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SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF GENERAL
SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

THE Napiers, no one need be told, are a remarkable family, Charles, William, George, and their cousin Charles, afterwards Admiral, were all in the Peninsular War under Wellington, and all greatly distinguished themselves, most of them being severely wounded. All of them served in various countries, and all with great distinction. George became General and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, William became not only General, but the Historian of the Peninsular War, of Florence, and of his celebrated brother Charles's *Life*. These brothers were as distinguished for speaking out their minds on all occasions as they were for their standing by one another on all occasions. Sir Charles became Governor of Cephalonia, the conquerer of Scinde, and one of the greatest reformers of abuses, wherever he was, that the world has seen. In Cephalonia and in India he exposed and rooted out abuses with a daring hand; made roads and bridges, reduced the turbulent population to order, established quiet and prosperity where nothing but discontent and mutiny had been before. He opened up the Indies, and had he been permitted to go on, would have introduced a new era of prosperity into India, and prevented the terrible rebellion which he foresaw, and which afterwards took place. But, in the midst of hosts of people, whose only aim was to enrich themselves by fleecing and oppressing the natives, he was always like a ferret in a rabbit-warren; and, as it regarded himself, like a man eternally poking in hornets' nests. Governors, the Directors of the India Companies, officials by thousands, whose hopes of amassing enormous wealth were gone if he were allowed to proceed with his searching reforms, joined in the wildest cries against him, and accused him of the most atrocious crimes. Fortunately, he had an able and undaunted biographer in his brother; and, when his enemies had got rid of him, and all their own plans failed, they were

compelled to adopt his. Sir Charles was the first man who reported the meritorious conduct of non-commissioned officers and privates in his dispatches, which gave great offence to the aristocracy, but which practice has since been imitated, and said to be introduced by the lords; it was introduced by Sir Charles Napier. If any one would know the extent of our crimes—our cruelties and extortions in India, let them read the letters of the Hon. Frederick Shore and of Sir Charles Napier. Sir Charles always insisted on the practice of justice to all men, to natives of all countries; wherever he was, India, Greece, America, or Australia, he was always the friend of soldiers and of women. Hence, his soldiers would have followed him through fire and water, and did the most incredible exploits under his command. And whence did he draw his principles of action? From the Bible, which he venerated; and a spiritual inspiration, which always attended him. Let us draw a few incidents of his belief in the spiritual from his *Life*, by his brother, Sir William; for he was as little afraid of being called superstitious, as he was afraid of sword or bullet.

When two-and-twenty, he lost a young friend, Cameron, and his remarks on the occasion shew how much he speculated on the future world:—"Whenever expecting to be sent into the other world, my feelings have been the same as when expecting any great pleasure. . . . The idea of a future state never enters my head when danger is near; but alone, in no danger, my wish is to know what that state is; not from doubt of its being a happy one, but to know what that happiness is. Does Cameron know what we are about—what I think of him? Is the little he saw of us here forgotten? Perhaps he has not a conception that there is, for us, a world which he has quitted?" Vol. I., p. 42. At p. 263, of the same volume, he relates these dreams:—

"At the siege of Charleston, my father, leading his grenadiers to the trenches, observed that his lieutenant, Alston, a very brave man, was dejected. 'What is the matter, Alston?'—'I am going to death.'—'Why say that?'—'I have often been wounded, and always, the night before being so, I have dreamed of hunting deer of a peculiar form. Last night, they turned on me; I shall be killed.'—'Nonsense, man!' Alston shook his head. It was dark, and the town was quiet the whole night; not a shot was fired; the relief came in the morning, the grenadiers retired, and, when at some distance, my father said:—'Alston, false is your dream!' 'No, true; I feel it so!' At that instant, some loose, straggling shots came from the town, and Alston, struck by four, fell dead; no other man was touched, and four were the number of the deer he had dreamed of.

"Another. General Fox went to Flanders, with the Duke of York; his wife was confined, soon after his departure; he was away more than two years, and never saw his child; yet he suddenly dreamed, not only that it was dead, but that it was visible to him, and he knew its features. He mentioned the day and hour of its death, taking its appearance to him as the test, and he was exact. Some few months afterwards, he returned to England. Mrs. Fox had changed her home; he entered a room in which he had never been before, yet instantly recognized it, and all the furniture, as being what he had seen in his dream. It was the room in which the child had died, and he fixed on its picture there, saying:—"That is the child I saw in my dream."

In his sixty-first year, after winning the great and decisive battle of Meeanee, and being appointed Governor of Scinde, he recollected a dream of his wife's, when living at Caen, in Normandy, and when he had experienced little but opposition and neglect, in which she had a vivid assurance "that he would be rich and powerful, and have a great name; and that the scene of his aggrandizement would be India."—Vol. II., p. 354.

Page 188, of Vol. III., shews that Charles Napier's mind was open to omens; he was, in fact, what some call superstitious:—"December 8th, Dreig.—My spirits are bad. Things do not please me; strange events occur, of a dark nature; men receive warnings. I went back to my home the 12th of November; when on march from Kurrachee, at the beginning of this journey, my horse fell, and how I escaped is strange, for he rolled over me. I never quitted the saddle, and one foot was in the stirrup; yet I got free, because my boot came off. Red Rover stood still, but he, my favourite horse, *fell!* Again, I went to see the *Sir Charles Napier* steamer; I fell down the hold, and that from the cabin, where I thought I was safe! These things affect me. Am I to fail, or fall in the raid against the robbers." He did neither, and the dark omens, probably, roused him to a more energetic and successful action.

Again:—"This time two years, I marched against the Ameers, and a comet appeared: three days ago, another comet appeared. Does this argue the same success? How these strange coincidences strike the mind: at least they do mine. They have not much influence upon me, but they have some. Accident has, also, given them the 16th of January."—Corunna, where he was severely wounded and taken prisoner "for crossing the frontier. God's will be done, whether evinced by signs or not: my business is to do my duty."—p. 218.

"Otch, January 24th.—This desert sand is full of life. I dropped a bit of butter and, in a moment, a little animal—an aldermanic insect—was upon it; one, two, three, it is covered!

These creatures feed birds, birds feed men, and men die to feed vegetables, which are again eaten. This world is one self-consuming, self-eating animal. So much for matter—but, for mind? The grosser appetites belong to matter, they exist for its reproduction, they are wholly material, and have no apparent use, except for reproduction. It is easy to see so far; but then, the union of the body and the spirit! There is the insuperable difficulty, unless we admit that two powers are at strife—the evil labouring for matter, the good for spirit. Bad minds, which seek to give pain; belong to the dark spirit of evil, whose very essence is cruelty: those who abhor the infliction of pain to either the mind or body of others, belong to the brilliant Spirit of Light, ever on the watch to receive our adoration: not from vanity, but pure benevolence, for of what could such a being be vain. Merciful Spirit of Light! in all this work of war, I labour to do right in your sight, and abhor giving pain. Self-defence, and social order, and harmony, are of thy own ordination, and for them alone am I in war. Yet I feel the vain desire of doing my work well. Can I, without that desire, do it well?”—p. 227. Thus, in the midst of the most stirring and gigantic labours, did Sir Charles Napier’s mind continue to dwell on the great question of mind, and the mind’s future life; and, true to his deep recognition of the natures of God and man, he still laboured to abate misery, and establish order, peace, justice, and prosperity.

In the following passages we have a very different view of natural events from that which our learned ones of to-day generally give us:—“February 16th, amongst the Cutchee Rocks. Last evening we were again gasping for water, when down came from the hills, through the middle of our camp, a river some sixty yards broad and some two feet deep. I expected this *Fiumara*, knowing them of old in Portugal, Spain, Italy and Greece. The soldiers were delighted, and a miracle could have been made of this by riding towards the mountain awaiting the torrent, and then galloping back at the head of the rushing stream from the pass. How many phenomena there are in this country admitting of a miraculous gloss! In the desert, Ali Bey, my orderly, brought me a handful of manna, saying, ‘Look, sir, this is a miracle; it is on the bushes; it is food! it comes from God! Down from heaven!’ Ali was quite right: it does come from God; it is food; and it is a miracle—but one that God works all the days of the year. All that comes to feed man is miraculous; reading and writing are miraculous; it is a miracle that we are born, one that we live, one that we die. Whence we come we know not: what we do we know not; what is amongst us we know not. Merciful God! what are we?”—p. 251.

But at page 274 of the same volume Sir Charles makes a direct confession of his faith:—"I swore when in Greece to put down banditti there if God permitted, and in Scinde I repeated that oath. The Spirit of Good refused permission in Greece, here He has permitted it; and as if some outward favour moved events all my minutest projects have come to pass. Errors, neglect, and sound calculations, all have turned out right in the end! Can I then feel proud of my ability? No! it is a power unseen, though to me evident, that has guided me. When I have condemned myself for going to the left instead of the right, it has suddenly answered that the left was the way to go; have I not then a right to say that the unseen power is evident? I have been guided by the good spirit or the bad; yet, why say the bad? Do I not pray from the heart's depths to do good and help the poor? Am I not reckless of the rich and condemn them? Do I seek for riches, or high command? No! no! no!

"A forecast of events comes over me; a thousand thoughts collect and bring conviction in an unaccountable manner. Lo! an example. Some days ago a conviction came that the robbers would go into Trukkee: it was not reason, there were as many reasons against as for, but a sort of spirit told me so. On the 28th of February my mind was engrossed with my intended movement northward, which was ordered for the 1st of March. While ruminating a man came hastily to say my convoy was attacked. My thoughts were then intent on how to force the enemy to my purpose in the north, whether by skill, or by riding upon them; but suddenly a voice seemed to repeat 'Trukkee! Trukkee!' It had done so before. 'They cannot be so mad as to go there,' I internally repeated. 'They are,' replied the spirit! What else but a spirit could it be? I walked about irresolutely. 'Beware! beware!' said the warning voice, and suddenly, ere my thoughts could settle, I called out almost involuntarily, 'Bring my horse!' and in ten minutes we were cantering towards the scene of combat. My staff attacked the retiring enemy. 'Trukkee,' said my guide. '*The game is mine,*' re-echoed the internal voice. My heart was wroth with Mc Murdo for pursuing the robbers like a recruit; I thought he had done me mischief, yet still the voice whispered, '*The game is yours.*' It was not my mind that spoke. I am a child in the hands of God!" Shortly after he adds:—"I find the fall of Trukkee, spreads my name all over Asia."

Like many spiritually-minded men Napier believed that the events of his life were influenced by a certain number. "Two is my number. Two wives, two daughters, two sons, two victories; and *two deaths!* I died at Corunna, and now the grim old villain approaches again! And I have two of Epaminandos' daughters

also, Meeanee and Hydrabad are as good as Leuctra and Mantinea! Now to work."—p. 412.

At page 60 of the fourth volume Sir Charles talks as though he had read Swedenborg, though I do not recollect that he anywhere mentions him:—"April 21st. This is the twelfth anniversary of my marriage with my present wife, who is all goodness and virtue. God spare her to me till he takes me out of this world. She will rejoin me hereafter in the *central sun*, where I suppose we shall all go. For there must be a centre to the heavens as to all things, and in that centre we may believe that the Deity dwells, and there receives his creatures after death. May my sins not prevent my being there, with all of mine who have gone before in recognition and love. What is to happen to us? A very short time will soon let me into the secret, and curiosity is strong within me, increasing as the time draws nearer. I do not think my balance-sheet will be white; no man's is. I try hard to do my duty, but do not satisfy myself, and God will not make me judge my own soul, or I am a lost man. Yet if so, there must be a purgatory, for I could not honestly pronounce myself worthy of heaven, nor altogether of eternal damnation."

On May 20th, the anniversary of his first wife's birthday, he again reverts to the central sun, and he imagines that there are many central suns, whirling round the great centre—God; and that in some of these, according to our condition, we begin our spiritual career after death, for further trials, and more or less happiness, as we follow the good or the evil power. "No man can dwell on such themes," he says, "and be base. We follow, in this world, a single line of light, while all around us is dark; but, advancing faithfully, at the end we enter the 'many mansions.'" "How I laugh when men say, as they do, that I want a peerage! No! I want to know if a coronet in the central sun is to be mine; not a coronet on my head, not a crown of gold or of glory. My coronet is to see those that are dear; to be away from anger and strife; to live with those now gone; to expect those who survive me; to hear birds sing, and rivers flow; to cultivate the earth; to do whatever is directed to be done; to have the enjoyment of what we are to partake, according to our new nature, or our old nature, with diminished or destroyed evil, without the fighting and miseries of this life of trial. Trials are then to end, and peace be the law. And so, my beloved, I finish."—Vol. IV., p. 66-7.

