

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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## MR. L.'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

*"New York, March 17th, 1862.—My dear Sir—I enclose herewith further extracts from my diary to Feb. 7th.—The important and exciting events occurring here, and the unceasing cares to which I have been subjected by accumulating business, have all contributed to prevent the keeping up of my correspondence with you. Notwithstanding, however, these engrossments, I have continued my investigations, having been constantly led on by new and varied phenomena. I cannot hope to give you in my necessarily hasty record any sufficient descriptions of them. I desire to give you facts, and in that wish I have hurriedly transcribed some pages from my journal, and I will endeavour soon to find leisure to continue it up to the present time. A third witness has lately been introduced, who can testify to having seen the spirit of Dr. Franklin on two occasions, when he, the medium, and I, were present, all three of us agreeing in our testimony as to what was seen, heard, and touched. Spirit-flowers have been produced, examined by us in the gas-light, and afterwards seen to dissolve. You will notice from the record that the spirit comes in different forms, with varied habiliments, various kinds of flowers, and other spiritual creations. In the early days of my experience the coming of the spirit was initiated by startling, nerve-exciting sounds and demonstrations, and success only crowned months of patient watching. Now the spirit glides noiselessly to my side, without premonitory demonstration, places a real hand and arm in mine, permits me to make careful examinations of the drapery and surroundings, and writes messages of affection in full view:—in short, so subjects to control the atmospheric elements, as to be able not only to use force like muscular strength, but to create at will material forms and objects. You will notice that the spirit has appeared in a variety of ways. *First*—In the *solid form*, completely covered by the spiritual envelope, or robe, with real hands, arms, &c. *Second*—*Stereoscopically* projecting its semblance upon a spiritual cloud. *Third*—*

In "*the fine spiritual form,*" indescribably spiritual, but differing from either of the others, and of surpassing beauty. From careful observation, I am led to conclude that under certain combined atmospheric and mental conditions a spirit has power to crystallize a material form on itself; that out of the electrical and other elements of the atmosphere, evanescent, but for the time being, real material forms and objects, tangible to human sense, can be produced; in fine, that spiritual forms and shapes can by this process be materialized into correspondent material forms and shapes.—Very respectfully, and truly yours,

"L.

"Benj. Coleman, Esq., London."

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COPY OF DIARY.

"December 15th, 1861.—The figure of Dr. Franklin appeared perfectly delineated, seated in the window, and permitted me to examine his hair with my hand. The hair was to sight and touch as real as human hair.

"December 17th.—Atmospherical condition favourable. After about fifteen minutes sitting in the darkened room it seemed filled with electricity, which '*crackled*' and rustled strangely, and the spirit or electric light appeared, revealing a scene of great beauty. A kind of panoply of spirit-drapery had been formed upon the table, extending to a height of three or four feet, and about the same in width, with folds gracefully hanging at the sides. Behind, and looking out as it were, from behind these curtains, was the angel face of my wife surrounded and decked with white flowers, her hand and arm also plainly visible, holding aside the drapery. The light passed behind this gossamer, shewing its transparency, and at the same time illuminating her in a way that was indescribably beautiful. While in full view she took a card from my hand, held it for some time, and returned it to me.

"December 22nd.—An '*experiment in a dim light,*' I was informed by spirit-knocks was about to be made. The gas was partially turned down, and a screen placed before the fire, leaving sufficient light to enable us to see plainly every object in the room. I then opened the table, and placed the cloth over that part of the opening next to us. Soon a female hand, perfectly wax-like and of the colour of flesh, rose through the opening, and was plainly visible from the wrist; each finger and the thumb being perfect, and the manifestation was frequently repeated in different degrees of light. I afterwards made the room dark, when the electric light rose to the table, shewing the same hand with its natural colour. There were two spirit-lights, one stationary upon the

table, the other floating. The hand being placed upon the stationary light, that which was floating in the atmosphere descended and made the hand visible. Upon a card was written upon this occasion as follows:—‘*Fear not; no war with England.—B. F.*’ ”

“*December 25th, Christmas Evening.*—The following was written upon cards by the spirit: ‘I am happy, my dear C——, to be the first, in this world of joy and light, to wish you a merry Christmas. You cannot say, darling, that this is the first Christmas I have been absent from you, for I have not left you one moment. We are both blessed in the past, and in that which is to come. On all the troubled waters of your life, I shall follow with a soothing influence, and on the anniversary of my birth in the immortal life I will come to you in all joy and beauty. My eye shall beam with joy, my cheeks bloom with health, my step be light. I will come clothed with immortality flowers, and purity. Be happy, all is well.—ESTELLE.’ ”

“*Friday Evening, December 27th, 1861.*—A test. Tomorrow evening being the anniversary of my wife’s death, I had before calling upon the medium, occupied myself with hanging wreaths of evergreen upon her portraits. I had also during the day ordered a basket of flowers, in commemoration of the event. Neither of these circumstances had been mentioned to the medium, who was ignorant of what I had done. Soon after commencing, a card with my private mark was taken from my hand, and returned by the spirit with the following nicely written message: “My dear C—— I have been with you to-night, and saw you arrange the wreaths of love and beauty over my pictures; I am pleased and gratified. You had better get the flowers for Saturday night, they will be appropriate for the occasion. I will come dressed in immortal flowers, and mingle their perfume with yours of earth. How much happiness I anticipate on that night (Saturday), the glorious anniversary of my immortal life in the world of light and joy. Meet early tomorrow night.—ESTELLE.’ ”

“*Saturday Evening, December 28th, 1861.*—In my own house and room, which was carefully examined, and door locked by myself. Soon after extinguishing the gas-light, the spirit-light rose and requested us (by raps) to follow it across the room to the window, which was heavily curtained, to exclude the light from the street. By raps the following was communicated: ‘*I come—I come in a cloud.*’ Immediately the light became very vivid; the ‘cloud’ appeared against the curtain, a portion of it overhanging from the top, while the face and figure of my wife from the waist, was projected upon it with stereoscopic effect. White gossamer intertwined with violets and roses, encircled her head, while she held in her hand a natural flower, which was

placed at my nose, and subsequently found upon the bureau, having been carried by the spirit from a basket of flowers on the table, standing in the centre of the room. We were told to notice her dress, which seemed tight fitting, of a substance like delicate white flannel. She was leaning upon her right hand; the cuff of her sleeve was plain and neatly turned back. In answer to my enquiry, whether this appearance was not like a *bas relief*, I was answered, '*No, but you see the fine spirit-form; you notice I come in health, and not as one year ago to-night.*' This appearance is new, and quite different from those originally seen, and is effected without noise or demonstrations of any kind."

*December 30th, 1861.*—Conditions favourable—electricity very strong, filling the room with its cracklings. Estelle appeared in a cloud as before, dressed precisely the same, the white wreath and flowers upon her head; but in this instance the cloud did not remain stationary, nor was it against anything to support it, but in the centre of the room it rose and fell, floating in the air, advancing to within a few inches of our faces. My wife's hand and arm subsequently came upon the table, and were handled by us; both were as natural as life to sight and touch, but cold. By raps: '*You see there is no bone in the arm.*' This was so, although the arm was hard and solid.

*January 9th, 1862.*—Conditions unfavourable, rain, &c. An accidental meeting at my own house, a card and pen and ink were called for. I procured a small spring inkstand, which was opened and closed by the spirit each time the ink was required, the spring or snap being very loud. The card was marked privately by me and the door locked carefully. The card as follows was written in ink, in about the same time as it would have been done by myself:—'*January 9th, 1862. The atmosphere will not permit of our success to-night, but be patient. I was happy to come to you last night; I was dressed in blue and enveloped in white; flowers were wreathed in my hair and I reclined on my arm; Dr. Franklin held the light which illumined my spirit-form. There were many spirits saw me depart with Dr. Franklin, and whispered how beautiful you will look to those on earth whose eyes will sparkle at your coming; "How beautiful," reached my ears until I stood in your presence. Remember, darling, that I am no longer pleased with vanity; all of earth is past, and I tell you this only to show you that spirits behold each other clothed in beauty; I come dressed for earth, for the vision of earth, which is rare, and I felt overjoyed to hear the angels say of me 'how beautiful.'* Under the silent solemn moon I came, God and his angels above me. Do you feel how great are your blessings; but this is not all; I shall yet stand by your bedside, and while you are permitted to see me as naturally

as when in life, I will talk to you, and with you. Spring is coming—summer flowers and peace shall dwell over the earth. The choirs are gathering; I must go and join in the anthem for peace—they shall not miss me at the throne of God. Good night; be content.—ESTELLE.’ ”

“ *January 12th, 1862.*—Copy of a card written this evening:—‘ Last night my power failed, though the meeting was not lost. It is always necessary to meet several times before any manifestation of this kind becomes perfected. We have many things to contend with. The conditions, the mind, the atmosphere and power—therefore be patient at all times. I have been with you all day, but when am I not with you. . . . Have faith, an innate love for this truth which God has given to you. Little I knew when on earth the power of Heaven; little I knew of its works. Alas! how few will step on its threshold with a knowledge like yours. Death was once too horrible for me to contemplate; now it is beautiful—the morn of life! Our homes are lovely. We read each other’s thoughts, we love each other, mingle with each other, help one another, and the faults of those we love on earth are scanned with loving and forgiving eyes, for we were none of us perfect. We have duties; mine are to watch over you, to make you happy, and often to visit with my other spirit friends the sick and dying of earth. When they are with sorrow weighed down to raise them up; when weakened with pain, to soothe them. We are a large band, and after we gather in our homes around the throne, to sing anthems of peace for the oppressed country, we have hours of worship; the choir is composed of like spirits, when each soul is entwined with one prayer, one hope, one thought, one desire, one love. With harps of worship we sing praises to God, and breathe through them prayers for our own loved ones on earth. . . . The atmosphere will soon permit us to fulfil our promise.—ESTELLE.’ ”

“ *Wednesday Evening, January 15th, 1862.*—Met for the purpose of hearing the voice of the spirit. A bright light appeared and sounds were heard like striking upon glass, the light rested upon the table assuming the shape of a globe covered with gossamer. It was placed upon my head like a glass globe producing a sensation similar to, but something different from, an electric shock, the moment it came in contact with my hair. The striking as of one glass form against another was now heard, and a perfect globe became visible, about ten inches in diameter, with a circular opening of about three inches in width at one end. Fitted into this from the inside was the electric cylinder (so often described), which, on coming in contact with the globe, produced the sounds, being frequently removed to permit me to look inside. There I discovered a perfectly hollow globe transparent and empty, with

the exception of a piece of gossamer like a hastily gathered handkerchief. By raps:—‘Soon you shall see my face inside the globe, and hear my voice.’ A female hand was several times visible inside. The globe was at times perfectly transparent, and again corrugated or ribbed. After its disappearance the hand above spoken of appeared upon the table, grasped mine, and answered my questions by pressure, and by other expressive demonstrations.’

“*January 16th, 1862.*—After the appearance of my wife she wrote upon a card as follows:—‘My dear C—— this new discovery of Dr. Franklin’s is one of vital importance. We all rejoice in it; he is still famous for inventions of great usefulness. . . . Our choir comprises a large number of kindred spirits. We ascend to a high throne, where the holy hold devotions. We do not see God, but we feel His influence. We are conscious of His invisible presence as you are of ours. We hear His voice and read His wishes. We gather around His throne to pray for our loved ones on earth, and to sing praises to Him the giver of all good. You know but little of our life, little—and yet there are many who think they know all—alas! how little. There is no marriage or giving in marriage here. We associate with each other as our capacities will admit. The pure and good seek each other. We are all united. We seek to do good, and associate by equality. Those who on earth loved well, and were pure, in Heaven will not be separated. Live well; do right; be good and pure, then happiness will reward you. Be happy; I can always come to you in spirit-form. You are soon to behold me in a new light, more clearly than ever. Is not your life more prosperous since the unfolding of this truth? Yes it is, for we are in your path hourly. Good night.—ESTELLE.’”

“*Sunday Evening, Jan., 19th, 1862.*—A Test. The following was written upon a card: ‘My son, I see you have a desire to hear about the country. A battle is in the field, and will soon be victorious.—B.F.’ The battle of Somerset, or Mill Spring, in Kentucky, resulting in a decided Union victory and rebel defeat, and in the death of their general, Zollikoffer, took place on Sunday, Jan. 19th, ending Monday morning, Jan. 20th. The news by telegram did not reach New York until Monday, Jan. 20th.

“*Thursday Evening, Jan. 23rd.*—My wife made her appearance standing against the door. She was exquisitely robed in white, and enveloped in blue gossamer. A white ribbon tied or knotted in the centre passed across her waist, and a large and perfect *bow-knot* of white silk ribbon was attached to her breast diagonally. In her hand near her face she held a small oval mirror about two inches in diameter. We had seen the mirror before,

but at a distance. On this occasion I determined to examine it closely, and approached to within six or eight inches. The mirror was apparently glass, and reflected objects perfectly—not only the light itself, but I saw my own face in it. The spirit finger held opposite was reflected with all its motions. We asked for certain movements of the finger which were made as requested, and simultaneously reflected in the mysterious glass. The flowers in her hair and on her person were real in appearance; over her forehead was a crown of flowers. In the centre was a button or flower of black and gold upon a back ground of white. A card taken from me, and upon which I had written a private question, was held by the spirit in front of her face, and behind the oval mirror, which thus hung suspended and swinging against the white card, rendering it a real palpable object. The light shone vividly upon her face and figure, and while we stood looking intently, she instantly, as quick as thought, disappeared, with a rushing sound. Then, by raps, was communicated—‘The electricity is very strong, and we did this to show you how quickly we can disappear.’ Very soon she returned as real as before. The light was subsequently placed upon the floor near the door, while we receded to the middle of the room, remaining thus, at a distance of some ten feet from the medium, for twenty minutes. We were then requested to open the window to admit air, to enable them to dissipate the electricity. Immediately upon the fresh air being admitted, the light grew dim and disappeared.

