carried her across the river, they said "No, the electrical

emanations of the earth and water differ, besides there was no necessity for incurring unnecessary risks nor for attracting attention which we especially wished to avoid, very few persons saw her, as very few were out in such a day in the streets at Brooklyn." In the evening of the same day Mrs. French went out to pay a professional visit, and though she had gone fully prepared with thick boots, she returned home with wet feet, and all the appearance of having had to tramp as other people through the thick mud of the streets.

On the following day she went out again in a mysterious way ; was absent four hours, and could give no account of herself, but she brought home with her some drawing paper, pencils, and rubber, though no one knew with what object. In the evening she sent for Mrs. Melins to come to her immediately, and though all this was very strange, her daughters humoured her, waiting to see what would come of it. On Mrs. Melins' arrival she fully corroborated Mrs. French's statements of her visit on the previous day—and they all, including several friends, accompanied her to the drawing-room, where, selecting a small table, she placed it in the centre of the room, and invited them to be seated. She then commenced, in a state of trance, to manipulate the drawing paper in a very elaborate way, using wine and acids as a preparation, and in *thirty minutes* the first of a series of spirit pencil drawings was produced, and thus the mysterious promise made to Mrs. Melins was realised. Several other drawings were done at the time in like manner, the subjects being suggested by one or other of the party, and the whole proceeding, though witnessed only by those accustomed to spiritual manifestations created the greatest interest and excitement.

Up to the period of my visit many *séances* had been held at intervals. The sittings were not of a public character, nor did Mrs. French make the exhibition a money question, all who came were invited ; and thus, even the most feeble of all objectors have no foot-hold in this case,—I mean that class of persons who if asked to compensate professional mediums for loss of time, make sure at once that imposition lies at the bottom though their sagacity fails to discover it. Among these visitors, the one most constant in his attendance, as I found by his name being attached to the list of those who certified to the conditions, and time of producing the drawings, was Mr. J. Gurney, who is an artist of celebrity, and the leading photographer of New York ; and as this gentleman attended the two sittings I had with Mrs. French, and was in quiet conversation with her on the only other two casual visits I made to the house, I inferred, but have no other reason for saying so, that he made a practice of consulting the invisibles, and whilst others were smiling at his "silly

credulity," he was very possibly getting useful, and practical hints, and accumulating a fund of knowledge, which has already placed him, though but a young man, at the head of his profession. My stay in New York being limited, I begged Mr. Culbertson to arrange a sitting for me either on Friday or Saturday. Mrs. French, being consulted, said she was engaged professionally on Friday, and she had promised to take her family to the theatre on Saturday evening, it must, therefore, be one evening in the following week, and as she entirely deferred to the dictate of the spirits, she would be told by them, and would then send to inform me of the day. I continued my conversation with Mr. Culbertson, who was showing me a number of the earliest drawings, and explaining the circumstance under which they were obtained, when Mrs. French, entranced, again entered the room, and advancing to me, said, "My name is Jemmy—I have not the pleasure, sir, of knowing you, but you are very well known in the spirit world; and hearing you express a desire to see our drawings, I am sent to say we shall be glad to see you at eight o'clock on Saturday evening. We cannot promise much, but we will do the best we can—good day, sir;" and with a formal bow she retired. Mr. Culbertson said the engagement was binding on her, and would supersede the intended visit to the theatre, and as the result enables me to record one of the most wonderful facts developed in Spiritualism, and witnessed by myself, my readers will no doubt think the change of purpose an advantage.

On the evening fixed I went, accompanied by Judge Edmonds, who had not seen this new phase of spirit power, and our party numbered about twelve, including a lady, who was the mother of the spirit Jemmy, and he, I found, was the principal artist in the production of these spirit-drawings. As soon as we were assembled, Mrs. French became entranced, and with great formality invited each to take a particular seat, reserving the post of honour next to herself for me, where I could best see the exact mode in which the whole *séance* was conducted. A very small drawing-room table was placed in the centre of the circle, and not within three feet of any of us. A shawl was then tied round the lower part of the legs of the table to form a dark chamber. Under this was placed a thin board to make a firm surface, on which to spread the drawing paper, two saucers of water-colours and brushes, a bundle of coloured crayons, some drawing pencils, and a glass of water. A number of fresh sheets of drawing paper were then handed to the medium, which she gave us to examine, and then she cut them into exact squares. Rolling them up in the shape of a tube, she commenced breathing through them, exercising an effort which lasted five minutes, and

which appeared to exhaust her, this singular process she explained was to give the necessary moisture to the surface of the paper, and superseded the use of wine and acids as at first used by her for damping it. She then handed the roll to me requesting that I would place it under the covered part of the table, whilst she at the same time went on her knees, and placed her hands under the cover, spread the sheets out flat, and returned to her seat by my side. All these arrangements being made with the gas burning, she then requested the light to be lowered, which was done, though it was still light enough for us to see each other, and even the hands of our watches. Thus seated in perfect quiet, after a brief interval the medium cried "time;" when presently we heard a rapid scraping and scrubbing on the card board, as if many hands were at work with the quickness of steam power, and "time" being again called, the pencils were heard to drop suddenly and simultaneously from the hands as it were of the invisible artists.

The same process and arrangements being repeated, four elaborate and beautifully executed pictures of birds and flowers were produced in succession, the first being a pencil drawing, and the others in colours; and the time occupied was, respectively, eight, eleven, twelve, and fifteen *seconds*. I am aware how difficult it is to realise such a statement, that finished drawings should be executed in such a way and in such an inconceivably short space of time; but all that I can say, is—that I have faithfully recorded the facts. There was, I can assure the reader, an absence of everything like conjuring arrangements. Mrs. French never left our sight. I saw the white surface of the cardboard immediately before the operations commenced, and the most striking and convincing fact, to those present, of the work having been done on the instant, was *that the coloured drawings were wet when taken up, and that they took some minutes to dry after they were in our hands*, and at the close of the sitting I removed, at Mrs. French's request, the shawl which was tied round the legs of the table. No one present suspected imposture, and indeed, under the circumstances, it would have been foolish and unjust to do so. The scene and results are not imaginary, as some wise people might suggest, for I have the four drawings in my possession, endorsed with the names of several gentlemen who were present, including Judge Edmonds and Mr. J. Gurney, the artist. When the fourth drawing was completed, the medium, addressing me, and still speaking in the trance state, said—"That is all we purpose doing this evening. I am sorry, sir, we could not manage to put a Bible chapter into one of them, as you wished; we meant to place it in the centre of the wreath; we will however do it for you another day."

I then asked—How many spirits were engaged in the work this evening?

A.—There were eleven of us to-night; we go on adding one or two to our numbers whenever we can find suitable ones to aid us.

Q.—You appear to have less ceremony in preparing for the drawings now than you had at first?

A.—Yes, that is because we did not know at first what we could do or what conditions were absolutely required, so we had to go on trying our own powers as well as the force of the medium.

Q.—Don't you think you could produce these drawings without the aid of any of our materials, except the cardboard?

A.—No, sir; we don't expect to do that, we never heard of such a thing as that being done.

Q.—Yes; there is a medium in France, who receives communications in writing in various colours, without any pen or ink being at hand. You will, perhaps, consult your friends and tell them this, and see whether, as you go on, you cannot produce the drawings without paints or pencils, which might be called spiritual photography.

A.—Well, sir, I will tell them what you say, but I don't think we shall ever do that. Good night!

I was preparing to take my departure from New York, and had given up all expectation of seeing anything more of this remarkable phase of spiritual manifestations, when I received, two days before leaving, the following note—

“Dear sir,—Our spirit friends have appointed a drawing circle for this evening. Mrs. French says it is principally on your account. I hope, therefore, it will be convenient for you to come.

“Very respectfully yours,

“THOS. CULBERTSON.”

I at once put aside all other engagements, glad to avail myself of a second opportunity of testing the reality and integrity of these marvellous productions with the advantage of previous observation and reflection on all the conditions and circumstances of the first sitting. Dr. Hallock, Mr. Gurney and Professor Lyman were of the party. The arrangements were made much as I have before described them, except that there was even less formality and preparation than before, and the medium instead of breathing through the roll of paper, tied a damp towel round it, to give to the sheets the necessary moisture. I was, as on the former occasion, invited to take my seat by the side of the medium at the best point for seeing the entire operations. The small table stood in the centre of a large circle, comprised of about an equal number of both sexes. When “time” was called there was the same rubbing and scrubbing helter-skelter sort of haste to do something in the shortest time possible, and







"time" was again called we heard as before the pencils drop only from the hands of the invisibles. Six drawings were made on this occasion in rapid succession, each occupying a few seconds. The first one was presented to me, and I was gratified to find that the spirits had not forgotten their message. They had drawn a beautifully executed bouquet with a ribbon rising from the centre holding an open Bible, with a part of the 14th chapter of John, 200 words most minutely but clearly written in pencil, and the time occupied in its production was as I have described it was just *eleven seconds*.\*

On the first day of our acquaintance, Judge Edmonds did me the honour of introducing me to his friend, Professor James J. Mapes, who, as a chemist, holds a leading position in the scientific world both in America and Europe. He is a man of varied talents, possessing a brilliant intellect, and extraordinary conversational powers. He has mastered, after most careful study and examination, the philosophy of Spiritualism, and would help, were he to publicly identify himself with the subject, more than any other man, to inculcate and spread its principles and doctrines.

Professor Mapes' history in connexion with Spiritualism is an instructive lesson, and answers in itself two of the prominent questions which have been put by its opponents in this country; namely—If Spiritualism be worth consideration, is it that no man eminent in science has ventured to investigate its claims and expound its philosophy? And, admitting the reality of the phenomena—*Cui bono?* Well, the answer is Professor Mapes, of New York, like his compeer, the late Hare, of Philadelphia, a man of science, undertook the investigation several years ago, with an entire disbelief in its reality, and a determination to expose "the delusion;" and, like Hare, he was driven step by step from his original position, gradually converted to a full belief in spirit intercourse, and as a consequence, to a belief in a life hereafter, which he had previously denied. Can men, in the face of such facts consistently be asking what is the good of it; and asserting that if it is true, it must be all of the devil?

The Professor is largely engaged in agriculture, and has a farm at Newark, New York, where his family reside; whilst his professional pursuits oblige him to remain a great portion of his time in New York. He was (as he told me), a materialist, up to the age of 45, and in the early start of the modern manifestations, now thirteen years ago, he set to work earnestly to

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The very wonderful character of these drawings induces us to publish them, *fac-simile*, which illustrate the present number of the *Spiritual Magazine*.—Ed.

investigate Spiritualism, without saying a word on the subject to his family. Shortly after, he discovered that one of his daughters was also engaged in a somewhat similar way. She had in fact become a writing medium, without knowing it. On one of his usual weekly visits to his family, this daughter said, "Father, I want to shew you something very curious. Don't laugh at me, here are pages that from time to time I have been influenced to write, without my will or my mind being engaged in the work. It has been going on for weeks, and I should not have named it now, but that I saw in the *Tribune* newspaper yesterday, that others had been similarly influenced; and it is said to be the work of spirits. I want to know the meaning of it." Curious to obtain evidence from such a source, though anxious to avoid explanation and encouragement, the Professor asked her to take a pen and let him see what she meant. Her hand was moved excitedly, and she at once rapidly dashed off a long message purporting to be from the spirit of his father. The Professor said, "If there is any meaning in this I should like, if possible, to have some proof of identity." Miss Mapes' hand again wrote "You may recollect that I gave you, among other books an Encyclopædia; look at page 120 of that book and you will find my name written there, which you have never seen." The book alluded to was with others in a box at the warehouse in town. On his arrival in town, Professor Mapes opened the case which had been fastened up for 27 years, and there, to his great astonishment, he found as described his father's name written on the identical page 120.

This incident awakened a new interest in him, and he accordingly determined to conduct a serious investigation, and at once secured the services of Mrs. Brown, the eldest daughter in the Fox family—a well-known and very reliable medium of great power. His next step was to obtain a party of friends to join him, which was, however, a very difficult task. He first invited his son-in-law, Mr. Dodge, a Member of the Senate, who laughed at the request, said it was too absurd, and hoped the Professor was not going to sacrifice his time and his fame to such a delusion. And in this way he was met by others until at length making it a personal favour and to oblige him, he got a party of ten together; having, as he said, purposely selected one half of *positive* minds who would believe in nothing, and the other half of *negative* minds who might be induced to believe in anything. They agreed to meet every Monday evening for twenty sittings, and up to the nineteenth evening they had not elicited anything sufficiently satisfactory to carry conviction, or to be worth recording; but on the twentieth evening some very curious and striking phenomena were displayed. The spirits

who purported to be present gave peculiar names, such as Pierre Wilding, Deliverance, &c., insisting, against the belief of those present, that they were their ancestors, and indicating in the most definite manner their relationship. Upon subsequent inquiry, each of these statements was verified, and a previously hidden page of family history being thus unexpectedly revealed, excited a natural interest in the minds of all to continue their sittings, which Professor Mapes assured me were prolonged uninterruptedly for FIVE YEARS, during which every conceivable test was applied, *resulting at length in the entire conversion of the whole party.*

At that period, Spiritualism was spreading in America in all directions. Mediums were developed in numerous families, and daily the press announced, on the testimony of more or less reliable witnesses, the most marvellous accounts of new manifestations of spirit power. Professor Mapes having become satisfied that a great truth lay at the root of it, though mixed up, as he thought, with fanaticism and some charlatanism, determined to see everything for himself; and wherever he heard of new wonders, he packed up his portmanteau, and without regard to time or expense, started off to make a personal investigation. In this way he visited, among many others, the Davenport Boys at Buffalo, and the spirit-room of Jonathan Koons, situated in the mountains of Ohio; and he fully corroborated the extraordinary statements made respecting them.

To those who are not acquainted with the history of American Spiritualism, it may be acceptable for me here to introduce some account of these remarkable manifestations. I take the following from a letter written by a reliable witness, Mr. Charles Partridge, whose acquaintance I made in New York. He says:—

“ I attended three public circles (open without charge to all comers) in the spirit-house of Mr. Koons—a house or room a little distance from his residence, built expressly for the purpose. The presiding spirit is an Indian named John King. The room will seat about 30 persons, and it is usually filled. After the circle is formed the door and windows are shut, and the light extinguished. Instantaneously a tremendous blow was struck upon the table by a large drumstick, and immediately the bass and tenor drums were beaten rapidly, like the roll-call on the muster field, making through the hills a thousand echoes. This continued for five minutes or more; and, when ended, King saluted us through the trumpet, and in an audible voice said, ‘ Good evening, friends; what particular manifestations do you desire?’ King then requested Mr. Koons to play on the violin; the whole spirit band playing at the same time on the drums, triangle, tamborine, harp, accordion, &c. Upon these instruments

the spirits perform scientifically, in very perfect tune. They commence at one instant in full blast, and stop suddenly after sounding the full note. After playing an introductory piece on the instruments they sing. The spirits *spoke to us*, requesting us to remain silent. Presently we heard, as it seemed, human voices singing in the distance, in so low a tone as to be scarcely distinguishable; the sounds gradually increased, each part relatively, until it appeared as if a full choir of human voices were in our small room singing most exquisitely. I think I never heard such perfect harmony—so captivating was it, that the heart-strings seemed to relax or to increase their tension to accord with such heavenly sounds. It seemed to me that no person could sit in that sanctuary without feeling the song of ‘Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to all men,’ spontaneously rising in the bosom and finding expression on the lip.

“After this vocal performance, in which, however, no words were articulated, several pieces were separately performed on the instruments by the spirits. Spirit hands and arms were seen; and that we might see them distinctly, they wet their hands with a weak solution of phosphorus, prepared at their request for the purpose by Mr. Koons. At one of these circles there were three hands, which had been covered with this solution, apparent to all of us at the same time. They passed swiftly round the room over our head, carrying the instruments, and playing upon them, keeping perfect time. The phosphorescent illumination from those hands was so strong that it occurred to me I could see to read by it. I took a pamphlet from my pocket, and asked the spirit to place its hand over it, that I might see to read. The spirit did so, and I immediately perceived that I held the book wrong end up. I turned it and could read. The members of the circle said they could, at the same time, see my face and the pamphlet in my hand. These spirit hands were, at our request, placed in our own; I looked at them, and felt them, until I was entirely satisfied. They appeared to be reorganised from the same elements that ours are. One spirit hand took a pen, and we all saw it write on the paper lying on the table; the writing was executed much more rapidly than I ever saw mortal hand perform; the paper was then handed to me by the spirit, and I still retain it in my possession.

“At the close of the *séance* the spirit of King, as is his custom, took up the trumpet, and gave a short lecture through it—*speaking audibly and distinctly*, presenting the benefits to be derived both in time and eternity from intercourse with spirits, and exhorting us to be discreet and bold in speech, diligent in our investigations, faithful to the responsibilities which these

ages impose, charitable towards those who are in ignorance or, tempering our zeal with wisdom," &c., &c.

Professor Mapes described to me the exhibition witnessed by me through the Davenport Boys. These boys permit themselves to be bound by cords, hand and foot, in any way the operator pleases, and in an instant they are liberated by the spirits. The chief actor of John King is also chief actor of their band. With the spirit Professor Mapes said *he conversed for half an hour.* His voice was loud and distinct, spoken through a trumpet. He placed his hands with him, the spirit giving a most powerful grasp; taking his hand again, it was increased in size and covered with hair. The Professor said he went, accompanied only by a few friends, among whom were Dr. Warren and Dr. Wilson. The evening had a jocular sort of evening, into which King entered freely, and at length played them a trick, for which they were not prepared, and which rather astonished them. Their hats and caps were suddenly whisked from their heads, and replaced in an instant. Turning on the lights, they found each hat and cap was turned inside out, and it took many minutes to replace them. Dr. Warren's gloves, which were in his hat, were also turned completely inside out. This exhibition took place in a private club room at Buffalo, selected by the Professor and his family, having but one place of entrance and exit. The boys sat on an elevated platform at a large table; and this table, in an early part of time, was carried over the heads of the auditors, and positioned at the most distant part of this large room.

Whilst Professor Mapes continued his own investigation, he found it necessary from its all-engrossing character to restrain his daughter from pursuing her mediumship, fearing that her health, which was delicate, would suffer, though he said some of her writing was brilliant and powerful, and much beyond her natural capacity. An arrangement was accordingly made for her to visit her friends with a view of weaning her from the fascination which occupied her whole time, and they were secretly enjoined not to leave her much alone. Mrs. Mapes was at this period altogether opposed to the whole subject, and unacquainted with the fact that her husband was so deeply interested in it, said to him one day, "I am very much distressed to think our daughter's mediumship should practise deceit upon us, I have written a strong proof to her as I feel sure it is most improper conduct." Professor Mapes dissuaded his wife from sending the letter, telling her he had his own motives for wishing her to delay doing so. In a short time after Mrs. Mapes herself was impelled one day to write, and became at once developed as a writing medium. Fascinated with this new power, she continued day by day exclusively occupied with her writing, neglecting everything

else, until at length Professor Mapes felt it necessary to interfere, and said—"Wife, you and I have been married 30 years, and I have never before interfered with your personal liberty, but now I have seriously to request that you will not at least for the present give any more time to these influences, and that you will consent to destroy all you have written." With many protests Mrs. Mapes at length consented, and tearing the leaves from a large manuscript volume, she consigned them page by page to the flames—the understanding being that she would not put her hand to paper for 12 months to come.

Months having passed, and the tendency to yield to the influence having been effectually repressed, her husband and family were surprised one day by her making preparations for drawing, and declaring that she believed she could copy plants and flowers. They smiled at this announcement and were incredulous, as she had never been instructed, and had never shown the least talent for the art. She went, however, into the garden, plucked an apple blossom, and sat down to copy it. In a few minutes she made, greatly to the surprise of all around her, a most excellent copy of this very delicate flower, and thus spiritually influenced, she commenced a series of coloured drawings, which as they proceeded increased in beauty, and have now become most perfect specimens of the art.

*On referring to the date of their compact, Professor Mapes found the drawing had commenced exactly twelve months to the day on which Mrs. Mapes had promised him not to write any more.* The Professor has not attempted to interfere with this development; on the contrary, he appears to encourage it, and is highly interested in her progress; and as a portion of each day is devoted to drawing and painting, and as they do not part with many, a large accumulation has taken place, comprising now a great number of very interesting volumes. These drawings, which are produced with great rapidity, unlike most mediumistic productions, are of natural fruits, flowers, and birds, and this extraordinary fact attaches to the birds, that each bird, without study or any knowledge of the natural history of the subject, on the part of Mrs. Mapes, is placed in the accustomed associations of tree or plant on which it builds or feeds.

I am indebted to Mrs. Mapes for two specimens of her work, which she kindly presented to me, and which have created the greatest admiration in all to whom I have shown them; one is an iris, and the other a collection of American autumnal leaves. They are both pronounced by connoisseurs to be works of high art, and the marvellous fact remains to be told, that *both paintings were commenced and finished in little more than one hour.* No artist, I believe, could copy them in less than two days.

Miss Sophia Mapes, after a brief period of repose, resumed her writing mediumship, and during my visit I had an opportunity of seeing it exercised. In the absence of the other members of the family, I sat at a table with her and Mrs. Mapes, when her hand was moved with the usual nervous excitability which accompanies writing mediumship, and in the most rapid manner, at a rate indeed in which it would be thought almost physically impossible to wield a pencil, the following communication, which I have in my possession, purporting to be dictated by the spirit of Wm. Humboldt, brother of the well-known traveller was given, with the erasure of two words only:—

“The truths of spirit intercourse having become plain to the greater portion of intelligent observers of the manifestations, it is of the utmost importance that there should be the most careful endeavour to comprehend the relation which the newly acquired knowledge bears to our former ideas of God and truth. We are in the spirit world, and on the earth, in the relation to God and to each other which constantly provokes our enquiry. We are co-working. The human spirit is a power in the universe of material creation, and it awakens by its intelligence to know of the laws of nature; and you may be assured that the natural man becomes cognisant of no law in which it is not itself a power. We are *en rapport* with all the visible universe. When spirit is not in active association with matter, it ignores all connexion with its changes and progression. The old idea long ago conceived as the *logos* is a truth. But as the idea among the Church fathers was supposed to be culminated in Christ Jesus, so is now the spirit of man constantly active on the world of matter to develop the latent forces in the atomic relation of the particles, and the peculiar forces of combination. Man controls the laws of which he becomes cognisant, and neither knows nor dreams of laws in which he is not a creative and sustaining power. We acknowledge the action of mind on matter, and of the relation of the human forces to the laws of the material universe. Man must not deceive himself that he is apart from creation, viewing it as if he were a sculptured obelisk, or made of the rock itself, and no part of the ever-changing material universe. In truth he is law itself, and is force, when he little recognises his prowess and influence. We know that the natural developments of life in all ages have contributed to the status of this age, and now when the present life exists in more complete form, in more extended power, and more intense action, the truth is all the more manifest, God is all-apparent in man, and spirit, as a force; and could you once conceive of nature and spirit as a reality, you would then conceive of God as a Spirit. Now,



you only know him as love, or as intensity and vigour in your own spirit, and in the law you may realise. Never forget that to see God, to realise God, you should be God. He is not so distant from your being that you may conceive of him as a personality, and therefore, it is impossible for the human mind to realise His existence but in its own extent of power and control. We, as spirit, know better than when we inhabited the earthly form, the extent and all-pervading power and nature of individual spirit. And as the communication of force, and of heat, knows no channel, neither does the spirit know by what means it becomes a power in causes which apparently have no connection with our own intention, or conscious will power.

“ WILLIAM HUMBOLDT.”

The labour bestowed by Professor Mapes in the investigation of Spiritualism, and the knowledge thereby acquired by him, it is to be hoped will yet be turned to useful public purposes. He had an intention of visiting England shortly. The present political troubles in the States, however, would no doubt delay the period of his visit. When he does come, we must endeavour to prevail on him to deliver a course of lectures on the subject, to which he is not indisposed. If he consents to do so, I venture to say that the foremost student of the spiritual philosophy in this country will have many new pages opened to him for his further advancement. For my part, I am bound to say that I never heard a man express himself more eloquently on any subject. During the last conversation I had with him, Professor Mapes summed up his argument for Spiritualism thus—“ If after making every allowance for the incongruities, false theories, fanaticism and the common errors attached to Spiritualism only ten per cent. of the whole should prove pure and impregnable, it is still as sound a science as Chemistry was at the beginning of this century, which has thrown aside ninety per cent. of the teachings then received as truths.”

The Christianity of the present age is *dead*, compared with what it should be. When I lived out west, our wells were all dug very shallow, and when a drought came, the water failed. Then we sent a man down into the well to dig another within it, and by and by he came to water far below the first well. But if the rain was long withheld, this well also failed. Then the man was sent a third time to dig and dig, until at length he struck the living springs, which flow perpetually, which no drought can affect. Many people think that after conversion religion will take care of itself. That water once gained, there will always be a sufficient supply. There are whole Churches whose religion is but a few feet deep. As long as showers are abundant, this may do; but when they do not fall, often the wells are dry. Let this not be so with you. Sink the shaft deeper and deeper still, until within you bubbles up that living water which runneth from beneath the throne of God. Don't depend on *showers* of grace. Be not at all content until the river is within your own souls.—Rev. H. W. BEECHER.—*Life Thoughts*.

## THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.\*

We read in the Gospels of a woman who had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. This poor woman's experience of the doctors is that of many of us with the preachers. But she, though she tried many and was nothing bettered, did not lose hope, and her hope was justified in her cure by the Good Physician. So we, though we may have suffered much from many preachers, do not despair; and our trust is justified now and again, in meeting Him "who spake as never man spake," in the inspiration of some of His chosen ones.

Have you ever heard Mr. Lynch? If not, then do by all means. You will see a man in feeble health, and worn with long suffering; one who has often looked down into his grave and up into the heavens; and not in any way a pulpit Apollo, who, with blanched hands and white handkerchief and honied tones, delivers platitudes as eloquence. An invalid's life too often begets invalid thought, querulous and sickly. It has not been so with Mr. Lynch; his illnesses must have affected his mind, but not to weaken it; thoughts more vigorous, healthy, and worklike than his, you will find uttered nowhere. Perhaps to the pain and stillness of the sick room they owe a tenderness, a delicate nervousness of strength, which add grace to their manly force. A sermon of Lynch's it is difficult to describe. It is no natty essay, with a preface, disquisition and peroration measured to the time the audience expect to get off to dinner; it seems more an improvisation, or an hour's talk about a text, with illustrations drawn from every region of experience and daily life. Do not suppose, however, that Lynch is a rambling preacher; not at all; now and then his sermons look so, but when you are used to his style you will find they have all a firm back-bone or skeleton of method, though hidden, as it ought to be, in living flesh. If you are a careless or stupid listener, you may think him obscure; but then it is your bluntness and not his acuteness that is at fault. Indeed, we may say, that few like their first sermon at Lynch's, and that not until they have heard a third, fourth, or fifth, do some begin to appreciate the preacher's genius; but first difficulties overcome, enjoyment commences, and as long as Lynch preaches, no man of sense need complain of a dull Sunday morning in London.

If you read much, you will usually be able to tell on what

\* *Three Months' Ministry: a Series of Sermons.* By THOMAS T. LYNCH. London: W. Kent & Co. 1861.

pastures an ordinary preacher has been browsing ; but not so with Lynch. In him you encounter a thoroughly original mind. He looks at things in new but natural ways—in ways you wonder you never saw them in before ; men, thoughts, and facts he handles after quite novel methods, but without eccentricity or desire of display ; from cant he is innocent as a child—innocent to a degree we never yet knew preacher. The wealth of his mind seems inexhaustible. We have listened to him now whenever we have had opportunity for some years, and have never found him repeat himself. He has given us a new sense of the fertility and riches possible to the mind. Theoretically, we were ready to admit that, if man would open his heart to the Divine Spirit, harvests of wisdom beyond imagination would be the answer to his faith. In Lynch we have seen something of this realised. In fairy lore we read of a princess, from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls for each word she spoke. Those who first saw the princess, fancied that drops so precious could not go on for long. So with Lynch ; you think his wealth of thought is wonderful, but of course a few sermons more will exhaust it ; and yet it does not end so, but still flows on and on. The fount from which his wisdom is derived is not the exhaustible reservoir of his own conceit, but is to be sought in the infinite spiritual springs.

Mr. Lynch's ministry has suffered many interruptions and some changes of place through his varying states of health. He now preaches in a small hall in Gower-street, opposite the London University, on Sunday mornings, at eleven o'clock. The volume before us contains fourteen sermons, preached there during the last months of 1860 ; and they will give a reader some idea of the preacher's affluence, minus the power of his presence. When one sees the small audience to which Mr. Lynch is accustomed to discourse, it is enough to make one blush for the times. He is unknown to the Church, and amongst the Dissenters, where his lot has been cast, he is maligned as dangerous and heretical, with that spite and pertinacity of which sanctimony is the only master. His little flock is about to erect for him an iron chapel on a plot of ground near Mornington Crescent, in the Hampstead-road, which we hope may bring him into wider notice and more generous fame. Suspected and disowned by his brethren, Lynch's case is but the repetition of the old, old story : Christ is evermore crucified in his generation ; we kill the prophets, and our children garnish their sepulchres.

## A LETTER FROM WILLIAM HOWITT.

A DISCUSSION on the genuineness and evidences of Spiritual Manifestations is now going on in the *British Controversialist*. The August number contains an article by Mr. T. P. Barkas, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in which he introduces the following letter on the subject addressed to him by Mr. William Howitt, which we have great pleasure in introducing to our readers, as we know that they will have great pleasure in reading it:—

Highgate, July 2nd, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. BARKAS,—I assure you that it would give me the greatest pleasure to take up a spiritual rifle and range myself alongside of you brave volunteers in the *Controversialist*, but it is just now impossible. I have some extraordinary engagements to complete within two months, which will take more time than prudence would allot to intellectual labour, if prudence could have a voice in the matter. If you look at the *Spiritual Magazine*, you will see that I have done very little there for some time: it is for the same cause. . . . .

Have you heard the last exploit of Faraday? He had engaged, I hear, to attend a *séance* at Mr. Home's, on the 24th ult., where he was to meet a small but distinguished party. The engagement was of some standing, but on the very day on which the *séance* was to be held, he wrote to say that he could not come unless he had beforehand a PROGRAMME of the proceedings!!

This is, perhaps, the most exquisite piece of moral cowardice, or of a more astounding ignorance of what has so long been going on all around him in this and many other countries, that ever was heard of. Imagine some ancient rabbi sending to one of the prophets for a programme of his next manifestations; or some great sophist of Athens sending to Delphi for a programme of the priestess's next vaticination! The repeated assertions of Mr. Home, and of every medium, hundreds of them in number, including those of America, and many of them people of as high moral character, and some of them of equal scientific attainments, with Faraday, that these manifestations do not depend on them, but on supernatural agency, being so totally lost on this man of chemical tests and galvanic batteries, that he treats Home as a conjuror, who can pre-arrange his tricks.

If it be cowardice, that of Bob Acres was audacity to it; if it be ignorance, what crass ignorance, what Egyptian darkness in a Sandemanian preacher! "Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things?" . . . Oh! leave him alone amid his pots and

pans, his crucibles and electrical jars, for he will never get beyond them. People fondly imagine that *science* is to unravel this mystery. Yes; but not physical science. Physical science must deal with mere physics; it is but knowledge in the caterpillar state. It is physical science, knowledge with its spiritual eyes open, endowed with its spiritual wings, that must learn and teach it. Science not like a broken weapon, of which only the wooden handle is left; but science complete, compact, unfractured, while the spiritual blade is yet in the handle, keen to pierce through bone and marrow to the spiritual substance. It is not Balaam summoned by the pagan Balak, going up to curse the Israel of truth, that will do it, but Balaam inspired by the God of truth, and made to see the camp of the blessed spread broadly before him in its serene greatness, and to bless and not curse. Those who will learn Spiritualism must have "the vision and the faculty divine" given them, as Balaam had; no probes, nor lancets, nor stethoscopes, no machinery of jars, and batteries, and chemical tests, will ever touch the spiritual. As well may a fish attempt to breathe with the eagle the air of the mountain top. "Balaam the son of Beor hath said, and *the man whose eyes are open* hath said: he hath said, which hath the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, *falling into a trance*, but having his eyes open." Till the Faradays are put into Balaam's condition, they are better in their own laboratories; they are useful there, and utterly useless anywhere else.

When Christ came to display His miracles, He did not ask for scientific men to come and explain them. He knew better. He knew that there is a place for everything, and that everything must be in its place. He thanked God that He had hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes and sucklings. He chose men of plain sense and healthy observation, enslaved to no theories, blinded by no prejudices, to witness and record a series of plain though astonishing facts. And his great gospel to us Gentiles added his testimony that "not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," were amongst those who could see and admit these matters of fact. And it never will be otherwise to the end of time. The pioneers of knowledge, those who will go before the multitude and clear the way of truth, will not be the heavy dragoons of physical science, with all their *impedimenta*, their baggage waggons crammed with ponderous theories; nor the still more heavy infantry, laden with unnecessary trousers and many rounds of ball cartridges. It does not need Æsop to tell us that the dunghill cock of mere physics will always turn over with a contemptuous beak, and spurn with its spurred heel, the diamond of spiritual truth. Lactantius, in his writings, is continually de-

nouncing Cicero as the great moral coward of his age, because, knowing that there was only one true God, he had not the courage to say so, but wrote a whole book "De Naturá Deorum." After ages will point out the great moral cowards of this; amongst whom, two of our scientific men in particular, like that celebrated king of Israel who made a long search after asses that he could not find, will stand the tallest of all by the whole head and shoulders.

I wish some of your negatives could have seen what I and Mrs. Howitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson saw at the house of a lady in Regent's Park, about three months ago, and the like of which some of our most distinguished nobility have seen there repeatedly of late. There were, besides us, Mr. and Mrs. Home, and a Russian Count Steinbock. We had beautiful music played on the accordion when held in one hand by Mr. Home, who cannot play a note, and the same when held by Mrs. Wilkinson. We had the clearest and most prompt communications on different subjects through the alphabet, and flowers were taken from a bouquet on a cheffonier at a distance, and brought and handed to each of us. Mrs. Howitt had a sprig of geranium handed to her by an invisible hand, which we have planted, and it is growing; so that *it is no* delusion, no fairy money turned into dross or leaves. I saw a spirit hand as distinctly as I ever saw my own. I touched one several times, once when it was handing me the flower. My wife's silk dress was pulled so strongly that she thought it would tear out the gathers, and was rustled so loudly, that it was not only heard by all of us, but might have been heard in another room. My wife's handkerchief was taken from her knee, and brought and whisked against my hand at the opposite side of the table; I thought, with the intention of my taking it, but the spirit *would not* allow that, but withdrew it a little, then whisked my hand with it anew, and then flung it into the middle of the room. The dress and the handkerchief were perfectly visible during these operations, but the motive power was invisible.

Then the spirits went to a shrine of bronze idols, belonging to the lady of the house, who bought them in India. Some of these are very heavy. They pitched them down on the floor, and with such violence that the clash might have been heard all over the house. The larger of these idols,—perhaps all—of that *am not* certain—unscrew, and the screws work exactly the opposite way to our screws; but the spirits unscrewed them, and smelted their heads lustily on the floor, saying, through the alphabet, "You must all do your best to destroy idolatry, both in India and in England, where it prevails in numerous ways. Idolatry of rank, idolatry of wealth, idolatry of self, idolatry of the intellect and learning," &c., &c. The different parts were

thrown under the table, that you might tread them under foot, and two parts of the idol Mahadeo, of heavy bronze, were placed on the table by a visible hand. The head of the idol felt to me to weigh four or five pounds.

Mr. Home was lifted about a foot from the ground, but did not float, as he frequently does, in the strongest light. The table, a very heavy loo table, was also several times lifted a foot or more from the ground, and you were invited to look under it and see that there was no visible cause. To us, who have seen so much of these things, to whom they are as familiar as the sight of a bird flying, and far more familiar than the present comet, this was not necessary.

A few evenings afterwards a lady desiring that the "Last Rose of Summer" might be played by a spirit on the accordion, the wish was complied with, but in so wretched a style that the company begged that it might be discontinued. This was done; but soon after, evidently by another spirit, the accordion was carried and suspended over the lady's head, and there, without any visible support or action on the instrument, the air was played through most admirably, in the view and hearing of all.

Do your negatives think that we are all fools and blind—that there are now some four or five millions of fools in the world who don't know a hawk from a hand-saw. That we are demented because we won't gratify their stolidity by saying that we don't see things when we do? For heaven's sake let them sit as long as they please in their darkness; I shall not put out my light to keep them company. None of the stupid successors of Galileo's walking thumbscrews shall ever compel me to say that the world does not turn round, or that spirits don't exist and come palpably amongst us, when they come every day; or that there are not thousands so dense that they can neither see them nor feel them, any more than they can see or feel the electricity of the atmosphere and of their own system, until it is concentrated into the thunderbolt; nor shall they force me to deny that there will be such shallow heads and shallow ponds to the end of time, in which not a single spiritual entity, nor a decent carp, can live, much less swim.

Mr. Penrose, a distinguished member of the Church of England, years ago, in a "Treatise on the Evidence of the Scriptural Miracles," said justly,—“There may be many minds too much imbruted in sense—many too much vitiated by pleasure, and others too conceited and overweening, to be able to perceive or adopt any proposition contrary to the common opinion.” And he logically adds, that “persons who are capable of resisting a clear display of superhuman power must be persons nearly beyond the reach of argument or evidence. They are not of sound mind; and unless their mental obliquity be first rectified, the

causes of right reasoning will be unfit for any application to their faculties.

These observations have been admirably endorsed by the Rev. L. W. Le Bas, now I believe, the Principal of Heytesbury College, who treats the prevailing scepticism as a disease. "There is a certain class of diseases—tetanus, &c.—incident to the human frame, by which the muscles are brought into such a state of inflexible stiffness and contraction, as to resist any violence that can be employed to overcome it. The bodily fabric, while in that morbid condition, would be destroyed before it would yield to the application of force. And I believe that, in the opinion of medical men, this diseased strength and tone, strange as it may appear, is the result of some debility in the general constitution of the patient. Now this deplorable malady appears to furnish no inapt illustration of that rigidity of mind which sometimes holds out against proofs too strong to be resisted by intellects in an ordinary state of sanity. The obstinacy displayed in such instances is often quite prodigious; and yet it might be reasonably surmised that it is connected with some weakness of intellectual fibre, some irregularity of mental action, quite inconsistent with healthy vigour. But, however this may be, the existence of such instances is but too notorious. There are persons, unhappily, who have the power of setting their face like a flint against the proof of any proposition that offends their prejudices, or that stimulates into active resistance certain peculiar elements in their mental composition. With individuals of this class, mathematical demonstration itself would probably be unavailing. As Cudworth has said,—'It is credible that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite or passion, against the truth of even geometrical theorems,—as of a triangle having its three angles equal to two right angles,—whereby men's judgments might be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all demonstration of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them.'"—*Cudworth's Preface.*

And adds Le Bas,—“If the Pythagorean proposition, for instance (Euclid, L. 47), were to impose on mathematicians the *Pythagorean* maxim of a strict vegetable diet, what carnivorous student of geometry would ever get to the end of the first book of Euclid? Or, if we could conceive that the doctrine of fluxions had, somehow or other, been combined with an obligation to abstain from the use of wine, does any one believe that it would have gained its present undisputed establishment throughout the scientific world? Should we not, at this very day, have any a thirsty analyst protesting that he was under an absolute inability to comprehend or credit the system?”