At page 325, he mentions *clairvoyants*; and, at p. 348, he mentions tables moving, and at once accepts the phenomenon as real. "May 14th, 1852.—I was listening to Dr. Parry's account of how tables are made to dance, when your note came"—containing, says his brother and biographer, an account

of some experiments which overturned all the scientific explanations of the mystery. "It is the strangest thing I ever heard: the world seems inclined to play us some trick, and we can no longer doubt miracles."

Such was General Sir Charles Napier, one of the greatest commanders, and most remarkable men that ever lived. Before Spiritualism was talked of, he lived professedly under spiritual guidance, and attributes all his success to this cause. His was a mind open to receive all spiritual influences from the higher invisible world, and to carry into action every noble sentiment thus conveyed. How completely he had accepted the moral code of the New Testament may be seen in every proceeding of his life, and may be read in a single passage, at p. 87 of the fourth volume, making due allowance for peculiar rhodomontade and pretended severity, with which he was fond of filling his journal. Amid all his Bluebeard flourishes, however, you see the real spirit of the man—the indignant sense of oppression and vested wrong:—"People write to me that I should be made Dictator of Ireland: that would be worth living for. In one year, it should be the quietest country of Europe, and one of the happiest in two. But sectarians in politics would crucify me, for saving their lives and properties: for such is bigotry, and such is the result of mixing Church and State together, against the divine command! Were I dictator, the whole of the bishops and deacons, 'as by law established,' should go to New Zealand, there to eat or be eaten by the cannibals. The poor tenant should be secured, Kennedy's system of agriculture enforced, and all uncultivated land taxed. Noisy editors of newspapers should hang, and their property be divided amongst their relatives, who should also have places, to make them bless my justice in execution. I would bestow grape on the first mob, and hang the leaders, especially if they were Catholic priests; and I would make the country keep the families of the slain in great luxury. These, and a few more steps of the kind, would make Paddy as tame as a house cat. All Poor-law Commissioners should work on the roads, and all clearers of land (evictors) should be hanged without benefit of clergy."

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.—JOHN
MURRAY SPEAR.

It is not the object of these chapters to evidence and illustrate spirit existence and operations from the personal history of individuals who in our own day avowedly act as "mediums" of spiritual communication, though such a work would undoubtedly be both useful and interesting, and may hereafter be attempted; but the present purpose of the writer is rather to bring forward some of the experiences of men and women of distinguished and honourable repute, which confirm by instances in modern times the general and Scripture truths of a particular Providence; of the watchful care and guardianship of ministering and angelic spirits; and of the continued and varied phases of influx, communion, and operation of a surrounding world of departed humanity.

To many, such facts are the more welcome that they have occurred, so to say, spontaneously, without recourse to *séances* or mediums, and, for the most part, antecedent to those modern "manifestations" which have spread so widely, and called forth so much, and, unhappily, such angry controversy.

There is, however, no satisfactory reason why the world should continue the ancient practice of stoning its prophets and building monuments to their memory. It is certainly a pleasant duty, and may be a useful one, if only for purposes of comparison with the experiences to which I have referred, to occasionally, at least, direct attention to the personal history, or certain passages therein, of acknowledged spiritual mediums of integrity and honourable reputation. This has been done, to some extent, in previous numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in the articles on Judge Edmonds, Professor Hare, Andrew Jackson Davis, and others.*

The reader, I am sure, will (or ought to) thank me for thus introducing to his notice, or better acquaintance, one who is at present honouring us as a visitor—the good and philanthropic JOHN MURRAY SPEAR; whose life illustrates both the unconscious and the conscious kinds of mediumship to which I have alluded.

Mr. Spear was born in Boston, Mass., U.S.A., September 16, 1804. His parents and grandparents were followers and friends of John Murray, a noted preacher of the Universalist Theology, and the name of this "Apostle of the Merciful Faith" was conferred upon the child, who received the rite of baptism at Mr.

* *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. II., Nos. 2, 3, and 10.

Murray's hands. His gentle, kindly spirit, was early shewn in a love for pets, in kindness to animals, and, above all, to aged persons and to destitute children. His father dying, John, while yet a child, was sent to work in a cotton factory. This left him but little opportunity of education, but at a Sunday school in connection with the factory he learned reading, writing, and arithmetic. Whilst apprentice to a shoemaker in Abington, John attended one of the orthodox congregations; but he could not reconcile the harsher features of Calvinism with his instinctive love of humanity, and faith in the goodness of God. A preacher of the Universalist persuasion having come to Abington, John was soon among his hearers. The words of the text, "Go ye unto all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature," seemed a message from heaven to him, and it abode with him. "How shall I preach? I am poor, I am ignorant, I cannot preach." Still came the call, "Go and preach the Gospel." After many months of meditation and prayer, John resolved to work diligently, and live frugally, so that he might lay aside a sum of money to pay some man to duly instruct him. By industry and strict economy, he had laid by for this purpose, nearly fifteen pounds. This sum was placed in the hands of his employers; they, unfortunately, failed in business, and John's little fortune was wholly lost. This was soon followed by the loss of health, owing to over-work, followed by night study, and he was compelled, for a time, to give up both. Houseless, moneyless, and without strength for daily labour, still the inward voice called to him, "Preach the Gospel." After patient waiting, by a little generous aid, he obtained the requisite educational qualification to obey the voice of the good angel who so long had called to him, and preached his first sermon in Brewster, Mass., December 28, 1828.

In 1830, he accepted an invitation to preach to the Universalist Society in Barnstable, in the same State, and, before the year was over, a church was there built and dedicated, and he was ordained its pastor.

In 1836, Mr. Spear removed to New Bedford, and became pastor of the Universalist Society there. At this time the anti-slavery agitation in the Northern States was waxing hot. A poor printer, William Lloyd Garrison, had set up a paper called *The Liberator*, claiming equality of rights between black and white. In 1855, a Boston mob, with loud yells, had dragged him through the streets with a halter round his neck, and flung him into jail. The fearless man preached the same gospel of freedom at New Bedford, and here, too, the people stoned their prophet; but some, and among them Mr. Spear, concluded to listen, and *then* judge. His judgment, and the resolute action based upon it, soon placed him in the front rank of the unpopular

minority. He not only advocated emancipation, but actively aided the slave in his struggle for freedom, and in establishing his claims to himself. This acquired for him a kind and degree of attention that he found neither agreeable nor convenient, and the opposition to him on this ground became so great, that he was compelled to leave the city, whence he removed to Weymouth.

That he might be free from all trammels of party and creed, he stipulated with the good people of Weymouth to preach to them the Gospel *as he understood it*, and left to them to determine the remuneration for his services.

He continued, as before, to labour for the freedom of the slave, a course which on one occasion nearly cost him his life. While travelling on a lecturing tour, he was assailed in Portland, Maine, by an infuriated mob, and escaped from their hands severely injured, and but for the kindly nursing and care of certain good Samaritans, he would not have survived.

At one time during this illness life seemed all but extinguished, his friends gathered around him, anxious and fearful, praying that, if it were possible, his life might yet be spared. For a long time he lay in a condition of apparent unconsciousness (probably a kind of trance), suddenly he looked up smilingly, and said, "I shall not leave you now, it has been shown to me in vision that I shall be clothed in blue, and meet the friends in the parlour below." A friend soon after brought him a blue blouse, and he was able to leave his room, and met his friends as seen in the vision.

In 1845 he removed to Boston, where he entered upon a new course of philanthropy. For three years he and his brother published a weekly paper, the title of which was the best expression of his own character and work at this time—*The Prisoners' Friend*. "Summer and winter, early and late, through storm and sunshine, he might be seen in the byways, and dens, and hovels of New England's metropolis, relieving the suffering, or moving noiselessly among the victims of the law at the courthouse, whispering hope to the hopeless, gently and lovingly rebuking and encouraging the fallen. He often found children imprisoned for petty larceny, and youths from the country, who were without friends, counsel, or money. Sometimes they were guilty, but often innocent; but whether guilty or innocent, Mr. Spear spared no pains to provide them with counsel, to procure for them witnesses, and to bring whatever palliative circumstances he could to their aid. . . . He was frequently impressed to travel many miles, without knowing wherefore, but when he arrived at the designated place, he invariably found some prisoner needing his aid. He would do the work assigned him, and return to his home, thanking the hand Divine that had led

him to the unfortunate. In looking to the wants and woes of the convict, Mr. Spear did not forget those dependent upon him for bread, he sought out the wife, children, or parents, and provided, so far as he had the means, for their comfort."

Willingly would I transcribe pages of instances of the good thus wrought by this Howard of America. Suffice it to say, that in one year alone he delivered eighty-one lectures on prisons, and on the causes and treatment of crime; distributed among the poor and prisoners seven thousand five hundred books; travelled on missions of mercy eight thousand miles; assisted eight hundred persons, by writing letters for them, and providing them with food, fuel and counsel, and restoring them to their friends; and became bail for poor prisoners to the amount of ten thousand four hundred and ninety dollars. Mr. Spear has told the present writer that, in becoming bail, he was always guided by an impression on his mind at the time, and that in obeying this he was never deceived. Once only, contrary to this guiding impression, he suffered himself to be overruled, and this bail was the only one by which he suffered. Knowing the inadequacy of his means, his friends wished to organise a society to assist him in his philanthropic labours, but Mr. Spear always replied that his was so peculiar and difficult a work that he could accomplish the greatest good in a quiet, individual way, and that a society might embarrass his operations. Some of the best men of America, however, assisted him in his good work by their advice and timely aid. Among these may be mentioned Wendell Phillips, the poet Longfellow, Professor Upham, the Hon. Edward Everett, and the Hon. Horace Mann.

By the mass, Mr. Spear had been regarded as a meddling visionary, a fanatic, and an incendiary; but the angry sea at length grew calm, and the tide of feeling turned in his favour. Boston began to regard him as a son of whom she might be proud. A popular journal solicited a sketch of his life and labours for publication; it was written, but the popular journal did not publish it, for again he was breasting a current of prejudice stronger even, perhaps, than any he had before encountered.

In 1851, Mr. Spear's attention was called to the spiritual manifestations, which were then the subject of general controversy throughout the land. Previously he had taken little interest in the phenomena, but his mind was free from prejudice, and prepared to accept them as true if a fair investigation of the evidence led to that conclusion. He said, "I know a hand unseen has guided me;—may it not guide others? I have often communed with higher intelligences;—why may not others do the same?" After a few months' patient investigation, Mr. Spear became, not only convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations, but

found that he was himself a medium. He was first exercised in healing the diseased, and many works of mercy, often of a very extraordinary character, were wrought through his instrumentality. A long account of these is given in a volume published at Boston, in 1852, *Messages from the Spirit Life*, by JOHN MURRAY; (and which messages were communicated through the lips of Mr. Spear). I give the first case recorded. Mr. Spear had many times his hand moved *involuntarily* in writing, and his mind deeply impressed by some unseen power, entirely foreign to his own consciousness. On March 31st, 1852, his hand was moved to write the following:—

You must go to Abington (a town twenty miles distant from Boston) to-morrow night. Call on David Vining. Go with your horse and chaise. Leave Boston at two o'clock precisely. That will bring you where you are wanted in season. Go by the way of Abington. Do not fear to do as you are guided. All will be well. Tell — I will watch over you while you are away from home. She shall see good come from this direction, and will be satisfied with it when you get home from this journey.

This communication was signed OLIVER, supposed to be the Christian name of Oliver Dennett, the good Quaker (then passed into the spirit world), to whose care and kindness Mr. Spear had been indebted for the preservation of his life on the occasion of the anti-slavery riot, before spoken of. According to the direction in this and subsequent communications, Mr. Spear went to Abington, where he learned that Mr. Vining lived in Weymouth, an immediately adjacent town. There he found Mr. Vining, who was suffering such pain from neuralgia, that for ten days and nights he had not slept at all. As soon as Mr. Spear saw him, he felt moved to sit by his side, when, without any conscious volition on his own part, his right hand slowly rose towards Mr. Vining's head, and slightly touching him in the region of the ear, it rested there but a moment, when he, catching up his foot, exclaimed, "What are you doing to my leg? the pain is all gone." Mr. Vining immediately felt drowsy, but told Mr. Spear he was afraid to sleep while he was there. The whole thing was so mysterious, that he was fearful if he now slept he might never wake again. Finding he could not reassure him, Mr. Spear left him on his promising that he would then lie down. He soon fell into a gentle, quiet slumber, awoke much refreshed, and remarked that "an angel had visited him in his sleep, and had done him good." He was from that time able to go about his business as usual. Mr. Spear had never previously heard of Mr. Vining, knew not of his existence, and could not conjecture the purpose for which he was sent to him.

