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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"These accusations against Spiritualists are but a duplicate of those the same brother has often preferred against the Universalist denomination, to which he is indebted for the insignia of Reverend, which he cherishes and even uses to sanctify his denunciations of them.

"While Brother Harris was settled over the Universalist Society in Elizabeth-street, in this city, some fourteen years ago, more or less, he became infatuated with the revelations which were then being given through Andrew Jackson Davis, and when these revelations were published under the title of "*Nature's Divine Revelations*," Mr. Harris asked leave of absence from his society to go to Europe for his health, which leave the society generously granted; but instead of going to Europe, Mr. H. went to Ohio and other Western States, lecturing, not for the Divine Revelations of the Bible, but for "*Nature's Divine Revelations*," by Andrew Jackson Davis. The society continued to him their leave of absence, and subsequently replaced him by the Rev. E. H. Chapin. Brother Harris subsequently relinquished his order for "*Nature's Divine Revelations*," and has since denounced it and Mr. Davis as cordially and fully as he has the Universalists and Spiritualists.

"Brother Harris subsequently tried to build up a society to sustain his preaching in this city. His meetings were held for some time in the Coliseum. He preached in the Socialists, and afterwards preached them out; and his erratic preaching caused a constant change of hearers, and the meetings there were not sustained. He subsequently commenced preaching in the Stuyvesant Institute, and while laboring here he tried to acquaint himself with the dynamics of matter and mind, and to show the possibility of spirit intercourse. During this time, one Dr. Scott, who had been a baptist minister, discovered that singular phenomena occurred in the presence of a Mrs. Benedict, then residing in Auburn, N. Y. In the presence of Mrs. Benedict slight raps occurred, and St. Paul purported to communicate. The idea that St. Paul could and would condescend to speak through a mortal, much excited Mr. Harris, and arrangements were made for Mrs. Benedict and Dr. Scott to come to Mr. Harris in Brooklyn, and deliver the oracles of St. Paul to twelve chosen persons, and, if possible, that St. Paul should develop or re-model Mr. Harris, so that he should be henceforth Paul's oracle to the world. Dr. Scott also became infatuated with the ambition of being a medium

for some of the Apostles, and they fancied that St. John accepted his offer; and they supposed that St. Paul and St. John and other Apostles henceforth communicated through them.

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

"Mr. Harris then returned to this city, and the Spiritualists received him as it becomes a father to receive a prodigal son, and invited him to lecture for them, and procured the hall in the Medical College for that purpose. Here he delivered some of the most scorching discourses on the Scriptures as a Divine revelation, and the Christian church generally, to which we ever listened. They were quite too strong for those whom he now denounces as rejecting the Scriptures as a Divine revelation. Nevertheless, we heard him gladly, not as an oracle, and not for his censoriousness, but for his acknowledged eloquence and zeal in what he appeared to think was right and true.

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

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

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

"Thus we have, with pain and sorrow, responded to the demands of the article from the *London Critic* in giving a very brief history of Brother Harris, caring some fifteen years. We have not done this to injure him, far from it, but

in the defence of truth, and as an illustration of a prevalent psychical phenomenon which is often mistaken for spirit-influence, and to call Brother Harris's attention to the changes which have come over his mind, to the end that he may be less positive in his opinion as to the divinity of his persuasion; and, above all, be less censorious of the brethren who are not able to follow him in his sudden changes and chimerical enterprises. If also this narrative shall suggest to his friends the injury they do him by falling into his persuasions, and thus binding him more strongly in psychical chains, we shall be thankful.

"Mr. Harris is not to be blamed for his unfortunate organization. He is impulsive, and often speaks without consideration. He has the virtue of thinking at the time that he is right, and that he does and says all in the service of God.

"In a self-consecrating spirit, Mr. Harris has, as it seems to us, sacrificed his manhood for a supposed Divine influx, and he is reaping the consequences of that error. It is a gross mistake we think, in Mr. Harris to suppose that he is a living proof of the danger, mentally and physically, of cultivating the science of Spiritualism. On the contrary, he is a living proof of the danger of a too prevalent hot-house process of making mesmeric subjects, and of the practice of women magnetizing men. We have been acquainted with several cases of this kind, and the uniform result shows the practice to be a disorderly one. By it the feminine qualities are engrafted into the masculine, which sooner or later unmans the man. It excites the sensor nerves at the surface, by which physical impressions are permanently fixed upon the brain, deranging its normal functions, and ruling the whole man. Will and judgment are subjugated to mere sensation, and the man becomes like a tender, sensitive plant, which expands or shrivels up at the approach of the slightest influences. Man is thus unfitted for ordinary duties; his mental and physical energies are overcome by these sensational influences, which often cause the unfortunate subject to become censorious, complaining, whining, and pining away, as by some fell disease. And yet Spiritualism has suffered, and is daily suffering, from the lack of discrimination in these matters.

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

"What, then, is the answer to our question as to the *cause* of Mr. Harris's denunciation of Spiritualists in America? First, the cause is subjective rather than objective. It is in himself rather than in those whom he accuses. He assumes to say that those who do not accept his interpretation of and teachings concerning, the Bible, reject it. He also assumes to say that spirits and mortal who do not indorse his disorderly fantasies, are sensual and evil.

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

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

INSTANCES OF THE DYNAMICS OF PRAYER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ My voice returns to praise the Lord.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bristol, 2 August, 1703.

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

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

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

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

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

ARTHUR BEDFORD.

FACTS, BY DR. ———

With a Moral by the Editor.

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

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

GOETHE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

influence on the strange unseen force applied to lift the table thus against his wish and force.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the nature and attributes of God. He cannot trace the dignity of the Divine power, in breaking cedar pencils, and tables, or ringing bells, nor its wisdom in the mild communications of the medium-writings. He believes that if God meant to reveal to him that this Spiritualism was the work of His Holy Spirit, He would not have given His will, in the very heathenish oracular manner here recorded. He fails to see anything like Divine wisdom or Divine power, in these unreasoning medium-writings and grotesque physical phenomena, and he desires the aid of those better qualified than himself to explain the nature of the unseen agency which he here attests.* His own impression is, that the power is similar to that manifested at the Delphic Oracle, and by the ancient sorcerers and magicians, and he believes that the spirit of Python, silenced by the incarnation, has revived, with some of its ancient power.

M. R. C. P.

[Now, gentle reader, who is this member of the Royal College of Physicians who has so kindly given us his experience, and his theory? The facts, at all events, seem to be pretty strong, even if the theory should be a little of the weakest, and we would under ordinary circumstances have left both to speak for themselves, but that the case is an interesting and instructive one, and contains a moral capable of very wide application.

Let the world of science and letters know that this candid physician was, until those fatal "evenings of the 25th and 26th February, 1860," one of themselves. He was hand and glove with the learned editors and sciolists who deny all these manifestations, and attribute either folly or knavery to those who profess to have witnessed them. Nay, he was one of them himself. It is but three years ago, this very auspicious and appropriate first of April, since he himself came forward, in his capacity of editor of a scientific psychological journal, with an elaborate essay of thirty-six pages, in which he committed himself to the hilt, in all the ways so common to the craft, against not only the fact, but the possibility of these very manifestations.

As to the higher manifestations of a true Spiritualism, of which the Bible is full, and which are the base and substance of Christianity, and of the dealings of God with man, and the continuance of which may be traced through all the intervening times, they were to him explicable only by the "great mental and physiological law of unconscious cerebration." Inspiration, genius, and the actings of God's providence in the affairs of men

* Any communication for the writer will be received and forwarded by the publisher of the *Spiritual Magazine*, Mr. Pitman.

and the moral government of the world, were resolved into "automatic action."

These innate powers and faculties of the soul, being in their nature incapable of being handled, heard, or seen, still less of being put under a microscope, or pounded in a mortar, were absolutely denied as spiritual powers or possibilities, and unfortunately it is impossible to demonstrate their existence or their origin, except to those who have spiritual discernment. But that same spiritual philosophy, which has these highest forms for its fitting crown, has also lower down, through an unbroken chain, certain phenomena which are capable of demonstration, even to the most unbelieving F. R. S. of modern London. These gentlemen, however, for the most part, content themselves with sitting at home and denying the existence of the facts. Their years have been spent in mastering the physical manifestations of the laws of gravitation, far too closely to enable them to see the spiritual base of those and of all other laws; and being clever above the common, they look upon these new phenomena as impertinent intrusions into their small domain.