The disease of scepticism pointed out by Penrose is peculiarly



a Protestant disease. There is no church or people, Christian or pagan, which does not believe in the agency of the spiritual, or the physical, or, in common parlance, in the supernatural. It abounded in every ancient country, however learned or civilized. Confucius and Boodha, Zoroaster and Plato, alike agreed on that point. The myriad peoples of the East, the cradle of creation and of salvation, all to this day retain the firmest conviction of it. Like nations who have lived near the sun, those whose ancestors lived near the Divine Sun of all knowledge, spirit, and power, retain the undying tints of it in their spiritual complexions. The Catholic and the Greek churches have never for a moment abandoned the belief in the whole vital principle and process of Christianity being supernatural; that the operation of divine grace on the heart is a perpetual miracle, is a supernatural action, and that the church still possesses, as an inalienable heritage, the power to work miracles. This is why the Catholic Church has always denied to Protestantism the title of a true church of Christ. "You have no miracles," say they, "and therefore are only a dead form or empty shell, and a mere empty pretence." To cut up root and branch the *lying* miracles of Rome, our reformers cut up the whole principle of the miraculous in the church. They forgot the warning of our Saviour to let the tares, which the devil had sown, grow with the wheat which God had sown, till the harvest, lest they should pull up the wheat too. They pulled up both wheat and tares; the tares of false, the wheat of true miracle. And what is the consequence? The assertion of the Catholics, that "Protestantism is but a slippery highway to Deism," is fast coming true. We have already got to "Essays and Reviews," and a great deal further. The author of "Tom Brown" says that the working classes are fearfully infidelized. I could have told him that twenty years ago, when I went much amongst them. I could have pointed him to a still more terrible destruction of the principle of faith amongst the young, and learned Protestants abroad. Bishop Hall tells us that, in his youth, the celebrated Father Coster "charged the Anglican Church with not possessing one miracle." But he says, "I answered that in our church we had manifest proofs of the ejection of devils by fasting and prayer." Where is the Anglican bishop who would dare to say so much now? In two centuries and a half, the period since Bishop Hall was thus twitted by Coster, the English Church and English Protestantism have made a great march downwards towards Sadduceeism. They *must* go that way so long as they spurn at the plainest principle of Christ's Church—faith in the constant and indestructible connection and communion with the spiritual world, and a participation in its life. They are trees without root; "broken cisterns that can hold no

water;" and the consequence is, that the so-called Christian world is nothing more, after nearly two thousand years, than the old Paganism, in a mask—and most impudent mask. Which of the sins, and the follies, and the corruptions of the Pagans have we, as a nation, renounced? Which of the virtues of Christ have we put on? Are we become the followers of the Prince of *Peace*, or of *War*? Do men know us as Christ's disciples, because we love one another? Are we not armed to the teeth, we so-called Christians? Are we not deafened with rifles, and ready to bless our enemies with ball cartridge, and do good to those who hate us by sending them to heaven by Armstrong guns? Is the "Social Evil" a proof that we have abandoned foolish and hurtful lusts? Are the continual defalcations in the mercantile world formerly called swindling, proofs of our progress in the gospel of truth and probity? If any one thinks that our aristocracy, numbers of *them* living in open adultery with their "Pretty Horse-breakers"—not merely single men keeping single women—are any better than the pagans of Rome were in the days of Nero and Domitian, he must have strangely forgotten his Juvenal. In fact so long as the root of all spiritual life is plucked out of the heart-soil of the age by the church, and the learned sneer at the presence of the supernatural, the church is a dead machine, which can produce only deadness, and our so-called Christianity is a desperate sham. It would be well for such negatives, that are not quite hopeless to ponder a little on this peculiar feature of Protestantism—its isolation from all other churches on the question of spirit-life, and its manifestations among men.

But, my dear Mr. Barkas, if your negatives are so catalepted by their intellectual tetanus, as not to be able to admit the reality of the familiar and wide-spread phenomena hitherto brought forward, what is to become of them? How are they to swallow, much less digest, the marvels brought by Mr. Coleman from America? Drawings done, and testified to be done, by the signatures of Judge Edmonds, Coleman himself, and numbers of others, without the intervention of any human hand,—done in the presence of these witnesses, time after time, and in the most astonishing fraction of a single minute. I have seen these specimens of direct spirit-drawings, beautifully done in water-colours, the brushes, colours, and paper being laid for them away from all contact, and the active operation of the pencils heard while at work. One of these has a well painted camellia, with several violets in natural colours, and an open book held up by a hand, the extent of the two open pages being, I think, about two inches square, and yet containing two hundred words of the 11th chapter of St. John, beautifully written, and the whole begun and finished in *twelve seconds!* These drawings, done

under the observation of the most credible witnesses, and numbers of similar things, which will be duly reported, from month to month, in the *Spiritual Magazine*, will require the Know-Nothings to open their shoulders wide in order to get them down. Every day their difficulties are growing and multiplying upon them; the number of sane and practical witnesses is accumulating, and they will soon be obliged to admit their existence, or to sit by the highways of life like those congeners of theirs, with a placard broadly emblazoned on their fronts,—PITY THE POOR BLIND!

I remain, dear Mr. Barkas,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

### ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE existence of seers, prophets, and revelators—of men whose interior faculties are open to a perception of spiritual realities, and who sustain such a relation to the invisible world as to become media or channels of communication between it and the human world on earth, is a fact attested in the experience of every age and race of men; while a general testimony also affirms, what in itself seems sufficiently probable, that there have been crises and periods when instances of this have been more numerous or remarkable than is commonly the case. Thus, in the earlier and simpler ages of the world, when men had less understanding of nature and command of its resources, and their needs were therefore greater, while their minds, less sceptical and sophisticated, were more open and receptive to communication and suggestion from the angel-spheres than in later times, the records and traditions of them that remain impress us with the belief that much more was then imparted from the upper world in relation not only to religion, but to whatever else was most essential to well-being and the right conduct of life than has at any time been common since. But though circumstances and conditions are variant, the laws of man's nature and unfoldment—the powers and receptivities of the spirit inherently and (so to speak) organically remain unchanged. What was possible in the past, is, under conditions equally favourable, possible in the present. Indeed, that the inner perceptions and faculties may be so opened and developed as to o'erleap “this bank and shoal of time,” and penetrate beyond the range of sense, is not now a matter of speculation, or even of mere history; its certainty is established by contemporaneous and well-known facts, as presented in and through numerous individuals constantly subject to

these experiences, and who give ample proofs that they are so. The facts on which this assertion rests are known to thousands, and are patent to all who care to inquire into them. It is this knowledge which renders the biography, and still more the autobiography—the faithful record of psychological development and growth—the experiences and history of the inner as well as of the outer man, a record as valuable as it is rare. We are, therefore, fortunate in having the autobiography of, perhaps, the most remarkable man of this class since the illustrious Swedenborg. Indeed, in some respects, Andrew Jackson Davis is a more remarkable psychological phenomenon than even the Swedish seer, inasmuch as, when Swedenborg commenced his revelations and spiritual teachings, he was endowed with a mind of great natural ability, improved by the highest culture, enlarged by long and varied experience, enriched with all the knowledge of the time, and aided by an established reputation and social position; while Davis, as we shall see, began his career of seership and teaching without any of those advantages. An account of him, chiefly derived from his autobiography—*The Magic Staff*—(published three years since in America, where it has had a large sale, but little known in this country), will probably be new, and, we trust, interesting to the majority of our readers. We shall not attempt to enter minutely into the circumstances of his external history, except where it may appear necessary to the right understanding of his spiritual experiences. The reader desirous of further details can consult the above-named work.

Andrew Jackson Davis was born in August, 1826, in a very humble isolated dwelling in Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York, and was one of a family of six children. The father was a poor, illiterate, honest, irascible, and somewhat intemperate hand-loom weaver and village cobbler, subsequently graduating "to the more productive and reputable position of journeyman shoemaker." The mother was domestic, unlettered, affectionate, religious according to her light, and more than ordinarily imbued with rural superstitions, but with genuine spiritual experiences. She often had premonitions of impending calamity. There would occasionally be seen in her that "look of distance—a blankness and introspectiveness of vision" observed in those who possess the gift of "second-sight." "At different times, while engaged at her housework, she appeared like one lost in the vision of some far-off scene. With her great eyes wide open, she would look abstractedly against the wall—or *through it*, as it were, into the acuity of a remote and unknown space." "She had real clairvoyance, and, as I think (says her son) real spirit-intercourse. But not being able to distinguish between fact and fancy, her life

became a meandering stream of trial, sadness, and nervous apprehensiveness." From various incidents related by Davis it is evident that more than one of her children possessed this faculty of spiritual vision, though in none of the rest does it seem to have been so fully developed, though as in the subject of our sketch. At the time of his birth, General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and his father and uncle permanently recorded their votes for "Old Hickory" in the name they gave to the new comer.

In the matter of school education, young Davis came but poorly off; but the intellectual fare offered him, meagre as it was, was too strong for his weak capacity of mental digestion, and he contrived to take as little of it as possible, having "an inwrought repugnance to the compulsiveness of studying in a book." He went to his first school when ten years of age, where, he says—

Under austere training and vigilant supervision, I progressed into spelling words of two syllables; but so badly and clumsily, that my perpendicular position at the foot of the class became a fixed fact! The great Napoleon never had a sentinel who stood his ground and guarded his outposts more faithfully. My fundamental position, as logicians say, was well taken; nor do I remember that I had the misfortune to be displaced more than three or four times, and then only for a few minutes. But this teacher was quite gentle and patient with me, withal, and concluded to set me at the multiplication table. He wished to make me believe, through my understanding, that *that table* was laden with sumptuous articles for the juvenile intellect. He didn't convince me at all! Writing lessons came next. But the cramping of my thumb-joint, in order to hold the quill just as the other scholars did, had the effect to postpone my penmanship to a period remote and indefinite.

He got on pretty well with the *pictures* in *Peter Parley's Pictorial Geography*, but his memory seemed to have an unconquerable aversion to words, dates and names. "The Map of the World," he continues, "looked to me something like a *cul-de-sac* into which the bookmaker had dumped here and there a mass of words, too hard to be either spelled or spoken; and hence, notwithstanding the captivating influence of the pictures and images of houses and of strange people, I could not make any headway with my geographical studies." At intervals he went to other schools with much the same result, the whole amount of his attendance at places of instruction "made little more than five months." The father averred that he "would never earn his salt," "that he hadn't gumption enough to make a whistle;" his teacher called him "a blockhead," and his sisters "a dummy;" in short, the general verdict on trial of his intellectual capabilities was decidedly against him. He was, however, a shy, harmless, inoffensive lad, fond of solitary rambles, and every now and then would ask unexpected and sometimes puzzling questions; but he does not seem to have been at all imaginative, or inclined to view things in a romantic light. He says—"I remember that I valued trees, in hot weather, for their fruit and their shade:

in winter months, for the firewood they made after being laboriously sawed and split. Stones existed, to build fences with; grass, for cows to eat; water, for all to drink; the sun, to keep us warm; the rain, to make vegetation grow; the snow, that children might ride down hill; the ice, to slide and play upon; . . . . . And thus, throughout the entire programme of my juvenile experiences, I valued all objects and sensations—my parents and sisters included—in proportion as they administered to the desires and gratifications of my bodily needs and sensibilities.’”

The first impressions and memories of childhood must be valuable as data in our reasonings on mental philosophy, but, unfortunately, these can seldom be recovered, and are still more rarely recorded, any stray instance of the kind that we may meet should be the more welcome; we, therefore, transcribe freely from what Mr. Davis has recorded as “My First Memories.”—

Three years and a few weeks had glided away ere memory received the news that, without and beyond itself, there existed an objective world. This was in the autumn of 1829. I was in the open air, with my face toward a small, weather-beaten, lonely house, but which, to my inexperienced mind, looked like a very spacious and wonderful superstructure. Whether I had ever been in it or not, I could not remember. Towering trees environed the strange domicile; and a road, the use of which I could form no conception, stretched away through the dreamy depths of the encircling wilderness.

“What is them high things called?” I soliloquised, viewing the erect and wavy trees so very far above my head. “And what’s that called?” I asked, pointing my finger toward the dilapidated tenement, the dimensions of which seemed so great.

But, quicker than thought, there flashed athwart my nature a dreadful feeling of lonely and helpless desolation; and awaking, as it were, from a dream of fright and anxiety, I screamed a word, the sound of which I had till then no knowledge of my power to make—*Mother! mother!* Like the fabulous Robinson Crusoe, while a lone wanderer on the island of Juan Fernandez, I started in surprise at the cry with which my own voice broke the deep silence. And yet, as I can now well remember, there was something in the term “Mother” which seemed familiar and full of blessed significance. Like a magic wand, it appeared to open a narrow pathway through some well-known landscape: and this path presently ultimated in certain definite enclosures—perhaps, reproducing an idea of the rooms in the rural dwelling already described as my birthplace.

“What is ‘Mother?’” I could not tell. Whether it had form, size, and dimensions, or was the absence of these, I could not decide. Two sensations I knew: my personal littleness, made more appalling by the contrast of the great trees and immense house before me; and *my desolate state*, more terrifying because I could see nothing like myself in any direction. When I screamed “Mother!” I evidently appreciated the fact that I was soliciting, imploring, demanding, the presence of *something* which could make me feel warm, safe, satisfied, and happy—something of which I was a part, a lesser portion—without which I would be cold, hungry, thirsty and miserable. But, strange as it may appear, it is true nevertheless, that I could not or did not form the least conception of the objective appearance of that indefinite something which I called “Mother,” and which I fully realised to be somehow related to my safety and existence. This fact I now regard as being rich in value to all metaphysicians.

A child’s first ideas of a Supreme Being and of death, and

the genesis of these ideas in the child's mind will, we feel sure, be also interesting. In the case of Davis, this occurred soon after the event last recorded. He had just witnessed, for the first time, a prolonged loquacious struggle between his parents. "The effect of which," he says, "still lingers as the most shocking impression ever made upon my infantile mind."—

Well enough do I remember, after getting under the clothes in the trundle-bed that night, of thinking thus: "I wonder whether the Big Good Man up in the sky seen that! If he did, what does he think about it?" While meditating thus, I was seized with a *strange terror*; and, as the most natural thing, I screamed "Mother!" with all my vocal power.

"What is the matter, Jackson?" she quickly and kindly asked.

"I don't know," I cried; "I'm 'fraid to go to sleep. D'you think I'll wake up again, if I go to sleep?"

"O, yes, my son—nothing'll hurt you." And so I tried to believe. But 'twas impossible. What troubled me I knew not, except a terrifying apprehensiveness that I should not open my eyes again if I slept, and the dreaded loneliness of an endless sleep. It reminded me of what I felt when our mother was *lost* in the forest. Therefore I begged to get in bed with my parents, for there only could I feel safe in slumber.

"Don't humour that boy so!" said my father, sternly; 'taint nothin' but worms ailin' him."

Now, though a very little child, I felt that I *knew better*; and so, for the first time, I found my mind rejecting my own father's judgment. Here was individual sovereignty in a trundle-bed. But this unexpected development of an opinion, in positive opposition to my worthy and venerable progenitor, served only to add more strength to my indescribable terror. Having no knowledge of words wherewith to dispute my father's worm-theory, I cried and continued to cry, until, perhaps to get rid of me, I was taken by mutual consent into the protective embrace of the sympathising mother—wherein, feeling a blissful security out of harm's way, I soon forgot all trouble in a slumber too sound for dreams.

On reflection, I have since concluded that my awakening spirit, young and untutored as it was, had received on this occasion some vaguely intuitive conception of Deity and Death. An idea of the "Big Good Man" had never been imparted to me by any person that I could remember; neither had I ever witnessed such a shocking event as "going to sleep and not waking again," which formed the groundwork of my childish apprehensions. Therefore, I put this down as an interesting psychological fact, impairing the doctrine that denies to the soul an innate organic knowledge of corresponding outward realities.

Soon after the birth of Andrew, the parents removed to Staatsburg, New York—the scene of his "First Memories," and in 1832, they again changed their residence to Hyde Park, Dutchess County, New York. And here occurred an incident, which seems to show that he was even then subject to spiritual impressions. He was in a childish rage, under what, as a child, he felt a great provocation, and vented his passion alone by swearing with all the hard and ugly words he could call to mind, though of course he could have had but a small and obscure perception of their meaning—

Twilight (he says) had died away in darkness, in which I stood alone and enveloped. Serenely shone the evening stars. Not a breath of air moved the foliage in the garden; not a sound could I hear from the apple-orchard; not a sigh of sadness from the woods whence the brush had been so laboriously obtained. Still, very still, too still, was all the world—within the reach of my

physical senses—at the moment when I so wilfully disturbed the scene with my terrible profanity.

Hark! What's *that*? In an instant after I had vented my rage, there passed into mine ear an exclamation, heavy laden with that mysterious condemnation which penetrated me to the very core of my being—"WHY, JACKSON."

'Twas my mother's voice—or I thought it was—and in a moment my frame quivered and shook with fear. Darkness fell round about me with a sudden and alarming density. The very air seemed undulated and convulsed, as by the throes of some offended deity. A swift wind seemingly circumgyrated and buzzed close to my head, and, as I imagined, lifted my cap and replaced it several times.

"*Why, Jackson!*" Once only heard I these plain words; but they thrilled me with an unaccountable horror. They unmistakably conveyed, and awakened in me toward myself, *astonishment, rebuke, grief, commiseration!* "O pshaw! what's the use bein' 'fraid of mother?" soliloquised I; "She can't blame me, no how." This thought refreshed my courage; and though still uncontrollably agitated, into the house I went, and poutingly exclaimed: "Don't care if you did hear me swear. 'Twas too bad, anyhow!"

Fortunately, the maternal ear alone heard my spontaneous confession.

Believing the voice he heard to have been his mother's, he made to her a full confession, and of course received from her a very grave and serious reproof. But what was his astonishment to find that her's was not the voice he had heard. He asked—

"Didn't you hear me?"

"Mercy save us!" she exclaimed. "No, I didn't hear you; and I'm thankful I didn't. Providence know'd I couldn't bear to hear my boy speak such bad words."

This answer astonished me greatly. "Then, who called me?" said I, "Who hollered so loud, and said, 'Why, Jackson?' I tho't 'twas you; but bein' so dark, I couldn't see. Must be 'twas Julia Ann."

"No, 'twasn't nuther!" returned my quietly-listening sister. "This is the fust I've heard of your swearin'—an' I hope to mercy 'twill be the last."

The effect of the lesson altogether, he says, "was so deep and so impressive, that never, from that date to this hour, have I been conscious of uttering a profane word."

When eleven years of age, he went to work at a flour mill to attend the hopper, and while here somnambulism began to be developed in him. He says—

A thousand shadowy forms of wheels and revolving upright shafts would cover the entire surface of my brain. Besides those mill-works which I had seen during the day, I could perceive and comprehend the operation of new structures. Complete machines for splitting shingles, for grinding grains, for pulverising plaster-stones, for sawing and planing boards, for doing the drudgery kitchen-work usually imposed upon woman—these and several other very novel representations of mechanical improvements would weave themselves into the substance of my daily experiences—all brought together, and yet never unfounded, during the silence of the bending and brooding night.

He remained at the flour mill only a few weeks. Next he tried his hand at helping the clerk of a store, but his ignorance of figures and clumsy habits soon procured him his discharge.

1838, being attacked with bilious fever, the visiting physician called the anxious mother—

"Your son must not drink cold water, ma'am. His case is a very critical



one. The least cold taken at this stage of salivation, ma'am, will endanger his life."

The careful reader is already aware of my lively dread of dying. The thought of ceasing to breathe—of closing my eyes for ever—of being put in a coffin—of that confinement in the ground—was inexpressibly horrible. And yet, notwithstanding this awful dread added to the physician's emphatic warning, I seemed to hear something whispering—*"You—may—drink—the—sweet—water—of—maple—trees."* At first I thought it was but a fever dream; the suggestions of my burning thirst; a hint from the liquid fire that coursed wildly through my veins. But 'twas twice whispered between mid-day and evening. The breathing thereof was refreshingly welcome. And I could not longer restrain myself. The voice was like imagination's—very low, clear, sweet, dreamy, influential. Hesitating no more, I told mother every word of my supposed dream—and insisted that, early in the next morning's dawn, I must drink the sap of sugar-maple. She believed with me, cherished my request, and obtained from the tapped trees a pailful of their drippings. Freely and fearlessly—yea, in perfect faith—I drank of the cooling water! What followed this draught? A substantial convalescence; and, in a few weeks, physical health and hopefulness.

Shortly after his recovery from this illness, he found employment at a neighbouring farm, principally to watch and keep cattle. While employed here, an incident occurred which we transcribe at length—

I became quite handy with the hoe, and so had a day's work marked out for me. One extremely warm day, however, when I chanced to be left alone at my appointed task, in the middle of a twenty-acre cornfield, my attention was arrested by the sound of sweet, low, and plaintive music. It seemed to emanate from the airy space above me, and had a pathos like the sighing of autumnal winds. Being far away from trees and human habitations, its source was unaccountable. Unlike anything I had ever before heard, it appeared to be breathing in the very fibres of my brain—yea, through the substance of my inner being and throbbing heart—awakening there the tenderest emotions, and filling my juvenile mind with loving sympathies toward the unknown human world. Previous to this moment I had entertained no enlarged affection for strangers. The idea of loving anybody not loved by my immediate relatives, or of disliking persons who were openly recognised as the friends of our humble little household, never appeared to me before this as being other than unnatural and blameworthy. Indeed, my sympathies and antipathies, like those of uneducated youth generally, were bounded by the selfish affinities of the family group. But, now, there was born in me an inexpressible yearning to know and love everything human. I seemed to be lifted, as by a miracle, above the mists of selfishness. While I listened, confounded and transfixed with joy and wonderment combined, I seemed distinctly to hear, floating down upon the glistening solar ray, as it were, and indescribably blending with the Æolian strains of the mysterious melody, these words:—*"You—may—desire—to—travel!"*

Breathless and exhausted with increased amazement, I stood leaning on the handle of the hoe, by which I kept my trembling form from falling, nervously hearkening—oh, how intensely!—for whatever else might reach me through the dreamy music of the abounding air. But, ere I knew it, the oppressive silence of the immense field was upon me, and only familiar objects in the surrounding distance reflected themselves upon my wondering gaze. For three or four days afterward the enchantment lingered upon me. I would involuntarily halt near the charmed spot, all forgetful of my work, and devote myself to wishing for another strain of atmospheric harmony so delightful.

No further experience of this kind appears to have occurred to him for several months. But, "one day," he says, "while clearing some new ground for a crop of buck-wheat, methought

I heard that marvellous music again! I was fortunately alone at my work, and could devote myself to giving audience. When first I listened, no extraordinary sound reached my nervously-intensified ear. Anon, however, the pure and bird-like melody floated dreamily through the heavens! and again all was silent."

This naturally brought to his mind the mysterious music and language he had before heard in the corn-field; but his mental questioning concerning it appeared to elicit no response. "Resuming my work at length," he says, "with the conclusion that I had only been imagining music, I heard, apparently near my ear, the same well-remembered voice, whispering, 'To—Pough—keep—sie.' With the celerity of thought, the whole matter flashed intelligibly before me. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'then I may desire to travel to Poughkeepsie?' I waited for a reply, but none descended. From that hour, however, I yearned to have our domestic interests removed to that mysteriously specified locality." After a while, on various pretexts, he made the suggestion to his father, and induced him to think of it; and the latter, finding he could get a situation of steady work there, and that rooms suitable for his family could be had, removed there in the autumn of 1839.

Soon after their removal here, business became bad and employment scarce. The father took to a retail grocery store; but having no capital and little credit, the sheriff's officer soon closed up the business. So distressed were they, that young Davis at length plucked up courage to state their case to a wealthy neighbour, of whom he begged some cold victuals, to keep the family from actual starvation; but his application was only met with a gruff refusal. Returning home, distressed and anxious, a thought struck him "like lightning," which led him to a new source of employment, which, to his great joy, enabled him for several weeks to purchase food for the family. At this time, he became the subject of so singular an experience, that we shall place it before the reader in his own language—

Near the close of a chilly day, February 2, 1841, when I was about to open the back-yard gate which separated our door from the public street, something like a black veil suddenly dropped over my face, shutting out every object and enveloping me in utter darkness. I groped and fumbled my way along like a blind boy, as if in a dark night, while the sun was yet shining in the west. My consciousness was much the same as when under the somnambule trance; but, like that condition, my closed eyes now could discern nothing, and my unaided feet stumbled against unperceived obstacles.

Anon while I was without, feeling for the gate-latch, all space seemed to be instantly filled with a golden radiance! The world was transformed! Winter snows and icy barriers had melted and glided away; warm breezes played with wing sunbeams; fruit trees were blossoming in the garden before me; bright birds sent out their melodious songs upon the perfumed air; new and beautiful flowers decorated the margins of many paths that led to a gorgeous palace, which stood where the tenant-house was just a few moments previous; a celes-

tial bloom and an immortal loveliness shone forth everywhere; and I heard what, as on other occasions, sounded like my mother's voice calling as from an unseen window of the palatial superstructure—"Come here, child: I want to show you my new house!"

Without an emotion of astonishment or haste, (at which I am even now astonished), I opened the begemmed gate before me, which gave out music from its very hinges, and then I walked calmly through the pure air, between the spraying fountains, beneath the waving gleeful trees, amid the diversified bloom and unwasting glory, until I gained the gilded door of my mother's high and holy home!

A moment I hesitated, thinking "How shall I act if she's got visitors?" The thought departed, and, rustic-like, I knocked *loudly* against the bespangled and over-arched door. No answer! While waiting for admission, I turned to review the magnificent habitation. With thought's own speed, I recalled the many miserable houses we had occupied. The contrast made *this* lovelier than all else my mind had ever imagined. My bosom swelled with ineffable pride—then with a gladness—which made me shout and dance. I think my joy was very fantastic and boisterous: for, in the midst thereof, the stately door swung open, and a familiar Hibernian neighbour raised her forefinger ominously, and said: "Jist wait a bit. It's yer own poor mother that's a dyin'! Yer a bould lad to be killin' her, swate heart, wid yer noise. It's a power o' sad news for ye. Shure an' dyin's no play. Go in softly—put yer pail snogly away up stairs—thin go an' spake a bit to yer mother."

All this solemn talk seemed extremely ridiculous! Couldn't I see? Didn't I know better? The hall before me was spacious, the walls glittered with golden embellishments, the stairs to which she pointed were radiant with flowery carpetings, and wasn't I the proud son of the healthy and happy mother who owned the palace?

I had as I thought evidence enough that the sympathetic lady of Erin was simply checking my mirth, so that the joy of our new home might break mere calmly on my mind. And so I wouldn't be restrained. Laughing aloud at her foolish words of caution, I bounded by her through the enamelled doorway. In an instant the resplendent vision vanished! *The black veil* was again before me! It fell—and, lo! the ill-furnished room—the darkened bed—the emaciated woman—alas! I stood in the midst of poverty and death! Who can pourtray my feelings? The doctor whispered—"She's dying!"

Such was the effect of this vision upon him, that though his love to his mother was stronger than to all else, he could even thank Providence for removing her from her earthly troubles to those brighter mansions to which he felt assured her spirit had now departed. He tells us—"My spirit had no tears for the sepulchral urn! The ashes of the dead contained the germs of life. The sealed eyes, the faded smile, the pallid lips, the dew of death—what were these to me? signs and symbols of a new creation! Celestial perfection, beyond all speech, was set like a diadem on the brow of Nature. I was present at the coronation of the unknown!"

In 1842 he was apprenticed to a Mr. Armstrong, a worthy boot and shoe merchant, in which situation—though sometimes "rigged for his blundering orthography," such as writing orders for "red morocco children's shoes," and "pegged men's cowhide boots"—he appears to have been very kindly treated, and, as he relates:—

Being allowed the freedom of the house and the yard, the children would

frequently unite with and aid me in trying to sing Washingtonian temperance songs. One Sunday, while singing—

“Where are the friends that to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago?” &c.—

there happened a pleasing mystical circumstance, of which I was the sole recipient. When we sung the words “In their graves laid low,” I heard the word “No!” distinctly and emphatically shouted in my ear.

“Don’t do that, Russell,” said I to the eldest son.

“Do what?” he enquired, with a look of surprise.

“Don’t holler ‘No!’ when ‘tain’t in the song,” I pleadingly exclaimed.

“I didn’t,” he quickly replied; “and I didn’t hear it neither.”

The younger children, Austin and Freddy, also denied any participation. So we proceeded with our singing. But whenever we sung the affirmation that our friends are “In their graves laid low,” I would hear the negative “No!” as clear and positive as any word pronounced by ourselves. At the time, I could not comprehend it.

In the autumn of 1843 a Mr. Grimes delivered in Poughkeepsie several lectures on mesmerism, illustrated with experiments. Among the persons on whom the lecturer tried to operate was young Davis; but in this instance his most powerful efforts failed to produce any apparent effect. Considerable excitement had, however, been created in the village by these lectures and experiments; and among others who were induced to test their own powers in producing the mesmeric phenomena was a Mr. Levingstone, a master tailor. Calling at Mr. Armstrong’s store, he related, in the presence of Davis, many successful experiments that he had performed; and finding Davis to be interested, he proposed that he should call at his house in the evening, and he would try to magnetise him. The experiment was made, and was eminently successful—the boy exhibiting powers of clairvoyance which were truly surprising. A great variety of tests were submitted, such as requiring him to see and describe places where he had never been, to read from a closed volume with his eyes bandaged, &c.; and the result was to establish his power of interior sight beyond dispute. This experiment took place about the 1st of December, 1843.

From this time he was frequently thrown into the clairvoyant state, and for months Mr. Levingstone’s house became nightly the resort of the curious, invitations to witness the experiments being freely and indiscriminately extended. As Davis came more fully under the operator’s magnetic influence, it had for him an increasing fascination, till at length, with the consent of Mr. Armstrong, he gladly, without any stipulations or definite expectations, accepted Mr. Levingstone’s invitation to live with him as one of the family. Immediately following this occurred that remarkable experience detailed in our last number.\*

He soon manifested, while clairvoyant, a considerable power

\* In the article entitled, “Spiritual Perception of Nature.”

of perceiving the nature and seat of diseases in the human constitution, and their appropriate remedies. On the evening of March 6th, 1844, he had been with Mr. Levingstone to make a clairvoyant examination of a sick person. This having been effected, the operator endeavoured, for a long time ineffectually, to demagnetise him. At length, however, this seemed accomplished, though he felt a painful prejudice to the several spheres of those present. On entering the street he imagined that his system still retained a portion of the imparted influence, which was "confirmed by a sudden and paralysing illumination in the region of the intellectuals." He felt confused and powerless, but at length reached home, and laid himself down on the bed in extreme agitation both of body and mind, and slept. He was awakened by a sensation as of brisk fanning over his face, but on opening his eyes and seeing nothing he concluded he had been dreaming, and tried to sleep again. Presently, however, he heard a voice like his mother's, which said "*Arise!—dress—thyself—and—follow—me.*" In a minute he was dressed, and in the street. He says "My feet clung to nothing. There was no friction, and I fled with a fleetness indescribable. The unseen power conducted me to the sidewalk corner of Mill and Hamilton-streets, where there were at this time no dwellings. My mind was instantly sobered. 'What can this mean?' I mentally queried. 'What a change!' " While meditating thus under the solemn beauty of the starry night, there passed before his mind the following vision:—

A strange sound now vibrated on my ear. I looked, and lo, I beheld, with admiration, a shadowy congregation of clean and beautiful sheep! The flock was large, and their condition poor. Their bodies, however, were perfectly *white*; and they manifested great gentleness of disposition. Shortly, I was impressed with the following interpretation; which I now apprehend as true, and giving the *use* of the symbolic scene:—

"The sheep corresponded to the vast brotherhood of mankind. Their beautiful external whiteness corresponded to the innate purity and goodness of all, indicating that all are capable of material refinement and spiritual elevation. The poverty of their bodies corresponded to the wretched physical condition of the earth's inhabitants. Their social affections are disunited; they are opposed to each other's highest *good* and happiness; and their spiritual sympathies are misdirected. Yea, the whole human race represents a flock of sheep, whose shepherd is the Universal Father!"

These truths flowed into my unfolded mind as freely as rain falls from heaven to earth. I recognised their use and importance. But I continued my meditation. The sheep remained at peace as when I first saw them. But now, as I comprehended the meaning intended, they began to change their position—seemingly desiring some *fold* wherein they might rest undisturbed. Being greatly confused, they proceeded to pass along the street in such a way as would have shown (had they been men) that their judgments were *weak* or impaired, and that they were thus incapable of choosing the proper and righteous path which would have led them to that goal which all seemed to be seeking.

At the next moment I beheld a shepherd. His sudden and spiritual appearance surprised me not; and I approached him as a divine friend. I saw that he was much perplexed, yet fully determined (though inefficient) to urge the sheep

hence where peace and harmony reigned. He had great elegance of form, and was plainly and usefully attired. He presented an air of unassuming and stately dignity—to be admired in any being. His countenance, and sky-blue eyes, indicated purity. His whole appearance was that of a kind and gentle being—endowed with physical and spiritual perfection. On my approach he spake not, but expressed in simple language (by the illumination of his countenance) the desires of his soul. He needed sympathy and assistance. The sheep were in ignorance and confusion which he had laboured to overcome. They required gentle but regular discipline. To his request I immediately acceded. By a powerful exertion, we succeeded in establishing order among them—to which they mutually adhered—whereupon, as if substantial beings, they and their delighted shepherd naturally proceeded down the street. Their uniform motions seemed to melt into one harmonious movement, till they faded and vanished amid surrounding objects that formed the distant scene.

With impressive solemnity, and illuminated by a rosy light, the whole scene came and passed away. Upheld by the unseen power, I was tranquil throughout the amazing representation. The following significance of its closing part was also made distinctly manifest:—"The beautiful shepherd corresponded to a great and noble reformer, whose spirit breathed '*peace on earth and goodwill to men;*' whose exalted wisdom comprehended the many physical and spiritual requirements of the human race; whose grand system of moral government transcended all others conceived since intelligence pervaded the bosom of Nature. The state of painful confusion into which the sheep were thrown, corresponded to the confused condition of the theological world—to the conflicts between truth and error, reason and theology, reality and imagination, theory and practice—and, lastly, to the intense anxiety of each person who desires, but cannot believe in, immortal life. The request that so benignly beamed forth from his fair countenance, denoted that I, like all men, am called to perform a moral part in life's sacred drama." So I am compelled to report: first, because the instruction, intended by the beautiful representation, flowed into my mind irresistibly, and regardless of my own thoughts at the moment: and, second, because my personal transportation to that portion of the village was produced and governed by a power superior to myself.

But the scene now changed. I stood almost free from thought; the blood chilled in my exposed body; my head and chest were painfully congested; I was surrounded with a death-like darkness, and became almost insensible. I struggled and gasped for breath; but the effort failed. Life had almost fled. All was cold, dark, deathly. I made a feeble effort to escape that lonely death, and then fell unconsciously to the ground.

Anon, he was awakened and caused to run as before with bounding fleetness many many miles over a new road, and then across the frozen river Hudson, and after a short period of rest, another wonderful vision was presented to him. On returning to his normal state, he found on inquiry that he was near the Catskill Mountains, and that Poughkeepsie was distant about forty miles on the other side of the Hudson. Twice on his way homeward did he experience a return of these strange feelings and mystical illuminations, preceded by a closing of the outward senses. On the second occasion, "I experienced," he says, "a breathing sensation, unlike any other, upon the front and side of my head, in the region of the organ of ideality. Its increasing attraction caused me to turn in the direction whence it proceeded, and I beheld a man of ordinary stature, but of a spiritual appearance. He approached, and, without speaking, turned to the right near me, and furnished himself with a similar seat. As by in-

stinct, I observed that he was a lover of Nature and of truth—had a constant thirst for knowledge—and was endowed with strong powers of investigation. His quick natural perception, sustained by his highly-cultivated faculties of intuition and reflection, presented a combination of intellectual powers seldom witnessed. He was a being whom I felt constrained to love—for love was prompted by his superior wisdom. I felt quiet and happy. And it is a truth, that I conversed with him, and he with me, for a long period, and that too, by a mutual *influx* and reflux of thought.”

This conversation related to the investigations, which, when in the body, his spiritual visitor had made into the laws of life in all its ascending forms, and the system of medical treatment he had deduced therefrom.\* A few words of counsel were then addressed to the seer by another stranger of majestic presence, expressive of a high degree of spirituality. He subsequently learned that these men had been respectively known as Galen and Swedenborg, though up to this time he had not even heard their names. On reaching home, bewildered by his strange experiences, he could only reply to the inquiry where he had been since last night:—“I’ve been a long journey, and seen many curious sights; but I can’t make out what it all means.”

In the evening, on being magnetised, he was surrounded as usual by “large-eyed and open-mouthed seekers for signs and wonders;” and clever knowing people, with cunningly devised tests. But “besides these there was a group of the sick, and sore, and suffering—persons who not only *wanted* to be convinced, but actually *needed* what they wanted—a true report of their condition, and a *knowledge of the most direct means of restoration*.”

Having passed into the clairvoyant state, he saw that in the immediate future, which was opened out before him, an entire change of programme was to be made. He says—

A grand joy pervaded my soul—for I saw that there was a sublime use even in the exercise of clairvoyance—a substantial benefit to sore, and lame, and blind Humanity! O the happiness, the ecstatic bliss, of that world-wide view! There was a lofty grandeur in the philanthropic emotions with which I felt inspired and strengthened. There was a new benefit in existence. My happiness consisted in the certainty that I was to bestow health, to snatch from death the suffering infant, to guide the blind man into light, to sound the voice of healing in the ear of the deaf, to be a support when disease oppressed my neighbour, and a staff of strength to the sick who stepped in the path that lay before me. And yet, friendly reader, I was not lifted up with self-importance. The blessed work that I saw to do, instead of exciting my self-esteem, almost oppressed and overcame my soul. My gratitude was very deep; the responsibility would be weighty, and my life was to become a sober reality.

The prolonged silence, or rather my incommunicativeness, induced the operator to ask, “Can you see anything to-night, Jackson?”

“Oh, yes!” I ejaculated with enthusiastic emotion, “I have some new directions to give. I now see the good of my late visions.”

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\* This system is developed in the *Great Harmonia*, Vol. I.

He then proceeded, still in clairvoyance, to tell the operator that they must make a change, and spend no more time upon wonder-seekers.

"How, then, shall we convince the unbelieving?" inquired the operator.

"By doing good," I enthusiastically replied; "by examining and prescribing for the sick."

"Must your powers be confined exclusively to the sick?" he asked, with a little show of disappointment.

"Yes, after this," I replied; and then proceeded to give ample directions. Our future time was to be systematically employed. Certain hours were to be devoted to diseased applicants. I was to remain in the clairvoyant state only just so long (two hours and a half) at each sitting; the magnetic process was to be conducted thus and so; and our time was to be rewarded by a charge of a moderate fee to those only who were in easy circumstances.

Of all this, however, no knowledge was then brought by the clairvoyant into his normal state. His magnetizer was a prosperous and thriving tradesman, but, impelled by his love of humanity, he resolved to devote himself to this work, though with no certain prospect before him but a continuance of the petty persecution and pecuniary loss he had already sustained.

