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FARTHER FACTS, BY DR. BLANK.*

“ Jetzt erst erkenn' ich, was der Weise spricht :
‘ Die Geister Welt ist nicht verschlossen ;
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt !
Auf ! bade, Schüler, unverdrossen
Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenroth ! ’ — *Goëthe.*

I HAVE been very much laughed at for my former record of facts (*Spiritual Magazine*, April 1860). My own brother has informed me that he does not believe one word of them. A valued friend refused to reprint them in his medical journal solely from regard to my reputation. Well! I must remember the old adage, *Magna est veritas*, and trust to its final victory.

In the meantime, I feel it due to science and to truth, without troubling myself about the consequences, to place the following FARTHER FACTS on record. I again pledge my word of honour to their strict accuracy. I have only recorded what I myself have verified and seen.

1. On the evening of the 18th June I had the opportunity, through the kind introduction of the editor of this Magazine, in company with my friend X, of witnessing the following phenomena, occurring through the mediumship of Mr. Home, in a private house of distinction in London.

The circle consisted of seven persons and Mr. Home. The raps came in about 10 minutes on the table—on the floor—about the room—the whole floor vibrated with a tremor. The table was then *lifted* from the ground about two feet, all our hands being placed on the surface, we standing the while, and one of the circle knelt on the ground and saw it so suspended. We were frequently and strongly *touched* as if by a hand, one after the

* It is at our advice that Dr. Blank and his friend X conceal their names, for they are both in public positions, which in the present state of opinion, might be rendered untenable by them, were their names to be publicly canvassed. We do not append any observations in answer to the Doctor's remarks and disclaimers on the general subject of Spiritualism, as we should be only repeating those which we made at the foot of his article in April last. We commend to our readers the clear and truthful quiet mode in which these “ farther facts ” are narrated.

other. A *fragrance* as of strawberries all at once pervaded the room; cool breaths of air were wafted on our foreheads. A large *bell* was rung below the table and was then taken from the hand of the hostess of the evening, and placed, first in one of the visitors' hands, and then taken from his, and placed in the hand of X, and then taken out of it, and thrown below the table. The *accordion* played the most beautiful music in the hand of Mr. Home, and also while suspended alone, as verified by one of the circle, under the table. It was the largest accordion I ever saw; and one end was held by Mr. Home in one hand, the other hand being, as those of all present, on the table. I never heard anything more wondrous or unearthly than that music.

It was wonderful to hear how the echo gradually died away.

"O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing."

The raps were continued from time to time in reply to questions put, &c.

During all these phenomena six wax lights were burning in the room.

It was then intimated by raps that the lights were to be put out, and the table moved into the window. There was the light of a summer night mixed with the street gas and enough to enable us distinctly to distinguish objects in the room, each other's faces, &c.

The curtain was drawn back, *not by any one present*, and the blind similarly pulled up and down, and the light thus regulated.

The accordion again played, and gently floated by itself through the air. It touched my forehead in passing. I then saw the table-cover moved by something under it, and having the shape and action of fingers.

In a few minutes X and I both distinctly twice saw, as did every one else present, a hand like that of a dark mulatto woman's rise up to the level of the table in the open unoccupied space between the table and the window, and take up a pencil laid on a piece of paper, and draw on it what afterwards we found to be a leaf and an eagle's head. *I am most positive, and so is X, that this hand belonged to no one in the room, that it could not by any possibility so belong.* Whether owned by angel, spirit, or demon, I know not.

2. On the 15th of June, accompanied by X, I went to Mrs. Marshall's, 22, Red Lion-street, in company with a strong believer and professor of Spiritualism, which by the way, I beg distinctly to say, neither X nor I are. We are simply testing certain asserted facts, which appear to us to open a way, if true, to farther discovery of the subsisting relations between spirit

and matter. We neither desire nor look for any new revelations. We are not sceptics, and owe our faith to the teaching of the Church of our baptism, not to that of these eccentric phenomena.* The foolish zeal and crude theories of some of the professors of Spiritualism, whom I have met, makes me very desirous thus broadly to separate myself from them. Moreover, I have no share and less sympathy with the conversions from infidelity said to be the fruit of Spiritualism. "*If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.*—St. Luke xvi., 31.

To revert to my narrative. At this meeting at Mrs. Marshall's, which was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the *raps* after we sat down were loud and all about the table, on the floor and under the boards.

We asked if any spirit was present, who knew any of us? If X?—No. If myself?—Yes. Would he spell out his name?—Yes. To my amazement the name in full of my late father was spelt out. I asked as a test the name of my present and former place of residence—of a guest I had left at home; each of which questions were distinctly answered. It was spelt out that, in five weeks I should become a writing-medium, and that I should thereby cure a patient of the name of Sumners. No such person has as yet placed himself under my care.

3. On the evening of the 4th of July, I was present with my friend X at a circle held in Cecil-street, Strand, at which were present two ladies, from the country town, who had asked me to enable them to witness some of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Mrs. Marshall and her niece were present as mediums. I arranged with them for their attendance; but of course, without giving any clue or hint as to who were to be present. I had also invited two members of my own profession, but they were prevented by unexpected engagements from coming.

* "In surveying this new world of thought opened to him by the physical manifestations here recorded, the writer feels it due to his position distinctly to state that he does not accept the interpretation which the American sect, terming themselves *Spiritualists*, place on these phenomena. He does not believe that the raps, and table-tiltings, and strange fantastic freaks, which he here records, are the acts of the spirits of the departed, nor of their efforts to communicate with the living. Still less is he prepared to receive the doctrine that the trashy common-place evangelical dicta, enunciated by medium-writing and raps, are communications from the Spirit of God, in support of the truth of Revelation. It is his opinion that the doctrines of the Spiritualists, as set forth in their American and English writings, tend, in the few instances in which they soar above vulgar credulity, to materialist teaching of the most objectionable kind. It is not the place here to enter into this wide question; only in recording his belief in the physical manifestations here related, the writer has felt it due to himself, as a member of the Church of England, to guard against the implication of thereby accepting the opinions of the American professors, who have related and theorised on such manifestations."—*Facts*, by Dr. Blank.—*Spiritual Magazine*, April, 1860.

We formed, therefore, a circle of six, and sat down about 8 o'clock. In a very few minutes raps were heard on the table, and also on the floor. The raps on the floor were loud, and sounded as if they were some three feet distant from the circle. My friend X enquired if any spirit known to us were present. The alphabet was asked for, and the name of the younger lady present, whom I shall call B, was spelt out. The spirit was asked to spell his name. He gave that of the late curate of the parish where these ladies reside. He had died about a year ago, and I may add, that some tender passages had passed between him and the lady B, whose name was spelt out.* The alphabet was used by X, who was not then acquainted with these facts or with the late curate's name. I then asked the spirit to spell out his mother's name (which I did not know), and which was done correctly. B then asked him if he had any message for her. By the use of the alphabet she spelt out "*The Lord has received my soul into his love.*"

The dresses of both the ladies were pulled, and they were touched on the leg, and were made very naturally rather nervous. I asked the spirit the name of his late parish; of his rector; of the day of the week on which he always dined with B.'s family; of the place where he had last seen B. All these were correctly given. We tried the date of his death, but we had no numerals to work with, and this experiment failed.

Mrs. Marshall pressed for the spirit to shew his hand. He said, by the alphabet, that *he could not because it would kill* —. At this word the ladies both rushed out of the room, extremely frightened, and they did not return.

X and I continued the *séance*, getting some of the ordinary manifestations of bell ringing, of moving the table, but not of that satisfactory character which marked the phenomena I have recorded, as occurring in Mr. Home's presence. We had, however, several very curious answers by the alphabet to questions relating to deceased relations of our own.

4. On the evening of the 7th July, we had a second *séance* in Cecil-street with the same party, with the addition of a clergyman, who had been fellow curate of the deceased gentleman, who gave his name on the former occasion. Again, the name of the lady I have termed B was spelt out, and his own. He then spelt out the name of his late fellow curate C, and continued for an hour to answer a number of questions relating to past events in their parish. The pet name he gave to B was spelt out, he said that a ring he had given to her was now in the

* This gentleman had often during life said that if he died first, he would appear to the lady of his love.

possession of C, &c., &c. He spelt out that he would show his hand, if B would sit next the vacant space. This she refused to do, and left the room. A piece of paper laid on the table was moved off while all hands were on the surface. The raps were very loud and varied—sometimes like the knocking of a hammer. Those present were touched on the leg, on their dress, &c. When asked if he had any message for C, it was spelt out by the alphabet “*the Lord has much for you to do to bring all creeds to a union with Christ.*”

There was thus under the careful scrutiny of X and myself, and in our own lodging, and not in Mrs. Marshall’s house, a repetition on two nights of some of most remarkable phenomena of Spiritualism* so called.

There were the raps and knocks, loud, varied, and intelligent, replying to questions, of which the medium had no knowledge; there were movements of the table and the tiltings, and those present were frequently touched. *Whence this power?* I know not. I simply record these experiences in the hope that others may further study the phenomena. All I here positively state is that we were not the dupes of any trick; that there was neither place nor opportunity for conjuring.

5. Again on the evening of the 8th, just after writing the above record, I was asked by a friend, Y, to whom I had related the previous day’s experience, to accompany him to Mrs. Marshall’s rooms, 22, Red Lion-street. We found her sitting with two ladies. We joined the circle, and it was afterwards increased by the addition of two gentlemen. The table moved; we were touched on the leg, and the raps loud and varied and intelligent were again repeated. The late country curate intimated his presence. I asked where B was? Was she at the theatre? He replied, No. Where? At ——; giving the name of the parish where she resides. I had that afternoon seen her off by the train.

Towards the end of the evening, we asked if the hands could be shewn. We were placed in a circle, and we occupied two-thirds of the table—one-third was by direction (by the alphabet) left open for the hand to appear. The gentleman at the point nearest the hand felt it touching him, placing the bell, which was put on the floor on his knee, and at last, I distinctly saw a luminous body like the back of a hand on the horizon of the table. The room had the mixed light of a summer’s evening, and the reflected gaslight from the street. I cannot, however, say that this manifestation of the hand had anything

* I use this term throughout as an understood word, not as myself in any way accepting the theories implied by some of its professors when they use it.

like the certainty or distinctness of what I saw the evening I spent with Mr. Home.

6. I have also had another opportunity of testing Mr. Squire's physical manifestations: it was at a large party of eleven. The writing was again obtained under the table; but it was neither much, nor entirely satisfactory, at least to me.

On the other hand, Mr. Squire repeated the wonderful phenomena of lifting a table, 70 lbs. weight (as I recorded in my former facts) on to his head, his own hands being tied together, and one of the party standing beside him to watch his movements. Also his feet being tied to a chair, he lifted the same table twice over his head on to the bed, his right hand being held by one of the party. Both these acts were unfortunately done in complete darkness.

Remarks.—The question of how far the spirits of the departed, or other forms of spiritual life can influence the events of life, or how far we can influence them, is just as legitimate an object of philosophical enquiry as any researches Mr. Faraday may make in the subject of electricity. Both enquiries must alike be tested by facts and evidence; and to meet with ridicule the faithful record of such facts is simply a foolish way of avoiding a troublesome subject. Unless, indeed, those who ridicule all enquiry into spiritual phenomena are prepared to adopt the Epicurean theory,

"Sapias, vine liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces,"*

and so be content calmly to live for material objects and discoveries, they cannot in any fairness refuse to bring to the test of experiment phenomena such as I have here recorded.

A very different measure of respect is due to another class of objectors who admit, as it were, the truth of the facts asserted, but viewing them as simply unholy dealings with familiar spirits, refuse further to prosecute the enquiry. So far from blaming this frame of mind, I am rather disposed to sympathize with it. Such is, however, not the tone of our modern physical philosophers; they are troubled with no such scruples. It is because these phenomena transgress the laws which they have given to the universe, that they refuse to investigate this truth. With the theological scruples of those who view these researches as unholy, modern philosophers have avowedly no sympathy.

If I were to record in the *Lancet* any remarkable facts

* "Be wise, your spirit firing
With cups of tempered wine
And hopes afar aspiring
In compass brief confine."

Theodore Martin's Translation.

observed by me bearing, for example, on the influence of particular drugs on the emotions, my facts would be taken by the majority of the readers of that periodical as true, and they would be disposed, as occasion offered, to apply my results in their own practice. The few who investigate truth would, I believe, test my supposed facts, starting with the presumption that there was some truth in my narrative. I do not believe that any one would purely and simply deny, as impossible, wild and ridiculous any medical facts, such as I have supposed, which I might publish in the *Lancet* as having been observed by myself, however much they might question and dissent from any theory I might be disposed to build upon my facts.

For the facts which I here record I claim the same privilege. My whole professional education has been devoted to enabling me to test physical evidence. If it has not produced this result it has been a failure, however many learned questions on the ontologies I may have been able, in the Cambridge Senate House, to answer. Now I boldly claim for the facts I have here recorded, that their evidence has been carefully tested by me and my friend X, and that we have not been the victims of a clever fraud or trick.

On the other hand, I entirely disclaim any share in the theories which the professors of Spiritualism seek to build upon these facts. I neither believe the evidence sufficient to prove that the dead in the Lord can pass from Hades to the under surface of my dining table, nor do I think that if they came they would confine themselves to the enunciation of mild evangelical common-places, such as any Methodist preacher would garnish and end his weary discourse with. I have other thoughts and hopes of the glories *ere hath not seen, nor ear heard*; and I cannot barter them away for this rubbish.

Moreover, coming to these facts as a faithful student of truth, not as a partizan, I feel bound to remark on the small results which they offer. Mr. Squire can lift a 70lb. table on his head—his hands being tied the while—or turn it a somerset over his head on to the bed. He can also get raps on the table by which he can spell out some common-place evangelical phrases. Beyond this he is not a whit better or wiser than he was before, but remains an ordinary human editor of a weekly American paper which in no way surpasses the *Saturday Review* written, *inter alios*, by Cambridge men versed in the philosophy of the schools, though ignorant and doubting of the mysteries of Spiritualism. Again, Mrs. Marshall remains with all her mediumship, a stout, elderly, respectable woman, but destitute alike of acquirements or knowledge.

These wonderful spiritual phenomena do not therefore appear to lead to or impart any knowledge.

Now, this is certainly a great difficulty, and one frequently

urged by the opponents of Spiritualism. Why do these spirits teach you nothing?—they neither make you wiser nor better. To what good the enquiry? I am not defending the theories of Spiritualism, and I do not feel called upon to examine these difficulties, whose existence I fully see and acknowledge. *This narrative is simply a record of facts observed by myself.* I desire to cast them on the broad waters of science, that haply some traveller thereon may take them up and fit them into their appointed place in the Great Master's inscrutable scheme of creation. In the meanwhile, I would humbly with Goëthe say,

“ Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
Da kiener dich ergründen mag,
Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

I conclude with the following propositions :

1. In the presence of a medium, raps on and about the table, on the floor, on the walls of the room, do occur without the intervention of any physical agent. These raps are variable in their sound and intensity. Sometimes they appear to come between the joists of the floor.