“Jan. 24.—A stormy night with hail and sleet, ending in a severe gale. Conditions favourable. My wife appeared dressed precisely as last night, except having white gossamer around the top of her head. The ‘bow,’ which was in the same place upon her breast, was the same as then, and on this occasion was taken in our fingers for examination, being to sight and touch as real as silk. A low murmuring sound was heard, something like the buzzing of a bee. I listened carefully, and noticed that it came from the lips of the spirit. This was an unsuccessful attempt to speak, or rather the preparatory process, eventually to result, doubtless, in success. The light approached her face. We were told to look in her mouth. Upon doing so we discovered what seemed a piece of dried grass projecting from her lips about three inches. This was then placed in my hand, and in my mouth. I closed my teeth upon it, finding it a real substance. By raps, I was told it was a spiritual substance; when it was withdrawn, and disappeared. A large musical box was standing upon the table, which required considerable force to start it, or to stop it by means of springs. At my request the spirit-light rose, resting upon the keys, and started the music, then stopped it, changing or repeating the tunes, and finally *wound it up*. This last opera-

tion required great force, and I was obliged to hold the box down. During all this time the box and its works were rendered perfectly visible, as well as the medium, myself, and surrounding objects, by the light, which was extremely vivid. A card was held by the spirit against her right cheek, and subsequently written upon before us, the card, pencil and hand being distinctly visible while the writing was being accomplished.

"Jan. 26th, 1862.—Appearance of two spirits at the same moment.—The electricity was very strong, the light correspondingly so, and upon rising discovered to us Estelle and Dr. Franklin. He was standing apparently with his arm around her. She afterwards changed position, and was discovered in a kneeling posture in front, his head directly over hers, and both in a line. We were permitted to examine the spirit-drapery, flowers, and Dr. Franklin's hair. He was enveloped in a black cloak or tunic, drawn gracefully about him. This we took in our hands, holding it sufficiently long for examination and to notice its perfect resemblance to cloth. It was, however, different in respect to temperature, having a cold fresh feeling. His hair was to our sight and touch as real as my own. Estelle was enveloped in white gossamer, sprinkled with small figures or spots, which at times looked like spangles of silver, without lustre. We took this fabric in our hands, and found it to be real texture. The flowers in this instance were '*immortelles*,' and both the flower and stem having been examined seemed dry, like the '*immortelles*' at '*Pere la Chaise*.' The gossamer robe was exquisitely fine and transparent. Dr. Franklin was dressed in the style of his time. Estelle looked like a bride. After changing her position, a portion of her white robe was thrown over his head, while his cloak was wrapped around her. Subsequently, being told to close our eyes, a match was drawn several times by the spirit until it ignited, and it was left burning upon the marble-tipped bureau. With this I lighted the gas. During all these manifestations the room was locked, and perfectly secured from intrusion.

"January 30th, 1862.—A manifestation of great power and 'solid form.' A veiled figure robed in white stood by us, and opening the drapery which enveloped the head, we distinctly saw the eyes, forehead, and hair of Estelle, life-like, '*like flesh and blood*.' The lower part of the face was covered with the gossamer. This figure walked and floated through the room—kissed me, rested its arm, while fully visible, upon my head and shoulders, repeating the same to the medium. The arm was round, full, and flesh-like; I examined it both with my eyes and hands.

"January 31st, 1862.—Estelle and Dr. Franklin appeared alternately. Dr. Franklin's shirt-bosom and collar were as real



to appearance as though made of linen. We handled them and examined in the same manner his tunic, which was black and felt like cloth; his face and features were perfect and distinctly visible. This manifestation differs from that of last night. This having been spoken of by them as 'the fine spiritual form' which seems like the projection of form, colour, and expression, with stereoscopic effect. We now see that the rustling is produced by movements of the envelope or robe, and is doubtless electrical."

"*Friday Evening, February 7th.*—A glass globe about a foot in diameter, the upper part incomplete with ragged edges as though it had been broken off, was produced upon the table where it rested without the envelope, within a few inches of my hand. The glass glistened in the light like a soap bubble, and was perfectly transparent, the light being held behind it, to enable us to see through both sides at once. The glass seemed corrugated or ribbed at times, and when struck produced a sonorous effect like a glass bell, so loud that it could have been distinctly heard in every room on that floor of the house. The spirit-face of my wife was produced in the lower inside of the globe, and appeared as though looking through from underneath. The globe had the usual opening at the bottom as seen by me on bending over to examine the inside. . . . Afterwards a section, as it were, of the inside of this globe, was placed standing against the globe (which still remained in the same condition), and on the concave surface of this section was beautifully reflected or projected, the same face like a picture or face in a mirror. This is the first time so large, or indeed any object, has been produced without the spiritual envelope. In this case, however, the light itself was abundantly covered and supplied with this possibly indispensable accompaniment.

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### A GLIMPSE AT "ONCE A WEEK."

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WE have before had occasion to point out that in those publications in which Spiritualism has been criticised in the most hostile spirit, there has yet, when their writers have been drawn for the time into a deeper current of thought and feeling than is their wont,—whenever, in fact, in speaking of the departed, their affections have been stirred, and they have allowed free play to their spiritual instincts, they have, as it were involuntarily, and in spite of the scepticism into which they have been educated, accepted spirit-intercourse as a truth that the heart recognizes, and have adopted the same tone which they satirize when employed by

us to express the facts which we and our friends, and many besides, have verified in our own experiences. It thus not unfrequently happens that the same publication which ridicules Spiritualism on one page, gives it countenance and support on another. This has recently happened to our contemporary, *Once a Week*. Taking up the other day the January part of that periodical, under the head of "The Latest Thing in Ghosts," we found what the writer evidently intended as a smart burlesque on "Mr. H.'s own narrative," and which our readers will remember we recently extracted from a publication to the full as sceptical as *Once a Week*, namely, *All the Year Round*. Well, when we had done with this smart writer, we turned the leaves over backwards till we came to a story called "Mrs. Fuller's Christmas Day," which having conscientiously read through to the end, we found our perseverance rewarded by the following concluding paragraph, which looked so like as if written for the *Spiritual Magazine*, that we began to wonder whether it was not owing to some mistake that it had found its way into the pages of our contemporary instead of our own. At all events we determined to graft it, and here it is:—

"But what was your other reason for going there (to the church) on Christmas-day," I asked the old lady? "I told you that that day they were to have been married, and when Charley was christened was the last Christmas-day I spent with my husband. I go there to meet him. I had a dream two years after he'd gone, and I'd heard nothing of him, and *I saw him and felt him sitting by me at church just as he did that day with his hand in mine*. I had it three times—not running—but three times, and I go to church on Christmas-day to meet my husband. It's now twenty-eight years ago since he left me, and I have never heard of him since; but *I feel that he is sure to come back and sit beside me*; so I go there and pray God to send him back to me, and when I shut my eyes, I can feel the baby on my knee, and his hand holding mine as it did then."

Whether this, or anything similar to it has actually happened within the knowledge or experience of this writer, we know not; it seems likely, being a sort of pendant to the story, with which it seems to have no necessary connexion; but at all events it is wonderfully like many actual experiences of which mediums, and many who do not know themselves as such, are cognizant. There is more of what may be called unconscious Spiritualism, in literature and in life, even among opponents, than people are generally aware of. Were we not better employed we might make quite a collection of "Elegant Extracts in Prose and Verse," illustrative of Spiritualism from our contemporary and other opposing periodicals of the day.

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A GREAT many people have shouted "hurrah!" "many times and oft;" but comparatively few know its derivation and primary meaning. It originated among the eastern nations where it was used as a war cry, from the belief that every man who died in battle for his country, went to Heaven. It is derived from the Slavonic word "hurraj," which means "To Paradise."—*Herald of Progress*.

## "THE FRIENDS OF GOD."

NICHOLAS OF BASLE, AND DR. JOHN TAULER.

THE Rev. T. L. Harris, writing upon the Mission of the New Church, and how it is to be accomplished, observes "There were indications before Swedenborg, as if to show that the soul of the planet was in labour with a new type of mind. The German mystics, especially the members of that learned and devout fraternity, 'The Friends of God,' who walked by direct illumination, and who, before the outbreak of the Protestant reformation, enjoyed the foregleams of Heaven's own millennial age."

With a succinct account of this remarkable galaxy of noble, energetic, and divinely illumined men and women, we now are enabled to present our readers—thanks to the skilful translation and well-digested labours of Miss Susanna Winckworth, who with unwearied love of her subject, and unremitting industry, has not only beautifully rendered from the German into our language the almost miraculously preserved autobiography of Dr. Tauler, but has compiled, from other curious old documents recently discovered and edited in Germany by Professor Schmidt, of Strasburg, and from the learned works of the Professor himself, an interesting, thoughtful and graphic sketch of the mysterious fraternity entitled "The Friends of God," who were Tauler's coadjutors. The volume,\* beautifully printed in old-fashioned type, and introduced by a preface from the pen of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, should find its way into the hands of all lovers of books, truly beautiful and good, especially as it contains food suited to the taste of every pious heart and earnest mind, whether their spiritual experience be of the outer or inner religious life. Both to Miss Winckworth and to Mr. Kingsley, although sincerely reverencing the devotion, illumination, intellectuality, and self-devotion of Tauler and his compeers, the quaint old chronicle contains a sore stumbling-block, in a thread of the supernatural running through the whole narrative, and linking together the lives of these "Friends of God," a string of "pearls beyond price." There are those, however, dwelling amongst us, to whom this thread of the marvellous will not only be familiar as their daily bread, but will prove in their hands to be a clue whereby they will gain the very centre of the labyrinth of their own individual spiritual experiences. To such persons the pages of

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\* *The History and Life of the Rev. Dr. John Tauler, of Strasburg; with 25 of his sermons (temp. 1340), translated from the German, with additional notes of Tauler's Life and Times; by SUSANNA WINCKWORTH; and a preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1857.*

this remarkable book will contain consolation and healing; and their hearts will burn within them whilst they read, for they will perceive that their own experience, painful, bewildering, and marvellous though it be, has been no exceptional one, but that baptized into the more hidden life of spiritual things, they have simply had to endure the needful purification through fire, as their predecessors have done, and as their successors must do before the dull ear of mortality becomes able to recognize the immediate Divine voice, and the blind eye be opened to the conscious reception of celestial glory. To those who have, thus wondrously exercised by God, been initiated into the veiled experiences of the inner soul-life, for which our Protestant Churches have no name, but which the Roman Catholic Church has wisely provided for, and termed "the supernatural degree," this book will contain nothing which will be *incredible* because *supernatural*, nothing *puzzling* because *mystical*. The laws regulating the innermost, as well as the outermost, are the same in all ages, and amongst all peoples; and the language of so-called mysticism is an universal language inscrutable alone to those to whom it has not yet been taught by God. Therefore, to those to whom it *has* been given to eat of the hidden manna, and who have received "the white stone with the new name" thereon, "which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it," the following pages containing in brief the holy dealings of "The Spirit with the Friends of God" will be read, not alone in the spirit of faith, but in the spirit of knowledge, and to them upon each page will appear the seal of Interior, Exterior, and Universal Truth.

Mr. Kingsley seems to have recognized this fact when he says in his preface, (speaking, however, rather of the sermons than of the life of Tauler and his associates,) "There is a class of readers to whom I expect these sermons to be at once attractive and very valuable; a class of whom I speak with extreme diffidence, having never had their experience. . . . I mean those who are commonly called mystics." Should it ever chance that this "experience" befalls Mr. Kingsley, and he becomes, spite of himself, "a mystic,"—no rare occurrence to the earnest truth-seeker and loving Christian—all stumbling over and kicking against the thread of marvel will cease, and his eyes opening to the truth, eternal as the Word of God, that the spirit manifests itself in wonder and in power "unto the end," he will exclaim, "Am I a master in Israel, and yet knew not these things?"

But now for the narrative. Miss Winckworth observes:—  
 "The title of 'Friends of God' is one which meets us continually in the writings of the mystics in the fourteenth century, and is used in various connections. Sometimes it seems to denote those who were partakers of a spiritual in

opposition to a formalistic piety; sometimes to denote the members of a particular body. Among those called 'Friends of God,' we find the names of individuals widely differing from each other in rank, vocation, opinion, and career; for they counted amongst their members Dominicans (such as Eckart, Tauler, Suso of Constance, and Henry of Nordlingen); and Franciscans (such as Otto of Passau); Knights, married and single; Nuns (such as Christina and Margareta Ebner); Queen Agnes, the widow of King Andrew of Hungary, the rich banker Rulman Merswin, and Conrad the Abbot of Kaisersheim, in Bavaria, who boasts in a letter to Henry of Nordlingen, that he has not accepted the Bishop of Augsburg's absolution either for himself or his monastery; the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, in Germany, besides the layman Nicholas of Basle; and the great mystical author of the Netherlands, Ruysbroeck.