It will be borne in mind that at this time the "Rochester knockings" and attendant phenomena with their mysterious import had not begun their work of startling the age from the deep sleep of materialism into which it was fast sinking; and, though clairvoyance was not unknown, "healing mediums" were not yet an institution. It may then be easily imagined that the wonderful cures which began to be performed under the direction of an ignorant shoemaker's apprentice, soon led to considerable excitement, mostly of the unpleasant sort; and to some outcry, from professional persons in particular. Still many weak ones preferred being restored to health by this irregular method to being handed over to the undertaker by a licensed practitioner. The correct diagnosis of the clairvoyant at once inspired the patient with confidence, and by the same faculty he readily perceived the agent best adapted to restore health to the diseased organism; or to quote his words, "The existence of this supply, this agent, this remedy for disease, I first felt as by an instinctive sympathy; and then, in nearly every instance, I would proceed to exercise my power of vision to see in what field, or book, or drug-store, the required article was located or described. In this same silent and mysterious manner—that is, by looking through space, direct into Nature's laboratory, or else into medical establishments, I easily acquired the common (and even the *Greek* and *Latin*) names of various medicines, and also of many parts of the human structure—its anatomy, its physiology, its neurology, &c.; all of which greatly astonished the people, and myself not less when not clairvoyant—for then I had to rely solely upon hearsay and gossip—and, what is not a little strange and paradoxical,



during the first years of my medical experience I could not give a satisfactory solution of my own method. In fact, I did not comprehend the extent and import of my own perceptions."

"It may be difficult," he says, "for the reader to keep in remembrance the vast contrast between my mind illuminated and unilluminated. Twenty strokes of the magnetizer's hand would change and promote me from an ignorant youth to the high elevation of the profound philosopher." Mr. Fishbough, who was present at several of his medical examinations, remarks. "While in the latter (the clairvoyant) state he appeared as if metamorphosed into a totally different being. The human system seemed entirely transparent to him, and to our utter astonishment he employed the technical terms of anatomy, physiology, and *materia medica*, as familiarly as household words! Our surprise was equally excited by the *exceeding* clearness with which he described and reasoned upon the nature, origin, and progress of a disease, and concerning the appropriate means to employ for its removal. From infallible indications presented, we saw that there could be no collusion or deception, and no such thing as receiving the impressions sympathetically from the mind of the magnetizer." It was not till he entered upon the highest—the state of independent clairvoyance (*i. e.*, clairvoyance, free from direct instigation) that he was able to carry the knowledge acquired by him in clairvoyance into the natural state.

Though the exercise of his clairvoyant faculty continued to be directed mainly to the cure of disease, yet, occasionally, other tests of a remarkable character would be given; such as giving "a perfect daguerreotype" of the house and family of a friend of a visitor in New Portland, 500 miles distant. He also records several spiritual visions—some, in a series of tableaux, representing his personal history and mental states past and future; others, impressing certain lessons on his mind by scenic and pictorial representation. Probably, these visions may also have been designed to effect in him, by the influx of spiritual magnetism, certain psychical changes essential to his future work and more complete development. One of these visions appears to have suggested to him the title of his book. At the time of its occurrence he was considerably depressed by jeering remarks he had heard, and by his inability to retain what had been imparted to him in the abnormal state, and he supplicated Providence to show him what was right, and to restore to him what he had lost or forgotten. In a former vision—a cane or staff possessing some remarkable and valuable qualities had been presented to him, but on his exhibiting anger and irritation at a slight obstacle in his path, it was withdrawn, with a promise that it should, in due

season, be given him to keep. Immediately following his prayer, he tells us—

There was a quick flash of light! Alarmed, I glanced around the room. Nothing but a faint star light relieved the intense darkness. Again I bowed my head and again the dazzling flash! I looked, and beheld an oblique line of light—an exact image of the cane shown and given me by Galen! Instantly my memory returned! I perfectly knew the beautiful gift, and reached forth my hand to receive it. 'Twas gone! Darkness was again there, and, in my mind, a feeling of unexpressed displeasure.

Time passed—perhaps half-an-hour—ere I ventured again to supplicate: "Forgive my hastiness, my momentary anger, kind Providence; but do grant, I pray thee, that I may get and keep that beautiful cane!"

Another flash of golden light shot through the abounding darkness, and, looking up, I beheld a strange, transparent sheet of whiteness, on which was painted glowing words that seemed to burn and beam and brighten amid the silent air. I was not frightened, but charmed! Calmly I read the radiant words—

**" Behold !**  
**HERE IS THY MAGIC STAFF :**  
**UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES KEEP AN EVEN MIND.**  
**Take it, Try it, Walk with it,**  
*Talk with it, Lean on it, Believe on it,*  
**For Ever."**

Over and over again read I those glowing, glittering, transcendent words of wondrous significance. But a doubt seized me, and I asked: "Is that longest sentence my Magic Staff—*Under all circumstances keep an even mind*"—is that my cane, which I thought I had lost or forgotten?" In a twinkling the sheet of whiteness vanished, and in its place was beautifully beaming forth the reply—"YES." 'Twas enough! My soul swelled with thanksgivings! "The Magic Staff, then, is no fiction," I joyfully thought; "the secret is to take it, try it, walk with it, talk with it, lean on it, believe on it, for ever." Yes, friendly reader, I seized this mental cane—the magic staff—and ran downstairs, went out in the open air, walked the streets, returned to my bed, lay down with it by my side, arose with it in the morn, ate breakfast with it, examined the sick with it, leaned on it whenever things went wrong, believed on it at all times, and thus trudged I along down toward the intervening valley.

In August, 1845, Mr. Davis's state appearing to require a change of magnetizers, he, while in the clairvoyant state, chose for his future magnetizer Dr. Lyon, of Bridgport, a physician of considerable practice, who had been convinced of the truth of clairvoyance by the evidence which the case of Davis presented. Dr. Lyon accepting the appointment, they proceeded, in accordance with directions given by Davis in the interior state, to New York, where, as he had announced while illuminated, in the previous May, certain lectures on subjects of importance were to be given by him, but of the nature of which he was kept uninformed. For three months after their arrival in New York, Davis continued to be magnetised daily for the exercise of his medical clairvoyance, but it was not till within two days of their commencement, on the evening of November the 28th, that the arrangements connected with the delivery of these discourses was finally made.

There was no public notification of them, but three respectable witnesses were appointed—the Rev. J. N. Parker, Dr. T. Lea Smith, and Theron R. Lapham. The Rev. Wm. Fishbough, of New Haven, was appointed scribe. Davis now, for the first time, entered (permanently) on what he calls “The Superior Condition.”\* And now before proceeding further, suppose (adopting his suggestion) “We take an inventory of his intellectual stock, and check down each article at its marketable valuation. “The circumference of his head is unusually small. If ‘size is the measure of power,’ then this youth’s mental capacity is unusually limited. His lungs are weak and unexpanded. If ‘the mind is invigorated in proportion to the capacity of the chest,’ then this youth’s mind must be feeble and circumscribed in its operations. He had not dwelt in the midst of refining influences. If ‘circumstances mould the character,’ then this youth’s manners must be ungentle and awkward. He has not read a book save one, and that on a very unimportant subject; he knows nothing of grammar or the rules of language; neither has he associated with literary or scientific persons. If ‘his education forms the youthful mind,’ then is this youth’s intellectual stock too meagre for the literary market.”

These lectures (157 in all) occupy nearly 800 printed pages in large octavo. Among those who attended their delivery was Edgar A. Poe and Professor George Bush. The latter—who was a frequent and much interested auditor—in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, of September 1st, 1847, gives his testimony to this work, which we subjoin the more readily, as it will be seen that he dissents from some of its conclusions. Professor Bush says:—

From a careful study of the whole matter, from its inception to its completion, I am perfectly satisfied that the work is the production of an ignorant young man, utterly and absolutely incompetent, in his natural state, to the utterances it embodies. I have not a shadow of doubt that it was given forth by him in a peculiar abnormal state, for some portions of it I heard with my own ears, and can testify that what I now read printed, accurately corresponds to what I have heard

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\* The difference (between this and clairvoyance) is the same as between sight without understanding and sight crowned with the latter unspeakable advantage and improvement. For example: you look at a piece of gold ore or at a pound of gypsum. This sight, without a full understanding of the chemical constituents of what you see, corresponds to clairvoyance. But suppose you both look at and chemically analyze the ore or gypsum, then you illustrate both clairvoyance and clair-science, or, in other words, interior perception in combination with intellectual understanding, which is the superior condition. Hence it follows that one who is a clairvoyant merely is more or less liable to err and mistake the locality, properties, nature, and relation, of whatever he may thus perceive; while, on the other hand, he who is both clear-seeing and clear-knowing—or who possesses at once the double blessing of clairvoyance and clair-science—is liable to err only in three directions, viz., in quantities, times, and magnitudes. Both conditions, therefore, are capable of being eternally improved. — *The Magic Staff*.

*spoken.* That all the rest was delivered in the same manner, scores of eye and ear-witnesses are ready to attest. How the subject-matter came into his mind is another question, which I do not now consider; but that the present volume, in its entire contents, was actually dictated from the lips of A. J. Davis, is a point of which I have no more doubt than that it is now for sale in Mr. Redfield's book-store. The original drafts subscribed by the witnesses in attendance at each sitting are at all times accessible, and everyone who wishes may certify himself of the fidelity of the printed volume to the manuscript copy. . . . There is no imposture in the fact of the book's existence, for here it is before us, and it has been produced by *somebody*. There is no imposture either in the fact that the book was dictated by the lips of A. J. Davis, for the manuscripts show the signatures of 267 witnesses,\* who heard one or more of them delivered, to which the very respectable name of Professor Lewis of this city may be added, a gentleman whose veracity will not be questioned. He has expressly asserted it in the *New York Observer*. . . . We have clearly traced the book to Davis as the ostensible source. But what was his real agency in the matter? Was he the prime mover, or merely the obsequious tool? Was his asserted mesmeric state a veritable reality, or a concerted sham? One or the other of these suppositions must be assumed. If the state was real, the book is undoubtedly genuine, whatever may be the particular theory in regard to the manner in which the ideas came into his mind. If it was not real, but mere pretence, then he must have been previously *crammed* with the matter, and recited it off as a schoolboy does his *piece*. But see what difficulties crowd upon this supposition! In the first place, the lectures were, on an average, from one to three hours long, and continued from day to day, with slight interruptions, for a year and two months. \*Here is, in the outset, a prodigy of memory which taxes credulity to the utmost. But where and when were the lessons learnt? His time during the day was incessantly occupied with medical examinations, receiving visits, taking exercise, &c. The night alone remained for it. How much could he have slept? And in what way was the *cramping* process carried on? Were the lectures read to him from books or manuscripts, or were they dictated *vivâ voce*? They were not read from books, for they are not to be found in books. And as to their being read from manuscripts, is it credible that the man capable of this work would resort to such a paltry expedient, and be found wearing out the long hours of the night in these protracted readings, instead of giving it directly to the world in his own name or anonymously? But even if this stretch of literary knavery be supposed possible, as perhaps it may, yet the hypothesis is knocked on the head at once by the fact, that the witnesses will all testify that in hundreds of instances, in the delivery of the lectures, he launched out, in reply to questions proposed on the spot, into extended digressions, incidental to the main scope, showing a complete mastery of the subject in its various ramifications and relations, and which could not possibly have been included in his prescribed rôle, supposing him to have been furnished with one. This was remarkably the case when I was myself present, and propounded a question, through his *magnetizer*, relative to the import of the Hebrew word for "firmament," which he answered with the utmost correctness. These digressions, which were oftentimes singularly interesting and instructive, do not appear in the volume.

Taken as a whole, the work is a profound and elaborate discussion of the *Philosophy of the Universe*; and, for grandeur of conception, soundness of principle, clearness of illustration, order of arrangement, and encyclopædical range of subjects, I know of no work, of any single mind, that will bear away from it the palm. To every theme, the inditing mind approaches with a sort of latent consciousness of mastery of all its principles, details, and technicalities, and yet without the least ostentatious display of superior mental powers. In

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\* The names and addresses of twenty-three of these witnesses are published in the introduction to *Nature's Divine Revelations*. It is interesting to note that one of these is T. L. HARRIS, of New York. This gentleman was at the time so captivated with these lectures that he withdrew from the situation he then held as a Universalist Clergyman, and, instead, elected himself a missionary of "Nature's Divine Revelations"—their first and perhaps most zealous apostle.

every one the speaker appears to be equally at home, and utters himself with the easy confidence of one who had made each subject the exclusive study of a whole life. The manner in the scientific department is always calm, dignified, and conciliatory, as if far more disposed to excuse than to censure the errors which it aims to correct, while the style is easy, flowing, chaste, appropriate, with a certain indescribable simplicity that operates like a charm upon the reader.

The grand doctrine insisted on throughout, is that of *Spiritual Causation*, or in other words, that all natural forms and organisms are effects, mirrors, and expressions of internal spiritual principles that are their causes, just as the human soul is the proximate cause of the human body. These spiritual essences are from God, the Infinite Spirit; and they work by inherent forces which are laws. As a necessary result, there are no immediate creations by a divine fiat, but a constant evolving chain of developments, in an ascending series from the lowest types of organization to the highest. This theory is reasoned out with consummate ability, and its application to the geological history of our globe, and its varied productions, forms one of the most finished specimens of philosophical argument which is to be met with in the English language. Yet the scope of the work is as far as possible from being purely speculative. It constantly aims at a practical result—the reunion of the race in a grand fraternity of interest and affection; and the sole reason of introducing the biblical and theological discussion, is to show the operation of the religious element, in producing the disunity and antagonism that now exist in the world, and which must, in some way, be abolished before universal harmony can be compassed. In this, though the end is good, and the treatment of the subject masterly, yet I am as well satisfied as anyone that the reasoning is fallacious, and that the *truth* would have been more accordant with his general scheme.

As to whether the ideas expressed may have been received by sympathetic influx from his magnetizer or others associated with him, it may be enough to quote what is said on this point by "The Scribe:"—

Suffice it to say, that, for the best of reasons, *we know* that such a thing could not be. Many facts, principles, and theories, are presented in this volume which were before totally unconceived and unbelieved by either of Mr. Davis's associates, especially on cosmological, theological, and spiritual subjects. One of Mr. Davis's associates, at least has been truly pronounced as in a merely "mild mental state;" and the other we presume would have as little difficulty in proving that his mind has not been overburdened with knowledge upon the subjects herein discussed. Should it be necessary, the evidence touching this point will be presented hereafter, though this may not be the most gratifying to the personal vanity of him upon whom may devolve the task of setting it forth to the world.

If this law of sympathetic influx, however, is *admitted*, it should be duly *explained* and *defined* before the conclusion is formed that it may not, under favourable circumstances, be a medium through which *spirits* of the higher world may transmit their knowledge to mankind on earth. Certainly the sympathetic transmission of a thought from one person to another, while both are in the body, is quite as inexplicable as would be the transmission of the thoughts of a disembodied spirit to a person rendered duly susceptible to sympathetic influx.

Furthermore, the work was originally proposed by the clairvoyant himself; the time of its commencement was fixed upon by himself; and all the instrumentalities connected with its production have constantly been under his authoritative direction. He has spoken only as directed by his interior promptings, and no portions of his work have been elicited by the interrogatories or suggestions of another. When he has spoken he has spoken spontaneously; and at such times as his interior perceptions were not duly expanded, he has refused to proceed with his dictations. All persons around him connected in any way with the production of the book, were, therefore, moved by *him*; he was not in the least degree moved or influenced by any of *them*; and it is owing solely to influences

from the interior world as operating on his mind, that the book now makes its appearance.\*

And after passing in review Davis's life, opportunities, acquirements, &c., he concludes, "that this book must have been dictated by some other and higher source of information than that accessible to the physical senses. That source of information we claim to be the SPIRITUAL WORLD." These "revelations," however, claim no authority but that arising from the conformity with nature and reason which they may be found to exhibit.

It is but justice to Mr. Davis, to record that when the work was ready for the press, "he voluntarily, in the presence of a witness, and contrary to the expectation of every one, renounced all claim, direct and indirect, to any portion of the copyright, and the proceeds of the sales of the work;" and this too, though he had not accumulated a dollar by his clairvoyant labours.

As our object in this sketch has been to trace the spiritual development of the subject of it, and the circumstances of his life only so far as appeared requisite to a proper understanding of the same, it is perhaps, for this purpose, unnecessary to pursue his biography farther. With his subsequent personal history and relations, we do not feel that either we or our readers have any special concern, further than to know that under the "interior illumination" of the "superior condition," he has delivered many public lectures, and written many books, some of which are said to have had a circulation of more than ten thousand copies. In *Nature's Divine Revelations*, *The Great Harmonia* (5 vols.) *The Philosophy of Special Providence*, *The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse*, *The Penetralia*, *The Present Age and Inner Life*, and *The Magic Staff*, the reader will find all the information he may need as to his philosophy and his personal history and experiences.

We have only to say in conclusion, and to prevent misapprehension, that while there is much in these works which we

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\* The scientific reader may be interested in learning that the existence of the planet, now known as Neptune, was affirmed by Davis in these lectures, several months before Le Verrier's discovery was known in America, and six months before the planet announced by him was actually observed. Professor Bush says:—"I am willing to testify under oath that I was made acquainted with this annunciation several months before the *slightest intimation* was given in this country of Le Verrier's discovery, and I can appeal to respectable gentlemen to whom I mentioned the fact at the time, and who immediately reminded me of the circumstance when intelligence of the discovery reached our shores." This testimony from a man whose moral character is, I believe, quite unimpeachable, renders it difficult to refuse belief in the veracity of the history of the above statement, which it is said can be proved by numerous witnesses to have been in manuscript in March, 1846. We may add that another of his statements, *i. e.*, that of the existence of a central sun around which our own revolves, is said to be verified by the subsequent discoveries of Maedler and M. Struve, the Russian imperial astronomer.

regard as unquestionably excellent, and while we admire the calm and kindly spirit which pervades them, there is yet in them much with which we have little sympathy—much from which we entirely dissent. Our object, however, is not to discuss these differences, or to attempt a critical examination and estimate of the value of these works, but to direct attention to the circumstances of their production, and to the experiences of their author, as psychological phenomena. The circumstances of Davis's early life and position, as we have related them, are fully detailed in the sources from which we have quoted, and confirmed by the published testimonies of his neighbours, employers and others, conversant with the facts. If on a careful survey of all the evidence the facts are found to be as stated (and they have never been disproved), and they can be rationally accounted for without the acknowledgment of spiritual agency, we hope that whoever may be in possession of this secret will not long withhold it from the world. The explanation will also, when given, doubtless, apply to other cases of a like nature within our knowledge.

T. S.

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#### MAURICE ON THE INVISIBLE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

THERE is nothing we are so familiar with in the books of rhetoricians, as invocations of departed worthies to look down upon their descendants, either that they may reprove them for some baseness, or encourage them to strength and victory. Considering how such language has been abused by those who have attached no meaning or scarcely any meaning to it, who have regarded it as little more than a figure of speech, it is wonderful how much power there still remains in it—how it stirs the blood of us who hear, even when we have not much faith in the sincerity of the speaker. He is often startled, like other enchanters, by the spirit he has raised; perhaps commends himself for the skill which could make a somewhat stale imposture successful. He does himself injustice. He has been truer than he gives himself the credit for being: the heart of man responds not to his artifice, which is paltry, but to the truth hidden within the artifice, which is mighty. Men's consciences tell them that it is so: that they are habitually unmindful of the presence of unseen spectators; that when that thought of it is awakened in them they are not in a more false and unreasonable state of mind, but in a truer state, than their ordinary one. How it can be so they may not ask themselves: their instincts are better than their logic; they know that they are for the moment better and more serious men for the impression that has been made upon them, and they cannot refer a moral benefit to the belief in a lie.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews has been recalling to his Hebrew brethren the acts of those ancestors with whose names they were most familiar. All those acts he had traced to their faith in an Invisible Lord, and to the substantial hope of which that faith was the ground. They subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, out of weakness were made strong, only because He whom they could not see was more real and living to them than any of the things which they did see. Then he speaks of those whom he had contemplated apart, as a body. They are a cloud of witnesses; they are watching the Israelites of that day, who are engaged in a race as serious, as full of hindrances, as full of hope, as their own. Each runner, when hardest pressed, when most out of heart, might be sure that he had those

spectators, and that their sympathies, and all the mysterious aid which comes from sympathy, were with him at every moment.

It is possible for a person trained in those rhetorical practices to which I have referred, and knowing that religious men of all schools and churches have resorted to them unscrupulously,—it is possible for him to think that these words are an instance of them, and a warrant for them. It might not remove that opinion to point out the exceedingly practical character of the previous chapter, the impatience which the writer must have felt for fine speeches, when the heroes whom he revered were all doers of work; when it was to work, and the trust that is the soul of that work, that he was awakening the flagging spirits of the Christians in Palestine. With our artificial notions, we should dispose of all such arguments. We should say that, this being his object, he of course thought himself obliged to use all such passionate appeals as experience shows to be effectual, at least for awhile, in stimulating torpid natures. The true answer is, that the argument of the epistle, where it is most strictly argumentative, had all been directed to the purpose of proving that Christ has rent asunder the veil which separates those who have left the world from those who are in it; and that it was a formal, logical, inevitable conclusion from these premises, that this cloud of witnesses were actually with them, not brought to them by some violent effort of the fancy. He who believed those premises, had no doubt a duty to perform after he had stated the grounds on which he believed them. Every power which God had given him was demanded, that he might break the fetters with which sense, and fancy the creature of sense, were binding the minds of his readers, and hindering them from looking straightly and steadily at the facts of their position. He had a right to any forms of speech, to any illustrations which nature or human life could supply him with; not that he might conjure them into some unnatural excitement, but that he might clear away the enervating delusions to which they were, from indolence and despondency, surrendering themselves.

The writer of this epistle, then, is not sanctioning and imitating the insincerity of those orators who make it part of their trade to talk of heroes and saints looking down from their shining seats; but he is explaining why honest men, in their best and truest moments, when they most needed to be braced for action, when death was looking them in the face, have felt the need, and confessed the power, of the conviction that they were not alone or unheeded, that the hosts on their side were greater than the hosts against them. It is horrible to think that they did what they ought to do, because they believed what they had no right to believe. It would be a comfort surely quite infinite, to know that they had a right to believe it then; that we have a right to believe the same always; that the dispositions in us, which withstand the belief, are the false ones.—*Sermons on the Eucharist.*

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## Correspondence.

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

SIR,—At a circle I have had the privilege to attend, it had been requested of the spirits, for the full satisfaction of honest enquiry on the part of some of us, that they would favour us with proof of their presence and action beyond that of trance addresses and movements of the table. The spirits appointed an evening for a darkened circle. At this I was present. The mediums were a niece of the gentleman of the house, and Madame Besson. I have thought the following record of my experience there may deserve note in your pages.

The circle was formed after the reading of a chapter of the New Testament and a prayer. There were present 17 or 18 persons—several not believers. The mediums sat at a circular table in the centre, the others joining hands round. I had on my right Mr. B., a Spiritualist, on my left an inquirer (my brother). Upon the darkening of the room, gentle raps were heard in various places, followed by a loud clap in the air. The raps then increased in intensity, accompanied at times by claps and a noise as of fingers snapping. After a few seconds Mr. B. said he was touched. I requested to be touched also, and



instantly felt a gentle pressure on the knee; which, however, I disregarded, determining to set it down to imagination. Again the touch—again the determination. Then I was seized below the right knee with considerable force, enabling me to feel every finger of a strong hand. A few seconds later a hand was passed down over Mr. B.'s and mine (clasped); it being as large as that of a man. I then, believing that it was a spirit,—for others in the room simultaneously confessed to feeling hands and touches which they recognized,—asked the spirit to touch me on the head, when a hand passed lightly and rapidly over my head, brushing my hair in its course. A few minutes later, a loud, prolonged whistle sounded through the room—the raps, clappings, and snappings had been almost continuous. Mr. B. recognized, he said, the touch of his wife, and he requested her to touch him on the forehead. I was at this moment leaning in front of that gentleman, watching a star-like light, and which light was visible to others, at the opposite side of the room. Not changing my position I was surprised by what felt like a muslin sleeve brushing my forehead, and, simultaneously, some fine drapery seemed to come against my right hand. I concluded that the spirit was leaning over to touch my neighbour as desired, which he corroborated. A hand was then passed over my brother's and mine. I asked the spirit again to touch my head, when a hand was laid over it, remaining there for several seconds. I then passed over my forehead, quite displacing my spectacles. The glasses were then deliberately, accurately, and gently lifted from their new position and restored to their proper place. The hand then passed to my chin, seemed to try to grasp my short beard, and, being unsuccessful, passed to my head, seized a lock of my hair, and playfully pulled me forward—compelling me to beg aloud for a cessation of that peculiar manifestation. My hair was, I may add, in disorder when the room was re-lit. All being in some degree of excitement and making comments, the host proposed that a short hymn should be sung. While this was done the air resounded with detonations, as if keeping time with clapping of hands, snapping of fingers, and rappings of knuckles on the table. Before the light was restored the doxology was sung. This was rhythmically accompanied as before with the addition of ringing metallic sounds.

I have here confined myself, as much as possible, to a description of my own experiences. All present expressed themselves confident that what they had witnessed was directly from spirits.—I am, sir, yours very truly,

ALFRED R. GASSION.

[We have seen two other persons who were at the *séance*: their accounts concur with Mr. G.'s.—ED.]

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

Preston, July 6.

SIR,—The following experience, met with by a gentleman whilst being educated at S— College, for the Catholic Priesthood, may, perhaps, possess some interest with your readers. The gentleman, who is well known to me, eventually doffed his vestments, and is now part proprietor of one of our first provincial newspapers. Whilst studying for the Catholic Priesthood then at this College, he awoke at the earliest break of one morning, when he felt a strange sensation, which forbade his leaving his bed as usual for study. He felt as if closely bound to the couch. In vain he tried to rise. Presently there was the rustling of a vestment along the stone corridor. Thinking it was one of the brethren, he took no notice at first of the noise. The rustling came nearer, and at last it touched his own door, which was slowly opened, and into the chamber glided a mystical figure in a monk's garb. What was seen of the face was like a woman's. An uneasiness and a hot glow came over him. Some two paces within the door the figure stopped, and fixed wide loving eyes on him, full of mellow sadness. From its dark folded robe it drew a mourning letter, and holding it to my friend, left, and again the robe rustled along the full length of the corridor. As its last whisper died away, the glow in his blood subsided, and the power which seemed to press him to the mattress left him. However, a sad uneasiness fluttered within his heart, and some glamorous intelligence seemed to be with him. He dressed and went downstairs amongst his

brethren. It was with great difficulty he spoke to them, and after some short space, they were surprised to see him suddenly dart from their midst with quickest speed. Two of them followed him, thinking that his singular conduct was caused by some sudden mental malady. A boy was coming along one of the passages with the morning letters, and with wonder they saw him pounce amongst his bundle, and plucking forth a black-edged letter, he broke the seal and was calm again. It transpired that the letter contained an account of the death of a dear sister, who was then residing some twenty miles from the college. No intimation of her illness had previously been sent to him. Her death had been most sudden, from an affection of the heart. In narrating this experience in after time, my friend stated that the letter exactly corresponded in appearance with the one held up to him by the gentle monk. Directly he possessed its tidings, the mystic power which seemed to have been wrapped about him disappeared; it having begun to expire at the very touching of the letter. Of his darting to it, he could give no other account than that a sudden force had stepped within him, and he was driven from amongst his brethren, knowing not whither he went. The announcement in the letter proved correct, and he found that shortly prior to her death his sister had expressed a strong wish to be with her brother.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
MOREVILLE BARMBY.

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

15, Basinghall Street, E.C.,  
12th, June, 1861.

SIR,—This evening I was present at a sitting for spirit manifestations, at the residence of Mrs. P——, Regent's-park. The party consisted of seven, including Mr. and Mrs. Home. The table we sat at was round, and about five feet in diameter. The room was a large back drawing room; in one corner there was a kind of flower-stand pedestal, and on it were a number of bronze gods and goddesses, sacred bulls, &c.; the idols brought by Mrs. P. from India.

I took rough notes in pencil as the phenomena took place; and as nearly as I can remember, I give the exact words used; but, doubtless, as perception and memory are not so active in receiving and retaining words as scenes, there may be some slight inaccuracy in reporting the form of words used by our spirit friends. Subject to that possibility, I am ready to make an affirmation, or if need be, take an oath before any legal authority in confirmation of the accuracy of the statement I am about to make.

On sitting down at the loo table, all present placed their hands on it, and in two or three minutes, the heavy table trembled or quivered in every fibre, as if it had an ague fit, and then it rose from off the ground several inches. On descending, the table cloth was raised as if by a substance underneath. One of the party took an accordion by the white rim with one hand—the keys turned to and almost touching the ground, his other hand resting on the table—the bellows and keys then began to act, and an air was played, no one visible touching the keys. At this time a small hand was seen by the sitters under the lace fall of Mrs. S. W. raising the lace. The accordion was then handed to Mrs. S. W., who had never been at a sitting before, and in her hand it was played—the instrument being held in the same manner as by the previous sitter. By sounds or "raps" was spelled out the words "Mary Cos. H." the name of a loved sister of Mrs. S. W., long deceased; at the same time Mrs. W. felt her dress pulled. "Charles" was next spelt in like manner, but she knew of no Charles. "Yes, Charles!" but still no recognition. Mr. Home then suddenly went into the trance and saw "Charles," and gave such a description of his appearance and manner, that Mrs. W. recognised her late grandson, whose name at birth she had wished to be called Charles, but the wish had been over-ruled, and another name was given. Shortly, a sprig from a verbena plant in the room was broken off by invisible agency, and placed on the table by her right hand, and the sounds spelt out "Grandma, this is from little Charles." The lady was much affected, even to tears. While in trance, Mr. Home rose from his seat, went round to his invalid wife, and (with closed eyes) put his arms round her neck, and in tones of tenderness spoke to her in Russian, and pointed upwards. On Mr.

Home coming out of the trance the more physical manifestations were resumed, and we heard behind us sounds, as if pieces of bell metal were struck against each other repeatedly. We found that one of the bronze gods and a sacred bull, with stem and chafing-dish, had been taken from the pedestal of bronze images, and that the stem and chafing-dish had been *unscrewed*, and were being tossed about the room. On Mrs. P. saying "They like to knock those gods about," the sounds spelt out "We shall soon see them put under foot;" the table at one end was then raised, and one of the gods put under one of the claws. A branch was now plucked from a verbena plant, and dropped on to the table in front of Mr. H., and while we were talking about the incident, another large branch from the same plant was broken off, and conveyed over the table by the invisible power, and dropped in front of me; and immediately after, the verbena plant was plucked up by the roots out of the flower-pot, and thrown on the table before our eyes. As Mrs. H. was known to be dying, it at once struck me that this was intended to represent that death was simply the removal of the soul—the divine flower in man, from the body—its earthen vessel. On mentioning this, the table was moved so as to represent the idea of the pleasure felt by our unseen friends at this recognition of the meaning of their symbolic teaching.

Mr. H. was then touched, and on placing his hand behind him there was placed in it the earth compact as it had been taken out of the flower-pot. He placed it on the table, beside the verbena. One of the company then took up the flower to again look at it, and while we were looking at it, the sounds spelt out "A little of the earth still clings to the roots." We then heard the sound of the breaking of the verbena flower-pot, and Mrs. H. had her dress violently shaken. On moving the table back, we saw the fragments of the broken flower-pot near Mrs. Home's dress. A question was put by one of the sitters, "Will you show us the difference between earth-life and spirit-life?" At once the accordion gave out sounds of great discord, followed by tones of exquisite sweetness. I then took the accordion in *my* hand, and held it upside down with one hand by the white rim; and at my wish, sweet music was played, but the force used was so great, that I had to rest the edge of the instrument against the edge of the table, as my hand was too weak to hold it. The instrument was then taken from me, and played upon artistically while on the ground—no seen agent touching it.

Feeling that my knees were gently pressed, I put my hand down, and my fingers were several times gently pressed by an unseen hand; on placing my handkerchief over my hand, I felt a gentle pulling of the handkerchief several times, and on looking I found that a knot was tied on the part of the handkerchief which projected a few inches over my hand, and which I am certain was not there before. Immediately after, Mrs. W., who was sitting next to me, with her hands on the table, had a hand again placed under her lace fall. I saw it plainly rise, and lift up the fall. It was like the hand of a young female, delicately formed, and the fingers were long and taper—the hand was within about twelve inches of me. The sitting was closed by the sounds spelling out, "God bless you—good night." All the sitters then went into the front drawing-room except Mrs. P. and myself, who remained to pick up the bronze images. We found the bronze god—the bull and the chafing dish, but not the stem. After a diligent and unsuccessful search, we were passing into the room where the other friends were, when Mr. Home came and asked what was the cause of our delay. I told him, and said—"Now, if our spirit-friends would lay hold of your hand, as I have seen done some three or four years ago, and take it to the lost stem, it would be a striking evidence of intelligent agency." At once his hand was projected out, and drawn to the flower pedestal, where the idol originally stood, it then went through the pantomime of going to where it had been—and then darted off to a corner of the room by the fire-place; darted down perpendicularly like a hawk, and dropped on the stem we had been in search of. The incident, though slight, was so sudden and unexpected, as to confirm me in the belief that our spirit friends are more keen-eyed than we, that they hear our words, and can control even our physical organism. Essayists and Reviewers, how *unreasonable* are your reasons against the spiritual phenomena mentioned in Scripture: when spiritual phenomena are taking place—not in the islands of the Moon—but in the city of London, in a private dwelling-house facing Regent's Park, in this very year of our Lord, 1861.

JOHN JONES.



Welcome back dear Charley, please  
to the temple of peace & happiness

It is in this way I love to commu-  
nicate my happy thoughts. In this  
way I can - talk without the inter-  
ference of other minds - In this way I  
can talk to you purely spiritual  
is so sweet - What more can I ask

Truly Charley we are blessed Spirit  
at every hour but more when in the  
close communion and particularly to  
night I feel overjoyed to find that  
I can as in former days, write to  
my dear Charley with pen and ink

The chain is not broken only  
remains passive and undisturbed

Remember the success of these meetings  
depends much upon you. Memory now  
is filled with bright flowers of thought and  
joys of the past. The troubles of life  
have vanished from you now dear Charley  
and a higher future is marked out.

I am glad to see dear father  
back. Write me some private

Questions.

Good night - Good night

Estelle

"The one written on in ink will no doubt be looked upon with  
interest. It was done with an ordinary steel pen which with a  
glass inkstand and the card had been placed upon the table  
in front of us. In the process of writing, the pen was frequently  
heard to strike against the mouth of the inkstand in obtaining  
its supplies."

Wife M. L.'s letter.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. II.]

NOVEMBER, 1861.

[No. 11.

## SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

### V.

THE narrative of Mr. L., recording the marvellous manifestations of a WIFE to her HUSBAND, which I have given in a former number of the Magazine, created as I have found very great interest, and has been received with a degree of respectful attention, which I confess surprised me, inasmuch as the incidents embrace a mass of phenomena, which, taken as a whole, exceed in wonder anything of the kind that has yet been given to the world. Although I expressed my entire confidence in the integrity of the narrator and his facts, I fully expected they would have been seriously questioned, even by many who acknowledge the reality of spiritual appearances, and that of course the general reader, and especially the members of the press for the most part, who know nothing of the subject, would treat them as the greatest delusion of any of those which have been seriously endorsed by the advocates of this great truth. I have, however, been agreeably disappointed in finding that that portion of the press, which has given extracts from my paper, has done so without offensive comments, and that the *Star and Dial* in reviewing the general character of my American notes did it in a tone quite unexceptionable, and thereby led to a deeply interesting discussion, published in the columns of that paper. I am told that the editor was obliged to bring it to a close, only on account of the overwhelming number of letters, extending I believe to several hundreds, that were addressed to him; a fact which in itself proves the wide-spread interest with which the subject is regarded. Indeed, some of the most popular writers of the day are now familiarising the minds of their readers with the marvellous, by introducing stories of spiritual manifestations into their journals, almost as wonderful as any that I have ventured to record. Take for instance "Mr. H.'s own Narrative," which appeared recently in Mr. Charles Dickens's popular journal of *All the Year Round*.

It is gravely introduced by Mr. Dickens to his readers as "A Remarkable Narrative," which he had received from "a real existing person, and a responsible gentleman," as if he had never before had a remarkable and well-attested ghost story from a responsible source. I may here state for the satisfaction of the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, that I have since made the acquaintance of the gentleman who wrote the narrative, and have had it corroborated from his own lips, with some additional particulars strange as any he has published. It is therefore a veritable story, told by "a responsible gentleman," and not, as might have been suspected from the way in which Mr. Dickens has been wont to treat the subject, a story got up to raise a laugh, at the credulity of some of his literary compeers, who received long ago the light which I hope is now beginning to dawn upon himself.

I mentioned when introducing Mr. L.'s experiences, that Dr. J. F. Gray, one of the most respectable physicians of New York, had first brought the facts to the notice of the members of the spiritual conference of that city, and that he gave very good reasons for believing that they were genuine. I have now the satisfaction of introducing to my readers a letter, which I have just received from Dr. Gray, corroborative of that statement, and one also from my friend Mr. L., enclosing a full account of his further experiences, which it will be seen are of a very extraordinary and deeply interesting character.

The cards referred to and which are in my possession, it must be understood, *are written upon by the spirits without human agency*, and therefore, the writing is not done, as we are accustomed to see it, through the hand of the medium. The following is Dr. Gray's letter:—

"New York, Sept. 30th, 1861.

"Dear Sir,—As our friend Mr. L. is not yet ready to exemplify his wonderful experience by attaching his name to the record he sends to you for publication, it seems to become my duty to make the lack of his name good by testifying to the accuracy and credibility of his statements. Mr. L. is by no means an exaggerative man, as you doubtless found in your close acquaintance with him during your visit to our city. Though quick to feel and perceive, he is slow in making deductions from occurrences around him; he is calm and amiable in deportment, deliberate and intrepid in action when his conclusion is attained, and not at all an enthusiast or poet, or reformer of other men's errors and vices. In this great topic of our investigations, he has gathered and registered his facts with calm precision; in no instance within my knowledge has he drawn an inference except on the straightest line and compulsion of his fact. He colours nothing by any, the least, over statement:

he omits nothing of imaginable scientific value. His verbal statements to me, and to others in my presence, correspond fully with the written report he has drawn from his diary, for your use. Besides, his general character for veracity and probity, Mr. L. is a competent witness to the important facts he narrates, because he is not in any degree subject to the illusions and hallucinations which may be supposed to attach to the trance or exstastic constitution. I have known him from his very early manhood and am his medical adviser, and I can safely aver that he is less liable to be disturbed by the agitation of others in his society, or misled by errors of his own organs of sense, than almost any man of my large circle of patients and acquaintance. I likewise knew his late wife (Estelle) from her early childhood, when I became her physician, and I can confirm her husband's averments as to the moral and mental indications of identity contained in the communications purporting to come from her to him, and to others of her relatives and friends. Miss Fox, the medium in whose presence Mr. L. receives these grand and useful demonstrations of spirit-presence and power, has been intimately known to my wife and me from the time she was a very young girl, that is to say, from 1850 to this date. At that early day in the history of the manifestations, she was frequently a visitor in my family, and then, through that child alone, without the possibility of trick from collusion with others, or I may truly add, of imposture of any kind, all the various phenomena recorded by friend L., except the reproduction of visible human forms were witnessed by Mrs. Gray and myself and many other relatives and friends of our family. Among these I may mention, as frequent, attentive, and very able observers, the late Dr. Gerald Hull, my brother-in-law, and Dr. Warner, my son-in-law. Miss Fox is a young lady of good education, and of an entirely blameless life and character. Her deportment is unassuming, amiable, and void of all artifice or affectation. From her lips my wife and I have received the same narrations as to the size, colour and movements of the lights exhibited, and as to the action and other characteristics of the beautiful apparition of Estelle, as those heretofore, and now forwarded to you by Mr. L. To this brief statement concerning the two principal witnesses and my competency in some degree to confirm their testimony, I may add, that a few years before this new phase of spirit phenomena occurred in Western New York (1848) I had conducted a careful series of experiments in Mesmerism, and had attained instructive and highly useful results respecting the trance state, clairvoyance, anesthesia and physical and psychical *rapport*. In these experiments I was assisted by Dr. Hull and a few other learned and ingenuous men, *each one of whom afterwards became a Spiritualist.*



From this preparation in my own experience, after having carefully inspected the records of my dear friend L.'s intercourse with spirits (of the very first part of which my wife and I were personal witnesses) I can safely and truly affirm that the whole statement he publishes is worthy of credit and, in my belief, most accurate.