2. These raps and knocks are, moreover, intelligent. By their aid, and the simple use of the alphabet, names and facts are spelt out with which the medium had no knowledge, and which are accurately true.

3. The table at such circles is frequently moved and tilted, and suspended in the air without any visible agency, and other articles of furniture are similarly moved.

4. A shadow hand—not that of any one present—is sometimes formed, which places a bell on the table, or lifts a pencil laid on a piece of paper and writes with it.

5. During these *séances* most wonderful music is played on an accordion without any human agency; and those present may be frequently touched and grasped round the leg, their dress pulled, &c., &c.

6. The evidence of direct writing without human intervention is related on high authority. I have not had an opportunity or any occasion, on which I have seen it, of quite satisfying myself of the impossibility of producing it otherwise than by the agency of the spirits.

7. Like all new truths, these facts are apt to be enlarged by their professors. Spiritualism is a tempting field for fraud, and one of its most earnest professors, Mr. Jones of Peckham, informed me that he had more than once detected such attempts on the part of persons supposed to be mediums.

I fear, however, this is a sin of poor human nature, and must not be laid to the special charge of any class.

SPIRITUALISM AND MIRACLES.

THERE is one side of Church history which fully deserves, but which, as far as we know, has as yet failed to obtain, a separate chronicle. There exists no distinct record of the successive assaults which have been made on Christianity by open and avowed enemies of the faith. Yet such a history might prove of no little service in teaching Christian advocates what has been the secret of some of their past discomfitures, while it might inspire them with assured confidence of their eventual success in any future contests. Different ages and different countries have furnished bands of assailants equipped with very different weapons, and requiring to be encountered with corresponding methods of defensive warfare. Time was, when Truth had no more formidable foes than fiendish cruelty and brutal scorn, when the entire physical forces of the so-called civilized world rallied around their Divus Imperator to crush and annihilate with mere material incubus the soldiers of the cross. *Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesie* was the martyrs' motto. They conquered by suffering. And when once the victory had been achieved, it is marvellous with what kingly dignity the Truth retained unquestioned supremacy over the souls of men. The powers of darkness dared not assail it openly, so they were driven to hide the light they could not extinguish—to poison the waters of life which they were not able to cut off. For more than a thousand years we hear of scarcely one open and avowed attack upon the citadel of faith. Outworks may indeed be here and there thrown down, and single deserters from the Christian camp go wandering out into the gloomy waste of unbelief: but not until the reaction from the uncontrolled fervours and narrow dogmatism of the Reformation systems of theology, were Christians again confronted with a banner of defiance, likely to arrest the attention of the world. To note in order of time the various trumpet blasts of infidelity would be scarcely possible, for some were contemporaneous. Political France put her anti-Christian schemes to the test in the Revolution of '89, but they were found wanting. Christianity was implanted too deeply in the social life of France to be rooted out, even by so terrible an experiment. Long time Germany has been trying to extinguish Christianity metaphysically. And learned professors have proved very satisfactorily to them, if to no one else, that the very idea of God is a contradiction and absurdity. England has done her part too. She is not much given to political theories or metaphysical speculation, but she is the nursing mother of physical science, or wisdom of this world,

which like other wisdoms has proved to some a hindrance to the knowledge of God.

We intend in this paper to make a few observations on certain sceptical objections prevalent amongst us, induced by a study of the laws of nature, and directed mainly against that very large portion of revelation which is closely implicated with the miraculous. To ourselves it appears to be a subject on which Spiritualism will be acknowledged to throw much light at no very distant date.

Hume, we imagine, was the first to enunciate in a neat logical shape, an argument directed against miracles, founded on the unalterable nature of our experience of physical laws, as contrasted with the fallibility of human testimony. Happily we need not stay now to examine his world-famous method of reasoning, for it has become obsolete.

It is acknowledged to be so even by those who, like Hume, argue on the ground of natural philosophy that a miracle is incredible. Thus, the late Mr. Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry, referring to Hume's Essay, says, "If nothing is to be believed contrary to 'experience,' every new fact must be denied. The question really turns upon far wider and higher considerations. If for the word 'experience' Hume had substituted 'analogy,' or something to the same effect, the question would have presented itself under a very different aspect; and it would have been manifest that we must recur to evidence of a far higher kind in order to its determination. The real question does not relate to the evidence of the senses, but of reason: not to experience, in the limited sense of the word, but to the general ground of our convictions, and turns essentially on the views we have arrived at, of *the order of the natural world, and the chain of physical causation.*"

In the series of essays from which the above is quoted, entitled *The Order of Nature*, Mr. Powell traces with great ability the gradual growth of the idea of a cosmos. This may be described in his own words, as the universal conviction of the unfailing subordination of everything to *some* grand principles of *law*, however imperfectly apprehended or realized in our partial conceptions, and the successive subordination of such laws to others of still higher generality, and constituting the true chain of universal causation which culminates in the sublime conception of the cosmos. "It is in connection" (he adds) "with the enlarged view of universal, immutable, natural order, that I have regarded the narrow notions of those who obscure the sublime prospect, by imagining so unworthy an idea as that of occasional interruptions in the physical economy of the world."

We will now state, in as few words as possible, the way in

which Mr. Powell brings this cosmical conception to bear on the subject of miracles. His chain of reasoning is as follows:—The very idea of Nature is that of order. Science can only regard physical phenomena as forming part of this order. Even if science could suppose this order to terminate anywhere, such a termination would not be in the supernatural, but in “darkness, anarchy, atheism.” Miracles derive all their force from the supposition that they are the action of the Divine Being. But any *à priori* knowledge we may obtain of God, proves Him to be a God of order. Nature can teach us nothing of God except by the law revealed there; therefore, miracles or interpretations of order could not prove His presence, and the sooner a separation takes place between revelation proper, and miraculous adjuncts, the better for religion and for science also.

It is impossible for any one conversant with natural science not to feel in some measure the weight of this mode of reasoning. The argument is not now propounded for the first time, but long ago it produced an ample harvest of scepticism. As Mr. Powell reminds us, Sir Humphry Davy was induced by his love of natural order and by his unwillingness to believe in its infraction, to explain away the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves recorded in the Gospels; and the same feeling gave birth to that school of rationalists in Germany which commenced with their partial comments of Semler in the last century, and terminated with the more complete theory of Paulus in the present. It appears also that Strauss, on the failure of the earlier rationalist scheme of interpretation, formed his mythic theory of the Gospel narrative, from aversion to the miraculous, induced by scientific pursuits. And we must not forget that opinions which find exact expression in the theoretic systems of philosophy have their reflexion among the masses in dumb but strong convictions. And these in the words of Strauss, cause the assertion of a supernatural manifestation or immediate divine agency in actual life to be at once attributed to ignorance or imposture. Mr. Powell's own book, together with the lately published volume of “Reviews and Essays” by divers hands, proves with how much favour these views are entertained by eminent members of the Church of England. Moreover, such considerations as we have just adverted to, have induced Christian advocates considerably to modify the laws once commonly employed with reference to miracles. The most serious inquirers into this subject have agreed in the necessity for having recourse to some wider principles than the old assumption of suspensions of the laws of matter.

Bishops Butler and Watson, Dean Lyall, Dr. Arnold, Dr. Pye Smith, and others, agree at least in supposing miracles rather to be parts of some more comprehensive system. It is

plain then, that these divines perceive the existence of a difficulty, viz. the apparent infraction of order, by a God of order—and the question remains, whether their mode of getting over the difficulty is satisfactory. We wish that we could think so. To ask us to believe in some possible more comprehensive system of laws which a particular set of physical miracles may fit into, is a very large demand upon our faith. We might, indeed, be willing to yield to it rather than give in to mythical, naturalistic, or we know not what theories of the Gospel, but such a concession involves a painful conflict between faith and reason, which seems hardly in accordance with the will of God. We have not yet fully stated the difficulty which attends this view of Protestant controversialists. Such dwell upon human testimony *mainly*, as the ground of their belief in Bible miracles, and yet they are obliged by their theory to reject, as illusion or imposture, all soi-disant miraculous events which are not recorded in the Old Testament or do not come within one short epoch—say the Apostolic age, and that immediately succeeding. Let testimony, however strong, be adduced to the marvels occurring in apparent attestation of Popish dogmas, or for some equally unworthy object, and this testimony is at once rejected as purely worthless. And what is the natural and too frequent consequence? An unhealthy suspicion of the value of all testimony is begotten in the mind, and a rejection of Romish miracles is followed by a disbelief of those recorded in the Bible, or else by a half-hearted insincere acceptance of them. There appears, then, two notable flaws in the ordinary mode of encountering those positivist theories, of which Mr. Powell is so able an exponent. First, it does violence to our judgment by obliging us, without sufficient reason, to regard a few isolated facts as parts of a universal system of order; and, secondly, it does much to depreciate that very human testimony on which the value of those facts depends. If positivism is to be dispossessed of the stronghold which, under other names, it certainly has upon the public mind; if Christian miracles are again to obtain a reverent acceptance, they must be defended by something more reliable than any mere conjecture.

It appears to us, that instead of isolating a few marvellous phenomena and drawing an impossible line around them, we should endeavour by careful induction to arrive at some general principle or laws, under or according to which the extraordinary events, commonly called miracles, may be duly ranged. Noticing, for instance, how many of the Gospel miracles consist of the removal of disease by some invisible agency proceeding from man; we might look for intimations of the employment of this agency in different periods of the world's history. We

should possibly, in this way, become convinced of the existence of a law of life in its relation to disease underlying no less the wonderful powers exerted by Christ and his Apostles than those displayed by other privileged exercises of similar, if not the same, "gifts of healing" in other ages of the world. Or, again, the narrative of the release of St. Peter from prison by the aid and co-operation of an angel, might give less shock to our materialism had we fairly considered the number of well-attested instances in which a visitant from the other world has rescued our fellow-mortals from actual or impending danger.* We might, in other ways apply this principle; but enough has already been said to illustrate our meaning, and we fear, to give scandal to some of our readers.

"What is this," it will be said, "but to adopt the naturalistic theory of Paulus in another shape, to bring divine mysteries down to a level with the questionable practices of charlatan doctors, and to degrade angelic ministrations by comparing them with modern ghost stories." The mere sneer at animal magnetism and supernatural phenomena implied in such current phraseology we pass by with simple regret; but we must aver that our interpretation of the miracles is not naturalistic. Naturalism, while it distorted the Gospel narrative in the most virulent manner, entirely destroyed the real character of the miracles, and converted them into mere deception or illusion. We would remark further, that because the working of the same law is acknowledged in two events, each event is not thereby placed on the same level. As runs a well known verse—

"The self-same law which moulds the tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

Yet these two events are by no means equal in importance. Again, the diamond incrustated with clay and embedded in its native soil is diamond still. But it does not flash back the radiance of the sun, as the signet of the monarch, until it is fitly

* The recorded appearance of a hand upon the wall in the presence of the Prophet Daniel, and the restraining influence said to have been exercised in his behalf upon the fierce instinct of the lion, doubtless give offence to many modern readers of the Prophet; but both of these marvels would probably find their parallels in what is called profane history, if a diligent search were made for some analogous events. Certain it is that human hands unattached to any body of flesh have been said to manifest themselves to the eyes of some even of this sceptical generation—and that by the most sober, intelligent, matter-of-fact people. And the effect of some apparently spiritual presence upon the nervous organisation of irrational animals is also, we believe, a well-attested fact. Here we have four different kinds of supernatural occurrences mentioned in Scripture, to which parallels are found in secular history. Is it not at least a probable hypothesis that some general law connects them all together?

polished and set in gold. Thus we may acknowledge some pagan oracles and prodigies to be not wholly the invention of priestcraft. We may think that all the curious phenomena related in the lives of Romish saints can scarcely be pure fictions. We may regard with awful wonder occurrences witnessed by thousands of late years in America and England, together with the spiritual prodigies which attended the religious revival in Ireland. And we may trace analogies between these things and some Bible miracles, without at all detracting from the exclusive glory of the latter. The peculiar circumstances under which these latter were wrought were as the setting of the jewel which rendered it worthy to be used as the signet of the king. *Per se* they were wonders only: in their peculiar connection they were "SIGNS also" which "manifested forth His glory."

Unless we feared to weary our readers, we might show in detail how closely Spiritualism in one form or another is allied with that revelation of His will which God has vouchsafed to us in the Bible. We are content, however, to have thrown out one or two hints on its possible relation to perhaps the *most* active cause of unbelief in the present day. A numerous class of unwilling sceptics are sorely "troubled in mind," through doubting the possibility of any spiritual influence affecting the material world. To such, an investigation of Spiritualism may prove of quite inestimable value.

S. E. B.

WHAT WAS IT?*

ONE day, some fifteen years ago, I went from the place of my abode to see some friends who resided in the fen districts of Norfolk. They were persons whom I knew, not merely well but intimately. They were two brothers who had married two sisters. Their houses were one mile and a quarter apart, but standing on the same road, and with only two or three other habitations intervening. The road was a straight, bare, open road, like what is so often to be seen in the fens, and used chiefly and almost exclusively by the occupants of the few farms alongside of it. The house at which I was visiting stood about ten yards from the edge of the road. The day was fine and clear—a day in March. About four o'clock in the afternoon I stood at the window, and looking up the road I said, "Here is

* This anecdote is furnished to us by the narrator, who is a minister and author of high repute.

your brother coming." My host advanced to the window and said, "Oh yes, here he is; and see, Robert has got Dobbin out at last." Dobbin was a horse which, on account of some accident, had not been used for some weeks. The lady also looked out at the window and said to me, "And I am so glad, too, that my sister is with him. They will be delighted to find you here."

I recognized distinctly the vehicle in which they rode, as being an open one, also the lady and the gentleman, and both their dress and their attitudes.

Our friends passed at a gentle pace along the front of the window, and then turning with the road round the corner of the house they could no longer be seen. After a minute my host went to the door and exclaimed, "Why, what can be the matter! They have gone on without calling, a thing they never did in their lives before. What can be the matter!"

Five minutes afterwards, while we were seated by the fireside, the parlour door opened, and there entered a lady of about twenty-five years of age; she was in robust health and in full possession of all her senses, and she was possessed besides of a strong common sense. She was pale, and much excited, and the moment she opened the door she exclaimed, "Oh, aunt, I have had such a fright. Father and mother have passed me on the road without speaking. I looked up at them as they passed by, but they looked straight on and never stopped nor said a word. A quarter of an hour before, when I started to walk here, they were sitting by the fire; and now what can be the matter? They never turned nor spoke, and yet I am certain that they must have seen me."

Ten minutes after the arrival of this lady, I, looking through the window up the road, said, "But see, here they are coming down the road again."