"The appellation common to all these, with numbers of less distinguished persons, would seem to have been used among themselves to denominate those who could not but feel that they were more alive to the realities of religion and its spiritual nature, than was the case with the multitude around them. That those possessing common sympathies on the subject of highest import, should instinctively seek out and cling to each other, and thus an association should spontaneously grow up, even without any definite plan, is a natural and inevitable process, where a real deep religious life has arrived at self-consciousness; it is at all events clear that their union for common action was utterly independent of the attitude they assumed towards the conflicting questions of the day, for as we have seen in the Abbot of Kaisersheim, and Henry of Nordlingen, those are called 'Friends of God,' and treat each other as brethren, who are as far asunder in their politics as the Chartists and High Tories of our own days. Neither do they form a sect, but, on the contrary, repudiated the idea. The great wickedness, especially of the clergy, the contentions and dreadful catastrophes which mark the first half of the fourteenth century, would impel the pious to come from the world, and stimulate them to specially earnest and direct efforts to enkindle the religious life of the people. And so, during the terrors of the Interdict, they seem to have formed an association with no declared boundary, yet whose boundaries would be most distinctly recognized by all who were within the line. To the name they adopted, the text, John xv. 15, seems to have given occasion; for Tauler says, 'Then said our Lord to his disciples, 'From henceforth I call you not servants, but friends.' The 'henceforth' that he spoke of was from the time when they had forsaken all things and followed Him. Then were they his friends, and not servants; and therefore he who will be a true

friend of God must leave all things, and follow after Him.' From this passage, in the spirit of which many others concur, we see at once in what the right to this title consisted—namely, in the thorough self-surrender to God, the forsaking all things to follow God alone. Some of us, too, would be inclined to think that their continual insisting on the duty of passively yielding up the soul to Divine influence, and their exhortations to take all outward things as from God, would involve a danger of falling into an indolent quietism. But the fact, far from justifying our expectations, would afford another proof that when we leave off trying to do the work that God will do himself, we shall find our energies all the more vigorous to accomplish that which he has set us to do; for instead of regarding the events around them with passive indifference, like many of the earlier ascetics, they believed themselves called to exercise a very positive influence upon the course of events.

“This was, in a special sense, the case with Nicholas of Basle and his immediate companions, whom we find, from the recently discovered documents, to have entertained plans for the extension of religion and the reform of Christendom of a wider nature than it was safe to disclose, even to the brethren indiscriminately, at a time when the Dominican inquisitors, who, moreover, were of the Papal, while most of the ‘Friends of God’ were of the Imperial party, were actively engaged in hunting out heretics, especially those who might betray any leaning to the democratic and reformatory tendencies of the spiritual Franciscans and their cognate sects. Thus the knot of men who gathered round Nicholas as their centre, seem, as compared with the *Gottesfreunde* at large to have formed a church within a church, having secret schemes into which the others were not initiated. From hints of such private schemes scattered through the writings of Nicholas, it was formerly imagined that he was a secret Waldensian, but the idea is not confirmed by more extended search, and his views appear in union with the church upon all important points. ‘The only peculiarity of his belief,’ observes Miss Winckworth with considerable expression of surprise, ‘is his strong confidence in the reality of the visions and miraculous revelations imparted to himself and his friends; but,’ she continues, as in extenuation of this unaccountable weakness in otherwise so sensible and mentally powerful a man, ‘it must be remembered that even this peculiarity he not only shares in common with the great Luther, who lived two centuries later, but with the liberal and sagacious Wesley, almost in our own days.’”

And here, condensing the old manuscript written by Tauler, and confided to Nicholas of Basle, we will, as briefly as may be,

give the occurrence whereby these two noble-hearted men became intimately bound together as "Friends of God :"—

"In the year of our Lord 1340, it came to pass that a master in Holy Scripture, preached oftentimes in a certain city (Strasbourg), and the people loved to hear him, and his teachings were the talk of the country for many leagues round. Now this came to the ears of a layman who was rich in God's grace, and he was warned three times in his sleep that he should go to a city where the master dwelt and hear him preach. Then the man thought within himself, 'I will go thither and wait to see what God is purposed to do or bring to pass there.' So he came to that city and heard the master preach five times. Then God gave this man to perceive that the master was a very loving, gentle, good-hearted man by nature, and had a good understanding of the Holy Scripture, but was dark as to the light of grace ; and the man's heart did yearn over him, and he went to the master and said, 'Dear and honoured sir, I have travelled a good thirty leagues on your account to hear your teachings. Now, I have heard you preach five times, and I pray you in God's name to let me make my confession to you.' The master answered 'With all my heart.' Then the man confessed to the master in all simplicity, and when he desired to receive the Lord's body, the master gave it him. When this had lasted twelve weeks, the man said to the master, 'Dear sir, I beg you to preach us a sermon, showing us how a man may attain to the highest and utmost point it is given us to reach in this present time.' The master answered, 'Ah ! dear son, what dost thou ask for ? how shall I tell of such high things ? I must needs give some study and labour to the matter before I can put such a sermon together.' But the man would not cease from his prayers till the master promised him that he should have his desire."

The day for the delivery of this carefully prepared sermon arrived, and "much people came to the church, and the man sat down in a place where he could hear well." The sermon consisted of "twenty-four articles, whereby a man may perceive who are the proper, true, reasonable, enlightened, contemplative men, and what sort of men it is to whom Christ may speak these words, 'Lo ! see a true beholder of God in whom is no guile !' When this sermon was ended, the man went home to his lodgings and wrote it down word for word." And when he had finished it, he took it to the master who was much astonished at the man, and that he should so long have hidden his talent. Then the man made as though he would depart, and the master sought by various arguments to detain him, promising that if he would stay he would preach him another sermon, whereupon at length he frankly confesses the purpose of his visit to the city, saying,

“Dear master, you must know that I have not come hither for the sake of your preaching, but because I thought with God’s help to give you some good counsel. You are a great clerk, and have taught us a good lesson in this sermon, but you yourself do not live according to it; and yet you try to persuade me to stay here that you may preach me yet another sermon. Sir, I give you to know that neither your sermons, nor any outward words that man can speak, have power to work any good in me, for man’s words have in many ways hindered me more than they have helped me. And this is the reason: it often happened that when I came away from the sermon, I brought certain false notions away with me, which I hardly got rid of in a long time with great toil; *but if the highest Teacher of all Truth shall come to a man, he must be empty and quit of all things of time. Know ye that when this same Master cometh to me, he teaches me more in one hour than you or all the doctors from Adam to the Judgment Day will ever do.*” Again, the master much astonished, besought the man to remain with him, and let them celebrate the Lord’s death together. Whereupon the man answered, “Seeing that you adjure me so solemnly, it may be that in obedience to God I ought to stay with you; but I will not do it unless you promise to receive all that I have said to you, and all that I may yet say unto you, as under the seal of confession, so that none may know it.” This the master promised, even more and more amazed, and even somewhat scandalized at being thus addressed by a layman. Then said the man, “Sir, you must know that though you have taught us many good things in this sermon, the image came into my mind while you were preaching that it was as if one should take good wine and mix it with lees, so that it grew muddy. Your vessel is unclean, and much lees are cleaving to it; and the cause is, that you have suffered yourself to be killed by the letter, and are killing yourself still every day and hour; albeit, you know full well that the Scripture saith, the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Know, that same letter which now killeth you will make you alive again, if so be you are willing; but in the life you are now living, know that you have no light, but you are in the night in which you are indeed able to understand the letter, but have not yet tasted the sweetness of the Holy Ghost; and withal you are yet a Pharisee. Where is your preaching now? Do you see now what you are when you are brought to the proof? You know yourself, when you were arrived at the age to understand good and evil, you began to learn the letter, and in so doing you sought your own welfare, and to this day you are in the same mind; that is to say, you are trusting to your learning and parts, and you do not love and intend God alone, but you intend and seek yourself.



and not the glory of God, as the Scripture teacheth. You have a leaning towards creatures, and specially towards one creature, and love that creature with your whole heart above measure, and that is, moreover, the cause why the letter killeth you. And whereas I said that you are a Pharisee, that is also true; but you are not one of the hypocritical Pharisees. Was it not a mark of the Pharisees that they loved and sought themselves in all things and not the glory of God?" As the man spoke these words, the master fell on his neck and kissed him, and said, "A likeness has come into my mind. It has happened to me as it did to the heathen woman at the well, for thou hast laid bare all my faults before my eyes; thou hast told me what I have had hidden up within me; but I tell thee of a truth that I knew it not myself, nor do I believe that any human being in the world knew it. I wonder greatly who can have told thee this of me? but doubt not that thou hast it from God. Now, therefore, I pray thee, dear son, that thou celebrate our Lord's death, and be thou my ghostly father, and let me be thy poor sinful son. I am minded, with God's help, to begin a better course, and will gladly follow thy counsel, whatsoever thou deemest best, if I may but amend my life." Then said the man, "I tell you of a truth, that the letter and learning lead many great doctors astray, and bring some into purgatory, and some into hell, according as their life here hath been. I tell you of a truth, it is no light matter that God should give a man such great understanding and skill and mastery in the Scripture, and he should not put it into practice in his life." "Then," said the master, "I pray thee to tell me how it is that thou didst begin thy spiritual life, and what have been thy exercises and thy history." The man said, "That is a simple request; but I tell you truly, if I should recount or write all the wondrous dealings of God with me, a poor sinner, for the last twelve years, I verily believe that you have not a book large enough to contain it if it were all written; however, I will tell you somewhat thereof for this time. The first thing that helped me was, that God found in me a sincere and self-surrendering humility. I do not think there is any need to tell you the bodily exercises by which I brought my flesh into subjection, for men's natures and dispositions are very unlike; but whenever a man has given himself up to God with utter humility, God will not fail to give him such exercises, by temptations and other trials, as He perceives to be profitable to the man, and such as he is well able to bear and endure if he be only willing. But this you ought to know: he who asks counsel of many people will be sure to go astray. The devil often stirs up a man to practise great austerities, with the intent that the man may grow sick and infirm thereby or weak in his brain,

or do himself some other injury. In the beginning I exercised myself in the lives of the saints with some severity, but grew so sick thereby that I was brought to death's door. And it came to pass one morning at the break of day, that I had exercised myself so that my eyelids closed from very weakness, and I fell asleep. And in sleep it was as though a voice spoke to me and said, 'Thou foolish man, if thou art bent upon killing thyself before thy time, thou wilt have to bear a heavy punishment; but if thou wilt suffer God to exercise thee, He could exercise thee better than thou thyself with the Devil's counsel.' When I heard speak of the Devil, I awoke in a great fright, rose up and walked out into a wood nigh to the town." This narrative goes on to say that "the man," pondering upon what had occurred, and much tossed to and fro in his mind, went and consulted an old hermit, who assured him that he had been acting upon the Devil's counsel, and conjured him to yield himself up entirely to God. But even still though seeking to obey the direction of the hermit, temptation assailed him in another form, the temptation of believing that through his natural reason he could attain to a knowledge of Divine things. Against this "counsel of the Devil" he struggles manfully, and one night when saying his matins he is more violently attacked than ever by this same temptation, and prays vehemently that God in His bountiful mercy would vouchsafe to discover something to him which should be above his sensual reason. God hears his prayers, and to resume the words of the manuscript—"At that same hour (as morning dawned) God showed His mercy upon me, so that my mind was filled with a clear understanding. And in that same hour I was deprived of all my natural reason, but the time seemed all too short for me. And when I was left to myself again, I saw a supernatural mighty wonder and sign, insomuch that I could have cried with St. Peter, 'Lord, it is good for me to be here!' Now know, dear sir, that in that self-same short hour I received more truth and more illumination in my understanding than all the teachers could ever teach me from now till the Judgment-day by word of mouth, and with all their natural learning and science." With various equally wonderful words and histories does "the man" continue to instruct "the master," regarding the dealings of the Holy Ghost with the souls of ignorant and sinful men, until at length, although at first vexed somewhat and loath to be instructed by a layman, the master himself confesses his sins, begs instruction from him, and is set to learn a remarkable task, namely the Golden A B C, a code of moral and spiritual training which the man beseeches of "the master" "to receive as from God, a child's task, which he sets you by the mouth of me, a poor and unworthy human being." "Then,"

said the master, "however thou mayst call this a child's task, methinks it needs a man's strength to attack it. Now tell me, dear son, how long a time wilt thou give me to learn this lesson?" The man answered, "five weeks in honour of the five wounds of Christ, that you may learn it well." It proves, however, a mightier task than the scholar even foresaw, for it required six weeks to learn the first line, which ran thus:—"After a manly and not a childish sort, ye shall, with thorough earnestness, begin a new life."

