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WE have now held the thankless office of managing this little journal for five full years, and as we commenced and have continued it in the hope that it might advance the subject of Spiritualism before the public, it is not inopportune to contrast the former state of the subject with that of to-day.

However little the great advance which we observe may be attributable to the Magazine, yet it is a matter on which we may congratulate ourselves, that we have been able to maintain our opinions so long before the world, and to find that they meet with largely increased acceptance. If we had cared for ridicule or abuse, it would not have been this journal which we should have established, but we have never had any care or any fear in meeting whatever might be said against us. It is well to note that at the end of five years of all the abuse that could be heaped on us by the Press, and of five years' lukewarmness of most of those who call themselves our friends, we find ourselves, not worse, but better for the work that is before us. At this commencement of a new year, can anything be more reassuring than our retrospect? It is now no empty phrase, that truth is great, and will prevail, for we have proved it by the sure past, and we have the result in our hands to-day in the vast progress which has been made.

How shall we judge of this better than by referring to the increased number and value of the books that have been brought out from year to year. Five years ago, it might be said that here were in England hardly any books on the subject worth mentioning. Since then they have become a literature, and now the press is teeming with the discussion of what, five years ago, they scorned to even allude to in their columns. During the last year, for instance, we had to review above twenty works, and we have the names of such men as Professor De Morgan, Mr. William Howitt, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, amongst our authors, whilst the rank of acceptors of the facts is swelled by thousands who have

had the common sense to investigate for themselves, instead of taking their opinions at second-hand from the ignorant prejudices of others. General literature, too, contains constant references to the subject of Spiritualism, and it is evident that it has taken a deep hold upon the public mind.

We hope we have been able from time to time to reassure our readers that all was going on well, and that they have thereby found themselves all the bolder and wiser in advocating the great facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. This is our only aim in continuing the Magazine, and we willingly incur the labour which is necessary for carrying it out. We are tired of asking for the co-operation of those who could assist us but will not, but we are not the less determined to stand in the front so long as we can be of use.

Unfortunately the public has yet much to learn; the general idea is that all Spiritualism begins and ends in the physical phenomena. As the movement has attained its modern prominence and reception through this original source, we must by no means undervalue the evidence of spiritual laws which is thus obtained, and were the facts universally admitted, we should have a more easy task before us in deducing what so naturally flows from those phenomena. As the facts are, however, not generally received, but on the contrary, are by many strenuously denied, we again state our full belief in them, and that they are produced by spirits who have been denizens of this lower world. In proportion as this fact is denied, we shall be compelled to reiterate it, and record here our proofs. Those who are already satisfied and find the repetition tedious, must bear with us for the sake of their weaker brethren.

But when the public is instructed as to the physical phenomena, then will open out the application of them to the great soul questions of the day. That central question of inspiration will then first have light thrown on it where all is darkness now. The science of Creation will no longer be the pivot on which the so-called learned are whirled out of belief in revelation and in God, but it will be found to be the very junction point of science and religion. A science of pneumatology will, for the first time become possible, by enabling men to find the laws of causation in the spiritual world, instead of in the natural. In doing this, they will simply have to reverse their present ideas, and they will have thereby made the grand discovery, that instead of matter or nature being the moving power, all life comes through spiritual forces, which are the only motive powers of Creation and Providence.

THROWING OF STONES AND OTHER SUBSTANCES BY SPIRITS.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

PART I.

"It is time that spiritual things should have a turn; matter has had a fearful long spell."—*The Times*, July 28, 1864.

It somewhat surprises me that the physical demonstrations by spirits have not been systematized and recorded by some one of the modern Spiritualists. These demonstrations have existed in all ages and countries, and under a great variety of forms. Besides those recorded in the sacred Scriptures, which include every exhibition of a sublime and nation-disciplining power, the visits of angels, by no means few or far between, the destruction of cities, the drowning of a whole world, the emancipation of the Israelites by all the plagues of Egypt, a display of a wonderful variety of superb and awful phenomena, the superhuman acts of prophets, and the miracles of Christ and the Christian era, in all ages and most countries of the world there have been physical manifestations of an abnormal character. The number of these in later times coming down to the present, which have been put upon record is immense. They are chiefly the manifestations of what the Germans call Polter-Geister, the French Lutins; spirits which seem to take a pleasure in annoying persons, from a malicious disposition, or destroying their property; or others who are uneasy from matters pressing on their consciences which they wish to reveal. The forms which these phenomena have assumed are very varied; many consist of noises, rappings, and sounds of footsteps in houses, in the rustling as of silk dresses, deep audible sighs, and sometimes of voices and outcries. More on the disturbance of articles of furniture, the throwing down of glasses, earthenware, and many other articles, breaking the glass of windows and looking glasses, without any visible cause even when persons have been looking at these things. The Stockwell Ghost case is a remarkable one of this kind, the case of Dr. Phelps, in America, is another. Another form has been of apparitions, the haunting by spirits visibly of certain houses, woods, fields, for years, and not unfrequently under the shape of animals, horses, dogs, rabbits, cats, &c. In other cases it has been the pleasure of the spirits to ring all the bells of a particular house for days and even weeks, and even when the bell wires have been cut to still ring them in the face of numbers of people. The case of Major Moore, of Bealings in Suffolk, is celebrated, and in his little volume called "Bealings Bells," Major Moore