My host said, "No; that is impossible, because there is no path by which they could get on to this road, so as to be coming down it again. But sure enough, here they are, and with the same horse! How in the world have they got here?"

We all stood at the window, and saw pass before us precisely the same appearance which we had seen before—lady and gentleman, and horse and carriage. My host ran to the door and exclaimed, "How did you get here! How did you get on to the road to be coming down here again now!"

"I—get on the road! What do you mean? I have just come straight from home."

"And did you not come down the road and pass the house, less than a quarter of an hour ago?"

"No," said the lady and gentleman both. "This is the first time that we have come down the road to-day."

"Certainly," we all said, "you passed these windows less

than a quarter of an hour ago. And, besides, here is Mary, who was on the road and saw you."

"Nonsense," was the answer. "We are straight from home, as you may be very sure. For how could you have seen us pass by before when you did see us coming down now."

"Then you mean to say that really you did not pass by here ten or fifteen minutes ago?"

"Certainly; for at that time probably, we were just coming out of the yard, and starting to come here."

We all of us remained much amazed at this incident. There were four of us who had seen this appearance, and seen it under such circumstances as apparently precluded any possibility of our having mistaken some casual passengers for our intimate friends. We were quite satisfied that we had really not seen our bodily friends pass down the road that first time when we thought that we saw them. As for myself, I was sure that it was not they; and yet hardly could I help feeling that it could have been no persons else.

"There is an old saying about keeping a thing ten years, and then finding a use for it. This curious experience of mine is as vivid in my mind as though it were of yesterday. Is it of use as illustrating mistakes as to identity, or is it rather a singular instance of what is called Second Sight?"

M.

SPIRITUAL APPARITIONS.

PROBABLY, no phase of Spiritualism has been so universal, or so generally credited, as that of the occasional appearance of departed spirits to persons living in the natural world. It enters into sacred and classical as well as modern literature. Indeed it may well be doubted if there is any people in whose religion and literature some trace of this belief may not be found. "That the spirits of the dead might and did appear," says Dr. Adam Clark, "was a doctrine held by the greatest and holiest men that ever existed, and a doctrine which the cavillers, *free-thinkers* and *bound-thinkers* of different ages have never been able to disprove."

It is true that since the days of Voltaire this belief has sensibly declined. The philosophy of the Encyclopædists has exercised, especially over *litterati* and men of science, a considerable influence during more than half a century. With them, in general, the belief in spirits, and still more the belief in their occasional appearance and agency, has long been a pretty safe

subject for a sneer,—the mention of a “ghost” a sort of razor-stop on which to sharpen their wits; and every educated person, under peril of contempt for ignorance and superstition, has had to join in their merriment, or maintain a discreet silence. Popular writers, and even theologians and churches have been awed and educated into acquiescence, as is evident in the altered attitude of theological as well as popular literature in relation to this subject since the latter part of the eighteenth century.

What that attitude generally has been, and still is, we well know; but it is well to keep in mind that the incredulity of this period is exceptional; the causes of it are not difficult to trace, and the signs of its decline are already manifest. In the last century the spiritual belief was held by such men as Dr. Johnson and Judge Blackstone, Addison and Goldsmith, Wesley and Swedenborg, Watts and Doddridge. In his well-known *Rasselas*, Dr. Johnson, in his usual sententious way, says:—

That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their tears.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, in reprobating an excessive and foolish credulity concerning the supernatural, remarks:—

At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the report of all historians—sacred and profane, ancient and modern—and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion.

And Dr. Watts, in his *Essay toward a Proof of a Separate State of Souls between Death and the Resurrection*, observes:

At the conclusion of this chapter, I cannot help taking notice (though I shall but just mention it), that the multitude of narratives which we have heard of in all ages of the apparitions of the spirits or ghosts of persons departed from this life, can hardly be all delusion and falsehood. Some of them have been affirmed to appear upon such great and important occasions as may be equal to such an unusual event; and several of these accounts have been attested by such witnesses of wisdom, prudence and sagacity, under no distempers of imagination, that they may justly demand a belief. And indeed the Scripture itself seems to mention such sort of ghosts or appearances of souls so departed. Matt. xv, 26: When the disciples saw Jesus walking on the water, ‘they thought it had been a spirit;’ and Luke xxiv., 37: After his resurrection they saw him at once appearing in the midst of them, and they supposed they had seen a spirit. And our Saviour doth not contradict their notion, but argues with them upon the opposition of the truth of it—‘A spirit hath not flesh and blood as you see me have.’ And Acts xxiii. 8th and 9th verses, the word ‘spirit’ seems to signify

the 'apparition of a departed soul,' where it is said, 'The Sadducees say there no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit;' and verse 9, 'If a spirit or an angel had spoken to this man,' &c. A spirit here is plainly distinct from an angel, and what can it mean but an apparition of a human soul which has left the body?

Again, as an illustration of the tone of thought, and in proof that "ghost-stories" were related and credited in what is called "good society" in the latter half of the eighteenth century, take the following picture sketched from life by Boswell. In his *Life of Johnson*, there is this entry:—

On Friday, April 10 (1772) I dined with him (Johnson) at General Oglethorpe's, where we found Dr. Goldsmith.

The subject of ghosts being introduced, Johnson repeated what he had told me of a friend of his, an honest man, and a man of sense (Mr. Cave, the printer, founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine*), having asserted to him that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother, the Reverend Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us that Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French, that after it was over and Prendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him where was his prophecy now. Prendergast gravely answered, 'I shall die, notwithstanding what you see.' Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocket-book the following solemn entry:—(Here the date.) 'Dreamt, or ——* Sir John Friend meets me' (here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned). Prendergast had been connected with Sir John Friend, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil, when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel.

We are aware that men of science have written many volumes, and will probably write many more, to explain away all spiritual apparitions as hallucinations, optical illusions, and the like. All honour to them for their information on these interesting matters—information useful certainly, but which, in relation to this theme, is often (like Don Diego's sonnet to his mistress) very good in its way, but very little to the purpose. We know that the imagination may convert natural objects into phantoms; that refraction and reflection of the atmosphere, violent excitement, delirium, brain disease, &c., will cause illusions, and invest phantasms with all the semblance of reality; or, as Dr. Ferriar tells us, will exhibit to the mind "the forms of objects that have no external prototype." But beyond, and differing in kind from these, are facts, classes of facts, which natural philosophy and physiology cannot explain. Nor is it unimportant that those who have had the twofold experience of spectral illusion and spiritual vision speak most absolutely as to their totally different nature

* Here was a blank, which may be filled up thus: "Was told by an apparition,"—the writer being probably uncertain whether he was asleep or awake when his mind was impressed with the solemn presentiment with which the fact afterwards happened so wonderfully to correspond.—*Boswell*.

Mrs. Hanffe, the seeress of Prevorst, told Dr. Kerner, almost with her dying breath, "That during her fever, she often saw visions, all sorts of forms passed before her eyes, but *it was impossible to express how entirely different these ocular illusions were to the real discerning of spirits*; and she only wished other people were in a condition to compare these two kinds of perception with one another, both of which were equally distinct from our ordinary perception, and also from that of the second sight."

It would, indeed, be very difficult to conceive by what possible means a spirit could satisfy some minds of its actual presence.* "Suppose," says the Rev. Charles Beecher, "a departed spirit, the wife of Oberlin, for example, were permitted to attempt to converse with her husband—not to establish a new revelation—not to display divine power, but merely to exercise such potentiality as might pertain to a disembodied spirit, for her own and her husband's edification and satisfaction. How could she do it in face of the apneumatic theories. She speaks to him, moves his furniture, touches his dress, his person;—all automatic action of some brain *en rapport* with that locality. She sings, plays the guitar or piano, takes a pencil and writes, and he sees the pencil in free space tracing his wife's autograph;—automatic still. She shows him a cloudy-hand, nay, a luminous form—and smiles and speaks as when in life; that is an optical illusion, or hallucination, or a particle exhaled from her body has impinged on his sensitive brain, and created a subjective vision. She communicates facts, past, present, and future, beyond the scope of his knowledge; that might be clairvoyance or cerebral sensing. Alas! then, what could she do more? She must retire baffled, and complaining that he had become so scientific that all communication with him was *impossible*."

But, however men may be educated *out* of the belief in all spiritual appearance and intervention; this scepticism, artificially induced, seldom goes beyond the mere externals of the

* Some tests put forward to distinguish a spectral illusion from a spiritual apparition are sufficiently whimsical; one scientific writer, we think, Sir David Brewster, tells us that "optical illusions" will be "doubled by a straining or altering of the axes of the eyes, and by turning round as they are moved from the axis of vision." A writer in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, remarks on this, after instancing the case of a lady who was baffled in this rather delicate experiment, "Few ladies, perhaps, would find it an easy task when suddenly confronted by a supposed spirit to alter the axes of their eyes, and try that little experiment upon its duplicity. It could only be a shade less difficult, not to say pert, though truly scientific in its way, to level an opera glass at such a visitor." Another method, also a little pert, and, if not so scientific, perhaps, equally effective in such a case, would be to follow the example of the Sacristan mentioned by Ingoldaby, who

— "Said not a word that could indicate a doubt,

But put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out."

By the way, did these lines suggest *Punch's* late cartoon?

mind; the roots of that faith remain in it, and may yet grow when the obstructions of pride and prejudice are removed. It is one of those apparently instinctive ineradicable beliefs which go deeper than the mere surface-opinions which men take from the society in which they habitually move. As Dr. Johnson remarks "the idea of the deceased revisiting the scenes on earth, where in the flesh they had either suffered or rejoiced, seems to have been grafted in the human mind by the Creator." And, as Washington Irving, in writing on this topic, observes, "However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yielded to it, whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion; its prevalence in all ages and countries, and even among newly-discovered nations, that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious, and almost instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline." And the *Quarterly Review* (December, 1832), writing *against* this belief, yet, acknowledges that "notwithstanding the eagerness with which almost all educated persons disclaim a belief in the supernatural, and denounce as a vulgar absurdity the very notion of apparitions, yet there are few, even of the boldest and least credulous, who are not occasionally the victims of the very apprehensions which they deride; and many of them have been driven to confess that their scepticism received a more powerful support from their pride than from their reason."

It is easy to speak of this belief as "a vulgar absurdity," and to tax those who entertain it with credulity; but they who do this should know that the credulity with which they reproach others is sometimes more justly chargeable upon themselves; for there are two kinds of credulity; one, that seizes with avidity upon the marvellous and the supernatural, with little or no regard to evidence; while the other, as eagerly snatches at anything by which it may hope so to evade or explain away the force of spiritual facts as to bring them within the domain of the common experience and of sensuous observation. It can believe anything of matter, which it invests almost with the attributes of God; it can believe nothing of spirit; except, perhaps, as part of an educated historical belief in a particular period of the past. If the former kind of credulity has in days gone by been too predominant, the latter kind is now certainly too prevalent; and often there is reason to suspect that it is not wholly unmixed with a latent fear that this credulous incredulity is not quite trustworthy, and that the belief derided may possibly be true. Dr. Wilkinson remarks:—

Nothing is more evident to-day, than that the men of facts are afraid of a large number of important facts. All the spiritual facts, of which there are

pleasantry in every age, are denounced as superstition. The best attested spirit facts are not well received by that scientific courtesy which takes off its grave hat to a new beetle or a fresh vegetable alkaloid. Large wigged science behaves worse to our ancestors than to our vermin. Evidence on spiritual subjects is regarded as an impertinence by the learned; so timorous are they, and so morbidly fearful of ghosts. If they were not afraid they would investigate; but nature is to them a churchyard, in which they must whistle their dry tunes to keep up their courage. As the matter stands, we are bold to say that there is no class that so little follows its own rules of uncaring experiment and induction, or has so little respect for facts, as the hard-headed scientific men. They are attentive enough to a class of facts that nobody values—to beetles, spiders, and fossils—but as to those dear facts that common men and women, in all time and place, have found full of interest, wonder, or importance, they show them a deaf ear and a callous heart. Science, in this, neglects its mission, which is to give us in knowledge a transcript of the world, and primarily, of that in the world which is nearest and dearest to the soul.

As a reaction against the mischievous superstitions of the middle ages, the attitude of modern thought to spiritual facts is intelligible, and has had its uses; but the tendency of all reactions is to run into the opposite extreme, and this has certainly been no exception to the rule; but the reaction having done its work, it is now time that these facts be reconsidered free from bias, and with whatever additional light has been since acquired. The writer of the article on "Apparitions," in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana* remarks:—

Whoever applies himself to this subject must feel that the time has gone by when the half-serious, half-burlesque manner adopted by writers who, perhaps, perceived they had a reputation at stake, will satisfy the enquiring mind. Of late years the important question, whether the spirit really exists in distinct form after the death of the body, has shown a tendency to assume its proper proportion relative to other subjects of philosophical interest, and there is a large and increasing class of earnest minds whom neither the smile of pity, nor the sneer of contempt, will turn from an investigation so becoming those who profess a belief in their immortal nature.

The "tendency" to which the writer of the preceding extract refers is shown not only in the present spiritual movement, but in the various investigations of this and analogous subjects conducted on independent grounds. Spiritualism being the centre of a number of converging lines. In *Tait's Magazine* (Nov. and Dec., 1856), appeared two papers of an earnest and thoughtful kind, to which we would refer as an instance: and we cite this the more readily as the writer of them takes care at their conclusion to repudiate all connection with the modern heresy of "spirit-rapping." His essay is entitled *The Lost Faculty; or, Sixth Sense*, which, he says, existed in the early ages of the world, and "consisted in the power of perceiving, by the 'mind's eye,' spiritual beings with the same ordinary facility with which the corporeal eye perceives material substances." This mental vision he believes to have been "an ordinary endowment of humanity in its original state of innocence;" but, "by the fall and consequent corruption of the race, it was lost, or held in

abeyance, as a common attribute of our nature ; being, how occasionally and temporarily restored or imparted to individuals for special purposes." He affirms " that the Scriptures are full of instances of such apparitions, and of communications through the agency, with the inhabitants of this lower world ; and there is no reason to suppose that what has happened may not happen again ; nor have we any reasonable ground to think it impossible. The argument that the age of miracles has gone by for ever does not apply to these cases at all. The faculty of ' discerning spirits ' is not but the restoration of what was once common to our nature ; not the creation or impartation of something which did not exist, which latter would constitute a miracle. the existence of spiritual beings, and the truth of the Scriptural account of their appearance, and the *possibility*, and then the *probability* of a similar occurrence follows as a matter of course.