Having acquired at length a knowledge of the whole moral alphabet, the man continues his instructions, warning him that since he had truly purposed to "leave all for Christ's sake and follow him," he must prepare for many and great perplexities; but that from wheresoever the cross should come which he had sworn to bear, he must remain ever steadfast, never flinching from any grief or humiliation; moreover that for a time "he should neither study nor preach, but demean himself with great simplicity towards his penitents, saying, after they had ended their confession that he himself would learn to counsel himself, and when he had done that, he would counsel them also; that when he was asked to preach he should say, and with reason, that he had not at present time for that." At this the master is much amazed and no little troubled, exclaiming, "Dear son, I will willingly do so; but how then shall I occupy myself?" Upon which the man replies, "You shall enter into your cell, and read your hours, and also chant in the choir if you feel inclined, and shall say mass every day. And what time is left you, you shall set before you the sufferings of our Lord, and contemplate your own life in the mirror of His, and also wean yourself from your old habits and cease from them. And then, when our Lord sees that the time is come, He will make of you a new man, so that you shall be born again of God. Nevertheless, you must know that before this come to pass, you must sell all that you have, and humbly yield it up to God; you must let all go, and, like Mary Magdalen, fall down at Christ's feet, and earnestly strive to enter on a new course. And so doing, without doubt, the eternal Heavenly Prince will look down upon you with the eye of His good pleasure, and He will not leave His work undone in you, but will urge you still further that you may be tried and purified as gold in the fire; and it may even come to pass that He shall give you to drink of the bitter cup that He gave to His only begotten son. For it is my belief that one bitter drop which God will pour out for you will be that your good works and all your refraining from evil, yea, your whole life will be despised and turned to nought in the eyes of the people; and all your spiritual children will forsake you, and think you are gone out of

your mind, and all your good friends and your brothers in the convent will be offended at your life, and say that you have taken to strange ways. But when these things come upon you, be not in any wise dismayed, but rejoice, for then your salvation draweth nigh. Howbeit, no doubt your human weakness will shrink back in terror and give way. But, dear sir, I counsel you in all faithfulness to take a certain space of time to consider these matters, and then in God's name do as God gives you grace to do." Then said the master, "that will I do, and wait and see whether, with the help of God, I may prevail."

After eleven days of bitter conflict the master sends for "the man," and assures him that he is strong hearted to commence the new life; and having rejoiced together, "the man" takes his departure home. Within a year, however, much of the tribulation foretold by "the man" falls upon Dr. Tauler. His spiritual children forsake him, and his familiar friends despise him, and through grief of mind he falls sick of body, and in much anguish of spirit sends for "the man," who, arriving, assures him that he has only to commit himself yet more wholly to God, who will never desert, however much He may try him, assuring him also that he himself had passed through the same baptism of fire. At the same time, however, he recommends him to take care of his body, "and to treat it well with good food which may strengthen it;" and says, "A box of spices was made for me, and I will have such an one made for you to strengthen your head. But you must know that I always gave myself up body and soul to God, that He might do with them what He pleased." Having also given him useful counsel regarding his mode of action when poverty shall fall upon him, saying, "If you lack money, or have need of some, put a part of your books in pawn, and do not suffer yourself to want for anything; but by no means sell the books, for a time will come when good books will be very useful, and you will have need of them," he takes his leave.

For two years the master suffers sore assaults from the devil, and all the trials foretold by the man came upon him—contempt of friends, poverty and sickness. On the Feast of St. Paul, he is "overtaken by the most grievous assault that can be imagined," so that when the time came for him to go in to matins, he remained lying sick in his cell. "And as he was lying in this weakness and great sadness, but fully awake, he heard with his bodily ears a voice saying: 'Stand fast in thy peace, and trust God, and know that when He was on earth in human nature, He made the sick whom He healed in body, sound also in soul.' Straightway when these words were uttered, he lost his senses and reason, and knew not how or where he was; but when he came to himself again, he felt within him that he was possessed

of a new strength in all his powers, outward and inward, and had also a clear understanding in those things which aforetime were dark to him, and wondered greatly whence this came."

Marvelling much what all this could mean, the master sends for his friend "the man," who rejoices with him greatly, telling him that now truly for the first time he had received the mighty gift of God's grace, and being enlightened by the Holy Ghost, could now begin once more to preach and to teach the Scriptures, even in their apparent contradictions; this being interpreted to him by the Holy Spirit, and Christ's life and sufferings upon earth being made clear to him. That he himself had now completed the work for which he had been used as the instrument, and had no more to instruct him in, and could only commend him to give ear to, and obey the commands of the true Master. Upon this the master redeems his books, and gives notice that he shall preach in three days.

On the appointed day a great multitude gathers together to hear the master, who ascends into the pulpit, and holding his hood before his eyes, prays, "O merciful, eternal God, if it be thy will, give me so to speak that it may be to the praise and glory of thy name, and the good of this people." Upon this a new trial besets him; he is seized with such violent weeping from tenderness of heart, that he cannot speak a word. At last a man in the crowd cries out, "Sir, how long are we to stand here? It is getting late; if you do not mean to preach, let us go home." But neither the impatience of the people, nor his own prayers at the moment, avail aught, "for he wept yet more and more," and "when he saw that God would have it so, he dismissed the people, saying with weeping eyes, 'Dear children, I am sorry from my heart that I have kept you here so long, for I cannot speak a word to-day for weeping; pray God for me, that He may help me, and then I will make amends to you, if God give me grace another time as soon as I am able.' So the people departed, and the tale spread abroad, so that he became a public laughing-stock, and his brethren strictly forbade him to preach any more, because he did the convent great injury thereby, and disgraced the order by the senseless practices that he had taken up, and which disordered his brain."

The faithful "man," however, consoles him, telling him that he must be of good cheer, "for the bridegroom is wont to behave so to all his best and dearest friends, and it is a certain sign that God is your good friend, for, without a doubt, He has seen some speck of pride that you have not been conscious of yourself, and therefore it is that you have been put to shame, therefore be of good cheer, and be joyful and humble. Neither should you think this a strange thing, for I have seen many such instances in other

people. I counsel you that you remain alone for the next five days, and endure without speaking to any the praise and glory of the five wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. And when the five days are ended, beg your prior to give you permission to deliver a sermon in Latin ; if he refuse, beg him to let you try in the school, and read a lecture to the brethren." And he did so ; and read to his brethren such an excellent lecture as they had never heard in their lives before, so deep and so godly was his doctrine.

After this the master obtained permission to preach in "a convent of ladies." Here he preached a sermon from the text, "*Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him,*" a truly wonderful sermon, overflowing with the unction of the Spirit, and through the symbols of the bridegroom and the bride, our Lord and His Church, or each individual soul which is willing to unite itself unreservedly with Christ, unfolding God's work of grace in the soul, and bringing his own experience home to the hearts of his audience in a manner almost miraculous. "The people," pursues the manuscript, "were strangely moved by his words, one man cried out with a loud voice, 'It is true !' and fell down as if he were dead. Then a woman called out from the crowd and said, 'Master, leave off, or this man will die on our hands.' When the sermon was ended, the master went down and read mass, and gave the Lord's body to certain good people, but after the sermon 'the man' perceived that some forty people remained sitting in the churchyard. When mass was over, the master and 'the man' went out to the people to see how it was with them, but twelve only then remained. 'Then,' said the master, 'dear son, what dost thou think we had best do with these people?' Then the man went from one to another and touched them, but they lay as if they were dead, and scarcely moved. The master knew not what to think of this strange thing, for he had never seen the like before, and so he said to the man, 'Tell me, what thou dost think? Are the people alive or dead?' Then he smiled and said, 'If they were dead it would be your fault and the bridegroom's ; how, then, should you bring them round again?' The master said, 'But if the bridegroom be with me in this business, ought I to awaken them?' Upon this they held a consultation, the conclusion arrived at being that the entranced people should be conveyed into the ladies' convent, where they were informed a nun lay in like condition. There they were well tended until their awakening. Though much amazed at the effects of the sermon, at the advice of his friend, 'the master' continued preaching both to clergy and laity, and in all directions with 'such wisdom and the grace of the Holy Spirit, that he came to be held in such esteem and honour throughout the land, and also in that city, that whenever the

people had any weighty matter to transact, he was called in to settle it with his wisdom, whether it concerned spiritual or temporal affairs, and whatever he counselled them was right in their eyes, and they listened to him gladly.' ”

After eight years of this active life worthy Dr. John Tauler was summoned from the earth, and prepared for his departure by a severe illness of twenty weeks. Then he perceived, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, that he was about to depart, and he sent for his friend, and “the man” hastened and came to the master, who received him after a most friendly sort; and “the man” was glad that he found him yet alive, and the master said, “It is a great consolation to me that thou art present at my end. I pray thee take those books which are lying there; thou wilt find written therein all thy discourses with me aforetime, and also my answers, and thou wilt find somewhat concerning my life, and the dealings of God with me, His poor unworthy servant. Dear son, if thou think fit, and if God give thee grace, make a little book of it; but, dear son, I lay my solemn admonition upon thee, that thou do not mention my name; for thou must know that of a truth, the life, and words, and works which God has wrought through me, a poor, unworthy, sinful man, are not mine, but belong to God Almighty now and for evermore; therefore, dear son, if thou wilt write it down for the profit of our fellow-Christians, write it so that neither my name nor thine be named, but thou mayst say ‘the master’ and ‘the man.’ ”

And for the space of eleven days the master had much discourse with “the man.” After that the time came that the master should die; then he said, “Dear son, I pray thee, in God’s name, to give thy consent to it; if God should permit my spirit to come back to thee, and tell thee how it fared with me.” The man answered, “Dear master, if God will have it so, I am also willing.” But it came to pass that at the last, the master had a most horrible death-struggle, insomuch that all the brethren in the convent, and also other people, were greatly terrified and were sore amazed at the dreadful anguish which they saw in his death. The whole city was filled with sorrow for his departure, and when they discovered who had been his bosom friend in secret, they desired to do the man honour, “but he was aware of their intent, and fled that same hour out of the city, and travelled home again.” Now (one night upon the journey) “the man” awoke and heard a voice close by; yet he saw no one. Then a shudder ran through him, and he made the sign of the cross; then the voice said, “Fear not, dear son, it is I, the master.” Then said “the man,” “I beseech you with my whole heart to tell me, if God will, how it standeth with you, and how it came to pass that

you had such a dreadful end. It is to be feared that your frightful end will be a great stumbling-block to your brethren in the convent." Then said the master's voice, "Dear son, that will I tell thee. Thou must know that our Lord God saw fit to appoint me such a hard death, in order that the holy angels might straightway receive my soul to themselves; and for the same cause thou shalt also have a like hard death. It was needful that I should suffer this as a purgatory; but know likewise, my dear son, that the evil spirits tormented me greatly, and assailed me with such cunning and instancy, that I was in constant fear lest my courage should fail me. But, however hard my death was, it was as nothing compared to the joy which the Almighty, Eternal, and Merciful God hath given me in return. Know, my dear son, that the same hour in which my soul left my body, the blessed angels received it, and conducted me to Paradise, and said to me, 'There shalt thou tarry five days, and shalt know no anxiety nor fear lest the evil spirits should harm thee any more, neither shalt thou labour any more, only thou shalt be deprived for these five days of the blissful company of the blessed in eternity. And then we will come again with joy, and bring thee to the unspeakable joys, and reward thee for thy good and faithful teaching and useful counsels;' all which I have received by thy excellent instruction, for the which I can never thank God and thee enough." Then said the man, "Dear master, I beseech you from the bottom of my heart, that when you come into the presence of God, you pray Him for me." But whatever "the man" said after this, or whatever questions he put, no one answered him again. And at daybreak he rose up, and wrote that same hour word to the prior and brethren of all things that the spirit had said unto him, and returned to his own house, and came also to a good and blessed end. A. M. H. W.

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### NEWSPAPERS AND GHOSTS.

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THE newspapers, it is evident, will not allow the *Spiritual Magazine* to have the exclusive publication of ghostly narratives. They are always putting a finger in the pie and pulling out a plum of some kind. While particularly stout in denial of the phenomena of mediumship, to make the balance even, we suppose, they every now and then deposit a ghost in the opposite scale. Editors of weak nerves must be quite startled at the apparitions which stalk abroad in the columns of their own newspapers. Were we every year to collect all the spirit stories we read in newspapers we might form quite a pleasant little *Annual* for Christmas reading. Just as a taster, we give two or three of the latest; they may



not be so carefully authenticated as those we publish on our own responsibility, but the editors of these journals must settle with their readers as to the truth of what they insert. We would simply inform them that if they want more of the same sort, only better attested and more reliable, our columns are open to them free of charge. The first story which we give, and which is going the round of the press, is thus told by the London correspondent of *Saunders's News Letter* :—

“ Really, what with Mr. Hume, Mr. Forster, and Sir Bulwer Lytton's ‘ Strange Story,’ London society seems just now afflicted with a general phantom-mania. The last new phase of the malady is a ghost story, which has lately obtained extensive currency in what are called the ‘ upper circles,’ and which claims for its believers two counsel learned in the law, and the Lord High Chancellor himself! I don't pretend to vouch that the story can pretend to the ‘ ghost’ of a foundation for its existence—I merely testify that it is being talked of by ‘ everybody,’ and that the first question asked at most dinner-tables is, ‘ Have you heard of Lord Westbury's ghost?’ The story runs thus:—Lord Westbury lately purchased Hackwood House, an old mansion near Basingstoke, the property of Lord Bolton. Snatching a spare day or two, to obtain a more minute inspection of his investment, he took with him two of the gentlemen belonging to his official establishment, both members of the learned profession. On separating for the night, the bed-room destined for one of them, a Mr. R——, was found to be on the opposite side of the hall to those of the other gentlemen; he therefore shook hands and said ‘ Good night’ in the hall, leaving the others talking there. He had not been very long asleep before he ‘ felt’ himself awoke; but could neither hear nor perceive anything. By degrees, however, he became conscious of something luminous on the side of the room opposite his bed, which gradually assumed the appearance of a woman clothed in grey. He at first thought it was an optical illusion; next, that his companions were playing him some phosphoric trick, and then turning round he composed himself to sleep again. Further on in the night he was awoke again, and then at once he saw the same figure brilliantly conspicuous on the wall. Whilst he was gazing at it, it seemed to leave the wall and advance into the middle of the apartment. He immediately jumped out of bed, rushed to it, and of course found—nothing. He was so impressed with the power of the delusion, that he found it impossible to seek any more sleep, and as the day was beginning to break, he dressed and made his way into the grounds, where he walked about for some time, pondering over the illusion so forcibly produced upon him. On his return to his room, he wrote out

an exact account of what he thought he had seen, it being then quite clear to him that it was no trick played by others, but simply an hallucination of his own brain. At the breakfast table, however, he began to fancy that he had been cleverly imposed on by his friends, as they commenced at once bantering him on his 'night's rest,' 'broken sleep,' and so forth. Wishing to detect them if possible, he pretended unconsciousness and utter ignorance of their meaning, when, to his horror, one of them exclaimed, 'Come, come, don't think we didn't see one of the women in grey follow you into your room last night!' He rushed up stairs, produced his written account, which he gave them to read, and the consternation became general. On inquiry, of course, they found the legend of a murder done in days of yore; and the Lord Chancellor is supposed to be exceedingly vexed at an incident which has decidedly shut up one room in his house for ever, if not, in all probability, tabooed the mansion altogether. Thus much do the 'upper ten thousand' aver—how truly is quite another question."