So this Doctor in his essay, when he came to treat of the knocks and table movings, which occurred at Ealing, in the presence of Mr. Home, as described in Mr. Rymer's pamphlet, says of them—

"These are strong facts, and it is allowing a great deal to say that we think Mr. Rymer to be in earnest in stating his belief in them. *For ourselves we entirely disbelieve them*, and shall gladly give any one the opportunity of convincing us. In the meanwhile, we venture to recommend to Mr. Rymer's attentive study, an old fashioned college text-book, which we suspect he has never opened—*Pratt's Mechanical Philosophy*. He will there learn of those *immutable laws* which the unchanging God has impressed once and for ever on creation; and reading of the wondrous harmony and order which reign by their operation throughout the wide bounds of creation, he may perhaps come to share our doubts and disbelief of those imaginings which tell us of their violation in moving tables and shaking lamps, and dancing chairs; and he may perchance, should his study prosper, catch also a sense of the pitying scorn with which those, nurtured on the strong meat of the inductive philosophy, within the very courts and halls that Newton trod, view these sickly Spiritualist dreamers, thus drunk with the new wine of folly and credulity."

This is pretty strong; but there is a good deal more of the same sort, which would do the greatest credit to Sir B. Brodie, or any of the fellows of the society over which he presides. It might be written in the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, the *Examiner*, or the *Critic*, with great approval by their readers. But how sad a commentary upon it, are the "facts," from the same pen, at the head of the article! Let us take another specimen:

"The Spiritualists are not content with their asserted victory over the physical laws which govern nature. That tables and chairs should move by spiritual aid, and rap out by unseen knocks theological common-places, does not content them. Their art invades even the domains of the senses. *They farther calmly record,*

and call upon us to credit the statements, that music and sweet sound is produced by these spirits without any human agency, and that hands clothed in flesh, and belonging to none present, are seen at their circles, and endowed, too, with muscular power and a will to direct them; that those hands take rings and put them on, and greet with the accustomed pressure the friendly touch. Mrs. Crossland says 'there are hundreds of persons who have been touched by spirit hands, have seen the writing of spirit fingers, have beheld the spirit hands become incarnate, and move and handle visible objects, and have watched their material covering fade away, even as a thick feather of steam dissolves into nothingness.' These manifestations Mrs. Crossland states, and Mr. Rymer has also told us the same 'do not occur except in the presence of such a powerful medium as Mr. Home.' *Our own opinion is that Professor Wiljalba Frikell, now performing at St. James's Theatre, would probably be found to be a medium of at least equal power.*

"Again, the assertion that musical instruments play without human agency is equally bold, as also testimony to the fact, *that certain favored mediums (we again suggest Professor Frikell) float about the room.*"

The doctor then quotes, with high approval, and with *italics*, some words of Coleridge:

"All these stories, and I could quote fifty equally well authenticated, as to the fact of their having seen and heard such and such sights and sounds, are as much like one another *as the symptoms of the same disease in different patients.* And this, indeed, I take to be the true and only solution, a contagious nervous disease, the acmè or intensest form of which is *Catalepsy.*"

And the Doctor then concludes:

"These notes of Coleridge appear to us *to settle the Wesley raps and sounds quite effectually*, despite of Southey's apparent belief in their reality."

Surely all this should furnish a lesson to the learned world not to form opinions without more knowledge, and to have a little less elevated notion of themselves, and a better opinion of the visual and audient powers of other people. Surely now the whole body of the learned will believe, after the honest and frank statement of one of themselves, of the error into which he had been led by the neglect of their own great rule of scientific investigation.

Unfortunately there is not the smallest chance of this. They will be just as unbelieving as ever, and the battle must go on for years yet to come. Observe another pregnant fact. Why does not the doctor give his name at the end of his facts? To his honor be it known, he was not only willing but anxious to give it, as the only reparation he could now make to those whom he had so bravely aspersed, and to the facts which, from his little knowledge, he had so derided and denied. But he was strongly recommended by the writer not to give his name, in deference to the consequences which in all probability would ensue in a few weeks were he to do so. He is the honored and very competent head of an institution which is a credit to this England of ours, but which it is most likely would be placed in other hands were he to avow his belief publicly in these facts. Think of that, ye learned, and ye editors of leading journals and reviews, in whose hands are the advance-

ment of the race. What an unenviable position is yours, thus to be so far in the rear of knowledge that it must not be even mentioned in your presence!

The doctor's friend too, who also joins in the responsibility of what he has stated, is connected closely with a learned body which reckons the Prince Consort amongst its members. He too for that reason cannot give his name!

There was, however, another piece of advice which was given at the same time to the doctor by the writer of these remarks, namely, that as he now acknowledged, for the first time, the facts which are at the very bottom of the ladder of Spiritualism, he should observe them and turn them over in his mind, and read and study for a twelvemonth, or even two years before he began to theorize upon them. It would have been more in accord with the true method of scientific analysis, and of the inductive theory, had he followed this advice, and probably had he been less learned he would have done so, but unfortunately he is acquainted with Tertullian and has read of the *Oracle of Delphi*, of *Puck* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and of the *Walpurgisnacht*. Experience has not, in the short interval between those "evenings of the 25th and 26th February, 1860" and the time of penning his facts, been able to teach him wisdom, and so he comes out with a full-blown theory, by which the facts are to be explained.

To be sure, in order to lay his foundation for this eminent superstructure, he has to invent a fact which has no existence, namely, that the believers in these physical phenomena attribute them to the working of the Holy Spirit; and as he can see that this is not the probable cause of them, he has no difficulty in broaching his theory, that "the spirit of Python, silenced by the incarnation, has revived with some of its ancient power," and in a private note he adds, (not that his own inveterate scepticism made it necessary, but) that "the wickedness of men is the cause of it," and "the grotesque physical phenomena remind him more of the vagaries of *Puck*, or of the wild scene in the *Walpurgisnacht* in *Faust*, than of anything else." Now, when all this classical writing is turned into plain English, we have no difficulty in recognizing our old friend the Devil, who is the *Deus ex Machinâ* of the parsons, and by whom they account for everything they cannot comprehend. Only in the doctor's hands, he takes the form of a classical devil, and is called a Python, or a Puck.

The writer, however, who was present at all these "grotesque physical phenomena," and who vouches for the truth of the doctor's narrative, failed to see anything of the devil in them, and as to Mr. Puck, he does not even know who he is, nor where

he lives, nor what may be his powers. He never heard of Puck's writing the holy word "God" three times on a paper, nor of the devil desiring that "a kind Providence may guide and protect you, and keep you in Christ Jesus."

The writer had been for three years, at intervals, endeavouring to convince the doctor, by insisting on the higher psychical phenomena of spiritual laws, but entirely without success. Indeed, in the letter which the doctor wrote, asking for the interview with Mr. Squire, which terminated in those two memorable evenings, he used these words, "I am no further than I was three years ago in my examination of the question; *my requirement is not theory, nor dim Spiritualist musings, but facts. I deny that the law of gravitation can by any possibility be reversed, and so a table move, without the application of a lever.* I am willing to attend anywhere in London, and at any time, to witness facts, provided I be permitted to bring one friend, (I shall select a Cambridge graduate,) and if I do see any of the laws which I hold alone to govern the physical world, reversed, as the Spiritualists assert they are, I shall of course publicly, like an honest man, retract my printed denial of the possibility of the occurrence of those facts."

Now, how is a mind of this order to be convicted? The appeal to its higher reason had been found for years to be fruitless. Its higher reason told it that the whole was impossible, because it went beyond that "old-fashioned college text-book, *Pratt's Mechanical Philosophy*;" and it therefore denied all spiritual dynamics, although it can be demonstrated that Christianity itself is based upon them. It cried aloud for physical facts as the only elements on which it could exercise its powers, and it got them. Even whilst the facts were occurring in such rapid succession, *there was not one which was not in immediate answer to a request for it. The direct writing, the music, the table lifting, the bell ringing, the pencil-breaking, and the smashing of the heavy iron-clamped table; the spirit touches, and the throwing of the table a somerset in the air were equally and severally asked for by the doctor.* Even when the writer interposed a word on behalf of the poor table, which the doctor was most anxious to see broken, the answer was, that it must be broken even if it were worth twenty pounds; and, so smashed it was, and great was the smashing of it, and one of its legs ripped off, was thrown across the room at the writer's feet.