And he believes, " that in every such instance (in Scripture as well as in those in which apparitions have been seen in modern times, it has been through the medium of this sixth or seventh faculty." This faculty of mental, or, as we prefer to call it, spiritual vision, he considers is not wholly lost ; though in abeyance, it is " still latent in the human constitution." " short and transient glimpses " of the spirit-world are still possible. Spirit-seeing in the clairvoyant state produces human magnetism, he regards as a means of its " artificial and temporary recovery." He recounts numerous scriptural, and well-attested modern instances of spirit-appearances, discarnate visions, and second sight ; and he asks, " Who will have the temerity to affirm, in the face of all the positive and negative evidence to the contrary, that it is either impossible or improbable that the spiritual beings of another world can return to this world, and be permitted, on special occasions, to become visible to the mental perceptions of the still living ?"

Whatever the reader may think of this writer's speculation, if he has but a moderate share of wisdom, or even of moderation, he will ponder the matter well ere he makes that affirmative statement.

T.

On the morning of the 26th of April, 1821 (nine days previous to Napoleon's death), the Emperor called Montholon to his bedside and said to him, " I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me. She disappeared the moment I was about to take her in my arms. She told me we were all to see each other again, never more to part. Did you see her ?" The author (who is not a Spiritualist), then puts the question : " Was this a delusion of a mighty brain, or was it another proof that denizens of the Spirit Land may sometimes do, revisit the glimpses of the moon, and hold intercourse with the spirits they have left behind them ?"—*Herald of Progress*.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

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

WHEN we speak of Spiritualism in America, the thought naturally reverts to the extraordinary series of phenomena, which commencing in Rochester in 1848, have pursued their successive and broadening developments, until they now extend not only over its vast continent, but bid fair to girdle the whole earth. It is well, however, to remember that the present movement is but as an eddy in the current of that broad stream which sweeps through the ages. The principle that spirits in various ways manifest the interest they feel in the concerns of men, has been recognized as a truth in America, as elsewhere, long before the phenomena to which we have adverted; and though a great declension in this faith, as compared with former times, was manifest—it still was, and is held by multitudes of men, including many leading minds in all churches, on other and independent grounds, as alike taught by revelation, and in accordance with a true philosophy.

For illustration of this, we need not go to Cotton Mather and the Pilgrim Fathers, as of their belief on this matter, no question can be raised, but it may be useful to refer to the teachings of more modern American divines; of such distinguished and influential teachers of different churches, as are usually, and may very fairly be regarded as, to some extent, representing the religious bodies to which they respectively belong. Not alone is Spiritualism impregnable in its citadel of facts, but even its outworks are strongly fortified; many are its champions and defenders who have no alliance with it as a specialty.

Many potent rulers in the realms of mind, who, technically, may not be designated Spiritualists, enforce the truth of its principles with a vigour and eloquence, surpassing that of its professed advocates. It may be not uninteresting to English Spiritualists, to see the manner in which their principles are sometimes discussed by eminent theologians on the other side of the Atlantic. We, therefore, present them a few extracts, which may in some measure illustrate this point.

The Rev. Dr. NOTT, the venerable president of Union College, "a clergyman, equally distinguished in the ancient classics and in modern literature, and profoundly versed in the theology of the Bible," in an address to the Alumni of the college, on the fiftieth anniversary of his presidency, spoke as follows:—

In the next semi-centennial anniversary, you, or some of you, may be present, with tremulous voices, tottering steps, as the speaker that now addresses

you, regarded with interest—with melancholy interest—as ruins always are. With some it may be so, but the rest of you, where will you be?—Where the dead are, and so forgotten. *But, though the dead be forgotten by the living, the living will not be forgotten by the dead. The dead may be present, seeing though unseen, sent back to earth on some errand of mercy; or, perhaps, the guardian angels of living ones left behind.*

President DWIGHT gives full credence to the agency of spirits. He says:—

That angels (or spirits) should communicate thoughts, either good or evil to mankind is originally no more improbable than that we should communicate them to each other. We do this daily and hourly in many ways, which are familiar to us by experience, but which were originally unimaginable by ourselves, and probably by any other finite being. We show our thoughts to each other by words, tones, gestures, silence, hieroglyphics, pictures, letters, and many other things. All these, antecedent to our experience of them, were hidden in absolute darkness from our conception. If all mankind had been born dumb, no man would have entertained a single thought concerning the communication of ideas by *speech*. The conveyance of thoughts by *books* also, if never experienced by us, would necessarily have been deemed mysterious and impossible; yet very many thoughts are thus conveyed by every person living, and with very great force, and frequently with very great precision. Nay, the countenance often discloses the whole character at once.

Professor MOSES STUART defends the doctrine of the ministry of angels, among other reasons, as casting “light upon God’s providential government of the world.” Dr. ALBERT BARNES, perhaps the most popular Biblical commentator of the present day, in his *Notes on Heb. i.*, remarks that:—

In this doctrine there is nothing absurd. It is no more improbable that angels should be employed to aid man, than that one man should aid another; certainly not as improbable as that the Son of God should come down “not to be ministered unto, but to minister.” What they do *now* may be learned from the Scripture accounts of what they *have* done—as it seems to be a fair principle of interpretation that they are engaged in substantially the same employment in which they have ever been. They attend the redeemed; they wait on their steps; they sustain them in trial; they accompany them when departing to Heaven.

Bishop POTTER, of Pennsylvania, adverts to “those legions of spirits that are flying as God’s messengers of mercy to his heirs of salvation; or, as the devil’s emissaries, in the work of death to souls.” And Dr. BUSHNELL, in his work on *Nature and the Supernatural*, has a chapter on *Spiritual Gifts*; in which he maintains that the extraordinary endowments of the apostolic age are still, to some extent, existing among Christians, which he illustrates by a very interesting example.

The Rev. Mr. JACKSON, of Westchester, N. Y., at the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, delivered a sermon on the day of the Festival of *St. Michael and all Angels*, September 29th, 1858, to a numerous auditory of the *clergy* of that denomination, including their bishop; a phonographic report of which, with some abridgments, was published in the *Churchman*, New York. His text was Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24. As a sermon preached under such auspices, and, as we learn, received with

favour by its auditors, has a more than ordinary significance, and is specially useful for our purpose, we transcribe its leading points.

The argument was that, though unseen, these spiritual powers are *never absent*; and instead of an occasional glimpse of God, and visits few and far between of angels, there is a gift of a *perpetual* presence, and an innumerable company of that celestial host; and instead of being dissevered and divorced from that heroic ancestry of patriarchs, prophets, priests, and martyrs, they had come into communion with all the spirits of the just made perfect; and we, not less than those first Christians, needed occasionally to be encouraged by a survey of the nature and magnitude of that body unto which we belong, and unto which we come in our communion of the saints; and it was to this meditation that the services of this day invited us, in the appointed order for St. Michael and all Angels.

The reverend preacher here introduced some extended observations respecting the wisdom of the Church in providing, by special services, for the preservation and keeping alive of the truth touching these relations, which mankind are so liable to corrupt or let slip.

In the popular religionism of the day, as among the ancient Sadducees, there was neither angel nor spirit; and yet, so universal and deep was the instinct of connection with orders above, as really as with orders below us, that if it be not caught up and nourished with the truth, it will turn voraciously to delusion and a lie, and break forth in the eruptive forms of fanaticism and puerile conceit, giving heed, as saith the apostle, to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. The Church had wisely provided for this insatiable craving, by gathering up the sure teaching of Scripture, and weaving it as a silver thread into all the texture of her teaching; so that, following it, we never go astray nor miss *the sweet connection between that world unseen and this*. Thus every time we chanted our *Te Deum Laudamus*, we brought the Church above and the Church below into sympathy and song—apostles, prophets, angels and martyrs, cherubim and seraphim, making with us one body, one praise; and as oft as we knelt to our solemn communion, we acknowledged that it was with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify his glorious name; and then, in addition to all this daily recognition, we had a special service set apart for the commemoration of departed saints, and another, as to-day, for the commemoration of angels. Let us, then, put the shoes from off our feet, and ascend, for a season, into this sacred mountain and city of our God; and though, like James and John, we may not here abide, but must descend again to the thick air and sore travail of earth, yet, like Moses, we shall come down with a shining face and a lighter heart, for we shall have seen that great and glorious body of which we are the feeble and scattered members, and shall go to our place and our duty, however humble, knowing that we share in the glory and majesty of more than eye hath seen, or ear hath heard.

After considering the several orders named in the text, as constituting our communion in the Church, the unity of these orders, and their respective services, he remarked that Jesus was the central life of all—cementing all the several orders into one indivisible body, of which He is the head and life.

Angels, therefore, the perfected spirits of the departed, and those whose names are written in heaven, though now toiling and suffering in the dust of earth, constituted that one blessed company of all faithful people which is the mystical body of Christ; and these several orders existed as a unit in him. Because they exist in different orders, we were apt to think and speak of them as different bodies; but they were in fact no otherwise different than as different organs they have different and several functions. And this union was not a metaphysical one, denoting mere unity of purpose; not a mere moral one of

affection and sympathy only, but a vital and organic one, as the branches are one with the vine.

Of the spirits of the just, we might be sure that they have lost nothing of their interest in the kingdom of Christ, nor of their ability to serve it now that they are made perfect. *They were not, as some would have us believe, entered into that bright world deaf, dumb, and blind to all that is passing here,* and taking the rest of a stone instead of the refreshment of saints. No; in passing from us they had only passed from darkness to light, from weakness to strength, from dishonour to glory, from the mortal to the immortal. They were the same identical beings, both in form and in essence, in memory and affection, as when travailing in the pains of our humiliation here. They had not changed into new creatures, but merely developed their former selves, until—according to the saying of Jesus, they are like unto angels. And so when the Church Militant buried her dead in Christ, she buried them not with lamentation, but with the chant of victory, marching with them into the very domain of the king of terrors, and taunting him there with his own defeat, saying, at the mouth of the open sepulchre, ‘O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?’ and in early times, as we are told, their names were read out aloud at each administration of the sacrament, as being still of the blessed company of the faithful, and only immortal by victory over death and the grave. The living never regarded the dead as lost, but only advanced from the army militant to the host triumphant, regarding them as the blessed and favoured ones already called from the conflict to the crown—from the heat and burden of the day to the cool shades and sweet repose of the paradise above. Therefore did we still launch them forth with the shout of triumph, saying, as they pass from our sight, “Blessed, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”

What precisely might be their mission or their service there or here was not to us revealed; but as memory and affection never die, we know that they have thought and affection still for us, even as we for them; and if they could serve us no otherwise than by thus drawing us by such sweet attraction whither they are gone, and so suggesting to our minds all that is pure and holy, and abiding, then even for us their departure was a gain. Still, like stars beaming through the night, they cheered our dreary pilgrimage, and inspired us to run with patience the race that is set before us. *Beyond all doubt, they did perform for us a service growing out of more intimate relations, and leading to greater issues than we can venture to define in words;* but only this we know—that if, when here with all their imperfections they were to us a help and a joy, now that they are perfected they surely can be no less. But it was the services of angels and men ordained and constituted in a wonderful order, that the festival of this day more especially commemorated. Who, then, and what were the angels, their order, and their service? If this question were one of mere speculation, it would at least be equal in dignity to that which employs the minds of sages, in questions about the inferior creations of God. If the highest genius of the ages might exhaust its function upon an insect or a worm—if the museums of science might display, as the choicest store of all their gleaning, the recovered fossil of an extinct life—if the great heart of man might thrill with new joy at the discovery of a lost bone, or the appliance of a new force—surely, it would not be unworthy of us if we lifted our minds to the creations that are above, and explored, among the recesses of that great eternity, for the orders that ascend from the sinner that here prays to the seraph that there adores and burns. And if, as Jesus saith, when we pass these boundaries of time and sense, we become like unto the angels—if our endless future was to be among them, and of them, and they were *even now our guardians and our brothers*—surely, it was not a vain question, who and what are they? But for us, my brethren of the clergy, it hath a special significance, in that we acknowledge, in the collect for the day, that God hath ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order.

The angels were united by some mystical tie, with the same body of which we are members, *they are a ministering order in the Church of Christ.* Now, the mediatorial reign of Christ involves the subjection unto him of all things visible and invisible, the committing unto him of all power in heaven and earth; so that ‘since he hath gone into the heavens,’ as saith St. Peter, ‘angels and

authorities and powers are made subject unto him,' so that the head of the church is head over all things. And, therefore, incidentally to their service in the kingdom of grace, *angels are employed in the laboratory of nature, and the administration of Providence.*

The preacher next spoke of angels as exercising ministry and guardianship in the Church of God, and cited various proofs contained in the Scriptures, to show that they do exercise such ministry and guardianship; and then said: "Thus, not alone, my brethren, do we preach the Word, and minister to dying men. *All around us wait the unseen band, eager to bear, if it may be, above, the tidings of a sinner turned to God.*"

"God's angels," the preacher continued, "are his servants there, as really as within the sacred enclosure—the divine *exenia*—here. And so we find their footsteps, we hear their voices, we see their working hands, in all the mysteries of nature and the events of Providence."

At this point, the preacher adduced Scripture evidence to show that their agency in Providence is that of suggestion to the minds of men, and of performing visible, palpable acts; in which connection he quoted passages from the writings of Charles Wesley and Bishop Hall. He then continued by saying, that there is less difficulty in seeing and acknowledging the ministry of angels in the events of Providence than in nature.

Much of the Atheism and Pantheism of the present day he thought might be traced to that Sadduceeism which does not believe in angels as present and active powers. After continuing his remarks upon this portion of his subject for a short time, he closed with a very eloquent and stirring address to his brethren of the clergy, dwelling particularly upon the encouragement and comfort they might derive in the discharge of their sacred duties, from the fact that they are associated, in the ministry of reconciliation, with the Lord of glory and all his holy angels; and upon the necessity of the utmost faithfulness in their high calling, in order that they might be worthy of such exalted companionship.

The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, perhaps, the most successful orthodox preacher of America, in a recent sermon on Eph. i. 13, 14, delivered the following observations:—

Christians have earnestness of things spiritual and invisible. Ordinarily we are under the influence of the things which are seen. In our lower life we must be under the influence of sense. But now and then, we know not how, we rise into an atmosphere in which spirit-life, God, Christ, the ransomed throng in heaven, virtue, truth, faith, and love, become more significant to us, and seem to rest down upon us with more force than the very things which our physical senses recognize. *There have been times in which, I declare to you, heaven was more real to me than earth; in which my children that were gone spoke more plainly to me than my children that were with me; in which the blessed estate of the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven seemed more real and near to me than the estate of any just man upon earth.* These are experiences that link one with another and

a higher life. They are generally not continuous, but occasional opening through which we look into the other world. I cannot explain how or why they come. They may have a natural cause, though we have not philosophy enough to find it out. But there are these hours of elevation in which the invisible world is more potent and real to us than the visible world; in which our mind-power predominates over our flesh-power; in which we see through the body and discern the substance of eternal truths.

I wish, to-day, to illustrate this general truth, that God gives to his children, in this world, intimations of that to which they are coming in the new world—first-fruits of joys, and experiences, and revelations, which they are to reap in full harvest by-and-bye.