We can inform our readers that the above anecdote is true, and that the Mr. R—— is Mr. Henry Philip Roche, the friend of the Lord Chancellor, and recently appointed by him as one of the Registrars of the London Court of Bankruptcy. We are fortunate in Lord Chancellors, having now added Lord Westbury to Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst. A correspondent, under the signature of "Veritas," in a letter to the editor of the *Bury and Norwich Post*, makes the following statement on a subject which, says the *Leeds Times*, "is exciting some discussion amongst the credulous and incredulous of that locality:"—

On the night of the 24th February I entered the Botanic Gardens at about ten minutes before eleven in order to secure a favourable position by the time the clock should strike the appointed hour. The spot I chose was among the shrubs close to the west end of what is commonly called the 'hill.' I heard the noisy mob in the churchyard, and was rather afraid lest the apparition should be frightened away by the tumult they occasioned. But it was not so; precisely at eleven o'clock I perceived two tall figures in white from top to toe issue from the ruins near the abbot's parlour, and glide with noiseless footsteps in the direction of the path which leads to the iron gate. I emerged from my hiding-place, and watched them steal up the path towards the gate. Almost immediately afterwards I heard the shouts of the mob confirm my own impression, and testify that what I had seen was not merely the creation of my own prejudiced imagination. After a short interval the figures returned, and retraced their steps across the grass towards the spot whence they had first appeared, where they were lost in the shades of the night. This, sir, is a true and unvarnished account of what I saw in the Abbey grounds last Monday night. Of course no one will give the slightest credence to it, but I think I have just as good a claim to be believed as 'Common Sense' and his four friends. Not that I want to impugn their veracity, but I strongly suspect that in spite of their united strength of mind and body their perambulations were more limited than they would have the public imagine. It is just possible that at eleven o'clock they were not near the part where the ghosts appeared, and so missed a sight which gave much satisfaction to me.

The following note was appended, but whether by the editor or the correspondent himself does not appear:—"One of the oldest members of the constabulary force is ready to add his testimony to the fact asserted above, having, as he avers, seen the apparitions exactly in the time and place specified, while himself in the 'Broad-walk' of the Abbey Gardens."

The last narrative for which we can find space, is from the *Western Daily News*. However strange and startling may be the notion of an apparition in an animal form, yet similar instances to the one given by our contemporary will be found recorded in Kerner's *Seeress of Prevorst*, Spicer's *Facts and Fantasies*, Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, and many other works both ancient and modern. The narrative is as follows:—

For some time past a considerable sensation has been created in that portion of St. Philip's called Kilkenny by the appearance of an apparition in the shape of a rabbit. It has been seen by the inhabitants at different times, and particularly upon the approach of any visitation of woe upon the occupants or houses in the locality. A short time since two men living in Little Ireland died suddenly, but before their death the apparition was distinctly seen by several to settle upon the fronts of the tenements occupied by them. It has the appearance and size of a white rabbit when first seen, but gradually increases until it is about as large as a sheep. At one time a man was hardy enough to chase it, and actually as he thought, placed his hat upon it, exclaiming at the same time, "I got thee now, Old Bun!" but, strange to say, upon removing the hat, nothing was found! At another time a man chased it into a corner, but upon getting close to it it vanished. It is creating quite a stir in the neighbourhood. Old women leave their homes at night only on the greatest urgency, and then in bodily fear. It is the chief subject of conversation in Little Ireland, &c., and might, perhaps, profitably employ the thought and energy of some clergyman residing in the district, with the view of allaying the fearful ghost that has the *penchant* for appearing in such a questionable shape as that of a "Bunny," thereby frightening sensible people out of their usual propriety.

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## JOSEPH BARKER'S EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA.\*

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MR. JOSEPH BARKER is a man well known to the working classes, especially in the North of England. He was formerly a Wesleyan minister, but in course of time he found that the limitations to which he was subject in this connexion did not allow of that freedom of thought and expression which he considered needful; and his religious views became of a more decidedly Unitarian type. More recently, he has been a prominent lecturer and writer in the ranks of "Secularism." His secularism is however of a comparatively mild and qualified type, and calculated to lead his wandering sheep into better pastures than those in which they have been hitherto feeding. He evinces an openness to

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\* Selected and condensed from *Barker's Review*, Nos. 18, 19 and 20.

conviction, and an earnestness in the pursuit of truth, and we trust that he will yet find rest in a theology that will satisfy alike the yearnings of the soul and the requirements of the reason.

About nine years ago he went to America, and resided there some time. As Spiritualism was then creating great excitement, and making a noise in the country; with a candour and impartiality that our Brewsters and Faradays and Brodies would do well to imitate:—"We resolved," he says, "to hear all sides, and weigh what we heard in even balances. And that we did to the best of our ability. We read the publications of the Spiritualists, and we read the publications of their opponents. We attended circles, visited mediums, consulted pretenders to clairvoyance, conversed with the leaders of the Spiritual movement, had frequent conversations with the celebrated Andrew Jackson Davis, the Prophet and Messiah of the Spiritualists, heard several of his lectures, read all his works, attended many public meetings, mingled much and freely in the society of Spiritualists in almost every part of the country, and gained from the party all the information we could. At the same time we mingled daily with their opponents. We heard much that the orthodox and all that the sceptical and infidel classes had to say on the subject."

He kept his eyes and ears open, and his mind at work, and has now published the result. His first experience was at the farm-house of a friendly neighbour and fellow countryman, in Ohio. "The medium was a girl of about eleven years of age." Soon after their sitting began they heard "the raps which, as we were told, were made by the spirits to indicate their presence." By means of the alphabet, in answer to an inquiry, "Samuel Barker," the name of a departed brother was spelt by the raps. Test questions were then put. Mr. Barker says, "I wrote down, for instance, without letting the medium see what I wrote, the questions, 'Where did you die?' 'What age were you when you died?' 'Of what complaint did you die?' Answers to these questions were spelled out as before.

"Several questions that we asked were answered correctly, though no one visibly present but ourselves knew the facts of the case. And in some cases correct answers were given to questions when we did not ourselves remember the facts till the answer brought it to our mind. The result of these sittings (for we had several of them) was to convince us that Spiritualism was not all fraud, nor all delusion; and I wrote to the *Boston Liberator* to that effect. There were, in many of the answers to the questions asked, marks of an intelligence which was neither mine nor the medium's, nor that of any other person present. Whose intelligence was it? Was it really that of my father and my brother? It looked very like it. And I said to myself,

and I said to others, 'This looks more like proof of the existence of disembodied spirits than anything else I have ever met with.' We cannot, however, say that we were fully convinced that the answers were the answers of disembodied spirits. We wanted further proof. We were astonished and startled with what we had seen, but not satisfied. Like many other Spiritualists, we craved for more. But whether the answers were the answers of spirits or not, it was plain there was something in what we had seen out of the ordinary course of things,—something that required an explanation. It is true, that the answers given to some questions were erroneous; but even the erroneous answers were, in some cases, as unaccountable as the true ones. At one sitting, Henry C. Wright, the celebrated Abolitionist and Non-resistant, was present. Using the language of the Spiritualists, we may say, that a spirit wished to communicate with him. He asked the name of the spirit, and it spelled out, by raps, the name John Wright. 'Are you the spirit of my brother John?' said Henry. The spirit answered, 'Yes.'

"Henry then asked his brother when and where he died, and a number of other questions, all of which were answered in the usual way by the alphabet. This was all news to Henry, and he seemed amazed. He had never heard of his brother's death. Yet the name of the place where he lived, his age, &c., were given correctly. Henry wrote to ask whether his brother *was* dead, and found that he was not. The whole tale was a fabrication. But who was the fabricator? Who spelled out the names of persons and places? To us the false communications seemed as mysterious as the true ones. We have sat in circles in various parts of the country, among persons whom we had never seen before, and who had, we believe, never before seen us, and have had the names of deceased friends spelled out, and, in some cases, *written* out by the mediums, and we have had communications and answers, in some cases, to written, and in other cases to mental, questions, known only, in the *usual* way, to ourselves, all happening just in the way that one would expect them to happen, supposing one's departed friends to exist, and to have the powers which believers in a future life suppose them to have. We do not remember that we ever felt thoroughly satisfied that the communications we received *were* from spirits, but we have often been obliged to confess that they had, so far as we could judge, all the appearance of being so. We need not multiply examples. Those given are fair samples of what we have seen a hundred times, in places a thousand miles apart."

Six years after this, Mr. Barker was in Philadelphia, as he tells us, "disgusted with the everlasting tales I heard about spirit wonders! Yet shortly after, I did myself witness something as

wonderful and unaccountable as the things which I had regarded, when told by others, as monstrous and impudent fictions. I will give the particulars:—There was a man called Dr. Redman, who was said to be a very remarkable *test* medium. It was said that the proofs he gave of the existence and power of separate spirits were such as few, if any, could resist. A very particular friend of mine, an excellent man, and a thorough unbeliever with regard to orthodox theology, requested me to go and test his powers. He said he and his family had seen very wonderful things that they could not account for, and they thought that I should see something unusual. After much entreaty I went, and the following is an account of what took place. He gave me eight small pieces of paper, about an inch wide and two inches long, and told me to take them aside, where no one could see me, and write on them the names of such of my departed friends as I might think fit, and then to wrap them all up like pellets and bring them to him. I took the papers, and wrote on some of them the names of my father and mother, my eldest and my youngest brothers, a sister, a sister-in-law and an aunt, and one I left blank. I retired to a corner to do the writing, where there was neither glass nor window, and I was so careful to give no one any chance of knowing what I wrote, that I wrote with a short pencil, so that even the motion of the top of my pencil could not be seen. I was, besides, entirely alone in that part of the room, with my face to the dark wall. The bits of paper the medium had given me were soft, so that I had no difficulty in rolling them into round pellets about the size of small peas. I rolled them up, and could no more have told which was blank and which was written on, nor which, among the seven I had written on, contained the name of one of my friends, and which the names of the rest, than I can tell at this moment what is taking place in the minds of a number of savages in the wilds of Nebraska or Australia. Well, having rolled them up as described, I laid them on a round table, about three feet broad. I laid on the table at the same time a letter, wrapped up, but not sealed, written to my father, but with no address outside. I laid down a few loose leaves of note-paper. The medium sat on one side the table, and I sat on the other, and the pellets of paper and the letter were between us. We had not sat above a minute, I think, when there came very lively raps on the table, and the medium seemed excited. He seized a pencil, and wrote on the outside of my letter, wrong side up and from right to left, so that what he wrote lay right for me reading, these words:—‘I came in with you, but you neither saw me nor felt me. William Barker.’ And immediately he seized me by the hand.

“This rather startled me. I felt really very strange. William

Barker was the name of my youngest brother, who had died in Ohio some two or three years before. I had never named him, I believe, in Philadelphia, and I have no reason to suppose that any one in the whole city of Philadelphia was aware that I had ever had such a brother, much less that he was dead. I did not tell the medium that the name that had been written was the name of a brother of mine; but I asked, 'Is the name of this person among those written on the paper pellets on the table?' The answer was instantly given by three loud raps, 'Yes.' I asked, 'Can he select the paper containing his name?' The answer, given as before, was 'Yes.' The medium then took up first one of the paper pellets and then another, laying them down again, till he came to the fifth, which he handed to me. I opened it out, and it contained my brother's name. I was startled again, and felt very strange. I asked, 'Will the person whose name is on the paper answer me some questions?' The answer was 'Yes.' I then took part of my note-paper, and with my left hand on edge, and the top of my short pencil concealed, I wrote '*Where d—*' intending to write, '*Where did you die?*' But as soon as I had written '*Where d—*,' the medium reached over my hand and wrote, upside down and backwards way as before, '*Put down a number of places, and I will tell you;*' thus answering my question before I had time to ask it in writing.