On another occasion, while at Salem, on some beneficent spirit-errand, he was told by a spirit that his services were that night wanted in Georgetown. He went accordingly, having no further

knowledge than this why he was sent. Arrived there, he received a communication, professedly from Franklin, to go at once to a poor woman who had just been struck by lightning. Being very tired, he asked of the spirit if the morrow would not do as well. He was told in reply it would be better to go then. Scarcely had he started than he found his great weariness passing away, he seemed to be lifted gently and easily forward, and helped on his way. Arrived at the place to which he was told to go, he found the person to whom he was sent, and who was suffering from the lightning, as the spirit had told him. Without informing her how he came by his knowledge, he expressed his sympathy, and his willingness to try and afford her relief. He allowed the palm of his hand to be placed by an invisible power opposite to hers; in a few moments she drew a long breath, remarking to her husband, that she could breathe much easier; in a little while she was quite relieved of her pain, but (as it is known sometimes to happen under mesmeric treatment) Mr. Spear took the pain himself, which was very severe indeed, for about two hours, when it passed entirely away.

In April, 1853, Mr. Spear's hand was involuntarily moved to write that a society had been formed in the spirit-world, styling itself "The Association of Beneficents," and that this Association had chosen him as its agent and communicator. To this document was appended the names of Benjamin Franklin, John Howard, Thomas Clarkson, and others of less note. This communication was as great a marvel to Mr. Spear as to any one else. When some of his friends hinted that it was evidence he was in some measure insane, Mr. Spear, in his puzzled state, replied with candour, "I do not know but I am; but how is one to know whether he is insane or not? I surely feel as sane as ever I did." Again, he asked himself, "How do I know that I am not being made the dupe and victim of a class of spirits who are seeking to make me the instrument of their sport or malice?" Conscious, however, that he had as full and free use of his mental powers as he had ever enjoyed, and confident of the rectitude and purity of his intentions, he decided to investigate till he had full proof of the source and nature of these strange manifestations. The aims and objects of the "Association of Beneficents" were gradually unfolded to him. "They embrace plans of a broad, deep, far-reaching character, looking to important and radical changes in earthly institutions, with a view to the improvement of man's physical and spiritual condition, while in the earth-life." Mr. Spear, as a philanthropist, had long and deeply felt the need of such changes as the spirits indicated, and, after careful deliberation, he decided it to be his duty to devote himself as an instrument to the furtherance of their schemes. Soon he began

to be called upon by this spirit association for a variety of services—often of an obviously useful and “beneficent” character; sometimes, to both himself and friends, of but questionable utility.

Among these services has been the allowing of himself to be entranced, and in that unconscious state, lectures and addresses public and private, to be delivered by the invisible intelligents, on such topics, and in such ways as they thought proper; he simply lending his organism for that purpose. These topics are of very varied character and style. A selection of them forms a large octavo volume of six hundred and eighty pages, entitled:—*The Educator: Being Suggestions, Theoretical and Practical, Designed to promote Man-culture and Internal Reform, with a view to the establishment of a Divine Social State on Earth. Comprised in a Series of Revelments from Organized Associations in the Spirit Life, through John Murray Spear.* This volume is divided into eight parts, and each part into sections and sub-sections. Part I. contains “Papers relating to Association, or a Divine Social Order,” which is treated of in fourteen sections. Part II. consists of “Papers relating to Electric, Magnetic, and Ethereal Laws,” treated of in twenty-three sections. Part III. of “Papers relating to Elements,” in twelve sections. Part IV., “Papers relating to Education, or Remoulding,” in thirteen sections. Part V., “Papers relating to Agriculture,” in seven sections. Part VI., “Papers relating to the Laws of Health and the Cure of Diseases,” in eight sections. Part VII., “Papers relating to Government,” is in three series: the first, “Fundamental Principles of Government,” in twelve sections; the second series, “Legislative and Judicial Details,” in twelve sections; and the third series, “Monarchism and Republicanism,” in six sections. Part VII., “Miscellaneous Papers,” in seven sections, treats of “The Magnetisms;” “Mental Intercommunication, or Telegraphy;” “Mineralogical;” “Philosophical;” “Moral and Reformatory;” “Of Woman, Her Needs, Capacities, and Duties;” and lastly, “Religious and Devotional.”*

In the trance state, Mr. Spear displays a remarkable faculty of sometimes diagnosing disease, and prescribing treatment, and,

* The volume also contains a Biographical Sketch of Mr. Spear, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown (from which the present Paper is chiefly taken) a Preface by Mr. A. E. Newton, the Editor, who also contributes a very interesting account of the much misunderstood and misrepresented “Electric Motor,” the principles and details of the construction of which were given through Mr. Spear. and a fac-simile of the documents announcing the formation of “The Association of Beneficents,” with the signatures appended. There is also appended to the volume a catalogue of unpublished treatises, communicated through Mr. Spear, which treatises would apparently be sufficient to form another volume of *The Educator*, and of equal extent.

more frequently, of delineating character, especially the subtler and finer traits of character, not in general terms only, but in minute particulars, and pointing out latent qualities and powers. Sometimes, indeed, this latter feature gives an appearance of inaccuracy to his statements, as he describes these latent powers as in active operation; but to those who have learned in some measure to know themselves, this feature is one of the most striking in his psychometric delineations; which, it should be added, are frequently of persons of whom he has had no previous knowledge, and has never before seen; sometimes, indeed, whom he never sees at all; but sketches their character by placing a letter of theirs, in its envelope, to his forehead, the letter itself being unread by him.

A few weeks since Mr. Spear was invited to Eastbourne, to deliver an address; while hesitating, the impression came to his mind,—“Yes, go; take as the subject, ‘Peter at the Sea-side.’” He went accordingly, prepared to speak on the subject thus presented to him. He read the tenth chapter of The Acts, and rose to speak upon it, when he suddenly became entranced, and delivered a discourse, of which, he afterwards said, he was far less conscious than those who heard it; but which (for I was one of the auditory) was singularly felicitous and appropriate; though, doubtless, very different from the one he intended to deliver. Mr. Spear, since he has given himself to this work, has travelled at the instance of the spirits nearly a hundred thousand miles; it was upon their action, that, without a friend here, or letters of introduction, or knowledge of the country, he crossed the Atlantic, and within the last few weeks has crossed the channel to visit the French capital, from whence he has just returned. He does not profess to see in every instance the special aim or the immediate good of his journeyings, but he has seen enough to satisfy him that he is under the guidance of intelligences higher than his own, and who are seeking to promote the general welfare of humanity; hence he goes forward in the faith that he is doing his part in the accomplishment of wise and beneficent aims.

A character so single-minded, pure, trustful, earnest, disinterested and devout, and a life-history so strange, may well challenge attention in an age which seems to hold that the chief end of man is to scrape together little heaps of gold and silver with which to make a fair start in the other world.

T. S.

MYSTIC MEMORY.

IN February, 1828, Sir Walter Scott was breaking himself down by over-hard literary work, and had really fallen to some extent out of health. On the 17th he enters in his Diary, that, on the preceding day at dinner, although in company with two or three beloved old friends, he was strangely haunted by what he would call "the sense of pre-existence;" namely, a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time—that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. The sensation, he adds, "was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and sylvan landscapes in the sea. . . . There was a vile sense of want of reality in all that I did and said."

This experience of Scott is one which has often been felt, and often commented on by authors, by Scott himself amongst others. In his novel of *Guy Mannering*, he represents his hero Bertram as returning to what was, unknown to him, his native castle, after an absence from childhood, and thus musing on his sensations: "Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong, as it were, to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brahmin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place." Warren and Bulwer Lytton make similar remarks in their novels, and Tennyson adverts to the sensation in a beautiful sonnet:—

"As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in a confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks, or hems, or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, All this hath been before.
All this *hath* been, I know not when or where;
So, friend, when first I looked upon your face,
Our thoughts gave answer each to each, so true
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
Although I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And each had lived in the other's mind and speech."

Theological writers have taken up this strange state of feeling as an evidence that our mental part has actually had an existence before our present bodily life, souls being, so to speak,

created from the beginning, and attached to bodies at the moment of mortal birth. Glanvil and Henry More wrote to this effect in the seventeenth century; and in 1762, the Rev. Capel Berrow published a work entitled *A Pre-existent Lapse of Human Souls Demonstrated*. More recently, we find Southey declaring: 'I have a strong and lively faith in a state of continued consciousness from this stage of existence, and that we shall recover *the consciousness of some lower stages through which we may previously have passed* seems to me not improbable.' Wordsworth, too, founds on this notion in that fine poem where he says:—

" Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

With all respect for the doctrine of a previous existence, it appears to us that the sensation in question is no sort of proof of it; for it is clearly absurd to suppose that four or five people who had once lived before, and been acquainted with each other, had by chance got together again, and in precisely the same circumstances as on the former occasion. The notion, indeed, cannot for a moment be seriously maintained. We must leave it aside, as a mere poetical whimsy.

In a curious book, published in 1844 by Dr. Wigan, under the title of *The Duality of the Mind*, an attempt is made to account for the phenomenon in a different way. Dr. Wigan was of opinion that the two hemispheres of the brain had each its distinct power and action, and that each often acts singly. Before adverting to this theory of the illusion in question, let us hear a remarkably well described case which he brings forward as part of his own experience:—

"The strongest example of this delusion I ever recollect in my own person was on the occasion of the funeral of the Princess Charlotte. The circumstances connected with that event formed in every respect a most extraordinary psychological curiosity, and afforded an instructive view of the moral feelings pervading a whole nation, and shewing themselves without restraint or disguise. There is, perhaps, no example in history of so intense and so universal a sympathy, for almost every conceivable misfortune to one party is a source of joy, satisfaction, or advantage to another. . . . One mighty all-absorbing grief possessed the nation, aggravated in each individual by the sympathy of his neighbour, till the whole people became infected with an amiable insanity, and incapable of estimating the real extent of their loss. No one under five-and-thirty or forty years of age can form a conception of the universal paroxysm of grief which then superseded every other feeling.

"I had obtained permission to be present on the occasion of the funeral, as one of the lord chamberlain's staff. Several disturbed nights previous to that ceremony, and the almost total privation of rest on the night immediately preceding it, had put my mind into a state of hysterical irritability, which was still further increased by grief and by exhaustion from want of food; for between breakfast and the hour of interment at midnight, such was the confusion in the town of Windsor, that no expenditure of money could procure refreshment.

"I had been standing four hours, and on taking my place by the side of the coffin, in St. George's Chapel, was only prevented from fainting by the interest of the scene. All that our truncated ceremonies could bestow of pomp was there, and the exquisite music produced a sort of hallucination. Suddenly after the pathetic Miserere of Mozart, the music ceased, and there was an absolute silence. The coffin, placed on a kind of altar covered with black cloth (united to the black cloth which covered the pavement), sank down so slowly through the door, that it was only in measuring its progress by some brilliant object beyond it that any motion could be perceived. I had fallen into a sort of torpid reverie, when I was called to consciousness by a paroxysm of violent grief on the part of the bereaved husband, as his eye suddenly caught the coffin sinking into its black grave, formed by the inverted covering of the altar. In an instant I felt not merely an *impression*, but a *conviction* that I had seen the whole scene before on some former occasion, and had heard even the very words addressed to myself by Sir George Naylor."

Dr. Wigan thinks he finds a sufficient explanation of this state of mind in the theory of a double brain. "The persuasion of the same being a repetition," says he, "comes on when the attention has been roused by some accidental circumstance, and we become, as the phrase is, wide awake. I believe the explanation to be this: only one brain has been used in the immediately preceding part of the scene: the other brain has been asleep, or in an analagous state nearly approaching it. When the attention of both brains is roused to the topic, there is the same vague consciousness that the ideas have passed through the mind before, which takes place on re-perusing the page we had read while thinking on some other subject. The ideas *have* passed through the brain before: and as there was not sufficient consciousness to fix them in the memory without a renewal, we have no means of knowing the length of time that had elapsed between the *faint* impression received by the single brain, and the *distinct* impression received by the double brain. It may seem to have been many years." It is a plausible idea; but we have no proof that a single hemisphere of the brain has this

distinct action; the analogy of the eyes is against it, for there we never find one eye conscious or active, and the other not. Moreover, this theory does not, as will be seen, explain all the facts; and hence, if for no other reason, it must be set aside.