Indeed, there is not a material experience of human life, if we only knew how to interpret it, that has not its message and its teachings. As yet, we know but very little of the designed spiritual significance of physical things. They are, I suppose, in the sight of God, clothed with meaning which we are too unlettered to interpret. The whole rise, development, and flow of our domestic affections; the whole realm of our experience, technically so called and, over and above these, the special dealings of God with us by the Holy Ghost—these, all of them, if we only understood them, have an interpretive power. They not only have reference to present work and present enjoyment, but they have a power of revealing something better yet to come. So that there is not one single joy that is more than a spark of that great orb off from which it flew; there is not one single flower of the spirit that does not tell of that garden of spiritual flowers from which it was plucked; there is not one single morsel of heavenly fruit that does not point us to that orchard above where it grew.

It is true that, in the main, all these things fall out in the natural sequence of cause and effect, and are not in any sense intercalated or miraculously sent. They were not sent in any such way as to be out of the course of nature. Nature means what it seems to mean—material cause and effect; but this is not all. There is a more subtle meaning. Nature is organized to teach spiritual things. Human experience developed under natural influences teaches some things as much as God's revelation, although it is not so easy to be understood till after we have been put in possession of the key by the Bible; for the Bible is God's key for unlocking the natural world.

Inviting those who were present to partake in the communion he was about to administer, he said:—

A great many are with us who are not visible, but who dwell in our midst in spirit. The Church in heaven and the Church on earth are one.

And in another sermon he observes:—

Christians are wont to walk in black, and sprinkle the ground with tears, at the very time they should walk in white and illumine the way by smiles and radiant hope. The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they loved; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.

Probably no religious teacher in America ever found so large and sympathising an audience as the late Dr. CHANNING. "His words went like morning over the continents." Widely differing in doctrinal theology from the more orthodox divines whom we have quoted, there is yet between them a substantial agreement on the question of spiritual ministrations; for this faith underlies divergent points of doctrinal belief; it is a fundamental fact and outgrowth of the soul's consciousness—a primary rock-formation supporting superincumbent strata. Spiritualism, while attested by sensuous phenomena, has also its stronghold in the deep

centres of the heart. In his sermon on *The Future Life*, Channing thus appeals alike to the understanding and the affections in evidence of its truth:—

Those who go from among us must retain the deepest interest in this world. Their ties to those they have left are not dissolved, but only refined. On this point, indeed, I want no other evidence than the essential principles and laws of the soul. . . . The good, will indeed form new, holier, stronger ties above; but under the expanding influence of that better world, the human heart will be capacious enough to retain the old whilst it receives the new, to remember its birth-place with tenderness whilst enjoying a maturer and happier being.

Did I think of those who are gone, as dying to those they left, I should honour and love them less. The man who forgets his home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature; and if the good were to forget their brethren on earth in their new abode—were to cease to intercede for them in their nearer approach to their common Father—could we think of them as improved by the change?

All this I am compelled to infer from the nature of the human mind. . . . Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us they never truly loved the race before; never before knew what it is to sympathise with human sorrow, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them. They now see what before dimly gleamed before their eyes—the capacities, the mysteries of the human soul. The significance of that word, 'Immortality,' is now apprehended, and every being destined to it, rises in unutterable importance. They love human nature as never before, and human friends are prized as above all price. . . . *A new sense, a new eye might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side.* . . . They love us more than ever, but with a refined and spiritual love. Their spiritual vision penetrates to our souls.

And he contends that it would be a reproach to heaven and the good, to say that their happiness is founded on their ignorance of our wants or sufferings.

Truly, as Channing's worthy successor in the pulpit, the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, remarks of the so-called dead:— "Though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. They are with us by the silent fireside, and in the secluded chamber; they are with us in the paths of society, and in the crowded assembly of men. They speak to us from the lonely way-side; and they speak to us from the venerable walls that echo to the steps of the multitude, and to the voice of prayer. Go where we will, the dead are with us." And, as the same author remarks in his treatise on *Erroneous Views of Death, with Suggestions towards their Removal*:—

"The dead—the departed, should we rather say—are connected with us by more than the ties of memory. The love that on earth yearned towards us is not dead; the kindness that gladdened us is not dead; the sympathy that bound itself with our fortunes is not dead, nor has it lost its fervour, surely, in the pity of an angel. No; if our Christian guides speak truly, it still yearns towards us; it would still gladden us. It still melts in tenderness over our sorrows. The world of spirits—we know not where it is, whether far or near; but it may as well, for all that we can understand, be near to us, as far distant; and in that fervent love, which knows nothing of change, or distance, or distinction, it is for ever near us. Our friend, if he be the same, and not another being—our friend, in whatever world, in whatever sphere, is still our friend. The ties of every virtuous union are, like the virtue which cements them, like the affections of angels—like the love of God which binds them to the eternal throne, immortal!

There are clergymen of different denominations in America who openly declare their belief in Spiritualism, and use voice and pen in its exposition and advocacy. We have not referred to these, as our object in this, as in previous papers, has been, not so much to treat of the Spiritualism of our day as a specific movement, as to illustrate the Spiritualism that lies *outside* and *beyond* it—entering as a pervading element into religious thought and feeling—a part of the general heritage of humanity.

The following avowal of an orthodox clergyman, the Rev. J. B. FERGUSON, of Nashville, Tenn., may, however, be cited as an instance of this class, in place of further enumeration. It is pleasing to be able to add, that notwithstanding this frank declaration of his belief in Spiritualism, his congregation, with great unanimity, retained him as their pastor.

It has been said, you believe in *Spiritualism*. I answer, unhesitatingly, *I do*. So far as the word Spiritualism represents the opposite of the materialistic philosophy, I do not remember when I was not a Spiritualist. So far as it might represent devotion to spiritual things, such as truth, holiness, charity, it is my profession to be a Spiritualist. And so far as it represents now an acceptance of the possibility of spirit-intercourse with man, it is but ~~card~~ *to say, I believe it without hesitancy and without doubt*. That there are many absurdities and some mischief connected with what claims to be spirit manifestation, I know, but I know that there is also much truth and good. My brethren, I have examined this question in all the reverence for God and love for truth, of which my nature and circumstances are capable. At home and abroad, for days and weeks together, alone and in company, with believers and sceptics, I have investigated; and I could neither be an honest man nor a philanthropist, did I not say, *I know that I have had intelligent and blissful communion with departed spirits,* I call upon Heaven to witness that I have no consciousness of ever having stated a conviction in your presence, that was more a conviction of my highest reason than the solemn and yet joyous asseveration, that *I believe God has granted spiritual intercourse to these times*. And this conviction does not lessen any faith I have in God, in Christ, in the Spirit of Holiness, but only enlightens, hallows, and beautifies it, and deepens my reverence.

Shall we know our friends again? For my own part, I cannot doubt it; least of all, when I drop a tear over their recent dust. Death does not separate them from us here. Can life in Heaven do it? They live in our remembrance. Memory rakes in the ashes of the dead, and the virtues of the departed flame up anew, enlightening the dim cold walls of our consciousness. Much of our joy is social here. Must it not be so there, that we are with our real friends?—Man loves to think it; yet to trust is wiser than to prophesy. But the girl who went from us, a little one, may be as parent to her father when he comes, and the man who left us have far outgrown our dream of an angel when we meet again.—*Theodore Parker*.

LIVING INSPIRATIONS.—If the story of Prometheus was once a fable, we are sure that in an important sense it is fabulous no longer. Invisible hands have rekindled immortal fires on our own altars, to warm the great heart and to light up the face of humanity. The relations of great thoughts and noble deeds to the realms of spiritual causation are daily becoming more perceptible. Through all the inherent forces and essential laws of the celestial, spiritual, and natural worlds, a divine energy is infused, and powers unseen speak in the inspired thoughts of living men, who sit like stars at the celestial gates.—*S. B. Britton*.

THE PRESS.—MR. S. C. HALL'S STORY.

As we have so constantly to complain of the conduct and dishonest criticisms of the press, it is no less a pleasure than a duty to record the different course recently pursued by one member of it, *The Worcester Herald*. Our readers will remember the wonderful spiritual manifestation, an account of which we inserted from the valued pen of Mr. S. C. Hall in our June number, under the title of GASPAR. Mr. Hall obtained the particulars whilst on a visit at the house of a banker, at Worcester. *The Worcester Herald*, in reproducing the account in its columns, incontinently added some comments of its own, throwing discredit on the whole, and on Mr. Hall as the author of a hoax on the credulity of the public. Of course, this was done in the usual way without any inquiry, and so far the *Worcester Herald* was neither better nor worse than the generality of the press in treating of this much scandalized subject. What we have now to tell, however, marks its conduct as very different to that common to the editorial craft.

On making inquiry *after* it had pronounced its opinion, it found that it, and not Mr. Hall, had been hoaxing its readers into the belief that the story was not a true one, and, wonderful to relate, it has now fully acknowledged its error. We commend this example to other editors, and more especially to Mr. *Punch*, who having been more forcibly convicted, still keeps us waiting for his honourable recantation.

Mr. S. C. Hall has forwarded to us the paragraph, which, as being the first of its kind, we insert as a useful form to be copied by other papers which make similar mistakes.

"PRETENDED SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL.—Under the head of "Pretended Spirit Manifestations," in our paper of May 15th, we published a narrative recently given to the world by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in his book on that subject, and communicated to him by Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, the well-known and elegant author, as having been in turn related to him at the house of a banker in Worcester. The counterpart of the story, or one so closely resembling it in all its principal features, as to leave no doubt of a common origin, is to be found in "Grimm's Mythology," and we confess, that we at first supposed that Mr. Carter Hall had been playing off on *credulous Dale Owen* a joke of the same kind as Defoe's celebrated ghost story of Mrs. Veal, which hoaxed the British public for so many years, and served to make ready sale of an intolerably dull and heavy book. But we owe Mr. Hall an apology. The banker, at whose house the parties met in Worcester—to wit, Mr. Hall and the lady who related her experiences of Gaspar, the familiar spirit—assures us that Mr. Hall has given the story most faithfully and exactly as she told it, and that the accessories—the account of the lady's character and bearing, the impression created on the mind by her truthful manner and apparent earnestness of conviction, are also most faithfully rendered. We trust Mr. Carter Hall will excuse us for suspecting him of playing on a friend's credulity. We know of no man more gifted in the grand and peculiar art of Defoe, of imparting to

fiction the reality of fact, and investing the creations of the brain with such perfect liveliness, and such definite and distinct attributes, that they impose upon you for actual verities."

The editor it seems was a trifle more credulous than Mr. Owen, for he formed his opinion without any basis of either fact or enquiry, whereas *credulous Dale Owen* is a most acute and logical inquirer into facts, without a personal guarantee for which he refuses to make use of any story.

As this notice, it must be admitted, is no little flattering to us, it may be as well to present our readers with a copy of the next notice which came to our hand by the obliging courtesy of the editor of the *Illustrated News of the World*. This gentleman takes rather a strong view of the case, and as it may be the true one it would not be right in us to conceal it.

"THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—We cannot review a periodical of this kind with any approach to seriousness. What is here called Spiritualism, we regard as consummate and disgusting quackery. The basis of all religion is the invisible life; but an approach to this invisible life must be through humble and devout prayer, through boundless charities, and through the consecration of the whole heart to God, and not through such coarse mechanical agencies as table-turning and spirit-rapping, which bring whatsoever is holiest or divinest into dishonour and contempt. However, this poor ricketty, idiotic little periodical does not seem to be in a very flourishing condition, for in the last page there is an urgent cry for cash, which the spirits do not seem to supply."

We cannot but congratulate ourselves on not being likely to be often in the way of "the boundless charities" through which this editor is making his way to "the invisible life." Of such charities the man who gets the most has the worst share. It looks to us more like the old story of the donkey dancing among the chickens, who are only too glad to let him have a clear stage to himself. He will be sorry to hear that our urgent cry for cash has been already very satisfactorily answered, and that a few pounds more will carry us safe to the end of the year.

THE DIAMOND RING.

THREE years ago I left my relatives in America and sailed for Europe. A few days before sailing, an old and highly-esteemed friend, Mr. C——, came to bid me good bye. In the course of the conversation we spoke of Spiritualism, and he declared himself an unbeliever; but added, "Should it be possible for the spirits of the departed to communicate with those on earth, rest assured my spirit will return to you." Before parting he took from his finger a large diamond ring of extraordinary value, observing, "I feel a great desire to give you this ring, and would do so were it not the gift of a deceased sister; yet *I wish you to*

have it, and in my will I shall leave it to you; it would gratify me so much to know that you have this ring which I prize so highly." We parted, and I soon forgot the matter, never having regarded it in a serious light; and in fact, entertaining a dislike to the subject of "*Spiritualism*."

When I had been about three months in Europe I received a letter from a relation, informing me that Mr. C—— had died suddenly of a fever. Soon after, I received another letter from the same relation, and, as nearly as I now remember, I quote her words, "Mr. —— has just obtained a Spiritual communication from Mr. C——, which relates to you. He says, that when alive he wore a ring of great value, which he always desired you to have, and meant to leave it to you by will, but that he was taken away so suddenly he was unable to do so; and he wishes you to apply to his brother to restore it to you. His only relative, a brother, has indeed taken all his property, but I wish you would say whether I shall speak to him about the ring." I did not desire this, as I deemed him much more entitled to the ring than I, and I never even answered my relative's letter on the subject.

The most striking part of this occurrence is, that I had never mentioned to any one the conversation with Mr. C—— which took place before I left America, because it had made so little impression on my mind; nor do I think that Mr. C—— had spoken of it, as my relative expressed to me her astonishment at a communication upon so worldly a matter.

London, July 10th, 1860.

C. KELLOGG.

Dr. GARDNER.—I did not expect to be called out at this time; but I am always ready to give my testimony. Spiritualism is attracting more attention at this time than any other subject ever brought before the notice of the world. For one, I answer the question unequivocally and positively in the affirmative. Ten years ago I was a sceptic in regard to the immortality of man. I was a sceptic, as thousands were, because I was unable to find any theological proof of immortality. The doctrine of the resurrection, as taught by theologians in my younger days, was too absurd for belief; and I had no idea of the distinct identity of the spirit from a physical organism, till I became acquainted with the laws of mesmerism: from that I was led to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. The first medium I ever had communication through was Miss Margaretta Fox; and I received evidence conclusive that my own relatives did live, and commune with me, after the change called death. From then to the present time I have been in almost daily communion with what I believe to be spirits. Now, what has it done? Millions in our country have, like myself, become convinced of the immortality of the soul, who were sceptical before the interposition of spirit-communication. As regards morals: it must have an effect upon us, to know that the eyes of our departed loved ones are upon us. Who would do himself or any one a wrong, knowing that his actions are watched by legions of angels? It seems to me no one with human feelings would do it. Spiritualism is the agent for the hastening of the day when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the leopard shall lie down with the kid."—*Banner of Light*, U.S.

VOL. I.

