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THE EARTH-PLANE AND THE SPIRIT-PLANE OF
LITERATURE.

HARRIS AS POET.

Second and concluding Paper, by WILLIAM HOWITT.

EARTH-PLANE.—What shall I do to—be for ever known?—*John Keats.*

SPIRIT-PLANE.—What shall I do to—have everlasting life?
Rich Young Man in the Gospel.

If we compare the moral and religious status of the world with what it was but a century ago, we are sensible of a decided progress. We have only to point to the condition of the most lagging states of Europe, woful as that condition is, to perceive it. Even in them, though the governments are actually rotting—the putrid carcasses of effete superstitions—the people have advanced, and demand newer, and freer, and higher life. But when we turn to the progress of the Gospel in this country within the last half century, as manifested in a far higher tone, and in the multitude of noble and philanthropic institutions, the change is inspiring. If we fixed our eyes alone on what is doing for women and by women, and on 250,000 Sunday and evening school teachers, all labouring in disinterested love to deepen the footsteps of Christ still traceable in the haunts of lowest ignorance and crime, we should be blind or uncharitable not to acknowledge that the spirit of the great Redeemer and Restorer, which has been incessantly labouring in sublime patience in the long night of the world, is now fast producing its fruits, and raising up its devoted missionaries.

But if we take another view, and regard the present amount of Christian reformation as the work of nearly nineteen hundred years, and then count up the unholy nominal churches, and nominal disciples; its priestcraft and statecraft; its false doctrines and its hollow creeds; the millions that openly deny

Christianity, and the immensely greater numbers who deny its real life; we must confess that the great bulk of mankind even in so-called Christian countries are yet lying outside the real fold of the living church.

Narrow the canvass to literature—the object of this paper—and the scene is the same. There are no men alive who cast so much ridicule as literary men on the great truths of Christianity as these were defined by Christ. Everything like “those greater works” which he declared his followers should do, if they only believed, is to them the fable of fables. Christianity in their minds is a myth, and nothing more. The history but not the substance of a magnificent manifestation of powers and miracles from heaven *that once were*. A glory departed, a power dead. Never was there a more striking proof of this than the other day, when, according to the *Times*, “authors, poets, painters, and even clergymen” swelled the great mob, “all of what are called the upper classes,” says the same authority, to witness the brutal mutual mauling of Sayers and Heenan, who from common “bruisers” and “millers” low terms, were suddenly in refined paganism exalted into “athletes;” and how exactly the earth plane of authors knew the plane of its readers, which, by the bye, it creates, was shown by the enormous rush for all newspapers containing reports of the nuisance—one penny journal boasting its sale of 360,000 copies! These are what Kingsley and Co. have endeavoured to ennoble as “muscular Christians,” but whom Tom Brown has more fitly dubbed “musclemen,” and how rapidly the national deification of “musclemen” produced its legitimate fruits, was immediately shown by a schoolmaster cudgelling one of his pupils to death; and by the wild orgies of pugilists in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square.

As for science, it marches on its way doing wonders in its own orbit, but believing that nothing beyond has orbit or existence. Science is so wrapped in its own brilliance that it is blind to the brilliance of higher and more ætherial worlds. Deep delving in the mines of matter, to them richer than the placers of California; men of science have lost even the little starlike peep of heaven's blue over their heads that the commonest digger sees and loves. As in the world at large, so undoubtedly in the world of science and literature there are those who believe in a distant sort of way, and love God sincerely as, to their conception, he lives and labours in distant space. There he troubles not their sphere; and there, by their permission, he may work at his pleasure miracles and novelties, but here, by their more omnipotent laws, he shall not and cannot.

As for literature, books we have in no scant numbers that are

genuinely good, but there is still no greater truth than that our literature in general is conceived solely on the earth-plane, lives in it alone, and calculates for it alone. The poets who sing divinely of visiting spirits haunting our paths, laugh in our faces if we ask them whether they really believe that. In past generations our literary men lived more or less in places apart, seeking the country where they could open their hearts and intellects to the influences of nature, and some of them to God. We have had our Wordsworth dosed with quakerism by Lovell and Lloyd, and Thomas Wilkinson, and preaching it from his mountain tarns and solitudes in a poetry astounding to the literary throng. We have had our Montgomery and Cowper, pious as they were poetical; Coleridge teaching that "he prayeth best who loveth best;" Keble hymning "the Christian Year," and numbers of like tone in prose. But our most popular men of the present time crowd more and more into the dense and whirling metropolis, and steep themselves more and more in its influences. They are almost to a man what our ancestors called "men about town." Men brilliant and acute are they, and know well how to hit the taste of the age to the result of circulating their productions by hundreds of thousands.

And why do they hit the fancy of the great multitude? Because they are on one plane with their readers, in which both writers and readers equally "live and move, and have their being." They are baptised into the earth-spirit, are in it, and of it, taking no thought that through this they will assuredly pay damages in reputation hereafter: as Fielding and Smollett, and Sterne pay now for the enormous popularity of their time. The tone of society has advanced, and the grossnesses of that day so recently gone by, are nauseous to the commonest taste now. The world is advancing, and the mere spirit and fashion of this day will be equally unpalatable at no distant period. They will only be writers who have sought to imbue themselves with the spirit and fashion of man's universal and higher nature, who will be tolerated by a still purer—still more earnest age. Those who work only for the great living multitude must, more or less, pass away with it. The great multitude reads and works, and sings and dances, as if earth was an everlasting theatre or eternal ball-room or opera, varied only by a summer *villeggiatura*, and gathers gear daily only to supply the dancing and singing, and the fashionable amount and class of music and reading. Earth, indeed, has its refinements and knowledge, its great interests, domestic, political, and foreign, and the multitude acts as if these were the *only* interests in the universe, and their favourite writers treat them as the only interests to which man was born, and to which woman bore him. Had the Great Founder of

Christianity only uttered this one sentence—"The children of this world are wiser than the children of light," every receding age would have added its attestation to his infinite knowledge of man; and every age equally demonstrates the truth that the world will still imitate the cotemporaries of Noah, who "were eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, till the flood came and took them all away"—in their wisdom.

But the children of light are, much to the scorn and jest of the children of this world, impressed with the solemn persuasion that there is another state of being which, as compared with this, is as the ocean to the mere strip of strand from which it is surveyed. They believe that they have light and intimation from that greater and ultimate world, and they walk in it, and measure all their motives and calculate all their plans by its more infinite greatness both of devotion and of interest. Here stands the great difference betwixt them and they of the earth-plane. They take their stand on both worlds. They take in the spirit-plane as well as the earth-plane. They despise not the earth nor its pure pleasures: they find nature and God, and love and beauty, and intelligence therein; but they see that they are every day drifting thence, drifting from that little "island in the ocean of the world" into the great world itself, and they make no permanent investment of the more insular stamp.

Hence it is that the poetry of Harris rises so vastly beyond the poetry of the most popular of the poets of the earth-plane. It is because it springs from the entirety of the nature of man. It takes into itself the whole infinite scope and field of his existence; his aspirations that pass beyond time and space, his hopes that take hold on the very throne of God; his faculties and affections that do not cling only unto this little planet, and collapse with it, but claim the universe as their home, and angel races as their kindred. Compare the finest poetry of the two persons living, man and woman, who have sung the most to the world's applause in this country. In Tennyson we have an exquisite music of verse—a music peculiarly his own. We have a fancy imbued with the grand old language and legends, and philosophies of Greece. But with a few solitary outbursts of a reforming spirit, as in Lady Clara Vere de Vere and in Locksley Hall, and with a dreamy and somewhat morbid consciousness of the coming world in "In Memoriam," and a fine psychical breathing in "The Two Voices," we have little that casts a glance or even a shadow beyond the earth-plane. In vigour and elasticity of verse, in an immeasurable superabundance of great thoughts, but far more in the dignity and grandeur of his topics, I have no hesitation in saying that Harris is the medium of vastly the higher and nobler and more resplendent poetry. As far as the spirit-plane

is above the earth-plane, is the "Lyric of the Golden Age"—this noble effluence of Spiritualism—above the "Princess" or "The Idols of the King." That is a bold thing to say, but time will prove it true. I remember the day when Wordsworth was singing amid the screams and laughter of the critics, when to name John Keats was to evoke only a witticism of Blackwood about Johnny Keats pounding his pestle: to mention Shelley was to violate the ear of good society, when he was quoted but as a miscreant and an atheist; and when, for twenty years, Ebenezer Elliott could draw no single critical glance to his masterly and tender as masterly compositions. The great unerring judge in the soul of the people has in all these instances wrenched the martyrs of criticism from the grasp of their blind executioners, and "wisdom is justified of her children." The true poet—

Writes not for present popularity,
But is content to wait for auditors
'Till men awake to feel their need of him.

Take now the woman who has won the highest "present popularity" in verse—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Who does not recollect the love and admiration with which they read her earlier poems; how they glowed over the noble "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and the healthy, intellectual, musical strains that accompanied it? But from the moment that the critics began to trumpet and exalt her as a marvel of strength and philosophical thought, the poetess seemed seized by a passion for a very Samsonian vigour. Her manner lost the quiet and real vigour which it had from nature; it became forced, stilted, strained, and *theatric*. The action was no longer free and flowing, but galvanic: there came a fierce and pretentious style, with strange spasmodic starts, and affected phrases. There arose a fire that was of fever rather than from the life-blood of a genuine inspiration. This character, to my feeling, runs more and stronger through all her succeeding compositions. Though containing bold theorisms of reform, especially as regards woman, they yet belong entirely to the earth-plane, if they have not lately, according to Harris's theory, been strongly biologized from below. In the "Casa Guidi Widows" she suddenly veered round to a great admiration of war. Since then she has become fascinated with the second modern Moloch, Louis Napoleon; her admiration of this man, whose life is a lie, amounts to little if anything short of possession. From this Buonaparte element—the great element of modern unrest, which keeps all Europe one great barracks, and will never let it be quiet till it has trodden it out—she hopes the regeneration of nations! Suddenly, after he has lied to France, juggling it out of its republican freedom by the falsified dice of universal suffrage; and lied to Italy, promising to free it

from the Alps to the Adriatic; and lied to all Europe, promising to submit the question of the annexation of Savoy to it, before moving in it, her wild enchantment culminates in hymns of worship to him, and dire curses on her country!

In these curses and these Io Peans to the incarnate lie of France, it is remarkable that the hissing dissonance of the verse keeps pace with the revolting horror of the theme. It is not the melody of the soul's music that we have now, but a shriek of frenzy—an agonized scream. After her shout of "Emperor! Emperor!" she gives us staggering metres like these for the harmonies of verse:—

" The thinkers stood aside
To let the nation act.
Some hated the new-constituted fact
Of empire, as pride treading on their pride.
Some quailed, lest what was poisonous in the past
Should graft itself in that Druidic laugh
On this green now.

Some cursed, because at last
The open heavens to which they had looked in vain
For many a golden fall of marvellous rain
Were closed in brass: and some
Wept on because a gone thing could not come;
And some were silent, doubting all things for
That popular conviction,—ever more
Emperor!"

If any one would convince himself whether this kind of style and composition is sterling, let him take up a volume of any of our genuine men—Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Cowper, or Shelley, all men of wonderfully diverse idiosyncracies, yet united in the one great attitude of calm power in contrast to rant and dissonance. But the most awful exhibition is the curse on her native country. I should be sorry to blacken this page with it; but, as a sample, take the first and last stanzas:—

" Because ye have broken your own chain
With the strain
Of brave men climbing a nation's height,
Yet thence bear down with brand and thong
On souls of others—for this wrong
This is the curse. Write!
* * * * *
Go, wherever ill deeds shall be done,
Go, plant your flag in the sun
Beside the ill-doers!
And recoil from clenching the curse
Of God's witnessing universe
With a curse of yours.
This is the curse. Write!

And this is the cursing poured out on England by a daughter of England! This is for England who has done more fighting for other nations than all other nations put together; who have

blindly, yet generously, spent *three thousand millions* in war, chiefly for other nations, betwixt 1688 and 1856! This is for England who can point to her remaining debt of *eight hundred millions* and say, "That is my monument of Foreign Intervention!" This is for England who having now renounced that useless and thankless system, has yet, we will venture to say, done more to free Italy by her moral influence than France by her arms; for without the moral influence of England, what would have restrained the despotic designs of Napoleon on Italy, which are only partly restrained? Without which influence the eagle of France would never have withheld its talons from the Italian prey.*

Such is the earth-plane of literature and its tendency to be invaded and ruined from a lower sphere. There is no instance of it which I have ever seen more wonderful and sorrowful than the one last noted. Yet, if our topic were literature in general, and not more particularly poetry, we could give a volume of examples from the prose of the present day, little less demonstrative of the copious influx of the lower spiritual regions into the earth-plane. Take the recently published Italian story by Hawthorne, *The Transformation*, or, according to the American edition, *The Marble Faun*, which has been seized with avidity by the public, and eulogized with affection by the press. This is a story where the hero is confessedly of a race not entirely human; but half satyr, half man; a sensuous, merely animal creature, and only recognized as a man by being a MURDERER. Its heroine, Miriam, is a murderer too. Its other most conspicuous character is a rascally haunting priest, and its whole tone artistically pagan. Written in Italy at a time when every mighty faculty and feeling in the human soul is engaged by the great combat of man against the ancient and the modern incarnated Anachs of delusion and despotism and death, the author walks amid all this as if no such gigantic concussion shook the elements of all moral and political

* Since writing this article I have heard, but not seen, that Mrs. Browning has disclaimed the application of the "Curse for a Nation" to England, and transferred it to America. On referring to her volume again, I observe phrases which might bear out that application, but, unfortunately, these are so vague, that none but a specially prompted reader could so apply them. And why, indeed, should the Americans, lying so far out of the scene, be dragged in and cursed for not coming and fighting for the Italians? Unfortunately, too, were this particular poem plucked out of the book, all the rest of it is so steeped in the same violent spirit against England, that it would possess little less of that cursing which the poetess says in the mouth of a woman is "so very salt, and bitter, and good!" It is very singular that this curse is given as a spirit-communication, thus confirming the idea of biologising *ab infra*. May the gifted poetess soon break the dark spell, cease to hymn the praises of charlatans, and learn the eternal truth of the words—

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

existence, but that the highest vocation of the imaginative writer was to dream of statues assuming life, and descending from their pedestals, and men and women of high pretensions dancing with them, like other fawns and bacchantes of pagan Greece. In the *Scarlet Letter* there was a great and solemn lesson, but what in *The Marble Faun*?