The latest theory on the subject is one started by a person giving the signature "F." in the *Notes and Queries* (February 14, 1857). This person thinks that the cases on record are not to be explained otherwise than as cases of foreknowledge. "That under certain conditions," says he, "the human mind is capable of foreseeing the future, more or less distinctly, is hardly to be questioned. May we not suppose that, in dreams or waking reveries, we sometimes anticipate what will befall us, and that this impression, forgotten in the interval, is revived by the actual occurrence of the event foreseen?" He goes on to remark that in the *Confessions* of Rousseau there is a remarkable passage which appears to support this theory. This singular man, in his youth, taking a solitary walk, fell into a reverie, in which he clearly foresaw "the happiest day of his life," which occurred seven or eight years afterwards. "I saw myself," says Jean Jacques, "as in an ecstasy, transported into that happy time and occasion, where my heart, possessing all the happiness possible, enjoyed it with inexpressible raptures, without thinking of anything sensual. I do not remember being ever thrown into the future with more force, or of an illusion so complete as I then experienced; and that which has struck me most in the recollection of that reverie, now that it has been realized, is to have found objects so exactly as I had imagined them. If ever a dream of man awake had the air of a prophetic vision, that was assuredly such." Rousseau tells how his reverie was realized at a *fête champêtre*, in the company of Madame de Warens, at a place which he had not previously seen. "The condition of mind in which I found myself, all that we said and did that day, all the objects which struck me, recalled to me a kind of dream which I had at Annecy seven or eight years before, and of which I have given an account in its place. The relations were so striking, that in thinking of them I could not refrain from tears." "F." remarks that "if Rousseau, on the second of these occasions, had forgotten the previous one, save a faint remembrance of the ideas which he then conceived, it is evident that this would have been a case of the kind under consideration."

Mr. Elibu Rich, another correspondent of the useful little periodical above quoted, and who has more than once or twice experienced "the mysterious sense of having been surrounded at some previous time by precisely the same circumstances, and taken a share in the same conversation," favours this theory of explanation, and presents us with a curious illustration. "A

gentleman," says he, "of high intellectual attainments, now deceased, told me that he had dreamed of being in a strange city, so vividly that he remembered the streets, houses, and public buildings as distinctly as those of any place he ever visited. A few weeks afterwards he was startled by seeing the city of which he had dreamed. The likeness was perfect, except that one additional church appeared in the picture. He was so struck by the circumstance that he spoke to the exhibitor, assuming for the purpose the air of a traveller acquainted with the place. He was informed that the church was a recent erection."

To the same purport is an experience of a remarkable nature which Mr. John Pavin Phillips, of Haverfordwest, relates as having occurred to himself, in which a second reverie appears to have presented a renewal of a former one. "About four years ago," says he, "I suffered severely from derangement of the stomach, and upon one occasion, after passing a restless and disturbed night, I came down to breakfast in the morning, experiencing a sense of general discomfort and uneasiness. I was seated at the breakfast table with some members of my family, when suddenly the room and objects around me vanished away, and I found myself, without surprise, in the street of a foreign city. Never having been abroad, I imagined it to have been a foreign city from the peculiar character of the architecture. The street was very wide, and on either side of the roadway there was a foot pavement elevated above the street to a considerable height. The houses had pointed gables and casemented windows overhanging the street. The roadway presented a gentle acclivity; and at the end of the street there was a road crossing it at right angles, backed by a green slope, which rose to the eminence of a hill, and was crowned by more houses, over which soared a lofty tower, either of a church or some other ecclesiastical building. As I gazed on the scene before me I was impressed with an overwhelming conviction that I had looked upon it before, and that its features were perfectly familiar to me; I even seemed *almost* to remember the name of the place, and whilst I was making an effort to do so a crowd of people appeared to be advancing in an orderly manner up the street. As it came nearer it resolved itself into a quaint procession of persons in what we should call fancy dresses, or perhaps more like one of the guild festivals which we read of being held in some of the old continental cities. As the procession came abreast of the spot where I was standing I mounted on the pavement to let it go by, and as it filed past me with banners and gay paraphernalia flashing in the sunlight, the irresistible conviction again came over me that I had seen this

same procession before, and in the very street through which it was now passing. Again I *almost* recollected the name of the concourse and its occasion ; but whilst endeavouring to stimulate my memory to perform its function, the effort dispelled the vision, and I found myself, as before, seated at my breakfast table, cup in hand. My exclamation of astonishment attracted the notice of one of the members of my family, who inquired 'what I had been staring at?' Upon my relating what I have imperfectly described, some surprise was manifested, as the vision, which appeared to me to embrace a period of considerable duration, must have been almost instantaneous. The city, with its landscape, is indelibly fixed in my memory, but the sense of previous familiarity with it has never again been renewed. The 'spirit of man within him' is indeed a mystery ; and those who have witnessed the progress of a case of catalepsy cannot but have been impressed with the conviction that there are dormant faculties belonging to the human mind, which, like the rudimentary wings said to be contained within the skin of the caterpillar, are only to be developed in a higher state of being."*

In the same work the Rev. Mr. W. L. Nichols, of Bath, adduces a still more remarkable case from a memoir of Mr. William Hone, who, as is well known, was during the greater part of his life a disbeliever of all but physical facts. He had been worn down to a low condition of vitality by a course of exertion of much the same character as that which gave Scott an experience of the mystic memory. Being called, in the course of business, to a particular part of London, with which he was unacquainted, he had noticed to himself, as he walked along, that he had never been there before. "I was shewn," he says, "into a room to wait. On looking round, everything appeared perfectly familiar to me ; I seemed to *recognize* every object. I said to myself, 'What is this? I was never here before, and yet I have seen all this ; and if so, there is a very peculiar knot in the shutter.'" He opened the shutter, and found the knot ! "Now then," thought he, "here is something I cannot explain on my principles ; there must be some power beyond matter." This consideration led Mr. Hone to reflect further on the wonderful relations of man to the Unseen, and the ultimate result was his becoming an earnestly religious man.

Mr. Nichols endeavours to shew the case might be explained by Dr. Wigan's theory of a double brain ; but it is manifestly beyond that theory to account for the preconception of the knot in the shutter, or the extraneous church in the visioned city. These explanations failing, we are in a manner compelled to

* *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, iii. 132.

think of clairvoyance or the prophetic faculty, because no other explanation is left. On this assumption, an experience of mystic memory might be supposed to arise from a previous dream, or it may be a day reverie, perhaps one of only an instant's duration and very recent occurrence, in which the assemblage of objects and transactions was *foreseen*:—it appears as the recollection of a more or less forgotten vision.*

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

I AM frequently addressed by new inquirers, who exhibit a laudable anxiety to pursue the study of Spiritualism, but who appear to overlook the notices of those books which are reviewed from time to time in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*. It may be that readers accustomed to the insincere and dishonest practices of literary reviewers have no faith in the opinions expressed by the anonymous writer of "Notices of New Books," and prefer to be led by direct personal testimony.

I can quite appreciate this state of feeling, nothing can be more repulsive to the honest minded student in search of impartial truth than the audacious ribaldry which too frequently meets his eye in the columns of journals that assume to lead public opinion on the literature of this country. As there is no compulsion to "notice" every book that is published, we may be sure, as a rule, that when a reviewer occupies a column or two to abuse an author, his book is worth reading. As an illustration of the truth of my statements, I will ask those who are sufficiently interested, to read a criticism which appeared in the *Athenæum*, of July 2, on *The Two Worlds—the Natural and Spiritual*, by Thomas Brevior, a book which, in my humble judgment, looked at from any point of view, is one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of this age; and to those in search of information on the history and philosophy of Spiritualism, nothing can be more complete and interesting.

The *Athenæum* is edited by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and this gentleman is one of the *literati* of the London press, who, in utter ignorance of the subject, has committed himself against Spiritualism, and hence, as it would seem, whatever is permitted to appear in the columns of the *Athenæum*, disregarding all truth

[* In further elucidation of this subject see article "PRE-EXISTENCE," in No. 8, vol. ii., of the *Spiritual Magazine*.—ED.]

and fairness, must support the views of the master-mind that guides that journal. In no other view can such an audacious tampering with impartial truth be accounted for as this criticism is on "*The Two Worlds*" and its talented author.

The reviewer says he cannot recommend the book to "the readers in search of amusement or instruction." "Mr. Thomas Brevior is a writer of less learning and less intelligence than the author of *Dwellers on the Threshold*," another book under condemnation by this critic. He adds, "The first and greater part of the volume is a compilation of extracts from writings of every date, between the flood and the Sheffield inundation, whereby he establishes the fact, that in all ages men have believed in a world of spirits, and have also deemed it probable that the spirits of dead persons may hold intercourse with people still living. As we have never heard any one question the position thus laboriously established, and more especially as the deriders of spiritualistic delusions are wont to fortify their arguments with reference to the almost universal belief in ghosts, wherever man, either in history or present time, is found groping his way through darkness, unaided by the lights of science, we could not imagine the writer's object in defending a fortress which no one ever has attacked, or would attack."

According to this remarkable assertion, which gives a fair idea of the perspicuity and value of the reviewer's opinions, the Magazine has accomplished its mission—no need of further proofs or arguments—the belief in the supernatural is and has always been universal. Neither Faraday, Brewster, Dickens, nor even Hepworth Dixon himself "ever has attacked, or would attack it." And so what need of further comment?

I offer an apology to my readers for this digression, to which I have been led, in my desire to answer in this place the various inquiries that are constantly being made to me by persons who are just entering upon the study of the spiritual philosophy.

In the first place, then, there is this journal. In it is recorded all the most prominent and interesting facts in Spiritualism that have transpired in this country for the last four years, and there have been published within the last year or two four books, in which will be found all that can be said to prove that Spiritualism is a reality, and not a delusion, viz. :—*Incidents of my Life*, by D. D. Home, the well-known medium, in which he narrates, supported by the best authority, some of the most remarkable phenomena that have occurred in modern times.

The History of the Supernatural, by Mr. William Howitt, in which he proves incontrovertibly the existence of Spiritualism in all times and in all countries.

The Two Worlds, the Natural and the Spiritual, by Thomas

Brevior, which book, like Mr. Howitt's, contains a mass of facts, and covering the whole ground, forms a text-book of the most instructive and interesting character.

And, lastly, *From Matter to Spirit*, which is written and reasoned throughout in a calm and beautiful spirit based upon personal experiences, which must carry conviction even to the mind of the most obdurate sceptic.

This book does not, like the others, bear the name of the amiable authoress on its title page, but I violate no confidence when I say that I know it is from the gifted pen of Mrs. De Morgan, and that the eloquent preface is written by her husband, Professor De Morgan, the well known mathematician, who, being himself one of the most talented contributors to the *Athenæum*, saves the book from the rude assaults of Mr. Hepworth Dixon and his satellites.

Mr. Wilkinson's *Spirit Drawings* is an earlier work than those named, but as it has just reached a second edition, I may add, that both as an entirely trustworthy record of experiences, and as an exposition of spiritual philosophy, it will interest and instruct the reader. The *Illustrated Times* has just pronounced the book to be "one of the noblest and sweetest we ever read."

Those, therefore, who really desire to study the subject and to fortify their belief in Spiritualism, need only to read the books I have mentioned, in which they will find all that is required for their guidance, and they will also find, that some of the best and most talented men that ever lived were, in the fullest and truest sense of the faith, Spiritualists; a faith which is only contemned and sneered at by those who are blinded by prejudice or bigotry, and who write in entire ignorance of the meaning and tendency of Spiritualism and its teachings.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS IN MR. CHAPLIN'S FAMILY.

A gentleman residing in London, who, as I gather from the critical notices of his works, has been for many years honorably connected with the literature of this country, and who is acknowledged to be "a clear, vigorous, and very instructive writer," has addressed the following note to me:—

— Square, June 1st, 1864.

DEAR SIR,—As you collect "Cases" I send you the accompanying MS. which I think, in some respects, remarkable. Every letter of it is true. When you have read it, perhaps you will kindly return it, as I should not like to lose the record of what is to me very interesting.

Dear Sir, yours truly,

ARTHUR CHAPLIN.*

* This and the other names in the narrative are not the real names, although the writer has no desire to conceal his own name, but I think it best for his own sake to withhold it.

Mr. Chaplin's writings which, in thirty years are very voluminous, have been most favourably criticised and approved by several dignitaries of the Church of England, including two bishops, and by many of the leading journals of the Metropolis, viz.:—*The Morning Post, Morning Herald, Spectator, Literary Gazette, Athenæum, Morning Advertiser, Examiner, New Baptist Magazine, Eclectic Review, Congregational Magazine, Evangelical Magazine, Christian Advocate, New Monthly Magazine, Christian Remembrancer, &c., &c.* Enough I suppose to stamp the purity and orthodoxy of his writings, though he now acknowledges himself to be a Spiritualist.