There is a want of generosity, even in dealing with the devil, in not publicly thanking him for such compliance as he shewed on those two evenings, instead of throwing it in his teeth as the doctor does.

After all, this pythonic agency seems to have done the doctor

a signal service, because if it exist in such alarming power it is well we should know of it, and it has certainly enlarged his perceptions to a great extent already as to spiritual laws. There is, however, much for him, as for all of us yet to learn. He would find, by extending his classical reading, that the power manifested at the ancient oracles was not silenced either at nor by the incarnation, but that, on the contrary, it existed for some centuries afterwards, and is frequently mentioned by many writers of the times. Neither have the other manifestations of spiritual power ever ceased, but they may be clearly traced through all the ages up to the present. Tertullian himself, from whom the curious extract is made, has frequent mention of the higher phases of spiritual power. The mediæval philosophy was neither more nor less than a search after this hidden key to the soul. In a word, Spiritualism, which is the science of spiritual creative laws and of God's providence and mode of acting upon the inmost of man, cannot ever have been absent in its manifestings, though sometimes it has come in grotesque forms either to arrest the attention, or at the bidding of those who could not otherwise be persuaded of its existence.

The doctor must take our advice, and wait for a better theory. Our readers will not be satisfied to be told that the devil has begun, in consequence of the wickedness of men, to convert members of the College of Physicians to a belief in spiritual dynamics.

The hobby of "undignified manifestations," which the doctor brings out for an airing, will not carry him far, when he remembers that he only got what he asked for, and what was most suited to the state of mental negation, which was so rampant in him. We would rather believe it the office of a high angel thus to come down to the requirements of his mind, as a loving mother does to the infantile comprehension of her child, than to suppose the arch-fiend interesting himself to remove the unreasoning denial of a fact of stupendous import.—*Ed.*]

THOMAS PAINE, in his *Age of Reason*, after stating that he had not studied matters of government, and with a view of showing how he acquired the knowledge of them which earned him such fame, says—"Any person who has made observations on the state and progress of the human mind by observing his own, cannot but have observed that there are two distinct classes of what are called thoughts: those that we produce in ourselves by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that bolt into the mind of their own accord. I have always made it a rule to treat those voluntary visitors with civility, taking care to examine, as well as I was able, if they were worth entertaining; and it is from them I have acquired almost all the knowledge that I have.

PENNY-A-LINERS' TRASH.

WHAT quantities of rubbish having no foundation in fact, or only in the old proportion of a grain of wheat to a bushel of chaff, we, the simple public, are continually treated to, as news. The poor penny-a-liner, necessitated to make up matter enough for the newspapers, to pay for his loaf and lodgings, gives us inventions for facts, and we think we are duly informed of the world's thereabouts. It is only when we stumble upon a subject that is familiar to us that we discover the cheat, and even then do not comprehend that the same cheat runs through the whole system of journalism. Spiritualism has of late excited a considerable share of attention, and the penny-a-liner has begun to seize on it as a profitable topic, and to spend some of his most amusing fancies upon it. The following statement has been going the round of the country papers, and the simple provincials, who think all is gospel that comes from London, have read, believed it, and exclaimed, "How very odd!" It would have looked much odder had they known how the penny-a-liner was laughing in his sleeve as he wrote it.

"SPIRIT-RAPPING AMONG THE ARISTOCRACY.—Mr. Home, the great Caledonian 'medium,' the Cagliostro of our days, has returned from Russia with a young and beautiful wife, possessing uncounted bags of roubles, and is again hunting our West-end routs and soirées. A few days ago he was seen in a private circle, of which Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Devonshire, and others formed part; and it is said that by his astonishing feats of Spiritualism he succeeded in converting the above noblemen, as well as many of the fair sex who happened to be present, among them Lady Byron, Lady Stuart, and the wife of the Right Hon. Thomas Milner Gibson, M.P. Another night the great medium took part in a discussion at the residence of a distinguished literary man at Chelsea, and the conversation falling on Newton and the laws of gravity, boldly asserted that the said laws were counteracted by higher spiritual causes, all of them at the command of inspired humanity; to prove which Mr. Home was seen lifting himself up from the ground and ascending to the ceiling by the mere force of his will and without any visible external assistance. Numerous persons witnessed this extraordinary feat, and are repeating its details wherever they go. It must be remarked, however, that Mr. Home had an assistant in these and other performances—an American, named Squire, who accompanies him everywhere. Mr. Squire is a long, thin, wiry man; ghostlike in all his movements; with bloodless cheeks, and fingers which seem to twist and crawl about like spiders' feet. When in his mesmeric sleep, Squire looks positively ghastly, the very picture of one whom the tomb has returned to the upper world. But the ladies—dear creatures, they have such strange tastes—are one and all expressing their unbounded admiration of Mr. Squire, and it is whispered that numerous offers of marriage from most eligible parties have already been conveyed to him in a discreet, indirect manner. On the recommendation of the master, however, who is fearing a loss of Spiritualism, the disciple has made a solemn vow of celibacy. Mr. Home, too, had made this vow, and kept it until his recent journey to the land of the Czar, where he was informed by three distinct visions that the time had come for him of choosing a partner. The partner so indicated having the same visions at exactly the same time, nothing remained but obeying the will of the Unknown Voice. Yet, even though committed under inspiration, Mr. Home freely confesses that by his marriage he

has lost a certain quantity of Spiritualism, to recover which he had to associate with his new American friend. The compensation has proved perfect, as all ~~are~~ ^{now} who have seen the master since his return."—*Court Circular*.

Now, let us sift this chaff-heap. Yes! there is just one grain of truth, and that we have no doubt the penny-a-liner got from the *Spiritual Magazine*: namely, that Mr. Home has returned from Russia with a beautiful and amiable wife, and plenty of money; and, *therefore*, has no occasion to "hunt" the West-End routs for any man's notice or for any profit of any sort. That is one-half of the grain of truth; the other is, that he is occasionally lifted into the air by the spirits, as we saw in this journal repeatedly stated, and where also the public might have found all the other truths about Mr. Home. As to the very circumstantial account of the *séance* at which the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, Lady Stuart and Lady Byron were present, we are in a condition to assert that no such *séance* ever existed. That many of our aristocracy are happy to see Mr. Home at their houses, and to satisfy themselves of the marvellous power which acts through him is true enough, and the aristocracy therein show a much greater amount of sense than most men of literature and science, who go on protesting that there is no such power amongst us; when it is as notorious a fact, as that men bigotted to any creed in science or religion are the blindest men that exist. Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham have shown that they have the common sense and the courage to inquire, "whether these things are so:" but that the Duke of Devonshire, or Lady Byron, or Lady Stuart ever witnessed the wondrous manifestations of Mr. Home is a pure fiction.

Equally penny-a-line trash is that statement that Mr. Home has lost any of his power, or is obliged to seek aid from Mr. Squire. This Mr. Squire, "who accompanies him everywhere," has been in the same company with Mr. Home not more than four or five times in his whole life. And really if Mr. Squire were the ghostlike figure, "with bloodless cheeks, and fingers which seem to twist and crawl about like spiders' feet," he could put the West-End routs to the rout pretty quickly by his very appearance. The dear ladies there, who express their unbounded admiration of him and overwhelm him with such offers of marriage, must rather take him for a spectre, that Mr. Home has conjured up for his use. The simple truth is, that these gentlemen are as much gentlemen, as simply well-bred, as personable and presentable as any gentleman or nobleman that they are likely to meet in West-End routs or any other companies. And we give the ladies credit for more taste than the poor penny-a-liner of the *Court Circular* does, who probably never was in the company of real ladies in his life. As to the marvellous mani-

festations presented by Mr. Squire, we have this month, a very wonderful example given in the article "Facts, by Dr. —."

Such is the trash circulated in this country in the face of the extensive circulation of the true statements on all these subjects every month in the *Spiritual Magazine*. Whenever, therefore, any one hears a question about Spiritualism, and *wishes to know the truth*, he has only to turn to these pages and he will find it. For those who prefer penny-a-liners' trash, let them by all means continue to delude themselves with any hoax which

"Lies like truth, and yet most truly lies."

SPIRITUO-MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.

THE Rev. T. L. Harris, in his sermon of the morning of the 19th February, 1860, said, as far as my memory serves me:—"Every flower, fruit, and tree emits into nature the best portion of its being—its essence. But who has seen the aromal essence of a flower? Who has beheld the essential form thus given off into the universe?"