If there be one lesson more prominent than all others, it is that MURDER is the finest specific for developing a man into a hero, beautifying his person, evoking his faculties, and exalting his character. This is the effect on the demi-ape, Donatello, raising him into a demi-god! These two murderers are paraded through the whole volume as the great objects of our sympathy and admiration. Next to murder Popery is recommended to our regard. The benediction of the Pope sheds wonderful virtue and consolation on this pair of assassins; and the second heroine of the book, a young American Protestant, steals away to the Popish confessional, and burns a lamp before an image of the virgin all the while she is in Rome.

And such are the themes welcomed into homes called Christian, and read by daughters to their mothers, as if Christianity and the ages had not opened up infinitely sounder principles and nobler views of life, as well as more purely æsthetic ones of art.

Yet in all the notices which I have seen of this book, I have not met with one word on these points; one word regarding high principles or Christian sentiments, or the want of them. The whole force of the criticism has been expended on the style, and on a certain "seductive influence" in it. One reviewer calls it a "seductive enticement which few will resist." Another says "fascination is the word which describes the emotion of the reader." "We surrender our minds to a spell, subtle and potential," says a third. A fourth declares that this "fascination" is unsurpassed in any work ever written. And a fifth places its excellence in the "nicety of artistic finish." Well, what is the character of what Mr. Harris calls "biologizing from below" but this spell, this fascination exercised without regard to the sequences? Put principles out of the question, and surrender yourself to the spell of a writer whose hero is a murderer and a demi-satyr, and his heroine a character under a veil, and you are ready for a voyage in the ship of Hoogsgruntis, the Dutch Anacreon:—

Ah! 'tis enchanting!

We are bound to the devil—ay, verily!
But all so charming, nothing alarming,
Gliding, sliding, and onwards flowing;
None of us know how we feel.
Hymning and swimming, both men and women;
Lovingly, dovingly, busily, dizzily,
With devils for ship-ribs, and Satan for keel.

With masts of dream-thunder, and sails of sheet-lightning ;
 The waves kissing round us, the welkin still brightning ;
 Drinking, half sinking, and laughing and crying,
 O'er the wild waters in triumph we're flying.
 Captain ! no more of that heaving of lead !
 Captain ! have done with that " How is her head ?"
 Man, to the fore there ! look out no longer !
 Down to the foxall, the grog's getting stronger !
 " But, hark ye, my masters, the sun's getting low !"
 Bah ! he'll rise again, skipper, so just let him go !
 Our wake is all sea-fire, the blue skies above us ;
 Nature that made us, will save us and love us.
 None of us cares, and none of us knows
 Who's at the wheel, or how the wind blows.
 Helm a-lee !—let her go !—through the blue hissing brine—
 " To the devil ?"—no matter—the sailing's divine !

We are not calling in question the great genius of these writers, but noting the quality and bias of their inspiration, and we ask only one question—Can the same intellectual palate, which luxuriates in writers of this tone, possibly enjoy Harris ? If we would feel, however, the purer atmosphere, and perceive the nobler harmonies of the spirit-plane, we need not take any of the magnificent passages of the great spiritual epic—the *Lyric of the Golden Age*, but any simple melody of a much inferior volume—*Regina*. In the following, the poet of the mere outward, may read a great lesson :—

THE POET.

In a city of the earth-world lived a poet : in his prime
 He had won by ceaseless labour many praises of the time :
 Striving ever in the self-hood, through the wild world's battle storm,
 To arouse the trampled nations to the combats of Reform.
 He had watched by many death-beds, and had mused by many graves,
 He had seen the strong grow tyrants, and the weak and poor made slaves ;
 But a deathless thought was in him, and he bade its flame aspire ;
 It was this—that heaven is nearer to the son than to the sire.
 That a better day is coming, when the nations will unite
 In the Brotherhood of Peoples, in the Commonwealth of Right.

Like a dying gladiator, who must battle to the last,
 Words of hope and cheer he uttered though the life was failing fast,
 Till the mighty angel shivered with his strong right hand, the glass
 Of his fancy's cloudy palace and its dome of burnished brass :
 Then he fell to earth despairing, while a pulse of inner breath
 Faintly quivered through the bosom in the bitterness of death.
 For long nights of mortal anguish, like a martyr who has lain
 Breathing on mid reeking corpses where the jackalls tear the slain ;
 He was trampled till derision made a byword of his toil,
 He was numbered with the fallen—he was counted with the spoil.

Visions of Messiah's glory passed before him as he lay,
 Till, within, the awful morning lit the poor down-trodden clay ;
 And it felt the breath eternal, while a second life began
 To unfold a shrine within it for the coming Son of Man.
 Then the form rose, slowly moving, all its heart and mind aglow,
 With the anthen sung by angels eighteen centuries ago :

In their mystic tongue he chanted songs, that inly understood,
 Made the demons blanch and tremble in their war against the good ;
 While the sweet celestial music, as it echoed from afar,
 Seemed the birth-note of the day-spring or the bride-song of a star.

He had known earth's hollow praises and had cast them under feet,
 He had smiled with faith and duty in affliction's furnace heat :
 He had bled with other's sorrows and had toiled for other's needs—
 Now the solemn angel whispered, " Lay aside thy withered weeds ;
 Clothed in pure effulgent raiment, lift thy golden harp and stand
 With the priests at God's high altar, in the deathless Upper Land."
 Then the Book of Life was opened and the poet heard therein
 Truths to awe the drunken nations in their carnival of sin ;
 And he bore to earth a censer from the temple of the Word,
 All whose living coals were burning with the Spirit of the Lord !

What availed the poisoned arrows ? What the critic's serpent-knife ?
 Every wound a fountain opened from a deeper source of life ;
 While the blow in rich vibrations, like the hammer on a bell,
 Set the inner chimes a-ringing of Messiah's love that tell.
 All the losses and the crosses as he bore them turned to gains,
 And he gathered grapes in clusters from the fruitage of his pains ;
 So the miracle was finished : ere his noonday was begun
 He had seen the Lord transfigured, as the skylark views the sun ;
 And his life was merged in uses, as the fruit-stalk when it dies,
 Yet springs up to golden harvests for the reaping of the skies.

Regina, p. 25.

In presenting this contrast between the earth-plane and the spirit-plane of poetry, I have taken that which has come through T. L. Harris, as by far the most striking that has yet been projected from the spiritual sphere. But, as I have already stated, I do not regard it as perfect in its kind, or Mr. Harris as presenting any criterion for the glories which will yet emanate from the inner world. Splendid medium as Mr. Harris is, I regard him as far from fully developed. The poems given through him with all their lustre have their spots and blemishes. There is in many of them a very defective ear for rhyme: such words as "scorn" and "form," "gleam" and "scene," as intended rhymes, jarring on the ear. In *Regina*, his latest issue, this defect is much less frequent. In all his poems there is also a certain vagueness, which in *Regina*, on the contrary, is greatly more palpable. In Mr. Harris's earlier poems, *The Epic of the Starry Heavens* especially, this vagueness predominates. In those scenes in other worlds, into which he imagines himself to have been carried, we recognise nothing but splendours, electric atmospheres, creatures as in a dazzling haze, which he calls "architypal forms," glittering but indistinct. We arrive at no palpable realities; we are able to grasp no genuine substance; we come face to face with no absolute entities, such as must people those regions as distinct, positive and tangible as they are here. A soul actually conveyed to Mars or Jupiter, to say nothing of the more spiritual and uranian worlds, would undoubt-

edly find itself amidst beings, as actual and substantive as those on earth, however widely diverse in character and essence. It would bring back tidings and moving pictures of peoples new and real, as Vasco de Gama brought from Mozambique and the Indian East; as Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro from the isles of the Carribbean and the realms of Montezuma and Atuahalpa. Veritable inspection of worlds, however stellar or remote, would pour upon us imagery as forcible in its impressive strength, as amazing in its glorious beauty. The atmosphere however purpleal, the skies however hyaline, the seas and mountains, the zoologic, arborial, and floral natures however hitherto unconceived, gathered into the soul of a real visitant and shed full on earth, would electrify the world, and create an epoch in the history of man, great beyond all that have yet insouled and intensified the course of time.

In T. L. Harris's flights to Melodia or Oriana, we recognise none of these august realities; all is flooded with light, yet is dim and dream-like. We are promised histories of spirits that we never get; gaze on brightnesses which are like the darkness produced by too much blaze. There is nothing that the soul yearns to, that the heart grasps at, and that can by any means make us reluctant to return to our homely earth, or willing to resign for it one domestic life-throb, one domestic creature in exchange. We cannot, therefore, accept them as veritable things, but as visions, pictures painted on the dreaming mind, and but dimly photographed there. It is when his inspirations deal with things nearer to our own life, after all, as in the epic of *The Golden Age*, that they cast the earth-plane into the shade.

Regina appears to be merely a collection of small poems strung together by a narrative so slight that it frequently entirely disappears; and though it contains some exquisite lyrics, as "Little by Little," "I Build my House," &c, it bears no relation to the grandeur of that which went before it. In this volume there are many echoes of recent poets—Keats, Shelley, Tennyson—presenting strong proofs that amid the inspiration, the mind of the medium infused elements of its own. Two lines in the poem last quoted are almost literal transcripts from Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*.

That a better day is coming, when the nations will unite
In the brotherhood of peoples, in the commonwealth of right.

In point of doctrine these volumes also show a decided change in Harris. In his late preaching he broached the old belief of the perdition of certain souls: in 1855, on the repeated evidence of *The Lyric of the Golden Age*, he was a staunch Universalist.

There are no souls forsaken of their God.—p. 5.

There are no evil men shut out from God.—p. 6.

There is no separate soul
Cut off from soul-communion with its kind,
Exiled in barren solitudes of space,
In burning coffins of eternal fire, &c.—p. 104.

God owns no power equal to himself,
He never formed a soul He cannot save.—p. 135.

These and many other passages teach us a great lesson, as it regards spiritual development and the independence of our own judgments. They remind us that however great and genuine the inspiration of a medium, we should still remember that the medium is mortal, and has his strong idiosyncracies, his strong biases, and active fancy, and his "meddling intellect." That our atmosphere refracts as well as reflects the light of heaven; that wrinkled glass, however, transparent, distorts the truth of the images that come through it from on high; that the cask, not fully seasoned, gives its flavour to the wine, as the wine gives its flavour to the cask. That man goes on, if faithful, from development to development, and at each stage, though he may represent generally the truth, until arrived at perfection he only represents the truth more or less fully, more or less clearly; and we ought not therefore to build on his inspiration further than it accords with our own perception of truth in the Gospel.

The arrival of T. L. Harris in this country has been undoubtedly an epoch in its Spiritualism. It has roused the minds of numbers into accordance or antagonism. It has shown its boldest developments in preaching and in poetry. To my own mind it has been a curious phenomenon as a great recurrence, after nearly two centuries, of the inspirative theories of George Fox. There is the same utter and absolute reliance upon it for all communication of spiritual truth and for power in instant delivery. The same levelling and iconoclastic quality as regards outer professions and churches and creeds. In such reiterated recurrence, and in its perfect identity there is a highly confirmative and, therefore, animating principle. We are invigorated; our faith is solidified by the perception that, though times and schools change, the old truth which has claimed to be the product of inspiration, remains the same.

But the advent of Spiritualism itself is a far higher epoch. In it we are admitted to the divine atelier, where Pauls and Foxes and Harris are made—into a region which has no limits and no favoritisms, where the human intellect may by prayer and a perfect obedience receive the loftiest and the most prolific baptism of power and glory. We see already around us our friends exercising new and varied talents, though yet scarcely

having reached the steps of the propyleon of the temple of eternal mysteries. We hear messages from other spheres, for the least of which great souls in past times, in the cold torture-house of despair, would have given ages of existence. We obtain positive assurances of an inner world, which chase from the dark corners of our mind those lurking, creeping, benumbing doubts which defy the most logically-convinced understandings. Light bursts through the mists of earth, and men walk on towards the great spirit-land with a holy confidence unknown before. Heaven, with all its radiant forms of art, and science, and poetry, and eloquence, are found to be nearer to us than they were imagined. We look into a time and a sphere where the halls of inspired genius stand open to the sons and daughters of men, not according to the stings and elbowings of earth, but according to the royalty of God.