has collected a number of other well-authenticated accounts of the same kind; amongst others that of Greenwich Hospital. In others the nuisance has come in the shape of drumming, as in the case of the drummer of Tedworth, the drummer of Hurst-Monceux, and others. Fire has been another and most alarming visitation. Erasmus says spirits burnt down a town; in America a case is recorded of a farmer being obliged to quit his house because fire burst out in the carpets, in closets, in locked trunks and boxes, where none could be put by mortal hand. Many cases of the kind are on record. Globes of light have in other cases appeared, as at Clamps-in-the-Wood; near Fribourg, in Germany, to a clergyman. See *Kerner's Magikon*, in vol. 4, p. 349. In other cases they have assumed the shape of birds; in others have done great damage by cutting dresses and other articles to pieces, even in closed drawers and wardrobes. On other occasions they have produced violent explosions, like guns, cannons, etc. so as to produce great alarm. This has occurred in some of the houses in the most frequented streets of Paris; during the present year in Poitiers, and in Decazeville, in Italy. Subterranean noises, opening and shutting of doors, or producing the sound of such things without their really taking place. Windows have seemed to be broken, whole shelves of glass and china thrown down, showers of money falling, yet nothing really taking place. Throwing water about has been no unfrequent phenomena in houses where no water was to be obtained by ordinary means, or in the presence of various persons, who have seen it come down amongst them and splash on the floor. This was a frequent occurrence in the case of Mary Jobson of Sunderland. Sounds as of people at work, as in the case of Canning's mother, at Plymouth, where she and others frequently heard sawing, hammering, planing, all going on busily in a closed carpenter's shop at night, but still no one to be found when they entered. Finally, the throwing of stones, often in whole showers, and of many other objects, as lime, knives, forks, pieces of wood, kitchen utensils, and other things. The strange proceedings of this last kind I shall now proceed to note more particularly, and I think that the various other phenomena here indicated will be taken up, and the chief occurrences of the sort stated by others, so that this remarkable department of psychology may be placed beyond the reach of doubt, and transferred from the regions of mere superstition, into the duly accredited records of historic fact.

It may be remarked here, that the proceedings of this class of spirits, however disorderly they may seem or be, are amongst the most satisfactory of any. It may appear to many strange that God permits such licence to disorderly spirits, but in reality it is no more so than that He permits almost boundless licence to

them while here in the flesh. Out of what do almost all the miseries of this world arise? Out of the liberty permitted to the **base**, and the wilful and the wicked, to insult, rob, oppress, and tyrannize over the weaker and better portion of the species. Why God does so is not here the question, the fact is the perpetual torment and calamity of this earth. At the same time this bold and intrusive action of these spirits is perhaps the most generally convincing, and therefore useful portion of spiritual agency. The good spirits are retiring and sensitive. People complain that they cannot see manifestations at *séances* when they attend them. The spirits are solicited to shew their presence by some physical display. They remain dumb and motionless. They are coy and difficult to win to sociality. People therefore, perhaps to pique them, or more probably the Spiritualists, directly affirm that all such manifestations are myths, that the wretched Spiritualists imagine such things, are the victims of fancy, of hallucination. The truth is, "a wicked, and adulterous generation seeketh for a sign," and the spirits, like their Divine Master, say, "no sign shall be given it, but the sign of the Prophet Jonah." There is an element of doubt, of egotism, of intellectual insolence, of contempt of the assumed phenomena, the result of two centuries of philosophical inculcation of Pyrrhonism, which repels these nobler spirits; an atmosphere into which they will not enter. They shrink as the sensitive plant shrinks from a vulgar touch; they can no more put forth the blossoms of their spiritual glory than tropical plants can tolerate the death air of our frosts. They know their work, and refuse as their Imperial Prince commands them and us "to cast their pearls before swine." This is a law as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians; it is infinitely more so, it is as unchangeable as the other laws of the Omniscient and Omnipotent Lawgiver. Men are not repelled by the good spirits; they are not shut out by them from the privilege of beholding the stepping forth of spirit from the invisible, they are repelled and utterly disqualified for such revelations by their own spiritual condition. By that educational petrification of the soul, which admits of no such delicate impressions; by that intellectual blindness which has none of "the vision and the faculty divine" left. They must first have the pachydermatous hide of their minds, the tortoiseshell of their practical life, dashed and broken in by the sledge-hammers of rougher and more iron-nerved spiritual workmen. More remorseless hands must clutch their foolish proud hearts, and scale their horny eyes with lack of all ceremony.