This question caused me to remember a curious circumstance which occurred some months ago at the residence of two relatives, neither of them sharing those spiritual beliefs which I hold dearer than my life. I will briefly relate the facts, for there are two. The first is as follows:—

Another near relative and myself had visited my two lady relatives; and after tea, in the evening, a beautiful night-stock was placed on the table underneath a gas lamp with two burners, one of which only was lighted, with a green shade to throw the light down. As the fragrance of the flower diffused itself through the room, it was remarked by all of us, and I not being familiar with the plant, was led to examine it more closely. And as I looked there seemed to be a floating mist rising from the flowers of the plant, which I immediately mentioned to my relatives; one of them, the one who accompanied me, and whose hand is used for spiritual communication, looked intently, and after a long time saw the "smoke," as we termed it, and then another of the party saw it—one of those who are incredulous on the subjects discussed in this magazine. But the fourth person did not see it.

I have long noticed, it is here necessary to remark, that when I put my two forefingers nearly together, a spark invariably passes from the extremity of the right forefinger to the corresponding extremity of the left. Nor have my own eyes alone

seen this; it has been seen by others, and I have no doubt that under conditions, and if experiments be instituted on the point, this will be found common to all persons who, like myself, possess sanguine-nervous temperament.

But I was not prepared for the result of my experiment with the night-stock. I mentioned this peculiar flash, electric or odyllic, to my relatives, and tried it in the usual way with the usual result. I then approached my left forefinger to the flower of the night-stock, to within half an inch distance of the plant, and immediately perceived and felt an electric or odyllic flash pass from the flower. I am not sure that any other person saw this, although I think it was perceived by the lady relative resident in the same house with me, and on referring to her such is the statement made by her. On approaching the leaves, the flashes were obtainable at the distance of more than an inch, but less than an inch and a half. The right forefinger produced similar flashes, but of less intensity.

I regard this as a matter of science, although I do not for one moment doubt that spirit pervades all matter; the question for consideration is, what caused the flash *from* the flowers and leaves? It could not be with force of my own, as I was unprepared for the result; more probably, I throw it out only as an opinion, I had broken in upon the odyllic sphere of the flower, which thus reacted upon the electro-odyllic battery of my nervo-sanguine system. Cornelius Agrippa (whose three books on Occult Philosophy contain a mass of wonderful speculations upon nature, man, spirit, and God), suggests the existence, throughout his work, of a subtile essence, sympathetic and antipathetic, between all things. It is a matter for investigation; and until a series of facts are eliminated by independent observers, must remain uncertain.

Now for my second anecdote, which is more singular still in one respect. That, namely, of its origin and the circumstances under which it was related. I have mentioned that there were four persons in the room, and that three saw the "smoke" from the night-stock, but one did not, but laughed at the whole affair, and at my deductions, and at the possibility of communicating with spirits at all. But this fourth person at once said that she had seen in her flower gardens, of which she is very fond, the following remarkable phenomenon:—

Among her flower beds she had one of Indian pinks. My relative had armed herself with the needful gloves, spud, and what other appurtenances might be necessary, and one day proceeded to this bed for the purpose of clearing it from those plagues and destroyers of flowers—the slug. As she stooped down in one portion of the bed, she saw a white slug standing upon its caudal

extremity (if they have such things) and, as my relative thought, trying to reach one of the lower leaves of the plant. But, as my incredulous relative looked, instead of the slug stretching itself to the plant, more than its whole length from it, the leaf gradually bent down, and was attracted by the slug who, at last, swang himself on to the leaf, a joyful tenant, and I trust his pain and patience were recompensed, for my relative had not the heart to kill it.

This points to some, as yet occult, magnetic law on which it would be interesting for observations to be recorded. It possesses more value as coming from one who neither has a scientific theory to sustain, nor a spiritual belief—as the opponents of our subject would say—to blind the judgment.

I have mentioned these matters to friends privately, but have not thought on them for a long time. Mr. Harris's remarks have re-awakened my reminiscences, and I communicate them at once.

K. R. H. M.

Owing to the miscarriage of a proof sheet, the article in our last number on "Spiritualism among the Mormons" contains a few typographical errors, and the following paragraph was omitted at page 135, fifteen lines from bottom:—

There are three different hypotheses, or statements, concerning the origin of the Book of Mormon. *First*—The revelation of an angel. This is the origin assigned to it by Joseph Smith, and which is accepted by the Mormons. *Second*—Fraud. Those who adopt this view, usually trace its origin to a religious manuscript novel by a clergyman named Spalding; this novel professes to give a history of the ten lost tribes—the supposed progenitors of the Indians. It is alleged that Smith, or an accomplice, surreptitiously obtained possession of this manuscript, and interspersing with it some religious matter, published it as the Book of Mormon. This is the popular version that we find in books and newspapers, and is said to have been attested by some of Spalding's relatives and neighbours. Concerning this theory, we would refer the reader to an article in the *Millennial Star*, by Elder F. Harrison, (Vol. xix, No. 4,) in which he challenges a comparison of the two books, and by an analysis of them endeavours to show that the history in the Book of Mormon "annihilates his (Spalding's) theory, explodes it entirely, and is at variance with it from first to last. The *third* version, that of Dr. Brownson, assigns the Book of Mormonism generally, mainly to diabolical agency. We present his statement entire, as it is but little known, and is too curious to be omitted. The reader must take it with the rest for what it may appear worth, regard being paid to the fact that Dr. Brownson is now a zealous partisan of the Romish Church. He says, "Joe Smith was an idle, shiftless lad, utterly incapable of conceiving, far less of executing the project of founding a new church. He was ignorant, illiterate, and weak, and of bad reputation. I knew his family, and even him also in his boyhood, before he became a prophet. He was one of those persons in whose hand the divining rod will operate, and he and others of his family spent much time in searching for watercourses, minerals, and hidden treasures. Every mesmerizer would at once have recognised him as an impressible subject. He also could throw himself, by artificial means—that of a peculiar kind of stone, which he called his Urim and Thummim—into the sleep-waking state, in which only would he or could he prophesy. In that state he seemed another man. Ordinarily his look was dull and heavy, almost stupid; his eye had an impressive glare, and he was rough and rather profane. But the moment he consulted his Urim and Thummim, and the spirit was upon him, his face brightened up, his eye shone and sparkled as living fire, and he seemed instinct with a life and energy not his own. He was in those times, as one of his apostles assured me, 'awful to behold.'"

SPIRITUALISM AND JOHN WESLEY.

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

It required to point out to whom among our countrymen the title of Christian apostle is pre-eminently due, we think we should but express the universal judgment of Protestant Christendom in unhesitatingly naming John Wesley. Sore need was there in his generation of such a man. The then state of England is described as "awfully irreligious." An easy-going indifference to the claims of religion and the needs of the poor permeated the higher and middle classes of society. The fire of Puritanism burned low, and the Church of the land thought she sufficiently did her duty to God and society in taking care of herself and her tithes; the thunderclap of the French Revolution not having yet startled her from her slumbers. "The majority of the clergy were ignorant, worldly-minded, and irreligious, and many of them scandalized their profession by open immorality." The poor were in a state of practical heathenism, "a mere animal existence was considered as their best condition, religious or intellectual instruction was never supposed to require a direction towards them, perhaps not thought capable of descending so low in the scale of society. They were in a state of the most deplorable ignorance that can be imagined, and with that, too generally, in a state of corresponding brutality." The first impulse towards a better state of things, towards that sympathy with, and interest in, the condition of the poor and ignorant, which happily from that time has gone on steadily increasing, and towards a religious awakening and earnestness among all classes and in all churches, was given by the labours of John Wesley and his fellow-workers.

To this work of preaching the Gospel to the poor—to those who were then neglected and uncared for, to colliers and miners, to the rudest and roughest of the population, he devoted the best energies of his life. He did not confine his gospel ministry to sacred times and places, but hallowed all times and places in which he moved, by consecrating them to God's service: travelling day and night, preaching in the field, the market-place, in private or public rooms, whenever and wherever he could get the opportunity. Religion to him, was eminently a personal and practical thing, to be worked out in the conscience and the life—a quickening of the soul by the operation of God's Holy Spirit co-operating with the individual will. Hence he always appealed to the hearts of his hearers, exhorting men everywhere to repent, and reasoning with them concerning temperance, righteousness and judgment to come; and God's Spirit worked in him and with

him. His self-denial, earnestness, and faith, were rewarded with a degree even of immediate success, that falls to the lot of but few men, and much of the good that he did lives after him.