But let no one imagine that this is more than the earliest dawn of the great morning of blended earth and heaven. Mr. Harris, in his preaching, has assumed this period as begun; that we stand already on the vernal sward, and in the early dawn of the Millennium. It may be so, yet how distant the full morning! What vast mountains, what arid and immense deserts of the earth-plane yet lie between the Millennium and us! Never was the world more civilized, never more unchristian! It is far less savage, but far less instinct with the elements of faith! We have eaten to satiety of the Tree of Knowledge, but how few of us have caught hold of the extremest twig of the Tree of Life. That stands yet fenced about by the fiery swords of divine denial to a generation so thoroughly physiced and so perfect in its own wisdom. Never was the world more destitute of the real spirit of Him to whom we profess to belong. In peace, in war, in trade, in literature, in statesmanship, we cannot too often repeat it—they are not principles of Christ, whatever they may be, that guide us. The best of us believe that the world is in progress towards the Christian standard, and that it will for ages go onward progressing. But that belief is the strongest confession of how far we are at present from that standard. We have a word, UTOPIA, which is the Shibboleth of actual and substantial Christianity. Name the real principles of the Gospel to almost any one, as those which every man should adopt and stand fixed by in all concerns of life, and he or she smiles, and says, "How Utopian!" That is the language of the wisdom of the earth-plane; but Utopia, with its so-called romantic virtue, will ultimately be found blending into Christianity, on the spirit-plane, and looking back thence the nobler and most enfranchised race of that day will behold our time as a black and dreary chaos of pagan cunning tricked out as philosophy.

What, then, is the great duty of Spiritualism? It is, confirmed in its Christianity by fresh evidences from the invisible, to unfurl and bear boldly aloft in the face of the world its standard in its realness and its totality. It is bound to make *its* literature not a chameleon, which takes its colour from the world—but a sun, giving new life, warmth, and colour to the world. If Spiritualism does not lay its hand boldly on the Gospel and say that is my law, my code of trade and profession, by that I will stand and act, it is a great advent without an issue. If Spiritualists do not shew themselves more like the first Christians, more noble and loving, more enfranchised from the spirit of the earth, more daring to maintain the truth, and kindly in practising it, they will receive the greater condemnation. Whatever may be our individual opinions of particular portions of T. L. Harris's poetry and sermons, I think we must confess that, in the best of them, he has led the way bravely and brilliantly in the literature of Spiritualism; and that the splendour of imagination, the nobility of sentiment, and the honest enunciation of Christian truth in them, are the finest testimonies to the inspiration they lay claim to.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN SWEDEN.

By the BARON C. DIRCKINCK HOLMFELD, of Denmark.

IN giving narrations of spiritual phenomena, two objects are desirable, though comparatively accessory only—the question of the truth of the facts, and the trustworthiness of the witnesses being the principal point. The first of the objects in view is, as to *time*, to learn how manifestations have occurred in all, or in different periods of human history, the varieties being always noticed; and the other, as to *locality*, to observe the differences in the modes of manifestation, and their frequency or scarcity, in different climes, countries, and nations. Thus it is worthy of observation how modern Spiritualism, in different ways, has spread in the United States, in the British Isles, in France, Germany, &c., or, specially, how rarely manifestations are experienced in Denmark, while they abound in Sweden. Facts of the kind have, undoubtedly, occurred in Denmark, which, if thoroughly examined, may be quite as curious and startling as those in other countries. But the general mind of the Danes is little disposed to pay attention to such facts; it is disbelieving, or prone to think that some unknown, or very trivial cause is at the bottom of all the facts, or that simple ignorance accounts for all the delusion as to their existence. Preconceptions or prejudices

as to such matters are met with everywhere, but in Denmark they prevail all but universally. With the Swedes it is quite otherwise; they are, with Hamlet, disposed to think that there is much in life above their comprehension. Superstition, or a want of national light and discernment, may be found in all classes and in all countries, and the lower class of people in Denmark are quite as much imbued with the same, as those in any other countries or in Sweden; however, those who excel in rational intelligence, or in sceptical inquisitiveness, are, like intelligent Englishmen, far more prepared to test and to admit spiritual facts, or natural effects of supernatural causes, than even the intelligent amongst the Danes.

I venture to pick out a few cases, communicated to me on a recent trip to the university town of Lund, in Scania, by a Swedish gentleman, of unquestionable superiority as to character, intelligence, social, and official position, who as aspiring to the order of Charles XIII, has particular duties of truthfulness and emancipation from superstition and other vulgar opinions, and, as I think, has a well-qualified claim of being relied upon. The facts have never been published before. In his youth he was well acquainted with an Englishman, the manager of a large sugar manufactory at Malmo, in Sweden. Having been told by his friend, that late in the evening, after all the workmen had left, noises were heard in the manufactory, as if the whole machinery was a-going, he accompanied his friend one night to the spot, and they entered the building, which after the day's business was regularly shut by 10 o'clock, taking their stand in the office up stairs. After a while, noises were heard as of heaving up weights by winding-ropes from the floor to the upper stories; then the pumps were set at work, filling boilers and vessels; and, lastly, the whole manufactory appeared to be at full work, as usual in the day time. After listening awhile to this, the friends opened the door of the office to see what was going on, but instantaneously, before they had time to leave the room, all was silent and quiet, not the least noise or movement was perceived, until they again had retired within the office, shutting the door after them, when all suddenly again was at work as before. This experiment they repeated thrice with the same effect, until they finally left the place, being told, when they narrated the fact, that their sense of hearing had been sadly labouring under impressions arising from the motion of their own blood, or that they were under some other hallucination.

I know of a similar fact as having occurred in Iceland. A student at Bessestad having regularly heard noises from chairs and benches being moved in the school-room contiguous to that in which he was working.

The same gentleman told me that his father, at a certain period of his life, used to spend his evening hours with some friends, and that, regularly, before he came home, his steps were heard on the floor and staircase, as also his humming or coughing, and his scraping the feet on the mat at the door. A few minutes after this prognostic, he came really, and the same noises were materially repeated by himself. In a similar way, the coming home of one of my friends, at Carlshamm, is frequently prognosticated to his wife and servants.

Mr. G—— had a friend, in his younger days, who, in Gothenborg, had fallen in love with a wealthy merchant's daughter. Her parents did not approve of the match, and they made the best of the lover's absence on business in St. — to intercept the letters. Once the lover, pondering sadly over the negligence of his beloved one, felt that the wedding ring he had received from her was being torn from his finger, and, grasping it on the floor, he perceived that it was broken, and he tried, in vain, to refit and to replace it. Deeply affected, he hastened to return to her place of abode, and immediately went to her house, where he was met by her brother with the sad intelligence of her being betrothed to a gentleman favored by her parents, who, on account of his silence, had persuaded her to yield to their plans. The lady's engagement proved an unfortunate one, her husband being of rude temper and habits. She died untimely from a broken heart. The unhappy "destichado" never married.

I add another similar story, which was told me by a most respectable, truthful man, the friend of the clergyman, from whom the tale emanates.

In the tract of the Golhaelf, the daughter of a wealthy farmer had fallen in love with a rather poor strolling merchant. The father proudly disproved the *mésalliance*, and forced his daughter to marry a farmer equal in wealth to himself. Soon after the wedding she fell into a lingering state of bodily consumption and mental despondency, and a much venerated clergyman was invited to relieve her mind, and thus endeavour to effect her recovery, in which charitable endeavours he for a long while failed. Unexpectedly at one of his repeated visits, he found her quite altered, in a glad mood, under symptoms of recovery. The parson, a man of unusual Christian charity, who possessed the suffering woman's sincere confidence, inquired seriously about the cause of the sudden improvement, and was told, that all her sorrow had vanished after a nightly apparition of her beloved friend, who distinctly had told her that she, after some time, would join him in the spiritual world, and be united with him in everlasting matrimony and love. He had strenuously advised her, while she remained in this abode, to read a volume, as far as

he knew, about conjugal love, which had been printed at Thieles' office in Copenhagen. The woman had never before heard about this work, nor did she know the printer's name, much less that a Swedish translation of that treatise had been just published through his office in a foreign town. But, through the parson's kind care, she got the book and made it the object of assiduous perusal and appropriation in the short remaining period of her terrestrial abode. Her distressed lover had expatriated himself as soon as she had been otherwise engaged in conformity with her father's will, and he had died in Denmark, as far as it could be ascertained, about the time of the apparition.

C. D. H.

THE REJECTED SUITOR.*

In a beautiful country residence, at no great distance from London, in one of the prettiest portions of England, live a gentleman and his wife, whom I shall designate as Mr. and Mrs. W. They have been married sixteen years, but have no children.

Four or five years ago, there came to reside with them a friend of the family, an aged gentleman who had already passed his eightieth year, and whose declining strength and increasing infirmities gradually demanded more and more constant care. Mrs. W. attended him with the anxious affection of a daughter; and when, after some four years, he died, she mourned him as if she had indeed lost a father. Her sorrow for his loss was the deeper because of that beautiful characteristic of her sex, which causes a true-hearted woman to lament most the feeble child, or the aged sufferer, whose helplessness has seemed to cast them upon her as a constant burden, but whom that very dependance has so endeared to her, that, when death takes from her the object of her care, she feels rather a blank in her existence than a release from daily toil or nightly watch.

In such a frame of mind as this, and feeling more than usually depressed, Mrs. W. went out one morning, not long after her old friend's death, into her garden, in search of some distraction from the grief that oppressed her. She had been there but a few minutes, when she felt a strong impulse to return to the house and write.

It ought here to be stated that Mrs. W. is not, nor ever has been, what, in modern phrase, is called a Spiritualist. Indeed, what she had heard of Spiritualism years before had caused her

* From Owen's *Footfalls*.

to regard it as a mischievous delusion ; and though, later, she had begun somewhat to doubt how far she might have been unjustly prejudiced, she had never sat at a table, nor otherwise evoked Spiritual phenomena ; it cannot be regarded as such that on one or two occasions she had sat down, out of curiosity, to see if her hand would write automatically ; a few unintelligible figures or unimportant words having been the only result.

On the present occasion, however, the impulse to write, gradually increasing, and attended with a nervous and uneasy sensation in the right arm, became so strong that she yielded to it ; and, returning to the house and picking up a sheet of note-paper and a small portfolio, she sat down on the steps of the front door, put the portfolio on her knee, with the sheet of note-paper across it, and placed her hand, with a pencil, at the upper left-hand corner, as one usually begins to write. After a time the hand was gradually drawn to the lower right-hand corner, and began to write *backward* ; completing the first line near the left-hand edge of the sheet, then commencing a second line, and finally a third, both on the right, and completing the writing near to where she had first put down her pencil. Not only was the last letter in the sentence written first, and so on until the commencing letter was written last, but each separate letter was written backward, or inversely ; the pencil going over the lines which composed each letter from right to left.

Mrs. W. stated to me that (as may well be conceived), she had not the slightest perception of what her hand was writing ; no idea passing through her mind at the time. When her hand stopped, she read the sentence as she would have read what any other person had written for her. The handwriting was cramped and awkward, but, as the fac-simile will show,* legible enough. The sentence read thus :—

“ Ye are sorrowing as one without hope. Cast thy burden upon God, and he will help thee.”

Mrs. W. afterward said to me that if an angel from heaven had suddenly appeared to her and pronounced these words, her astonishment could scarcely have exceeded that with which she first read them. She felt awe-stricken, as if in the presence of some superior power. She sat long in silent contemplation. Then she perused, again and again, the sentence before her, half

* See Plate I. It would seem that it ought to have read, “*Thou art sorrowing,*” &c. If I am asked whence this error in the grammatical construction of the sentence, I reply that I can no more account for it than I can for the writing itself. No one could write more correctly or grammatically than does Mrs. W. It was not through her, therefore, as in the case of an illiterate scribe we might have imagined it, that the error occurred. Its occurrence is additional proof that her mind had no agency in the matter ; though it would probably be stretching conjecture too far to imagine that it was so intended.

Pls. 1.

ye. are covering all my

without hope and my burdens

from God and he will help thee

Re 9 2

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doubting the while the evidence of her own senses. After a time she again took pencil in hand, and tried to write something backward. But the simplest word, of three or four letters, was too much for her. She puzzled over it without being able to trace it backward, so as to be legible when done.

Then the question arose in her mind, "Whence is this? Who caused me to write that sentence?"

Her thoughts involuntarily reverted to the aged friend whom she had just lost. Could his spirit, from its home in another world, have dictated those words of consolation? Could he have been permitted to guide her hand so that she might thus receive assurance that he sympathised with her sorrow and took thought how he might relieve it?

That was the conclusion to which she finally inclined. Yet, desiring further assurance, she silently prayed that the spirit which had written this sentence through her hand might also be allowed, through the same medium, to subscribe its name. And then she placed her pencil at the foot of the paper, confidently expecting that the name of the friend whom she had lost would be written there.

The event, however, wholly belied her expectation. The pencil, again drawn nearly to the right-hand edge of the paper, wrote backward, as before, not the expected name, but the initials R. G. D.

Mrs. W., as she read them, felt herself shudder and turn pale. The grave seemed giving forth its dead. The initials were those of a young man who, eighteen years before, had sought her in marriage, but whom, though she had long known and highly esteemed him, she had rejected,—not experiencing for him any sentiment warmer than friendship, and perhaps having other preferences. He had received her refusal without complaint or expostulation. "You never gave me reason to expect," he said, gently, "that I should be accepted. But I was resolved to know my fate; for I could endure suspense no longer. I thank you for having dealt so candidly with me. I see now that you can never be my wife; but no one else ever shall be. So much, at least, is within my power."

And with that he had left her. Twelve years afterward he died, a bachelor. When Mrs. W. had first heard of his death, she had felt a momentary pang, as the thought arose that she perhaps, in crossing his life's path, had darkened and made solitary his existence. But, as she had nothing with which to reproach herself in the matter, and as she had never felt for him more than for any other deserving friend, she soon ceased to think of him; and she solemnly assured me that she could not call to mind that his name, even, had recurred to her remembrance, for

several years, until the moment when it was thus suddenly and unexpectedly called up.