"I then wrote down a list of places, four in all, and pointed to each separately with my pencil, expecting raps when I touched the right one; but no raps came. The medium then said, 'Write down a few more.' I then discovered I had not, at first, written down the place where he died: so I wrote down two more places, the first of the two being the place where he died. The list then stood thus:—'Salem, Leeds, Ravenna, Akron, Cuyahoga Falls, New York.' The medium then took his pencil and moved it between the different names till he came to Cuyahoga Falls, when he scratched that out. That was the name of the place where he died. I then wrote a number of other questions, in no case giving the medium any chance of knowing what I wrote by any ordinary means, and in every case he answered the questions in writing as he had done before; and in every case but one the answers were such as to show both that the answerer knew what questions I had asked, and was acquainted with the matters to which they referred. The one exception was this, 'What age were you?' And the answer was, 'Yes.' When I had asked some ten or a dozen questions, and in every case but one got satisfactory answers, the medium said, 'There is a female spirit wishes to communicate with you.' 'Is her name among those on the table?' I asked. The answer, in three raps, was, 'Yes.' 'Can she select the paper containing

her name?' I asked. The answer again was, 'Yes.' The medium then took up one of the paper pellets, and put it down; then took up and put down a second; and then took up a third and handed it to me. I was just preparing to undo it to look for the name, when the medium reached over and wrote on a leaf of my note-paper—'It is my name. Elizabeth Barker.' And the moment he had written it, he stretched out his hand, smiling, and shook hands with me again. Whether it really was so or not, I will not say, but his smile seemed my mother's smile, and the expression of his face was the old expression of my mother's face; and when he shook hands with me, he drew his hand away in the manner in which my mother had always drawn her hand away. I say part of this might be fancy, but it seemed then to be simple fact, and it seems so still. I believe the tears started into my eyes, and my flesh seemed to creep on my hand. I felt stranger than ever. I opened the paper, and it was my mother's name, Elizabeth Barker. I asked a number of questions as before, and received a number of answers as appropriate as the other. But I had seen enough. I felt no desire to multiply experiments; so I came away. Some days after I accompanied a lady friend to the same medium. The manifestations were as remarkable as before, though of a somewhat different kind.\*

"I had a particular friend in Philadelphia, an old unbeliever, called Thomas Illman. He was born at Thetford, England, and educated for the ministry in the Church of England. He was remarkably well informed. I never met with a sceptic who had read more or knew more on historical and religious subjects, or who was better acquainted with things in general, except Theodore Parker. He was the leader of the Philadelphia Freethinkers, and was many years president of the Sunday Institute of that city. He was a man of superior character, as well as of superior information, and a true gentleman. He told me many months before I paid a visit to Dr. Redman, that he once paid him a visit, and that he had seen what was utterly beyond his comprehension,—what seemed quite at variance with the notion that there was no spiritual world, and what compelled him to regard with charity and forbearance the views of Christians on this subject. At the time he told me of these things, I had become rather uncharitable towards the Spiritualists, and very distrustful of their statements, and the consequence was, that my friend's account of what he had witnessed, and of the effect it had on his mind, made but little impression on me. But when I saw things resembling what my friend had seen, his statements came

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\* Compare this account with those given by our friends during Dr. Redman's short visit to London about two years ago in No. 8 of the *Spiritual Magazine*.



back with great power, and helped to increase my astonishment. But my friend was now dead.

“A short time—not many days—before I visited Dr. Redman, I, in company with two friends, visited a female Trance medium. The Trance mediums profess to be able to pass into some kind of superior or abnormal state, in which they can see the spirits of the departed. This woman, after we had been in her company fifteen or twenty minutes, professed to see a spirit standing by my side, who, she said, professed to be a friend of mine. I wished her to describe his appearance, and she did so; but I could not, at the moment, recollect one exactly answering to the description. I said, ‘Can you tell me his name?’ She said she would try to ascertain what it was. In a few minutes she called for a slate and pencil, which were quickly brought, and she wrote the name ‘Thomas.’ I tried to recollect some departed friend called Thomas, but could only recollect a cousin of mine who had died nearly forty years ago—a very tall young man. ‘But this is a little old man,’ she said, ‘with a large head.’ Still, as if I were stupid, I could not think of any friend of that name and appearance. ‘Cannot you tell his second name?’ I asked. She said she would try; and, after a few moments, she wrote ‘Illman.’ Her description of the man was as correct, I consider, as a description of my friend could be, and his name was Thomas: But I was so far from thinking of Mr. Illman at the time, that everything failed to bring him to my mind till the woman mentioned his name. As I have said, I was exceedingly incredulous, distrustful, suspicious of Spiritualists at this time, and I had only gone with my friends to this medium at their urgent solicitation. As soon as the woman had written down Mr. Illman’s name, I suspected that she knew me, and knew Mr. Illman, and had seen me together, or learned in some way that he was, when living, a friend of mine—that she was a cheat, and I troubled her no farther. But after my interview with Dr. Redman, I began to think I might have been too hasty in my conclusions.

“About two years and a half ago I was informed by a friend in Philadelphia that a very remarkable *spirit-reader* had come to town, and that he had witnessed some remarkable exhibitions of his power. He said he had proposed a meeting between the spirit-reader and me, and a few other friends, and that it was left for me to say what evening it should take place. We thanked him, and called one day on the spirit-reader to name an evening. We found him a very friendly and talkative-kind of man, and he told us a number of cases of persons who had visited him, and who *said* that he had correctly read their minds. One person had silently willed that if he really could read her spirit, he should take her by the hand, lead her into a certain room, open a certain

drawer, take out a work-box, unlock and open it, and take out of it a pair of scissors that she knew to be there. He said he did not know by what power he did it; but that his friends who made experiments assured him that he *had* the power, and that he really did read their minds. He said we might make an experiment then, if we thought well, and we determined to do so. On entering the house, I had put down my hat on a side table, in a dark part of the room, and had taken a book out of my own coat-pocket, and put it into my hat. My hat seemed as little observable as anything in the house, and the book was down out of sight; so I willed that he should take my hand and put it on the book. He took my hand, and held it for a few moments, and then slowly took me to the place where my hat was, and put my hand on the book. He said, 'Is that it?' I said, 'It is.' It so happened that on the night appointed for a meeting, I was unable to attend, and I had no opportunity of making further experiments. One day I and my wife were at the house of that most amiable and excellent gentleman lately deceased, Francis Jackson, of Boston, Massachusetts. A lady there was said to be a medium, and my wife was persuaded to sit down with her and another lady to a small table. In this case, to use the language of the Spiritualists, the spirit communicated not by raps, but by tipping the table on one side, or causing it to lean over to the person addressed. In this way the spirit spelled out the name of Mary, and then proceeded to spell out S-A-L-T, when it stopped. The medium seemed puzzled and disappointed, and concluded, that as Salt was not the name of a person, the spirit had blundered or played a hoax. 'But it *is* a name,' said my wife; 'it was *my* name: and Mary Salt was a favourite aunt of mine. In this case a name was spelled out of which my wife was not thinking, and of which the rest were utterly ignorant. How it happened we don't pretend to know; nor do we recollect what communication was obtained at the time. At this meeting at Mr. Jackson's, W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and a number of the leading Abolitionists, were present. W. L. Garrison avowed himself a Spiritualist, and told a number of remarkable stories of spiritual phenomena which he had witnessed. Mr. Jackson, if we remember right, was a disbeliever both in Spiritualism and in a future state; but we see from the account of his death in *Garrison's Paper*, that he was a firm believer before he died. Many, if not most, of the leading Abolitionists, both of the East and of the West, were Spiritualists.

"I knew a great many infidels in America who became Spiritualists. Those who are aware that Robert Owen became a Spiritualist, and that his still abler and more accomplished son, Robert Dale Owen, has become one, may be able to believe me

when I say, that a very great number of my unbelieving acquaintances in America became Spiritualists. They may perhaps find it harder to believe me when I say, that those who became Spiritualists were, generally, the most respectable portion of the unbelievers. With few exceptions, those who ridiculed Spiritualism, and got out of temper with Spiritualists, were the less enlightened, less liberal, and less exemplary unbelievers. I say with few exceptions. For there were exceptions. Some few who were as well-disposed, and as well-informed as the rest, remained unconverted."

While narrating these facts we are thankful that Mr. Barker has also pointed out what, in his judgment, were "some exhibitions which were manifestly fraudulent, and others which were very suspicious;" as this shows him to have been no *gobemouche*, but a candid discriminating observer, and his testimony comes therefore with greater weight; and the more so as he has been the known advocate of views so widely different from our own.

His estimate of the character and influence of the Spiritualists in America, we must pass over, and we can do so with the better grace that it is, on the whole, exceedingly complimentary; but we may cite the following paragraph for the benefit of the clever writers in *Punch*, *Once a Week*, and other periodicals, who occasionally favour us with their lucubrations on Spiritualism:—

"In truth, so many respectable people embraced Spiritualism in America—so many people of talent, of wealth, of high position, and of some pretensions to learning and science, and so many people of good moral character, that Spiritualism came shortly to be *not* unpopular. And this is itself a proof that it is not a thing to be dismissed with a sneer or a laugh. Even taking it to be an epidemic disease, or a mere delusion, it deserves the attention of philosophers. Even if it swept over the world and passed away within the year, it would deserve to be carefully studied; how much more when it lasts so long, and threatens, or promises, to remain with us."

His exposition of the doctrines advocated by different classes of Spiritualists, though extremely interesting, we must also omit, for want of space, and close with his concluding reflections:—

"Whether they are right in their belief in the existence of disembodied spirits or not, we do not know. One thing is certain, they are not without grounds for their faith. They have what, to them, appears no less than ocular demonstration. They have what would once have appeared as conclusive as ocular demonstration to us. And though we are obliged to confess ourselves doubters, we cannot help feeling at times as if our doubts were unreasonable. We cannot help feeling as if the faith of the Spiritualists were more reasonable than our own unyielding

scepticism. It seems to us, at times, as if, in the nature of things, we *ought* to believe. And we certainly have no disposition to quarrel with *them* for believing. We think them perfectly justified in doing so. They have not, in our judgment, the least reason to be ashamed of their belief. We are more disposed to envy them their cheering and consoling belief than to quarrel with them for cherishing it. We hope they will be able to keep their faith, and we should be glad if they could convince the whole world that the doctrine of a happy immortality is true. We should esteem it a blessing—a great, inestimable blessing, to be ourselves convinced. Like mankind at large, we have a strong and inextinguishable desire for immortality. It is certain that men generally do not get enough of life and enjoyment here, and how could we have the heart to blame them for cherishing the hope of something more and better hereafter. It certainly seems too bad that men like Parker and Pascal should die in their prime, and know no resurrection. It seems too bad that any should wholly perish who have distinguished themselves by their virtues, or by their capacities of virtue. It seems too bad that good fathers, good mothers, and good children should be parted by death and have no reunion. The belief of immortality is certainly a great comfort. Lord Byron was not far from the truth when he said, that this hope, even if false, is worth all this world's best truths. To the mother who has lost her child; to the child who has lost his mother; to the friend who has lost his friend; to the just, who have seen the good pass away without due honour, or the youthful student and reformer perish without a chance of full development or of honourable service; to the benevolent who mourn over the many sorrows of a suffering race, the hope of a future life for man is past all price. And if the spirits of our departed friends still live—why should they not endeavour to communicate with us? Why should we quarrel with those who believe that they do so? In short, we are compelled to give the Spiritualists of America, we mean the better portion of them, credit for much that is good in their character, and much that is true in their doctrines, and we not only cannot blame them for their faith in immortality, or even for their belief in spirit-communication, but are inclined to believe that they are justified, under existing circumstances, in their belief, and to hope that their belief may ultimately be proved to be true.

“We are not ourselves disposed to be either uncharitable towards Spiritualists, or dogmatical with regard to Spiritualism. We are willing to go on with our work, teaching what we know, and doing what we can for our fellow-men, and waiting for fuller light.”

### PROFESSIONAL MEDIUMSHIP.

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SIR,—I am glad to learn from your last No. that you “begin to find the truth, so often asserted by some, of the danger of the money element, which has appeared necessary in the case of public mediums.” This has always appeared to me the rock-ahead, and the more I have become acquainted with the subject, the more has this conviction been strengthened. I have not seen either Mr. Foster or Mr. Colchester, nor had any relation with them, nor are the subjoined remarks pointed at any individual. With a few verbal alterations, they were written more than three years ago, though not published in consequence of the discontinuance of the publication for which they were intended. It seems to me, however, that the present is an appropriate time to freely ventilate the question of professional mediumship on broader grounds than personal ones. I know the plausible reasons on which the practice is defended or excused. But I wish Spiritualists, and mediums in particular, to take at once the highest ground both in principle and practice, and keep firmly to it, despite the temptations of a seeming expediency. Yours, &c., T. S.

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In every corn field there are tares : in every country the true coin and the counterfeit circulate together : charlatans, impostors, and other disreputable characters encumber every cause, no matter how true and sacred. In the age of Christ there were many false Messiahs, and even to his Apostles Jesus said : “Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.” That there should be those who would take advantage of the deep desire of the heart to *know* of, and to hold communion with the beloved in the spirit-world to palm off their “lying wonders,” and make “much gain by soothsaying,” is only what a knowledge of human nature would lead us to expect. While human nature remains as it is, it may not be possible to wholly eradicate the evil ; but this renders it the more necessary that we should do nothing, that may either directly or indirectly strengthen it, or countenance anything leading to it. We know that ill weeds will grow apace if a careful vigilant husbandry be not exercised. We cannot prevent trickery, as we have no power to remodel human nature, but we may do something—much, to abate it by thinking and feeling and acting rightly in relation to it, and the causes which lead to it. As to how this may be done, and our own duty in the matter, I have a few words to say :—

There are those who prey on the gullibility of their fellow-creatures as a distinct calling—adapting their wares to the varying demands of the market ; anglers for coin, who fish

indifferently in all streams ; but it is not against these, chiefly, that Spiritualists require to be on their guard, or from whom the greatest mischief is to be apprehended ; but rather from those who, while they may play off counterfeits, are yet persons in whose presence genuine spirit manifestations do occur, or have formerly occurred, and who have generally gained whatever reputation they may possess by these, and not by the miserable deceptions to which they have recourse. I am far from thinking that even professional mediums commonly adopt any such disgraceful practices ; but that there are some who wholly or in part do so, most persons who have had much experience with public mediums I think will admit. Is it sufficient in such cases to shake the dust off our feet, and denounce either publicly or privately the guilty individuals ? I, for one, think not. Does it never occur to us that we may ourselves have been to blame ; that in encouraging paid mediumship we have been holding out a temptation which all have not the virtue to resist ? In every walk of life there are persons honest, but of weak principles, who, urged by their necessities and tempted by opportunity, are unable to resist that "love of money" which is "the root of all evil." And if, in the case of mediums, we have excited, or ministered to this craving, do we not, if they fall, share with them the responsibility, just as when we unguardedly expose our property, we tempt the needy man to steal ?