It appears from Mr. Chaplin's statement to me, that he and his wife have, for some time past, taken great interest in the subject of Spiritualism, and that they have at various times tried alone, and with friends, to obtain manifestations, by forming family circles in the usual way, but in no instance had they been able to induce the phenomena; it was not until the 25th of November last that they had personal evidence of the presence and power of spirits, who came uninvited and unexpectedly.

Mr. Chaplin and his wife had retired to bed, about midnight, and were talking of a very dear friend, Angelina Cooper, who was in some perplexity on a subject which had just been brought to her knowledge, and on which she had been privately conversing with Mrs. Chaplin during the evening.

A few minutes after they had settled down for sleep, Mr. Chaplin heard a rustling noise, which he attributed to the wind on the window, but the sounds were repeated with the addition of some such effect as would be produced by dropping a shilling into a basin and then whirling it round—at this moment both simultaneously exclaimed: "Did you hear that?" It then appeared that both had heard the first noise, and whilst conferring on the matter, three loud raps were made about the middle of the room, and Mrs. Chaplin asked, "Is there a spirit here?" which was immediately replied to by three loud raps, as an affirmative.

Mrs. Chaplin then repeated the alphabet, and the words, "Console Angelina Cooper," were spelt out. Mrs. Chaplin asked, "Will you tell me how to console Angelina?" "No." "Will you communicate again?" "Yes." "Will you now tell me what to do?" "No." "Must I do anything?" "Yes." Several other questions were asked but they elicited no response, and both were left in great perplexity as to the meaning and object of the communication.

On the following day, Mrs. Chaplin mentioned the circumstance of the night to her friend Angelina, who was as much

surprised at the request as they had been, and she persistently declared that the subject they had conversed upon was not such as to require "consolation."

On the second night after, and when his wife had fallen asleep, Mr. Chaplin's attention was attracted by a creaking and rustling noise, and whilst hesitating as to whether he should awake her, the bed curtain on her side was violently drawn towards the head of the bed, the large brass rings rattling along the pole so noisily as to awake Mrs. Chaplin, who jumped out of bed under the impression that some person was in the room, and obtaining a light they explored every part of the room, but without discovering the cause of the disturbance.

All being quiet again, the light was extinguished, and as they were just settling to rest, several loud raps were made by the side of the bed. They asked if a spirit was there. Answer, "Yes." Mrs. Chaplin said, "Will you give me your name?" And repeating the alphabet, "Charles Stewart," was spelt out. This was the name of Mrs. Chaplin's deceased brother, and the words followed: "Make Angelina confide hereafter in you, to save her from further ruin, and give peace to her mother's spirit." Angelina's mother had been dead about four years. As Charles did not know her mother, it was asked, "Why do you take an interest in her?" And the reply was, "For sympathy and love to Angelina."

"Will you tell me what I must do or say to induce Angelina to confide in me?"—"No." "Have you anything more to communicate?"—"Yes." "Will you do it now?"—"No."

Some days now elapsed without any further manifestations, during which Mrs. Chaplin had several conversations with Angelina upon the subject of these unexplained and mysterious messages, but with no satisfactory result. She still declared that she really had nothing to confide beyond what she had already communicated, and that she had got rid of her anxiety and perplexity on account of the affair they had originally talked about.

On the night of the 8th of December, just as Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin had got into bed, they were startled by three raps distinctly, but lightly given. Mrs. Chaplin asked, "Is there a spirit present?"—"Yes." "Will you give me your name?"—"No." "Won't you let me know who you are?"—"Yes." "Who are you?"—"A. C." "Are these the initials of your name?"—"Yes." "Then you are Angelina's mother?"—"Yes." "Do you wish to communicate?"—"Yes." And on repeating the alphabet, the words "Remember your oath," were given. Mr. Chaplin in great surprise asked his wife if she understood the message—what could it mean? His wife said

“Yes; I did not tell you before, for fear it should cause you alarm, but now I must tell you all.” She then informed him, that on the night preceding that on which they had the first message, he having gone to bed unwell (Mr. Chaplin is an invalid) finding him asleep, she got into bed quietly without awakening him, and had put out the light, when she heard the rustling as of a silk gown beyond the foot of the bed, and on looking up she saw a bright flame rising apparently from the floor, in the form of two sides of an acute triangle, and about five feet in length. It was distinct and brilliant, and there seemed as if out of its midst there came the words, pronounced in an *emphatic voice*, “Save my children.” Mrs. Chaplin was not disturbed, and says she felt no alarm, but asked, “What can I do for them?” To this the answer was—“Two are confiding in you, but you do nothing for the third.” “What *can* I do for her?” The *voice* replied, “Save her from herself.” The tone of earnestness and grief in which these words were uttered, caused Mrs. Chaplin, as she says, to exclaim, not at the moment knowing what she was saying, “I swear before God that, as far as I can, I will.” The bright flame disappeared, and all was dark again and silent. Of all this Mr. Chaplin knew nothing, until it was thus communicated by his wife, on the night of the 8th of December, just a fortnight afterwards. For several nights in succession after that last spoken of, there were continuous noises and rappings in their bed-room, heavy blows and rustlings, but no intelligence. No response could be obtained to any question. On one of the nights Mr. Chaplin felt something like two arms, which were thrust under the bed clothes, one above and the other under his body, making an apparent attempt to pull him out of bed. He resisted, and called out in the name of God to the spirit to leave him, which it did, and he soon after fell asleep.

On the 22nd of December, Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin retired to rest at their usual hour; she soon fell asleep, but he was unusually restless, and could not sleep. In about an hour after, the now familiar noises were heard by him in various parts of the room. He asked again and again if any spirit were present, but could not get a response. One sound was as if a heavy ball had been thrown violently on the floor. Mrs. Chaplin slept soundly until three o'clock, when immediately on awaking, she was challenged by three gentle raps on her side of the bed, and, upon asking the usual questions, she was told that her brother Charles was present, and then received the following message—“Let the consciousness of doing good be your reward. Watch well, and light will come at the proper time. Pray. Her mother is grateful to you.” After many other questions were put, and the answers “Yes” and “No” received, the spirit took leave, rapping fainter and

fainter as if receding in the distance. When they looked at the time it was four o'clock, so that the manifestations in one form or another, lasted on this occasion three hours and a half. Since that day no further manifestations of that character have taken place, and no explanation has been arrived at of the cause and object of these visitations, which remain at present a profound mystery to Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin.

THE APPARITION OF MRS. RIDGWAY.

There died about three months ago a man of mark, Mr. William Ridgway, of Hanley, in Staffordshire. For many years the family of the Ridgways have held a high and influential position in the commercial world. Their name will go down to posterity as promoters of the beautiful art which gives wealth and fame to the Staffordshire potteries. William was in partnership with his elder brother John, and was esteemed for his manly courage, untiring energy, and great probity of character; no man doubted the word of William Ridgway; it is therefore of great value in support of the belief in and reality of apparitions to have the testimony of such a man, and I am able to give a well authenticated story from the columns of the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, where a memoir of this much respected gentleman appeared about the period of his death in April last. The story is thus related:—

“The two brothers became partners with their father at the same time when Mr. William was twenty-one years old, and on equal terms, and their own partnership continued many years after his death.

“Immediately after this event they had a dispute which of the two should have the paternal mansion. Mr. John maintained the right of the elder, Mr. William the claim of an increasing family. The controversy threatened to culminate in a quarrel, when, about ten o'clock on a light evening, William beheld the apparition of his deceased mother, near to the side entrance of the house.

“The appearance was perfect as life, and she addressed him audibly and distinctly, saying, ‘William, my dear, let your brother have the house, and God will make it right with you.’ The next morning he simply said to his brother, ‘John, you shall have the house.’ But he never divulged the reason why he said this, either to his brother, or his wife, or to any human being, until he related it to us in the month of June, 1863.

“The superstitious may regard this statement in one aspect, and the philosophical in another, but all must admit that its truth is simply a question of credibility. No one would doubt

Mr. Ridgway's word, and few will believe that the eyes and ears of the then young man were deceived by an illusion. Happily, the friendship of the two brothers was uninterrupted, and it continued unbroken through life."

LETTER FROM THE BARON DIRCKINCK HOLMFELD.

The interesting incident to which I alluded in my last paper as having occurred to a clergyman in London, has led him to further investigation, and I am told, to his complete conviction. He is now, as I am informed, a confirmed believer in Spiritualism, and as he is not less bold than he is eloquent, I have no doubt he will, ere long, enunciate in his own way, the important truth which has so suddenly burst upon him.

The following letter is from the Baron Dirckinck Holmfeld, who attended a *séance* recently held at the clergyman's residence.

DEAR SIR, —It is a pity, and reflects little credit upon the intelligence of our cotemporaries, that the knowledge of Spiritualism still lingers in the dubitative stage of the question *au sit*, whether there is truth in Spiritualism or not. How can we seriously reflect upon a matter, of the existence of which we are not sure? I understand that the *Spiritual Magazine* has for its aim, to gather various facts from various quarters, in order to do away with that doubt which impedes our apprehension from expanding into science, and from drawing useful inferences from ascertained facts. I wish, thus, to contribute to this certitude, to this first step in the spiritual development of our age, by adding my testimony to that of a host of witnesses of the investigating Anglo-Saxon race.

Having been present at a *séance* in the house of that clergyman to whom you alluded in the July number of the Magazine (p. 327), and who is justly celebrated for his wonderful gifts of genius, and the broad view he takes about humanity and Christianity, I wish to state that nobody present, and least of all, our amiable host, entertained the least doubt about the spiritual cause of the astonishing facts we witnessed, or about the wonderful powers of Mr. D. D. Home as the medium through whom these manifestations were obtained. We had the usual raps in such a way that appropriate answers were given, we had the movements of sundry articles of furniture, a grand-pianoforte included, which was lifted entirely into the air, a motion which would appear spontaneous, if furniture could give intelligent answers to our questions. We had the music, the concertina being played in so charming a way, with far distant echoes, that the utmost mortal skill could scarcely have produced such harmonious tunes; we had the manifestation of children's hands moving under the surface of floating gossamer shawls and dresses; we had the ladies addressing the spirits of their children, answered by distinct responding raps; we had bracelets untied and removed, and all the circumstances of the Home *séances*, which are so justly celebrated through extensive regions of our globe.

The duty of a clergyman of the Established Church, or of any other orthodox creed, is most certainly to watch the signs of our epoch, to give the honour to truth, whatever the mode of its manifestation may be, to explore the same as far as observation and reception goes, to try the spirits howsoever they may manifest themselves, and to apply the phenomena and all experiences of this kind to the glory of Christianity, of truth and its revelation.

I quote your own appropriate words from the preface to your *Spiritualism in America*:—"I see no reason why all denominations of religionists should not, when satisfied of the fact, become Spiritualists, for certainly the belief does not destroy the great truths inculcated in Biblical history, but, on the contrary, it

throws a new light on the Sacred Volume, and enables us to realize and to comprehend many passages which are dark without it."

There is no doubt that the sectarian spirit does not agree with the spirits, but I see no harm in this, but the greatest benefit which could be bestowed on our species in its present condition. I am thus sure that the illumination derived from external facts, and wielded by the strong mind of a clergyman (who feels himself bound to that Church which holds within its grasp such a distinguished body of reasoning minds as are to be found in the adherents of the English church, spread over the whole globe), will be of important use in a sphere which combines so many prejudices and narrow-minded views, with so much serious and rational endeavour and illustration as I have met with in your country.

I am, &c.,

The Athenæum,

20th July, 1864.

BENJAMIN COLEMAN, Esq.

C. DIRCKINCK HOLMFELD,

Of Denmark.

APPARITIONS OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

Mr. T——, residing in a country village in Cambridgeshire, sends the following account of the apparition of a person, then living, appearing to two persons at the same time.

Mr. T—— has the story from a Mrs. Smith and her son, a youth of 18, neighbours of his, and who, he says, are entirely reliable persons, in humble life.

In the month of November, 1853, Mrs. Smith and her son proceeded to the other end of the village on a bright moonlight night. They had to pass through a narrow lane which was protected by a turnstile. As they approached, they both saw a woman coming towards them, who reached the turnstile at the same moment, and as Mrs. Smith passed through one way, the woman passed through the other. Mrs. Smith noticed her light dress, bonnet, &c., and felt her dress brush against her. Consulting with her son at the moment, they both agreed that it was Susan Gilbert, a friend of theirs, but they thought it strange she did not speak, and still more so, as they believed she was at that time ill in bed. Looking after the figure, they both saw it suddenly disappear, and both became so frightened that they dared not pursue their errand, and returned home and told Mr. Smith, who laughed at them.

On the following morning Mrs. Smith went to see Susan, and found her in a dying state. Those who attended her said she "had gone off" several times as if dead, and rallied again. She ultimately died three days after the meeting at the turnstile.