This occurred on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 1, 1859. A little more than a month afterward, to wit, on Monday, April 4, about four o'clock in the afternoon, while Mrs. W. was sitting in her parlor, reading, she suddenly heard, apparently coming from a small side-table near her, three distinct raps. She listened; and again there came the same sounds. Still uncertain whether it might not be some accidental knocking, she said, "If it be a spirit who announces himself, will he repeat the sound?" Whereupon the sounds were instantly and still more distinctly repeated; and Mrs. W. became assured that they proceeded from the side-table.

She then said, "If I take pencil and paper, can I be informed who it is?" Immediately there were three raps, as of assent; and when she sat down to write, her hand, writing backward, formed the same initials as before,—R. G. D.

Then she questioned, "For what purpose were these sounds?" To which the reply, again written backward, was, "*To show you that we are thinking and working for you.*"*

Nor was this all. Ten days after the last incident, namely, on Thursday afternoon, April 14, Mrs. W., happening to call to mind that R. G. D. had once presented to her a beautiful black Newfoundland dog, thought within herself, "How much I should like to have just such an animal now!" And, one of her servants happening to be near at the time, she said to her, "I wish I had a fine large Newfoundland for a walking companion."

The next morning, after breakfast, a gentleman was announced. He proved to be an entire stranger, whom Mrs. W. did not remember to have ever seen before. He was a surveyor, from a neighbouring town, and led with him a noble black Newfoundland, as high as the table. After apologising for his intrusion, he said he had taken the liberty to call, in order to ask Mrs. W.'s acceptance of the dog he had brought with him. "You could not have offered me a more acceptable gift," said Mrs. W.; "but will you allow me to ask what induced you to think of bringing him to me?" "I brought him," he said, "because I do not intend, for the future, to keep dogs, and because I felt assured that in you he would find a kind mistress."

Mrs. W. informed me that she had ascertained, to an absolute certainty, that the girl to whom she had spoken on the matter had not mentioned to any one her wish to have a dog, and, indeed, that the casual remark had passed from the girl's mind, and she had never thought of it again. A few hours only, it will

* For fac-simile, see Plate II.



Plate 2.

R G D

do show you that we
are thinking and working for you

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be observed, intervened between the expression of the wish and the offer of the animal.

Those who are as well acquainted with Mrs. W. as I am know that uprightness and conscientiousness are marked traits in her character, and that the above incidents may be confidently relied on as the exact truth. I had them direct from Mrs. W. herself, a few days after they occurred; and that lady kindly ceded to me the original manuscript of the two communications.

The circumstances, taken in connection, are, of their kind, among the most extraordinary with which I am acquainted. And to the candid reader it will not be matter of surprise to learn that Mrs. W., until then a sceptic in the reality of any direct agencies from another world, should have confessed to me that her doubts were removed, that she felt comforted and tranquillized, and that she accepted the indications thus vouchsafed to her, unsought, unlooked for, as sufficient assurance that she was, in a measure, under spiritual protection,—thought of, cared for, even from beyond the tomb.

Before we decide that a faith so consolatory is unfounded, we shall do well to review the facts of this case.

Whence the sudden impulse in the garden? People are not in the habit of imagining that they desire to write, unless they have something to say. Mrs. W. was not a Spiritualist, nor residing among Spiritualists: so that no epidemic agency can be urged in explanation, even if such a suggestion have weight. The phenomenon which presented itself was strictly spontaneous.

Whence, again, the writing backward? In that the will had no agency. As little had expectation. Mrs. W., in her normal state, had not the power so to write. By diligent practice she might, doubtless, have acquired it. But she *had* no such practice. She had *not* acquired it. And, not having acquired it, it was as much a physical impossibility for her, of herself, so to write, as for a man, picking up a violin for the first time, to execute thereon, at sight, some elaborate passage from Handel or Beethoven.

Again, whence the intention to write after so unexampled and impracticable a manner? Where there is an intention there must be an intelligence. It was not Mrs. W. who intended; for the result struck her with awe,—almost with consternation. It was not her intelligence, therefore, that acted. What intelligence was it?

Nor can we reasonably doubt what the intention was. Had Mrs. W.'s hand written forward, she would, in all probability, have remained in uncertainty whether, half unconsciously per-

haps, the words were not of her own dictation. The expedient of the backward writing precluded any such supposition; for she could not of herself do unconsciously a thing which she could not do at all. And this expedient seems to have been ingeniously devised to cut off any supposition of the kind. Then here we have the invention of an expedient, the display of ingenuity. But who is the inventor? Who displays the ingenuity? I confess my inability to answer these questions.

The incident of the dog, if it stood alone, would be less remarkable. A thing may happen when there are ten thousand chances to one against it. A lady might to-day express a wish for a Newfoundland dog, and a perfect stranger, who knew nothing of that wish, might to-morrow offer her one. And all this might occur, as we usually say, by chance. But in the case before us there are the attendant circumstances to be taken into account. R. G. D. had, in former days, given Mrs. W. just such a dog. She had been thinking of him and of his gift. She had been told, ten days before, through some agency which she had found it impossible to interpret as mundane, that he was thinking and working for her. Was she superstitious when she said to me, as she did, that "nothing could convince her that a spirit did not influence the owner of the dog to bring it to her?"

I think her conclusion, under the circumstances, was a natural one. I believe that few having the same personal experience as had Mrs. W. would have resisted it. Was it reasonable as well as natural? It is difficult to say why it was not, unless we assume it beyond question as a thing impossible that a departed spirit should communicate with a living person, should read a living person's thoughts—should influence a living person's actions.

But it is clearly a waste of time to examine a question at all which we have resolved in advance to decide in the negative.

And, if we have not resolved, shall we not do well fairly to meet the questions which this and similar narratives suggest? If outside of this material existence there be occasionally exercised a guardian thought for the welfare of men; if, sometimes, comfort may reach us, and agencies may work for us, coming over from that world to which we are all fast hastening; if there be an earthly love that is stronger than death; are these influences, if actual influences they be, so undesirable in themselves, fraught with so little of consolation, so incapable of cheering a drooping soul, so powerless to sustain a sinking spirit, so impotent to vivify the faith in a Hereafter, that we may properly repulse them, at the threshold, as graceless aberrations, or put them aside, unscrutinized, as unholy or incredible?

SPIRITUALISM AND MR. PUNCH.

“ And those who came to scoff remained to pray.”

MR. PUNCH, through the “mediumship,” as we suspect, of one of his youngest, and but half-fledged contributors, has announced himself a convert to Spiritualism.

We are glad that *Punch* should not remain too long on the wrong side of a great truth, especially after “the leading journal” has sounded the note of preparation, by inserting an extract from the *Spiritual Magazine*. Mr. Punch, as is his wont, has soon taken up the echo, though we can hardly tell if he is really serious in his declaration. There is so little of the raciness, for which he is occasionally distinguished, in the article that conveys the announcement, that we are at a loss to know whether he is in earnest, or is only making a feeble attempt “to poke fun” at us. However, it is no great matter either way. It would, at best, but add one more to the many believers in the grand and important truth of spirit manifestations, and whether *Punch* believes or not, he has evidently discovered that the subject is of such widely-spreading interest that, like Mr. Dickens in his last Christmas story, it is probably the best he can lay hold of to support a somewhat fading popularity.

We will assume that whatever his private knowledge and inward convictions may be, *Punch* intends to be funny at our expense, and to amuse his uninitiated readers, misleading them to believe that the phenomena of Spiritualism, which are tested and demonstrated as a reality at the principal courts of Continental Europe, and by thousands, including many of the aristocracy in this great metropolis, are a delusion; and that the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander, Bulwer, Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, Washington Irving, Judge Edmonds, Longfellow, William Howitt, the Honorable Dale Owen, Dr. Ashburner, Wordsworth, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and other celebrities of our own times were and are in the simple ranks of the deluded.

Can it be, Mr. Punch, that the numerous statements from so many of our contributors recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and the facts witnessed and spoken of so generally in the leading circles of London society, and by the sons of your own proprietors and of Mr. Dickens, are fabricated for the puerile and aimless purpose of imposing on the credulity of our fellow men? No, dear Mr. Punch; though your gibes and jeers may find favour with the multitude, there are now, as in all times, a few serious persons of sufficient calibre of mind for the consideration and investigation of spiritual facts and subjects, and they possess the necessary

tenacity of purpose to search into the hidden mysteries of our spiritual being, and are bold and honest enough to proclaim their convictions to an unbelieving world. We are, perhaps, dealing too seriously with you, Mr. Punch, we ought not to expect from you more than sharp, witty, and amusing satire,—well satisfied if we occasionally get even that. Your vocation would end in a day were you to avow your honest convictions of the truth of Spiritualism. Yours is, to some extent, a worldly object, and you could not afford to risk the certain loss to your exchequer, which you would incur by proclaiming the truth. We do not, therefore, meet you on equal terms, for ours is purely a labour of love, as we intimated at the outset, and we are prepared to make, and do make, sacrifices of both time and money to instruct mankind by disseminating what we know to be a great and holy truth.

You must write for the amusement of the multitude. We must be content to be appreciated by a comparatively few. But let us say that there is a common ground on which, as fellow-members of a civilized community, the conductors of *Punch*, and the editors of the *Spiritual Magazine*, can meet, and that is the recognition of what are considered to be the gentlemanly usages of society which Mr. Punch, in the serious part of the article which has called forth these remarks, ventures in our case to challenge.

We are charged with “betraying private confidence,” by having published the names of certain gentlemen very closely connected with *Punch*, who recently witnessed some wonderful spiritual phenomena, which it is *Punch's* pleasure still to deny the possibility of, and to sneer at on every occasion. We are not, be it remembered, accused of misrepresentation! The remarkable phenomena witnessed by these gentleman, and their nervous fears in consequence are not disputed. It is only alleged that we did an ungentlemanly act (“blackguard” is *Punch's* chosen expression), by giving their names to our readers, and thereby, no doubt, destroying to a certain extent the force of Mr. Punch's ridicule, to which he has no compunction in exposing us, though he knows the facts to be true. Now, we are quite content to take upon ourselves the responsibility of this step, and, under the circumstance, to justify it. We are not a well-paid editor, making jokes to order, but we are serious men bent on spreading for the benefit of others a solemn and important truth. We mix in the society of Spiritualists, and we necessarily glean a knowledge of the most remarkable facts which transpire in the many spiritual circles that are held in London; and when our belief and statements are attempted to be weakened by satire and direct falsehood, we think we are bound by our duty to the truth to strengthen our position, by shewing that if it be a delusion, the satirists themselves are among the deluded.

One word, however, to set Mr. Punch right as to the authorship of the article, which has given him so much offence, on account mainly of its being so inconveniently true. We beg to inform him that it was written by us entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman who extended his hospitality on the auspicious occasion, or of Mr. Squire, whose mediumship evoked the phenomena before his relatives. We merely heard in ordinary conversation of what had taken place in the presence of persons so closely connected with the conductors of *Punch*, and it came too opportunely upon Mr. Leech's cartoon, for us to be able to resist letting our readers into the secret.

Besides, from our knowledge of passing events, we were not prepared to find ourselves the subjects of ridicule from such a quarter; and since we are upon this point, which is rather a weakness with us, we may as well, just for once more, repeat the offence, and say that the gentlemen alluded to are not the only persons connected with *Punch* who have taken part in a spiritual *séance*. That very talented artist, Mr. Leech, himself, whose initials are at the bottom of the cartoon of Napoleon "taking a sight," only a few weeks ago, witnessed several wonderful phenomena which he found to be quite above his explanation, even on the supposition of imposture. He heard the keys of a small musical box played upon, as if by a finger nail running over them, whilst the box was on the ground, and the hands of all present resting on the table. He heard loud raps made in answer to a request, on the strings of a closed piano, and other things too strange to be explained on the "taking a sight" hypothesis.

Suppose that the case had been reversed, and that these gentlemen had been able to deny or expose, as they might have fondly thought, these spiritual phenomena, have they or their kin, we would ask, ever been backward in doing so? On the contrary, are not the whole subject and its believers constantly a byword and a joke throughout the press? Is there ever the slightest scruple in calling us either fools or something worse? What does *Punch* say, week by week, even after his recent conviction? In his last number he plainly, if not politely, says that "the Spiritualists are liars." A choice paragraph, too, has just appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* which illustrates the kindly treatment shewn to us by the press, who so stand up for the true and the gentlemanly in editorship. The Editor says that in free England "men may believe in the spirit-rapping swindles of the Yankee Hume and the Baron Guldenstubbe." Now, dear *Punch*, just put yourself in our place, with both those gentlemen for your intimate friends, and with a profound respect and regard for them and for their Christian sympathies. Suppose

that, like us, you have seen the wondrous spiritual phenomena which occur in their presence, and know that they are accredited by emperors, and kings and queens, and by thousands without crowns, but with heads upon their shoulders; and suppose that Mr. Sala, or whoever wrote those words, had just seen the same phenomena, would it not be doing the world a real service to point him out by name, as we had recently to do in the case of Mr. James Grant, of the *Advertiser*? In the name of honesty, what is the difference between that case and yours?

But enough of this, we are not really angry with Mr. Punch and his contributors; we ought not to be so, for though our advertisement and our money were refused at his office, after several applications, he has with his usual far-sighted liberality, whilst increasing his own sale, done us good service without fee or charge of any kind. He has materially helped us in our efforts to spread the important truths contained in the *Spiritual Magazine*, our sale having been extended by his notice far beyond its previous limits. In taking leave of our censor for the present, we would just give him a hint of what we consider to be the proper and consistent course for him in dealing with this or any other subject. If it does not answer your purpose to be enlightened, follow the example of Professor Faraday, by flatly refusing to investigate; wrap yourself in a mantle of ignorance, and draw the hood over your eyes, but do not after you have been convicted of your error try to mislead others, and make capital by continuing to ridicule what you know to be true. This latter course, Mr. Punch, is not in accordance with our idea of the conduct which "befits a gentleman," even of the editor class.