Wesley was a man of conscience and of Christian courage, who had learned the lesson—

“Above all to thine own self be true.”

He was a Spiritualist, and dared to avow his spiritualism in the midst of the faithless, we had almost said, godless eighteenth century in which he lived. Yes, we repeat it, Wesley was an avowed spiritualist; even in the modern restricted sense in which that designation is now frequently employed. He (in common with all who witnessed them) believed in the spiritual origin of the strange phenomena at his father's house,—the Rectory, Epworth; phenomena exhibiting the characteristic movements of objects by invisible agency, apparitions, rapping responses, &c., which are found in the spiritual manifestations of the present day.*

In his *Reply* to Middleton's *Free Inquiry*, he maintained the continuance and manifestation of spiritual gifts in the Christian church in the first three centuries of its history, and avowed his conviction that in the Gospel there was no limitation of them to any age of the world.

He believed in the agency of both good and evil spirits. In his *Journal*, and in the *Arminian Magazine*, he narrates several instances, some under his own observation, of demonic invasion and possession; and he records his “solemn protest” against the violent compliment to religion of those who would give up all account of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables, affirming this opinion to be “in opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrages of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations.” Again, in speaking of witchcraft, or commerce with evil spirits, he affirms that this belief has its foundation not only in Scripture, “in abundance of passages, both in the Old and New Testament,” (as he shows by citation of several passages) but also “in the histories of all ages and all nations throughout the habitable world, even where Christianity never obtained,” and adds, “I cannot believe that the whole body of the heathens, for so many generations, were utterly destitute of common sense, any more than of common honesty. With my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels, one great proof of the invisible world; I mean that of witchcraft and apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages.”

On the other hand, Wesley, with equal earnestness, believed

* We propose to present a full account of the spiritual manifestations at Epworth, in a separate article.

and preached the ministration of good spirits and the guardianship of angels, in temporal, as well as in spiritual concerns; that especially we were under God frequently indebted to them, not only for the inspiration of holy thoughts and feelings, but for deliverance in danger, and for the cure of bodily disease. Many events in his own life, as well as in the lives of others, he attributed to their invisible guidance and protection. He believed in spiritual visions and presentiments, and in divine dreams; and, as remarked by Southey, "he related cures wrought by his faith and prayer, which he believed and represented as positively miraculous." "How often are spirits with us when we do not think of it!" he exclaims in his *Journal*; and he anticipates and answers the "*qui bono?*" with which all narratives of the spiritual kind are commonly met, with the remark that, "if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their (the unbelievers) whole castle in the air (deism, atheism, and materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer this weapon to be wrested out of our hands."

In the last sermon that Wesley wrote, (on Heb. xi. 1) he remarks, "It is a pleasing thought, that some of these human spirits, attending us with, or in the room of angels, are of the number of those that were dear to us while in the body."

' Can death's interposing tide,
Spirits one in Christ divide?'

..... How much will it add to the happiness of those spirits which are already discharged from the body, that they are permitted to minister to those they have left behind? An indisputable proof of this we have in the twenty-second chapter of the *Revelations*. When the apostle fell down to worship the glorious spirit, which he seems to have mistaken for Christ, he told him plainly, *I am of thy fellow servants, the prophets*; not God, not an angel, but a human spirit. And in how many ways may they minister to the heirs of salvation? Sometimes by counter-acting wicked spirits whom we cannot resist, because we cannot see them; sometimes by preventing our being hurt by men or beasts, or inanimate creatures. . . . It may indeed be objected that God has no need of any subordinate agents of either angelical or human spirits, to guard his children in their waking or sleeping hours; seeing He that keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep. And certainly He is able to preserve them by His own immediate power, without any instruments at all, to supply the wants of all His creatures, both in heaven and earth. But it is, and ever was, His pleasure not to work by His own immediate power only, but chiefly by subordinate means, from

the beginning of the world. And how wonderfully is His wisdom displayed in adjusting all these to each other! so that we may well cry out, '*O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!*'"

In another sermon, speaking of dreams, he observes, "We know the origin of dreams with some degree of certainty; there can be no doubt but that some of them arise from the present constitution of the body, while others of them are probably occasioned by the passions of the mind. Again, we are clearly informed in Scripture, that some are caused by the operation of good angels; as others undoubtedly are owing to the power and malice of evil angels. From the same divine treasury of knowledge we learn, that on some extraordinary occasions, the Great Father of Spirits has manifested himself to human spirits, *in dreams and visions of the night*. But which of all these arise from natural, which from supernatural, influence, we are many times not able to determine." And he proceeds to show that as dreams are "a kind of digression from our real life," so, "there is a near resemblance between these transient dreams and the dreams of (our mortal) life."*

In order to weaken the force of Wesley's testimony in favour of Spiritualism, it is common to say, "Ah! yes, Wesley was a good man, but he was so exceedingly credulous." Southey speaks of his "voracious credulity;" but the only evidence offered in support of this statement that we have met with, amounts to this, that Wesley was as willing to accept evidence in proof of spiritual agency as his critics are to reject it. True, he did not at once set aside a well-attested narrative of spiritual experience because he could not fully understand it. "This," he says, "is no considerable objection to me, as my understanding is not the adequate measure of truth." That he was never deceived or imposed upon in these matters, we will not undertake to assert but we believe that with all their sagacity, these critics are far more frequently imposed upon, especially by themselves, deceived by their own "voracious credulity" in the opposite direction. We have always found that these gentlemen will welcome any theory, however inadequate, accept any explanation, however far-fetched, rather than believe in the intelligence and honesty of a fellow-Christian, when his testimony to facts would establish the reality of spiritual agencies operating in the midst of us. Offer them as an alternative to this, an hypothesis which will enable them either to deny the facts in question, or to explain them in a way that shall exclude all spiritual action in the case

* See also his sermon on Heb. i, 14. Those who have not Wesley's Sermon to refer to, may find a portion of it quoted in my Essay on "Guardian Angels and Ministering Spirits."—*British Spiritual Telegraph*, vol. iii.

and then there is no limit to their gullibility, or at least, none that we have succeeded in discovering.

Wesley was not so easily duped as these parties would have believe; he could distinguish between facts and fancies, between physical excitement and spiritual operation, and detect artifices and enlist his sympathies as readily as most men. He knew, not only how to observe facts, but how to reason upon them, as his critics may discover if they will take the trouble to refer to his *Compendium of Logic*;" and in doing so, they will certainly do themselves no harm. Those who know what Wesley was, and what he did, will know that he was not a dreamer but a worker; not a lover of extravagancies but a lover of order; that his was an orderly, noble, Christian life; and that in shrewdness and sober good sense few men have been his superior.

The religious revival, under Wesley's preaching, presented the same evidence of a spiritual action on the bodies of many of those "convicted," as we have seen in the recent Ulster revival. Men and women were struck to the earth, or were seized with tremblings and convulsions, declaring that they felt a pain as though pierced with a sword, which made them cry out with anguish. Of some, we read that "they were in strong pain, both their souls and bodies being well nigh torn asunder." Some of the stricken ones, involuntarily, and even against their will, would cry out in unpremeditated language; some few with laughter and profanity, but the greater number in prayer for mercy and deliverance from sin. Nor was it merely those predisposed by sympathy and expectation who were stricken; as in the Ulster revival—some who disbelieved and jeered at the stricken were struck themselves. For instance, Wesley tells us of one who "had been remarkably zealous against those that cried out and made a noise, being sure that any of them might help it if they would. And the same conclusion she was in still, till the moment she was struck through as with a sword, and fell trembling to the ground. She then cried aloud, though not articulately, her words being swallowed up. In this pain she continued twelve or fourteen hours, and then her soul was set at liberty." And again, "I called on one, who being at Long Lane on Monday the 4th instant, was exceedingly angry at those that 'pretended to be in fits,' particularly at one who dropped down just by her. She was just going 'to kick her out of the way,' when she dropped down herself, and continued in violent agonies for an hour. Being afraid, when she came to herself, that her mother would judge of her as she herself had judged of others, she resolved to hide it from her; but the moment she came into the house she dropped down in as violent an agony as before. I left her weary and heavy laden under a deep sense of the just judgment of God."