Z

ANOTHER EVENING WITH MR. HOME.

THE following statement is given us in the words of the lady at whose house the manifestations occurred. We have not, for good reasons, the liberty to give her name, but we can answer from her position and character, for the perfect truthfulness of the narrative. We have in addition the names of the main persons who were present.

"*May the 3rd, 1860.*—A lady was present with her son, who became nervous at the manifestations, never having witnessed any before; the spirits, therefore, would not manifest with as much power as usual until she left us, though she witnessed the rising of the table in the air and the touch of spirit-hands. After she and her son had taken their leave the table moved away from the remaining seven of us, and we followed it; suddenly it rose in the air, and without any help from us was placed on a large sofa that stood before the window. The spirits told us by raps to move this sofa away, which we immediately did, and the table then moved of its own accord to the window where the hands had appeared to us on former occasions. The shutters were opened and the candles extinguished by their desire. Mr. Home sat next to the window, and I sat next to him with Miss H. on my other side. After sitting a few minutes quietly I felt a form glide behind me; it touched my chair, placed two hands on my shoulders, and then drew the heavy silk curtain from a window behind me (we sat in a bow formed by three windows) and folded the drapery round me like a cloak. The hands and arms which enfolded me felt as palpable as human arms would feel. On one of the party guessing the name of the spirit, it was answered in the affirmative by three startling raps, which shook the table, and felt as if produced by a bar of iron—no human hand could have knocked with such force. As I was intently listening to catch any sound, and straining my eyes to see any form that could make itself visible, my comb was taken out of my hair by a spirit hand, and laid on the table at a distance from me. By tiny gentle raps my darling spirit child told me that he had taken it. Then a hand rose under the window, and pulled down the blind. We distinctly saw the fingers clutch the string—this is a green transparent blind, through which the light can flow softly. The hand then made graceful gestures and pointed upwards, and when it disappeared it was followed by another, and then by a child's hand. Suddenly I was touched on the shoulder, as if by some one standing behind me and wishing to draw my attention. I thought it was my

daughter, and turned to speak to her, but I found no one. I had hardly turned round, when my left shoulder was more strongly touched, and on turning my head a spirit-hand held out to me a box taken from a table at the other end of the room. I received it with emotion, and as a precious gift; and the sweet hand that gave it was placed on my shoulder with a loving pressure. The spirit of A—— G—— then showed his hand, touched his sister with it, and played on the accordion, which by degrees was moved up in Mr. Home's hand over his head, the knocks at the same time beating measure, like a drum, very loudly on the table. The accordion was finally taken entirely away by the spirits, who played on it at a distance from us, the drumming continuing all the time on the table, whilst another drum accompanied it from the other side of the room. As soon as this ceased the table rose up in the air, and floated away from us high above our heads, passing over sofas and chairs in its way. We were naturally greatly interested at this wonderful manifestation, and followed it into the darker part of the room, and here arose a scene of indescribable confusion, but still producing feelings in no way unpleasant, though we knew not when we touched each other, who were spirits, and who were fleshy human beings. The four cushions of the ottoman were virtually hurled in the air at once, and flew to the other side of the room. In answer to a remark made, a hand came down on my head, as from a spirit floating above me, and pressed my forehead and stroked my hair. As we gathered round the table nine or ten chairs flew up like lightning, one behind each of us; the chair next to me was empty (to the sight,) but when I tried to move it I could not do so, it appeared as if nailed to the ground, and by raps we were told that L—— sat there. The united strength of several could not move this chair. The heavy sofa on which G—— sat was moved suddenly to the other end of the room, and the spirit of her brother placed his hand in her's, and held it for several minutes. Before leaving her he gave a most touching manifestation. He blessed her by making the sign of the cross on her forehead. He then came to me and did the same. During these manifestations every article of furniture in the room was moved out of its place."

M. Friedrich, a landed proprietor, was buried on the 5th instant at Munich without any religious ceremonies, as he was under the ban of the Church, "for professing to believe in the communications made by departed souls through the agency of a certain Crescentia Kahlhammer." An abbot, who was well acquainted with M. Friedrich, and saw him shortly before he died, endeavoured to make him recant, but his faith in the impostor was not to be shaken.—*Times*.

Correspondence.

THE "MAGNETIC GIRL."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—A few weeks ago a friend wished me to observe some singular phenomena presented by a young female, Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Smith, a tailor, of 23, Ossulston-street, Somers Town, and directed her to my house. She came accompanied by her mother, and a porter bearing two tailors' pressing irons, technically called *geese*, one weighing twenty, the other twenty-five pounds avoirdupois. After a little talk, during which I observed that there was nothing remarkable about the girl denoting greater strength than was common to her age, which the mother stated to be fifteen, and which she looked, the irons were placed on the table, a deal board being interposed. The girl grasped, if the term can be used, the third nearest to her of the handle of each iron with the third and little finger of each hand, and tilted the irons back at an angle of forty-five degrees, and so kept them, apparently without effort and without tension of the muscles. Several present tried to execute the same movement, but could not, except by grasping the handles with the whole hand, and then not without visible exertion. The girl asked for music, a polka, and said she would keep time with beats of the irons: one was played, and she maintained an exact, but rather noisy, accompaniment, until we, trembling for our table, called a halt.

I asked Mrs. Smith if her daughter had this power at all times and under all circumstances. She said, No; that she was exhibiting it once before some scientific gentlemen, among whom were Dr. Ashburner and Mr. Rutter, and they got her to stand on a board placed upon glass tumblers, when they found that she was, while thus standing, powerless with the irons, but that her power was restored whenever one of the gentlemen placed his hand upon her shoulder, to be lost again on the hand being removed. This experiment, she said, had been since tried many times. She said that the gentlemen poured water into some of the outer tumblers until it rose to the board on which Charlotte stood, and flowed over to the floor, when her power again exhibited itself.

I obtained the same result by getting the girl to stand upon a thick glass plate, pinning her dress close about her so that it did not touch the table; while thus insulated she was unable to elevate the forward extremities of the irons, until I applied the tips of my fingers to the back of her neck, when she was able to play with them easily. The partial restoration of her power followed also upon grasping her dress unknown to her, or upon allowing it to come in contact with the table.

On asking Mrs. Smith how she had discovered this power in her daughter, she said that when ten years of age, the family at that time living in Liverpool, putting her hand on the handle of the *goose* on the shop-board, she found that she was able, with her small hand, to raise the further end of it. Her father tried in vain to do the same. He invited others to try: no one could. He amused his customers by shewing this singular power in his child: these brought friends, scientific gentlemen, and among them was Mr. Maitland senior, of the *Liverpool Mercury*. He thought the power was mesmeric, and proposed that she should try it on her brother, her senior; at his suggestion, she held her hand over her brother's head, and drew him off the floor. Mr. Maitland put a notice of the power in the *Liverpool Mercury*. This brought many to witness it. Some of the visitors thought she was a medium for the table moving, and used to get her to sit at the table, and it would tilt and rise and fall in answer to questions. It would rise so high sometimes that, falling suddenly, it would get broken: half a dozen tables, said Mrs. Smith, must have been broken in this way. Some amusing things used to happen. A gentleman once came who said that if he could see the table rise off the floor he would give a sovereign. Charlotte placed her hands on the table, and it seemed to try to rise; it

was a three-legged one; and many times it got off all but a little, just keeping to the floor by one foot. The gentleman's patience was at length exhausted, and he left. As he went out he slipped something into Charlotte's hand. There were several at the table: one said that he supposed the gentleman had, after all, given the sovereign; the table beat an emphatic, "No;" others guessed other sums, to all which guesses there was the same "No;" until one asked "Half-a-crown?" when there were three violent beats in the affirmative, and the table shot up nearly a yard, coming down again with such force as to break the legs.

Strange things, according to Mrs. Smith, used frequently to happen in the house at this time,—such as the movement of various articles of furniture by unseen agents.

"People used to tell us," said Mrs. Smith, "that these things were done by spirits; but we had no notion of the sort. We used to see the chairs rocking of themselves. One day I saw a chair rising up from the floor, and observed that it was being lifted by a pair of hands which grasped the back legs. Charlotte was in the room, and the moment I called to her to look the hands disappeared, and the chair fell. Charlotte said she also saw the hands: the arms appeared to be in figured shirt sleeves. We both described, at the same time, the appearance of the hands and sleeves, or we might each have thought the other mistaken."

Returning to our *moutons*, the irons, Charlotte favoured us with another *downing* accompaniment to the polka; she averring that she felt no pain nor *even* weariness in the exercise; that her hands trembled when the power came on, and seemed to be drawn on and made to adhere to the irons.

One can scarcely witness such phenomena without speculating as to their cause. My speculation was this,—that Charlotte is a conductor of the earth's electricity; that with it and her own magnetism an electro-magnetic circuit is established between her and the irons, and which she controls by her will. This *idea* of speculation applies to the use of the irons; the other is—that when this circuit is established between her and other objects—as in the instance related by her mother, where the operation of the intelligence and will of unseen individuals is manifest—it is reasonable to attribute such operation to a spirit or spirits; Charlotte, with her electro-magnetic property, being the medium, as the boy was in Dr. Phelps's house and others in various recorded cases. This view is supported by the additional fact, which has been communicated to me by other observers who have known Charlotte ever since she has been in London, that in proportion as she has, at times, cultivated mediumship, properly so called, so her own power with the irons became feebler. One gentleman essayed to develop her as a clairvoyante, but the parents relinquished the project, lest her power with the irons, by which they were in the receipt of an immediate income, might thereby be thrown into abeyance.

I have talked over the subject with a friend, well versed in electrical science, and long observant of the phenomena of mediumship: he regarded Charlotte Smith, and physical mediums generally, as performing a similar part in these phenomena as the copper wire performs in a circuit of the electric telegraph, in the movements of objects corresponding to the movements of the magnetic needle. He thought that the difference of conducting power in different individuals was analogous to the difference in conducting power between wood, iron, and copper; and that, according to the electrical temperament of the bodies of individuals so where their susceptibilities as conductors or mediums for the physical manifestations. According to my friend, spirits of different orders may be compared to different galvanic batteries, their power to communicate through *a* or *b*, as a conductor of their current, being according to the electrical order of *a* or *b*. Suppose, for instance, individual *a* to be equal to copper wire, and the order of the spirit, or spirits, corresponding to correspond with *a*, equalling in quantity and intensity a Grove's battery, the manifestations would be of the highest electrical order. Spirits of another order, equalling in quantity and intensity a Smee's battery, feeble in comparison, operating through the same individual, the resultant manifestations would be of a feebler electrical order. Everything in intensity of manifestation depending on the quantity and intensity of the current proceeding from the spirit through the medium.

In some cases, he thought, the medium seems to form an element in battery as well as being conductor, and then the manifestations will depend more or less on the medium's will, as in the case of Charlotte and her iron of other mediums at times, which every close observer of the phenomena have witnessed. My friend tells me that Rutter's experiments have conclusively demonstrated that all persons, some more energetically than others, male or female, can discharge electricity from the body, enough to deflect the needle of an electric telegraph. But he questions whether a human being, although it may conduct, can discharge enough to break a table, as in the experiment related in No. 4 of this Magazine by Dr. —.

I state these suggestions for the consideration of your scientific readers.

Charlotte says that she has an iron weighing thirty pounds, made with a smooth handle, which she can move with the same ease as those I have been speaking of, the handles of which are twisted; the smoothness of the handle obviating the objection that the spiral mechanically helps her. The power, formerly spoken of, resides no longer with the family, and she now exercises it upon a younger one, whom she magnetises and cataleptises with facility.

In answer to my questions, I was told that she has exhibited this power, *Infant Magnet*, before general and scientific companies, of from a thousand to a few, in Liverpool, Manchester, London, and in various watering places, with varying appreciation. She always expects the kindest reception from mechanical and scientific people. Gentlemen of the press have been favourable, with few exceptions; among which latter is Mr. Charles Dickens, who, as Mrs. S. said, wrote a very "bad" article about her and her family, some months ago in his *All the Year Round*. I sent for a copy of the number she mentioned, and enough there was an extravagant and distorted sketch, which, however intended to divert the buyers of two-penny light reading, imputed imposture and depravity, very damaging to Charlotte and her family—damaging, because a "diverting" notice in a publication so widely read, led directly to the abandonment of a beneficial arrangement then pending between Charlotte's parents and a lecturer. Some friends, thinking that "diverting fellows" sometimes become intoxicated with their own *esprit*, recommended the father to appeal, if not to the law, which he might have done, at least from "Philip drunk to sober." Poor Mr. Smith wrote to Mr. Dickens, representing the injury done. He referred him to a physician eminent in science, and to a clergyman who had known the family for years, who would satisfactorily answer the imputations of depravity and imposture; and requested him to rectify the matter, offering him the opportunity of witnessing the experiments under his own conditions. But Mr. Dickens has not yet condescended to answer Charlotte and her family are still under the cloud of his aspersion. Let us hope he may yet deign to enquire whether he ought not to withdraw it; and if he does, some additional information on the subject of spiritual manifestations in general, he may hear a full account from his own son of those he recently witnessed under the mediumship of Mr. Squire.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
J. DIXON

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

32, Brunswick-terrace, Harrowgate.
July 11th, 1851

SIR,—Absence from Cheltenham prevented me from receiving my copy of the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine* until this morning, and I have to express my entire concurrence in your strictures upon the tendency which the ignorant and secretive minds feel to bear testimony, unflinchingly, to a truth which they have yet to receive the sanction of the general public, or at least of their own family or religious circle.

I quite feel with you, that "there is a reality in a name with a man behind it ready to stand up for it," and when I appended my initials, I did so not with a view to concealment, for I had already written my name in full at the bottom of my letter, but because I have been in the habit of using the simple symbols when supplying articles to the local press.

Those who know how much obloquy I have encountered in former days, as one of the earliest advocates, both by writing and by lecture, of the principles of phrenology and their application to education and to criminal jurisprudence will acquit me of ever desiring to harbour that "Nicodemus spirit" which you so justly condemn; and had I had the privilege of obtaining the same personal experience of Spiritualism that I have had of phrenology and mesmerism, your important and deeply interesting publication should not have been so long before the public without having received the humble testimony of your obedient servant,

RICHARD BEAMISH, F.R.S.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—In a letter headed "Notes of Experience," published in your Magazine for July, there is an account of the death of a young American from an accident he received on Vesuvius. I happened to be at Naples at the time, and I remember the circumstance perfectly, and can corroborate your correspondent's statement in every particular. I am only lately a convert to Spiritualism, and I think it the greatest consolation the goodness of God has ever given to man. Before I was a Spiritualist I believed Christianity coldly and half doubtingly, as do the majority of people. Now, the unseen world seems to me more near and real than this, and my faith has indeed been confirmed.