We hold that the purity of truth transcends somewhat the mere conventional narrowness to which Mr. Punch would limit the proprieties of journalism, and that he erects a false standard when he does battle for such a cause as he has now taken up. Does he seriously go forth to the fight, for the principle that he and his contributors are to be at liberty not only to conceal their own knowledge of a fact, but to ridicule it, and those who assert it to be true? Is this the noble banner which he wishes to carry and to conquer under? If so, we will not enrol ourselves into his army of martyrs, when he may be recruiting for a new regiment. And, meantime, we venture to commend to him some other subject for his jokes. There is still the patriotic volunteer movement, his sneers at which have so deservedly lessened his popularity. If, however, he prefers to deny what he knows to be true, we cannot prevent his doing so, though we shall be sorry to see his talents so uselessly misapplied. Depend upon it, Mr. Punch, that your best flag would be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM?*

A VERY pertinent question. One which every man, every Spiritualist in particular, should well consider. We are all deeply concerned in it, and the sooner we are alive to that fact, the better. If any of us who know that Spiritualism is true, suppose that it is sent merely to make us gape and stare, to dissipate *anni*, and furnish amusement for our idle hours, we must be even more foolish than we are charged with being. The clever people, who treat Spiritualism as a *funny* subject, a fit theme for jokes and caricature-cartoons, may be excused, for they know not what they do, and are ignorant of their ignorance; but all who recognise Spiritualism as a serious verity must be anxious to learn whither it tends, and what are the lessons that it teaches. To answer this question in all its length and height and breadth, would require a larger knowledge and a deeper insight than has been hitherto attained even by the wisest; and, for ourself, though it has occupied much of our earnest thought, this has only the more convinced us how inadequate must be any answer to it that we can furnish. Even the study of a life-time, it is certain, would still leave us with little more than a few pebbles gathered upon its beach, and the vast and exhaustless ocean of its truths, principles, and laws would still lie before us unexplored.

In the present article we would only offer a few preliminary observations on the need of conducting this inquiry in a spirit of careful discrimination. In a future one, we hope to indicate what we think the best method for its prosecution.

In spiritual, as in natural science, we must ever be on our guard against premature theories and hasty generalizations. The best views we can herein attain should still be held only as provisional, partial truth perhaps, but not the rounded and absolute truth, to which a higher light and a consummate and perfect knowledge of the subject would conduct us.

Next to the attainment of truth, the most important thing in this, or any inquiry, is the avoidance of error, and if in our investigation we can only clear away some misapprehensions and remove some prejudices, a great step will have been gained. In rooting out these rank weeds, the soil becomes better fitted

* "What then are we to understand by the editor's expression concerning the *teachings* of Spiritualism?"—From a critique of the *Spiritual Magazine* in the *Crisis*: a semi-monthly, edited by the Rev. H. Weller, Laporte, Indiana, U. S.

for the growth of healthful vegetation and floral loveliness. If at present our knowledge of Spiritualism and its teachings is comparatively small, and we have, therefore, to speak with diffidence on many points in relation to it, in which we are greatly interested; we may at least with considerable confidence affirm what those teachings *are not*. It is of some use to tell people which is certainly the wrong road, even though we may not be able to direct them very far on their journey in the right direction. We assume, of course, the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism: the question, in our understanding of it, would be meaningless on any other hypothesis. If Spiritualism be simply a bundle of delusions; if, as a fact, it has no existence, we need not trouble ourselves about its teachings.

First, then, we must be careful to distinguish between the teachings of *Spiritualism*, and the teachings of *Spiritualists*, which latter is only another name for a creed. This distinction should be as obvious as its confusion is common, and not more common than hurtful. Beyond the common acknowledgment that spirits have always held, and do still hold intercourse with men in the natural world, there is among Spiritualists, but little necessary agreement; not but that, in our judgment at least, this truth involves many other most important truths; but concerning these, as all have not before them the same range and variety of facts, as they differ in their powers of reason and comparison; in their idiosyncracies, and in their education; in their religion, philosophy, and modes of thought, and in their several antecedents; there will be corresponding divergencies in their conclusions even from the same facts; and, with the conviction of Spiritualism there may, in some minds, co-exist notions inconsistent and even logically incompatible with it. It would lead us too far to trace this in detail, but the history of the fight for every new truth, furnishes us with an instance of the individual mode in which it has always found its admission into the human mind. Spiritualism is not a new religion, but a quickener of the soul. An acceptance of the law of gravitation does not bind all the various sects into one, nor rectify all their false notions and narrow creeds. So neither does a belief in the facts of Spiritualism. One will follow them into philosophy, another into religion, another into both. One will make them a pastime, another will see in them not even enough for sport. But there is one point to which objection is made from ignorance of this law on which so extensive and injurious a misunderstanding prevails, that a reference to it becomes necessary. It is alleged that, in America at least, Spiritualists generally are deniers of Christianity, and are absolutely hostile to the Bible and its teachings. As we would not endorse the extravagant statements on

this head which of late have been so widely circulated, so neither would we conceal that, so far as we can gather from the tone of transatlantic spiritual literature, there is, to a painful extent, a basis of truth for these exaggerations. But the point to be proved is, that this antagonism, to whatever extent it exists, originated in the spiritual belief, and is a consequence of it—that whereas before men accepted it, they were Christians; since they received it, and through having received it, they have ceased to be so, and have become Anti-Christian. Now, we think it will be found upon investigation that while there are Spiritualists of almost every religious persuasion both in and out of Christendom, yet the Spiritualism of to-day has fallen chiefly among those who were outside of all churches and religious organizations.

Professing Christians as a rule would not hear of Spiritualism, they did not want to know more about the spirit-world. Herein seems to us its providential mission, and how sad, yet how natural, that those who call themselves the religious classes should be its bitterest opponents. They seemed to think it even a sin to inquire further, they had light enough already; perhaps, a little more would show the dust and cobwebs in their spiritual habitations, and, from very shame, they might be put to some trouble to sweep and garnish them afresh; so, they concluded to put up their shutters, and, if Spiritualism met them in the streets, to frown upon it as not being either respectable or needed, and to pass by on the other side. But, with those previously unable to realize a belief in anything beyond nature and the present life, it was not so. Viewing all things from the ultimate and outer plane of being, metaphysical and theological argument seemed to them at best but of dubious nature and of little cogency. In place of doubtful disputation they asked for facts. A reference to the facts of the Bible only added to their perplexities. They asked, if spirits manifested their presence, and intervened in human affairs, and if there was a providence in the Bible times, why are they not to be discerned in our time? If such were possible in past ages they must be possible in this age, and the need of them is as great now as then? To this, what satisfactory reply could be given by those who believed that this kind of evidence was now a mere matter of ancient history, and that God was nearer to the world in those days than in these? Instead of the miracles being evidence of the truths for which they were cited, they simply brought the books recording them into discredit, and caused their indiscriminate rejection. But spiritual manifestations in the present time, under their own eyes, which they could witness for themselves; this was just the evidence they needed—just that adapted to their state. Indeed, they were the very demonstration of which they were in quest.

To them they were the revelation of the certainty of a spirit-world, and of an hereafter life, which the current cold theology had obscured from view. Only with this new conviction could Christianity become to them a possibility; without it there was no fulcrum to which the lever of Christianity could be applied.

True, many of the most important consequences or "teachings" of this fact would at first be but dimly perceived; their unfoldment would be gradual; old prejudices would impede the growth of new convictions, and, perhaps, arrest that progress which the soul from this new vantage ground might have gained; but even so, those in whose hearts this vital truth had gained possession must be nearer to Christianity than they were before, for it gave to them demonstrations of the immortality of the soul, with all the consequences that must necessarily flow from such a knowledge. None of the existing teachings of churches had been able to do them this inestimable service. The blunder is, in regarding as a consequence of Spiritualism notions and states of mind existing anterior to its reception, and derived from a false philosophy which Spiritualism when studied in its principles tends more or less quickly to eradicate.

We go yet further, and we speak advisedly when we affirm that Spiritualism is eminently adapted to remove what is usually to the sceptical mind, an insuperable obstacle to the recognition of the truth of the Bible history. To the "free thinker," the miracles, prodigies, apparitions, and other spiritual phenomena recorded in the Bible are utterly incredible; and the more educated and scientific he is, the greater does this incredibility appear to him. Now, we put it to the common sense of our readers, whether a belief in the phenomenal facts of modern spiritual manifestation, such as are recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine*, must not, more than any abstract reasoning or attempted historical verification, show how utterly untenable this ground of unbelief really is. Is *he* less likely to believe that a visible spirit-hand wrote upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace, who has seen a spirit-hand tracing characters under his own eyes? Is *he* less likely to believe that the apostles spoke in unknown tongues, "as the spirit gave them utterance" who has heard mediums under spiritual influence speak languages with which they were totally unacquainted? Is *he* less likely to believe that angels rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, who has seen heavy objects moved by invisible agents in his own apartments? Is *he* less likely to believe that Philip was carried from Gaza to Azotus, who has seen a medium taken up from the floor by an invisible power, and floated in the atmosphere, about the room, in the presence of numerous witnesses? Is *he* less likely to believe in the apocalyptic visions and in the spirit-voices heard by John the

Revelator, and in the touch of the spirit-hand felt, and in the spirit-men seen by the prophet Daniel, who knows that spiritual visions and apparitions of spirit-men are seen, that the touch of spirit-hands is felt, and that the words spoken by spirit-voices are heard now? Surely, no men can have the same assurance of the truth of these Scripture narratives, as those who have had experience of the analogous spiritual facts, occurring at the present day.

Again, we must not confound the teachings of *Spirits* with the teachings of *Spiritualism*; though this is a mistake perhaps even more common than the one we have just pointed out; and it is one to which we are especially liable at the commencement of our investigations. We are apt to import into this, as we do into other inquiries, the notions we have gained elsewhere; and one of these notions, too prevalent, is, that spirits know almost everything and can do almost everything. Spiritualism effectually dispels this delusion. The investigator soon learns that spirits are not a kind of minor gods, but that they are men like ourselves, differing from us only in not having the same visible body—that they are fallible, and, so far as at present known, no more to be implicitly relied on, as guides of opinion and conduct, than men on earth. This is the order of Providence. God has given to each of us conscience and reason, not to rust in sloth, but to be kept pure and bright by constant use and ever-increasing exercise. It is true that in their use we may make many mistakes, and it is pretty certain that we shall do so, even though we exert our utmost efforts to avoid them; and this should teach us to be modest and charitable; but the sum of all mistakes arising from the limitation and imperfection of the human faculties will be far short of the capital mistake of surrendering them to another's guidance and burying in the earth of the sensual nature, the talents, be they few or many, which God has entrusted to us that we may faithfully employ them in His service.

We will make a short extract from the *Spiritual Clarion*, published at Auburn, U. S., which well assists us to answer the question at the head of this article.

"Spiritualism, in its modern restricted sense, may mean nothing more than the mere fact of spirit existence and spirit intercourse. But the term is often applied to a system of philosophy and religion based on this cardinal fact; a system embracing all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; all that is now known or can be known, relative to other spiritual beings, and the occult forces and laws of the universe. It is thus catholic and comprehensive; and Spiritualism, in short, may be regarded as the culmination, the essence of all truths, inspirations and revelations brought down to the present age, and demonstrated, confirmed by unmistakable manifestations of spiritual power and intelligence."

These, then, are some of the "teachings of Spiritualism" to us, and we hold that they are all involved in the acceptance of the

belief of the physical phenomena, and that they may be logically deduced from them.

It is only within a few days that we had the pleasure of a conversation with one of the best writers and preachers of America, who, after for some years disbelieving the existence of the phenomena, was at last fortunate enough to hear some unmistakable "raps" on a table. He had been an admirer of Theodore Parker, but, on hearing the first rap, he exclaimed, "There goes Theodore Parker's philosophy!" This may serve to elucidate what teachings are contained for some in those simple sounds, whilst, for others, an auctioneer's hammer gives more suggestive music.

A few evenings ago, during the month of June, some remarkable spirit manifestations took place at the mansion of the French Ambassador, Albert Gate. Amongst a large number of influential persons who witnessed them, were the Duc and Duchesse de Malakoff, Count Persigny and Lord Ward, who all expressed their great satisfaction and delight to Madame Louise Besson, who was the medium present.

MANIFESTATIONS AMONGST RESPECTABLE PEOPLE.*

IN 1843, at the house belonging to the then Marquis Townshend in Dorsetshire, but then occupied by Colonel Loftus and his wife Lady Elizabeth, a daughter of the Marquis, some of the servants suddenly gave notice to leave, stating to the Colonel, as their reason, that the house was haunted, and that they had seen several times the figure of a lady walking about the house in a costume, which they described, and which was that of the period of George the Second. Sometimes they said the figure carried an ancient-fashioned lamp in her hand, and sometimes not. The Colonel tried to dissuade them from leaving, saying that it was all nonsense, but without success, for they could not be prevailed upon to remain.

Shortly afterwards a visitor who was staying in the house, met on the stairs a female figure, dressed in the mode described by the servants. Not having known anything previously of the apparition, she supposed that she was Lady Elizabeth's maid, and on going into the breakfast room, she observed to Lady Elizabeth how oddly her maid was dressed that morning. Lady Elizabeth said, "No, she is dressed in her usual way."