“B. Coleman, Esq.,  
“London.”

“Faithfully your friend,

“JOHN F. GRAY.

The further narrative of Mr. L. will be best given in his own words, as follows:—

“New York, Oct. 1st, 1861.

“My dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 5th ult., and, in accordance with your request, I enclose herewith a memorandum of some of my further experience. To bring the facts before you simply as facts, and not as theories, I have made extracts from my diary, and should you desire to give publicity to any of them, you can make your own selections. You may depend upon their entire reliability. They were recorded as they occurred, and are without exaggeration or coloring. I feel some diffidence in presenting such statements even to you, being myself astounded at my own experience. If then to you they may seem marvellous, how will they be looked upon by those without knowledge but as the ravings of a madman—or as the wild vagaries of delusion. It is difficult to convince the world of facts so contrary to general experience, and it is well not to accept them on insufficient evidence. This has been my rule of action from the commencement of these manifestations, and but for their gradual development, step by step, I could never have been prepared for such results. The receptive quality of the human mind is necessarily limited to, and dependent upon, this preparatory process: and the wisdom of our Creator in no way more strikingly manifests itself, than in this principle of adaptation—and in rendering our condition such, that we reject even great truths, until the soil has been first prepared to give them root. We become familiar to-day, with what yesterday we could not realize; and I look back now to my first experiences, which at the time seemed so marvellous, and regard them as but the very lowest rounds of the ladder which has been leading me towards the *Divine Light*. From the glimpses I have had of the spirit-world and its beauties, I am forced to the conviction that in our earth-life, we have little conception of the higher destiny which awaits us, in the perpetual and eternally progressive elevation of the human soul after it shall have shaken off its shackles of flesh. I hope before the winter passes, when the electrical conditions of the atmosphere become favourable, to be able to give you corroborative evidence beyond my own, having been promised

that a circle of four, shall witness and bear testimony to the truth of these developments. My sister has been designated as one who can witness them without a disturbing influence. I send you herewith ten cards written by spirit-hands, which I know cannot fail to interest you and your friends, with a memorandum of those which you are at liberty to keep if you desire. The others I will thank you to return after you have made such use of them as you may think proper. The one written in ink will no doubt be looked upon with interest. It was done with an ordinary steel pen, which, with a glass inkstand and the card, had been placed upon the table in front of us. In the process of writing, the pen was frequently heard to strike against the mouth of the inkstand in obtaining its supplies of ink. I have also had others written in ink, and on one occasion in the morning; not, however, in a full light, but with the shutters partially closed. In exhibiting these cards, do not forget to state that this result has only been arrived at, after frequent sittings of the most patient attention to conditions. At first the initials of the name, rudely done, was all the spirit could execute; but by perseverance from these rude beginnings, has the writing been brought to its present state—and it is now executed more or less rapidly—according to the strength or weakness of the electrical atmospheric conditions. Nearly all my spirit-communications are now written by invisible hands, the spirits expressing a decided preference for this method over all others as being free from interpolation, and untinged “*by any shadow of other minds.*” The same may also be stated with regard to the luminous phenomena; which, from having been at the outset comparatively dim, and of the size of an orange; are now intensely bright, of almost any required size or shape, with power to illuminate and render visible spirit-forms or surrounding objects—and that which was only achieved after repeated and long-continued experiments, is now accomplished with the greatest ease and facility, under ordinarily favourable conditions. These phenomena can only be witnessed by those having experience, who by this means have become gradually familiarized with them, who are possessed of calm self-control in presence of such startling manifestations; and they can never (according to my observation) be obtained when the circle, either large or small, is composed of diverse and inharmonious persons. The spirit-form seems too pure and ethereal to withstand the rude gaze of the merely curious, or to come into the presence of, and in contact with the conflicting doubts and disturbing influences of mixed and unconfiding natures. One must become partially changed and assimilated to peaceful harmonious conditions, or, to a certain extent, be *en rapport*, before the spirit has power to con-

concentrate and present itself in form. I fear I shall have already wearied you with the length of my communications. If, however, my experience shall prove of any benefit in *giving light* on this great truth, I shall have the satisfaction of having done my duty, and of having obeyed the injunction of the spirits 'to give it to the world.'

"Very sincerely and truly yours,  
"Benj. Coleman, Esq., London." "L.

I recommend to my readers an attentive consideration of my respected correspondent's statement as to the probable means to success and causes of failure in obtaining spiritual manifestations. The electrical atmospheric conditions of which he speaks, will no doubt account for the failures which at times occur even with the most powerful mediums. We know of course that a want of harmony in the circle is another cause of failure, and tends to lessen, if it does not altogether destroy the value of an experiment. Thus, early inquirers are disappointed if they cannot at once see and hear something equal to what they have heard of from other witnesses, unacquainted with the fact that there is more or less of specialty with every medium, and, therefore, that phenomena through different persons will vary both in kind and in degree.

I have had as much experience, perhaps, as most persons in observing the impressions made on the minds of the uninitiated, when first viewing the spiritual phenomena. A table rises from the ground, and is poised in mid-air, for a period of time, more or less, as I have seen it do an hundred times, despite of gravitation, and instead of pondering to consider the fact and the agency by which so great a marvel has been accomplished, the sceptic insists on something else being lifted. Why not a chair? Why not a sofa or piano? And if neither chair, sofa, nor piano can be raised on the instant, the rising of the table goes with him for nothing. This is thought by many to be quite fair, philosophic and rational, and they have the boldness too to assert that they came to the investigation in a calm and dispassionate spirit free from prejudice. The Rev. Dr. Maitland, in considering the evidence for and against this subject, says:—

"If Samuel Johnson had made an affidavit, that twenty times in twenty different years he had seen his chair jump over his table at his word of command, thousands from the day of the date of the said affidavit to the present would have thought the matter worthy of discussion, even after philosophers had strictly forbidden any such goings on, under the penalty of their wrath and rebuke. There would have been a constant reclamation that Johnson was purblind and stupid, and went to church, and always believed everything.



My dear son

I had other duties to perform  
but as I perceived the ladies  
I named your Catholic Loan  
to witness I read magazines  
that you have get he held  
I would like to communicate  
and for dear wife write it  
upon her own card  
mother the charity in  
tell it her own!

Benjamin Franklin

The above is a fac-simile of Spirit writing  
purporting to be from Benjamin Franklin.  
Cathie is the name of the Medium.  
It is written with a pencil.

Dear Charles I know that you will  
appear in all that Doctor Franklin had  
you are desiring of all his words of approval,  
I walked home with you last night. The sky was  
and from its light for tells many of our friends looked  
upon us happy that I had made you so happy. This  
I should be no longer on eye of doubt and wishing skin  
an man who live without a thought of the future,  
I had different with you and Dr. Franklin who has  
been a necessary link in the great chain of life  
on earth. I know now that he looked for you and  
all the world. He has made his holiness near and  
kister - Alas! how little mention men and women  
have for the good things of earth - dear Charles  
I shall drop many a blessing in your path - may a joy in  
your soul  
Good night Good night, and good night  
also to dear little Cathie.

Cathie

The above is a fac-simile of the Card as written  
upon by the Spirit of Mr. L's Wife and closely  
resembles her natural handwriting, and is written  
with a lead pencil.

“Some very sharp people would be calling for proof of Johnson’s ever having existed—some would denounce the document as a forgery, without looking at it—others would quietly state that the thing was impossible, and the story not to be listened to by persons of mental cultivation—others would satisfy select companions, and perhaps (if very stupid) themselves, by asking, “Why did not the table jump over the chair?” or, “If the chair could jump over the table, why could it not crawl under it?” or, “If Johnson’s chair did it, why do not other chairs do it?” or, “Why don’t I see it if he did?” But notwithstanding all this, even while this funny philosophy was in some sort flourishing, and explanations of detective philosophers (the Faradays and Brewsters?) were civilly listened to by those who could keep their countenances, and wished that what they heard might be true, there would still be thousands and tens of thousands who would not know how to get over, or what to make of such an affidavit from Samuel Johnson.”\*

The cards sent to me by Mr. L., and now in my possession, are certainly marvellous productions, not that they convey any elevated thought or deep philosophy, but that they prove our intimate and near relation to the spirit-world, and that spirits in their intercourse with mortals retain the natural sympathies and affections of their earth-life. Two of these cards, the one purporting to be written by the spirit of Mr. L.’s wife, and the other by the spirit of Benjamin Franklin, are here given to the reader, *fac-similes* of the originals: The coming together of two such opposite spirits as the gentle, loving wife, and the stolid philosopher, will be explained by a perusal of the following messages received, and description of the phenomena witnessed by Mr. L. during a series of continuous sittings, taken from his diary:—

“July 4th, 1861.—Upon the evening of my birthday, and just before leaving home for a sojourn in the country, the following message was addressed to me by the spirit of my wife.”—

“July 4th, 1861.

““ This morning’s rising sun found me watching by your bed. Did you, dear Charley, feel the kiss you wakened with? How much I would say were I in the form, and yet I could not say one half that I do *now*, for every word is clothed with the spirit from whom it comes. This day is of *great* worth to me, darling, from the fact that the greatest joy of my life was then sent into this world. I am happy to be so closely with you, happier still to make you conscious of my presence. I often hear you reason with others upon this truth. It is well to try to teach them, and

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\* *Superstition and Science*; an Essay by the Rev. J. R. MAITLAND, D.D., F.R.S., and F.S.A. Published by Rivingtons.

give them light, but talk not to those who will not listen. You can preach to the wind, it will not hear you. Tell them, darling, that the greatest truth, the most improbable truth, when once understood and learned, when once made clear, proves of great value when familiar to an unknown longing for something felt, yet not seen. What is more important to yourselves than that you should prepare yourselves daily for the life hereafter. The time must come when the soul will return truthful and powerful to Him who gave it. You no sooner wake to a sense of being, than you sigh to learn the *spiritual* part of which you are formed. I have learned, Charley, that we commence to live here before we are born into the world. The soul aspires ever higher and higher where it is *pure*. The spirit changes with the life; blessings attend patience and forbearance. I shall go with you tomorrow, and, oh, I hope that I shall be able to give you some sweet tokens of my presence. I will if I can. While I write Doctor Franklin is aiding me. The atmosphere weakens, and I will say good night: good night, and still I cannot go or say good night without a desire to say more. My darling, what a blessing we have: what a privilege. Be happy. Meet soon again. Your dear head shall rest near mine to-night, while blessings fall on us both. Doctor Franklin will shew himself to you soon. We will both come together. Good night, good night.

“ESTELLE.”

“July 4, 1861.”

“July 15th, 1861.—The following card was written upon my return from the country. I was at home alone, my family being absent, and a little relic, *which had disappeared before leaving* (two weeks since) was returned with the message—

“Dear Charley,—I return the little relic with many blessings, and many kisses. Will you accept them all? I shall be with you, Charley, in our house. I will walk by your side in the shade of the evening, and in the morning time you will not miss me, for I shall be there. You will not feel sad. How could you, when I shall be near to comfort you. I say you will not. I mean, dear, that you *must not*. Be happy—I am—and never undervalue these *great* blessings. Teach others to *value* them. God bless you evermore, and let not a shadow cross the bright interior. Let not the counteracting opinions of others jar upon the truths given so freely to you, lest I too become disturbed, and a barrier be placed between our two souls which now breathe together. Men understand too little of this world, and forget that the other is its counterpart, only purified from sin. Yet we must all have charity. To err is human. The light of a soul is easily blown out. The shadows will grow longer upon it if

permitted to remain and become sorrows. Never doubt, as faith is believing in God. The great star lights your path, and flowers bloom for us both. God bless you. Good night, but not good bye. Good night. "ESTELLE."

"July 21st, 1861.—At the expiration of the usual half hour of quiet, the bolt of the lock was turned violently backwards and forwards, and various other demonstrations took place, such as striking violently upon the bureau with a Bible lying thereon. The rustling, and a tap upon my shoulder, indicated the presence in form of the spirit. My head was pushed gently forward by spirit-hands, and bent towards the table to prevent my looking in the direction of the light, and soon after the electrical rattle approaching, we raised our heads to see the same beautiful spirit surrounded with flowers; while bending over her left shoulder, another face was indistinctly visible. As a spirit purporting to be Dr. Franklin had promised to make an effort to appear on this occasion, I looked for him. My wife soon appeared again, when I found that by turning my gaze from her, she could approach much nearer, and thus re-appeared very vividly four or five times, the whole expression and smile being perfect; during the last two or three appearances, I noticed a dark figure indistinctly standing at her right, between myself and her. Some ten or fifteen minutes now elapsed, when from behind us was heard a movement and a striking upon something like glass, with a clear sound, resembling the tone of a silver bell. This as it approached us, was placed near my left ear, and was struck vigorously; the reverberation passing to different parts of the room. The tone was exquisite; at first rather solemn, but becoming more and more musical and agreeable. The medium assured me there was no glass ware or vessel of any kind in the room, and my subsequent examination proved the correctness of the assertion. The spirit at the same time informed me that it was not a material but a *spiritual instrument* brought by Dr. Franklin. This instrument, whatever it was, was frequently placed on my head, and rubbed against it and my back, feeling like a glass globe of about six inches in diameter. It was also placed against my ear after having been struck. Its vibrations were distinctly felt, and its reverberations became almost deafening. I was told to sing. I did so. The instrument was drummed upon in perfect time to an air, with sounds sufficiently loud to be heard in other rooms in the house. This done, more vigorous strokes were made, the instrument being pushed towards my ear, and while the reverberations were dying away, I found the spirit could, by its aid approach me with wonderfully augmented facility. During this time I was kissed repeatedly, and a successful effort to speak was made, a few distinct words however only being articulated. A half or



three-quarters of an hour having thus been spent, the sounds ceased, and shortly after the spirit of my wife again appeared in great splendour, approaching very near, and this time the figure of a man was distinctly visible. He seemed short, thick set, heavy, with broad shoulders, dressed in black, and wearing a black velvet cap, the silk tassel of which hung dangling about six inches long in front of his face. Here the medium became very nervous, and I have no doubt prevented the face being made more distinctly visible. I saw a face dimly, but no recognisable features; while those of my wife were radiant. A second and third time the effort was renewed, but the force had become exhausted by the wonderful manifestations so long continued, when we were told that *complete success had been prevented by our starts and exclamations*. The following explanation was written upon a card. 'The echo you heard was brought for the purpose of aiding me in speaking. It was an invention of Dr. Franklin's for me. You see that he is still useful and great. How grateful I am to him; how grateful you should all be. You shall hear music from heaven soon.—ÉSTELLE.' By raps, I received the following, as well as answers to my questions—'Dear Son, You do not know the great object I have in future for you.—B. F.' Question by me, 'Why am I selected for these developments?' Answer—'You are the only person we have found who could come in our personal sphere and respond to every condition.' Question—'What enables me to come into your sphere?' Answer—'The organisation and interior mind; the soul and comprehension; you have all combined in a fine spiritual sense.—B. F.' I scarcely need say that with my usual care I minutely examined every part of the room before unlocking the door, and could find no trace of anything by or upon which the sounds described could have been produced. *The same phenomena again occurred a few evenings subsequently with the same results.*"

"July 25, 1861.—After the usual preliminary and the electrical rattle, my wife stood by me in all her beauty, and, on this occasion, her complete figure, dressed from head to foot in white, with roses, and her hair bound with what seemed to be a narrow blue velvet ribbon, the ends of the hair being visible over her right shoulder appeared. Above her head was the bright gauze previously described. Her features and expression were perfect, and she came, apparently, with great ease and without effort. After appearing once, she rapped out upon my shoulder as follows—'The next time I appear, I will bring a little glass.' She soon came, holding in her hand a small oval mirror about three inches long, the glass glistening in the light. An indistinct figure (supposed to be Dr. F.) seemed to hold the light like a lanthorn; his dark arm passing across her waist, while his whole figure was distinctly

visible. She seemed now to come with her little mirror more easily than ever before, and returned to us at least a dozen times, in loveliness and beauty beyond description. My theory is, that the mirror was intended to attract and divert a portion of our gaze, which at times is no doubt too strong for spiritual presence. I have frequently observed that looking intently at the light itself disturbs its brightness, and listening to spirit-sounds with great fixedness disturbs them also.

“August 18, 1861, 8 p.m.—Present, the medium and myself. Atmosphere heavy and warm. Carefully examined the room, locked the door, took the key and made all secure. Sat in quiet half an hour, when a spherical oblong light, enveloped in folds, rose from the floor to our foreheads, and rested upon the table in front. By raps—‘Notice how noiselessly we come.’ Heretofore the light had generally appeared after a succession of startling sounds and movements of moveable objects; but in the present instance, all was quiet. From this time, 8.30, till 11.30, the light was constantly visible, but in different forms. It remained upon the table a full half hour, the size and shape of a large melon. As during this time it was passive, I asked if it could rise, whereupon it immediately brightened, flashed out, and rising, seemed a living breathing substance. By raps—‘This is our most important meeting, for it brings to our circle two powerful spirits great and good.’ The light became gradually more powerful, and so brilliant upon the side opposite us as to illuminate that part of the room. It now rose from the table, resting upon my head and shoulder, the drapery in the meantime touching and falling upon our faces, with a peculiar scent of violets. After resting upon, and pressing my head and shoulder, *with the weight of a living head*, it descended to the floor. I was now satisfied that the purpose of this meeting was some other than the appearance of the spirit of my wife. The light now rose with increased brilliancy, shewing a head upon which was a white cap surrounded by a frill. Seeing no face, I asked what this meant. The reply was by raps—‘*As when I was ill.*’ This was correct, for it was to all appearances the peculiar cap worn by my wife during her last illness. This having passed away, the light appeared again very brilliantly, showing a crown composed apparently of oak leaves and flowers, a very *very* beautiful manifestation. I had brought with me on this occasion some new cards of a larger size, different from any before used, and had placed upon two of them private marks. These I put upon a book on the table. In a few minutes they were taken from the book, and one of them appeared near the floor, suspended three or four inches from the carpet—I could not judge accurately—but the light brightly showed the centre card

and radiated from each side to a distance of some three or four inches—or, in other words, the card was the centre of a circle of spirit-light, of a foot in diameter—while an imperfectly-shaped hand, holding my small silver pencil, was placed upon the card and moved quietly across from left to right, as though writing, and when finishing a line, it moved quickly back to recommence another. We were not permitted to look at this very long at a time, as our steady gaze disturbed the operating forces—but it remained more or less visible for nearly an hour. The full formed hand was seen only a portion of the time, but during all this time, a dark substance, rather smaller than the natural hand, held the pencil and continued to write. One side of the card being finished, *we saw it reversed and the other page commenced.* This is satisfactory evidence of the reality of spirit-writing, if any evidence can be satisfactory. There could have been no possible deception here. I held the medium's hand: the door was locked, and every precaution was taken by me as in previous instances. The identical cards were returned subsequently covered with the finest writing. I send them herewith:—

“August 21st, 1861.—The following card was written in explanation of the electrical chain, and its being broken:—

“The thread when broken is hard to mend, the work is not easy to get your conditions right, we surround you with influences which aid you to see us; these influences are so fine and pure that we find it difficult to keep them. When the chain is broken for a long period the mind seems changed, the conditions become less electrical, and that which we worked so long to make perfect, dissolves into more material things. For instance—You take a root and transplant it; its growth is retarded, and it takes a long time to re-bloom in its new change of soil. Were you to cease your investigations now and lose your interest—your ardency—we could not come in form. You know not how much depends on you for all the blessings you receive, darling—heaven is bright and beautiful. My home is there undisturbed by the cares of earth, unshadowed by sorrows—Oh, how happy, how blessed in you am I my own! How can I say enough! I walk with you daily through the sweet companionship of your thoughts. I hover over you at night, and cover you with my mantle of love. While you sleep and dream of me, visions of the future come silently and vividly to you. Oh, my loved one, do you know how happy you make me by your faith and trust in me! Your own in heaven.  
“ESTELLE.”

“August, 28th, 1861.—The following explanations of the disappearance of cards, &c., was written by the spirits:—

“My darling—We conceal the cards in the sphere of the medium, and make them invisible to the naked eye as other

atmospherial substances are. You have yet to learn that the atmosphere has great power, and does great wonders for the creation of men. We conceal the cards in the shadow of our spiritual atmosphere, and then we surround them with an electrical covering which withdraws them from the sight. Let Dr. Franklin explain, he can better.

“ESTELLE.”

[By raps]:—“Do not be disappointed at the writing. The excitement in your mind disturbs me, and makes my hand quiver.” [The writing of both the previous and the following card was irregular, and not as well done as usual.] Explanation written by Dr. F. :—

“Let me explain the disappearance of the cards. We first spiritualize them so that you cannot see them, then we retain them between the two spheres, the natural and the spiritual. In this way we can often make material objects so spiritual that the naked eye cannot behold them, and thus retain them between the two spheres. We use elements of the atmosphere for our channel, and the elements of the atmosphere are the channel through which we manifest. Paper is most easily made invisible. Be not doubtful when things appear vague and incomprehensible.—B. F.”

“September 11th.—The following directions were written upon a card—

“Meet on Friday evening, for the purpose of seeing me in form. The hour, half-past seven; the place upstairs. Let your minds be calm and undisturbed; have faith, and do not mar the success by making exclamations. My son, fulfil the conditions, and I will appear as naturally as when on earth. Once more, I entreat you, be calm; be not disturbed; have faith. The circle will all be here to aid me. Wonder not at their wish to come. Of one clay God hath formed us all, and the great love to come where they can do good. Friday will be our greatest manifestation yet given, but not the greatest to be given.—B. F. ‘My darling, you have at times disturbed dear Dr. Franklin by your little impatience. Do you know how much depends upon you? By getting up, you greatly disturb us. Do not leave your seat until we tell you. Every time you get up, you break the chain.—ESTELLE.’”

“Friday Evening, September 13, 1861.—Unfortunately, the appointment for this evening, at half-past seven, was not punctually kept, and it was half-past eight before we were seated at the table. I locked the door, taking the key after the usual careful examination of the room. We sat in quiet for three quarters of an hour, when I became impatient from the length of time elapsing without a demonstration and was answered—‘No failure to-night, be patient.’ I was then told to ‘open the window’ to admit fresh air, and afterwards to ‘darken.’ Imme-

diately upon resuming my seat, a light appeared upon the floor some four or five feet behind us, and rose with a rustling and rattling sound. This light assumed the form of a cylinder or canister, about six inches long by three in diameter, enveloped as usual in exquisite folds, while after each display a dark covering was thrown over it. This cylindrical light was waved over the table and shaken, producing the electrical rattle, and throwing its radiations upon the spirit, who was now discovered to be standing directly in front, where she remained for an unusual length of time, frequently changing her floral decorations, and assuming a great variety of positions. At first, she appeared as she had done before; then, with a large rose in her hair, placed behind the temple. The light then had the dark covering thrown over it. A rattling was heard. She again appeared, and a small white rose was seen on her forehead; and again, with a lock of hair drawn across one eye; then again, with a bunch of white tuberoses just behind the left ear in her hair. I asked to see her hand, when she came forward holding a pink rose and violets—the hand and arm distinctly visible. By raps, we were told to ‘*Notice the flowers,*’ which seemed so natural that I asked if they were not real flowers. The answer was, ‘*Yes, real flowers to us.*’ The room was warm, and a pearl-handled fan, which had been in use, was lying upon the table, together with a blank card, which had been placed there accidentally. Suddenly, in the absence of the light, the fan was heard to move, and *open and shut*. Upon the next appearance, I was very much astonished to see the spirit of my wife standing before us, holding the fan open before a portion of her face, while the blank card was held by a dark form about a foot above the table, the light shining full upon each. By raps, it was spelt, ‘*Dr. Franklin holds the card.*’ On looking carefully while the card seemed thus suspended, I discovered a dark form behind it, but saw no other face but that of my wife. The fan was opened and shut several times in full view while we were looking at it, and afterwards it was placed in my hand. The card was taken from its first position, and held in front of the spirit’s eyes like a mask, and both the fan and the card were seen in a variety of positions. For an hour and a half the spirit thus stood before us, at intervals invisible; but during these intervals of invisibility, the changes of position and of flowers and robes were arranged, each change being accompanied by the rustling sounds so often adverted to. The light frequently rested upon the head or shoulder of the medium ‘*gathering power,*’ and in consequence of the nervousness thus produced, and the delay at the outset, the spirit purporting to be Dr. Franklin, probably found it difficult, if not impossible, to make himself visible.

"September 14th, 1861.—The following card was written on Saturday evening, Sept. 14, after my return from a drive in the Central Park. A band of music had enlivened the scene, and the music, together with the beauty of the park, is alluded to—

"I have been with you to-day, dear Charley. I kissed your brow, and many times looked in your face to see if it still wore that look of peace and happiness which I love to see. Your thoughts were of the earth, but mine were with you, and though music filled the air, there was nothing so sweet to me as your voice. The cerulean heaven holds more happiness than the beautiful place which you have to-day visited; but there are no fields on earth half so beautiful as those through which your 'Estelle' wanders to bless her Charley. There are pleasant paths on earth for you to walk in, green and fresh. There is a sky above you, calm and serene. There are clouds also, which will often come to mar the happiest moment. The flower fadeth, the grass withereth, and the sky above you grows dark and gloomy; but the happiness that we feel, and the light which we have given you, lives for ever. Oh, dear Charley, what if weary cares come? What, if disappointments shadow over you? Bear them all. What are the troubles of life to bear, when you have one in heaven to share them with you? Always be happy, dear Charley, for I share both your happiness and sorrow. I long to come to you again in form. I long to stand before you as naturally as when in the earth-form. I long to speak to you face to face. Love to dear patient little C.—. Good night, good night.

"ESTELLE."

"Sept. 15, 1861.—Copy of card written on the above date—

"My son, when the atmosphere is cold, we shall have no difficulties, no obstructions, and the promises which we have made will be strictly fulfilled with many blessings. Of one thing let me warn you. When you sit at home, avoid exertion of any kind, but more particularly warn those who sit with you to avoid all and any exertion on their part, lest they cause involuntary movements of the table, and thus mar the beautiful truths which should never be tarnished by thought, word or deed. We can accomplish all without the aid of mortals, and bitter will be the life of those who attempt to deceive, or misuse this truth. Your truth and sincerity are bright gems in your nature. This is why I take pleasure in communicating with you, and this is why I have chosen you to work through. My son, good night.

"BENJ. FRANKLIN."

"Written communications are not tinctured by the reflection of another mind. We come to you without a shadow. This is why we are so happy to write our messages.

"BENJ. FRANKLIN."

"September 22nd, 1861.—By accident we were behind time about half an hour, when the following reproof was written on a card, which I send to you.

"My Son, promptness is requisite always to accomplish great objects. A kingdom has been lost before now, for want of punctuality; hence it is, that we often fail in fulfilling a promise, and are obliged to wait for some future opportunity to carry out our wishes and promises, which we would never fail in were the conditions favourable. Always keep in your mind the importance of the electrical chain which unites us with yourselves. We are very finely linked, and therefore the connection is very easily marred. When I name a meeting for the purpose of coming to you in form, you must endeavour to be here at the very moment, as we lose power by waiting for you 'to gather.' We are always ten minutes before the time, and when I was in the form, I never kept a party waiting for me—never failed to meet all my engagements. Once, when quite a lad, not being able to find my hat, I walked five miles bare headed, in order to get a situation in a printing office. The time is approaching when *all* that we have promised will be fulfilled. My son, you have a better conception of this subject, and more clearly understand it than some who have studied it for years. Be firm and faithful to your faith.

"BENJ. FRANKLIN."

"September 26th, 1861.—After the usual preliminaries, a terrific knock upon the table startled us. This was made by a heavy piece of marble, by chance lying upon the bureau, which was brought across the room by the spirits for the purpose. A brilliant light now rose, accompanied with rustlings and the electrical rattling and the spirit of my wife stood before us '*enveloped in white and flowers.*' Her face was radiant with spiritual life and beauty and expression. The light was held by an outstretched arm and hand passing across her waist, and displaying dimly the figure to which it belonged. After five or six appearances of my wife, the light rested upon the floor some 10 feet distant from me, then rising, it suddenly darted across the room backwards and forwards, until having gained sufficient power, it flashed brightly upon the wall, and brought into relief the entire figure of a large heavy man, who stood before us. He was rather below the medium height, but broad-shouldered, heavy, and dressed in black, his back towards us and his face not visible. He appeared thus three times very perfectly, remaining in view each time for about a minute. The moment his entire form was discerned by us, rappings commenced simultaneously in all parts of the room, which continued during the time he was in sight, as if to express delight at the achievement of a new success. On asking if the spirit we saw was that

of Dr. Franklin, we were answered in the affirmative by three heavy dull knocks upon the floor, as though made by a heavy foot, which were several times repeated. During this sitting the spirit of my wife approached, tapping me upon the shoulder, smoothing my hair, and caressing me, *while her long tresses as natural as in life dropped over my face, with the peculiar scent of delicate freshly gathered violets.* A new and very curious manifestation now took place, shewing us how the echoes were produced, and there was spelt out: '*Darling, have you not been rewarded?*' The light in producing these echoes or explosions assumed a lily shape, nearly the size of my head, and so brilliant as to light the entire surface of a table and the centre of the room, so that Miss Fox and I could see each other distinctly, as well as various objects in the room. Then bounding up and down from the surface of the table some 12 or 18 inches it struck the table, and descending on my arm, produced the raps or echoes."

"September 27.—The following was written upon a card, in explanation of the manifestations of last evening:—

"My darling, I was so happy to come here to you last night with Dr. Franklin; and on that sweet occasion when I could come in flowers and white robes, with a crown of happiness. I was very happy, and I knew that dear Dr. Franklin was overjoyed. He lost his power in lending all his aid to me. Next time you will see his face: the effort last night aided him greatly for the next meeting. Good night, darling. "ESTELLE."

"We wish you to meet to-morrow night, but not for the purpose of seeing us. We will not attempt again to come in form until we have a cold atmosphere; but it is well to meet often, in order to keep the chain perfect. Great manifestations are in preparation for you. I long to come again in form; it must be on a cold night. "B. F."

"On another evening I wrote a number of questions for Dr. Franklin to answer, which was done categorically in writing, on cards, which I also send to you. I think it only necessary to claim especial attention to the following:—

#### QUESTIONS FOR DR. FRANKLIN.

- No. 1.—For a test, I wish you to give me the year of your birth?  
No. 2.—Also that of your departure?

#### ANSWERS.

- No. 1.—I was born in the year 1706.  
No. 2.—Departed the earth-life in the year 1790, after a calm struggle for life on the night of April 17th, a little before midnight.\*

\* "On the 17th of April, 1790, about 11 o'clock at night, he quietly expired, closing a long and useful life of 84 years and three months."—*Vide Life of Benjamin Franklin.*



“ The questions were put by me without premeditation, and without being seen by any one ; and it is most important that I should add, *neither I nor the medium knew the date of Dr. Franklin's birth or death*, which, on reference afterwards, I was pleased and surprised to find had been correctly given by the spirit. “ L——.”

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## PUNCH AND THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

PUNCH has been so long silent, that we feared he had become a convert, and which he must be in daily danger of, from the number of his immediate relatives and friends, who have convinced themselves, after inquiry, of the truth of the phenomena. Our readers will remember, how we were last year enabled to detail the experiences of the two sons of one of the proprietors of *Punch*, in company with one of the sons of Mr. Dickens, and also of Mr. Lecch, the rare illustrator, and back-bone of that witty journal, and how, after poking fun for more than a year at us, the principal editor himself thought it was time to investigate the subject, and then himself actually sought to have a *séance* with Mr. Squire. We advise the public to make the most of his jokes whilst they can have them, for they are in constant danger of losing him altogether. It must be a great strain, even on this veteran and somewhat stale joker, to be denying and ridiculing what his own proprietors and principal contributors have personal knowledge of the truth of, and what he has only himself not yet been able to investigate, because the requisite meetings could not be arranged. The readers of *Punch* can hardly hope for a long continuance of the present state of *Punch* editorialism under such circumstances.

The editor, in his number of the 19th October is certainly unfortunate in making fun of the narration in the *Spiritual Magazine* of a spirit-portrait produced in America of the mother of the narrator. He seems to think this is supremely ridiculous, and says that “ from rapping the spirits have now got to drawing and painting,” and “ There's an end to portrait painting.” Not at all, friend *Punch*, you will be glad to hear. You have many artists among your friends, and you can tell them that if sometimes the spirits do take portraits themselves, and present them to us, they also themselves sit to artists, and thus balance the account. This last fact does not rest on our assertion, but on that of your intimate old friend, Mr. Charles Dickens, who endorses that remarkable story of Mr. H., the artist, which has just appeared in *All the Year Round*. We, too, have verified the exact truth of that narration, and intend to present it next month to our readers,

with some even more wonderful particulars connected with it, which will introduce Mr. Dickens in a new character, to the great surprise of the *Punch* party. They, no doubt, by this time, know what we refer to.

To the *Daily Telegraph* we are indebted for a leading article, informing us that at Barcelona an active persecution has begun against the modern form of Spiritualism. "All rappers and table-turners are placed under the gravest censure of the Church. On the 9th October, by order of the Bishop, 300 vols. of spiritualist literature were burned on the public esplanade, on the spot where criminals are executed. This was under the immediate management and inspection of a priest in full canonicals carrying a cross in one hand, and a torch in the other. The reverend Guy Faux was hooted by the crowd, and he prudently retired, the spectators shouting 'Down with the Inquisition.'"

The writer then, after reprobating such proceedings, treats himself to his own sort of persecution, which is but little above that of his Barcelona brethren in common sense, whilst it falls short of it in common honesty. They, in their ignorant fanaticism, are acting in accordance with the instincts of their religion, and we can even respect the earnestness and zeal which they exhibit in their own stupid way. But for Mr. George Augustus Sala, who is well known as the writer of these smart articles which periodically appear in the *Telegraph*, in which Spiritualism is introduced, we cannot find so much excuse. He knows far too many among his literary brethren who have investigated the subject, and who have not feared to incur his ridicule, to be justified in saying that "nine-tenths are impudent and fraudulent knaves who ought to be sent to the house of correction, and that of the silly dupes who have been induced by chicanery and charlatantry to believe in the so-called marvels of Spiritualism, eleven-twelfths are hopeless fools." Mr. Sala had better consult Mr. Dickens or Sir Bulwer Lytton on this subject. He may get some useful information from them, and we shall also be glad if he will account to his readers for this further fact of how he, Mr. Sala, went within the last few days, *incognito*, to a medium, and having written several names on a piece of paper, which has been handed to us, and is now in our possession, obtained answers, including the names of persons for whom he asked. We are informed that he expressed great surprise at the answers thus given, and that on leaving, he said that he had come much prejudiced against the subject, but that he now saw there was much more in it than he thought. The paper he left behind in his own handwriting, with which we are well acquainted, fully bears out this frank opinion of his, and shews how he stopped the medium from proceeding to the last letter of his name, *by saying*

that the three first letters, "S—A—L," were wrong, in order to keep his incognito, which was on the point of being discovered by the raps on the table. We thought this paper would be found useful, and therefore we preserved it; but we hardly expected so soon to be called on for it. If necessary, it can be produced in lithograph, and it will be found to fully bear out even more than we have said.

☞ MORAL FOR MR. SALA'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.—If you intend to deny the facts which occur in the presence of a medium, take care that the spirits don't make you leave your notes behind you.

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### DISPLACEMENT OF COFFINS.

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WE make the following extract from the *Essex Telegraph*. Our readers will find in it, if it be true, and we are making some inquiry as to this, a corroboration of the similar displacement of coffins, recorded at page 549 of our first volume, and further described at page 47 of the present volume. If any of our readers can give us any information as to the facts of the present case, or of any others within their knowledge, we shall be obliged. It seems that this time it is not the Od force, but *Chemistry, that is to unravel the mystery* :—

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—Under the church of the secluded village of —, in Wiltshire, is a vault which for many years past has been the last home of the — family, who possessed estates in the parish acquired by marriage with a lady who was buried some weeks since. On opening the vault for the reception of her body it was found that the coffin of her deceased husband, formerly the squire of the place, had not only been turned completely round; but had actually got upon and across that of her deceased father. One who witnessed the opening of the vault was panic-struck at the discovery, though quite prepared for some little alteration of position; as, when the vault was opened for the "squire," the coffins of his son and daughter had shifted a considerable distance across the capacious vault; and the same person witnessed that the daughter's had done so when the son was buried. All were in lead coffins, and all were placed on the stone floor. Had this been witnessed by but one person it might have been doubted; but many saw it. All superstitious notions are repudiated by the writer of this account, who publishes these facts in the hope that "chemistry may unravel the mystery." The disturbed coffins had all become rounded on the top, evidencing the existence of gas within. None but members of the last family had ever been found displaced, neither had the other coffins become rounded.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible is, indeed, a deep book, when depth is required, that is to say, for deep people. But it is not intended, particularly, for profound persons; on the contrary, much more for shallow and simple persons. And therefore the first, and generally the main and leading idea of the Bible, is on its surface, written in plainest possible Greek, Hebrew, or English, needing no penetration, nor amplification, needing nothing but what we all might give—attention.—*Ruskin*.

## THE SPIRITUAL BODY,

By the REV. B. F. BOWLES.

Is there another body that is not subject to death at all, either in early or later life? Is there a body that Death cannot touch, so ethereal as to escape all his blows?—a body better protected by its subtlety than a mailed warrior?—a body which, from its own nature *must* rise triumphant from the contest? Paul believed it. He would have the Corinthians believe it. I believe it. I would have you believe it. But how shall I secure this faith where it does not exist? How shall I fix and confirm it where it is wavering? If dim and indistinct, how shall I make it clear and definite? Nay, how shall I exalt it to a living reality?

Shall I tell you that many of the old philosophers believed in a spirit that survived the shock of death?—that when Christ came he concurred in this opinion?—that he contended for it with the doubting Sadducees?—that when on the cross he promised the dying thief that, though in a few moments more his *body* would succumb to torture, *he* should be with him in paradise? Shall I tell you that he said no more on this matter, for the simple reason that it was generally believed by those he taught, excepting the Sadducees? Shall I, then, tell you of his authority as a teacher upon this subject?—of his wonderful works, of his resurrection, confirming his prophecy and illustrating God's power, and rest the matter here, saying, "You *must* believe because of this.