These things being misrepresented to Wesley's coadjutor, Whitfield, occasioned in his mind a prejudice against them; but they occurred under his own preaching also. Thus, in Wesley's *Journal*, we read that "no sooner had he (Whitfield) begun to invite all sinners to believe in Christ, than four persons sunk down close to him almost in the same moment. One of them lay without either sense or motion; a second trembled exceedingly; the third had strong convulsions all over his body, but made no noise unless by groans; the fourth, equally convulsed, called upon God with strong cries and tears. From this time I trust we shall all suffer God to carry on his own work in the way that pleaseth him." *

Would to God that we all did so! We then should be much nearer the Millennium than we are; but our fingers are always itching to tinker the handiwork of Providence. We can't trust God's facts alone, just as they are, to speak their own language; that is generally the hardest thing we find to do, the last lesson that we learn. We must put our gloss upon them; show that their tendencies are evangelical, and fit in exactly to our articles and confessions; or, if we can't make them do this, why then—God's facts, we find, come from the Devil. Sometimes we can't see the use of a particular set of facts, and then we affirm that they *are*

* It would be easy to multiply instances of the same phenomena under different preachers, during this Revival. Men, women, and children were alike the subject of them. At Everton, under Mr. Berridge's preaching, as described by an eye-witness, "the greatest number of those who fell were men Some sinking in silence fell down as dead; others with extreme noise and violent agitation. I stood on a pew seat, as did a young man in the opposite pew,—an able-bodied fresh healthy countryman; but in a moment down he dropped with a violence inconceivable. The pew seemed to shake with his fall. I heard afterwards the stamping of his feet, ready to break the boards, as he lay in strong convulsions at the bottom of the pew." Again, while Mr. Hicks was preaching at Wrotlingworth, "fifteen or sixteen persons felt the arrows of the Lord, and dropped down."—*Smith's Wesley and his Times*.

Wesley's views on what may be called the philosophy of the matter may be seen in the following extract from his *Journal*.—"The danger *was* to regard extraordinary circumstances too much, such as outcries, convulsions, visions, trances, as if these were essential to the inward work, so that it could not go on without them. Perhaps the danger *is* to regard them too little; to condemn them altogether; to imagine they had nothing of God in them, and were an hindrance to His work. Whereas, the truth is, I.—God suddenly and strongly convinced many that they were lost sinners; the natural consequences whereof were sudden outcries and strong bodily convulsions. II.—To strengthen and encourage them that believed, and to make His work more apparent, He favoured several of them with divine dreams, others with trances or visions. III.—In some of these instances, after a time, nature mixed with grace. IV.—Satan likewise mimicked this work of God in order to discredit the whole work; and yet it is not wise to give up this part any more than to give up the whole. At first it was doubtless wholly from God. It is partly so at this day; and He will enable us to discern how far, in every case, the work is pure, and where it mixes or degenerates."

On this subject, see a recently published book, *The Revival*: by W. M. Wilkinson. Chapman and Hall.

not; at other times they are too mean, too vulgar for us, they shock our delicate sensibilities. We are ashamed that they should go naked as God made them, so we clothe them with our conventionalities, put them into a canonical suit, or a court dress, and trim them up to suit our dainty fancies, determined, at all events, that we will bring them up respectably.

O, brothers! in all seriousness, let us not build up the walls of our small systems and petty conceits to bar out God's facts. Let us pray that the spiritual sight within us may be so strengthened that we may have no need to put, as it were, a green shade before our eyes to temper and colour the light of heaven to suit their morbid state. In small, as well as in great things, there is need that we, not alone in the language of the lip, but still more in the habits of the life, breathe forth the devout prayer—FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.

A REVIVAL ON THE CONTINENT,

By an EYE-WITNESS.

Read at a Prayer Meeting of United Christians in Belfast, on Sept. 23, 1859.

WE have found the account of which the above is the heading, in the weekly paper called *The Revival*, and the story it tells is as valuable in a spiritual view, as that it contains within itself the true type of the more world-spread Revivals which have of late attracted so much attention.

The spiritual portents of Revivals have not yet been enough recognised, nor their deep-seated causes sufficiently inquired into. It is almost by a mistake of the editor, that such a story as follows, has found a place in his columns, for he has no theory by which to account for the spiritual phases which the Revival at Möttlingen assumed; but it is well adapted for our readers, who are prepared for it, by their habit of accepting facts in preference to opinions.

The Revivals have not amongst their many friends and many enemies, had fair play for their great facts—for those great spiritual facts which a careful inquiry on the spot, would bring to light, and when found, would place in a proper setting. The whole moving causes of Revivals are to be found in spiritual forces, and in their culminations they exhibit the law of their origin in unmistakeable forms. And yet these forms are precisely those which Revival leaders and their journals make it their especial business either to ignore or to excuse, as not belonging to them. It is now becoming difficult to find the slightest allusion made to any of

these spiritual facts, and the editor must blame himself for giving insertion to a fact which he is utterly unable to ask his readers to believe. And yet if it be true, and we cannot doubt its truth, so identical as it is with the facts we are frequently laying before our readers, how it should gladden the world's heart to find that the great Apostolic gifts of healing are not only no delusion, but that they exist to-day, as they have done through all time, when men are found in a state to receive and to impart them! How glorious to find the Bible stories of the divine attributes of the soul, receiving proof among us, amounting to a demonstration of the truth of God's Word!

Shame to say, that men have so fallen away from the simple truths of the Bible, that such proofs are needful, and that by man's removing his soul from God, he sees them now only as phenomenal facts, instead of as the normal conditions of a regenerated life.

If God's Word be true, the science of healing is to be extended in this direction, by the Elders of a true Church, and not by the physicians of the body.

In what year to come of the Christian era, will our Elders dispense the healing art, which brought the thousands of maimed and sick, to be cured in their bodies and souls, by the good pastor Blumhardt, of Möttlingen?

The author of this narrative, the Rev. Marcus Spittler, supplied it to the undersigned, who has just returned from the continent, and heard while there, from very trustworthy authorities, of the matter treated of in these papers. These authorities were pastors of the Swiss Church, and were formerly colleagues with Mr. Blumhardt, now of Boll, Wurtemberg. Only want of time hindered the undersigned from visiting the scenes themselves, he being assured that there is no wilful exaggeration in these accounts.

RICHARD GREAVES.

Pittville, Cheltenham.

"There is, in the Black Forest of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, in Germany, a small Lutheran village of the name of *Möttlingen*, which had had throughout a whole century the most devoted and excellent ministers (the last but two was the well-known writer for the young, and distinguished missionary, the Rev. Dr. Barth), but seemed at last, as the latter used to say, 'to be preached to death,' until at the beginning of the year 1844, on a sudden, God's Spirit wrought there a most remarkable change. The change in that little village was preceded by the almost superhuman sufferings of one of his parishioners, the frightful details of which, you will kindly permit me not to mention in this place. The medical man who attended the person was perfectly at a loss as to that case; he said, 'Is there no clergyman in this village who can pray? I can do nothing here.' The minister (Blumhardt) who had then the spiritual care of the village, felt the force of such a reproach; he went and tried. The more frightful the manifestations of the destroying power of Satan became, with the more unshaken faith in the all-overcoming power of the living God, that pastor continued to struggle against the assaults of the infernal powers, till at last, after a tremendous outcry of the words, '*Jesus is Victor! Jesus is Victor!*' heard almost throughout the whole little village, the person found herself freed from all the dreadful chains, under which she had sighed so long, and often come to the very brink of death.

"That voice '*Jesus is Victor!*' sounded like a trumpet of God through the village. After a week, one man of very loose and deceitful character, whom the pastor on that account felt almost afraid of approaching, came trembling and

pale to Blumhardt into his study, and said, 'Sir, is it then possible that I can be pardoned and saved? I have not slept for a whole week; and if my heart be not eased it will kill me.' He made an astonishing confession of iniquity, which for the first time opened the pastor's eyes to the multitude and enormity of sins prevailing among the people. The pastor prayed with him, and put Christ before him in his readiness to pardon even the vilest of sinners that would come to Him for mercy. When the man seemed completely cast down and almost in despair, Blumhardt found it his duty, as an ambassador of Christ, solemnly to assure him of God's mercy in Jesus Christ, and lo! immediately his countenance was changed, beaming with joy and gratitude. The first thing which now the man did was to go to his fellow-sinners from cottage to cottage and to tell them what he had just experienced. First they were astonished, could not understand it; yet they saw the marvellous change in him. He urged them to go to the minister about their souls, some he even dragged as it were in triumph to the manse, till about twenty persons were in the same way convinced of sin and found grace and forgiveness in Jesus. Then came 'the monthly day of humiliation and supplication,' as it is termed in the Lutheran Church of Wurtemberg, on which Blumhardt preached from the text, 'The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.' 'The address,' writes the pastor himself, 'given on that occasion, was the signal of a universal breaking of the ice. My house was, from that day, actually besieged by my parishioners. I had to attend to them, almost without sleeping, from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven in the evening. You could see men, who had never before cared for their souls, sit in my parlour for hours, and patiently wait till their turn came. In about two months, there were scarcely twenty persons that had not thus come to me; they all deeply regretting, and bewailing, and confessing their sins, and I comforting them with God's mercy in Christ Jesus.'