When a person first discovers, probably to his great astonishment, that he has the gift or faculty of mediumship, he has generally no thought of turning it to a pecuniary account, but his family, friends, and neighbours, soon hear of it (it is seldom that such a matter can long be kept a secret), and are naturally anxious to witness the phenomena ; new phases of mediumship become developed ; his reputation is extended ; his time is largely taken up by visitors, perhaps —if one of the numerous class to whom time is money— to his pecuniary loss. Money is offered him as compensation ; probably, it is at first declined ; but he is soon persuaded, or persuades himself, that there can be no harm in receiving it, and when next pressed upon him he does not refuse. From this point he soon begins to regard the exercise of his mediumship as a regular source of income ; he has no idea in how frail a reed he is trusting ; he knows not in what the faculty consists, or whence it comes, or how it may be retained ; his power, perhaps, declines, or ceases altogether ; the more striking phenomena that attract visitors cannot be obtained, or occur only at irregular, uncertain intervals ; visitors go away disappointed ; there is a falling-off in the receipts. What is to be done ? The need of money is pressing, and no other means of readily obtaining it is

at hand. Then comes the temptation: "Couldn't you by a little ingenuity get up some clever imitation. Perhaps in a short time the genuine phenomena may again occur, and there will be no harm done?" The temptation is repelled, but it comes again and again with greater force. At length the deceit is successfully attempted; it is repeated; perhaps there are true manifestations, also, which help to carry off the false ones; the impostor becomes emboldened, and plunges deeper in the downward path, till at length detection, exposure, and disgrace justly overtake him, and through his malpractices the cause also is dragged with him into the dirt.

I again repeat that I do not mean to assert that professional mediums are in general dishonest—that the manifestations witnessed in their presence are not ordinarily genuine; but, however this may be, it is clear that we cannot expect the same reliance to be placed on professional mediumship, as on that witnessed in private families and respectable circles, where the mediums are known, and known to be honest and disinterested, and are consequently respected. Wherever the "money element" enters, suspicion enters with it; it is almost an inevitable guest.

But, it is said, we pay our lawyers, our physicians, our divines, why should we not pay our mediums? For the present, it must suffice to point out an obvious but important distinction. A large sum of money has to be invested in the education of professional men; years have to be devoted to acquiring the requisite proficiency; their time must be devoted mainly to its study and practice: mediumship, on the contrary, is just one of those things that money cannot buy, that study cannot acquire; it is the free gift of God; or, if you prefer it, a natural endowment; one which, like every other gift or endowment, carries with it its own responsibility, and is to be used, not for selfish ends, but for the good of others. And can mediums imagine that departed worthies, the spirits of the great and good, will attend upon them, and co-operate in their exhibitions, merely to turn in for them so many half-crowns or guineas? True, there may be spirits who will do this, but whether they are likely to get much good from consociation and communion with these, is a matter I would leave for their own reflection. I am aware that if persons, who have no other source of income than the employment of their time, give up that time wholly, or in greater part, to the exercise of mediumship, their services must be paid; but this degradation of mediumship, this turning it into a trade, is just what seems to me so objectionable,—so fraught with danger and mischief, that we should discourage it all we can. Never, in my judgment, should the exercise of mediumship be allowed to supersede or seriously interfere with the ordinary duties and avocations of life.

Never should it be made a cloak for indolence, or an incitement to the greed of gain. What time mediums can afford to spare without injury to themselves or others might then be given freely to the employment of this faculty, in the love of truth and of doing good; so, I believe, and not otherwise, will God's blessing rest upon it. If they really can give no time to it, it is not incumbent upon them to do so; better that they should abstain from it, than convert it into a marketable commodity.

All who have had much practical experience in Spiritualism, must be aware that unity of purpose, harmony of feeling, and religious elevation, are the most favourable, if not the necessary, conditions for the highest kinds of spiritual communion; but how are these conditions possible in a heterogeneous public assembly, where an admittance fee is the only needful qualification? Surely, in place of this, there should be some regard to fitness and honesty of purpose, on the part of professed inquirers, as well as honesty in the exercise of mediumship. Whatever other qualifications too a medium may possess, if his character be one that cannot command respect—if he be one whom we cannot countenance in any other capacity—we certainly should not countenance him in this; if we respect Spiritualism and respect ourselves, we must place the moral qualification before every other.

If professional mediumship were discountenanced and abandoned, Spiritualism would soon rise above the region of vulgar suspicion into a serener atmosphere; its progress at first might seem less rapid, but it would be more satisfactory and sure. Mediums, too, would gain immensely—gain in peace of mind and self-respect—gain in public opinion and in the esteem of all who know them. I am not a medium, but were I one, I would rather turn shoe-black or crossing-sweeper for a livelihood than seek it by prostituting spiritual gifts to my personal and worldly ends. I am sure that much of the discredit attaching to Spiritualism may be traced to its connection with this "money element." I have seen it to be so in England, and, as far as I can judge from the spiritualist publications of America, (of which for years I have been a constant reader), it is so there, and even in an aggravated form. There, mediumship, like watchmaking, is organised into its various branches, and mediums puff their wares like other tradesmen. It is sickening to read the advertisements in which they set forth their qualifications and their terms, and the wonderful virtues of their "spirit-syrup," "spirit-lotion," and—"spirit-matches!"\* Thank God we have not come to this pass in England! I hope we never may. And to avert it we should

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\* It is but fair to add that since the above was written this nuisance has been considerably abated.



set ourselves resolutely against the setting up of the tables of the money-changers, even in the outer courts of the temple of Spiritualism. We know into what an awful crime even an Apostle of Christ's was tempted, by "thirty pieces of silver." Mediums should remember who it was that gave the solemn warning—"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON."

But how, it is asked, apart from professional mediumship, can Spiritualism be practically investigated, except in a few privileged cases? I answer—first, that there is not the same need for extensive practical investigation that there has been. If the world is not satisfied with the millions who have witnessed, and the thousands (including many men of the highest attainments) who have given their public testimony to the phenomena during the last fifteen years—to go no farther back, we can hardly hope that additional testimony (at least, unless the facts deposed to are freed from the prejudicial element to which I have referred), is likely to be of much avail. But, further, I believe if there were less public, there would be a great deal more private mediumship. Earnest inquirers would form circles for investigation. And where these consisted of members of a family, or of friends who knew and could trust each other, scepticism would be far less stubborn than it now is. Phenomena less marked than they may have seen with public mediums would then convince the witnesses that there was at least "something in it," because they would feel satisfied that what they saw was genuine. And, again, it is to be hoped that the absence of professional mediumship would stimulate many in independent circumstances whose gifts are now known only in their own families and private circles, to feel more deeply than they now seem to do the responsibilities of their position, and, in the interests of truth, to enlarge their sphere of usefulness. But, however this might be, I hold that Spiritualism like Christianity itself, should be "*first pure*," and, as a natural consequence, it would be "then peaceable, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

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#### INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—ITS LOSS, AND WHAT IT INVOLVED.

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"THE creature," says an apostle, "was made subject to vanity, not willingly." Man fell. This is a universally acknowledged fact; but how it was caused, in what it consists, and what it involved, so far as man is affected organically, is not clearly understood. This article will be devoted to the showing that the loss of Internal Respiration and the disuse of those organs

and functions in the human system through which it was ultimated, is *the marked peculiarity* of his fallen state. Man has been brought into different conditions not only psychologically, but physically, in consequence of "the fall."

Swedenborg is our authority on this important point, and a higher authority, in the way of seership, cannot be produced. His account of the cessation of Internal Respiration is very brief but terrible. He declares that when it was annihilated in the breast, "they were of themselves choked or suffocated." It would appear according to him that the greater portion of the race perished. We are not to suppose, however, that the condition of things which led to this, the most awful catastrophe in the history of our planet, was suddenly induced. The fall was not sudden, but gradual. Man gradually declined in faith and love; thus generation after generation, they had less and less of the life and light of heaven, consequently less and less of the gift of Internal Respiration, until, with the last posterity of this primitive race, there remained scarcely anything of it. The reason given by Swedenborg for their losing this mode of breathing is, because faith and love were gradually leaving them. It is very important to note this, because it calls our attention to the cause of Internal Respiration, which, he says, is a heavenly state of the affections, and, consequently, of the thoughts, for, properly speaking, these are identical. The quality of man's respiration being as to his life's love and state of thinking. It is important to observe this for another reason. If ever Internal Respiration is to become once more a condition of humanity on our earth; it will be seen that it cannot be superinduced in any mechanical way, but only by the expulsion of evil affection, self-love, and the love of the world, and the reception of spiritual truths.

Swedenborg says, "When there remained no more faith and love, but the persuasion of what is false, Internal Respiration ceased, and with it all communication with angels and all perception."—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 1,120. The reason is obvious, for since, as we have shown, Internal Respiration is incident to the higher states of religious life, it follows that when this form of life ceases to exist, Internal Respiration must cease also.

Much is said in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and by Spiritualists generally, in relation to open intercourse with the spiritual world and its inhabitants; but we respectfully submit that *subjective* intercourse with the angels of heaven is impossible except as man can breathe internally, that is, in the manner of the most ancient people. He may, indeed, have *objective* intercourse with spiritual beings, but the higher and desirable form of intercourse cannot be obtained until the most ancient conditions of will and understanding are re-established; but as we have much to say on

this point, we will reserve it for the present. The loss of Internal Respiration was accompanied by the following physical peculiarity—viz., by its changing and retiring towards the region of the back, proceeding in an outward and downward direction, until finally it terminated in choking and suffocation. "This is," according to the Bible, "as it was in the days of Noah," when the flood of evil and false persuasions came and swept them all away. So that the fall of man culminated in the dreadful climax of physical dissolution to the men of the antediluvian race. The channel of communication with the source of their life by means of Internal Respiration being closed up, they perished. The Evangelist says, in reference to them, "They were taken with surfeiting and drunkenness." Immersed in cupidities, they inverted the influx of heaven, shut it off, rather, and died.

But Swedenborg informs us that a remnant of the posterity of the most ancient people escaped the general dissolution. These having some degree of natural goodness, as the basis of a new condition of human existence, were able to pass through the ordeal of an organic change and began to breathe, for the first time in human experience, the external atmosphere. Hence we arrive at a new initial point of human existence, accompanied with a new psychological phenomenon. The novel mode of breathing the external air, as compared with the original condition of mankind, seems like the working of a miracle for the purpose of perpetuating their existence. It is each man's forlorn hope of life. From being purely spiritual in his intuitions, thoughts, sensations, and activities, man's perceptions have become natural. His spiritual vision is closed. The heavens with their magnificent scenery and shining inhabitants are veiled in darkness. He visits his dream-land—so bright and beautiful—no more. For him the wonder-world of heavenly forms has no existence. No longer is he found with its celestial airs, charmed with its harmonious numbers, and thrilled into extacy by its flaming tongues of eloquence. The transcendent gift of perception which gave man intuitive knowledge of nature and of nature's God, and of the good and true universally, has perished. The vision people are no more. The subjective seers have past away. These gifts, graces, and privileges, departed when the fire breath expired. Psychologically, man is greatly degenerate compared with these primeval people. After man fell from his first estate he no longer received revelation fresh from heaven; but had to draw on his memory for those traditionary inspirations of the golden past, by which he received, in lieu of the seership perceptions of his progenitors, the obscure light of conscience.

Swedenborg says, "When Internal Respiration ceased, there

was no communication with heaven afterwards, except such as was external, unknown and imperceptible. When perception could no longer be enjoyed, some of the revelations obtained in this way were preserved and taught to posterity in the form of doctrine, by which *conscience* was formed." The reason given by him for this new and inferior mode of instruction is this: "The Lord foresaw that perception would cease, inasmuch as it was conditioned on Internal Respiration as a means."—See *Arcana Celestia*, par. 609. Shut off from immediate *conscious* intercourse with the spirit through the medium of Internal Respiration, the body lost its vital fires and forces, and its pulses, which had formerly beat in unison with those of the spirit, flagged and dropped several octaves lower; and thus the physical man, deprived of its vitality, fell into disorder through the influence of earthly and tumultuous hell-born passions, and consequently became a prey to innumerable diseases; yea, to all the ills that flesh is heir to, and to death in its present fearful form. Both physically and mentally, spiritually and morally, man is a ruin—a shadow of his former self. He is entombed in a grave of clay. His eye is closed, his heart is in the grasp of the serpent's jaws, his body, from head to foot, is feeble and made subject to vanity—the whole creation groaneth in bondage even until now. Man's physical degeneration dates from the Flood. The best that can be said of man's new and external mode of breathing is that it enables him to live in a sort of semi-spiritual condition, until means are instituted to restore him to his state of primal integrity.