To some this might seem satisfactory, to others not. Were you in possession of all the evidence which was before the minds of those who believed and taught this doctrine, you might not even then be able to accept it, your minds requiring more evidence than theirs. You may not be in a condition to perceive the force of evidence by which another is convinced. Where he finds pure logic, you may discover only fallacy. All possible proof may be required to convince some before me, and even that may fail. This I crave for myself, and such as I have I offer to you.

Paul seems to have been anxious to secure conviction from whatever source. He presented a part of the evidence to which I refer; but he did not stop there. After betraying his impatience with the sceptic, by calling him a *fool* when he queried as to *how* the dead could be raised up, he showed his own good sense by at once referring to the *facts of common observation in nature*, as illustrating the possibility, and even probability, of there being other modes of life for man than that here lived.

If God could make different kinds of flesh; different material spheres; "celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial;" if he could

make the sun different from the moon, and every star different from every other star, could he not give to man another body, when this had fallen in death? Thus reasoned Paul from nature. And, finally, he declared the *fact*, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." The one was as real as the other. The natural body was to go down like the body of the grain, in comparative dishonor and weakness, falling into the dust of dissolution; but the spiritual body, like the germ, was to spring up in glory and power. Thus he appealed to their reason, and did but affirm what he felt it must concede. But now pursuing the same course, I will press the same appeal from other data.

But before calling your attention further to evidence of the existence of the spiritual body, we should agree upon what we are to understand by the term *spiritual*. May we not all agree upon the common idea, (whence has issued the word,) that the spiritual is the unseen, and to our senses intangible? I think we may.

Now that there is an unseen force within us, constituting our interior personality, and that manifests itself through these outward forms, seems self-evident. It is this that is the source of all outward action, and that receives from without all impressions. It is this that constitutes the *I* or the *me*, and to which we refer when we use these pronouns. We are all conscious of this unseen self. (I think none will assume that this consciousness is the fruit of education. I think all will admit that it is essential to our common humanity.) And when we speak of seeing, of hearing, of tasting, of smelling, of feeling, we refer to a being who possesses all these senses, but who exists behind the organs of their outward manifestation. I do not properly say "my eye sees," or "my hand feels," but rather "*I* see *through* my eye," and "feel *with* or *through* my hand." Nor do I say, "my brain thinks," but, "*I* think *with* my brain." And our common consciousness approves.

And the one who possesses all these senses is *never seen*. I never have seen you, nor you me. We have only seen the manifestations of each other. The individual who dwells in either of the living forms before me, or the one who occupied the form that is dead, has never to material senses been intangible. We have never come *directly* in contact with him or her, but always through the mediation of the outer form. Each of us, then, in our real self, answers to the common idea of spirit; we are intangible.\*

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\* The perception of this great truth may be helped by an extract from the late inaugural address of Professor Harley, to the class of the London University Medical School. "Recent physiology had pointed out to them that the phenomena of life were the effects of a combination of the natural laws which governed the universe at large. It had shewn them that every organism in the possession of life, no matter whether it were at the bottom of the vegetable or at the top of the animal scale, was undergoing never-ceasing change, and that notwithstanding the apparent stability of its frame, every particle comprising it was transient in

And again, each of us, in his voluntary action, betrays purposes and desires, intelligence and thought; and surely we cannot attribute these to tangible matter. It would be repugnant to all our sense of fact, to affirm that *flesh* could *think* and *purpose*. We inevitably refer all such action to the unseen. It is the unseen one that loves, and that we love.

And now with reference to the spiritual *body*, it seems natural to conclude that these secret powers exist in *combination*, forming an interior *being*. We refer them all to one, and yet each is distinct. The same being sees, thinks and loves. And yet, seeing, thinking, and loving, are quite different. There is then an *organization* interior to this physical organization, possessing in itself each of the senses, and all of the intellectual and emotional power we see expressed through the exterior form. And, being so, it is in a proper sense, a *body*. It is in all things, but its *texture*, like the body we see. Only in this, (its texture,) can we mention aught that the body possesses that the spirit hath not. Indeed, except this and the *shape* of humanity, the body hath nothing when the spirit hath gone out. It hath no senses, no power. Here, then, we have not only the existence of a spirit, but a spiritual *body*, in the sense of organization.

But what of its substance? Hath it substance? or, is it without? I have often received the impression from friends that they supposed a spirit to be without substance. Perhaps they had no clear conception of what a spirit is. Perhaps I was unable to *receive* their conception. But, so far as able, it seemed to be, in the words of another, "the most definite conception of nothing ever given to mankind." And yet I think it manifest that spirit hath substance. To see this truth, let us inquire what we mean by *substance*. Do we mean some *particular* thing? No, for

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the truest sense of the word. The appearance of identity which the living organism presented was an illusion, for every day, every hour, every moment, its parts were wearing away. No movement could be made, no function performed, without a destruction of matter. Every breath he drew, every word he uttered, every thought was accompanied by a metamorphosis of material. Well might they exclaim, 'How wonderfully, how fearfully are we made!' Life was one perpetual state of death, and if to live was to die, so to die was to live, not only in a spiritual but in a physical sense. For what was the disorganization of the dead animal or vegetable being, but a change from death to life? Even life was everlasting; at least the animal organisation did not begin to live at the time of birth, at the period of quickening, nor at the moment of conception. No; the life that was given to the ovum was transmitted by the parent, not generated. Indeed, there was but one creation of life of each species, and from the beginning until now that same life had been handed down from parent to offspring in one uninterrupted chain, and that chain would last as long as the species existed. They could not at the present day entirely separate the *psychical* from the *physical*, the *spiritual* from the *material*. They could not tell the *how*, the *where*, or the *why*, as thought sprung into existence; but *physiology* told them, *science* told them, *all nature* told them, that a change in *matter* had accompanied the evolution of that thought."—[*Ed.*]

everything is substance. Do we not mean by this term *something*, in distinction from *nothing*? Can we mean anything else? Borrowing an illustration, then, think of the millions of human bodies now being moved about by spirits. They would all stop were the spirits to go out. Is this immense amount of substance moved without substance? Moved by nothing?

Further to illustrate, think of the material universe all in motion. Go with the astronomer and count the worlds. Endeavour, then, to conceive of those unseen even by him. Ask yourselves of the immensity of their weight. You cannot answer. Well, they are all upheld; they are all in motion with inconceivable velocity. And by what? By nothing? By no substance, which is nothing? No, but by spirit, which is the greatest of all things. By an immeasurable organization of spirit. By that which constitutes all that is unchangeable in the universe. By God, who is a spirit, "without variableness or shadow of turning." And the effort to conceive of God without substance, is perilous to our conviction of his existence. And so of the human spirit. In such an attempt, we grapple with the impossible, and are worsted in the struggle.

But what *kind* of substance is it? The answer comes in the well-known and already recognized fact, (and we are dealing now with none other,) the fact that it is intangible to our outward senses. From this it is clear that to us it is indescribably fine in its texture; finer than aught we have ever seen since we cannot see it.\* It is too fine to blend with that of which these forms are composed. Only (as we have seen,) as it acts through the grosser, can we recognize its presence.

And here, in the second place, lies the grand secret of its *indestructibility*. *Gross matter decomposes*. The less gross, the less is it subject to decomposition. The animal body is easily decomposed, but its elements remain unharmed. So all forms of gross matter may be resolved into elements which no chemical process can affect. And yet these elements are sufficiently gross to be susceptible of recognition by our senses. And if *they* cannot be destroyed, how certain it is that the spirit, so vastly more subtle, shall live for ever! That the finger of death cannot touch it.

And, moreover, you have often seen **practical evidence that**

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\* Though this *fineness*, in the sense in which the writer uses it, is sufficient for his argument, yet we conceive that to speak of spiritual substance as fine, may lead to a great misconception, if it lead the reader to think that it is only an attenuation of what is called matter. This mistake lies at the bottom of all the error of scientific and religious thought as to spiritual substance, which in its nature and essence cannot be compared with, or drawn out from, material substance. It is on a different plane of existence, and may be, and we believe is, far more substantial and real than material substance, which is a mere accretion according to natural laws, upon the true spiritual forces, which thus are born into this outer plane of existence.—[*Ed.*]

this spirit does not depend for its *existence*, but only for its *manifestation to our senses*, upon its connection with the body. A man loses a limb, but he has lost none of his spirit. He has the same *sense* of locomotion, if I may so speak, that he had before. And if you will furnish him an artificial limb, he will manifest it. Is this cork limb, now, a part of himself, and does the existence of his spirit depend upon it? No. And yet as much as upon the limb of flesh. His eyes are impaired. Is so much of his spiritual sight gone? Give him a pair of spectacles and see. You will not now say that the life of his spirit depends upon the spectacles. And yet as much as upon the physical eye. "Ah, but the brain? What of that? Destroy that, and what do you know of the spirit? What can you say for its existence? Isn't that the spirit itself?"

Let us, by illustration, see if there is any evidence of it. Let me suppose that you are in London, having a message that you wish to transmit by telegraph to Birmingham, Sheffield, and York. But you discover that the wires are out of repair beyond Manchester. Your message, then, can only go to that city. But now you are informed that the storm has broken them down between Birmingham and Sheffield. Your message then can only go to Birmingham. But, worse yet, the battery itself, in London, is now destroyed, and your message cannot even start by telegraph. It cannot be committed to the wings of the lightning; and, till another means of communication is found, you cannot communicate it to even the nearest point. As a *telegraphic* message, it is unknown. But does it follow that you or your message have no existence? Has the destruction of the London battery destroyed either? Surely no. Nor is even the fluid itself that through those metals was to have been your messenger, at all diminished or changed in its nature. Let the human body, then, take the place of the electric apparatus, the brain answering to the battery. If this form is perfect in all its parts, the spirit may send its message to the sole of the foot. But amputate the foot at the ankle joint, and the message must stop there. Amputate the limb at the next joint above, and it must stop there. Destroy the brain, and, as a *brain* message, it must be unknown, even as was the other as a *telegraphic* message. But why say the message itself, or its author, is no more? Why say that the spirit's unseen and most immediate servants are destroyed? The truth indicated is that it and they remain the same. But it rests not upon the illustration. That is simply to show the want of foundation for the assumption that the brain is the spirit itself. But by this let not your thoughts be drawn from the important fact that the tangible elements of the body even are indestructible, and the inevitable inference that the intangible spirit *must* be so.



One more thought to the same point. Why should we assume the spirit to be a dependant upon the body, when the body is constantly acknowledging itself its servant? A poor servant often, I grant, but so far as it acts at all, acting for the mind and heart, the intellect and affections, which constitute the spirit. And not only does the spirit *control* the outward form, but by a natural law, as the body loses its substance, the spirit attracts more, thus keeping its house complete. I say the spirit does this, because when it is gone out, the attraction ceases.

And now, how natural the conclusion that when by accident or disease, the body becomes unfit to serve the spirit, it goes out and attracts to itself a new body, a new medium of action and impression? That it continues to live as an individual being, maintaining its identity and all that we saw here manifested, we have seen is beyond a place for doubt. And the *life* implies the *mode* of life adapted to its wants. What that mode is we may not *know*, in the absence of uninterrupted spiritual sight. Its want of analogy to the present modes of life may forbid it. As the products of a foreign land can only be described to me so far as they are analogous to those I know, so only can I receive a knowledge of the spirit's new home and the substance of its body.

Of its desires, will, and power, I may only (in the absence of communication,) infer from the past, from what I have known of it. Were its last manifestations of love, then I infer present love. Did it then wish to benefit me, then I infer the continued existence of this wish. Was it sometimes able to secure conditions by which to accomplish its will concerning me, I must infer that it may again secure these conditions. In the absence of proof to the contrary, it is natural to draw these inferences from what the past has taught us.

But we may be reminded that we are still enclosed by crude matter. And it may be inferred that by this we are hidden and insulated from the disembodied, even as they are from us. But if a spirit's possession of a form of flesh is essential to its knowledge of and communication with one in such form, how is it that God knows and affects us? For God is a Spirit. Let me not be understood as assuming that the disembodied human spirit is equal in power to God, but I would simply have you see that there is nothing essential to spirituality to forbid its communication with spirits still in the flesh. There is nothing here upon which to base a denial that spirits, that have passed out of these forms, may again reach those dwelling in them.

I think you will all concur with me in the thought that God is at least as intangible as the spirit man. And yet, He is in constant connection with crude matter. There is none too gross for his touch. We infer that He acts upon it through a long chain

of media, every link of which, as it recedes from the hand that holds it, is less and less refined, but the connection is not less actual. Even so with the human spirit. We suppose it to have no *immediate* connection with the forms we see and touch; but though *mediate*, it is not less real. The hand of the pilot guides the long "floating palace," it is through a chain running through her entire length and connecting with the rudder. So by a chain traversing the universe doth the Great Sovereign Spirit control all, from centre to remotest bounds. So doth the spirit, man, act through the subtle fluids, through brain, nerves, muscles, and bones to the finger's ends, and even the instruments they hold. In spirituality, then, I think you must bear me witness, there is nothing to forbid the thought that spirits, out of the flesh, reach and affect those in the flesh, thus triumphing over the death of the body. It becomes, then, a question of *fact*, to be determined by other data. In the absence of *experience*, this may be *doubted*, but not on this ground *denied*. In the presence of experience, and on the part of such as have the evidence of their own senses to this point it must be affirmed. By the use of their senses they are to be judged, and must judge.

Such is some of the evidence I draw from our *common knowledge*; such the inferences from common ground, and which, for this reason, I think should find general acceptance. Evidence that "*there is a spiritual body, indestructible, independent of the physical, and hence immortal.*"

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## A HUMAN SPIRIT SEEN.

22nd June, 1861.—Mr. G. B. informed me to-day, that his son, aged about 20, passed out of the body six weeks ago, about four o'clock in the morning, in the presence of himself and wife. Afterwards he heard the following:—His brother-in-law, residing in Bishopsgate, E. C., was awoke one morning about four o'clock, by some one pressing his knees firmly;—rousing himself, he saw his nephew standing by his bedside; they looked earnestly at each other, and then the nephew seemed to go away. At breakfast he said to his family—"George is gone." "Why?" "Because I saw him this morning." Two hours after a letter came to him from Mr. B. by post, informing him of the death of George.

JOHN JONES.

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In the month of July, 1858, there were in the list of lecturers published in the *Banner of Light*, seventeen Spiritualist lecturers announced; in 1859, the same month, there were thirty-four; in 1860, in the same month, there were fifty-seven; in 1861, in the same month, there were one hundred and thirty-three.

## REICHENBACH ON SPIRITUALISM AND THE OD FORCE.

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THE first of the two following letters by Baron Reichenbach, the distinguished chemist and discoverer of the *Od*, of which we hear so much in the discussions on Spiritualism, was sent to Dr. Langsdorff, and is published in *The Banner of Light*. The second has been addressed to us during a recent visit made by the Baron to this country. Whilst here, Baron Reichenbach, for the first time, saw many of the phenomena of Spiritualism, which he investigated with the greatest care.

While those who have little or no practical acquaintance with the subject assure us that the action of this newly-discovered force, is adequate to the explanation of those phenomena which we regard as of spiritual origin, the highest authority on the question comes to a different conclusion. He regards "the great influences of Od upon the human spirit" as the mere "physical side of the matter"—"the roots by which it adheres firmly to the ground," and he was thankful to see the day when all his former discoveries shewed themselves as the portal through which it was now possible for him "to go forward into the spiritual department." Deeply shall we regret it, if the hostility of men of science, stronger it would seem in Germany even than in England, should divert him from this intention. The investigation of Spiritualism by one so eminently qualified, and who will carry the facts and methods of science into its prosecution, cannot fail of most valuable results. The interest of the subject will not be exhausted in our generation; and though it may not add to his immediate reputation, justice we feel sure will be done him in the end, and, what is of more importance than any personal consideration, the interests of truth will be advanced.

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"Respected Sir,—Your valuable letter of April 7th I have read with interest and attention. I was much pleased to receive through a pen so well-informed and intelligent as yours, a good description of the present condition of Spiritualism. Here in Vienna, also, I have often heard from persons in the somnambulist state, of the division of human nature into body, soul, and spirit—from persons who were far from knowing anything of American Spiritualism. I have, upon that point, made many investigations, of which no one in Germany can venture to speak, unless he is willing to be instantly cast off by all the world. Out of a courageous zeal for truth, one might, to be sure, disregard such treatment; but *cui bono*? It is well enough to quarrel with

all the world, if, in the end, any good purpose can be reached by so doing. But in Germany one would gain simply nothing, and every earnest voice would, in the wide waste of public prejudice, die away and leave no trace behind. Proceeding on a thorough knowledge of my countrymen, I have therefore believed that if one would open a way for these important subjects, and a considerate study of them, the only method possible would be to begin at the outset with the physical side of the matter, first to lay bare the roots by which it firmly adheres to the ground, and when this has been done, suffer the plant to take form and shape in the air and sunlight. Thus, and in this direction, have my investigations been conducted, and the abundance of physical discoveries which I had the good fortune to make in the prosecution of them appeared to me so important, that I promised myself a hearty reception of them among men who make Nature their study. That was a great mistake. To people who but tardily advance, step by step, I presented quite too much at once of an important matter, and that is troublesome. It is with difficulty men abandon a rooted prejudice to come over to an entirely new view of things; from new views they are wont to shrink, and the more easily because it is more convenient to thrust them abruptly out of their sight than to study into them profoundly.

“The doctrines in regard to Od, which I have endeavoured to disseminate, are supported almost purely according to the method of the positive sciences; and only in their consequences do I touch, and that with silken gloves, the subject of somnambulism, and the first rudiments of clairvoyance. My first intention was to await the acceptance and the effect of these doctrines, and then to go forward into the spiritual department, to which the great influences of Od upon the human spirit—which no one can deny, and which I endeavoured to make thoroughly palatable to the nation in the Odic letters—were to serve as a handle. I was received by the public with joyful shouts; the Letters, in three editions, were devoured and translated into all the languages of Europe; but all in vain. The obstinate materialists like Liebig, Dubois, Vogt, and Schleiden, angrily assailed, without refuting me, or even venturing an attempt to refute me. I retorted sharply, and since then they have kept silence. But I have now all these gentry for deadly enemies, and as their influence is omnipotent, every effort which I might make, to gain a reception for my doctrines, must be suppressed. This is the reason why I can take no step forward in the higher spiritual relations of this subject here in Germany. I have done what a man could; may courageous successors, in ages more favourable, follow in my footsteps, and complete what my cotemporaries have rendered it impossible for me to accomplish. So much by way of answer

to your statements, and for explanation of what I have done and left undone.

“ You have not read the “ Sensitive Man.” Considering the interest you feel in these questions, you should not neglect to give it an examination. On many points it would enable you to see more clearly. In America, but fragments of the work are known. I believe that a good translation into English would not be a bad speculation, if the disastrous war, into which unscrupulous men have plunged your happy land, did not engross universal attention.

“ A slight spark of success has recently shone forth for me, and if it kindles may perhaps yet grow to a flame. I have just succeeded in getting a brief essay, on the phenomena of the Odic lights, which I have composed with great care, published in *Poggendorff's Annalen*. It has just appeared; and in this most exact of exact German journals cannot fail of producing its effect. If Poggendorff admits a second in continuation of the first, we have won a victory, the consequences of which must be incalculable. How interested I am in future developments, you can easily conjecture; perhaps I may hereafter have the pleasure to inform you in regard to them. But those consequences, gradually advancing in an ever-widening circle, would reach you at last.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ With high esteem and regard, yours,

“ Castle of Reichenbach,  
“ May 13, 1861.”

“ REICHENBACH.

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“ To the Editor of the ‘*Spiritual Magazine*.’

“ Sir,—Very soon twice ten years will have flowed down the stream of time since the word ‘OD’ was introduced into science. In my different works it has been so exactly defined, and its derivation explained, that one would hardly think it possible for a difference of opinion to arise about it. Nevertheless, I find that one was raised by the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, and has remained in English literature for several years; and that in the February number of the *Spiritual Magazine* of the present year, at page 90, is a letter, in which the expression *Odyle* is preferred to the word *Od*; and in that letter is implied my approbation of *Odyle*. This idea is erroneous. The word *Od* is derived from a Germanic root, from the Sanscrit, in which ‘*vá*’ signifies in German ‘*vehen*’—to blow. Thus, in our time, in several districts of meridional Germany, they say, ‘*vahen*’ in place of ‘*vehen*.’ In Latin, ‘*vado*,’ in old Norse, ‘*vada*,’ means—I go quickly—I hasten away—I flow. From that, in old German, ‘*Wodan*’ means—all-pervading. It changes, in various districts.

to 'Wuodan,' 'Wodan,' 'Odan,' 'Odin,' signifying the all-pervading power, which is finally personified in a German deity. Od is consequently the name of a force, which, with irresistible power, rushes through and pervades universal nature. All this is explained in my 'Odic Letters,' in 'Der Sensitive Mensch,' and elsewhere. That Od was derived from the Greek ὀδαλός, or ὀδγλός, as is suggested, is erroneous, and that so much the more as these two words have no existence in the Greek language.

" Professor Gregory, in publishing his abstract of my book on the *Dynamics*, &c., did so without my knowledge, and sent me a copy as a present. I found in it the word Od changed into Odyle, and I was surprised at the deviation from my expression, which appeared to me as *malapropos* as it was incorrect. I say *malapropos*, because it destroys the monosyllabic brevity which I believed to be necessary to the signification of a fundamental principle; in transmuting a monosyllabic word into one trisyllabic; and at the same time rendering it more difficult and complicated for its ulterior combinations. Incorrect, I say, because it falsifies the sense which it ought to express: ὄλη, in Greek, signifies stuff, matter, and in this sense it is applied by the chemists in amyle, ethyle, cetyle; but Od is not palpable matter; it is an imponderable principle, the material nature of which is to us, as yet, as completely occult and hidden as it is enigmatic, as much so as that of light, electricity, and of other dynamics. Even the Greek word signifies specially gross matter—beams, girders, materials for building, and such things. How would it be possible, by any analogy, to apply such an expression to a principle, the finest we know in nature, to Od?

" I abstain from saying a word on the want of taste of combining a Greek word with one of a root purely Germanic, and of committing such a fault without the slightest necessity.

" I communicated to Dr. Gregory, without delay, my disappointment in this affair, and pointed out to him the error of this change in the word. I directed his attention to the translation of my writings by Dr. Ashburner, and to his conscientious exactitude towards his author, having left the sense intact and in its original state, and that I regretted much to find myself incapable of agreeing, in my ulterior memoir, to this denomination. Dr. Gregory, who was so learned and well-meaning a man, comprehended all this at a later period, and accepted it. In subsequent translations of my Memoirs, and especially in the 'Odic Letters' which appeared in Dr. Elliotson's *Zoist*, he dropped the word Odyle and restored the word Od.

" REICHENBACH.

" Albemarle Hotel, London,  
" 26th Sept., 1861."

ARE THE PHENOMENA KNOWN AS "SPIRITUAL  
MANIFESTATIONS" DUE TO THE OD FORCE,  
UNDER THE CONTROLLING AGENCY OF THE  
HUMAN WILL?

It may seem to the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and to those familiar with Spiritualism, rather late in the day to raise this question; and we confess to be of the same opinion. Our Transatlantic friends cannot but smile to find reverend and learned men in this country putting forward, as demonstrated and wonderful truths, their own obsolete and exploded theories, refurbishing their broken weapons, and going to battle as confidently as if every sword was an Excalibar, possessed of which they must be invincible in the fight. The question asked at the head of our article is virtually asked, or rather, answered in the affirmative, in a pamphlet entitled, "Some Remarks on the Essay of the late Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., on 'The Study of the Evidences of Christianity,'" by the Rev. Granville H. Forbes.\* It is one of the many controversial productions occasioned by the celebrated "Essays and Reviews;" but it is the only one, so far as we know, which recognizes and builds its argument on the facts of Spiritualism. The author cites these facts "to meet that antecedent objection which is based on the supremacy of *physical laws*." These facts, he avers, "prove that there are laws in nature higher than mere physical laws,—laws which enable Intelligence and Will to act on material things." These facts have taught him that "it is consistent with the laws of nature that Mind should originate and direct the exercise of a force capable of neutralising, or holding in check, known physical laws." He does not, indeed, attribute the working of miracles to this power; but he considers that "if this principle be established, the physical argument against miracles falls to the ground." So far, he but re-affirms the arguments which Spiritualists have urged over and over again; and had he but prosecuted his inquiry to what we regard as its legitimate conclusion, he would have found the argument more complete than he appears aware of; and he would have saved it from some embarrassments, to which, in its present form, it appears open. While regarding the author's conclusion as defective, it is a pleasure to acknowledge his entire fairness in allowing those who take the spiritual view to state the facts and reasons for their faith. In the postscript to the second edition he inserts letters,

\* Published by J. H. & James Parker, London and Oxford, 1861, price 4s.

ply to his application for information, from, among others, Blank, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Hutchinson (for many years the man of the London Stock Exchange), and Mr. Howitt, es quoting from the *Spiritual Magazine*. We have no doubt a larger and a practical acquaintance with the facts treated could rectify his judgment, and lead him to perceive the in-accuracy of his present theory.

In this he makes no pretensions to novelty. He tells us, an American belongs the credit of having thoroughly investigated the question in a dispassionate and philosophical manner. He has proved to demonstration that all these startling phenomena proceed from the operation of a law of nature,—a law no doubt which is constantly in operation around us, but of which until now we were not conscious. I strongly recommend to read his book entitled, 'Modern Mysteries Explained and exposed.' . . . . I refer especially to the second part of the work, the subject of which is 'The Phenomena of Spiritualism,' in which the writer proves that these effects are produced by the instrumentality of a force in nature, known to scientific men by the name of the Odic force, the properties of which have been fully investigated, both in England and on the Continent, by Ashburner, Reichenbach, Matteuci, Thilorier, and Lafontaine." We may remark in passing, that whatever credit may attach to the Odic theory as an explanation of the "Phenomena of Spiritualism," is due, not to Professor Mahan, but to Dr. Rogers, whose prior and far abler work, Mahan's is little else than a vulgar adaptation. The Odic force is so often adverted to, and its character is so little known, that an examination of its real, as distinguished from its reputed powers, is necessary in order to understand how far it is capable of explaining "the phenomena known as spiritual manifestations." For this purpose we will at present select the general class, known as "physical manifestations." But here we find the work already so well set to our hand by Professor Brittan, that we need only present an exposition.

This class comprehends the illustrations of what appears to be a spiritual agency exhibited in the mysterious movements of ponderable bodies. As Professor Brittan refers such phenomena to the Odic Force, we will institute a comparison, showing the nature of the accredited facts, and the insufficiency of the alleged force to account for their occurrence. It is very well known that bodies weighing several hundred pounds are moved by an invisible power that is often well nigh irresistible; sometimes it is so violent and destructive, as to excite serious apprehensions; and yet, if we may judge from the results of the Baron's experiments, imperceptible currents of this gentle and noiseless *aura* would scarcely ruffle the page of a turtle-dove. His experiments abundantly show that the odic flames are as harmless as the glowworm's light, and all the forces of this agent might be applied on the face of a waveless pool and not ripple its surface in a thousand years. Again, similar bodies are frequently hurled with remarkable force across the air, and with a momentum as great as if they were thrown from the right hand



of a strong man. Let any one throw a ball a distance of fifty yards, and he will find that less than *ten seconds* are required for its passage. The invisible powers make things move with an equal or greater momentum. Now, how does it happen that the objects thus moved, far transcend in the rapidity of their motion, the greatest possible speed of the Od Force. That agent could never travel that distance, by the most frequented routes in Austria, in much less than *thirty seconds*, as will be perceived from the following brief statement, which is copied from the Baron's book, page 236:—

*"The transmission of Od in the best conductors, as in metallic wires, goes on SLOWLY—twenty to forty seconds are required for a wire fifty yards long. Electricity traverses a million times longer space in immeasurably shorter time."*

Here is a difficult problem for Professor Mahan to solve. *Can an object move three times as fast as the motive power that propels it?* If it cannot do this, the Baron's Od Force will never enable us to account for those mysterious movements of ponderable bodies, which so frequently occur in the presence of Spirit-mediums. According to the statement of Von Reichenbach, *thirty seconds* is the average time which *Od* requires by the best conductors, to go fifty yards. At this rate it would travel one mile in something over a quarter of an hour! A fast trotting horse would make the same distance—on a good road—in *two minutes and thirty-eight seconds*. Thus it appears that *Od* under the most favourable circumstances, gets over the ground *about as fast as an ox team!* And this is the agent to which our author refers the modern miracles of strength and speed, and the still more "spiritual gifts" which were once reverently ascribed to a Divine source.

How then does the action of this agent explain the facts which Mr. Forbes admits? How does it "prove to demonstration that all these startling phenomena of Spiritualism proceed from the operation of a law of nature?" Can *Od* have lifted a strong heavy table, made to defy the efforts of raging lunatics, over the heads of those present, and on being requested to do so in order to test its power, break it in pieces, as related in the *Spiritual Magazine*, by a gentleman whose evidence Mr. Forbes quotes as that of "a physician occupying a position of great responsibility?" Can it play upon a piano, "when no person was within several feet of the instrument," and in full light bring "an accordion from the end of the room by no visible agency, and play an air asked for, with all its variations, in the most perfect manner," as testified by Mr. Coleman in the letter which Mr. Forbes has published? Can it travel with a message from Cape May to Philadelphia, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, and bring back an answer in half an hour, as in the case certified by Professor Hare in his "Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations." And, speaking of communications from his deceased father, he says—"So far from the ideas being obtained from my mind, which proceed from my spirit-father, he and I cannot come to one opinion on some points after much discussion."\* Professor Brittan,

\* Mr. Forbes thinks it "a satisfactory answer" to this, to refer to "the extraordinary power of the human mind, or brain, under certain conditions, to act as it were two different parts quite unconsciously, as sometimes happens in dreams." But there is no analogy in the case. It is not pretended that Hare, when receiving these communications, was asleep, or in any state resembling it. On the contrary, he was quite wide awake, testing them, and making experiments in the full exercise of all his natural faculties.

in his discussion with Dr. Richmond, tells us, that "on the evening of February 2nd, 1852, an invisible agent, claiming to be the spirit of Louisa Mc Farland, purported to be present at a circle commenced in Lowell, Mass. and promised to convey a message consisting of *nineteen* words to Georgia. In less than one hour an invisible presence, claiming to be Louisa, actually delivered that communication, *verbatim*, to a circle commenced in the village of Atalanta, Georgia."

Was this "invisible agent" *Od*? If so, how odd that it should be mistaken in its own identity, and claim to be "Louisa," and that this "invisible agent" should be constantly making the same kind of mistake and telling the same falsehood, all the world over. Can *Od* "give information which *no living person* had previously been able to afford, concerning a missing document, and which information on inquiry was found to be correct," as in the instance published by Mrs. Crossland in her *Light in the Valley*? Can *Od* spell out by rappings, "join hands and stand round the table, but do not touch it," and produce, "seeming to come from the pedestal of the table, a series of strange sounds exactly like those heard in a carpenter's workshop,—sawing, planing, hammering, screwing, &c.," and this, too, to prove its identity with a deceased carpenter and joiner unknown to anyone present, who had died in a workhouse, visited by the lady who furnishes the narrative to Mr. Forbes, and who, on making inquiry next day, learnt that this had been his trade, and that he was the brother of a poor woman whom she had prevented from committing suicide?

Could it be *Od* which made Miss Mapes' hand write, as recorded at page 440 of the Magazine, when asked by her father for some proof of the identity of the spirit, that if he would look at page 120 of a book which was indicated, he would find his father's name written there, and which, on opening a case which had been closed for 27 years, he found to be written at that very page.

Can *Od* raise a table with a glass top (and therefore, by the way, a non-conductor of electricity) from the floor, notwithstanding all the *Od* force, and muscular force too, exerted by two strong men to keep it down, while the medium, a female in delicate health, only touched the table-top lightly with her fingers' ends, as witnessed by ourself in the experiments we made in our own family? Can *Od* speak foreign languages by the tongues of persons unacquainted with them, as Judge Edmonds testifies is done by his daughter and niece, and in scores of instances by other mediums, whose names and addresses are published in his Tracts? Can *Od* produce paintings of fruits and flowers which have no prototype in the natural world, through the hand of a lady incapable of drawing even natural flowers; as in the case instanced by W. M.

Wilkinson in his "Spirit-Drawings," and in many other well-known cases; or produce, the one in eleven, and the other in eight seconds, those coloured drawings of which, with the signatures of the witnesses, *fac-similes* were presented in the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine*? Can *Od* perceive, reason, and reply? Is it capable of affection and resentment? Does it sometimes tell lies? Can it recollect the past and foresee the future? Has it power to heal the sick and discover the secrets of the dead? And if so, isn't it a little strange that these extraordinary powers should not have been found out till gentlemen in difficulties found them necessary to explain "what is known as the phenomena of spiritual manifestations?"

We would humbly suggest that if *Od*, the very existence of which is still denied by many of our most learned men, can do all these and many other equally wonderful things, it is time that experiments be commenced to see if it cannot be turned to some profitable account. It may be the greatest labour-saving invention of the age—a sort of universal servant-of-all-work. If it is really "under the controlling agency of the will," it might, for instance, be instructed to cut cabbages, peel potatoes, grind corn, preach sermons, write pamphlets, carry messages and parcels; in short, make itself generally useful. This indeed is really little more than is expected of it by its more sanguine apostles. Dr. Richmond, for instance, in his Discussion with Professor Brittan, intimates his belief that it will one day (of course "under the controlling agency of the will,") supersede steam in propelling cars along the railway. And this is the opposition that is offered to Spiritualism in the name of SCIENCE and COMMON SENSE!

At first the advocates of *Od* had recourse to "the reflex and automatic action of the brain" to eke out their explanation; but it was soon found that automatic action did not admit of that *contingent adaptation*, and of those multiform, unexpected, and varying results displayed in "what is known as the phenomena of spiritual manifestations," and then "the controlling agency of the will" was pressed into the service, and it does duty in this capacity in Mr. Forbes's pamphlet. Here, then, at last, the question is narrowed; it is admitted that the phenomena of intelligence cannot rationally be attributed to an unintelligent agent as their efficient cause. Whatever part *Od* as an "instrumentality" may play in their production, it can act in this capacity only as the servant of mind. The action of the human spirit is conceded. True, it is claimed that the manifestations are made *exclusively* by spirits still in the natural body; and we are not disposed to deny that some phenomena referred by careless observers to the agency of departed spirits, may have originated

within the sphere of mundane existence, nor to dogmatize concerning any of that portion which may fairly be regarded as of doubtful origin, when the ultramundane character of so many of the most important facts is obvious to the enlightened and impartial investigator. "The human spirit is the same in all its essential attributes, whether in or out of the corporeal form; and it must be obvious that the phenomenal manifestations of the soul, in its separate states, cannot be altogether dissimilar. Especially will the resemblance be most apparent wherever the physical and spiritual conditions of being are in the closest proximity. The higher and lower spheres of existence, like the different kingdoms in nature, flow into each other by almost imperceptible gradations, and meeting like the confluent water of two seas, are scarcely distinguishable." It is easy to mystify the question, by citing facts which occur along the confines of the visible and invisible worlds, which it would be difficult to trace with any considerable certainty to their specific causes. Spiritualism, however, does not need these to make good its claims. It can afford to present the entire collection to Mr. Mahan, or to whomever else may be in want of them.

"The controlling agency of the will" must be a conscious voluntary operation; we have no knowledge of its being otherwise. When therefore at the *séance* a controlling will is exercised, which the consciousness of every one visibly present assures them is not put forward by themselves—and when the controlling will, not once only, but uniformly and everywhere, persistently claims to be that of some disembodied spirit, and often spontaneously furnishes evidence to make good its claim, what is the obvious, and one would think necessary inference—but that this claim is a valid one? Admit that the will of an embodied spirit, under suitable conditions, can exercise a certain control over the mind of another; is that power inherent in the body or in the spirit? If, as we suppose will be generally admitted, it is in the spirit, then we ask why, under similar conditions, may not a like control be exercised by a disembodied spirit? It is only when one mind is in a negative or passive state, that it is susceptible to the controlling agency of another, as every mesmeriser is fully aware. Now, one of the first conditions for spiritual manifestations is, that the mind of the medium, and of those forming the circle, should be in as passive a state as possible. The more completely all action of the will, all desire, all antagonism—all attempt at controlling or influencing the manifestations is absent, the more perfect in general are the manifestations, especially those where intelligence is more immediately and obviously apparent. It is admitted that there must be intelligent control somewhere; but if not from the mind of anyone

visibly present, whose is it?—whence comes it? The medium himself has no idea of what is about to happen through his mediumship. That it is not reflected from the mind of any one visibly present is known to all who have had any considerable experience in the matter, for their opinions are often contradicted, and facts foreign to their knowledge are communicated. At the first *séance* at which the writer first witnessed physical manifestations, the medium (who was about to emigrate) inquired how many days it would be before he left for Australia, and was answered by the movements of the table, thirty-one. “Well,” said he, “that would be strange, for I expect to go in about a week or ten days.” He went, however, on the thirty-first day. It may be said, this was only a curious coincidence; but the truth of the communication is not now the question; we ask whence came it? Not from the mind of self or friend (there were only three present, the medium included), for we knew nothing of the matter, and had no idea about it; nor from that of the medium, who was much surprised at receiving it. Whence then? Was his mind, or the table, or the *Od, en rapport* with the mind of some person who knew when the vessel would sail? The supposition is almost too absurd to need comment; but it may be remarked that the vessel should have sailed about the time the medium expected it, and its delay was occasioned by circumstances that had not then transpired, and therefore could not have been known, for facts cannot come out of the mind unless they are first in it. In Mr. Howitt’s letter to Mr. Forbes, he states that he was driven out of his Unitarian opinions by the spirits. Mr. Forbes in this instance attributes this, not to *Od*, but to the Holy Spirit; but this is only admitting spiritual agency in the highest degree, while denying it in its lower degrees.

Dodge it therefore as we may, the question always returns upon us, whence come those manifestations of intelligence and power foreign to our own personality? To attribute them to *Od* or to any imponderable unintelligent agent, is to ascribe the telegraphic message to the wire, and not to the man at the end of it. To say it comes from our own mind is a contradiction to our own consciousness. For we know that we did not before know what is often communicated; and we also know, some of us by experiment, that our wills are often powerless either to produce or prevent certain manifestations that we sometimes witness. No! Reason and analogy, as well as direct evidence show that the mind,—the will, is that of invisible, intelligent, disembodied beings outside ourselves, and who are frequently seen by mediums who had no knowledge of them in the natural world, and who so describe them that they are recognised by their friends and relatives.

But it is specially worthy of remark, that while sciolists speak of *Od* as if it were an unknown god, by whose power is wrought all wonders not otherwise explicable by their philosophy; those who are best acquainted with it, modestly disclaim for it all such wonder-working power. Reichenbach its discoverer, in a letter published on another page of this magazine, avowedly regards it as the mere natural foundation of Spiritualism, and declares that he has reluctantly abandoned his intention of carrying his inquiries forward into the spiritual department to which it leads, in consequence of the unpreparedness of the public mind in Germany, and the obstinate materialism of the scientific savans; while Dr. Ashburner, its principal champion in England, and whose statements are quoted by Mr. Forbes in support of his position, is, as must be known to the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, one of the most prominent advocates of Spiritualism in this country.