I was a medium as far as obtaining a few material manifestations immediately; but this morning I tried for the first time whether I could write, but obtained no result with the right hand. On taking the pencil into my left hand it was immediately moved, first to draw lines and angles all over the paper, and then, to my surprise, to write the initials of a dear friend, between whom and myself there is a coolness. My hand was also moved to answer questions I asked, and wrote backwards "yes" or "no." You are at liberty to publish this letter with my name. I have the pleasure to enclose £2 for the Magazine fund.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. A. HILLIARD.

London, July 5th, 1860.

DR REDMAN'S CIRCLE FOR SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—I went on Wednesday, the 11th of July, about one o'clock, to 23, Cecil-street, Strand, to witness the spiritual manifestations through Dr. Redman, the newly arrived American medium, a young man apparently about 25 years of age. I sat at a small square table, a friend, my son, three strangers, and the Doctor constituted the party. On the table were some sheets of writing paper, one of which the Doctor tore up into small pieces, and asked us to write on them the names of any deceased friends whom we wished to communicate with us. I wrote seven names on seven pieces of paper, covering the paper with my hand to hide the writing from the Doctor. All the sitters wrote names the same way, and we then rolled up the pieces of paper on which the names were written into little balls about the size of peas and put them in the middle of the table in a heap. When we had done this the table rose on two legs, and remained a short time at an angle of about 45 degrees (all hands being off the table) and then gently descended. We then heard some tappings at the window about five feet from us, and also on the table. Dr. Redman's hand was now moved in a tremulous and spasmodic kind of action, and jerked into the pile of paper-pellets before him, from which he picked out one and handed it to me, saying, "Do not open it yet;" he then took a pencil, and wrote backwards a message to me signed "Susannah," and then requested me to open the pellet in my hand. I did so, and found it the one on which I had written the name "Susannah J."

I wrote questions to the said Susannah; and the Doctor's hand seized the pencil and rapidly wrote the answers in reverse writing—that is, as the Doctor and I sat vis à vis at the table, the words were written from the bottom of the

page, right-hand corner to the left, so that I could read them as they were written. While the Doctor was thus engaged, three other sitters had each one of the pellets they had written on; and the signatures to the messages received were the same as were found on the pellets when opened; and as four wrote our questions, he, though unable to see what was written, wrote appropriate answers; the writing, in every case, being written backwards. One of the sitters was a Frenchman. The name he had written on the pellet was a French one; and all the answers were in French; and the gentleman said they were perfectly satisfactory. The Doctor was thus kept at it, his hands jumping from one piece of paper to another, writing answers backwards with great rapidity. In answer to a question I put, he said, "I have no idea of what I write, my part is quite mechanical." He then stated he had a spirit or form near *me*, holding up a piece of paper with writing on; but he could not make out the words. After a while, and in the midst of his writing, he stated that he thought the words on the paper were "Arthur Jones. I have a deceased son named Arthur, but was not thinking about him, and his name was not among the pellets. My son Edward sitting at the table had done the pellet tests in the same way as myself. On one of his pellets he had written "Arthur." The rappings on the table were frequent during the whole sitting till the sitting ended. Next day (Thursday) I again went to Dr. Redman, and myself, son, and two daughters had a *private* sitting with him. As before, names were written on pieces of paper, which were then rolled up and thrown in a heap. The Doctor then took them *all* up in his hand, and dropped them one by one, till a tap came; he then took up that one; and his hand jerked towards my son, who took and held the pellet unopened, till a message was written and signed. On opening the pellet, the same name was found on it. A number of questions were then written down and answered. A sheet of paper was taken by the Doctor and written on backwards, and the communication continued on the second sheet; they were then folded up and given as a private communication to my son. On reaching home we could not make any sense of the scribble, till we looked at it in the light on the *blank* side; and there was a letter, *well-written*, giving my son some information, and urging him to a certain course of action.

I had not the least doubt that the results were produced by spirits; but the doubt on my mind was, were they the deceased relations whose names were written out? I applied several tests, and I found that the answers were a reflex of the leading thought at the moment on my mind. Thus, I asked for the age of my late wife, and purposely impressed a number on my mind; and the Doctor's hand was moved, and made thirty-seven dots on the paper—the number I wished—but wrong. I tried the same as to the month she died, and it came out at the impressed month; but not at the right month: again, the same as to the day of the month she died—the rapping was wrong at the first time, right the second.

The sittings were very interesting and satisfactory, as evidences of unseen intelligence acting on man, and discerning his passing thoughts—though appearing to be as words to them. They also appear to have a thorough knowledge of the mental state and physical powers of the sitters. But we have a greater right to expect that our deceased relations are to be always found at the houses of strangers, than we on this earth, clothed in flesh, expect to meet our sons and daughters at such places—and further, it shows that spirits are omniscient and omnipotent. Some of them know as little of the past of our lives as I know of the readers'; and unless the guardian spirit of a man unfolds to such spirits items of the past, that past is a blank to them. On leaving, we had an excellent physical manifestation. The table, as before, rose to an angle of about 45 degrees. I requested my children to sit back from the table, keeping all hands above, but not on it: all hands being off, the table moved, rising, falling, undulating, and responding to us as a living thing. I believe that these manifestations were truly the production of unseen living beings; but, so far as my observation goes, I do not believe that they were my relations, as they are claimed to be.

It appears to me thus:—Men stoutly deny the existence of spirits near us, and acting on us. Spirits say, "We will prove it if you test us. Write names

on pellets, and by influencing the medium's hand to write a message signed by the name on the pellet in your hand, we prove our existence, even if you cast aside the rapping and table-moving as unsatisfactory."

I am, &c.,

JOHN JONES.

Peckham.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—Myself and sister had a private *séance* with Dr. Redman on Monday morning, July 16th; the following is an account of what took place:—

A dozen or more names of deceased relatives and friends were written by us on little slips of paper, each name on a separate slip, which was rolled up into a pellet as soon as written on, and the pellets mixed together in a small heap on the table. Raps were heard very distinct on the floor beside us in reply to the inquiry if any spirits were present whose names we had written; and the table our hands lightly resting on it, inclined forward to an angle of forty-five degrees or more. It was then asked if the spirit who wished to communicate would rap when the pellet was touched on which his or her name was written; this being responded to by raps, Dr. R. touched the pellets one by one with a pencil, till the raps were heard. He then asked if the name of the spirit present was written on the pellet last touched, which was again responded to by raps on the floor and rapid tiltings of the table. Dr. R., holding the pencil to the paper, requested the spirit to write his or her name, before the pellet, which I held in my hand, was opened. A name was instantly written, and, on opening the pellet, I found it had the name on it which the Doctor had just written—that of a relative who has been in the spirit-world twenty-nine years. I inquired, in writing, if my relative could recal any incident of his earthly life which would tend to assure me of his actual presence. In reply, he reminded me of an accident that had occurred to him, which obliged him to lie by for a considerable time. This, I may remark was quite true. My sister and I were very young at the time of its occurrence, but I remember my mother (who he said was in the room beside me) telling me of it, and of the grief and trouble it occasioned her. The fact, however, was not in my mind at the time, and my sister did not understand the allusion till I explained it. My spirit-relative also told me that J—H—, the name of a deceased friend (name correctly given in full), then occupied the chair beside me, and was anxious to communicate with me. At this, the rappings and table-tiltings (our hands were off the table) were repeated, and with greater force than before. On my remarking that I had written his name on one of the pellets on the table, the Doctor's hand, with the pencil in it, was rapidly carried to the little pellet heap, from which one was instantly selected and pushed across the table towards me; on opening it, I found it to be the one on which I had written his name.

To all my questions answers were written rapidly, and written backwards; that is, the Doctor wrote from himself and towards me, on the opposite side of the table, so that I could read the words as they were written. What is also curious, while in the act of writing my questions—before I had half written them, the Doctor's hand was carried to the sheet on which I was writing, and, in the manner before described, wrote the answers, over the questions.

The questions I wrote (and which of course I took care should not be seen by Dr. R.) were all answered appropriately with one exception. I was writing, "Can you give me some token"—I was about to add, "of your identity," or words to that effect—when an answer was written as if I had meant a token in evidence of the spiritual origin and quality of the phenomena. This, to me, was evidence that the answer was not an echo of my own thought, but the result of a simple and very natural misapprehension on the part of my invisible respondent. Let me also add, that both my sister and I expected to receive a communication from another relative, rather than the one whose name was written, and who, since entering the spirit-world, had never, at least by name, communicated with us before; nor had our friend J. H.—, and we had no particular expectation that either name would be given.

During the *séance* my temporal affairs were referred to in a way that showed

an intimate acquaintance with them. Throughout the sitting there was no confusion or hesitation in any of the responses, and they bore internal evidence of their authenticity. Altogether, I consider the tests were among the most striking I have received of intelligent action outside ourselves, and not a moment in the mind of any one visibly present. This was the first and only time I have seen Dr. Redman.

I regret that I am under the necessity of withholding my name from publication, but yourself and many of the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* know the name attached to the initials

T. E.

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

DEAR SIR,—I accompanied the other day our friend Bielfield to Dr. Redman at 23, Cecil-street. We were quite strangers to him.

After a little conversation with him, and his friend Mr. Laning—both possessing persons—Dr. R., young, robust, and quite English in appearance he invited us to sit to the table, a small uncovered Pembroke, and on rapid hearing, Dr. R. divided a sheet of paper into small equal pieces, and asked us to write names of departed friends separately on them, as many as we pleased, and to pinch each piece so written on into a pellet. Having written a good number, Dr. R. mixed them together on the middle of the table, and asked "Are any of your friends present whose names are written here?" Raps were heard in the affirmative. The table tilted at the same time at an angle of 45 degrees; I had to sit back to allow of its depression towards me; in this position it remained for a minute, all hands off the table, and then slowly fell into its ordinary position.

"Is this a spirit who desires to communicate to me?" I asked.—"No." The question going round, the affirmative was to Mr. B. Dr. R. said, taking the pellet in his hand, "Is your name among these?"—Affirmative. "Place the pellet on which your name is written falls." He proceeded to drop them one by one until raps came. "Will you spell the name in the ordinary alphabet, before the paper is opened?"—Affirmative. Raps were given, and then a name was given in full—Christian and surname—Thomas Johnson. Mr. B. had written on the paper, which he then opened, the surname and part of his deceased friend; he did not think of his Christian name at the time. Dr. R. said "Any question you may ask, will perhaps be answered by the spirit through my hand. Mr. B. proceeded to write a question; Dr. R.'s hand at the same time suddenly turned towards me, and he said "Some spirit will take your hand." I gave it, and it was warmly shaken; then dropping my hand, he pushed some sheets of paper, which were lying before him, towards me, and wrote with a pencil with great rapidity, beginning at the top of the sheet as it laid towards me, and thus writing upside down—line after line appeared to me as if written in the ordinary manner, as follows:—

"Well, well, is not this a happy hour? Tell me, do tell me, what I can do for you? The moments seem to fly too fast; do let us improve them. A dear one is here. Thy spirit guide, Thomas Dixon."

This was one of the names—my father's—which I had written on the pellets. While Dr. R.'s hand was employed in writing an answer in the singular manner, to Mr. B.'s question—whatever that was—I wrote "What are your views as to my present position?" Dr. R.'s hand was moved to Mr. B.'s paper to mine, and wrote, still in the same manner, under my question "Ah, my child,"—(a nice child, I, at fifty-five)—"my views shall be as I have given to thee as"—through my not holding the paper steady, the strong pressure of the medium's hand made it fly off the table; on replacing it, he turned it over, and the following was written:—"Thy position, my child, is correct; but thy mind is like a young tree, it has not yet borne the fruit which a few years' experiences will bring upon its branches. Thou art rising *slowly*; go on and thou shalt meet together at the very gate of life itself. Thy loving father, Thomas Dixon."

The pencil was not raised from the paper, but was drawn wavingly to the commencement of another line, and wrote, "Sarah is here with me also."

This was a name, too, that of a sister, among my pellets.

While Dr. R.'s hand was at work on my friend's papers, I wrote, "

only to care to exhort to the cultivation of spiritual life and ascension." Dr. B.'s hand was now moved to my paper, and the following was written with the same rapidity as the previous, but now not upside down, but backwards—to be read by holding it up before a mirror:—

"My loved son,—The very pavement on which thy patient and truth-loving spirit walks shall ere long become proverbs to others, that they too may learn to tread in the path of philosophy and life. I am pleased with thy endeavours, my child: I am too happy to know that my prayerful labours have not been in vain. Tire not; thy crown shall gain jewels daily, and thy future garden of study bloom with rich rewards. Thy father, Thomas."

Having read this, I made some allusion to the sister whose name had been introduced, and to a manifestation in relation to her some years ago, the medium's hand was moved to the paper lying on the table, where it was said that she was present, and wrote upside down, as previously, "Shall I pick out my name? Sarah Dixon." This writing was smaller, and with the signature like hers: I said, "I shall be glad." The medium's hand was moved over the pellets, vibrated, picked out one and offered it to me. I opened it—it was the one on which I had written her name.

While the medium was writing again on Mr. B.'s paper, I wrote, "Why do I rely more upon receiving, through my own hand, communications from you and ——" Before I could finish my sentence the medium's pencil was at work, still writing upside down, and rapidly, "Because I am preparing the internal more, and I must at present apparently neglect the external."

I had written the name of my son Robert on one of my pellets; I asked if I might have a few words from him. "Not at this time. The flower is but opened to-day; the fragrance shall come hereafter. Robert will be with thee at thy next meeting."

The communications, written in the same striking manner, received at the same sitting by friend B., exhibited to him, in several particulars, strong proof of emanating from the spirits whose signatures were appended. On rising from the table Dr. Redman observed, as something singular, that he had seen a spirit standing by me while reading, at the window, the communication signed "Thomas," and that as I had resumed my seat, the spirit moved round to where Mr. B. was seated, holding in his hand a little paper with "James Day" written on it, or some name similar to that. Mr. B. said that he had written "James Deeg" on one of his pellets. It was the name of a spirit from whom he had received many communications.

I limit myself to stating these demonstrations, or manifestations, in the order of their occurrence. They are remarkable under whatever hypothesis they may be viewed. I would only observe that the communications to me on this occasion bear the same mental impress, accompanied by the same signature, as others received by me through different mediums. I am, sir,

JACOB DIXON.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Manor House, Ealing, Middlesex, W.,
June 1, 1860.