Some years ago, Mrs. W—— sailed for the West Indies to join her husband, who had obtained a government appointment at St. Kitt's.

When the vessel was within two days' sail of her destination, Mrs. W——, whilst standing in the cabin, felt her arm strongly

grasped as if by the hand of a man. Looking round, she asked who had done it. None of the passengers were within reach, and all assured her they had not seen any one touch her. Shortly after she again felt the same sensation, and thinking that some one was taking a jocular liberty with her, she withdrew to her room. Later in the evening, a lady passenger called her attention to the state of her arm, which was discoloured, shewing the distinct print of a hand, with the fingers and thumb reversed.

On her arrival at St. Kitt's, friends came to meet her, accompanied by the clergyman of the place, who gradually broke to her the intelligence of her husband's unexpected death, which, it appeared, had taken place on the day and at the hour she felt her arm grasped on board the ship.

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

It is a curious commentary on the recent proceedings of Mr. Paterson and the party in Glasgow who made so foolish an attempt to expose "the delusion," that a medium possessing extraordinary powers has been developed in their very midst.

I am informed by a gentleman residing in the vicinity of Glasgow, that a friend of his, an engineer, is the medium, who not only obtains the ordinary manifestations, but has been raised by the spirits to the ceiling of the room, and who has also made some very successful attempts to obtain spirit photographs, a specimen of which has been sent to me. As my correspondent has written to me at the last moment of going to press, and as he and his friend are still engaged in trying a variety of experiments which may lead to very interesting results, I defer giving particulars until the next publication, when I hope to be able to refer our northern sceptics to some startling evidence of the reality of spiritual manifestations which they may find at home.

SPIRITUAL SPHERES AND ATMOSPHERES.

No. V.

In the preceding papers, I have briefly glanced at some of the many reasons for believing in the existence of a spiritual atmosphere, or "breath of life," within and distinct from the atmosphere of the natural world. I have endeavoured to show that this spiritual atmosphere is the "Spirit of God," or "God-wind," moving upon the face of the deeps of humanity, (Gen. i. 2) and that, for man's redemption, Christ brought, by his Incarnation, a renewal of the Divine Spirit or "wind of God." I have also endeavoured to show that each individual man has a more or less

powerful sphere of influence—an emanation proceeding from his own life, consisting of his vital and most essential qualities—penetrating and affecting all other men and things around him, to the extent of their receptiveness.

As Christ, the Divine man, gives the most conspicuous example of the operation of this sphere-influence, in his own life, I will refer to a few of the instances which the Gospels afford. And first, let me say that, irrational as the statement may appear to the men of science, I think we shall have to come to these sacred books for the very foundation stones of a true science of physical man, as well as of a true psychology. Man is really unknown to the men of science. They seek a substance among shadows, the living among the dead. Like the fifty strong men who went to seek Elijah among the desolate mountains and valleys, when he had been taken up in a chariot of fire (2 Kings, ii. 16), they seek, but find not.

I think that one of the first and most manifest inferences to be drawn from the story of the life of Christ is, that He had, when He chose to exercise it, an absolute power over nature. We are distinctly told that the few marvels that are related in the Gospels are selected from works innumerable that He performed (*see* John xxi. 25). All these works were done in behalf of suffering and dying humanity, or for the instruction of men in some great truth,—and not one of them was done to save Himself from any suffering, however great that suffering might be. This is the ground of his appeal to his works—“Believe me for the work’s sake.” It was because there was no selfishness to be traced in them, and his works were all divinely benevolent, that He offered them as proof of his Divine mission. It was not merely because they were miraculous, for the Scriptures admit, in many places, that miracles may be wrought even by infernal agencies.

Here, then, is a man living in nature, yet possessing a power entirely above nature—supernatural. This power is not occasional, but constant. It operates not in one, or six, or twenty ways; but in every imaginable way. Whatever it seems possible for man to will, it seems to have been possible for Him to do. In short, this Man was the organ of manifestation of the Divine creative and renewing energy. The breath of God—the God-wind—through Him entered into the atmosphere of nature, and changed all things into accordance with his will. All demons were subject to Him; organs and limbs of diseased and half-dead men were re-created; dead and buried men were recalled to life; winds and seas obeyed Him, and bread and fishes increased a thousand-fold under his hands.

And lest any one should say that these were manifestations of a power which none but Christ might exercise, He tells us

repeatedly that the works that He did, we may do also, even "greater works than these shall ye do," that "whatsoever ye ask believing, it shall be done," and that we may even "say to this mountain, be thou removed and cast into the sea, and it shall be done." That there may be no mistake, He sent out his disciples to do similar works, and gave them power and authority over unclean spirits, while He was still on earth, and they believed, and did the works. After his crucifixion and resurrection, numberless miracles were wrought in his name. And it is false to say these miracles have ever ceased, where faith has been exercised. Wherever the words of Christ have been really and literally believed, the power has been manifested.

But I must now face another monstrous and widely prevalent fallacy—one of those growths of unbelief by which the traditions of men make the Word of God of no effect. I mean the notion which has grown into such universal acceptance as to be almost unquestioned, that Christ wrought miracles simply to prove to unbelievers of every age that He was the Messiah. I do not hesitate to say, as the result of long examination and thought respecting the gospel histories, that this is not only untrue, but utterly opposed to the truth. There is no evidence to be found for it in the gospels, but abundance of evidence to prove the exact contrary. We are distinctly told that He refused to give miraculous evidence to unbelievers. In Matt. xii. 38-40, and again Matt. xvi. 1, the Pharisees, we are told, came to Him, asking a sign from heaven. He called them hypocrites, and an evil and adulterous generation, and told them that no sign should be given them but the sign of the prophet Jonas. He said, "Ye can discern the face of the sky, but not the signs of the times." All the Evangelists relate similar demands for signs, always refused.

But we are clearly told why He refused to give signs. He always required, and we may even say, needed faith, before He wrought or could work a miracle on an intelligent human being. "Believest thou that I am able to do this," and, "if thou canst believe, all things are possible," are sayings which are frequent in the Gospels. And when He went into his own country, and they did not believe in Him, we are told that "He could there do no mighty work," save healing a few sick folk, "because of their unbelief." See Matt. xiii. 58, and Mark vi. 5. This was because a sphere of faith is the indispensable condition of openness to heaven, and receptivity of heavenly blessings. Faith is the reaching out of the soul to God—the opening of the channel within, into which the Divine power can descend. No entrance of heavenly life is possible without faith. When there was about Him only a repellent sphere of unbelief, He could not

work miracles. Man is free, and God will not force his freedom. Therefore, Omnipotence cannot save when the salvation is rejected by the soul's self-closure.

Christ often commanded those who had been healed, or the evil spirits that recognized Him, to be silent, and tell no man. Surely He would not have done this if his object had been to give proofs of his Messiahship? If He had wished to convince men of his Divinity He might have made it so clear that doubt would have been utterly impossible. The very sun might have spoken, or the stones of the earth might cry out every day to convince the men of every age. But it is clear that He rather shunned than courted publicity, except for his teachings. When the crowd grew too great in one place He escaped privately to another, and once He walked on the sea to avoid the crowd. Even his teachings were all in parables, and He said to his disciples, "To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given." And in this He did just what God has done in every revelation of Himself. Every such revelation is a concealing as well as a revealing. So is nature. Christ's whole life was a concealment as well as a revelation of the Divine. What worldly-minded man would look for the Divine Saviour of the human race in the form of a Galilean peasant? Only the pure in heart could see God there. And God reveals Himself to none other. This is a part of that which Goethe calls the "open secret."

It is utterly in opposition to the first principles of Divine revelation to say that Christ wrought miracles to prove his Divinity. There was not one of his miracles that was not disbelieved and treated as an imposture, by the learned men, and the professedly religious men, of that day. If He meant these miracles to produce belief, his attempt was an ignominious failure, such as of itself was sufficient to discredit his claims. And the greatest miracle of all—his own resurrection—had no witnesses but those who were his avowed disciples and believers. As the narrative of the New Testament itself states, the belief among the rest of the Jews was simply that his body had been stolen from the grave by his disciples. Away, then, with all such sham proofs of the Divinity of Christianity. I will venture to say that there is not a thread of historical evidence, such as would satisfy a judicial court, for this great fact of the resurrection of Christ. Yet it brings to the soul on whom the spirit breathes, an internal evidence, far higher and better proof than any external evidence that could be invented. The external evidence on which the external Churches have relied, the pretended evidence of miracles and historical facts, is rapidly vanishing, and will speedily disappear entirely. We must either have an internal

evidence, or the Church itself will vanish, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

If Christ had given to men who were unwilling to conform to his Divine law, some absolute external proof that He was Divine, they must still have hated Him, though they might fear Him. If they had known Him, and still had hated Him, they would have committed that sin against the Holy Ghost which cannot be forgiven. They would have seen themselves to be distinctly in bitter hostility against Jehovah, and those long trials and sufferings by means of which God chastens and subdues men into submission to Him, would have become inefficient in their case. It was, therefore, in mercy that Christ made it possible, for them as well as for us, to doubt whether He were Divine. This is one of the great glories and beauties of Christianity, but how wofully is it obscured by the folly of the prevailing theology! Christ made Himself so poor and mean, and so hid Himself under the form of a servant, that none could know Him but those to whom the Father revealed Him. And "no man can say that Jesus is the Christ," even to this day, "but by the Holy Spirit." We may pretend to believe what we are taught in our Churches, and we may pretend there is logical, historic, or scientific evidence. But our belief is not worth a rush, and vanishes at the first touch of real conflict with evil, unless it spring from an internal source.

Spiritual things are their own evidence, and it is entirely inverting the true order of existence to expect spirit to give evidence to spirit, by the mediation of matter. It is because we have sunk so utterly into the region of matter, and are so closed and dead to spiritual things, that we ever look for natural proofs of spiritual things. And though it is sometimes mercifully permitted to our weakness to have such evidence, untrustworthy as it is, yet the soul, as it becomes open to heaven and God, has other and far better evidence, in its own consciousness. And this evidence, if we were pure, would be as certain—as little open to doubt—as is our present consciousness of our own existence. Miraculous proof is no proof of *Divine* operation. Miracles are possible to, and are often produced by, evil spirits. And herein is the danger of all spiritual manifestations. In our present state, their first effect is to overawe us into a blind submission to the manifesting spirits, and hence we may be led into the most frightful conditions, if we are not mercifully guarded by higher powers than we are conscious of. If we had open intercourse with the spiritual world in our present low and corrupt state, heaven and hell would be unveiled to an irreverent crowd, who would rush into the Holy of Holies, with hearts unhumiliated, and with sinful thoughts and desires. The hallowed utensils of the

Ark of the Covenant would be labelled in museums, for the gratification of idle sight-seers. The spirit of reverence and true worship would be destroyed. At present they are dormant only, because we can scarcely see anything truly venerable. When Adam and Eve lost their innocence, and were expelled from Eden, it is said that "the Lord God made them coats of skins, and clothed them." (Gen. iii. 21). These skins still cover humanity, and shut out the heavens from our clothed spiritual senses.

And this brings me to one of the main characteristics of true Christianity. I will venture to say that there is one feature of it, which I will now mention, which proves its Divinity, and sets it in a totally distinct position from all other forms of religion that have ever existed. Christ alone, of all men that have lived, was free from the bondage of this outer world of appearances. In all the events of his life this one fact is manifest. So true is this, that it is impossible that the character of Jesus could have been an invention of man. To imagine that for the redemption of the world it was required that the Divine Being should become incarnated, was evidently possible. But a human inventor would never have imagined that it was needful only that the Divine Being should become a poor peasant child, a working man, living only a perfect working man's life, disbelieved, hated, and crucified, by the men of power and position. No Brahmin or Buddhist incarnation has any dream like this. Christ had absolutely no faith in the wealth, position, or influence of this world. He believed fully and only in spiritual and Divine power. All outward facts and appearances, all history, all human experience were against Him. He could only have appeared, to the prudent men of his time, as a benevolent madman. There is scarcely a man living now, in this England, who passes for a sane man among his friends, who would not have joined in this judgment if he had lived at Jerusalem when Christ was crucified.

This faith in the unseen world He carried to the end, when all worldly prudence would say his cause and ideas had failed in the most signal way possible. But it is just because his work was in the spiritual world, that death and outward ruin had no power to hinder it. Nay, we must go further, and say with Him, that death, and the apparent destruction of his work, were necessary to its success—for, "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it beareth much fruit." "It must needs be that the Son of Man be crucified." This is indeed, one of the most difficult perceptions for the man whose thoughts are immersed in nature to attain to. That Jesus should have had absolutely no belief in the power of the men and things

of this world—that He should have refused to avail Himself of the smallest aid from them, as though it could only be ruinous to his work, that He was born and lived among the very lowest of the people, associating with the despised and the outcasts of society, that the very best men of his day were looked on with favour by Him only so far as they were inwardly reverent, humble, and living in faith towards God, while the outwardly righteous, many of whom were esteemed as saints, were spoken to in words of burning condemnation, involve, in a world-reformer, an antagonism in modes of thought and feeling, not only to those current when He lived on earth, but to those of our own and every past age.