Mr. Forbes, as we have seen, would specially except the miracles of the Bible from the application of his theory. Other opponents of Spiritualism, however, make no such reservation. Dr. Richmond, for instance, as may be seen in his discussion with Professor Brittan, is a root-and-branch-man; he would sweep out the supernatural altogether. He has no more consideration for the prophets and apostles of Judea than for the mediums of America. He unsparingly applies the theory of the "*Od* force under the controlling power of the will" to explain the miracles of the Bible, as well as "The Phenomena known as Spiritual Manifestations." The attempt may seem audacious, but it is only a farther carrying out of those principles which the President of Cleveland College has avowed, and Mr. Forbes has unwittingly endorsed. If *Od* force can move a heavy table, why may it not have moved the stone from the door of the sepulchre? If Mr. Home is floated in the air by *Od* force, why may not the Apostle Philip have been carried from Gaza to Azotus by the same agent? If the "spirit-hand" seen by Robert Bell, Dr. Gully, and others, was only *Od* "under the controlling power of the will," why may not the spirit-hand that wrote on the walls of Belshazzar's palace have been constructed in the same way? Why should there be one theory for the dreams, visions, trances, and spirit-writings and drawings in Palestine, and another for them when they occur in England? If men and women now-a-days speak in unknown tongues under the inspiration of *OD*, what occasion to go beyond this "mundane agency" for the inspiration on the day of Pentecost? The parallel has been carried farther, but any balance that may stand over could be readily disposed of on the principles and in the language of Professor Asa Mahan, which we are sure Mr. Forbes will not knowingly endorse:—"Such facts manifestly lie in the track of

scientific discovery, and we must suppose them to be the result of mundane causes which are yet to be discovered, though at present unknown to us." "The Phenomena known as Spiritual Manifestations," though of more frequent occurrence now than formerly, probably because the conditions under which they are produced have been more generally recognised and experimented on, may, for the most part, be traced in universal history—the Bible history included; and you cannot apply a theory to the facts of the present, and long withhold its application to analogous facts in the past. That spirits, in their manifestations, may employ *Od*, or other imponderable agents, as a part of the necessary conditions, is not disputed; but, as wisely observed by the Rev. Charles Beecher, who on other grounds than those of Mr. Mahan, is opposed to these phenomena:—

Whatever physiological law accounts for odic phenomena in all ages, will in the end inevitably carry itself through the whole Bible, where it deals with the phenomena of soul and body as mutually related, acting and reacting. A large portion of the Bible, its prophecies, ecstasies, visions, trances, theophanies, and angelophanies, are more or less tinged with odic characteristics. The physiology, the anthropology of the Bible is highly odic, and must be studied as such. As such, it will be found to harmonize with the general principles of human experience in such matters in all ages. If a theory be adopted everywhere else but in the Bible, excluding spiritual intervention by odic channels *in toto*, and accounting for everything physically, then will the covers of the Bible prove but pasteboard barriers. Such a theory will sweep its way through the Bible, and its authority, its plenary inspiration will be annihilated. On the other hand, if the theory of spiritual intervention through odic channels be accepted in the Bible, it cannot be shut up there, but must sweep its way through the wide domain of "popular superstitions," as they are called, separating the element of truth on which those superstitions are based, and asserting its own authoritative supremacy.

We have allowed Mr. Forbes the benefit of confining his theory to the modern physical manifestations, which are the smallest and most unimportant part of the inquiry in which we are engaged. It would fare worse with him, were we to apply his theory to account for the higher spiritual phases on which his church and all others are based. His argument, even against the Baden Powells of the day, loses in logical force, when he stops so short of their diverging point, which is simply, that miracles are against the laws of nature. Let him push his argument as far as he will, all he does by his admission of these modern phenomena, is to enlarge somewhat the boundary of the laws of nature. There he weaves his cocoon, and wraps himself to sleep inside. It is the largest thing he sees to be possible, and miracles are left outside of it. They are still left outside of the boundary of nature, for all the race of Baden Powells to carp at and deny. It does not therefore seem to us, that to admit these manifestations of will through the *Od* force, will help us to any logical conclusion, so long as we cut off what are called miracles, from all connexion

with such phenomena. Perpetually we are reminded in this long controversy that the question is, whether or not the Spiritualism of the Bible is unique, or whether it is not rather embedded in the deepest soul of humanity. Again, this cerebration, or conscious or unconscious will, may be only another name for that interior spiritual contact of our souls with the spiritual world, from which, according to one theory, we derive our best impressions. The spiritual world *may* supply our wills unconsciously with the information and phenomena, which so sadly overburden the *Od* force.

We believe that Mr. Forbes has only very recently had his attention drawn to the subject, and certainly he has already made great progress in it in the present work, which is able and ingenuous, and at once rescues the subject from the shallow views of those who attribute the manifestations to that *bête noir*, the devil, or to evil spirits. He has at once chosen the ground where the best stand may be made, albeit, that ground, as we hope he will now see, is not tenable; and he has collected facts and arguments which render his book of 114 pages one of the best for intelligent inquirers to study.

We shall regret, however, if on further study, while the learned and well-intentioned author is parrying the thrusts of infidelity with one hand, he should continue at the same time to present to it a new and dangerous weapon with the other. Let him embrace the theory, as heartily as he has embraced the phenomena of spiritual manifestations, and he will find it a more powerful auxiliary in the cause of revealed truth than he at present has any idea of. We should, however, recall the word "theory," as distinguished from "phenomena," for the claim of a spiritual origin for the facts, is itself an important part of "the Phenomena known as spiritual manifestations." One thing the opponents of Spiritualism in England may learn from Professor Mahan. With all his hostility to Spiritualism, he is not so unwise as to deny its facts. He says, "In the present treatise, we shall *admit the facts claimed by Spiritualists*, and join issue with them simply and exclusively in regard to the conclusions which they deduce from them. **WE ADMIT THE FACTS FOR THE ALL ADEQUATE REASON THAT AFTER CAREFUL INQUIRY WE HAVE BEEN LED TO CONCLUDE THAT THEY ARE REAL. WE THINK THAT NO CANDID INQUIRER, WHO CAREFULLY INVESTIGATES, CAN COME TO ANY OTHER CONCLUSION.**"

T. S.



## SPIRITUALISM IN HOLLAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, Major Revius, gives an account of what he has witnessed at the Hague, since Mr. Home's visit to the Court there. He says that he was present at *séances* given by Mr. H., and relates the particulars of them. They are very similar to those with which the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* are familiar. The Major says that it was found that his son had nearly the same gift as Mr. Home, and through him many similar manifestations were witnessed.

"After Mr. Home's departure from the Hague," Major Revius goes on to say, "my son attended many *séances* among our friends, and other mediums were developed. At one of these *séances*, at the house of a physician, the spirits of the late Mons. and Madame G. announced their presence. Mons. G. had possessed a considerable fortune, which he had bequeathed in a way disappointing to the expectations of the doctor and his family. After the doctor had expressed his feelings of dissatisfaction on this point, he asked what they wanted there? The answer was—'To seek a reconciliation with you.' 'Then you go, G.' said he, 'and let your wife speak; I never thought very well of you; let her tell me the reason of your leaving the property as you did.' 'You had enough,' was the answer, 'and so I persuaded my husband to dispose of it in favour of my own family, which needed it.' 'Ah! another proof of your selfishness,' said the doctor, 'of which you gave so many, that nobody regrets you, nor cares to remember you.' 'You mistake there,' was the reply: 'there is a poor widow, now living in — Street, who remembers me for acts of kindness.' 'Well,' the doctor said, 'we forgive everything; it's all over now.' Upon which the table pressed itself obliquely against the breast of the doctor, and others of his family who were sitting round it. After this the spirit gave no further sign. The communications in this *séance* were by the alphabet.

"The next day, two of the company, determining to enquire into the facts, found out the street so mentioned. It was a small one, inhabited by poor people. The gentlemen ultimately found a widow, who said that she had known Madame G., who had been dead so many years, for which she was sorry, as she had often received from her the tickets of a charity, by which she obtained bread, clothing, and fuel. She said that she lived in another street in the lady's lifetime.

"At a *séance* in my own house, two generals, my friends, were of the company: they wanted proof that they were not under any biological influence or hallucination. The table round

which we were seated was strong, and weighed a hundred and ten pounds. At my request, the spirits raised the table free from the ground, and let it fall in such a way as to break the pediment. The gentlemen came the next day, to see if the table was *actually broken, as it appeared to be* the night before;—for my part, I had still further evidence of it in the cabinet maker's bill.

"The large table being thus broken, we moved to a smaller one. General M. V. asked if this lighter table could turn itself upside down? The table replied by the alphabet—'Turn upside down yourself.' To the General's question, 'Did you ever know me?' the answer was—'Yes, at Bergen-op-Zoom, forty years ago, when you were a subaltern.' The General said this was according to fact. At my request, the spirit or spirits made this little table feel so heavy, that we could not raise it by our united efforts, and then so light that we could lift it with the little fingers." . . . . .

"We have a medium here, a little girl of ten years of age. On a recent occasion, at a *séance* where this medium was taken, the spirit of the hostess's brother announced his presence. This brother was captain of a merchant vessel, which had not been heard of since the 10th of October, 1854. Through the young medium's hand it was written that his ship was 'wrecked on the English coast, on the 14th of October, 1854, and all on board perished.' The lady asked as a proof that he would write his name by the hand of this child-medium. The lady was a perfect stranger to the medium. After some letters were begun and as often rubbed out, the signature of the captain was written, perfectly corresponding to signatures in letters from him, and which she had carefully preserved.

"A few months ago, my wife, myself, and son were passing the evening at a friend's, several young people there proposed to amuse themselves at turning the table. They went into an adjoining room and soon returned with the news that they had turned a work-table, and now proposed to try their hands at the large one in the *salon*. Observing twitchings of the hand in one of the young ladies, I got pencil and paper and proposed that she should hold the pencil as if to write. After some objections, she took the pencil, and at the instant of holding it as if to write, fell into the magnetic sleep, and thus wrote with closed eyes four full pages, in which a spirit expressed its happiness at being able by this means to assure his protégée that he was always watching over her. That the young lady was in the magnetic sleep I assured myself, by holding a sheet of paper between her face and the pencil, which did not prevent the lines from being straight and equidistant; the letters were large and like those of a person not in the habit of writing. It was subsequently found

that the signature to this singular writing was that of an ancestor of the medium on the mother's side, a Professor of the University of Groningen, two centuries ago.

Major Revius's letter contains much more, but the facts related shew that the manifestations of spirit-power in Holland are of the same character as here.

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### AN HOUR WITH THE DEAD.

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In silence of the starry night  
 The long lost came once more !  
 But came not with the soulless look  
 Her coffin'd image wore.  
 For Life and Love were in her eyes—  
 Their warmth upon her cheek ;  
 And in the sweet familiar tones,  
 Her lips a greeting speak !

Again her face to me is press'd  
 In all its girlish charms,  
 And pent-up cares of troubled years  
 Are wept within her arms ;  
 And yet it seemeth as we talk,  
 The " old times " come not near ;  
 But we have met, as meet we should,  
 Could she indeed be here.

And how those parted hours have pass'd,  
 I tell with strange relief ;  
 And hear her gentle words console,  
 Yet chide, such useless grief.  
 Half sad, half glad, that weary days,  
 Which I must know again,  
 Her whisper'd " Hope ! have Faith ! and Love ! "  
 Shall wile of half their pain !

I wake, to watch across my couch  
 The moon-rays faintly gleam,  
 And ask my soul,—Can this indeed  
 Be nothing more than *dream* ?  
 Or comes some pitying spirit by,  
 Who, watching " them that weep, "  
 Speaks, in the soft tones of the loved,  
 Sweet soothings while we sleep !

LOUISA CROW.

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

IN a work, by the Rev. A. Peabody, entitled *Sermons designed to furnish Comfort and Strength to the Afflicted*, there occur the following observations:—

“An old English divine, speaking of the communion of the dead with the living, says:—‘Little know we, how little a way a soul hath to go to heaven, when it departs from the body. Whether it must pass locally through moon, and sun, and firmament, or whether that soul finds light in the same room, and be not carried into any other, but that the glory of heaven be diffused over all, I know not, I dispute not, I enquire not.

“‘Without disputing or enquiry, I know, that, when Christ says that God is not the God of the dead, he says that to assure me that those whom I call dead are alive. If the dead and we be not on one floor, nor under one storey, yet we are under one roof. We think not a friend lost, because he is gone into another room, nor because he is gone into another land, and into another world, no man is gone; for that heaven which God created, and this world is all one world. If I had fixed a son in court, or married my daughter into a plentiful fortune, I were satisfied for that son and daughter. Shall I not be so, when the King of Heaven hath taken that son to himself, and married himself to that daughter for ever? This is the faith that sustains me, when I lose by the death of others, or suffer by living in misery myself, that the dead and we are all now in one church, and at the resurrection shall all be in one choir.’

“The dead cannot be far from the living, nor can they cease to love them. Separated from us but by a thin veil, to them transparent, and almost so to our faith, they are the cloud of witnesses that compass us about, survey our path, and rejoice in our progress. Let us feel that they are with us in prayer and praise, in duty and devotion. Let the thought of their watchful love give us at once comfort and strength,—comfort for their departure, —strength that we may follow them.”

The Queen Dowager tells me that the late King George III. used often to mention a story which was traditional in his family. This was, that George I., not long before his last voyage to Hanover, where he died, dreamed that his deceased wife, the unfortunate Princess of Zell, came to meet him dressed in green. He was alarmed at this dream, but fell asleep, and dreamed it a second time. He then made a knot in his handkerchief, and prayed that if it were meant as a warning he might find the knot untied in the morning; which, as the story goes, he did. He therefore told the Duchess of Kendall, his favourite, that if she had anything to ask of him she had better make haste, for he did not think he should live long.—From *Miss C. Knight's Autobiography*.

## Correspondence.

THE following letter having been placed in our hands by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, we conceive no complaint will be made by the writer at finding his opinions in print. There is a point in his opening remarks, which we strongly recognize, and have no quarrel with him because he wishes to leave to others the hard work of the hewers of wood and drawers of water. No doubt his usefulness lies in some other division of the army of martyrs, which comprises in its ranks all the various grades and positions necessary to make it a perfect organization. We think, however, that in his concluding disclaimer of coming out in the same pages as "Mr. Home's fantastic spirits," he is scarcely so wise as at the beginning of his letter. In the first place, in the present position of contending theories on the origin and cause of these manifestations, it may be that they proceed hot from the devil, or, as Mr. Dickens and others of equal wisdom affirm, they may be nothing but the grossest fraud on the part of the mediums, and delusion on the part of ourselves, or it may be that the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Granville Forbes, on which we have commented in another article, is the correct one, and consequently that Mr. Home's manifestations are not through spiritual agency at all, but from some wondrous undiscovered force of the brain or mind; or, it may be that they proceed from some general spiritual power, of a nature yet to be discovered; or, it may be that they proceed from individual spirits, who may or may not be fantastic, but who, whether they are so or not, are our brothers. Till this great question which so puzzles the learned theories of Mr. Forbes, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and the whole bench of Bishops, is settled, we shall bespeak for the fantastic spirits very respectful treatment. Besides, it is hardly charitable, if they be fantastic and rather ragged in their manners, to treat them worse than our poor earthly boys in the ragged schools, who are the objects of such noble sacrifices of time and labour from many of our best and highest born men and women. It was said long ago, by one termed a pagan by certain of our friends, "*nihil humani a me alienum puto*," and in a Divine page we have been warned against calling things common and unclean. All honor then to those who are willing to try to do good, even through, and it may be to, fantastic spirits, and who are not too proud to be pioneers for the gentlemen who will come and settle in the land when they have cleared it.—[ED.]

"—, Devon, 29th Sept., 1861.

“DEAR SIR,—I agree with you in your estimate of the American mind: they are the pioneers of discovery and con-

quest in the spirit-world, and thereby, in the spiritual. There is a vast deal of dross amongst them, but in this dross there is some fine gold, and where this comes from, more will be found. The first squatters in the far west were mostly a lawless set, men fleeing from the restraints of civilization; but they subdued wild nature, and savage natives, and opened the way for this civilization which they ran from, and which has now established its dominion across the whole Continent. It appears to me that these Spiritualists are like those squatters, runaways from the restraints of intellectual law and order; but serving as pioneers for the establishment of the glorious law of liberty which follows at their heels. I will not be one of them, but I will watch their progress with interest; indeed, I will follow after them as quickly as I can, and settle amongst them, as soon as they will have me with my companions, law and order, though this will not be till they have reached the bounds of their continent, and can go no farther.

“You think my ‘autobiography’ might be ‘published with profit in the *Spiritual Magazine*.’ With every desire to do anything that may be profitable, I have been unable to discover how or wherein this profit would be. If you could shew me wherein my story would be good or useful in print—but even then, it would not be at all pleasant to come out in company with Mr. Home’s fantastic spirits in the Magazine.

“I remain, dear sir, yours most sincerely.”

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*To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”*

DEAR SIR,—I observe in a new vol. (*Maunsell’s Poems*, Smith & Elder, Cornhill, London), an account of tidings, gained by clairvoyance, of the steamer “President,” missing for some years. A very dear friend of mine sailed in that vessel, and if any of your readers would kindly inform me, through your Magazine, whether they are aware of any *séance* that took place when the ship was first missing, either in this country or America, and if so, whether Maunsell’s account of it be authentic, they would deeply oblige yours very sincerely,

Pall Mall, London.

JAMES SMITHSON.

Sept. 6th, 1861.

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*To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”*

SIR,—At a *séance* I recently attended, at the rooms of Madame Besson, (who was the medium on the occasion) at No. 18, Theobald’s-road, the following, among other phenomena, occurred:—

1st.—A square table was repeatedly raised horizontally off the floor, the hands of all present being raised above, but none on it; it also swayed and undulated in space, without any visible support, and about six inches off the floor.

2nd.—Loud raps were heard on the floor and on different parts of the table, while the hands of all present were resting on it; and mental as well as oral questions were answered by the raps.

3rd.—The illness and death-scene of my sister—a lady utterly unknown to the medium—was represented with exact fidelity.

4th.—Luminous phenomena in the form of stars were seen in various parts of the room.

5th.—A book lying on the mantel-shelf, about three feet distant from the company was, without visible agency, removed, and thrown upon the floor, and on asking if this could be repeated, two other books on the shelf, before our eyes, were taken up and thrown to the floor.

6th.—The sound of a bell in the room was distinctly heard, although no bell or any instrument by which such a sound could be naturally produced was in the room. On asking if it could be repeated, it was heard again, I should think, twenty times. It sounded successively in various parts of the room; all heard it quite as distinct as though made by a small hand-bell.

I should remark that the room was light, the hands, faces, and movements of all present, as well as everything in the room, were distinctly visible. The *séance* was opened with prayer, and reading a portion of Scripture; and although when the *séance* began, all present were not believers, yet the utmost harmony prevailed, and the genuineness of the phenomena was admitted by all. There were eight persons present. I have simply stated the most salient features of the *séance*, omitting many incidents that were of interest. I leave them to your readers without comment.

August 28th.

Yours, &c.,  
T. S.

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

"WE read in the *Gegenwart* of Vienna that a Catholic Priest was preaching before his congregation last Sunday in the Church of St. Mary, at Vienna, on the subject of the constant protection of angels over the faithful committed to their charge, and this in words of great exaltation, and with an unction and eloquence which touched profoundly the hearts of numbers of the female part of the congregation. Soon after the commencement of the sermon, a girl of about twenty years of age shewed all the signs of ecstasy, and soon, her arms crossed upon her bosom, or raised upwards, and with her eyes fixed on the preacher, she was seen by the whole congregation to be raised gradually from the floor into the air, and there to rest at an elevation, of more than a foot, to the end of the sermon. We are assured that the same phenomenon had happened several days previously at the moment of her receiving the communion."—*Journal de Frankfort*, Sept. 6. 1861.

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SIR,—According to directions in the Magazine I address this to you, to insert it or not, as you think best. It has come from afar, and the Frankfort paper is a most respectable one. I wonder it was allowed to be made known in Vienna, as the priests there are great enemies to Spiritualism. At Munich, the archbishop commanded the suppression of two circles, and he was of course obeyed. This is a confirmation of my friend Mr. Home's repeated elevation, of which there are a thousand witnesses. I possess eight engravings from different copper-plates of a similiar elevation of Pope Pius VII. There is this inscription:

"Pius Sept. Pont. Max.  
*Savonæ in Ecstasim iterum raptus die Assumptionis B. V. M.*  
15th Augusti, 1811."

I have two ancient prints of different risings in the air of St. Catherine of Siena, one inscription is:

"Sublime per ecstasim rapta divina arcana contemplatur," &c.

I have had much experience in the last seven years, which has led me to collect the records of others, ancient and modern. I am waiting in hopes that Mr. Howitt will remember his promise, and send you some spiritual notices of Ariosto, &c. I have found some relating to other distinguished persons, singularly authenticated, which you shall have afterwards if you wish. I believe many of your friends know

Florence, 15 October, 1861.

Your obedient Servant,  
SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. II.]

DECEMBER, 1861.

[No. 12.]

## SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

### VI.

IN a former number of the Magazine, I gave the history of the spirit-drawings in my possession obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. French and Mrs. Mapes, which have excited very great interest.

Mrs. Mapes, it will be recollected, had never been instructed in, and had no knowledge of drawing, but spiritually influenced, she now produces most perfect specimens of the art in water colours. Of the two drawings which Mrs. Mapes kindly presented to me—one is an iris, and the other is a collection of American autumnal leaves. *Both were commenced and completed in little more than an hour!* It was suggested to me that no artist could copy them in less than two days. I am now told by Mr. Heaphy, an artist of known celebrity, who has examined them with great care, that there is a peculiar stereoscopic effect in one of the drawings which cannot be imitated by any process known to the artists of this country. This testimony is most important and interesting, and confirms, to a certain extent, the spiritual origin which is claimed for these drawings. The following is Mr. Heaphy's note to me on the subject, which I publish with his permission:—

“5, Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square,  
October 20th, 1861.

“My dear Sir,—I was greatly interested in the drawings you showed to me as having been executed by, or with the aid of, spirits. You are aware, that while I respect the arguments of the Spiritualists, I am not a Spiritualist myself. I must, however, say that the drawings in question possess many peculiar points, especially one of them representing a number of leaves of plants. This drawing is highly coloured; and, on being looked through a powerful lens, the surface of the leaves—especially the red one—possesses a reality of appearance quite stereoscopic. Indeed, I was obliged to pass my finger repeatedly over





with mediumistic powers of a very high order. She could not induce physical manifestations; but she saw spirits—was impressed by them—impelled to act independently of her own volition, and her organs of speech would at times be controlled by minds foreign to her own. The spirits of friends or relatives of the individuals with whom she was in conversation, would speak through her, whilst she was apparently in her normal condition. She appeared to be an earnest Christian woman, thoroughly versed in the Bible, which she quoted with great readiness, and she talked at all times with an ease and fluency which was surprising, and seemed like inspiration.

To the advantage of having made this highly gifted lady's acquaintance, I owe a great source of happiness. It was her earnest eloquence, that first impressed my mind with the meaning and tendency of what at first appeared to me, whether influenced or not by spirits, to be undignified and objectless manifestations. I soon, however, through her brilliant exemplifications, realized the wisdom of the words of the Apostle Paul, when he says that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Thus was the blank wall of ignorance and educated prejudices at this time overthrown, and an entirely new vista opened to my refreshed senses. I accepted the fact that these manifestations were effected by spirits, and I thus saved myself from being further bewildered by the futile and contradictory theories of *pseudo* philosophers.

I recollect an incident occurring at that time which conclusively proved Mrs. Newton's mediumship. A Mr. Holmes engaged her one evening in conversation. He was confessedly a materialist, and of course an unbeliever in Spiritualism. He started several propositions, which she combated in language so eloquent, and manner so earnest, and with reasoning so logical, that Mr. Holmes was speedily driven into a corner, and at length he said, "Well, well, all that you have urged may be true, but it does not convince me, and indeed nothing will, until I have direct evidence from some one whose memory I revere. If, for instance, I could obtain a manifestation from my mother, it would go far to satisfy my doubts." "Why," exclaimed Mrs. Newton, "it is your mother's spirit who has impressed me to speak these truths to you; I see her standing by your side; her name is Betsy, and she is accompanied by the spirit of your child Ellen; they implore you to believe that there is a spirit-world and a life immortal." Mr. Holmes's countenance changed, and he became silent. I asked him if he recognized the names, and he admitted that his mother's name was Betsy, and that he had lost an infant daughter, whose name was Ellen. But the seed in this instance was scattered on

“stony ground,” as I found, on meeting him some years after, that he was still an unbeliever.

On my arrival at Boston, I at once made a visit to my interesting friend, and was introduced to her husband and children. Mr. Newton I knew, of course by reputation, as one of the best writers and most earnest advocates of the spiritual faith, and by his contributions to various periodicals, and his papers recently published in the *Spiritual Magazine*; he is known to many in this country, and recognized by all, as an excellent Christian man and a profound philosopher. He and his gifted wife were respected members of a Congregational Church, at Boston, from which body they felt compelled to secede, about eight years ago, upon their conversion to a belief in Spiritualism. Since then, they have suffered severe trials for the maintenance of their faith; and I hope those who have received pleasure and advantage from their teachings will join with me in raising the means of presenting to Mr. and Mrs. Newton some substantial testimony to mark our appreciation of the services they have rendered to the cause.

The charge of a young family, domestic cares and perplexities forced upon them by the straitened circumstances in which they have been kept ever since their reception of the new light, have been unfavourable to the full development and exercise of Mrs. Newton's peculiar faculty; but her husband acknowledges that he owes his success, when writing on spiritual subjects, almost entirely to her inspired suggestions, and her varied experience of psychological and inspirational phenomena have given him rare opportunities for their careful investigation under the best conditions.

I was informed of the circumstances that influenced Mrs. Newton's visit to England at the period I have mentioned, which are curious and interesting. It appears that she was on a visit in a distant part of the country, and one day, while she was ascending, for air and exercise, one of the Alleghany Mountains, entirely alone and no human presence near, the words “You must go to Europe” were spoken to her inner hearing with startling distinctness and force. At that time nothing seemed more improbable than her compliance with this injunction. But soon after, invisible intelligences—sometimes through other mediums, and again directly to herself—began to set forth the desirableness of a visit to the Old World. Various reasons were urged, but prominent among them was the importance of making known in England the elevated and practical views of the significance of the great movement which was then influencing so large a number of the inhabitants of the Western World, and by her personal mediumship, to effect an immediate *rapport* between some of the prominent minds of the two continents.

It was also said that travel would be beneficial to herself in an educational point of view, to fit her more completely for future usefulness. At length, after the lapse of some months, her husband and friends were satisfied of the propriety of her mission, and she trusting, as she has told me, to a protecting Providence, which had already carried her through many scenes of trial, made up her mind to separate herself from her husband and young family, to whom she was most devotedly attached, and to prepare herself with very slender means, to obey and follow her leadings to accomplish what she considered a sacred duty.

That she has been instrumental in impressing many minds with a sense of the deep religious significance of the new unfolding, has been abundantly evidenced by numerous testimonials received from England since her return home. That she was protected in a very marked manner, was amply shown by the fact of her being welcomed on her arrival, though an entire stranger without credentials, by several families, and by them tenderly and affectionately cared for. I may mention, as prominent in these acts of kindness, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Rymer, who in their turn have since been called on to make great sacrifices for the cause of Spiritualism; and Mr. William Cox, a gentleman who has ever been foremost in disseminating the truth of Spiritualism, with the phenomena of which he has been acquainted for more than five-and-twenty years.

In closing my remarks on Mrs. Newton, I will relate one further proof of her peculiar gifts, as shown in the following touching incident, evincing spirit affection, which recently occurred:—

A gentleman, an entire stranger, having official business with the Bureau of Emigration, with which Mr. Newton is connected, arrived from Hayti. Immediately on hearing of his arrival, Mrs. Newton felt the presence of a spirit, who seemed to take a deep interest in this gentleman. The spirit urged her to make him a gift of flowers. These flowers were meant to be emblematic, and she was shown in vision a peculiar arrangement which it was desired should be made of them. They were, she was told, to consist of a full-blown white rose, with a little red bud beside it; the two were to be placed in a small pasteboard box, between two layers of pure cotton wool, the top layer to be turned down, like the upper sheet of a bed. Though unable to discover the object of all this, the wish was carried out by Mrs. Newton, and the flowers were presented to the gentleman with a statement of the facts as above related. On receiving the flowers he was much surprised and affected, and he explained that just before leaving Hayti he had lost a tenderly devoted wife, who had died after giving birth to a child, and that mother

and infant—the full-blown rose and the little bud—had been consigned to the tomb side by side.

Mr. Freeland, an intelligent, gentlemanly young man, called on me at my hotel, explaining the object of his visit to be, that hearing of my visit to New York, and that I was enquiring into the subject of Spiritualism, he was anxious that I should make the acquaintance of his friend Mr. Andrews. I ought not, he said, to leave the country without seeing Mr. Andrews, and hearing his peculiar views; and he thought I should also be interested with Mrs. Andrews, who is a remarkable trance medium. I accordingly accompanied Mr. Freeland at once, and was introduced to this gentleman and his wife, who reside in a superior house, with all comforts about them. The walls of the room in which we sat were hung with a variety of frames, containing trite aphorisms and moral exhortations. Mr. Andrews, who is a man of education, past the middle age, of grave mien, and evidently a serious and deep thinker, explained to me that he and a few others were engaged in organizing a society, *spiritually* originated, and guided, for the universal regeneration of mankind, which embraced the establishment of a Catholic Church, in the broadest sense of the word. "Of course," he remarked with a smile, "I and my followers are looked upon by the multitude as a band of madmen." The plan of this party proposes a NEW SPIRITUAL GOVERNMENT FOR THE WORLD, called THE PANTARCHY, which includes a NEW CHURCH and a NEW STATE, with, to use his own language, "all other subordinate institutions, educational, informational, &c., which are universal in their scope and nature, and which can be devised and established as subservient to the collective wants of mankind."

The new church called "THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH," as described by Mr. Andrews, is "to concern itself especially with the culture of the EMOTIONAL and SENSATIONAL attributes of man, and more especially of these in their higher and universal aspect, known as religion," &c. &c.

From a printed pamphlet, describing the constitution and organic basis of this NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, I extract the following:—

#### "ARTICLE I.

##### "CONSTITUENCY OF THE CHURCH.

"The Church is the world. The Church universal can do no less than embrace all mankind. This is in the largest or most extended meaning of the term. In another sense, the true CATHOLIC CHURCH is an interior organized body, which should be the spiritual mother of the race. The relation between mother and child exists equally, whether the children have so

grown as to recognize the mother's face or not ; so, in the world, great numbers of men and women have not hitherto known any spiritual mother, nor consciously recognized their need of one. Others, following legitimately the analytical process of the intellect, or the self-assertive instinct of individuality, have been led to deny and abjure all relation to the Church ; the truth of their essential and spiritual unity with the race, and hence with the true spiritual Church, is not however affected thereby. These two classes of persons, the uninformed or ignorant and the intelligently infidel, belonging, equally with the most spiritualized or sanctified persons, to the CHURCH UNIVERSAL, should be the especial objects of the labours and care of the more interior body," &c.

In Article VII., entitled " FAITH AND PRACTICE," it is prescribed—

"That unity of the FAITH of the CHURCH is not to be found in the truths apprehended and accepted by any single or individual mind, but in all the truths apprehended and accepted by all minds. Hence the creeds of the Church are not one, but many ; different and even opposite faiths, combining, balancing, and harmonizing with each other in the bosom of the greater truth—INFINITE VARIETY in UNITY. As in the constitution of the Church, so in its faith, all truths derived from all sources—or the universe of truth, observational, scientific, institutional, and inspirational—constitute the universal creed of the Church—a creed which is therefore progressively developing in time ; but, in a special or interior sense, the creed of the Church is the aggregate of the TRUTH, known or believed, in relation to the highest sphere of thought and feeling, and in relation to the out-working of DIVINE LOVE and WISDOM in beneficent action.

"Every pastor of a Church congregation will rally his flock under that creed, which will best express the aggregate unity of his and their sentiments or religious beliefs ; or under no written or formally constituted creed, if that method is more highly approved—the religious unity consisting of love, and of that knowledge of principles which not merely tolerates but accepts and approves of diversity of opinion as necessary and beautiful, resulting from diversity of organization and development."

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During my visit, and whilst in conversation with Mr. Andrews, his wife passed into the trance state. Laying her hand on my breast and her head on my shoulder, she addressed her husband and Mr. Freeland, and gave them a minute description of my character. It will be sufficient for me to say on this head, that her remarks were very flattering. I said, "Her language is glori-

ing; but I am afraid the picture is too highly coloured." Mr. Andrews replied in a very serious tone, "Mr. Coleman, her words have a deep significance with us. We are almost entirely guided by the precepts which fall from her lips, inspirationally influenced as we believe her to be whilst in that state, and we never think of acting contrary to her dictum."

I mention the fact of this visit to Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, to show my friends at home one of the many, and certainly not the least curious phase of American Spiritualism. I make no comment on Mr. Andrews' scheme of universal regeneration, for, indeed, I do not, as I candidly told him, fully comprehend it. My experience, however, teaches me to be humble in my judgments of other men's philosophy, and rather at all times to mistrust my own wisdom, than deride what I do not understand. I recollect the words of that eminently learned and pious prelate, Jeremy Taylor, who said—"Although I be as desirous to know what I should, and what I should not, as any of my brethren, the sons of Adam, yet I find that the more I search, the further I am from being satisfied, and make but few discoveries, save of my own ignorance."

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Perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon to which American Spiritualism has given birth is Andrew Jackson Davis, known as the Poughkeepsie Seer. Those who have read the history of his life will know that he was of the humblest parentage, and with scarcely any school education. When he was about 18 years of age, Professor Grimes visited Poughkeepsie, and there delivered a course of lectures on Mesmerism, illustrating the subject by experimenting, as usual, on some members of his audience. The phenomena induced by the lecturer set the villagers at work to try their power of producing the same effects, and young Davis, who was at that time apprenticed to a shoemaker, was one upon whom the experiment was tried by a neighbour, with the most perfect success. He was at once thrown into the mesmeric sleep, and soon became a clairvoyant. His clairvoyance was at first used exclusively for tracing the origin and seat of disease. His diagnosis was considered extremely clear and reliable, and he was instrumental, it appears, in effecting some very wonderful cures. An ignorant youth in his normal condition, he was yet, when placed in a state of trance by his magnetiser, an illuminated and profound philosopher. Like Emanuel Swedenborg, he became a seer, and had visions, and ultimately he developed into a state designated "THE SUPERIOR CONDITION," which as distinguished from clairvoyance, enabled him not only to see objects, but to analyse and explain them scientifically.

In this "superior condition," he delivered several lectures, showing, as it is said by Professor Lewis, who was one of many persons present on the various occasions when these spontaneous effusions were eloquently poured forth, "a complete mastery of the subject in its various ramifications and relations, and forming in the whole a profound and elaborate discussion of the *Philosophy of the Universe*." These lectures were published, and form a large volume, extending to several hundred pages, and are entitled *Nature's Divine Revelations*, which no doubt many of my readers have seen, as the book has had an unusually large circulation in England as well as in America.

Since that period, Andrew Jackson Davis has become widely known as the author of several books, which have become very popular among a certain class of American Spiritualists, and in the production of which he has been under spiritual influence. He is personally held in the highest respect and regard by all who know him. I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and was agreeably surprised to find him bright, active, and solidly intelligent, with nothing of the dreamy mystic about him. His personal appearance is extremely prepossessing, with a massive and most intellectually formed forehead, prominent nose, long black hair and profuse flowing beard. He has established a spiritual paper, entitled *The Herald of Progress*, of which he is the chief editor. He resides in the country, and spends half his day, as he told me, in gardening, and the other half in his study; once a week only he visits his office in the City, where numbers of persons of both sexes call on him, chiefly, as I understood, to consult him and receive medical advice, which he gratuitously prescribes, and which is inspirationally given to him.

His character, as I have said, stands high. Professor Mapes informed me that he made the most rigid inquiries as to Davis's antecedents, and found them exactly as is stated in the preface to *Nature's Divine Revelations*.

I spoke with Mr. Davis about his peculiar gifts. He said the continued exercise of them in no way interfered with his health, as his time was systematically apportioned. His power of complete abstraction is very great. He can walk, he said, through the throng of Broadway, and feel as isolated as if he were in a forest. He was delighted to look on the likenesses of William and Mary Howitt, which I showed him; and it will be a satisfaction to all the friends of this amiable couple to know that their literary talents and private worth, are as fully understood and appreciated throughout the States of America as they are in Europe.

The *Herald of Progress* throws open its columns to all classes of religionists. The reader will find occasionally from some of its correspondents the utterances of a pure spiritual Christianity;



but most frequently its pages are occupied by what the orthodox would properly denounce as rank Infidelity, and of this character are the editorial articles. Davis, indeed, does not acknowledge the divinity of Christ; and it will thus be seen that Spiritualism does not mean any defined doctrine or creed.

One column of the *Herald of Progress* is devoted to "Medical Whisperings," which are answers to correspondents, who ask medical advice from the seer; and it may be interesting to the ordinarily educated physician to hear what Andrew Jackson Davis is spiritually influenced to say on the subject of disease.

"All diseases, he says, are but modifications of one disease—namely, a want of spiritual and physical harmony, or a loss of equilibrium in the atomic motions and temperature of the body; and that individuals are subject to *one* or *more* of those almost innumerable variations from the primary harmony according to progeniture, or acquired predisposition; and that the weakest part of the organization will be the seat of its or their development. All acute and recent diseases are physical disturbances, primarily caused by a positive, or magnetic condition of the atmosphere, which throws the spiritual principle out of its natural equilibrium." And again he says:—

"The mind can, by its own action, cause and cure disease. Even as prominent an organism, as a cancer, can be psychologized into being by the same law. It is very necessary that modern Spiritualists should understand the whole force of this principle. They would be saved from many hasty conclusions respecting 'Evil Spirits' and other trials with which they frequently come into close and painful relations." Andrew Jackson Davis is, indeed, a wonderful phenomenon, a profound philosopher, educated chiefly by those wonderful spiritual experiences to which I have adverted.

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Having now exhausted the Notes of my American Journal, I hasten to bring these papers to a close. I have given nearly every incident and fact connected with Spiritualists and Spiritualism which came under my notice during a sojourn of just three weeks in the cities of New York and Boston.

Objections have been taken by friends, some to one, and some to another, of the manifestations recorded in this narrative. It is not agreeable to our refined ideas of a future life, to think that the spirits of departed persons would come to engage in a game of cards, as spoken of in one instance, or in any of the lower occupations of this world. But I respectfully submit that to be faithful to the task I had undertaken, I was bound to record everything which came to my notice, tending to elucidate the subject of my investigations without stopping to consider whether I offended

the religious scruples of one, or destroyed the poetic dreams of another. If the phenomena attested by so many unimpeachable witnesses are *facts*, we want them *all* to lay the foundation of a sound philosophy. It would certainly mislead us, were we to receive only those which accord with our religious bias, or with our individual and peculiar views of the spirit-life.

Let me say, then, in conclusion, that though we have leaders of public opinion amongst us, like the Brewsters, and the Faradays, whose erroneous theories on this subject remain unrevoked, and are still accepted by vast numbers who have not thought upon and thoroughly investigated the question for themselves—yet, in the face of the accumulated mass of facts which lie broadcast throughout society in America, attested there by men and women of the highest intellect and character—and by the more limited, though very marked experiences we have had in this country—it must be acknowledged by every fair and intelligent reasoner, that to deny the occurrence of what are called “spiritual phenomena” is to impeach the veracity of our senses, and deny the value of human testimony in relation to this class of facts. That the study of them may lead to differences of opinion, honestly entertained, I have already admitted; and will only add that in America the most searching and best-qualified investigators, while differing as to the origin of these phenomena, all agree in admitting their reality.