"A peculiar feature of the Revival at Möttlingen, to which I would now refer, is the healing of bodily and mental diseases in answer to prayer. Let us hear Blumhardt himself on this point:—'It was especially,' he writes, 'in that awful case of illness,' alluded to at the beginning, 'that I discovered how the testamentary words of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover,' are not yet quite out of power, if applied with an humble, penitent, and believing heart. Everything concerning illness in my parish began to be changed. Seldom did a medical man appear in it; the people would rather pray. Certain diseases, especially amongst new-born children, seemed entirely to cease; and the general state of health became better than it was before.' Yet never did Blumhardt in the least urge the people to give up medical means; they did it all of their own accord. Nor did he consider his personal presence and mediation necessary. Hundreds and thousands that came, in course of time, from all parts of Europe, yea, from the remotest parts of the globe, or applied to him, either through friends and relations, or by letter, were directed by him to search themselves before the Almighty, to repent, to give themselves entirely up to God with all their families, and He would then, in answer to a child-like petition as to their peculiar necessities, do according to His holy pleasure. But others without number came or were brought to Möttlingen, specially on days of public worship; scores of them were accommodated inside the church, outside in the church-yard or listened to the sermon from neighbouring houses. From early in the morning till after the third service in the evening, Blumhardt had scarcely a minute of rest. Hundreds came, one after the other, desiring to lay their spiritual and bodily complaints in particular before him. I myself, who am writing this, was an eye-witness during eighteen months. Two years after the beginning of the Revival, one Sunday morning, with a friend, I counted more than a hundred villages and towns of Wurtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden, from which either a few or whole bands of thirty to fifty had come to hear the Word of God, or to receive release from diseases. It would take me hours to testify what the Lord has, through a series of years, done for many a distressed family or individual, who, when all human means seemed to fail, looked up to God as a compassionate and merciful Father. God knows the cases, and those who were concerned know them, and praise Him here on earth as long as their breath is within them."

DANIEL DE FOE.

It is not generally known that the great author of *Robinson Crusoe* was wise enough to believe in the unseen world, and in its connexion and correspondence with the things of this state of being. A mind like his, so practical and far-seeing in the politics of his day, and so full of nature as to write that inimitable story for children of all ages, was not without a deep sense of the powers that surround the sons of men, and he was man-like and child-like enough to believe in all the things of God.

Mr. John Forster, his recent accomplished biographer, treats of this part of De Foe's character, and gives us some instances of it, which we shall lay before our readers, that they too may take courage when they see the great names which have not feared to connect themselves with the subject of Spiritualism.

We make the following extract from an Essay on Daniel De Foe, by John Forster, pp. 67, 68:—

“I ought here to mention, that, besides innumerable passages in his general writings to the same effect, he published a formal treatise on apparitions and spirits, and the strong probabilities of their direct communication with the visible world. There can be little doubt that De Foe's religious convictions and belief sought help and sustainment from speculations of this nature, and that he believed it to be the moral and material defect of his day that the spiritual element in life obtained such small recognition. “Between our ancestors laying too much stress on supernatural evidence,” he says, and the present age endeavouring wholly to explode and despise them, the world seems hardly ever to have come to a right understanding Spirit is certainly something we do not fully understand in our present confined circumstances; and, as we do not fully understand the thing, so neither can we distinguish its operation. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it converses here—is with us and amongst us—corresponds, though unembodied, with our spirits; and this conversing is not only by an invisible, but to us an inconceivable way.” Such communication he believes to take place by two modes; first, by immediate personal and particular converse;” and, secondly, by “those spirits acting at a distance rendering themselves visible, and their actions perceptible, on such occasions as they think fit, without any farther acquaintance with the person.” It was his conviction that God had posted an army of these ministering spirits round our globe, “to be ready, at all events, to execute His orders and to do His will; reserving still to himself to send

express messengers of superior rank on extraordinary occasions." These, he adds, "may, without any absurdity, be supposed capable of assuming shapes, conversing with mankind by voice and sound, or by private notices of things, impulses, forebodings, misgivings, and other imperceptible communications to the minds of men, as God their great employer may direct." But upon the power of man to control, or communicate, at his will, with such spiritual beings, he entertains doubts, and gravely protests against the acts of conjuration. I subjoin, also, the curious and somewhat touching passage in which De Foe accounts for the strength of these beliefs in him by the ordinary current of his daily experiences. "I firmly believe," says he, "and have had such convincing testimonies of it, that I must be a confirmed Atheist if I did not, that there is a converse of spirits, I mean those unembodied, and those that are encased in flesh. From whence else come all those private notices, strong impulses, involuntary joy, sadness, and foreboding apprehensions, of and about things immediately attending us, and this in the most important affairs of our lives? That there are such things, I think I need not go about to prove; and I believe they are, next to the Scriptures some of the best and most undeniable evidences of a future existence. It would be endless to fill this paper with the testimonies of learned and pious men; and I could add to them a volume of my own experiences, some of them so strange as would shock your belief, though I could produce such proofs as would convince any man. I have had, perhaps, a greater variety of changes, accidents, and disasters, in my short unhappy life, than any man, at least than most men alive; yet, I never had any considerable mischief or disaster attending me, but, sleeping or waking, I have had notice of it beforehand, and had I listened to those notices, I believe might have shunned the evil. Let no man think this a jest. I seriously acknowledge, and I do believe, my neglect of such notices has been my great injury; and since I have ceased to neglect them, I have been guided to avoid even snares laid for my life, by no other knowledge of them than by such notices and warnings; and, more than that, have been guided by them to discover even the fact and the persons. I have living witnesses to produce to whom I have told the particulars in the very moment, and who have been so affected with them, as that they have pressed me to avoid the danger, to retire, to keep myself up, and the like." At a time (1855) when this subject has been revived, in a form as little likely to recommend it to the right feeling, as to the rational understanding of the community, I have thought that these extracts might be interesting. I will add, that this very essay on apparitions contains one of the best pieces of prose

satire I know, descriptive of a class of men rife in De Foe's day, and not extirpated since, to whom it would be as ridiculous to talk of such a subject as to listen to its discussion by them. "To see a fool," he says, "a fop believes himself inspired—a fellow that washes his hands fifty times a day, but, if he would be truly cleanly, should have his brains taken out and washed, his skull trepanned, and placed with the hinder side before; so that his understanding, which nature placed by mistake with the bottom upward, may be set right, and his memory placed in a right position. To this unscrewed engine talk of spirits, and of the invisible world, and of his conversing with unembodied souls; when he has hardly brains to converse with anything but a pack of hounds, and owes it only to his being a fool that he does not converse with the devil?" "For I must tell you, good people," adds De Foe, "He that is not able to see the devil, in whatever shape he is pleased to appear in, is not really qualified to live in the world; no, not in the quality of a common inhabitant." I venture to commend these sentences to the admiration of Mr. Carlyle."

A NARRATIVE FROM JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

"WEDNESDAY, May 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down, from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read; and yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud; the nature of the circumstances themselves excludes the possibility of a delusion. The reader may believe it, if he pleases, or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Meantime, let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.

"Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found her peace with God, and from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

"On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large; but it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:—

"From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them, either just when they died, or a little before; and I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed, many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them both by day and by night. Those that came when it was dark brought light with them. I observed all little children, and many grown persons had a bright glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

"I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there, and I had myself often seen men and women (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go

just by me, and vanish away. This morning as I came toward it, I heard a confused noise as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on till I came near the gate. I then saw, on the other side, a young man dressed in purple, who said 'It is too early; go back from whence you came, the Lord be with you and bless you;' and presently he was gone.