It is a state of suspension, a sort of forlorn hope, degenerate man's last resource as the condition of a higher life. Those revelations which form conscience he has at second hand, through mediums specially prepared to instruct him. The want of Internal Respiration, as a personal gift, prevents him from having revelations of truth direct from heaven, consciously and perceptibly.

We cannot conclude this chapter without observing that the word Noah signifies "a ceasing," sometimes "rest." The Noatic condition of humanity, compared with the most ancient, is indeed a grievous *ceasing*; but it is also a *rest*, for unless some had been able to pass through the crisis of the cessation of inner breathing to external breathing, the entire race would have perished.

What hope have we that humanity will be restored to its original conditions and privileges? This question will be duly considered in subsequent articles.

RESPIRO.

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## Notices of Books.

*Fraud, Fancy, Fact: which is it? An Enquiry into the Mystery of Spiritualism; with a Narrative of Personal Experience.* By Mrs. ERIC BAKER. Hodson and Son, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn.

THIS little brochure of 16 pages is temperately, clearly, and sensibly written. The writer's narrative of personal experience is particularly valuable from her peculiar facilities for investigation, and the opportunity these afforded her for adding further corroboration to the truth of the statements in the *Cornhill*, and for completely demolishing the silly stuff with which the writer in *Once a Week* insulted the understanding of all intelligent well-informed persons as an explanation of Spiritualism. We cannot do better than allow the writer to present her straightforward testimony in her own language:—

Our after representations, especially of any extraordinary and striking event, are always at the best mere recollections of our impressions of ideas dictated by our emotions at the time; by the surprise and astonishment, which the suddenness and hurry of the occurrence did not allow us to reduce to reason, or to correct by the sober standard of experience or philosophy. Two causes of error on the part of even the most honest witnesses are here explained: the first is prepossession prior to the event. Now I am acquainted with many persons whose prepossessions were utterly opposed to the reality of spiritual phenomena; which phenomena, after repeated experiences, they were obliged reluctantly to acknowledge to be true. The second of these causes is the suddenness and hurry of the occurrence and surprise which it awakens, and the consequent incapacity to consider calmly, and examine deliberately; but I myself have had opportunities, such as have been given to few, of witnessing the manifestations daily for a period of two months, residing under the same roof with a celebrated medium (Mr. Home); the phenomena thus ceased to be either startling or unexpected, and left me ample time to reduce to reason my impressions, and correct them by the sober standard of prudence and philosophy. A constant and careful reader of all that is written on the subject of Spiritualism, my attention was attracted in the course of last year by an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, entitled "Stranger than Fiction," as also by a critique and attempted explanation of the incidents described in the same, which, under the title of "Spirit Rapping made Easy," and bearing the signature of "Katerfelto," appeared in the October and November numbers of *Once a Week*. These papers engaged my especial notice from the fact of my having witnessed, although under somewhat different conditions, all the phenomena they described; conditions which, as I shall endeavour to show, rendered the existence of trick and employment of jugglery impossible. I propose, therefore, now to examine (circumstances having prevented my doing so earlier) the incidents related, and their explanation, comparing them at the same time with my own experience.

To detail the circumstance which led to my acquaintance with Mr. Home would be foreign to my subject, and uninteresting to my readers; it will suffice to say, that for the space of two months we were inmates of the same house, and our party being composed of but three other persons, with whom from my childhood I had been on the closest terms of intimacy, I had ample opportunities of ascertaining, not only that Mr. Home was neither a "skilful conjuror," "clever ventriloquist," nor "superior player on the mouth harmonium;" that he possessed neither a "self-acting accordion" "magic lantern," nor "lazy tongs," but that had he been master of such divers accomplishments, and owner of these varied implements, he would have been incapable of employing them for the purpose of deception; while my long and intimate knowledge of those whose guests both he and I at that time were, precluded the possibility of suspecting

them to be his "accomplices," or including them in the category of "accommodating dupes."

Other persons were freely and frequently admitted to these *séances*, whose names alone, did I feel myself justified in making use of them, would be a sufficient guarantee for the veracity of their assertions, and the candour of their testimony. I will now proceed to the examination of the *Cornhill* narrative, as quoted and explained in "Spirit Rapping made Easy."

Some seven or eight persons are described as being seated at a round table in the centre of a drawing-room; the windows *draped* with *heavy curtains*, and protected by *spring blinds*; the space in the front of the window being *unoccupied*, and the circle closely packed; some sheets of paper, pencils, an accordion, hand-bell, flowers, &c., &c., were placed upon the table, and an intimation received through the spirits that the lights *must be extinguished*. Katerfelto invites attention to the words *italicized*, as, according to him, they indicate important circumstances. "The tassel of the cord of the spring blind began to tremble," says the author of "Stranger than Fiction," "and slowly, and with apparent difficulty, the blind began to descend. A whisper passed round the table about hands having been seen or felt, the table cover was drawn over our knees, and I distinctly felt a twitch several times repeated at my knee, like the sensation of a boy's hand, partly scratching, partly striking and pulling me in play through the semi-darkness. Mr. Home's head was dimly visible against the curtains, and his hands might be seen in a *faint white heap* before him." Having quoted thus far from the *Cornhill* narrative, let us turn to the explanation offered by Katerfelto. "I am not surprised," says he (as a preliminary observation, after assuming that Mr. Home was previously acquainted with the furniture of the room, the manner in which it was disposed, &c., and that he arranged the spectators in such positions as best suited his own requirements), "that the lights were required to be *extinguished*. As for the performance of an elaborate class of tricks, it is necessary that the room should be as obscure as possible; the instrument by which the blind was drawn down was probably a strong pair of lazy tongs, inserted at the side, and under cover of the thick curtains with which the windows were draped; to the same instrument (worked, in all probability by Mr. Home himself) must be attributed the raising and drawing of the table cover over the knees of the spectators, the twitching, scratching, pulling, &c. We are told that Mr. Home's hands might be seen in a *faint white heap* before him; that is to say, they were probably held one over another, so there could be no visible diminution of the heap if one were withdrawn." The writer of the *Cornhill* mystery next observes what appeared to be a large hand under the table cover, "which, with the fingers clustered to a point, raised it between him and the table; I seized it," he adds, "and felt it very sensibly, but it went out like air in my grasp."

The indefatigable lazy tongs are again declared to be at work, only covered this time with velvet or caoutchouc. "It was as black as pitch," goes on to say the author of "Stranger than Fiction," "but we could just make out a dark mass rising awkwardly above the edge of the table, and clumsily emitting a sound as it passed over into the space beneath. A quarter of an hour afterwards we heard the accordion begin to play when it lay on the ground." This the writer of "Spirit Rapping made Easy" also explains, by assuming that Mr. Home was, in all probability, a superior performer on the mouth harmonium, to which instrument are to be attributed the charming sounds for which the accordion obtained the credit. In contradiction to these statements, I will observe, that *darkness* is by no means a necessary condition of spiritual *séances*, inasmuch as some of the most remarkable phenomena which I have witnessed took place at a table, in the centre of which a large carcel lamp was burning during the whole *séance*; in a room never previously entered by Mr. Home, and with the furniture of which he could not, therefore, be acquainted; a room, of which the windows were neither protected by spring blinds, nor draped with heavy curtains; while so far from placing the spectators in such positions as might best suit his requirements, his invariable answers to the questions occasionally put to him of, "Where shall I sit?" was, "Wherever you like." With regard to his own position, he was always careful to place his hands on the table during the mani-

estations, in such a manner as both might be seen; while his feet were always drawn away as far as possible from the table beneath his chair, a circumstance to which (aware of the disposition on the part of many to attribute the phenomena to trick) he frequently drew attention.

To refute the assertion that the sounds attributed to the accordion proceeded in fact from a mouth harmonium, played by Mr. Home himself, I will relate a fact witnessed by myself and five other persons: an accordion was placed on the ground, but not quite close to the table at which we sat, and at some distance from Mr. Home. After some preliminary chords of singular sweetness, it performed a piece of music actually composed by the father-in-law of one of the circle, a well-known composer and teacher of music in former years, a lady present having been one of his pupils, who immediately recognized the composition. The room being amply lighted all the time, Mr. Home could hardly have made use of his harmonium undetected.

It has been asserted by the sceptical, that during the consultations of the alphabet, for the purpose of obtaining communications and answers, the medium is always observed to keep what is called a "sharp look out" on the eyes and hands of the consulters. In contradiction to this statement, I will say, that I received on one occasion, a long, interesting, and even important communication (inasmuch as it threw some light on a family affair, which had always been involved in considerable obscurity), from the spirit (for so it declared itself to be) of a very near relation. Unwilling that those present should be made acquainted with the subject of our communication, I held the alphabet in such a manner as to screen it from every one present, while the letters necessary to the formation of the answers were indicated, not by the ordinary raps, but by gentle pressures on my knees; the hands of this spirit were distinctly visible, both to me and several other persons, and not only repeatedly and warmly pressed my own, but at my request, those of other individuals present.

Katerfelto's ingenious theory of velvet covered lazy tongs, cannot, I think, be maintained before the simple fact, that on one occasion, our circle being composed of six persons (not including Mr. Home), six hands were visible at one and the same moment, those of Mr. Home being in their usual position. The appearance of these hands was perfectly natural; part of the arm was also occasionally seen draped in a kind of gauzy transparent substance, looking something like the hanging sleeve of a white *péignoir*; the hands were also warm to the touch; on being strongly pressed they appeared to dissolve. I invariably observed that the communications received were always accompanied by physical manifestations, indicative of the peculiar conditions and occupations of those by whom they were professedly made when on earth (assuming the hypothesis of their being departed spirits), thus the near relation of whom I have spoken, at the time of his death an officer in the navy, was always preceded by extraordinary movements on the part of the table, representing, with strange exactness, the tossing and rolling of a ship, and accompanied by noises imitative of the straining of the masts, and creaking of the timbers. An officer who had served in the Crimean war, whose name (which has been much before the world) is synonymous with all that is to be honoured and esteemed, being on one occasion present, received communications from two brother officers killed in action, which were accompanied by remarkable manifestations in the form of a prolonged rumbling noise, exactly resembling the discharge of artillery, interspersed with the sharp cracking sounds of occasional musketry. On another occasion, Mr. Home was observed to shiver violently, as though seized by a sudden cold, and on being questioned as to this symptom, he replied that a spirit was present who had met his death by water; this spirit proved, in fact, to be that of the brother of a lady present, who had been drowned while bathing. The communications we received were always strikingly characteristic of those by whom they were made, and in strict accordance with the opinions they had always in life expressed; the rapidity and clearness of their replies to *mental* interrogation was also remarkable in the extreme. I have also seen communications made by means of the alphabet in several languages, Polish amongst the number, with which neither Mr. Home nor any one present (except the individual communicated with) was acquainted.

Physical demonstrations, such as the elevation of large and heavy tables, the displacement of chairs and other pieces of furniture, without the aid of any visible agency, have been so frequently described in the various interesting and able works which have been written on the subject, that any details which I could mention would be superfluous. I will only say that I have frequently seen a large round table, supported by a claw, rise and remain suspended at a height of two feet from the ground, for at least thirty seconds, all our chairs, Mr. Home's included, having been previously withdrawn from it to some distance, so that nothing might impede its movements; it frequently tilted over, until its surface formed an inclined plane, at an angle of about 45 degrees or more, the lamp and other objects remaining all the time upright and motionless; for this Katerfelto accounts by saying, that *velvet* cloth would neutralize their tendencies to slide, and to this I will reply by stating, that the table of which I speak was at no time covered by a velvet cloth, and that I have seen the same manoeuvre performed by a table with an *uncovered marble top*.

In discussing the hypotheses of "hallucination," and "dominant ideas," which have been put forward to account for these phenomena, Mrs. Baker very properly inquires:—

Who are the persons most subject to hallucinations? The persons most susceptible of receiving impressions through the medium of a disordered fancy, are generally young, credulous, impressionable, and imaginative; while the causes of hallucinations are an excited curiosity, a dominant idea, expectant attention, &c., &c., and a nervous, excitable, or hysterical temperament. But witnesses can be referred to, who were neither young, superstitious, nor fanciful, whose pulses "making most healthful music," proved their freedom from any such bodily conditions as could help to account for their credulity. The names of men could be cited whose age was mature, whose habits those of sober thought, who were accustomed to the calm investigation of facts, &c., and whose health was robust. It might be shown that the dominant idea of many amongst them was, that the manifestations were a humbug, and that their attention was expectant, only for the discovery of the cheat.

It is pointed out that on the hypothesis of hallucination it is necessary to suppose, not only "that the imaginations of different persons may be disordered for the first time (so far as our powers of judgment extend), and disordered exactly at the same time, and in the same manner, but that sympathy and contagion can enable a person to arrive at knowledge, new not only to all others present, but even to himself, until announced by rappings; so that facts, of which till then he was utterly ignorant, have been verified by subsequent inquiry." In like manner, the supporters of the theory of automatic action must "suppose it to suit itself to the numberless contingencies of casual conversation, and to supply a person with answers to widely different questions, proposed by persons with whose thoughts he (the owner of the automatic brain) has no acquaintance." Neither fraud, nor fancy, nor any variety or combination of these, can solve the problem; the author concludes, therefore, from observation and reason, that the "manifestations" are "literal facts, realities." The evidence all points to a spiritual origin, and the writer concludes with entreating for her subject "at least the same share of notice as has been bestowed on it by the thinking and scientific men of other countries."