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## COMPASSION.

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The sweetest voice

That warbles in the grove, is not so sweet  
 As thine, Compassion—nor the boldest deed  
 Of hero's arm so worthy of the lyre,  
 As act of Mercy; nor, in all the round  
 Of being, is there aught in God's pure eye  
 So blessed, so sanctified, as those kind thoughts  
 That stir the bosom of Benevolence.  
 What are the joys of Heaven but those of love?  
 What God's own bliss?—The bliss of doing good,  
 Unlimited and perfect.

W. H. DRUMMOND.

## SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

So long ago as the early part of 1855, Sir David Brewster accompanied Lord Brougham to a *séance* with Mr. Home, at the invitation of Mr. William Cox, of Jermyn Street, and seated in a private room, in the open light of day, they saw among other extraordinary things, a good sized heavy table rise from the floor. The very fact, which Professor Faraday had but a short time previously asserted that "the undeviating truth" of Newton's law would not permit, and which to believe in was proof of "deficiency of judgment," then occurred in his presence.

Here are the very words of Sir David Brewster on this point, conveyed in a letter which he subsequently wrote to Mr. Benjamin Coleman, dated October 9, 1855, at the time when he was disingenuously endeavouring to free himself, from admissions he had previously made, on the subject to Mr. Coleman and to others. But he was forced, nevertheless, to admit, "It is true that at Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself sat down to a small table, Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person, an examination, however, which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rappings in abundance; and finally, when we rose up, the table actually rose, *as appeared to me, from the ground.* *This result I do not attempt to explain.*"

It will thus be seen that the occurrences were so extraordinary, that Sir David Brewster, the philosopher, whom we are taught to look up to as an authority, was disposed to mistrust the evidence of his senses, and choose, as has been said of him by the Rev. Dr. Maitland, "to place himself before the public, as a person who really could not tell whether a table under his nose did, or did not, rise from the ground." The same learned divine contemptuously asks: "Is it on men, so grossly and avowedly incompetent to judge of plain matter-of-fact, submitted to their senses, that we are to pin our faith, in matters of physical science?"

We are further enabled to inform our readers, that after the *séance* at Mr. Cox's house, Sir David Brewster, in a conversation which he had with Mr. Coleman, expressed his astonishment at what he had witnessed in company with Lord Brougham; that he scouted the idea of there being either trick or delusion in the matter, but that though unable to explain the agency by which the phenomena were produced, he was not prepared to admit the claim of spirit-power; using these memorable words, which could never have escaped the lips of a true philosopher,

"*Spirit is the last thing I will give in to.*" Sir David also expressed to Mr. Coleman his desire to witness something more, and being asked by Mr. Rymer, at whose house Mr. Home, the medium, was then residing, to fix his own time, he selected the following Sunday evening, when in the company of Mrs. Trollope and her son, Mr. Thos. Trollope, Sir David examined every surrounding condition with the utmost care, and "*he appeared*" to be thoroughly satisfied that it was no known power, that effected the marvels which he witnessed.

On this occasion, Sir David sat for some time *under* the table, which was a heavy dining table ten or twelve feet in length, whilst the rapping sounds were all around him. He asked for the air of "*Scots wha hae*" to be played on the accordion, which was done by the unseen agencies. He afterwards stood at the end of the table, and the spirits being requested to prevent his raising it, Sir David was unable to lift it. Again he tried, and the spirits being requested to help him, the table was easily raised to a considerable height. These experiments were repeated several times, so as to leave no doubt in the minds of all present, that there was an independent and intelligent invisible power at work in that room. Sir David "*appeared*" to be seriously impressed with all that he saw and heard, and he talked over the events of the evening with Mr. Trollope, in a way which assured that gentleman, that Sir David was profoundly impressed with the spiritual manifestations, and when Sir David afterwards wrote to the *Morning Advertiser*, attempting to cast ridicule on the subject, Mr. Trollope, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Coleman, each wrote to refute Sir David, and succeeded in placing him in a position, which humbler men would have sunk under.

We are also enabled to assert—and Sir David shall be furnished, if he desires it, or if he denies our assertion, with our authority for the statement—that he has, at a much more recent period, discussed the subject with a gentleman of high scientific attainments, and himself a full believer in spirit-intercourse, and in the reality of the modern manifestations, in the most serious manner, acknowledging what he had seen on the former occasion, and subsequently leaving again the impression on this gentleman's mind as he had formerly done on Mr. Trollope and others,—that he was now satisfied that the subject was at least entitled to the most respectful consideration. What, then, are we to say? What will every honest and intelligent man think of the remarks Sir David Brewster made to the members of the University of Edinburgh at their recent opening session?

"It is among the middle and the upper classes chiefly that this credulity and love of the marvellous is most conspicuous. It is rank and luxuriant among the votaries of gaiety and

idleness, who are incapable of continuous thought, and who have, therefore, no faith in those forces in the material world, and in those laws which are in daily operation around us. Who that is acquainted, even superficially, with the facts of electricity and magnetism, can for a moment believe that similar forces emanate from human hands, rushing through non-conducting materials, floating them even in the air, and imparting to them a knowledge of the past, the unseen, and the future? Who that confides in the revealed truth, or has the least knowledge of the relations between our mental and physical nature, can allow themselves to believe that impostors, male or female, can summon the dead from their graves, and marshal them under the table, to perform the paltriest tricks that would hardly amuse the inmates of the nursery or the schoolroom? All such beliefs are the result of an imperfect education—of the want of general knowledge. They are the observations of ill-trained faculties, the cravings of morbid and mystic temperaments that have been suckled on the husks and garbage of literature, and reared on the rank pastures of our mushroom publications."

These are the foolish words of this voracious *savant*, who started on his inquiry with the foregone conclusion, that spirit was the last thing he would give in to, and now puts forward so crude and badly-expressed a sentence, which pretends to say more than its actual wording will bear, though evidently its main purpose is to place the whole subject in a ridiculous position. It will be observed that this paragraph is not precise enough to shew more than the dishonesty and moral cowardice of the writer, who wilfully misstates the case, in order that he may deny the form in which he puts it, and deceive his hearers into the belief that he has accurately stated the whole truth.

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MEMORY.—Is not every recollection of a departed friend in some hour of sadness and temptation—confirming us in a right resolution, restraining us when we would do something wrong—a message from the world of spirits? I speak literally, not figuratively. It is easy to talk of such recollections as only acts of memory. But what is an act of memory? The ancients thought Memory a most wonderful and mysterious power; they called it the Mother of all Arts. I cannot think they were wrong; certainly they did not exaggerate the seriousness and awfulness of that art which brings back to us words that have been spoken, deeds that have been done, our own states of mind, in years that are gone; which brings them back to us as present realities. The more we consider what is implied in such an exercise, the more we must tremble at the greatness of our own being; the more we must feel in what close relation we stand to eternity. And if, instead of saying, 'I remember a friend, I call back his image to me,' I say, 'He is actually conversing with me; he is suggesting thoughts to me; he is sympathising with me and upholding me when I am weak;' there is an increase of awe—perhaps of joy. But I do not feel that I have introduced a more difficult or incredible kind of speech. I am not sure that it is not a more simple one, more accordant with experience, even more like what men in all ages have felt *must* be true; more like what the analogies of science would lead one to expect.—Rev. F. D. MAURICE.—*Christian Ethics*.

## MR. H.'S OWN NARRATIVE AND MR. DICKENS.

[THE following story, which we extract *verbatim*, with the prefatory remarks, from Mr. Dickens's *All the Year Round*, is one of the best which have anywhere appeared, and what is better still, we are enabled by the kindness of Mr. H. to assure our readers, from him, of the truth of the narration, so far as his veracity is concerned. The names used throughout, however, are not those of the real persons concerned, one of whom is of the nobility, and the others do not wish their names to be made public. This is a practical comment on the incredulity of the world, which visits with ridicule these most wonderful faculties of man, and causes those who are the objects of them to be ashamed of having been actors in such scenes. Perhaps no one of our popular writers has been more prominent at times in his abuse of the whole subject, and in contributing to this unwholesome fear and concealment than Mr. Dickens, whose weekly journal is just now converted into a deputy *Spiritual Magazine*, by his successive ghost stories, and by the *Strange Story* of Sir Bulwer Lytton. Sir Bulwer Lytton is himself thoroughly acquainted with the more common phenomena, having both observed and practised them for several years, and hence he is very capable of making skilful use of them with his easy pen. We do not approve of his plan of mixing them up with fiction, in such a manner as that the uninitiated, cannot distinguish the one from the other. Mr. Dickens, however, in throwing ridicule and denial on the subject, and in speaking of mediums as impostors, has only shewed one side of his mind, for at other times he has in his more free and genial writing, spoken of it as all men of genius occasionally feel towards the realities of the spiritual world. Besides this, he has frequently introduced ghost stories, as they are called, and has evinced a strong tendency towards the supernatural. As our theory is that all are mediums in some degree or modification, so in men of genius a more direct inspiration frequently appears, so that they themselves can hardly recognize as their own, the words that come from them in the freest flow of their soul. A better instance than this affords, of an internal influx or connexion with an inner world, can hardly be given to a philosophical mind, but in the more outward states of the mind the idea of its inner causation is lost for want of a better system of pneumatology. The supernatural phase of Mr. Dickens's character must have been uppermost lately, and we had intended to have given a most interesting anecdote as an instance of it, in connexion with Mr. H.'s narrative, and to which we alluded in our last number.

It has, however, been considered that it is of a so far private nature, that we should hardly be justified in publishing it, and we must, therefore, leave it with Mr. Dickens to make it known himself. It is certainly not the least interesting portion of this wonderful story. We observe that already some of Mr. Dickens's contemporaries are in full cry after him for admitting such stories into his periodical. Ghost stories, they say, are capital reading, and everybody likes them, so long as they are not asked to believe them; but now when Mr. H.'s story is put forward as true, it is said to be a disgrace to Mr. Dickens to give it currency. This is a sample and foretaste of what he may expect when he walks out arm-in-arm with us, as we have no doubt he is destined to do. But woe for us that in that happy day, we shall be no better off than now, although it will be so much worse for him, for he will only be another of the madmen and badmen who believe in the existence of spirits.—*Ed.*]

#### MR. H.'S OWN NARRATIVE.

[From "*All the Year Round*," No. 128, Oct. 5th, 1861.]

There was lately published in these pages (No. 125, page 589) a paper called "Four Stories." The first of those stories related the strange experience of "a well-known English artist, Mr. H." On the publication of that account, Mr. H. himself addressed the conductor of this Journal (to his great surprise), and forwarded to him his own narrative of the occurrences in question.

As Mr. H. wrote, without any concealment, in his own name in full, and from his own studio in London, and as there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively. And great injustice having been unconsciously done to it, in the version published as the first of the "Four Stories," it follows here exactly as received. It is, of course, published with the sanction and authority of Mr. H., and Mr. H. has himself corrected the proofs.

Entering on no theory of our own towards the explanation of any part of this remarkable narrative, we have prevailed on Mr. H. to present it without any introductory remarks whatever. It only remains to add, that no one has for a moment stood between us and Mr. H. in this matter. The whole communication is at first hand. On seeing the article, "Four Stories," Mr. H. frankly and good humouredly wrote, "I am the Mr. H., the living man, of whom mention is made; how my story has been picked up, I do not know, but it is not correctly told; I have it by me, written by myself, and here it is."

I am a painter. One morning in May, 1858, I was seated

in my studio at my usual occupation. At an earlier hour than that of which visits are usually made, I received one from a friend whose acquaintance I had made some year or two previously in Richmond Barracks, Dublin. My acquaintance was a captain in the 3rd West York Militia, and from the hospitable manner in which I had been received while a guest with that regiment, as well as from the intimacy that existed between us personally, it was incumbent on me to offer my visitor suitable refreshments; consequently, two o'clock found us well occupied in conversation, cigars, and a decanter of sherry. About that hour a ring at the bell reminded me of an engagement I had made with a model, or a young person who, having a pretty face and neck, earned a livelihood by sitting for them to artists. Not being in the humour for work, I arranged with her to come on the following day, promising, of course, to remunerate her for her loss of time, and she went away. In about five minutes she returned, and, speaking to me privately, stated that she had looked forward to the money for the day's sitting, and would be inconvenienced by the want of it; would I let her have a part? There being no difficulty on this point, she again went. Close to the street in which I live there is another of a very similar name, and persons who are not familiar with my address often go to it by mistake. The model's way lay directly through it, and, on arriving there, she was accosted by a lady and gentleman, who asked if she could inform them where I lived? They had forgotten my right address, and were endeavouring to find me by inquiring of persons whom they met; in a few more minutes they were shown into my room.

My new visitors were strangers to me. They had seen a portrait I had painted, and wished for likenesses of themselves and their children. The price I named did not deter them, and they asked to look round the studio to select the style and size they should prefer. My friend of the 3rd West York, with infinite address and humour, took upon himself the office of showman, dilating on the merits of the respective works in a manner that the diffidence that is expected in a professional man, when speaking of his own productions, would not have allowed me to adopt. The inspection proving satisfactory, they asked whether I could paint the pictures at their house in the country, and there being no difficulty on this point, an engagement was made for the following autumn, subject to my writing to fix the time when I might be able to leave town for the purpose. This being adjusted, the gentleman gave me his card, and they left. Shortly afterwards my friend went also, and on looking for the first time at the card left by the strangers, I was somewhat disappointed to find that though it contained the name of Mr. and Mrs.



Kirkbeck, there was no address. I tried to find it by looking at the *Court Guide*, but it contained no such name, so I put the card in my writing-desk, and forgot for a time the entire transaction.

Autumn came, and with it a series of engagements I had made in the north of England. Towards the end of September, 1858, I was one of a dinner-party at a country-house on the confines of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Being a stranger to the family, it was by a mere accident that I was at the house at all. I had arranged to pass a day and a night with a friend in the neighbourhood, who was intimate at the house, and had received an invitation, and the dinner occurring on the evening in question, I had been asked to accompany him. The party was a numerous one, and as the meal approached its termination, and was about to subside into the dessert, the conversation became general. I should here mention that my hearing is defective; at some times more so than others, and on this particular evening I was extra deaf—so much so, that the conversation only reached me in the form of a continued din. At one instant, however, I heard a word distinctly pronounced, though it was uttered by a person at a considerable distance from me, and that word was—Kirkbeck. In the business of the London season I had forgotten all about the visitors of the spring, who had left their card without the address. The word reaching me under such circumstances, arrested my attention, and immediately recalled the transaction to my remembrance. On the first opportunity that offered, I asked a person whom I was conversing with if a family of the name in question was resident in the neighbourhood. I was told, in reply, that a Mr. Kirkbeck lived at A——, at the farther end of the county. The next morning I wrote to this person, saying that I believed he called at my studio in the spring, and had made an arrangement with me, which I was prevented fulfilling by there being no address on his card; furthermore, that I should shortly be in his neighbourhood on my return from the north, but should I be mistaken in addressing him, I begged he would not trouble himself to reply to my note. I gave as my address, The Post-office, York. On applying there three days afterwards, I received a note from Mr. Kirkbeck, stating that he was very glad he had heard from me, and that if I would call on my return, he would arrange about the pictures; he also told me to write a day before I proposed coming, that he might not otherwise engage himself. It was ultimately arranged that I should go to his house the succeeding Saturday, stay till Monday morning, transact afterwards what matters I had to attend to in London, and return in a fortnight to execute the commissions.

The day having arrived for my visit, directly after breakfast I took my place in the morning train from York to London.

The train would stop at Doncaster, and after that at Retford Junction, where I should have to get out in order to take the line through Lincoln to A——. The day was cold, wet, foggy, and in every way as disagreeable as I have ever known a day to be in an English October. The carriage in which I was seated had no other occupant than myself, but at Doncaster a lady got in. My place was back to the engine and next to the door. As that is considered the ladies' seat, I offered it to her; she, however, very graciously declined it, and took the corner opposite, saying, in a very agreeable voice, that she liked to feel the breeze on her cheek. The next few minutes were occupied in locating herself. There was the cloak to be spread under her, the skirts of the dress to be arranged, the gloves to be tightened, and such other trifling arrangements of plumage as ladies are wont to make before setting themselves comfortably at church or elsewhere, the last and most important being the placing back over her hat the veil that concealed her features. I could then see that the lady was young, certainly not more than two or three-and-twenty; but being moderately tall, rather robust in make, and decided in expression, she might have been two or three years younger. I suppose that her complexion would be termed a medium one; her hair being of a bright brown, or auburn, while her eyes and rather decidedly-marked eyebrows were nearly black. The colour of her cheek was of that pale transparent hue that sets off to such advantage large expressive eyes, and an equable firm expression of mouth. On the whole, the *ensemble* was rather handsome than beautiful, her expression having that agreeable depth and harmony about it that rendered her face and features, though not strictly regular, infinitely more attractive than if they had been modelled upon the strictest rules of symmetry.

It is no small advantage on a wet day and a dull long journey to have an agreeable companion, one who can converse, and whose conversation has sufficient substance in it to make one forget the length and the dreariness of the journey. In this respect I had no deficiency to complain of, the lady being decidedly and agreeably conversational. When she had settled herself to her satisfaction, she asked to be allowed to look at my Bradshaw, and not being a proficient in that difficult work, she requested my aid in ascertaining at what time the train passed through Retford again on its way back from London to York. The conversation turned afterwards on general topics, and, somewhat to my surprise, she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not avoid remarking that her entire manner, while it was anything but forward, was that of one who had either known me personally or by report.

There was in her manner a kind of confidential reliance when she listened to me that is not usually accorded to a stranger, and sometimes she actually seemed to refer to different circumstances with which I had been connected in times past. After about three-quarters of an hour's conversation the train arrived at Retford, where I was to change carriages. On my alighting and wishing her good morning, she made a slight movement of the hand as if she meant me to shake it, and on my doing so she said, by way of adieu, "I dare say we shall meet again;" to which I replied, "I hope that we shall all meet again," and so parted, she going on the line towards London, and I through Lincolnshire to A—. The remainder of the journey was cold, wet, and dreary. I missed the agreeable conversation, and tried to supply its place with a book I had brought with me from York, and the Times newspaper, which I had procured at Retford. But the most disagreeable journey comes to an end at last, and half-past five in the evening found me at the termination of mine. A carriage was waiting for me at the station, where Mr. Kirkbeck was also expected by the same train, but as he did not appear it was concluded he would come by the next—half an hour later: accordingly, the carriage drove away with myself only.

The family being from home at the moment, and the dinner hour being seven, I went at once to my room to unpack and to dress; having completed these operations, I descended to the drawing room. It probably wanted some time to the dinner hour, as the lamps were not lighted, but in their place a large blazing fire threw a flood of light into every corner of the room, and more especially over a lady who, dressed in deep black, was standing by the chimney-piece warming a very handsome foot on the edge of the fender. Her face being turned away from the door by which I had entered, I did not at first see her features; on my advancing into the middle of the room, however, the foot was immediately withdrawn, and she turned round to accost me, when to my profound astonishment, I perceived that it was none other than my companion in the railway carriage. She betrayed no surprise at seeing me; on the contrary, with one of those agreeable joyous expressions that make the plainest woman appear beautiful, she accosted me with, "I said we should meet again."

My bewilderment at the moment almost deprived me of utterance. I knew of no railway or other means by which she could have come. I had certainly left her in a London train, and had seen it start, and the only conceivable way in which she could have come was by going on to Peterborough and then returning by a branch to A—, a circuit of about ninety miles. As soon as my surprise enabled me to speak, I said that I wished I had come by the same conveyance as herself.

"That would have been rather difficult," she rejoined. At this moment the servant came with the lamps, and informed me that his master had just arrived and would be down in a few minutes. The lady took up a book containing some engravings, and having singled one out (a portrait of Lady——), asked me to look at it well and tell her whether I thought it like her. I was engaged trying to get up an opinion, when Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck entered, and shaking me heartily by the hand, apologised for not being at home to receive me; the gentleman ending by requesting me to take Mrs. Kirkbeck in to dinner.

The lady of the house having taken my arm, we marched on. I certainly hesitated a moment to allow Mr. Kirkbeck to pass on first with the mysterious lady in black, but Mrs. Kirkbeck not seeming to understand it, we passed on at once. The dinner-party consisting of us four only, we fell into our respective places at the table without difficulty, the mistress and master of the house at the top and bottom, the lady in black and myself on each side. The dinner passed much as is usual on such occasions. I, having to play the guest, directed my conversation principally, if not exclusively, to my host and hostess, and I cannot call to mind that I or any one else once addressed the lady opposite. Seeing this, and remembering something that looked like a slight want of attention to her on coming into the dining-room, I at once concluded that she was the governess. I observed, however, that she made an excellent dinner; she seemed to appreciate both the beef and the tart as well as a glass of claret afterwards; probably she had had no luncheon, or the journey had given her an appetite.

The dinner ended, the ladies retired, and after the usual port, Mr. Kirkbeck and I joined them in the drawing-room. By this time, however, a much larger party had assembled. Brothers and sisters-in-law had come in from their residences in the neighbourhood, and several children, with Miss Hardwick, their governess, were also introduced to me. I saw at once that my supposition as to the lady in black being the governess was incorrect. After passing the time necessarily occupied in complimenting the children, and saying something to the different persons to whom I was introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had referred principally to portrait-painting, she continued the subject. "Do you think you could paint my portrait?" the lady inquired. "Yes, I think I could, if I had the opportunity." "Now, look at my face well; do you think you should recollect my features?" "Yes, I am sure I should never forget your features." "Of course I might have expected you to say that; but do you think you could do me from recollection?" "Well, if it be necessary, I will try; but can't you give me any sittings?"

"No, quite impossible; it could not be. It is said that the print I showed to you before dinner is like me; do you think so?" "Not much," I replied; "it has not your expression. If you can give me only one sitting, it would be better than none." "No; I don't see how it could be."

The evening being by this time rather far advanced, and the chamber candles being brought in, on a plea of being rather tired, she shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me good night. My mysterious acquaintance caused me no small pondering during the night. I had never been introduced to her, I had not seen her speak to any one during the entire evening, not even to wish them good night—how she got across the country was an inexplicable mystery. Then, why did she wish me to paint her from memory, and why could she not give me even one sitting? Finding the difficulties of a solution to these questions rather increase upon me, I made up my mind to defer further consideration of them till breakfast-time, when I supposed the matter would receive some elucidation.

The breakfast now came, but with it no lady in black. The breakfast over, we went to church, came home to luncheon, and so on through the day, but still no lady, neither any reference to her. I then concluded that she must be some relative, who had gone away early in the morning to visit another member of the family living close by. I was much puzzled, however, by no reference whatever being made to her, and finding no opportunity of leading any part of my conversation with the family towards the subject, I went to bed the second night more puzzled than ever. On the servant coming in in the morning, I ventured to ask him the name of the lady who dined at the table on Saturday evening, to which he answered: "A lady, sir? No lady, only Mrs. Kirkbeck, sir." "Yes, the lady that sat opposite me dressed in black?" "Perhaps, Miss Hardwick, the governess, sir?" "No, not Miss Hardwick; she came down afterwards." "No lady as I see, sir." "Oh dear me, yes, the lady dressed in black that was in the drawing-room when I arrived, before Mr. Kirkbeck came home?" The man looked at me with surprise as if he doubted my sanity, and only answered, "I never see any lady, sir," and then left.

The mystery now appeared more impenetrable than ever—I thought it over in every possible aspect, but could come to no conclusion upon it. Breakfast was early that morning, in order to allow of my catching the morning train to London. The same cause also slightly hurried us, and allowed no time for conversation beyond that having direct reference to the business that brought me there; so, after arranging to return to paint the portraits on that day three weeks, I made my adieus, and took my departure for town.

It is only necessary for me to refer to my second visit to that house, in order to state that I was assured most positively, both by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, that no fourth person dined at the table on the Saturday evening in question. Their recollection was clear on the subject, as they had debated whether they should ask Miss Hardwick, the governess, to take the vacant seat, but had decided not to do so; neither could they recall to mind any such person as I described in the whole circle of their acquaintance.

Some weeks passed. It was close upon Christmas. The light of a short winter day was drawing to a close, and I was seated at my table, writing letters for the evening post. My back was towards the folding door leading into the room in which my visitors usually waited. I had been engaged some minutes in writing, when, without hearing or seeing anything, I became aware that a person had come through the folding-doors, and was then standing beside me. I turned, and beheld the lady of the railway carriage. I suppose that my manner indicated that I was somewhat startled, as the lady, after the usual salutation, said, "Pardon me for disturbing you. You did not hear me come in." Her manner, though it was more quiet and subdued than I had known it before, was hardly to be termed grave, still less sorrowful. There was a change, but it was that kind of change only which may often be observed from the frank impulsiveness of an intelligent young lady, to the composure and self-possession of that same young lady when she is either betrothed or has recently become a matron. She asked me whether I had made any attempt at a likeness of her. I was obliged to confess that I had not. She regretted it much, as she wished one for her father. She had brought an engraving (a portrait of Lady M. A.) with her that she thought would assist me. It was like the one she had asked my opinion upon at the house in Lincolnshire. It had always been considered very like her, and she would leave it with me. Then (putting her hand impressively on my arm) she added, "She really would be most thankful and grateful to me if I would do it," (and, if I recollect rightly, she added), "*as much depended on it.*" Seeing she was so much in earnest, I took up my sketch-book, and by the dim light that was still remaining began to make a rapid pencil sketch of her. On observing my doing so, however, instead of giving me what assistance she was able, she turned away under pretence of looking at the pictures around the room, occasionally passing from one to another so as to enable me to catch a momentary glimpse of her features. In this manner I made two hurried but rather expressive sketches of her, which being all that the declining light would allow me to do, I shut my book, and she prepared to leave. This time, instead of the usual "Good morning," she wished me an impressively pronounced "Good-bye,"

firmly holding rather than shaking my hand while she said it. I accompanied her to the door, outside of which she seemed rather to fade into the darkness than to pass through it. But I refer this impression to my own fancy.

I immediately inquired of the servant why she had not announced the visitor to me. She stated that she was not aware there had been one, and that any one who had entered must have done so when she had left the street door open about half an hour previously, while she went across the road for a moment.

Soon after this occurred I had to fulfil an engagement at a house near Bosworth Field, in Leicestershire. I left town on a Friday, having sent some pictures, that were too large to take with me, by the luggage train a week previously, in order that they might be at the house on my arrival, and occasion me no loss of time in waiting for them. On getting to the house, however, I found that they had not been heard of, and on inquiring at the station, it was stated that a case similar to the one I described had passed through and gone on to Leicester, where it probably still was. It being Friday, and past the hour for the post, there was no possibility of getting a letter to Leicester before Monday morning, as the luggage office would be closed there on the Sunday; consequently, I could in no case expect the arrival of the pictures before the succeeding Tuesday or Wednesday. The loss of three days would be a serious one; therefore, to avoid it, I suggested to my host that I should leave immediately to transact some business in South Staffordshire, as I should be obliged to attend to it before my return to town, and if I could see about it in the vacant interval thus thrown upon my hands, it would be saving me the same amount of time after my visit to his house was concluded. This arrangement meeting with his ready assent, I hastened to the Atherstone station on the Trent Valley Railway. By reference to Bradshaw, I found that my route lay through L——, where I was to change carriages, to S——, in Staffordshire. I was just in time for the train that would put me down at L—— at eight in the evening, and a train was announced to start from L—— for S—— at ten minutes after eight, answering as I concluded, to the train in which I was about to travel. I therefore saw no reason to doubt but that I should get to my journey's end the same night; but on my arriving at L—— I found my plans entirely frustrated. The train arrived punctually, and I got out intending to wait on the platform for the arrival of the carriages for the other line. I found, however, that though the two lines crossed at L——, they did not communicate with each other, the L—— station on the Trent Valley line being on one side of the town, and the L—— station on the South Staffordshire line on the other. I also found that there was not time to get to the other

station so as to catch the train the same evening ; indeed, the train had just that moment passed on a lower level beneath my feet, and to get to the other side of the town, where it would stop for two minutes only, was out of the question. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to put up at the Swan Hotel for the night. I have an especial dislike to passing an evening at an hotel in a country town. Dinner at such places I never take, as I had rather go without than have such as I am likely to get. Books are never to be had, the country newspapers do not interest me. The Times I have spelt through on my journey. The society I am likely to meet have few ideas in common with myself. Under such circumstances, I usually resort to a meat tea to while away the time, and when that is over, occupy myself in writing letters.

This was the first time I had been in L——, and while waiting for the tea, it occurred to me how, on two occasions within the past six months, I had been on the point of coming to that very place, at one time to execute a small commission for an old acquaintance, resident there, and another, to get the materials for a picture I proposed painting of an incident in the early life of Dr. Johnson. I should have come on each of these occasions had not other arrangements diverted my purpose and caused me to postpone the journey indefinitely. The thought, however, would occur to me, "How strange ! Here I am at L——, by no intention of my own, though I have twice tried to get here and been balked." When I had done tea, I thought I might as well write to an acquaintance I had known some years previously, and who lived in the Cathedral-close, asking him to come and pass an hour or two with me. Accordingly, I rang for the waitress and asked : "Does Mr. Lute live in Lichfield?" "Yes, sir." "Cathedral-close?" "Yes, sir." "Can I send a note to him?" "Yes, sir."

I wrote the note, saying where I was, and asking him if he would come for an hour or two, and talk over old matters. The note was taken ; in about twenty minutes a person of gentlemanly appearance, and what might be termed the advanced middle age, entered the room with my note in his hand, saying that I had sent him a letter, he presumed, by mistake, as he did not know my name. Seeing instantly that he was not the person I intended to write to, I apologised, and asked whether there was not another Mr. Lute living in L——? "No, there was none other." "Certainly," I rejoined, "my friend must have given me his right address, for I had written to him on other occasions here. He was a fair young man, he succeeded to an estate in consequence of his uncle having been killed while hunting with the Quorn hounds, and he married about two years since a lady of the name of Fairbairn." The stranger very composedly replied, "You are speaking of Mr. Clyne ; he did live in the Cathedral-close, but



he has now gone away." The stranger was right, and in my surprise I exclaimed: "Oh dear, to be sure, that is the name; what could have made me address you instead? I really beg your pardon; my writing to you, and unconsciously guessing your name, is one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable things I ever did. Pray pardon me." He continued very quietly, "There is no need of apology; it happens that you are the very person I most wished to see. You are a painter, and I want you to paint a portrait of my daughter; can you come to my house immediately for the purpose?"

I was rather surprised at finding myself known by him, and the turn matters had taken being so entirely unexpected, I did not at the moment feel inclined to undertake the business; I therefore explained how I was situated, stating that I had only the next day and Monday at my disposal. He, however, pressed me so earnestly, that I arranged to do what I could for him in those two days, and having put up my baggage, and arranged other matters, I accompanied him to his house. During the walk home he scarcely spoke a word, but his taciturnity seemed only a continuance of his quiet composure at the inn. On our arrival he introduced me to his daughter Maria, and then left the room. Maria Lute was a fair and a decidedly handsome girl of about fifteen; her manner was, however, in advance of her years, and evinced that self-possession, and, in the favourable sense of the term, that womanliness, that is only seen at such an early age in girls that have been left motherless, or from other causes thrown much on their own resources.

She had evidently not been informed of the purpose of my coming, and only knew that I was to stay there for the night; she therefore excused herself for a few moments, that she might give the requisite directions to the servants as to preparing my room. When she returned, she told me that I should not see her father again that evening, the state of his health having obliged him to retire for the night; but she hoped I should be able to see him some time on the morrow. In the mean time she hoped I would make myself quite at home, and call for anything I wanted. She, herself was sitting in the drawing-room, but perhaps I should like to smoke and take something; if so, there was a fire in the housekeeper's room, and she would come and sit with me, as she expected the medical attendant every minute, and he would probably stay to smoke, and take something. As the little lady seemed to recommend this course, I readily complied. I did not smoke, or take anything but sat down by the fire, when she immediately joined me. She conversed well and readily, and with a command of language singular in a person so young. Without being disagreeably inquisitive, or putting any question

to me, she seemed desirous of learning the business that had brought me to the house. I told her that her father wished me to paint either her portrait or that of a sister of hers, if she had one.

She remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to comprehend it at once. She told me that a sister of hers, an only one, to whom her father was devotedly attached, died near four months previously; that her father had never yet recovered from the shock of her death. He had often expressed the most earnest wish for a portrait of her; indeed it was his one thought, and she hoped, if something of the kind could be done, it would improve his health. Here she hesitated, stammered and burst into tears. After a while she continued: "It is no use hiding from you what you must very soon be aware of. Papa is insane—he has been so ever since dear Caroline was buried. He says he is always seeing dear Caroline, and he is subject to fearful delusions. The doctor says he cannot tell how much worse he may be, and that everything dangerous, like knives or razors, are to be kept out of his reach. It was necessary you should not see him again this evening, as he was unable to converse properly, and I fear the same may be the case to-morrow; but perhaps you can stay over Sunday, and I may be able to assist you in doing what he wishes." I asked whether they had any materials for making a likeness—a photograph, a sketch, or anything else for me to go from. "No, they had nothing." "Could she describe her clearly?" She thought she could; and there was a print that was very much like her, but she had mislaid it. I mentioned that with such disadvantages, and in such an absence of materials, I did not anticipate a satisfactory result. I had painted portraits under such circumstances, but their success much depended upon the powers of description of the persons who were to assist me by their recollection; in some instances I had attained a certain amount of success, but in most the result was quite a failure. The medical attendant came, but I did not see him. I learnt, however, that he ordered a strict watch to be kept on his patient till he came again the next morning. Seeing the state of things, and how much the little lady had to attend to, I retired early to bed. The next morning I heard that her father was decidedly better; he had inquired earnestly on waking whether I was really in the house, and at breakfast-time he sent down to say that he hoped nothing would prevent my making an attempt at the portrait immediately, and he expected to be able to see me in the course of the day.

Directly after breakfast I set to work, aided by such description as the sister could give me. I tried again and again, but without success, or indeed, the least prospect of it. The features, I was told were separately like, but the expression was not. I toiled

on the greater part of the day with no better result. The different studies I made were taken up to the invalid, but the same answer was always returned—no resemblance. I had exerted myself to the utmost, and in fact, was not a little fatigued by so doing—a circumstance that the little lady evidently noticed, as she expressed herself most grateful for the interest she could see I took in the matter, and referred the unsuccessful result entirely to her want of powers of description. She also said it was so provoking! she had a print—a portrait of a lady—that was so like, but it had gone—she had missed it from her book for three weeks past. It was the more disappointing, as she was sure it would have been of such great assistance. I asked if she could tell me who the print was of, as if I knew, I could easily procure one in London. She answered, Lady M. A. Immediately the name was uttered the whole scene of the lady of the railway carriage presented itself to me. I had my sketch-book in my portmanteau up-stairs, and, by a fortunate chance, fixed in it was the print in question, with the two pencil sketches. I instantly brought them down, and showed them to Maria Lute. She looked at them for a moment, turned her eyes full upon me, and said slowly, and with something like fear in her manner, "Where did you get these?" Then quicker, and without waiting for my answer, "Let me take them instantly to papa." She was away ten minutes, or more; when she returned, her father came with her. He did not wait for salutations, but said, in a tone and manner I had not observed in him before, "I was right all the time; it was you that I saw with her, and these sketches are from her, and from no one else. I value them more than all my possessions, except this dear child." The daughter also assured me that the print I had brought to the house must be the one taken from the book about three weeks before, in proof of which she pointed out to me the gum marks at the back, which exactly corresponded with those left on the blank leaf. From the moment the father saw these sketches his mental health returned.

I was not allowed to touch either of the pencil drawings in the sketch-book, as it was feared I might injure them; but an oil picture from them was commenced immediately, the father sitting by me hour after hour, directing my touches, conversing rationally and indeed cheerfully, while he did so. He avoided direct reference to his delusions, but from time to time led the conversation to the manner in which I had originally obtained the sketches. The doctor came in the evening, and, after extolling the particular treatment he had adopted, pronounced his patient decidedly, and he believed permanently, improved.

The next day being Sunday, we all went to church. The father, for the first time since his bereavement. During a walk

which he took with me after luncheon, he again approached the subject of the sketches, and after some seeming hesitation as to whether he should confide in me or not, said, "Your writing to me by name, from the inn at L—, was one of those inexplicable circumstances that I suppose it is impossible to clear up. I knew you, however, directly I saw you; when those about me considered that my intellect was disordered, and that I spoke incoherently, it was only because I saw things that they did not. Since her death, I know, with a certainty that nothing will ever disturb, that at different times I have been in the actual and visible presence of my dear daughter that is gone—oftener, indeed, just after her death than latterly. Of the many times that this has occurred, I distinctly remember once seeing her in a railway carriage, speaking to a person seated opposite; who that person was I could not ascertain, as my position seemed to be immediately behind him. I next saw her at a dinner-table, with others, and amongst those others unquestionably I saw yourself. I afterwards learnt that at that time I was considered to be in one of my longest and most violent paroxysms, as I continued to see her speaking to you, in the midst of a large assembly, for some hours. Again I saw her, standing by your side, while you were engaged in either writing or drawing. I saw her once again afterwards, but the next time I saw yourself was in the inn parlour."

The picture was proceeded with the next day, and on the day after the face was completed, and I afterwards brought it with me to London to finish. I have often seen Mr. L. since that period; his health is perfectly re-established, and his manner and conversation are as cheerful as can be expected within a few years of so great a bereavement. The portrait now hangs in his bedroom, with the print and the two sketches by the side, and written beneath is: "C. L., 13th September, 1858, aged 22."

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[There are two incidents in this narrative which require a good digestion—the hearty meal which the spirit is said to have made, and the entire silence observed by Mr. H., who does not appear to have addressed a single observation to his mysterious travelling companion during the time he sat with her at table. Mr. Dickens, however, has allowed the story to pass without comment, and it would ill become us to be too critical. Had we ventured to originate such a story, it would have been treated by the outside world as pure fiction. We believe the narrative, however, because we have full faith in the intelligence and integrity of the writer, who has personally assured us of the facts; and also because we see no reason why they should not

have happened just as they are narrated.\* We have also had the pleasure of seeing a copy of the full-length portrait of the lady, which adorns Mr. H.'s studio. It represents a graceful and lovely young English woman, of gentle blood, dressed in the fashion of the day; and we can readily believe the living beauty would make a deep impression on an artist's memory.—*Ed.*]

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## THE TIMES CORRESPONDENT ON HEALING MEDIUMS.

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WRITING from Racine, Wisconsin, Mr. Russell says: "Racine has several newspapers for its population of 4,000 or 5,000, and boasts of a variety of religions—not including the Spiritualists, who, to the disgrace of the intelligence and education of the New England States, prevail in Connecticut and Maine, and spread across the States to the West, so that there is scarce a little town in which there is not an advertising 'medium,' who prepares prescriptions according to recipes given her or him by angels (on the cheapest terms), for all sorts of diseases, and practises all sorts of blasphemous, wicked, and shameless impostures on the miserable victims of superstition."