About this time while the Colonel and Lady Elizabeth were in bed in the early dawn, they were both suddenly awakened by

* These facts are given to us by a lady with whom we are well acquainted, and in whom we have every confidence.

hearing the curtains of the bed undrawn, and looking up they both saw this same figure, in the act of retreating, and it moved slowly away towards the door and disappeared. They recognized in the figure, by the costume, a Lady Dorothy Townshend, whose portrait was in the house, and who had lived in the early part of the 18th century. After this the figure was seen repeatedly by many persons in the house during a space of two or three months, and several persons of rank, and amongst them Colonel Townshend and the great Duke of Wellington, who went there for the purpose of seeing it and investigating the subject, saw the figure dressed in the same way. The Dowager Duchess of Leeds also saw the figure, and gave a full account of it to a friend of the writer.

The figure was well known in the family to have appeared about the time of the death of any of its members; and at the time of its appearance at this time, the late Marquis of Townshend died. It became such an annoyance to the family that they shut up the house, and went to reside in Norfolk.

In the year 1843, at Ashburner House, the two daughters of the Baroness Brunow were in bed. The young ladies occupied separate apartments. Each one had her maid in the room with her. The Baroness had gone to a ball. It was her custom to go into the rooms of her children on her return before going to rest. Miss Olga was lying awake when she heard what she thought was her mother coming into the room, and she immediately closed her eyes, pretending to be asleep, when the figure seemed to bend over her. It then retired and went into the room of her sister. She distinctly heard it walk out with a noise like the rustling of silk. Immediately after her sister's maid rushed in calling out, "A figure, a figure, Miss, but not your mamma!" All the drawers at the same time in Miss Olga's room flew open. Miss Olga being quite convinced that it was her mamma, and that the servant had been dreaming, ordered her to dress and go down to enquire, when she found that the Baroness had not returned. The day following, every inquiry was made, but they could discover nothing to throw light on the mysterious figure.

There is a curious circumstance in the "Airlie" family, that a noise like that of the beating of a drum is always heard previous to the death of one of its members. The present Earl Airlie, being at the time we refer to, in apartments in London, was disturbed by this noise, and got up to look, thinking that he had overslept himself, and that the soldiers were marching past. It was, however, early morning, and there was nothing

to be seen, the streets being quite empty. A day or two afterwards he received the news of his father's death, which happened at that very time.

The Hon. Miss Lucy Kerr, one of the present Maids of Honour to the Queen, tells the following story of events which happened in the family of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, whilst she was on a visit to them. A little child of the family was in the habit of playing on the lawn in front of the breakfast-room window, which opened on to it, and frequently on her coming in to the family, she said that she had been very much pleased by playing with a beautiful little baby who came to play with her there. The parents and some of the guests several times went out to see if there was any child there, and finding none, the child was scolded for talking nonsense, and so much so, that for some time she did not say anything more of it, but still she was always much pleased to be playing about at that part of the lawn. After some time, however, the child again ran into the room quite overjoyed, asserting that the baby had come back, and begging most earnestly that they should come and see it. Mrs. Robinson was very angry with her child, and told her not to repeat such stories. Some of the guests, however, struck with the earnest manner of the little girl, said they would go and see, and on going near to where the child described the baby as laying, she began to cry and said, "Oh, you are treading on the beautiful baby," describing also the manner in which the infant was dressed. Miss Kerr was one of those who were present, and some one suggested to dig under the spot, and on doing so, they found the bones of an infant which appeared to have been buried a long time.

When I was in St. Petersburg in 1845, Mrs. Charles Mowbray told me the following anecdote of a remarkable dream by an English lady who was known to her. She dreamed that another English lady, a friend of hers, living several versts from St. Petersburg, wished particularly to see her. She was so impressed that she resolved on going, though in the middle of the night and against the remonstrances of her husband. She ordered the sledge, and on her road, it occurred to her how ridiculous it would appear to her friend, as she could not explain to her the reason for her going, and this feeling induced her to order the coachman to return. He had gone some distance back towards St. Petersburg, when it appeared to her that it would be equally ridiculous to her husband that she had returned without fulfilling the object of her journey, and she again ordered the coachman to turn and to drive to her friend's house. On reaching the door, she rang several times without any one answering, and at length the lady herself

opened the door; and she was surprised to find her in full dress with her jewels and ornaments, although the house was all dark and every one else in bed. They were each very strange with the other, as no explanation was given on either side, and after staying some little time she returned to St. Petersburg. Years passed away without anything having transpired to remove the mystery; but the lady was now sent for by her friend, when she reminded her of the circumstance, and asked her if she had any idea of what had been the effect of her visit. On her saying she had not, her friend said, "Then I will tell you, for I have to thank God that you were permitted to come at that moment, for you saved me from committing suicide. Just as you rang at the bell I had finished my toilette with the full determination of putting an end to my existence, and I felt very much annoyed to have been prevented by your visit; but after that moment I have never since been tempted to commit the crime."

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF PRESENTIMENT.

In Schubert's *Spiegel der Natur* (Mirror of Nature), the author relates in his chapter on instinct, the following facts as proofs of a certain divine impulse in men:—

"A gentleman, an acquaintance of the celebrated French authoress, Mme. Beaumont, was about making a pleasure trip on the river with a party of friends. Everything was ready, and he was just entering the boat, when his sister, a deaf mute, came most suddenly and anxiously running along, and seizing her brother's arm and coat, tried to keep him back; but finding this unavailable, she threw herself at his feet, and taking hold of his knees, expressed by the most imploring gestures her wish that he should desist from going on the water.

"Touched by the painful entreating expression in the face and posture of the deaf mute, several persons joined in the prayers of the poor unfortunate girl, and her brother finally yielded to their wishes. It was fortunate he did so, for the boat had gone but a short distance on the river, when a sudden gust of wind made it capsize. Several of the company found a watery grave, and he who could not even swim, would, no doubt, have met with the same fate, if his sister, by some divine presentiment, had not prevented his going.

"Once, on an evening, a rich and benign farmer felt, by some sacred impulse, impelled to send, at a late hour, some articles of food to a poor family in the neighbourhood. 'Wherefore so late; cannot this be done as well to-morrow?' said those around him. 'No,' replied he, 'it must be done now.' While insisting, the

worthy farmer did not know what a blessing his benevolent action was just then to the tenants of the poor hut, for there the father—he who had to nourish and sustain the family—had fallen sick; the mother was infirm already, and the children had been crying for bread for nearly two days—the youngest was hungry. Thus their most pressing wants were at once removed, and perhaps some lives saved.

“Another gentleman, living near some coal mines in Silesia, awoke one night from his sleep with an irresistible impulse to go down in his garden. He rose, went down; the same impulse led him out of the back gate of his garden into the fields, where he arrived just in time to save the life of a miner, who, in climbing up a ladder, missed his footing, and fell down the shaft into a coal tub, which his son was at the time winding up, but by the increased weight was unable to do so now alone.

“A venerable clergyman in England once felt, likewise, an unexpected desire to pay, late at night, a visit to a friend of his, whom he knew to be of a very melancholy turn of mind. Though extremely tired by the cares and labour of the day, and though the distance to his friend’s house was very great, the venerable gentleman could not resist his secret impulse. So he went, and strange to say, arrived there just in time to prevent his friend from taking his own life. The nightly visit and friendly exhortations had such a wholesome effect on the depressed spirits of his friend, that he never again attempted to commit suicide.

“Prof. Buchner, at Marburgh, being once in very pleasant company, felt a strong desire to go home and remove his bed from its old place to another corner of his bedroom. He yielded to the impulse. Having done so, he felt again at ease, and went back to his friends. During the night a large portion of the ceiling in the room, just at the spot where his bed formerly stood, tumbled down, and would no doubt have crushed him to death had his bed not been removed from there.”—*Spiritual Telegraph*, U. S.

SHAKSPEARE.—The writings of some poets have risen to the note of the flute, and others to the swell of the organ; but his highest reaches to the oldest and mightiest elements of nature, soaring into the highest heavens and swooping into the deepest hells of song! Sweeping up to the stars—saying to the lightnings, “Here am I!” Stirring the still horror of the grave, swaddling his castles of gloom in delicate swallow-skimmed air; crowning his madmen with flowers, dropping perfumes of deathless affection on brows red-hot with passion; making the green of nature look in amid the glare of murder; overwhelming us with visions of magnificence melting into beauty, and of beauty soaring into sublimity:—of terror, change, victory, defeat, shame and glory, agonies and extacies, chasing each other over a space beneath which hell yawns, above which heaven opens, and around which earth now lightens with the glory of the one, and now darkens with the uprising smoke of the other. This is Shakspeare.—*B. Realf in The Sunbeam*, U. S.

THE LITERARY PHANTOM.

We extract the following from the *Lancet*:—

“A curious incident has occurred at the Astor Library, New York, not without a special scientific interest. Dr. Cogswell, the chief librarian, has devoted unceasing labour to the arrangement of the library, and the completion of the catalogue of the splendid collection of books under his care. A few weeks since he entered the library at eleven P.M., bearing a taper, in search of a book. In passing one of the recesses, he saw a well-dressed man standing before the shelves, in whom he recognised Dr. —, of Lafayette-place, who had died six months before. After a moment's pause, during which he assured himself of the identity of the phantom, Dr. Cogswell addressed him:—“How is it that you, who never came to the library during your life, now haunt it after death?” The phantom gazed upon him with dull, passionless eyes, and disappeared. This was perfectly orthodox behaviour, but very startling to the doctor. Next night, at the same time, Dr. Cogswell was seized with a desire to repeat his visit. The shadow was there, and a similar scene occurred. On the third night he was still there. The doctor now observed that he was standing before shelves loaded with necromantic works, and, obeying a new impulse, he asked if any one of them troubled his repose, offering in that case to remove them. In reply, the apparition made himself “conspicuous by his absence.” Dr. Cogswell now communicated the circumstance to his friends, and acquiesced in their advice, which comprehended rest from his excessive labour, change of scene, and a dose or two of calomel, &c. He is now rid of his singular and distressing hallucination, of which the relation is interesting from its circumstantial character, and the precise resemblance which it bears to so many similar visions which have had unquestionably a like origin, but have not always been so fortunately dispelled or so rationally interpreted.”

We think the ghost shewed more wisdom than the doctor in refusing to have anything to do with the calomel.

LECT. JULLIEN'S BOOK, which has just appeared, has caused a great sensation amongst the magnetizing and spirit-seeing portion of the community, whose belief was dying out for want of aliment. The young lieutenant, of unimpeachable honour and undoubted veracity, relates the story of the mirage witnessed by the crew and officers of his ship after the loss of their consort, the *Berceau*, which surpasses any nautical romance ever invented. The phenomenon was not witnessed by one, nor by a few, but by the whole crew: the sinking ship, the crew upon the raft fainting with exhaustion and despair. The small steamer belonging to the great ship was sent out, and drew so near to the phantom wreck that faces of old comrades were recognised, and well-remembered voices hailed with joy. Two small boats were let down and manned to row among the breakers and pick the wretched sufferers off the raft, when lo! as they drew near all had vanished—raft and spars, and torn sail, and haggard faces, all had disappeared—and nought remained but a few twigs, trunks, and branches which had been blown from the shore, and lay rocking on the billows. The boats and steamer returned to the ship heartstruck and dispirited. But the phenomenon of the change had been visible to the crew left on board, who had followed the messengers with their telescopes, at the very moment at which it had taken place. A lecture was given on Saturday night at the Science Universel on the subject, for no one seems to doubt but that the phantom beheld there by the crew was reality somewhere; and therefore science seeks to explain by natural causes what imagination seeks to attribute to spiritual influence.—*Morning Star*, May 5th, 1860.

THE INWARD SIGHT.—SPONTANEOUS PSYCHOMETRY.

In his autobiography, Zschokke, the German writer, speaks of "a singular case of prophetic gift which I called my inward sight, but which has ever been enigmatical to me." He adds the following in regard to it:—"I am almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but lest I should strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul experiences, and therefore I will confess. It is well known that the judgment we not seldom form at the first glance of persons hitherto unknown, is more correct than that which is the result of longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us with strangers, is afterwards weakened or destroyed by custom or by different appearances. We speak in such cases of sympathies or antipathies, and perceive these effects frequently among children to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting. Others are incredulous on this point, and have recourse to physiognomy. Now for my own case.

"It has happened to me sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dream-like, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories.

"By way of jest, I once in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth; I, on my part, was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me, the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts, to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer: 'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke.

"Instead of many, I will mention one example, which preëminently astounded me. One fair day in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine), in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'ôte*, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly, if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally, as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narra-

tion, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living.

"I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination may form as in a romance, a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, of a certain character, under certain circumstances. But whence came those trifling accessories which *nowise concerned me*, and in relation to people for the most part indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor desired to have any connection? Or, was the whole matter a constantly recurring *accident*? Or, had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life, very different views, to give of the whole, although in his first surprise, and misled by some resemblances, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet impelled by this very doubt I had sometimes given myself trouble to speak of the most insignificant things which my waking dreams had revealed to me.

"I shall not say another word on this singular gift of vision; it manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through. *Neither am I the only person in possession of this power.* On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in Lower Hanenstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation, and said he knew me, although he knew me not, and went on to relate what I had done, and striven to do in former times, to the consternation of the country people present, and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father. How the old ~~lemon~~ merchant came by his knowledge he could explain neither to me nor to himself; he seemed, nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his *mysterious wisdom.*"—*Herald of Progress*, U. S.

Correspondence.

In introducing that portion of the month's correspondence which we have selected from a mass of letters, we beg to call the attention of our correspondents to the following extract from a letter received from Maidstone:—

"June 14, 1860.

"I have been carefully examining the *Magazine*, and although your correspondence is headed 'Facts,' I cannot discover the real name of any of the writers. *If persons pen nothing but truth, why conceal their names and addresses?* I send you mine.