"When I was about sixteen my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field, coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside, he clasped his arms round my neck, and bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God. He kept his hold till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him dead or alive.

"From that time I was crying from morning till night and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning, about one o'clock, as I was lying crying, as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up saw him come to the bedside. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

"About a week after, I took to my bed and grew worse and worse; till, in six or seven days, my life was despaired of. Then, about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after, at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceedingly glad, and kept my eyes fixed on him all the time he stayed. If I wanted a drink or anything, though I did not speak or stir, he fetched it, and sat on the chair by the bedside. Indeed, I could not speak; many times I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning, when he went away, he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

"In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing, one night, whether I did well in desiring he might come; and I was praying that God would do his own will, when he came in and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress; he had on a white robe, which reached down to his feet. He looked quite pleased. About one o'clock there stood by him a person in white, taller than him and exceedingly beautiful. He came with the singing of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled, and waved his hand toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

"In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he proposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door, with his hands in his pocket and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him and reached my hand to put up his hat; but he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane, part as he went through, and immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

"A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded as if he was stepping in water. He then came to the bedside in his sea jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast, and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife who lay with me, but I could not any more than if she was dead. Afterwards I heard he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away; but he came to me every night for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away, I always heard sweet music. Afterwards he came both day and night; every night about twelve, with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sunrise, noon, and sunset. . . . On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro; still looking wishfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the

third, I lay down about eleven on the side of the bed ; I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling that any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back, on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?' He answered, 'Betsy, God forgive you, for keeping me so long from my rest. Have you forgot what you promised before I went to sea? To look to my children if I was drowned? You must stand to your word or I cannot rest.' I said, 'I wish I was dead.' He said, 'Say not so, you have more to go through before then; and yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died. You may bring the children on in their learning while they live,—they have but a short time.' I said, 'I will take all the care I can.' The elder of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking; after that, I saw him no more.

"A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas-day, about midnight, I saw him standing by my bedside, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed, split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

"On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was laying awake, and I saw my brother John standing by my bedside. Just at that time he died in Jamaica."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

FACTS!

SIR,—It is suggested that your first number was deficient in the recital of facts; and I therefore send you one or two incidents of spirit phenomena which have recently occurred in my presence.

I was introduced by a mutual friend to Mr. S——, a merchant of the city, for the purpose of telling him some of my experiences in Spiritualism. I found him an unusually intelligent man, and a deep thinker, but a most decided sceptic, and unable to receive (as he said), such statements as I made to him, on any amount of testimony whatever. Our conversation ended in a proposal to shew him some evidence of the reality, and we proceeded to the Marshalls in Red Lion Street, who (as your readers no doubt know), are mediums.

We took our seats at an ordinary round table, which Mr. S., as a precaution, previously examined, and in less than a minute, the table upon which all our hands were visibly placed, rose with a bound from the floor, and remained suspended for a short time, to Mr. S.'s astonishment, as evinced in his countenance, and in his very emphatic and repeated exclamations of "Good God! is this possible?"

I had prepared him to receive this class of physical manifestations as among the lowest of the phenomena, though I submit that they are the most necessary, as they are the most startling to all who have never seen anything of the subject; and they serve, I think, when nothing else would, to fix a reality, and introduce the serious enquirer to a vast field, which you and I, sir, *know*, lies beyond. A variety of facts followed. A guitar was played upon as if with a natural hand and fingers, whilst Mr. S. held the instrument.

A large hand grasped his leg, and rapped the number of times asked for, on his boot. The table, at our request, again rose from the ground whilst we were *all standing* and resisted a pressure made by Mr. S. equal, he said, to 100 lbs.

I placed my pocket book on the floor, and requested the spirit to open it and tell me the contents. We heard the jingle of three pieces of gold, and on looking, found the book had been opened, by the removal of a strong elastic band, and all the papers scattered about, &c.

I am happy to say that Mr. S. was an honest and a candid enquirer, and notwithstanding his previous strong prejudices, he at once declared himself satisfied. It is, he said, a great reality. I am astounded! It is really wonderful! I must bring some friends to see it, who I am sure will not believe what I shall tell them.

On his return home, Mr. S. told his wife all he had witnessed, and instead of exciting her surprise, as he naturally expected, she calmly told him that she always believed in spiritual intercourse; and added, "I frequently see my departed mother and daughter; I have met them on the stairs, and they sometimes tap me on the shoulder, but I have never told you of it, thinking that your mind was not prepared for these things, and that you would probably suspect me of giving way to hallucinations."

I was speaking recently to another City man on the subject of spiritual manifestations. "I have never seen anything of that kind," he said, "but my father's and my brother's spirits visit me frequently. I see them in their natural forms as plainly as I see you; it is no illusion I assure you." Now, we are constantly asked, how is it, if these things be true, that they are not more common? The question should rather be, how is it that we are so ignorant of existing facts? For despite all attempts to overcome them by self-satisfied scepticism, they are plain, unmistakeable, incontrovertible facts, to be found in thousands of instances in the circle that surrounds us all. C.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—A very intimate friend in whose testimony I have the highest confidence, and who, moreover, is amongst the many who positively reject the evidence of their own senses in such matters, because belief is un-orthodox, related to me about six months ago the following circumstance:—

"My friend, E. R., and his half-brother, W. L., left this country for the colony of Victoria some time in the year 1853, leaving their mother and sisters with whom they had resided at Hammersmith. Some months after their departure the sister stood at the drawing room window one afternoon, on a clear fine day, when she saw her brother W. L. leaning over the low wall at the end of the garden, looking jaded and ill, and pensively gazing up at the house. The sister at once called to her mother, "Oh, bless us, here's poor William!" The mother came, and she, too, distinctly saw her son, who almost immediately moved away towards an opening, which led by a side road to the front of the house. Believing that the unlooked-for traveller had come home on some sudden impulse (no intimation of such intention having been previously received) both mother and daughter were excitedly speculating as to the cause of his arrival, and all those rapid interchanges of sympathy and surmise were passed, consequent upon so unexpected a visit, the street door being thrown open to receive their welcome guest. He came not, and the bewildered ladies were left in amazement as to the cause of their disappointment. The incident, however, was recorded, the time was noted, and nothing occurred to throw any light upon the matter, until the arrival of the Australian mail some two months afterwards, when a letter from E. R. was received, announcing the melancholy death of W. L. by consumption, at the precise time of his strange appearance by the garden wall at Hammersmith."

S. J. C.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The following Poem was given through the mediumship of Mr. J. R. M. Squire, under three distinct phases of Spiritual communication.

We had received several important messages, when it was intimated that a spirit who was present wished to communicate. I asked if the spirit was known to any of the circle. The answer was, "No." A lady sitting at the table, who sees the spirits, described the spirit as a tall female, with long black hair, of a Spanish cast of countenance, and of haughty mien. I called over the alphabet, and received the first four lines by "raps." They were so faint, however, as to make it tedious to proceed, when Mr. Squire's hand was moved, and with great rapidity the next verse was *written*; we complained that the writing was illegible, and the lady "seer" said, "The spirit is trying to entrance the medium." Immediately after, Mr. Squire dropped the pencil, his eyes closed, and he proceeded to speak in a calm and measured tone of voice, and dictated the remaining verses of the Poem without the alteration of a word, and I doubt not but that your readers will think with me, that it is of unusual merit, and worthy of a place in your Journal.

C.

THE PENITENT FORGIVEN.

- "My heart, like some fair spot in Eden's bower,
Will blossom o'er again with *hope*; and tears,
Like morning dew upon the opening flower,
Will keep its petals bright and fresh for years.
- "That I have wayward been, I know and feel,
And I am sad, oh earth! from thee afar,
And like the poor idolators who kneel,
And through the midnight praise their flaming star.
- "With feeble voice I lift my sorrowing prayer,
And, like a guilty thing, beside Thy throne
I trembling stand; while all the amber air,
Is loud with welcomes, 'Thou art not alone!'
- "Great God! and is it true I am not lost?
I see Thee not, but some vast influence leads
My spirit on. Like Him, who suffered most,
I kiss the scourge, though all my being bleeds!
- "I'd rather live outcast from all my kind,
Walk earth's most desolate and barren sod,
Than feel that love again which made me blind,
To barter life, hope, happiness, and God!
- "But ah! that sweetest word in all the chain,
Which unto earth God drops afar from heaven,
Which touches all our human hopes again,
Is this one word from God's own lips—'*Forgiven!*'"