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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 *rappor*t 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 intronitted 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.

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 bedside, 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-

tive 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 lkeys, 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 lkeys, 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

* Only a few days ago, Mrs. Chapman asseverated to a friend the truth of all there stated, and said more. [E.D.]

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.

"SIR.—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 believer 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, an *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.

"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 shrubby 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 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.

OUR PUBLIC TEACHERS AND THE STUDY OF SPIRITUAL LAWS.

By D. D. HOME.

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

* The periwinkle was the death-flower of the Grecks.

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 develope 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."

SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE SHAKERS.

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

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

* 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, *manesiai*. 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. Hildegard 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 prophe-

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

* 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."

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, Rogers 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 !

“ THE BANK OF FAITH.”*

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.*”

* “ *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 necessities 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 Dingy 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 I was 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 desirous 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*."

Correspondence.

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 Phœbe, 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 *itched* 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 Phœbe 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 *séance*, 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 Duche de Baden,
Allemagne.

Carlsruhe, 158, 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. Chalins, 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 "*Écriture directe*," then made his acquaintance, as well as that of Comte D'Ourches, General de Brévern, and Prince Dimitry Schalovsky—all first-rate Spiritualists. The Prince 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.

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.

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 referred to 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 wordly-wise who saw the hurricane approaching which they had themselves been instrumental in conjuring up, comforted themselves with the consoling thought:—"Apres nous le deluge," "When we are gone the crash may come."

So 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 shimmer of worldly prudence.

Suppose we are travelling in a railway-train: the train has started very fairly 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 traditionary 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-

He 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 scalp 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 Incarnation 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 benumbing 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 overlayings 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.

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*.