To see this we need only look at the churches of our own time—the assemblages of the very people who profess to be his followers, and some of whom are true followers, but far, alas! from their Master. Where are the men who believe in the spirit only, and have no confidence in the flesh? Do we not believe in fine buildings, and in ordinances, and in doctrines, and discipline, and eloquent preachers, and wealthy hearers and supporters? And if there be one humble man among the flock whose soul ascends in prayer and faith right up to the Infinite Father, passing all these outward and man-made things, as scarcely either helps or hindrances, and giving no reverence to the ephemeral doctrines of his sect, or the human teacher who ministers, or the man of wealth who sits to hear; but seeks only communion with God, and believes that now, as of old, all things are possible to the prayer of faith, the more this man believes, the less he is esteemed. He is not a safe man—not safe, because he looks to something far above and beyond the doctrines, the men, the institutions, of the outward Church—believes in an infinite progress—in the living and not in the dead—in the spiritual, and not in the natural.

As it was with Christ's own natural body, so it must be with the natural form of his Church. He was crucified, and the Church must also be crucified, or, rather, He must be crucified in his church. Its end is approaching. Is it not, even now, on its Mount Calvary? Are not the true disciples of Christ, even now, shrinking from the sad sight, a sorrow-stricken few, afraid, like Peter, of acknowledging their faith; bewildered, self-condemned, hiding and looking on from a distance, while some of his enemies pierce their Master with sceptical inquiries, and barbed and subtle doubts, and some ask questions which are not answered, and some spit on Him their indifference and contempt, and some scourge Him with attempts to persecute their fellows; and others, with a stinging and bitter irony, bow the knee and hail Him as king, and put the purple robe of a mock-worship upon Him, and give Him

the reed-sceptre of feeble and false reasoning, and crown Him with angry and selfish words as with a crown of thorns—while the great crowd that yesterday cried Hosanna! now looks on in doubtful silence. Not outside, but in and among the churches, must Christ, in his real Church, be crucified. “He came to his own, and his own received Him not.”

The Church, in its outward form, comes to its end—but it will rise again, a spiritual and glorious Church. It will then be known that the Church belongs not to this world of nature, and if dwelling for a while in nature, it is to sanctify and bless—to knit the bonds of an eternal union between heaven and earth, but not to be bound in any bonds of this world. The Church will then be known to be the communion of saints above and saints below, and the ever-blessed presence, in each heart, of Christ Himself as king. In that new and risen Church will He come, and eyes of men still in the flesh, but open to the spirit, shall see his glory, and shall become like Him. Breathing his new life, and armed with his divinely-gentle power, they shall be thrilled with holy joy while they do his will, and shall subdue the world to his sway, until nature is restored to harmony; the creation will no longer “groan and travail in pain,” because there shall be “the manifestation of the sons of God.” “The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.” (Rom. viii. 21-23).

The truth is, that the new spiritual efflux from Christ, which is changing all things, to make all things new, is entering into all men and all their thoughts. It is as manifest in those thoughts which become scepticism with the doubting, as in those which become truths in the believing. The destruction which we fear in the Church will prove to be no destruction of any truth. Error only can be destroyed. The time is come of which Paul spoke, quoting Haggai:—“Yet once more I will shake, not the earth only, but also heaven;” and this, he tells us, signified, “the removing of those things that are shaken, as of those things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.” (Heb. xii. 26, 27.) Nothing will be removed, or even shaken, but the man-made things and notions that have served their purpose, and must now pass away. He reigns and will reign, more and more manifestly. The old “prince of the power of the air,” is dethroned; the heavens grow brighter; and the clouds less dense, which have covered the earth, and shut out the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

LIBRA.

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR. HOME.

Newton Vallenge, Alton, Hants,
May 24th.

SIR,—I have been requested by a friend and relative to give a detailed account of some spirit-manifestations, witnessed by myself and various members of my family, through the mediumship of Mr. Home. My experience up to this time had not satisfied me. I had been grossly cheated on a former occasion, so grossly that I began to think all mediums must be knaves, and those who went to them fools. I formed one of the party assembled under my father's roof to meet Mr. Home; with a predisposition against mediums in general. It is true, I had visited none but paid ones, and, as such, to be judged of with extreme caution and distrust. I found Mr. Home a man of very different calibre. He came down to us with my relative as a friend. He was my father's guest for two days. From what occurred during the two evenings he spent with us, I unhesitatingly affirm my belief in the supernaturalism of the manifestations, and I bear a willing testimony to the fairness and courtesy shewn us by Mr. Home. Collusion is out of the question, we did not assemble to make fools of one another. Delusion I equally repudiate. Every facility was offered us for examination. We looked under the table, and some of us even sat under it. I am convinced as I am of my own individuality, that Mr. Home could not have caused by any known human agency the phenomena we witnessed.

That a power was in operation independent of him as a power, though dependent on him for its manifestation to us, none of us there assembled can with justice deny. I must at the same time state, that two of us at least, my father and myself, have for years acknowledged in our own minds, the possibility of the intercommunion of the visible and invisible world,—this quite apart from mediums and mediumship. It has grown with our growth; we have read of its occurrence in all ages, amongst all nations, supported by such an amount of testimony, that we must believe the instances recorded or condemn men of the greatest probity, of all creeds and persuasions, as systematic liars. We have read of it in that most marvellous of all books, the Bible. It is sown broad-cast throughout its narratives. We have now begun to comprehend many things therein contained, which before we only *believed* with a blind faith, because our seniors so educated us. I know it is said, "Blessed are they who have not seen these things and yet believe." But minds are differently constituted,

and what brings conviction to one has little or no weight with another. I nowhere see it stated in that book that this communion has ceased, though prejudiced minds have elevated into an article of faith, that all such operations, *viz.*, the power of calling up the dead, obsession by good or evil spirits, (the word *demon* meaning both, as any classic will allow—*demonology*, converse with spirits, whether divine or diabolic, or neither but *human*) have ceased since our Saviour's departure from this earth, or at all events since the time of the Apostles. I am not attempting to claim a Divine origin for what is now happening in different parts of the world. I equally disbelieve the *diabolic element* which some assert, who cannot get over the facts, and who take *omne ignotum pro horribile*. I merely state my belief in their super-humanity, by which I mean their super-corporeal agency. I take it there is a state which is neither heaven nor hell, neither peopled by all saints nor all sinners—an intermediate condition, the in-dwellers of which are *all mankind* divested of this fleshy envelope that now so hampers and impedes us, ourselves in fact when we pass from this world, at first much the same in wishes and aspirations, in affections and repulsions. Who is bold enough to assert that these disembodied spirits, *may not*, and under certain favourable conditions *do not* communicate with us? This is the agency I believe in all these phenomena—phenomena that, in many instances, have convinced unbelievers in a future state. I have prefaced my account with these remarks to show, as near as I can judge of myself, the bias of my mind, and the *pros* and *cons* that existed therein on this subject. I proceed now to give you, as far as my memory serves me, a true account of our two *séances*, trusting that any of the party present will correct me in those points in which I may appear to them to have erred. I *desire* to “nothing extenuate, or aught set down in malice.” Sufficient interval has elapsed to enable me to review the matter dispassionately.

Our circle consisted, the first evening, of nine persons, of which five were ladies and four gentlemen. Two of the ladies were *personally unknown to all in the room*, though we were well acquainted with their relatives, with whom they were then staying in the neighbourhood, and whose place they had taken owing to the absence of one (their host) and the indisposition of the other (their hostess). *We did not even know their names* or dream of their existence, till the evening in question. The third lady was a Mrs. H——, an old friend and neighbour. The fourth and fifth were wife and sister to the writer. Of the gentlemen, one was father, the other brother-in-law, to the writer. Mr. Home and the writer formed the quartette. At Mr. Home's request we seated ourselves at an ordinary sized

round drawing-room table, placing our hands, some one and some both, on the table. We had not been seated more than a few minutes, before a tremulous motion was felt in the table, and also in our chairs a sensible but gentle vibration. On putting the ear close to the table a curious noise was detected, as if a number of pin-points had been *jobbed* against its surface. These were not heard by all. I heard them distinctly myself. The table then began to oscillate and tip from side to side, and a light rapping was heard on different parts of the table, under our chairs, and at the back of some of the pictures—in fact all around us. Mr. Home said he thought a communication could be obtained, when, as if in response, the raps became more frequent and louder. All this I am quite willing to allow was nothing very marvellous, but how account for what follows? Mr. Home told me to ask the power or being, or whatever it might be, to make the table *unnaturally* heavy on my side. I did so; and, on trying to lift it up, though a very muscular man, I found it required a great exertion to raise my side from the ground. I had to get up from my chair to do it, and the effort sent the blood *hotly* to my face. It was then requested to make my side light, and I lifted it easily, or rather it scarcely needed lifting. I would here observe that Mr. Home sat *opposite* me, and thus, though by pressure on *his side* he might make *mine* lighter, he could by no *possibility* make it *heavier*. I can with the greatest ease take the entire table and carry it from one room to another; and did so the next evening with *less exertion* than it then required to lift one side a few inches from the ground. On the question being asked, “Is this done by a spirit?” three raps were heard, which the medium said was an affirmative answer. Mr. Home now desired any one at the table to take pencil and paper, and call out the alphabet, and as the raps came to any letter to write it down. My brother-in-law took the pencil, and first one, and then another repeated the alphabet. *Q.* If you are a spirit, what is your name?—*A.* George. No one seemed for a moment to connect the name with any one in particular. All at once, however, the younger of the two strange ladies exclaimed, “Oh, mamma! Why, it is not George——?” then suddenly stopped short. *Q.* What is your other name?—*A.* Page. I shall never forget, as long as I live, the expressions of wonder, astonishment and delight that succeeded each other on the expressive faces of both mother and daughter. Though nothing to us, that name, to them it was a whole history. They were breathless with interest and excitement. *Q.* What do you want to say to us?—*A.* I, George Page, am come to thank you for all your kindness to me. I must have been very troublesome at times, Marianne. *Q.* Could mortal woman have done more for

you than *Ellen* did?—*A.* No; *Ellen Hare* always did right.

Q. Did you always know how much she loved you?—*A.* Yes, yes.

Q. Did you always love her?—*A.* I loved her more than my mother. Tell her this. Sometimes I did see strange things, it was not all madness. God be with you both.—Here both the ladies' dresses were pulled about in the most extraordinary manner, the younger lady's was even torn. We could see something scratching underneath the skirts of their dresses. The elder lady's handkerchief moved off her lap without being touched, and jumped about in the most odd way, and eventually disappeared under the table and reappeared, *knotted*, in the younger lady's lap. A pair of gloves was taken off the younger lady's lap, and then returned to her again, as though invisibly pushed along. I saw *all this distinctly*, and can swear they were not touched by any of us *visibly* present. My sister's handkerchief danced about on her knees, and my wife's dress was pulled violently, and something crawled up the skirt and lace mantle, though *I could see nothing*. I was touched on the knees and feet. An accordion was played on in the most ravishing manner in Mr. Home's hand, under the table, but we had full opportunity of looking under the table whilst it so played. He held it in one hand, keys downwards, the other hand being on the table. I asked for "The Last Rose of Summer," and in that position, with no human or *visible* touch of the keys, it entranced us with its sweet notes, which appeared to grow fainter and fainter, and at last died away into the distance, ending with a mournful echo that seemed out of the room. I requested that the instrument might be played upon whilst in my hand. I held it upside down, with one hand. With no *visible* agent near, it was first gently shaken, then pulled, and a few chords struck. Afterwards the pulls and jerks were so forcible that it was with difficulty I could hold it. Another note or two was sounded, and then it remained quiet. I was sitting *three feet* off Mr. Home when this occurred, between my wife and sister. Mr. Home had both hands on the table while this occurred. The accordion I had borrowed a few hours previous in our post town, and Mr. Home never saw it until that evening. My wife then took it, but though distinctly feeling *something* pulling it, no sounds were elicited. Mrs. H—— then took it, but it remained mute. It afterwards played in the medium's hands.

Q. George Page, are you happy?—*A.* Yes! yes! yes! This was rapped out in the accordion whilst playing, so loud that we could hear the raps *through* the music.