"THOMAS PARDON,
"Chemist, 116, Stone Street, Maidstone."

Surely the time has come for more of our correspondents to act on Mr. Pardon's excellent advice. The writers of several of the following letters might well have authenticated their statements by their names—for instance, R. B., F.R.S., M. A., and *Nosce te-ipsam*. All the writers are known to us, or we should not publish their letters; and we take every pains to verify the facts they give, but there is a reality in a name, with a man

behind it, and ready to stand up for it, which the world much and deservedly relies on. We are, however, making some progress in this respect, and in good quarters. Witness the letters of the Rev. Mr. Bengough, and of Mrs. Propert, and of the philanthropist, Mr. Perceval*, who do not scruple to set this much-needed example. Witness also the manly nervous articles which stand under the names of William Howitt, and of Dr. Ashburner.

One letter we received during the month is the acme of the Nicodemus spirit to which we refer. A gentleman or lady (we hope the former), "finds it difficult to credit the extraordinary accounts in the last number, headed 'Two Evenings with Mr. Home,'" and encloses a postage stamp, desiring "the names and addresses of our correspondents to be sent to *H. P. S., Post Office, York.*" We wrote asking for his or her name and address as a small preliminary, but we have not been favoured with a reply. It is high time for this farce to end, and for the many who are in independent positions to come forward with their names. If we were picking pockets, or selling stale jokes, we might be ashamed of being known; but we desire only to hear from those who are earnest in proclaiming God's truth, and in helping forward the recognition of facts which are a part of His gospel. One man now, may be worth a regiment in a few years, when the facts will have become respectable.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Hadleigh, Rochford, Essex, June, 1860.

SIR,—I confess, and in the present state of public opinion it amounts to a confession, that I read with considerable interest your magazine's monthly report of the progress of Spiritualism in England.

The prevailing indifference on this subject is, to me, perfectly amazing. Looked at in any light—whether as pure imposture and delusion, as actual diabolism, as the result of some hitherto unknown physical law, or else of veritable communion with departed spirits—the astounding phenomena which have obtained the credence of thousands of intelligent persons appear to me to be not less deserving of investigation, than any other facts whatever.

I have spent much time over the evidence for miracles, Pagan, Popish, and Apostolic. By the laws which relate to such evidence, every thinking man must be in great measure influenced in the degree of his submission to, or rejection of, the authority of Christianity as a divine revelation; and the most superficial acquaintance with Spiritualism will show, how much light it may throw on the value of human testimony to the miraculous. Herein we find the attractiveness which this subject might be expected to have, for every thoughtful student of divinity.

Suppose we reject as simply monstrous (like most of our scientific authorities) the spiritual origin of the phenomena alluded to, still these same phenomena must be capable of explanation either by some physical law, or else by some peculiar mental infirmity which renders poor fallible mortals, hopelessly obnoxious to deception, not less through their five senses, than through their reason. If such infirmity does exist, it is most desirable that we should know something about it, that we may guard against illusions approaching us on that side. Herein we

* Mr. Perceval's letter, though in type, is unavoidably postponed to next month.

and the attractiveness which it appears to us this matter ought to have alike for all unprejudiced natural philosophers, metaphysicians, and psychologists.

Hitherto we have argued on the hypothesis that any spiritual origin of *miraculous* spiritualistic marvels is quite untenable. To admit this to be an unfair assumption (as we ourselves imagine it to be) and yet to exhibit a stolid indifference to the whole matter, seems to us a mode of proceeding more worthy of a savage, than of an educated person. We are forced to regard it as the fruit of that very inconsidering narrowness of mind, which it should be the great aim of education to eradicate. All well-authenticated facts connected, or apparently connected, with the supernatural are valuable as materials from which, in course of time, general laws may be deduced; and even the singular circumstance detailed in the letter to myself, enclosed, may, perhaps, interest some of your readers. I am well acquainted with, and cannot doubt for a moment, the trustworthiness of the writer.

In subscribing my name, I cannot forbear regretting that many of your correspondents refrain from giving the slight guarantee of genuineness and authenticity contained in a signature. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

S. E. BENGOUGH.

The following is the letter referred to in that of the Rev. Mr. Bengough :—

DEAR SIR,—As in the course of conversation a few evenings since, you expressed a wish that I should detail in writing the circumstance that caused me to leave my previous abode, I feel great pleasure in doing so. The facts are as follows :—

"In January, 1859, I purchased a semi-detached villa, near Chiswick, of the brother of a lady, who 16 years before, had built both my own house and that adjoining it, and occupied the one which afterwards belonged to me. It may be as well to state, that he had previously sold the adjoining villa to an elderly gentleman and his wife, who were most respectable and quiet neighbours. My family, as you know, consists of but three persons, myself, my daughter, and a female servant. The front bedroom, which I selected for my own use, was 25 feet by 19. The first night of my occupancy, I became aware of a singular noise, which commenced just before 12 o'clock and continued some time, but I paid no attention to it; there was a bright fire in the grate and a nightlight burning. The same noises continued for many nights—many weeks I may say—with few interruptions, until they became a great annoyance, regularly waking me from my first sleep at about from 20 or 30 minutes past 11 to 12 o'clock. The sounds seemed to proceed from naked or thinly-slippered feet, walking with heavy tread to and fro the length of the room; so heavy that the treadings caused a vibration of the crockery on the marble washstand, and of light articles on the toiletglass. My first impression was, that my next-door neighbours had restless nights, but that I found, on making their acquaintance, was not the case. My next idea was that the time-piece I had in my bedroom, was accountable for the strange sound. I, therefore, moved it to various places in the room, while the sound continued, but I could always clearly hear the ticking of the time-piece distinctly from the sound. I many times placed myself in a position, so as it were to obstruct the footfall, but without any alteration in the sound. Sometimes I used to open the window, and sit at it in the spring mornings, but the noise still went on till about 4 or 5 o'clock. Having complained of it, to my daughter, she requested me to wake her, which I did three or four times, and the sounds seemed to her, as to me, to be proceeding from a heavy footfall. Having a friend staying with me in the summer, my servant was obliged to give up her room to him, and to sleep on a sofa in my bedroom; twice I woke her to hear it (it had not been mentioned to her before). Much terrified she cried out "Oh, ma'am, what is it, what is it?" hiding her head under the bed clothes. It became at last not only annoying, but terrible to me, and I decided upon leaving the house. I advertized it for sale, and, at a great loss, obtained a purchaser. It was not till that was settled, that I heard from an old nurse, who called to enquire after the late inhabitants, that the lady who had died there, and of whose brother I had bought it, suffered from a painful and incurable

disease, and that it was her sad case to walk the room, through the night, after a short sleep, till about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning and then to lie down exhausted. Speaking of her to an opposite neighbour, I was told the same sad fact, and that they had often seen her walking to and fro at those hours, when illness in their little family caused them to be about in the early morning. I do not offer this as a solution of this singular affair, but I merely mention it among the other events.

" I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,
 " The Rev. S. E. Bengough." " MARY PROPERT.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The Magazine being the medium of conveying spiritual experience to a sceptical and unbelieving generation, I am induced to forward to you a startling and impressive evidence of direct connexion between this *physical* world, on which the thoughts of some minds are alone fixed, and that *spiritual* world in which those thoughts are searched, and where "judgment lingereth not."

Of the truth of my statement I have the testimony of an eye-witness, on whose veracity I have every reason to rely.

A young and wealthy Hungarian nobleman, captain in an Austrian regiment of hussars and Chamberlain to the Emperor, had, so soon as he became his own master, abandoned himself to all the vices, save that of drunkenness, to be found in the refined and voluptuous, but profligate, corrupt, and polluted city of Vienna; a gambler, a "beguiler of unstable souls" with "eyes full of adultery, sporting himself with his own deceivings." Actively alive to every novelty calculated to gratify an impure curiosity, he thought that in mesmerism he had discovered an endless source of new and varied excitement.

In the prosecution of his inquiries he learnt that a certain herb had been discovered, which, if administered previous to the mesmeric sleep, possessed the property of greatly intensifying clairvoyant action. The sale of this herb is, it seems, forbidden in Vienna. Through a noble relative, some was with difficulty procured from Paris.

Eager to test its influence he invited a celebrated mesmerist, and two brother officers, his most intimate friends, one of whom is my authority for this statement, to a *séance* at his quarters. Binding all to keep inviolably secret any governmental, social, or family transactions which might be revealed, and having written his instructions as to where his spirit should be conveyed; the herb was administered to him, and this bold aspirant was thrown into the mesmeric trance.

A variety of family incidents were disclosed by him, which should have been held sacred. St. Petersburg was visited, the palace of the Czar entered, and the private apartments minutely described, and the truth of the observations therein made, were subsequently confirmed by the attendant aid-de-camp.

Now came the final act of presumptuous blasphemy. His spirit was directed to enter the presence of its God! What followed no words can picture. This hardened, perverted, unsanctified reprobate—this impious scoffer—this atheist—threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of agonized horror. With piteous heart-rending cries he implored for mercy. The confession of an appalling amount of guilt and crime was poured out from his lips with a remorseful contrition, perfectly overwhelming.

With the utmost difficulty he was aroused from his rash and audacious trance, and conveyed by his dismayed companions to his bed, where for weeks he lay in abject contrition, on the very verge of madness. When at length capable of consecutive thought, he resigned his commission, transferred a large income to more deserving hands, and finally clothing himself in sackcloth he sought to expiate in sincere, self-abasing penitence, and subject to the rigours and solitude of the cloister, crimes to which his conscience had, through unrecognized spiritual influence, become thus providentially awakened.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
 Cheltenham. R. B., F.R.S.

NOTES OF EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The following notes may be suggestive to some readers, more particularly to those who are enquiring into the different modes by which the subject is approached. Up to the year 1851 I was a sceptic as to spiritual existence. In that, to me, memorable year, I was introduced to the subject of mesmerism, some singular phenomena of which were presented to me. I found that I myself could mesmerise to considerable effect, and was the means of curing several individuals of various long-standing ailments. Among my subjects was a young person in my own family, whom I shall designate as N—. I used to observe that, when in the mesmeric sleep, this young person frequently seemed to be engaged in conversation as if with unseen persons.

One of my mesmeric friends, upon my mentioning this peculiarity to him, informed me that one of his subjects, also a young woman, presented similar phenomena. I invited him to call on me with her. A few evenings after she came but without him; and after a little friendly chat, was not unwilling to be put into the mesmeric sleep by a friend who was then with us, and who was fond of eliciting the phenomena of *phreno-mesmerism*. No sooner was she in the mesmeric sleep than she exclaimed:—"I must leave you a little while to talk to my grandma," and glided at once into the adjoining room, which was unlighted, and fell on her knees with uplifted hands, and thus remained silent for a little while. She then rose in a most graceful attitude, and with hands outstretched, said:—"Dear grandma, I have come to meet you here." She talked scarcely audibly for several minutes, when my friend, surprised at a phenomenon new to him, approached to demesmerise her. She said:—"Your influence will not avail now! but do not feel alarmed, or I shall have headache when I awake." He asked—

"How long are you to be like this?"—"Until I have talked with all my friends!"

"What about?"—"Don't speak, the subject is sacred. Leave me."

We returned to the next room, leaving her going through an apparent conversation with various persons, now playing as with a child, then reading a letter, the room being now nearly dark.

In about ten minutes she returned to the room in which we were, talked freely with us, still in her sleep, for about five minutes, when she abruptly said:—"I am now at your service."

"What do you mean?"—"You can wake me, or not, as you please."

My friend then went through with his original design of exhibiting the phenomena of *phreno-mesmerism*, until I could no longer bear with his thus playing with the subject—exciting tears or laughter at his pleasure—and I requested him to wake her. He did so: she returned to the ordinary state quite unconscious of what had transpired.

The next time I found my own subject, N—, talking with *her* invisible friends; I asked her—

"Who are you talking with?"—"I don't know: they are beautifully clothed and have beautiful features, such as I have never seen before."

On some occasions after this she said there were persons who wished to converse with me; and I did hold conversations with these unseen persons. The conversations they thus carried on through her, were at times instructive, at others inconsistent. Once I had been engaged in taking notes of one of these conversations, which had lasted about half an hour, declaredly from a friend long departed, the subject was abruptly stopped, and she said:—"If you expect any more, you are an old fool," and instantaneously passed into a state of cataleptic rigidity, out of which, by no effort, mental or physical, could I bring her. In a fit of despair I exclaimed, "Good God! what have I done? Never will I mesmerise again until I know more about it!" This exclamation was no sooner out of my mouth than her limbs relaxed, a beautiful smile came over her countenance, she rose from the sofa, and, taking my hand, said:—"You can wake me now;" she directed by what passes to do this. I made them, and in less than a minute she was in her ordinary state.

One day shortly after this, I had been reading in a newspaper about the *rappings* in America. The comments in the newspaper were in a tone of ridicule. The next time N— was in the mesmeric sleep, I asked her:—

“What do you think about this spirit-rapping in America?”—“I’ll go and see,” she said.

“Oh, what nonsense!” said I.

“Do you suppose that the body in this state accompanies the mind?” asked N—. “I know,” I replied, “that the mind and the body are not always together.”

“Give an instance of it,” said N—, sharply.—I said, “My mind is now at the old home: I look at my father in his old arm-chair; I see all the things I used to be so familiar with.”

“I understand you,” interrupted N—. “That is an instance; now I will give you another by going to America. Do not attempt to control me; you need feel no alarm.”

I remained quiet, and so did she, for two hours, taking no notice of any person or thing, with one exception: the cat (of which she was fond, generally) came into the room, she immediately called out, although apparently in deep sleep—“Turn out the cat!” We did so, and she relapsed into silence. At the end of the time mentioned she beckoned to me. I approached.