There are some things in which Mr. Russell excels, but the subject on which he has in these words pronounced so oracular a judgment is not one of them. His writings on the Crimean War justly procured for him the name of the English Xenophon, but it does not follow from that, that he can discourse on all themes

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\* Three angels appear to and eat with Abraham:—"And the Lord appeared unto him in the Plains of Mamre; and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. And he lift up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him; and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant. Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree, and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; and after that you shall pass on, for therefore are ye come to your servant. And they said, So do as thou hast said. And Abraham hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth. And Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf, tender and good, and gave it unto a young man, and he hastened to dress it; and he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat." Genesis, xviii, 1-8. Lot entertains two angels:—"Behold now, my lords, turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and ye shall rise up early and go your ways. And he pressed upon them greatly, and they turned in unto him, and entered into his house; and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat." Genesis, xix, 2, 3. The supper at Emmaus:—"And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them; and their eyes were opened, and they knew Him, and he vanished out of their sight." Luke, xxiv, 31, 32.

with equal knowledge. Probably, as we shall see, he cannot write with much knowledge on Spiritual healing. He is evidently of opinion that angels do not on cheap terms interfere in the cure of disease, and yet the contrary belief has strongly impressed humanity throughout all history, sacred and profane. It might have been thought that, at this day when clairvoyance and mesmerism, have drawn so much and wide-spread attention to the fringe of the subject, a D. C. L. would have been more careful in pronouncing an opinion which denies the common experience and knowledge of thousands. At all events he should have been better read in history and in the Bible as to the ancient testimony to healing mediums, as they are now called.

In a little work recently published by Jacob Dixon, L.S.A., who is well-known to our readers,\* we find the information of which Dr. Russell is in need, and which, as it is in a very portable form, we here transcribe:—

“The subject of Hygienic Clairvoyance, however novel it may appear to modern readers, is not new to the world.

“The ancient Grecian philosophers, Pythagoras and Plato, and their successors, who discoursed of Hygiene as a department of human wisdom, had recourse to clairvoyance—the clear sight of the magnetic sleep. They regarded the clairvoyant, or clear-see-er, as a living entrance-door to the sacred temple of Inner Realities. They knew that to such an one the Internal becomes, without the use of the outer senses, more perceptible than the External is to us by the ordinary mode of objective perception.

“Pythagoras received his instruction in this subject in the temples of Egypt, in which, as well as in those of ancient India, there are representations of individuals being put into the magnetic sleep by the same simple process which we moderns have, of late years, discovered to be effective.

“The family of Hippocrates, ‘the father of physic,’ were, it is recorded, ministers in the temple of Æsculapius. Hippocrates’ knowledge of Clairvoyance is shown by the following passage—now no longer obscure—in his writings:—‘The sight being closed to the external, the soul perceives truly the affections of the body.’ This exactly states the case of the clairvoyant. He used to treat some disorders by the application of the hands; in other words, he used to magnetize—or as we, in these days would say, mesmerize the patient, probably under clairvoyant indications. Pythagoras himself, Iamblichus says, used this means to procure quiet sleep, with good and prophetic dreams. He even says, probably from analogous knowledge, that *the art of medicine originated in this ‘divine sleep.’* Æsculapius is said, according

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\* *Hygienic Clairvoyance*, Caudwell, 335, Strand, price 1s.

to Cicero, who wrote on this subject, *to have uttered oracles in the temple-sleep for the cure of the sick.*

“If we turn to the sacred Scriptures, we there learn many things in relation to this subject. Moses, it may be inferred, with other lore of the Egyptians, was instructed by their wise men in this magnetic science. We read of a youth being restored to life by a prophet; *of an angel indicating the means of Tobias' recovering his sight.* But the Scriptures being accessible to all” (including Dr. Russell), “we need not refer further to them.

“The Jewish philosophic sect, the Essenes, it is matter of history, also taught the system, and practised it, of healing by ‘laying on of hands.’ It may be inferred that they knew also of Hygienic Clairvoyance, which is but an advanced chapter out of the same book.

“The Romans, who received their philosophy from Greece, could not but be acquainted with this department of it; and so we read without surprise, that with them, as with the Greeks, the sick used to be brought to the temples, where remedies were revealed by this means for their disorders.

“Celsus, the great Roman physician, according to Asclepiades, was familiar with the science. Tacitus records that, in obedience to a vision of the god Serapis, two men, one blind, and the other lame of an arm, had recourse to the Emperor Vespasian, at Alexandria, and they were cured by simple processes which we should call magnetic. Suetonius relates the same fact circumstantially. Strabo speaks of a certain place on the Asian shore, consecrated to Pluto and Proserpine, to which the sick were brought *to be prescribed for by the priests during the sleep.* The Sibyls—virgin prophetesses of the Temple of Jupiter—in other phrase, clairvoyantes under care of the priests of the temple, according to Saint Justin, declared many true things, and when the intelligence which animated them was withdrawn, remembered nothing of what they had said. This describes clairvoyance.

“We might also quote authorities to show that the Druidesses of Britain and Gaul were clairvoyantes, having among their functions the hygienic one of *discriminating and prescribing for diseases.*

“There has been, indeed, no nation, from the earliest times, without this science. But the knowledge of it was not solely in the possession of temples and schools; but wherever deposited, this knowledge could only be expected to be found in the records of philosophy. But when younger and barbarous nations overrun Europe, philosophy was put into abeyance, and its records passed out of the light of day. From the darkness consequent upon their incursions, slowly emerged other philosophies, all exhibiting

incompleteness, until at length Europe is practically under the sway of one which is distinctively styled the natural from which the subject on which we are engaged is excluded. Of course, this 'Natural' philosophy is the opposite of a spiritual philosophy, of which clairvoyance is an item and exponent.

"But parallel with the decadence of ancient philosophy and worship, there arose the new Christian religion, and something of that which the former lost was saved by the latter. The records, therefore, of our subject, which then became wanting in philosophy, are to be looked for in the archives of churches and religious institutions. And thus, as Alphonse Teste remarks, we find this subject, in the middle ages, intimately blended with that of religion in all the Christian nations. 'The churches,' says the historian Mialle, 'in this matter succeeded the temples of the ancients, in which were consigned the traditions and the processes of magnetism. There were the same customs of passing the nights in them, the same dreams, the same visions, the same cures.'

"The church, in those days, recognized practically 'the gifts of healing,' as among those other gifts of the Spirit (1 Cor. xii. 7—11), of which it held itself to be the sacred custodian.

"But whatever our subject gained, under the sanction of the church, was associated with religious faith rather than with science. Hence the disfavour in which the records of it, by ecclesiastics, are held by our modern scientific professors. And when philosophy did find its way among churchmen, it was of the one-sided and sceptical kind which prevailed among the laity of the time; and thus with them also the subject fell into discredit. They agreed with the lay philosophers, in regarding all such records (to borrow David Hume's words in commenting upon Vespasian's marvellous cures) as the 'palpable falsehoods of an exploded superstition.' But however ready the general mind to ignore, or deny, the fine truths involved in this subject, there were facts of continual occurrence which could not but attract the attention of independent and original observers; and who, from time to time, endeavoured to claim for them a place in the philosophy of their day. A century before Mesmer's discovery, Van Helmont wrote: 'Magnetism is in action everywhere; there is nothing new in it but the name; it is a paradox, strange and fantastical only to those who are sceptical of everything, or who attribute to the power of the devil that which they themselves cannot render account of.'"

Having refreshed our memories at these old fountains, of which Mr. Dixon has brought together so many, that their mingling streams form a broad river of thought traversing the ages, let us now see if this river has entirely dried up in these modern days, and whether these old faculties of the soul have died



out of humanity. Unhappily Dr. Russell is still in America, and may be there yet some time, chronicling the fortunes of the miserable war by which a whole nation seems demented and possessed. But when he returns to New York, and has relaxation from his sterner duties, let him inquire into the truth of the following account, given by Judge Edmonds in the 6th of his celebrated *Letters to the Tribune*.\* Judge Edmonds, who has taken on himself, after the strictest investigation of all alleged facts, and after travelling over the Union, as his own commissioner, at his own expense, to inquire into all the phenomena of Spiritualism, gives us his experience, and the result of his inquiries as follows:—

“III. *Healing the Sick*.—This is a chapter full of interest, yet I must of necessity be so brief that I know I can give nothing like an adequate idea of the vast amount of good to mankind that has flowed and is flowing from this source.

There are two modes in which this work is done. One is by discovering what the disease is, and prescribing the remedy. *My own case is an illustration of this.* For over thirty years I was an invalid, varying the scene only by occasional attacks of long and severe illness. During this time I was treated for various diseases. My last severe illness was in 1854, when I was sick for about four months. A part of the time I was so ill that death was hourly expected. *Then it was that the spirits came to my aid. They discovered that my disease was what no physician had suspected; but, through the mediums then around me, they could not prescribe the remedy. I sent over two hundred miles for one through whom they could, and whom they named to me. I followed their prescriptions from that day, and I am now in the possession of better health than I have had for forty years, or than I ever expected to enjoy.*

There are very many mediums in this country, through whom disease is discovered and cured in this manner. But there is a more remarkable, though less frequent mode, *and that is by simply laying on of hands.*

The following is a brief summary of some instances of this:—

J. Loewendahl, of No. 201, Atlantic-street, Brooklyn, has cured in a few minutes “a violent pain in the side,” “general debility, accompanied by a most trying and nearly constant headache,” and in a few sittings has cured neuralgia of four or five months’ duration, and bronchitis, and affection of the kidneys.

William O. Page, No. 47, West Twenty-seventh-street, New York, cured, in a few minutes, a female who had had dyspepsia and chronic diarrhoea for years, and was at the time given up by her physician, as she had also inflammation of the womb and

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\* Now on sale by Mr. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row. price 1s.

bowels. He has cured rheumatism by once laying on his hand; and a long-seated dyspepsia and neuralgia, and a child severely afflicted with rheumatic fever.

Dr. C. D. Griswold, of Buffalo, thus cured a case of shaking palsy, from which the patient had been suffering some seven weeks.

Rufus B. Newton, of Saratoga Springs, has cured "consumption and spinal disease of eight years' standing;" "heart disease and paralysis of the left side;" "dyspepsia, female weakness and spinal disease;" "abscess on the right jaw, hip-disease and fever-sore;" "heart disease, pressure on the brain, and nervous derangement;" "an acute lung difficulty;" "cancer;" "blindness of one eye and partial blindness of the other;" "bronchitis and catarrh."

C. C. York, of Boston, has cured rheumatism of four years' standing, when one of the legs was drawn up, and the hands drawn out of shape; deafness, headache and vomiting; a person who for two years had lost her speech; an external tumour, which had been growing two years; rheumatic fever; tooth-ache; a scrofulous tumour and cancer.

John Scott, of No. 36, Bond-street, New York, was originally a pilot on a Mississippi steamer, but for now over five years has been used as a healing medium in St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland, and in this city since February, 1858. He is now receiving at his house from 40 to 100 patients a day, and is working many strange cures, principally by imposition of hands.

In this way he has cured an arm of a physician, poisoned in a dissecting-room; rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, even where the limbs were drawn up and distorted; total blindness; a club-foot from birth; fevers, particularly scarlet and yellow fever; small-pox, even after breaking out; cholera, of which he has cured hundreds, and never failed; paralysis, where, owing to age, the cure was slow and hard; neuralgia; displaced and broken bones; insanity; children dumb from birth; epileptic fits; issue of blood from nose, mouth, and womb; ruptures; falling of the womb; piles; dyspepsia; scrofula; cancers, sometimes by absorption, sometimes by removing them from the body, and restored withered limbs.

And all this, I repeat, by simply laying on his hands.

These are a few of the many cases of healing by laying on of hands, which are known among us. To detail more, or to spread out the evidence which I have in my possession, would exceed my limits. But this is enough to show the existence of the phenomenon now as of old."

Here in England, too, both these phases of mediumship are well known. Cases, whose name is legion, are known to the

writer, in which, by laying on of hands, cures have been effected, and in which, by mediums, and by modes of cure communicated in dreams, and by spiritual impression when awake, and by impressional and automatic writing, effectual medicines have been prescribed. This faculty he knows to exist to-day amongst some, as well known in the literary world as Dr. Russell, and with others more famous in science and philosophy. In particular, he has had the opportunity of studying its phases for the last five years in his own house, his wife having this faculty, which came unsought, and has since continued without interruption, throughout that period, whenever the frequent occasion for its use existed, and with the most beneficial results. To him, and to many, it is, therefore, of no value to deny its existence, or to undervalue its powers, and we can only regret that, for want of a more genial acceptance, the great Gospel promise of healing powers has come to be even treated with ridicule, and denied as an imposture, and a sham.

We have now shown enough to put Dr. Russell on his defence, if he would still be thought capable of writing on healing mediums; but the question of healing diseases, we submit, would be more satisfactorily settled by the patients themselves than by any quantity of writing about it. There is, in the whole range of Spiritualism, perhaps no branch of it, in which "blasphemous, wicked, and shameless impostures on the miserable victims of superstition" could be less successfully carried out, than in the matter of curing them of ordinary diseases. It is not a thing of practical difficulty, to say, with the blind man of old, whom the Dr. Russell of that day was persuading that he had not been born blind, and that Jesus, being a sinner, could not have healed him, "Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not: *one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.*"

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The *Revue Spiritualiste* announces that our old friend, M. Squire, has permitted his wonderful mediumship to be witnessed by a great many of the literary and scientific since his return to Paris from Africa. Among his visitors is M. de Saulcy, member of the Institute and Senator, who has investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, and who, says the *Revue*, "has the courage to publicly express his convictions."

The *Revue* also quotes the following from *Le Temps*:—"We have to chronicle a decree given on the 9th of April last, by the Imperial Court at Colmar, in the matter of magnetism and clairvoyance. This decree confirmed a decision of the Correctional Tribunal of Mulhouse, containing the following remarkable occurrence:—'Seeing that the employment of magnetic somnambulism, as a means of discovering diseases and of applying remedies, is not to be regarded in itself as an element of *escroquerie*; that the *inanity* of phenomena of this kind, as auxiliary to the art of healing, is far from being scientifically demonstrated, &c. Here then is another Court, better informed than certain physicians, attesting the reality and value of medical clairvoyance."

## Notices of Books.

### *The Herald of Progress.*—New York.

THIS Paper is ably edited by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis. It has already some circulation in England; but many of our readers would find in some of its articles, matter which would seriously offend their religious beliefs. We refer especially to those which deal with the Bible, and with the divinity of our Saviour, and which we believe to be unnecessarily offensive to that large class which happily holds the opposite belief, and to have nothing to do, either in their original idea, or in their method of treatment, with any form of Spiritualism. In our opinion, they are only the relics of a shallow materialistic view of the Bible, and betray the folly of dealing with spiritual truths from the natural plane of thought. All the small discoveries of natural discrepancies have been made over and over again; but to those who can feel prophetic truths, and the real power of prophetic writing, they are powerless, to divert them from their great need of a revelation from God to man. A larger scope, and a deeper insight, would remove the Bible writings altogether from the attacks of these small critics, who, however, are very numerous still, in this country, as well as in America, and whose existence dates for some centuries before modern Spiritualism. We have every wish for the fullest and freest discussion of the subject in all its bearings, but such articles are not in any way needed, and we conceive that a building up of spiritual facts will never be possible without taking as its basis, not only the spiritual truth of the Bible, but Christ as the corner-stone.

The Bibles which these would-be critics write, are by no means equal to the old one which they seek to supplant. If they were wiser even upon the subject of the modern manifestations of Spiritualism, they might even be able to draw some analogies between the impressional prophetic writings of those old Bible days, and those which come now, and which latter they do not entirely reject because of inconsistencies. In the outer letter of the Bible there are inconsistencies, which, to dwell upon, only proves that great truth, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." So it must necessarily be in all really prophetic writing, which means writing that has a spiritual significance apart from and to be unfolded within the letter. The whole question of spirituality might be written from this point of view; but we are only anxious to show how short-sighted are those Spiritualists who would entirely ignore and destroy the most unquestionable evidences of spiritual writing which exist in the world. They would have some show of consistency if they were to confine themselves to proving that some inconsistencies exist in the Bible books; but when they argue from this, that the whole are therefore false, they show mainly their own want of understanding. The idea at the bottom of all this weak criticism is that Christianity still remains to be discovered; an opinion from which we entirely dissent, for we believe that it was written in the spirit of these Bible books long ages ago, and that our main purpose is to bring it forth thence, into a new and living power.

In other respects, our readers will find in this Paper free sterling thought, and much valuable reading; but as an advertisement of it appears on our cover, we have felt it a duty to define our position with regard to the above portion of its contents.

### *The Mystical Phenomena of Human Nature*, by DR. MAXIMILIAN PERTY, Professor in the University of Berne. F. F. Winter, publisher, Leipsic and Heidelberg.

THE prospectus of this work in German has been sent to us, with a table of contents, embracing "Visions, hallucination, nightmare, somnambulism, vital magnetism and sleep-waking, with remarkable instances of the same, psychical duality, demonomania, vampyrism, magic and witchcraft; also modern forms of magic, table-moving, psychography, mediums, spectral apparitions, oracles, seers and prophets." We invite the attention of German readers to the work, of which a more extended notice may appear when we have seen it.

## Correspondence.

### REICHENBACH ON OD.

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

SIR,—I am very glad to see Baron Reichenbach at length give us, in his own person, his derivation of the word Od. Undoubtedly, a man who develops new characteristics of a substance, though but as a modification of a substance well known, has a right to give a name to that modification. It remains, however, for the public to judge of the felicity and fitness of that name; and I must say that, having now heard Reichenbach's *second* derivation of this word, I think it more cobbling, far-fetched and inartistic than ever.

Lately, we had from Dr. Ashburner, whom Reichenbach says is so accurate a renderer of him, a statement that Reichenbach's word Od is derived from the Danish, and means—A POINT. This statement will be found in the work of the Rev. Granville Forbes, reviewed in your last number, as communicated by Dr. Ashburner himself. Now it is a fact that Od does exist in the Danish as a word, and in the Danish only, as far as I am acquainted with any language. And what does it mean there? Not simply a point, but the point of a spear; so that Odic would mean "point-of-spearish"—a sufficiently absurd derivation.

But now, we have from Reichenbach himself another derivation. This time it is from a Germanic root,—*vá*, the origin of "*vchen*," to blow, in German.—a capital pedigree for a god of the winds. This, by a process about as clever as that which derives gerkin from Jacobus, he traces from Wuodan, Wodán, Wodin, to Odin. But why does he stop there? After all, where is the Od? This lame result, in fact, completely proves my original assertion,—the unfortunate cause of this dreary discussion, so totally foreign to these pages, that Od, in any sense to which it is applied by Reichenbach, is—NO WORD.

In the first place, I deny that Odin does mean "the universal power which pervades universal nature." Even in the Scandinavian mythology, that idea was reserved for the power far above Odin, who was considered but a physical, perishable power—the universal, all-pervading power was admitted to be the ALFAER. Neither do I admit that the Odyle force is yet shown to be the great moving power of all nature.

Now this is on the highest possible authority for Scandinavian mythology, the Edda,—an authority the antiquity of which lies beyond history, far up in the regions of tradition, and to which the German Nibelungen Lied, which is built upon it, is a comparatively modern poem. According to the Edda, the four great Scandinavian deities are Odin, god of War, the Mars of the North; Thor, the god of Force; Loke, the god of Mischief and Fire; and Balder, the god of Goodness. If the Baron must go to Scandinavia, which he is pleased to call a Germanic source, for a type of his *force*, it would have been much more correct to have taken Thor, the god of *force*, and Thor and Thoric would have been good terms, without chopping them up into senseless particles. Even Loke has more of an electric character than Odin, and Od or Odyle, Reichenbach says, is but modified electricity. But to take Odin and cut him in two and then to expect half of him to represent his entirety, is, to say the least, eccentric without being philosophical. To take the god of War, declared by the prophetic Vala, to be a mere temporary transitory agent of strife, and imagine that he had hit upon the "great all-pervading power of the universe," as developed in that wonderful mythic system, is only to say that he committed a great mistake through ignorance of the philosophy of the primæval North. Whoever would satisfy himself on this point, let him study the ancient Edda,—"*Edda Sæmundar hinns Froða*," or, if not master of the Icelandic or Swedish, refer to Howitt's "*History of the Scandinavian Literature*."

But Od is not even Odin. Od is but half a word; and, as such half, has no life or meaning. The Baron criticizes Dr. Gregory's derivation from the Greek as incorrect; but surely it is more than incorrect, it is barbarous to cut a word in two, and then assign the meaning of the whole to one half of it. *Od* separated from *in* in Odin, means absolutely nothing. It is reduced to as perfect an inanity

as if you cut off the latter half of a horse, and still called the head and shoulders a horse. Truly a most barbarous system of technology. What connection does there remain betwixt *Vá* and *Od*? None whatever. The fact remains that *Od*, from any Scandinavian or Germanic root means simply the point of a spear. That was, according to Dr. Ashburner, Reichenbach's derivation, so late as the present year, and immediately previous to his arrival in this country. See the work of the Rev. Granville Forbes. Now, again, it is as Reichenbach has given it.

We have thus three derivations, all attributed to Reichenbach, *Od* from *Odin*, *Od* from the point of a spear, and *Odyle* on the authority of Dr. Gregory. Baron Reichenbach, indeed, says that he did not assent to the term used by Dr. Gregory. There must be some great mistake somewhere. I have been assured by the late Dr. Gregory that Baron Reichenbach *did* accept this term, as much the best for an English translation. This has been confirmed by Mrs. Gregory, and by an intimate friend of Dr. Gregory. Since this controversy arose, that gentleman has favoured me with the history of the too rival translations. It is not my intention to go into the past heart-burnings of the controversy which arose out of that subject—God forbid! but I will simply quote one passage from this gentleman's letter: "I can confirm what you have said on the *Od* force." He then gives the history of Dr. Gregory's abstract of the first part of Reichenbach, published some years before the work at large, and the review of which in the *Zoist* made Drs. Elliotson and Ashburner acquainted with the subject. He then adds: "I suggested to Dr. Gregory that, however good the word *Od* might be in German, it was so odd a name in English, that I thought he had better try and find another term. He wrote and obtained Reichenbach's consent to *Odylo*."

It is not my business to reconcile these conflicting statements. I confine my concluding remarks to the statements of the Baron that Dr. Gregory's term is a mixture of Greek and German: and that *Odylos* is no Greek word. I imagine that nobody, except the printer of the *Spiritual Magazine*, who crushed two words into one, and sent no proof, ever supposed *Odylos* to be a Greek word, but it is a Greek word with its definite article prefixed, a thing continually done in modern technology as, for instance, in *Ozone*. 'Ο Δυλος, of course, Reichenbach knows to be Greek, and to have a meaning in direct reference to the qualities of the *Odyle* force. As to the use of *ὄλη*, it is not a use made by Dr. Gregory. It may be now used as a chemical term meaning stuff, but it is not the stuff that his term *Olyle* is made of. That has its simple, significant and legitimate origin in the Greek referred to, and, in my opinion, is infinitely the best, and the only good term yet used in this farrago of derivations—it is direct, classical and *apropos*.

Finally, for I here take my leave of the question, as our friend Ashburner insists that Baron Reichenbach's theory shall be termed *Od*, I trust he will allow me to assent to its oddity. That is all I ask, and the whole dispute may be condensed into a couplet, and is not worth extending over a greater space—

"*Od*," says Ashburner,—"*Odyle* is a bore,"

But I say *Od* is odd, and nothing more.

Penmaenmawr,

October 31, 1861.

I remain, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

### REMARKABLE DREAM.

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

SIR,—In the month of April, 1861, a gentleman, whom I shall designate Mr. A., and who was engaged in business as a general dealer, died. His death took place after a short illness. He left the settlement of his affairs, which were in a very incomplete and unsatisfactory condition, in the hands of Mr. B., a personal friend. Mr. B., on entering upon an examination of the business transactions of his friend, found the estate in the utmost confusion. There were no books, nor systematic statements of accounts to be found among the papers of the deceased. The executor, after a considerable amount of trouble, and by obtaining statements of accounts from various parties indebted to the departed, thought he had got the affairs in as complete a condition as he possibly could.

In the month of July last, three months after the death of Mr. A., Mr. B. dreamt that his friend visited him, and asked him how he was getting on with his affairs. He replied that everything was now satisfactorily settled. Mr. A. said, "How does Messrs. C.'s account stand?" Mr. B. replied, "There were no particulars in your papers of any account against them, but they have rendered to me details of two transactions which have been placed to your credit; after deducting the amount of these accounts from the sum you owed them, there is a balance of £120 due to them." Mr. A. said, "That account is wrong; there is another invoice for which I ought to have credit. You will find it in an old basket in your possession, among some waste papers. On examining that invoice, you will see that there are five entries—two are charged out, and three are not, because I had not the weights of the goods supplied. If you send the invoice to Messrs. C., they know the amounts and prices, and will complete the invoice." Mr. B., impressed by the dream, searched the basket, and discovered the identical invoice referred to, in the handwriting of Mr. A., with the various particulars above enumerated. Mr. B. took an early opportunity of presenting the invoice to Messrs. C., and telling them how he had received it, requested them to examine their books, fill in the particulars, and return the invoice completed. I saw the invoice when completed. It is now before me as completed by Messrs. C., and reduces the balance due to them from £120 to £50. I am well acquainted with the parties concerned, and can vouch for the genuineness of the above record.—I am, yours truly,  
T. P. BARKAS.  
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 2, 1861.

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EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

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

New York, October 12.

SIR,—On my return from the country, I found quite a number of English newspapers which had accumulated in my absence, and which some one in London had kindly sent me. From them, I see that the subject has been earnestly discussed during the summer, and I rejoice at it, for the "Agitation of Thought is the Beginning of Wisdom."

But it is amusing to see how the arguments and positions on both sides, which were all gone over by us ten or twelve years ago, are now reproduced with you, and with so strong a resemblance, that one might almost talk of plagiarism.

I congratulate you, however, on this aspect of the case, and particularly on the prominent feature of the discussion—that our supporters are gentle, considerate, and forbearing, amid vituperation and intolerance.

*Esto perpetua*: let our friends persist in that course. They may rely upon it, that such a course is not only right of itself, but is decidedly the best policy. They should have as much as they can of the wisdom of the serpent; but let it *always* be displayed with the gentleness of the dove. It is by such policy that we have worked such marvels here, and so it will be with you. And peculiarly is this applicable to you in England, for you have elements to contend with that we had not—I mean the element of caste, not so strong with you as among the Hindoos, but still far beyond anything we have with us.—Yours truly,

J. W. EDMONDS.

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

November 5th, 1861.

SIR,—Although I am far from subscribing to all the sentiments or doctrines I see advocated in your Magazine; and although I may even think some of the practices therein narrated, disorderly, this does not prevent my esteeming your work very highly, and entirely approving its aim and principles as set forth on its title-page. I regard you, therefore, as well deserving of your country, and of the support of all lovers of truth; and shall esteem it a privilege to be allowed to bear a share of the burden, for which purpose I enclose a Bank of England note for £5 (I—L 72,389, Liverpool, May 12th, 1860).

And remain, Sir, yours very obediently,

DEVONIENSIS.

The following important letter has been received from a friend in America, an author of high repute in both countries, and an eloquent preacher:—

MR. FOSTER, ONE OF THE BEST MEDIUMS, EXPECTED.

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

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish to tell you that Mr. Foster, an excellent medium, is proposing to visit Europe next month. He is quite a young man. I have been favourably impressed by him, and I would bespeak for him your good offices. He is what is called a very good test-medium. He says that he sees spirits, and hears them—through his spiritual senses, of course. What purport to be spiritual communications, are given through him by his being made to speak, by his hand being guided to write, by rappings on the floor, on the table, and on chairs. Also, what will interest you very much, the names of persons come out on his hands, and arms, and on his forehead. One evening, soon after his coming to this city, I was conversing with him, when suddenly, in a peculiar manner, he cried out, "Bernard." "There," he said, "that is some spirit whom you have known, I think. Do you recognise the name?" "I can tell you better," I answered, "if you will give me the rest of the name." He said, "The initial of it will be given on the back of my hand." He held out his hand, and as I looked at it, I saw come out in bright red colour, the letter H. It was, indeed, a name I knew very well; but it was a name which I had not thought of for a long while—the name, too, of a person whom I knew, many thousands of miles away from this continent—a name which I suppose the medium could never have heard of, and never, possibly, in connection with myself. This curious phenomenon I have witnessed many times, and under perfectly satisfactory conditions. Mr. Foster hopes to be in London at the beginning of December, and purposes to remain there awhile, to exercise for the public, his profession, or rather his gift, of mediumship. His presence in London will be a good opportunity for persons who wish to investigate Spiritualism, and for candid men who desire to judge justly the much-abused opinions of some of their neighbours, and also for curious men, who rightly suspect that the mysteries of human nature are, at least, as well worth exploring as the Polar seas, or Himalayan heights, or as the haunts of the gorilla. The manifestations, of which Mr. Foster is the medium, will have great interest for those students who have begun to think that it is not right to shut one eye in reading the Fathers of the Church, and the Historians of the Middle Ages, and that, indeed, it may be altogether wrong to blind one's self to every other page, merely because of its being illuminated with colours, which, it has been supposed, are now no longer to be found in nature. Richard Baxter is held, and justly, in fresh and warm admiration for his writings. Among them, there are some volumes which are now altogether neglected, but which he himself put forth as his personal, fervent convictions. Those neglected books of Baxter would instantly become readable and very interesting, to anyone who should accord Mr. Foster an interview.

But really, whether this Modern Spiritualism be scouted or not, be examined or not, what right has a man to open the works of Henry More, of Cambridge, and act as though he should say "On this page I find More was one of the wisest of men, and I respect him much and venerate him; but on this other page, which I always skip, I know he must have been an idiot and a fool, telling as he does of ghosts and such trash." A wise idiot, a most subtle fool—this is a character hard to conceive; and really, perhaps, it is not Henry More at all. And what propriety or reasonableness is there in the proceeding of those who walk in admiration with Cudworth, as he traverses the Intellectual System of the Universe; but who stop their ears, and out of pity, try not to mind him, when he gravely states things which are to them incredible, simply because themselves they cannot match them with some little experiences of their own. Some twenty years ago, the Earl of Shrewsbury published in one of the London journals an account of his visit to a young woman in the Tyrol, who was an ecstatic and on



whose person were visible, from time to time, those marks which are technically called "stigmaia." If there are any persons who recollect that letter, they would be interested in knowing Mr. Foster, on whose person is to be seen a phenomenon curiously resembling that which once excited so much attention in connection with the Tyrolese ecstatic. He tells me, that at Havana, to Spuniards he spoke Spanish freely, as a medium, though when he is himself merely, he is quite ignorant of the language. It would seem, too, as though to his fine perception, occasionally places have tales to tell of occurrences of which they have been the secret scenes—as though, indeed, in his ears sometimes the very stones cried out. In writing this, I do not wish to suggest that any one is to expect from Mr. Foster or of all other mediums together, a new revelation, nor yet a system of any kind; but I would say that simply a few facts may be looked for, which, in the view of a reasonably acute mind, will be seen to point in a direction which it is good to look at.

Boston, Nov. 4.

Yours sincerely,

W. M.

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To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Thorpe Malson Rectory, Kettering,  
November 13th. 1861.

DEAR SIR,—I fear that my reply to Mr. Smithson, concerning the details of my ballad "The President," will prove but unsatisfactory to him.

I wrote the piece one winter's night, from what I may call, a sudden impulse. I had not been reading or thinking of the subject previously, and I neither was, nor am, aware of any *séance* that took place when the vessel was missing. Shortly afterwards, the ballad, with other pieces, was printed for private circulation, and I gave a copy to a friend starting for America. In the course of the voyage, an American gentleman took up the volume, and after looking it over restored it, with the observation—"That story ('The President') is very well told, and I *know the incidents* to be true." The circumstance of a stranger vouching for the truth of what I had written as fiction, struck me at the time I heard it as singular, and should I be able to obtain his name I will send it to you. It is but fair to add, that although I trust, open to conviction, I am not in the present sense of the word, a Spiritualist.

I remain, your obedient servant.

G. E. MAUNSELL.

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To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I feel so anxious for the continuance and increased prosperity of the Magazine that I must ask you to forgive the intrusion of a stranger. I feel that you have a difficult task to perform; for if you give only general information on the progress, at home and abroad, of the cause you advocate, you will hardly satisfy Spiritualists themselves; whereas, if you cater for them, you will be likely to be misunderstood by the public. I for one should like the Magazine to give practical directions for the development of dormant mediumistic powers, to encourage and facilitate experiments by your readers themselves. Would it not be well to devote some space for 'Notes and Queries,' exclusively on Spiritualistic subjects? It might elicit much useful and pithy information. You may find it difficult with your present staff of contributors to answer many important but difficult queries: then why not have a 'Spirits' Corner' in the Magazine for spirits themselves to have the chance to say a word on intricate subjects? Nor do I see why you should so carefully avoid bringing up theological subjects, difficult passages of Scripture, &c., and lay bare even (in moderate language and a charitable spirit) the errors in doctrine, practice or discipline of religious sects in and out of the establishment. Very many would be wide awake to a religious Spiritualism, who now think it a scientific problem or a philosophical speculation. I am persuaded that if the advanced and liberal school of theology in connexion with Church or Dissent, could once be induced to investigate the subject of Spiritualism (practically by experiments), they would hail its revelation. Not

to give mere advice, I enclose a few questions, which you may from time to time feel disposed to propound in the Magazine. Most happy should I be to afford more substantial aid; but I am no medium myself, nor have I access to any at present. Until it shall please God to tear from me the grave clothes of social and ecclesiastical bondage—I dare not even come boldly forward as the champion of a cause, which has proved an unutterable comfort and blessing to me as a man, a Christian, and a minister.

I enclose my card, and remain, yours faithfully,  
COSMOPOLITANUS.

*Queries for the "Spiritual Magazine."*

1.—Are the mediumistic powers a gift arbitrarily given by God to whomsoever He will—or are they subject to certain laws and conditions depending, for their development, upon human conduct and agencies? If the latter, what are they?

2.—Is not the presence of a medium absolutely necessary to obtain spontaneous spirit-writing? Baron Goldenstube states in his book that he was no medium when he obtained his, nor does he state that such a one was ever present?

3.—Is the "planchette" of any use to others but mediums?

4.—Can any directions be given for inducing what is termed "Internal Respiration?"

5.—Is the photographic art equal to the reproduction of spirit-hands, &c., seen at circles? It has been stated that the *odic light* of Baron Reichenbach could be thus reproduced?

6.—What was the nature of the education imparted, and the training undergone at the schools of the prophets recorded in the Old Testament? In other words: How was the prophetic gift developed in the aspirants to the prophetic office?

7.—What was the nature, quality, and mode of using the "Urim and Thummim" as worn by Aaron the high priest?

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

SIR,—In common, probably, with many of your readers, I have read the address of Sir David Brewster, recently delivered in the Edinburgh University. With respect to his oration generally, any discussion upon its merits or demerits would be unsuitable for your publication, but as a part was devoted to the stern condemnation of Spiritualists, and as the learned professor endeavoured to stigmatize the persons known as mediums, I, as a believer in the spiritual phenomena, desire to make a few remarks, connected with the speech and the orator, especially as it is usual for persons inferior to this gentleman in their scientific acquirements, to join the chorus of abuse against Spiritualism, and its supporters, as your pages testify. I have understood for several years past, that during the autumn of the year 1855, Sir David was a believer in the manifestations, and that he had actually "given in," to the idea that they were caused by means of spiritual influences, on account of certain remarkable movements having occurred in the presence of himself, and of a medium or mediums. I have not learnt that Sir David has had any valid reason for his recantation, but whether he is still a believer in the manifestations, declining to acknowledge such belief, or whether he is an honest sceptic, I protest against his attack upon mediums in general, contained in his speech, as an act unjustifiable and unworthy of a scientific man. It is not true, as Sir David alleged, that a particular education is necessary either for the satisfactory investigation of the subject of Spiritualism, or for the possession of the gift of mediumship. Books have been written, and lectures have been delivered, physical and other manifestations have been produced, by persons who were uneducated, or who had not any scientific knowledge. The actual occurrence of such phenomena have been confirmed by people in all classes of society—by the learned and unlearned, by scientific enquirers and by mere tyros—all of whom acting as jurymen in the great trial, have agreed that spiritual influences verily caused the various phenomena. The rejection of evidence thus tendered, would lessen or destroy the value of the evidences upon which the Christian religion is based, and if Sir David's charitable opinion be correct, that a medium and an impostor

are identical, and the gift of mediumship fallacious, then the teaching of the apostles and early Christians, might be excluded, and their faith impugned: for they condescended to believe in the happening of apparently inexplicable phenomena, although they might be unable to explain the mystery. They were persecuted and destroyed for their belief, but their faith was retained to the last. The learned orator affirmed that the predictive power of mediums is fallacious. Experience, past and present, justifies me in giving a plain denial to such affirmation, although occasionally there may be a failure, total or partial, in the fulfilment, owing to certain operating causes, which I do not now attempt to explain. Until I receive a satisfactory reply to my simple question, *Spiritual Magazine*, vol. 1. p. 435, I shall believe that the influence there mentioned was spiritual, and that the gift of the medium was genuine. To experienced Spiritualists my experience is a mere trifle, but in spiritual matters, the legal maxim, *de minimis non curat lex*, is not applicable. To conclude:—If Spiritualism is to be explained away, and rejected as merely depending upon simple facts, connected with natural philosophy as expounded by modern *savans*, we may enquire whether any benefit can accrue to an individual by his attending a church, or any place of public worship? What reason can there be for prayer, if there be no spiritual influences, and if there are no good or evil spirits? Perhaps some rational or chemical individual, can answer this question; meanwhile with the deference due to his position, I beg to recommend Sir David Brewster to read the Tracts of Judge Edmonds, and the introduction to his work upon Spiritualism; for Sir David may be assured that that Judge's opinion and experience are preferable to his own, in the consideration of the subject which he has ridiculed.

58, Pall Mall, 11th November.

Yours faithfully,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

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

SIR,—Although the *Spiritual Magazine* does not enter into spiritual affairs to such an extent as to throw much light in the dark places of society, and thereby to alleviate the condition of certain classes of people in this country; yet it has well supported the cause of Spiritualism against Materialism, and its cessation would be a Christian loss. I, therefore, feel myself called upon to contribute 25 towards the expenses of this year's publication. The spirit drawings afford material proof of immaterial existence; and the declaration of the power of the spirit to leave the body in this world, as in the case of Miss Edmonds and the young lady in London, throw light upon many passages of the Epistles; but much more information is wanted on this subject, to bring about the restoration of Primitive Christian rights and blessings.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

T. E. P.

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

October 31st, 1851.

SIR,—The conditions essential to obtain the highest class of phenomena—as given in Mr. Coleman's narrative of Mr. L.—are singularly corroborative and confirmatory of my experience, obtained in a long series of investigations of the mesmeric manifestations, during the years 1839–40–41–42 and 1843. I have often published this fact,—that when the results were taking place—in consequence of the complete harmony of those present—the entrance of a person of active scepticism would in an instant destroy the exalted state of the mesmerized person, producing only confused results. I think this fact is of paramount importance in connection with the investigations of Spiritualism, as proving that it is absolutely necessary, in order to obtain satisfactory phenomena, that we must approach the subject as learners and not as teachers. The electrical condition of the atmosphere is certainly closely allied to the perfect manifestation of the more exalted phenomena, which are dependant on the most subtle ethereal state of relationship between the medium and other surroundings.—Yours truly,

ROBT. H. COLLYER.

8, Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.