Q. (By the younger lady) George Page, will you shake hands with me? In answer to this the younger lady's hand was grasped under the table by what she declares was a hand, and she remarked to her mother a peculiarity in the grasp, by which she could identify it.

I then requested through this lady that my hand might be shaken. I put my hand half under the table, resting the wrist upon my knee. In that position, *something* resembling a hand slid up under the back of mine, but I could *see nothing*. I also remarked on the peculiarity of the action, which was explained later. "We must go; good-night," was then rapped out, no more noises were heard, our chairs ceased vibrating, and all was still. The two ladies who had asked these various questions, and to whom all the answers were made, then gave us the following explanation of what, up to this time, was "Greek" to us all.

"George Page" was a very dear friend of theirs, lately dead, for whom they were still in mourning. He had died of softening of the brain, had been engaged to the elder lady's sister, *Ellen Hare*, several years, but the match was broken off owing to his *malady*. "Marianne" was her own Christian name; she and her daughter had attended him, through his last illness, until his death. The expression, "I loved her more than my mother," was *the way* he had of expressing his love for "Ellen Hare." He had also an odd way during his illness of taking person's hands, by *sliding* his own underneath theirs. Bear in mind these two ladies were *utter strangers to all in the room, even their names were unknown*. We knew no more of their past life than we do of futurity. My brother-in-law who wrote the letters down as they came, did not know how the sentences read, until we had divided the words, for the letters were written down without word-division. Now, ye wise ones, how will you explain all this? Say it was a reflex of what was passing in their minds, and for argument's sake we will grant it, how could Mr. Home see and know what was passing in the minds of two utter strangers? To accredit him with this power is but to suggest a greater difficulty. It could not have been unconnected coincidence, for such a chain of coincidences, as *hitting on the right names*, the peculiar circumstances and exact expressions and gestures, is downright impossible of explanation. I have purposely suppressed the real names at the request of the two ladies. They were uncommon names, one especially so, yet they were rapped out without the slightest hesitation. Both ladies were perfectly convinced as were all of us, that they had been conversing with their deceased friend, and the elder lady said the message to Ellen Hare, "I loved her more than my mother," would be an intense joy and happiness to that lady. What occurred at the second *séance*, I propose leaving for a second number, should you consider the foregoing account worthy of insertion.

I beg to subscribe myself, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
EDWARD HENRY CHAWNER.

PAUL Y'DUMARC.—THE DREAM OF M. FRA
DE TOURREIL, OF TOULOUSE.

WE find, in the Archives of the Police, Toulouse, the narrative, of which Peuchet has taken a copy. It is not to doubt the correctness of the facts, however extraordinary they may appear, having the signature of M. de Tourreil, one of the most trustworthy men of Languedoc, and *capitou*, a member, in the seventeenth century, of the Municipality of Toulouse, the capital of that province, a municipality powerful, and equally jealous of its dignity and its prerogatives. He wrote:—

“ I was twenty years of age when, for the first time, I came to Paris, in company with one of my uncles, the Comte de Polastre. I left, at Toulouse, one of my intimate friends, a fellow collegian, who belonged to the higher class of the nobility of that place, Paul Y'Dumarc. His father had died many years ago, and had left two sons rich, and a widow who did not marry again. My friend thus possessed, at an early age, of a considerable fortune, but he had the fault of being too fond of money. He was prodigal with his property; lent money at high interest, and at the same time, lived on ill terms with his mother and his wife. I must add that he was six years my senior, and that, when he was only sixteen, he had an attachment to a poor girl of the country, who brought him a son. This child he never acknowledged, nor take any care for its establishment, though it was called Paul, after him—such was his regard for his gold. When I had been in Paris about two years, all at once I received two letters from Y'Dumarc. He enquired whether I should not be returning soon; and the other was from one of his sons, and added, ‘ I am very unhappy in Toulouse, no one worthy of my confidence. I want you to come, as there are things that we can confide in conversation to a friend, but prudence forbids us to mention in a letter. Return, Francis, I have great need of thee.’ ”

“ I replied to the two letters, and then the correspondence dropped. One night, I returned late from a ball at the house of De Soyecourt's, and not wishing to go to bed, having, at eleven o'clock in the morning, to have an audience of M. Dumarc, Minister of State, I threw myself into an easy chair, and fell asleep. I had a dream. I saw a wall rise before me, the centre of which was a walnut-tree closet, the parterre of the room being of the same. The closet had two doors, the one on the right hand had a portrait of Henry IV., in a

black wood, and beneath it two verses, which I did not read, or was not able to read. On the left hand door, in a similar frame, was the figure of his reigning majesty, Louis XIII.

"I do not know why, on awaking, this dream particularly remained with me, and why, during the day, it came again to my recollection. On the morrow, I thought no more of it. Perhaps six months afterwards, Chalvet, one of my cousins, arrived from Toulouse, and, in speaking of our common friends, he asked me if I did not very much regret Paul Y'Dumarc?

" 'Is he dead?' I exclaimed.—'I thought you knew,' he said; 'one of his country tenants, having some dispute with him on matters of business, killed him one night by two shots of his gun.'

"I was deeply grieved for the unhappy one. 'And his son?' I asked.—'Having no reason to apprehend death, Paul had made no will. His mother and brother complain that they have not found all that they expected of his property, and have not given a penny to the poor boy, Paul.'

" 'The villains! and what have they lost?' 'They pretend to have found in the coffers of their relative a much less sum than they expected, and not any of the securities on which he lent his money; for you know Y'Dumarc made good use of his money.'

"It was thus that I learnt what had happened in that family. I remained still more than two years in Paris, and then returned to Toulouse. Eight months after my return, I accepted an invitation to spend some days at Castelnaudary with my cousin Treville. I left Avignonet on horseback, having a ride of about three hours before me to reach the abode of my relatives. On the way a violent storm arose; my valet proposed that I should take shelter at the house of Y'Dumarc, standing at scarcely fifty paces from the road.

"Notwithstanding my friendship for the eldest son, I did not even know by sight his mother, a very common woman. I did not like to go there, it was making an acquaintance that I revolted from: I hesitated. Besides, I knew and resented their inhumanity to Paul's natural child. That poor boy had been to me, and I had been of use to him. But, vivid flashes of lightning, violent peals of thunder announced the increase of the storm, and we determined to seek refuge under the roof of this family. In two minutes I was there, was announced, and received with open arms. They offered me refreshments, and very soon we were conversing about the deceased. I then learned that his money and his portfolios, the whole valued at 60,000, or 60,000 francs, had never been found. Every debtor standing on the defensive, said, 'If I owe anything, produce the

claim,' and in the impossibility of doing this, they were compelled to put up with this answer, and despaired of ever recovering what was due to them. 'My faith!' said I, 'God has justly punished you for abandoning that poor son of Paul's.'

"At these words, mother and brother protested that my friend was not the father of the child, that the girl had imposed upon him. 'How can you talk in that manner,' I replied, 'when nature has furnished incontestible proof to the contrary, ~~by not~~ only giving the boy some resemblance to my friend, which would have been only a matter of course, but has added the living expression and countenance of his uncle. Yes, Monsieur,' I said, turning towards him, 'the poor boy is the exact picture of you.'

"This conversation was by no means to the taste of my hostess, who proposed to shew me my chamber. I consented, finding but little interest in the company, which I had accepted from necessity. The mother and son attended me, the first into the corridor, the second into the chamber itself. It was yet broad day as I entered, and I cast a rapid glance around me, and my heart began to beat, to expand, my memory to open itself to a vanished scene, and I instantly said, "Monsieur Y'Dumarc, will you consent to give 2,000 pistoles (20,000 francs) to Paul, the natural child of your brother, if I put you in possession of the part of his property which you have thought was lost.'

"He was no little astonished at this question, and demanded whether I were the depository of the secret of the money of his brother. 'I am not,' I replied; "nevertheless, of one thing I am certain, very certain, that I can augment your fortune if you consent to be a good brother and a good relative.'

"We spoke aloud, and Madame Y'Dumarc hearing us hastened in, bringing with her the Curé of a neighbouring parish, who, like myself, had been driven in by the storm to seek their hospitality. He was a man of quality, a Fontaine-Vaudomois, a noble family of Languedoc. The mother, equally astonished as the son at what I advanced, pressed me to explain myself, but I replied that I would do nothing except from regard for the unfortunate youth whom I protected. The priest seconded me, he said, 'You regret the loss of about 60,000 livres, they have been missing these many years, you will acquire two-thirds of that sum, and one of your own blood will have the rest; resolve to do what M. Tourreil requires.'

"There was an intense conflict betwixt two sorts of avarice in them; that which would have all, and that which would content itself with the greater part. At length, the latter conquered. I received the assurance of the two heritors of the wealth, I had a witness, and then I said, 'On the night on which

Paul Y'Durmarc fell the victim of an assassin, I had a dream in which I saw a closet of walnut-tree wood, opening by two doors in the middle of wainscoting of the same wood. On one of the doors of the closet was the portrait of Henry IV, with two verses under it, and on the other door, in a frame of black wood, the portrait of Louis XIII.'

"'Well, what does that signify,' demanded all three?' 'Look,' said I 'here is the closet, and the two portraits, and the treasure is there, I have no doubt.'

"'Alas!' exclaimed the Y'Dumars, 'we have often examined that closet.' 'Very well,' I said, 'examine it afresh.'

"The brother, whose avidity redoubled his strength, broke in the boards which closed different stages of it; and from their hollows, artistically concealed, came tumbling out all sorts of bonds, promissory notes, gold, and in such quantities that, instead of the 60,000 livres so much regretted, we had to gather up from the floor 127,000 livres.

"The indecent joy of these two people, who thought no more of a son and a brother in the presence of such a splendid supplement to their inheritance, disgusted me, as it did the Curè. But there was an instant of terror for them, for they imagined that I should certainly claim my portion of the discovered treasure. I reassured them, and I must do them the credit to say, that each of them added freely 5,000 livres to the portion of the orphan. I did not allow their enthusiasm to cool, but, in concert with the worthy ecclesiastic, I took possession of the sum of 20,000 livres in gold, and of 10,000 in good securities.

"Such was the extraordinary event in which I played the chief part, and of which I certify the truth in all respects, on my hope of heaven as a Christian, and upon my honour as a gentleman.

" (Signed) *Noble* FRANCIS DE TOURREIL,
" Esquire, and Noble Capitoul.

" PEUCHET (Archives de la Police)."

(*Extraite du Petit Journal.*)

Hillfield House, Blackawton, near Totness,
July 17, 1864.

SIR,—In the last number of your Magazine, Mr. Howitt has given some interesting extracts from Isaac Taylor's *Physical Theory of Another Life*, shewing how nearly some of his conjectures resemble the teachings of Modern Spiritualism. I now send you a quotation from the *Natural Theology* of Dr. Alexander

Crombie, a Presbyterian clergyman, advocating a doctrine which forms one of the most important features of this Spiritualism, but which is in direct contradiction to the views generally prevailing on the subject, especially amongst the members of that sect to which Dr. Crombie belonged. He, however, was immeasurably in advance, not only of his own sect, but of all sects, his work on *Natural Theology* (published in 1829. London: 2 vols. 8vo) being the most masterly and thoroughly philosophical treatise on that topic, in the English language; probably, in any language; and deserves to be much better known than it is. On the subject of "Materialism," it is most especially valuable, containing a clearer and profounder exposition of all the difficulties of this most difficult subject than is to be found anywhere else, I believe. The work well merits reprinting: and, if it could be issued in a cheap form, would be an extremely valuable aid in combating some of the worst and most fatal errors prevailing amongst a large class of our artizan population.

Yours truly,

ALFRED W. HOBSON.

"The dissolution of the body can effect no instantaneous change in the habits of the soul. Whatever may be our moral character at death, the same must accompany us into another state. The sting of sin must bring its punishment; but, from the benevolence of the Divine Being, we have every reason to hope that the sufferings of the wicked hereafter will be remedial, that they will be proportioned to their various degrees of guilt, and continued until the purposes of the Divine Being shall be fully accomplished. The Christian, surely, should be delighted to indulge this hope; and, though there be one or two passages in the New Testament which *seem* opposed to it, the general tenor of the Gospel appears favourable to this expectation. Reason forbids us to admit the Manichean doctrine of two eternal principles—one good, and the other evil; or to believe that evil of any kind will be eternal. Such a notion would amount to a denial of the infinite perfections and universal sovereignty of the Supreme Being. How much more pleasing to our best affections is the thought, that the time will come, when 'every creature, in heaven, in earth, under the earth, and in the sea, and all that were in them, *will be found* praising God.'" [Crombie's *Natural Theology*, vol. ii., p. 489, note.]