“Well, what is it?”—“I have been”——

“Where?”—“To America. Where did I tell you I would go?”

“Well, have you enquired?”—“Yes; it is quite true.”

“Well, how do they rap?”—“Persevere; time will show.”

“What do they rap on?”—“Silly question! On anything: on you; on me; on the table. The people in America are partial to the rapping on the table.”

“But how can they understand it?”—“Easily. If I rap on the table three times for ‘Yes,’ once for ‘No,’ and twice for ‘Doubtful,’ you could understand. But stop! you must not become too wise without effort.”

“What do you mean?”—“You want to get your knowledge too easily.”

“I desire to get all the knowledge I can. It may be of use to me in this life, and in the next, if there is another.”—“But you do not believe me.”

“I believe all that my convictions compel me to believe.”—“You want the conviction, and cannot tell what you believe or disbelieve. Within a month you will witness the phenomena in this room.”

“What phenomena?”—“The table-moving, turning, or rapping, whatever you like to call it.”

After she had answered questions on other topics she was restored to the ordinary state, perfectly ignorant of our conversation.

A fortnight after, in that room, after having mesmerized her as usual, I had brought her back to the normal state, and had then taken my seat in an easy chair, when this was pulled back from the fireside, and turned one third of a circle, stopping only by coming in contact with the door. N— was still on the other side of the room. I looked round. Besides myself and N— there was no one visibly present. It was mechanically impossible for any one from the next room to have done it.

From this day we obtained the raps whenever we sat at the table with that object,—raps of all kinds, single rapping as if from the fingers of a child, loud drumming as if from the fists of a man, raps as if from a multitude: sometimes they would beat a march; then we would have raps, not only on every part of the table, but in every part of the room; some as delicate as the ticking of a watch, others as loud as if made by kicks of horses. I invited numbers to come and witness phenomena so new. And as these demonstrations were made in association with intelligence more or less striking, some thought they were connected—though they could not explain how—with clairvoyance, and thought-reading on the part of the subject. I, well knowing that the intelligence exhibited was generally above that of N—, concluded that it was spiritual, and that she was merely an instrument or medium.

This exhibition of intelligence in connection with the rapping and moving of the table was, I found, as might be expected, most puzzling to my old sceptical friends. I remember going, soon after my attention was thus drawn to

this subject, with some whom I had induced to enquire into it, to Mrs. Hayden's. Among those present was Mrs. Crowe the author of the *Night Side of Nature*. It was intimated through the raps that the spirit of my mother was present. I required her name to be spelt: I asked a gentleman present, a stranger to me, to go over the alphabet to obviate any possible suggestion by pauses which I might unconsciously make in coming to the letters forming it. Some newspaper critics had offered this as a solution of the enigma, supposing that the medium observed the pause and then slyly kicked. A strange gentleman then went over the alphabet, and yet the letters forming my mother's name—a rather singular one—were successively and promptly rapped to. Others present said that the names of their deceased friends were also accurately given, a similar precaution being taken to prevent possible suggestion or collusion. When the circle broke up, the large square dining table, at which we had been sitting, moved about absolutely without contact of the medium, or of any one, in various directions, at the simple request of those present—backwards, forwards, to the right, to the left, diagonally, circularly—and this was continued for a quarter of an hour, and all were satisfied—none being nearer to it than eight or nine feet, and no raps on the table—when there was a succession of raps all over the table like a pelting shower of rain. Some one said that if the movements were caused by spirits the same agents might exert force against ours, and prevent us from moving it. Two of us then, inviting the spirits to use force against ours, tried to raise the table, but in vain; upon asking that the spirits should withhold their opposition, it could be raised by the two experimenters, but it was a heavy lift; with the spirit's aid, when requested, it was raised with ease by the tips of the fingers.

Dr. Ashburner used to favour us, at our own house, with an occasional visit. He brought one day with him a Mr. Home, a Member of Parliament. By the alphabet the name of Mr. Home's deceased wife was spelt. He asked for proof of identity, that the spirit would give by the raps the letters which were on the inner side of the ring then on his finger. Three letters were indicated, and Mr. H. handed the ring round; we saw that they corresponded with the letters so indicated. He said that his wife had presented the ring to him before marriage. It was also stated, through the table by means of the alphabet, when and where they were married, and where she had died. Among others who often came to us, was Robert Owen and several of his friends: his son, the Honorable R. D. Owen, was in London at this time, and he was an occasional visitor. One day he was accompanied by a friend, some American official of distinction; this gentleman averred his belief that the phenomena were produced by spiritual agency. The raps spelt out a name which he said was that of his son:—

"That I may know it is you, tell me where you died?" The answer was, by the same process—"At Naples."

"Of what did you die?"—"Malpractice."

"But what was your complaint?"—"Amputation."

"Where did you meet with your sad injury?"—"Vesuvius."

The gentleman told us that, while at Naples, his son had met with an accident in ascending Mount Vesuvius; his arm was crushed; amputation had been performed, but he did not rally; the operation might not have been well-performed, or, perhaps, at an improper time. Looking at his hand, the gentleman said:—

"What am I looking at now?"—"At the ring I gave you."

"Is there anything remarkable about this ring?"—"It was consecrated at Jerusalem."

This gentleman was much affected, and declared that these answers were correct to the facts.

I close here for the present.

Perhaps these experiences may be thought by some scarcely worth chronicling in presence of more striking ones now occurring in our metropolis. I may see something hereafter, which may enable me to give more cogent testimony. But what I have already witnessed has been of inestimable value to myself, in having opened to me an apparently infinite series of facts of the highest scientific value, but chiefly as having exhibited to me evidence of a life beyond

that of earth, thus leading me "through nature up to nature's God;" and into the long-untrodden paths of revealed religion.

I enclose my card, but withhold my name from this communication, for the reason that the society to which I am attached is not advanced enough, although under Royal designation, to recognize these phenomena: looking forward to the time when it will, and that speedily, I subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,

Yours in the truth,

London, May, 1860.

NOSCE TE-IPSUM.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Cambridge, May 29th, 1860.

SIR,—I am very glad you occasionally insert *old* facts as well as modern ones. If the enclosed extract from the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal* is acceptable, I may send others.

Yours, &c.,
M. A.

From the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," 1845, vol. 64, p. 166-168.

The article from which the following extract is taken is a review of Dr. Binns' work on the "*Anatomy of Sleep.*" After giving a very amusing instance of alarm caused by what seemed, at first, to be a supernatural sound, but which turned out to be neither more nor less than the escape of steam from a bottle of boiling "Epsom Salts," the reviewer proceeds thus:—

"The following case, however, is one of those very rare ones to which we have above alluded, as one of those whose explanation baffles the philosophic inquirer. The case, indeed, is almost the only authentic one to which we could refer; and as it occurred to a particular friend, and every circumstance was minutely inquired into at the time, the narrative is as authentic as such things can be. It may add to the interest of this case to state that it was communicated several years ago to Dr. Hibbert, after the publication of his work on apparitions, when he confessed that he could not explain it, in the same philosophic manner in which he was able to account for all others, and that it appeared to him more nearly to approach the supernatural.

"F. M. S.— was passing through the Wolfridge wood at Alverston, one night about twelve o'clock, accompanied by his dog, a breed between the Newfoundland and mastiff, a powerful animal who feared neither man nor beast. He had a fowling-piece and a pair of pistols loaded, besides his sword, for he belonged to the Military School there, and had been out on a day's shooting. The road ran through the middle of the wood; and very nearly in the centre of the wood, at a part somewhat more open than the rest, there was a cross erected to point out the spot where a gamekeeper was murdered. The place had the reputation of being haunted, and the ghost, it was said, had been frequently seen. S.— had frequently before this, passed this cross in the wood without seeing anything, and treated the story of the ghost so lightly, that he has, on more occasions than one, for a bet, gone there at midnight and returned without meeting anything excepting an occasional gamekeeper or poacher. This night, when he approached the open space in the wood, he thought he perceived, at the other end of the open spot, the indistinct form of a man, more indistinct however than usual. He therefore called his dog to his side (for previously it had been ranging about, barking furiously, and giving chase to the game it started), patted it on the head to make it keep a sharp look-out, and cocked his gun. His dog, on this, was all impatience. He challenged the figure, but no answer was returned. He then suspected it was a poacher, and prepared for an encounter, and directed the dog's attention to the figure, who answered by growling. He then kept his eyes steadily fixed on the figure, when, instantaneously it glided to within arm's length of him. He looked steadfastly in the face of the figure, which kept its eyes fixed on his. It made no noise or rustling on its approach. The face was ill-defined, but distinctly visible. He could not turn his eyes from those of the figure; he was fascinated, as it were, to the spot; he had no power in his frame; he felt no fear of bodily injury, but a certain

incomprehensible kind of awe. His eyes were so fascinated by those of the figure that he did not observe the dress it appeared in, nor even its form. It looked calmly, and with a mild look, all the time of its appearance, which he does not think exceeded half a minute, when it suddenly became invisible. The form had faded before him about five minutes altogether.

"The dog, which before this was furious, and growling, now stood crouched at his feet as if in a trance—his jaw fallen, his limbs quivering, his whole frame agitated, and covered with a cold perspiration. After the form disappeared, he watched it, then spoke to it, without its seeming to recognize him, and it was only after a little while that it seemed to recover its senses. The whole way home, it never moved from his side, but kept close to his feet, nor did it offer to run after, or even take notice of the game which they started on their way home. It was a fortnight before it recovered from the fright, but never afterwards was the same lively animal. No persuasion could ever again induce that dog to enter the wood after nightfall, nor would it allow any of the family to enter it. When it was forced to pass the open spot by daylight, it would only do so with its master, always, however, exhibiting signs of fear, trembling all the time, and walking silently by his side. S— has frequently since passed this spot in the wood at the midnight hour, but has never again seen the figure. Before this occurrence, he had always treated with ridicule any stories about ghosts or spirits, but is now a firm believer in both."

This is almost the only recorded case known to us where the evidence is so strong, as to leave no other impression on the mind but that it was the appearance of some supernatural agency; and after having in vain endeavoured to explain it on any other supposition, we found ourselves forced to conclude with Hamlet, that:—"There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy!"

Footfalls on the Boundary of another World. By ROBERT DALE OWEN.

10,000 copies of this work have already been sold in the United States, and we hear that an English edition is being published by Messrs. Trübner. In *Cassell's Paper*, large extracts have been made from it, also in the *London Journal*, and in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*; and thus many of the most striking narratives have been circulated amongst a mass of readers, such as no other work of the kind has hitherto reached. We observe with regret, though without surprise, that *Cassell's Paper*, although giving Mr. Owen's narratives at full length, and noticing his declaration as to the care he has taken for their truth and perfect accuracy, publishes them under the head of "Popular Delusions." The gentleman who does that part of *Cassell's Paper*, acknowledges, as we should be prepared to hear, that he has not even looked into the subject, and we for that reason deprecate his allowing himself to treat of it under such a heading.

Mr. Owen, in a recent letter, says "I am really astonished at the favour with which, not exactly Spiritualism, but the general subject of interferences from another world in this, are received by the public throughout the United States. Of upwards of 100 notices in newspapers for every section of the Union, there are but seven which are unfavourable, and of these but one that is abusive or disrespectful, and that, in an infidel paper, not editorial but from a correspondent."

In England, on the contrary, the most abusive notices invariably proceed from the most orthodox and Christian journals; we presume because they, more than the others, more entirely misunderstand the scope and bearing of the subject, and are the most narrow in their creeds.

Mr. J. Rollin, M. Squire, the celebrated medium, whose name has been so frequently before our readers, was presented to Her Majesty, by the Honorable Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, at the Levee held on the 20th June.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND NON-SUBSCRIBERS.

As we have intimated in our remarks on Mr. Punch, our work in conducting the *Magazine* is "a labour of love," but it promises now to become one of money also, in the inverse meaning of the words. In plain terms, the money with which we have been favoured in aid of the fund for gratuitous circulation of the *Magazine*, has been exhausted, and still we have six months of the year before us. This fund is a great assistance to the *Magazine*, as it enables us to publish a larger edition at a cheaper rate, and it is indeed necessary to supply the deficiencies which we foresaw from the beginning, in establishing such a publication as this in the teeth of all the prejudices of the day. We have accordingly throughout, begged for the generous assistance of those who think that the existence of such a periodical is likely to be of service in advocating the broad views of spiritual philosophy and religion.

We circulated several thousands of the preliminary prospectus, and in each number we have solicited subscriptions, and reported the receipts. Unfortunately, the latter has been a light part of our duty, for of the £43 5s. 6d., which is the total received, £25 was given by three friends, and all the rest of the friends of Spiritualism have hitherto mustered only the balance of £18 5s. 6d. If this were a true test of the interest they take in the publication, we should rather doubt of the result; but we think that they have hardly been aware of the necessity for a more united effort. We calculate that at the least £30 more will be required to arrive without loss at the end of the year, and to give the experiment a fair trial. We hope that such as are able and willing will contribute their little or much towards raising this sum. If we should fail in obtaining it from our friends, we shall be driven to ask *Punch* to get up a special subscription for us, which we have no doubt he will gladly do, that he may never be at a loss for materials for his good-natured fun.

We feel no shame in making this appeal, having before us the example of "the Clerical Fund and Poor Clergy Relief Society," which for the members of the richest church in the world, is now begging for the cast-off clothes of "the miserable sinners," to whom they have to preach on Sundays.

Subscriptions may be sent in postage stamps or Post-Office Order, to Mr. T. J. Allman, 5, Camden Road, London, N.