Sir,—I directed Mr. Effingham Wilson to send you yesterday a copy of the second part of a narrative, which I published many years ago, of the treatment which I received when confined as of unsound mind. Towards the middle of the volume you will find mention made of several very singular instances of a species of inspiration, by which I heard voices addressing me in very beautiful tones and often in an intelligent manner, quite apart from my own natural understanding. I began to be subject to these and to other preternatural influences in 1830, when, towards the end of the year, I visited Row and Port-Glasgow, in Scotland, to inquire into the miraculous manifestations which were reported to have taken place about that time there, among members of the Church of Scotland, and which ultimately led to the foundation of the sect called the Irvingites in London; and the want of understanding of these influences, and disobedience to them, I have often thought were very likely the cause of my sub-

sequent derangement. Since my restoration to society, in 1834, I have continued to be subject from time to time to the same, and various other kind of inspirations, so that the phenomena mentioned by you in your Magazine of writing without the aid of spirit, drawing by the spirit, hearing spiritual voices, and the seeing of things which are all familiar to me, and have been so for many years; but I have not been able to distinguish the visions as such—that is, as forms of things *not really present* to the body, but presented by the Creator to the senses through some operation of the mind only *made to appear* as if they were really and present to the body; and this, although on one or two occasions I have not only been made to perceive, but also apparently to feel the contact of the spirit in a vision. When I published my narrative in 1837, I was entirely unacquainted with any persons who were conscious of similar experiences or disposed to give any credence in them, except some *professors* of faith among the Irvingites, who knew nothing of these things themselves practically, and who could not be brought in anything being divine out of their pale, and contrary to the received doctrine of the Scriptures. I therefore thought it my duty to publish in the world my own vision. I have sent to you some of the experiences which I had been subject to, from a philosophic view, in hopes that some greater men might accept my facts, and carry on their observations to some more practical and decided conclusions. I am in the hope, also, of rendering more intelligible to others, the workings of a deranged or so-called deranged mind, so as to lead to a more humane, dignified, intelligent, and reverent treatment of such unfortunate persons. I published the work generally to expose the brutal and irrational treatment to which those *deemed insane* patients are submitted in our best asylums, and as a foundation stone from whence to commence agitation for a reform of our lunatic laws, to which I have devoted myself ever since. I have therefore comparatively little time, till lately, to attend to the remarkable and now widely-spread phenomena of the present day, and still less opportunity through acquaintance with persons who took an interest in them, to do so. But I have within the last year—now—on three occasions, witnessed myself the wafting of a table many feet in the air, at Mrs. Marshall's in Red Lion Street, under circumstances which preclude the possibility of its being done by any physical or mechanical power, or by any generally known method of applying electric or galvanic force or attraction. I have heard of the same phenomenon being witnessed by so many respectable persons, in all grades of society, at their own or other private houses, without any connection or acquaintance with each other, and without Mrs. Marshall's niece being present, that it is impossible to suppose that any conspired collusion could exist, or to ascribe the results to anything but some superior or spiritual power. I have tried to reconcile my understanding to it by attributing it to the discovery of some new law of nature; but this appears to me to be only mocking at the subject, and a dangerous way of denying the proper effect on the mind, of any miracle whatever. In general, that any miracle has or may come to pass, it may be styled by learned and light-headed and incredulous scoffers as “an indication or a revelation of a new law of nature;” but what is that “new law” but the “old law,” that the Almighty can do what he will with His own essence, and that His will is not necessarily circumscribed by any laws but those which He himself has established upon it. Though man, misled by experience, conceives that nothing can be done in place contrary to the effects which he is daily cognizant of.

I will, please God, write to you further on this question as connected with the reform of the laws of lunacy, for, indeed, one of my chief reasons for attending to that question has been to obtain protection for persons having a different experience from the rest of the world, and, consequently, a different belief on spiritual and religious subjects from other persons, and to enable them to appeal to a jury to prevent their unjust confinement, or to obtain their liberation, as was lately done by the Rev. Mr. Leach, but which, at present, can only be done where any property is in danger, as was the case with that gentleman. But, perhaps, the best way of my doing so would be by my giving a lecture upon this subject, if you and your friends would be so kind as to procure an audience for me.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

JOHN PERCEVAL

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

American Warehouse, London,

164, Strand, 20th July.

Sir—As I promised, I now proceed to tell you some of the reasons "*Why, and how, I became a Spiritualist.*" In the winter of 1852 my attention was first drawn to the subject of spirit communion, by my wife. One evening on returning from my place of business, my wife said to me, "David, we can no longer disbelieve in God and angels." "Why?" I said, "Oh, I have been conversing all day with my father and sister in the spirit world."—"Oh, fudge," was my response but she persisted that she had talked with her father and sister, and told me how the medium, although an entire stranger to her, had described her father, who had passed to the other life some eight years before. "And now, David, I want you to look into this new thing and give it your sincere attention, and I am quite sure you will no longer be an infidel." My wife and I, up to this time, had been what the orthodox call infidels, and we both looked upon anything claiming for its basis a spiritual origin, with, I must say, a remarkable degree of incredulity.

Among the few who were classed with the infidel part of the community, was a Mr. Bird, a young married man of unimpeachable character and integrity, and whose family had always sustained the highest position in society. He also had heard of the "spiritual phenomena," and one evening in conversation with him and his wife about the many delusions in the world, they had both lamented to us that Mrs. Bird's father, who had become a believer in Spiritualism, should be so divided. They, however, consoled themselves that he would come to his senses again, as upon other subjects his judgment remained sound. One evening shortly after this, to prove the old gentleman's want of good sense, Mr. Bird said to his wife, "Let us take the table," (which was near the fire, as it was winter) "and see if it will tip and tumble about for us, which even if it does, we shall know that we do it ourselves, although it may be unconsciously; because the Spiritualists say that the spirits weigh nothing, and, as anybody knows, it takes weight to move weight, why of course the mediums must do it themselves." They accordingly advanced towards the table on the farther side of the room, and when not nearer than three feet, and before either of them touched it, the table started towards him, which caused him to retreat in double quick time, and much frightened. His wife, whose nerves were not so easily moved, said to him, "Keep quiet, John," and "I'll bring the table out," and she moved towards it, but when about the same distance from it as Mr. Bird, the table commenced moving towards her. This coming after the first experiment so frightened them both, that they left the house without extinguishing the light on the mantelpiece, and went over the way to Mr. Bird's father, not daring to stay the night in their own house. The next day Mr. Bird addressed a note to me, requesting my presence that evening at his house, and requested me to invite three other gentlemen, whom he named, to accompany me, telling me in his note that he wanted to unravel a mystery, and that certain things had been done at his house "by a propelling power which was claimed to be spiritual;" "and you know," he said, "that is an impossibility." I went as requested, and in my presence the table moved all round the room, and through it answers were satisfactorily given to mental questions, at the request of any one of the company. It also stood upon one or two of its legs, when requested, and walked on two legs. It turned bottom upwards on the floor, and then back again, without the touch of any one; in fact, it seemed as if it could do anything that was asked. At our request the table rose to the ceiling, and came down as lightly as we could have lowered it ourselves; and without troubling you with any more of the details of that evening, I will only add that I became convinced that there were more things unknown to us than our philosophy had ever dreamed of.

I also found that I was a medium myself, for after my arrival at my own house, my family having retired, I went into the dining room, where there was a large dining table, and putting the tips of my fingers upon one corner of it, it rose up on one leg, which I knew, from its weight, several men with their united strength could not have accomplished. I tried the experiment at all four

corners with the same result. At my request, it rose entirely from the floor, and also answered intelligently several mental questions. So much for my first experiments on this great subject of the 19th century. About this time, and before I had seen any writing medium, my hand began when resting either upon a table or anything else, to move spasmodically, without any volition on my part. In fact, I could not stop its movements in the least, which greatly surprised me, and caused much merriment to friends who happened to be present. After a short time my hand would write out words, and subsequently sentences, at first quite unintelligible, but soon the writing could be read with ease. After a few months, my hand would write long articles upon various subjects, and what was the most singular part of the phenomenon was, that while it was writing on one subject, I was frequently in earnest conversation with a friend upon another. Frequently after I had done the writing, I could not decipher it or tell the subject even though it was perfectly intelligible to others.

I will now proceed to give you a test through my mediumship, which is one out of many which I could narrate to you. In April of the same year, after I had sat down to the table in the evening, my hand wrote out in large letters "We want you and Mrs. Dinsmore to go to Boston, and attend a spiritual convention." I said, "What does this mean?" The answer was, "A convention of Spiritualists is going to be held in Boston." I asked, "When will it be held?" Answer—"25th of next month." Neither I nor my wife had heard of there being such a convention—in fact, we did not think there were Spiritualists enough in America to fill our dining room. I asked, "where is it to be held?" The response was, "The friends are not decided as yet where to hold it, but I think it will be in Chapman Hall" (which proved to be the place decided upon). I said, "I cannot go; and if you are who you claim to be, you would see the impropriety of asking such a thing" (I was then engaged in shipbuilding). The only response was, "Go to Boston," and from the 17th of April to the 15th of May following, nearly a month, my hand stubbornly refused to write anything else. Do what I would to the contrary, my hand would write nothing but "go to Boston." On the evening of the 15th of May, as was usual after the children had retired, we sat down to the table to see if we could not get something else, and I said, "As you seem determined that we shall go to Boston, and as there are three ways of going, pray tell us which of the three routes we had better take." My hand immediately wrote in large plain letters, "Go in the 'Governor.'" Now the steamer 'Governor' was an old boat which had been condemned and sold off the route some two years before, the passenger community utterly refusing to trust their lives in her any longer. So I said, with some levity, "Don't you know the old 'Governor' has gone to the spirit world!" but the only answer was again, "Go in the 'Governor;'" and from that time to the 25th, being 10 days, my hand refused to write anything but "go in the 'Governor,'" and after dinner on that day, while my wife—who had determined on taking the spirit's advice—was getting ready to start with the 4 p.m. boat, my hand wrote again, "Go in the 'Governor.'" I attended my wife to the wharf, and soon I said to her, "There comes the 'Boston,'" a beautiful steamer, which had taken the "Governor's" place, and which my wife was to go in. When, however, the vessel came alongside of the wharf, it turned out to be the "Governor!" We were completely confounded, and could hardly speak; and after seeing my wife safely on board, I hunted up the agent, and to my question, "How is it that the old 'Governor' has got back again?" he said that the shaft of the "Boston" broke the previous evening as she was going into the basin, and the "Governor" being the only boat that the proprietors could get to take her place until she was repaired, and it being summer time, it was chartered to take the "Boston's" place; and go to Boston in the "Governor" my wife did, and returned in her, too; and, more than all, she attended the Spiritual convention, as predicted, through my hand, with this difference,—that the convention first met in Chapman Hall, and, after organising, moved to another place. Now I would like to know how it is that spirits can tell to a day, ten days before-hand, when the shaft of a steamer will break, and what boat is to take her place? I can easily comprehend that it is easy enough to see defects in a piece of iron, and that some time or other it must give way; but how to tell the day

being before, I must say was not so easy of solution. I could give you many such incidents and anecdotes, but I have told you enough already to show how and why I came to believe in Spiritualism, and ceased to be an infidel. I shall be glad to tell you more in another letter, as a personal history has always some instruction in it.

D. C. DINSMORE.

WHAT! NO SOAP?

April 25.

Ed.—I send you the following account of an incident in my own experience, which trivial as it may seem in some of its aspects, has always made a stronger impression on my mind than any of the greater wonders I have heard from others.

About eight or nine years ago, while residing on my farm in Massachusetts, I awoke one night about midnight with an intense thirst, or longing for a drink of milk. So intense and irresistible was the desire, that I arose, lighted a candle, and putting on my slippers, went in my night dress from my chamber down to the kitchen, found a bowl and spoon, and went into the cellar and commenced dipping from a pan which stood on a shelf. Immediately I heard a loud noise like the bursting of a hoop in a corner of the cellar, and on going to the spot saw that the lower hoop of a barrel full of soap, which my wife had made and placed there a few days before, had burst and let out the bottom, and the soap was rapidly oozing from beneath the barrel upon the floor. A couple of empty wash-tubs were near, and I seized an empty milkpan, and dipped the soap as quickly as possible from the barrel into the tubs and saved the whole of it, except perhaps, a gallon or so. If my interposition had been delayed ten minutes the whole of the soap would have been wasted, and the cellar bottom put in a very unpleasant condition.

After saving the soap, I went back to get my milk, but found that my appetite for it had entirely vanished, and that I had been lured into the cellar on a false pretence, though for a very good purpose.

Now, what makes this case remarkable, and hardly to be accounted for as a mere coincidence, is, that never in my life before that time or since did I have any such desire for milk as to leave my bed in the night and go for it, and in this case, after I had dipped it from the pan I had no desire to taste it, although, but a few minutes before, my longing for it had been as intense and irresistible as that of a drunkard for his accustomed dram, so that I left my bed (which I always hate to do) and went down two flights of stairs to get it, and then found I didn't want it, but was myself wanted for another purpose.

Now, it is ridiculous to suppose that a glorified spirit would care so much about soap as to take the pains to tickle my palate with a thirst for milk in order to send me into the cellar for such a purpose. But, on the other hand, what *did* send me there at midnight, for only once in my life, and just in season to save the soap? Ten minutes sooner I should have returned without doing any good, and ten minutes later would have been too late. "Doth God care for oxen?" inquired St. Paul. Do the spirits care for soap? asks your humble servant.

Herald of Progress.

DANIEL MANN.

PUNCH AGAIN, AND MR. DICKENS.

WE gave our friend *Punch* credit for more tact than he appears to possess, in writing our further notice of him, and we confessed something like the same astonishment which Mr. Bumble expressed so forcibly when "Oliver Twist asked for more." In our simplicity we thought that Mr. *Punch* had had enough return for his previous attacks; but it seems that it is not sufficient for him, that the two sons of his owners, and the son of his redoubtable sceptic, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Leech, the *Punch* artist, should be convicted of the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism. What are we to do with this wooden person who, in his number of Saturday last, has the hardihood, after a copious dose of stale jokes at what he knows to be a truth, to recommend his spiritual contemporary to remember that the ridicule of truth should be regarded with serene contempt, *refuted by demonstration*; and that it is the peculiarity of quacks and enthusiasts, whether religious or scientific, to regard the derision of their impostures or delusions."

This is really a little cool, and when translated into English means as follows, "Two of my sons, and the son of my partner, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Leech, my principal contributor, have been refuted by demonstration, that all you say is true, but it suits us to ridicule and deny it. However, as you know it to be true, you should regard our denial with serene contempt, and take no notice of it."

By a curious coincidence, Mr. Dickens comes out in his Saturday's number of *All the Year Round*, with some of his remarks on Spiritualism, in which he attempts, but quite unsuccessfully, to do away with the facts. This is not so easy a task, for facts are very pertinacious things. We beg to refer him to those witnessed by his own son; and if he requires it, we are in possession of further information as to the means taken by his son in forming his conclusions, which we can publish. We also refer him to those in the narrative of Dr. Blank, at the beginning of this number, which he will have some difficulty in explaining away. Since he does not hesitate to charge Miss Marshall with imposture, just let him address himself to the question of how she got the country curate's name and address, and the family passages from his history. Come, Mr. Dickens, stand up to this now, and give us the benefit of your opinion upon the Doctor's narrative, and go critically and scientifically into the phenomena witnessed by your son.

We may have to notice Mr. Dickens's article on a future occasion at more length.