These rude but necessary workmen of God are the Poltergeist, the Lutins, the haunting and hobthrush spirits of our own

tongue. They have nothing of the coy, the delicate, the thin-skinned about them. Hard-headed and hard-handed, impudent, audacious, scornful, sarcastic, and clever as any of the race of literary, scientific, journalistic, or stupid roast beef and red port sneerers at Spiritualism, they are just the customers for these men. They come without asking, they stay without leave, they return jeer for jeer, insult for insult; they can laugh and play horse-tricks as well as any of them. They rattle, and knock, and kick up a riot when people would fain sleep. The quietest hours of the night they delight to make the most noisy and intolerable. They have a strong spice of malice in them, and knock things down, fling down your crockery and your kettles, cut your clothes, pull the quilts and blankets from you in bed, and let you know to a certainty that there is a spirit world, and a very queer one too. A worthy German clergyman has left us an account of the nuisances played off by such spirits on him, even taking the sleeves out of different coats and putting them in again so as to produce the utmost absurdity, an old sleeve matched with a new one, a snuff-coloured with a black, and so on, so that one day when he was to dine at the Ducal Court, he had suddenly no coat but such as befitted a jack-pudding to go in. At the same time, they had stolen his best wig, and in the very moment of his despair, dropped it down on the head of his wife.

These are the sort of spirits for your sceptics and revilers. They *force* the knowledge of the invisible but active world on public notice, and raise an "oration" as the country people call it, through a whole country side—*viz.*, the Cock-lane Ghost, the Drummer of Tedworth, the imps of the Castle of Slawensik, the sprites of Willington, and the wretched souls who lately drove M. Joller, Advocate and Member of the National Council of Switzerland, out of his ancestral house and estate. Go ahead then, most athletic and unceremonious pioneers of the spirit-world. There is ample work for you to do in this wise and material age. Rattle about the heads that have too many theories and fine systems in them to admit of such a thing as a belief in spirit. If you cannot penetrate into their pedagogue-saturated brains, you can into their houses, and give them spirit-manifestations by knocks and bangs on their walls and wardrobes, and by playing the devil in larders, that are most adapted to their condition. You are the Malleeters, more efficient than those of ancient France, to crack the clods of unpercipient earth that cumber the surface of modern society; you are the stalwart navvies to cut and blast and bore through the rocks and swelling mounds of modern dulness, and prepare the railways on which shall, anon, run the crowded trains of the spirit-people hurrying on to all parts of

earth with tidings, with spectacles and powers of which its populations drugged, and "hocussed" with the heavy narcotics of the schools and churches are yet incapable of receiving.

The operations of free-and-easy spirits which I have selected for present notice—those of stone-throwings—it must, however, be understood, have rarely stood alone, but have been most frequently accompanied with other tricks and annoyances. I shall occasionally say what those accompaniments are, but I put the stone-throwing in the foreground, because it has peculiarities that no laws of matter that we yet know of can explain, and which our scientific men, were they really great men, really capable of perceiving what insights into the marvels of matter as well as spirit, these phenomena give—could they comprehend what is coming on the age in wonderful development from the inner world—they would hasten to examine, and fix all their concentrated powers of observation upon. The rapid appearance of steam, electricity, telegraphy, photography, discovery of the nature of imponderables, of colours, lights, flavours, and forces through chemical analysis, are but the first rude rush of the mighty agencies forcing outwards from the invisible realms of the only realities with an ever-accelerating velocity and multiplicity which should shew to all attentive minds that a new era of man's existence has commenced, for which all former ages have been preparing, and to which the highest glories of the noblest periods of these ages were but as the faintest dawns of promise.

EXHIBITIONS IN GREECE AND ROME.

In looking back into the classical times and countries, though we find abundance of spiritual phenomena recorded, we find but little of stone-throwing registered in Greece. The prodigies by Herodotus as occurring at Delphi when the army of Xerxes attempted to rifle the temple, partake of this character. As the Persians approached the sacred place, the prophet Aceratus saw with astonishment the sacred arms, which it was impious to touch, removed out of the sanctuary and arranged in front of the temple. As the Barbarians drew near, a storm of thunder and lightning burst upon them, and two immense fragments of rock detaching themselves from the top of Parnassus, rolled down with a terrific noise and destroyed a vast multitude of them. At the same time, loud and martial shouts issued from the shrine of Minerva Pronoe. Herodotus says these two rocks were carefully preserved in the vicinity of the temple in his time.

The annals of ancient Rome abound with stone-throwing or showers of stones. It was the practice of the Romans to have an annual return of all the prodigies which appeared throughout

the country, and as these were regarded as marks of the anger of the gods, a public expiation was made by the priests on their account. Livy gives abundance of these returns, and it is observable that they abounded more especially during the time that Hannibal was in the country, which of itself they must have deemed pre-eminent evidence of Divine disfavour. Amongst these prodigies were the temples repeatedly set on fire by lightning—extraordinary lights in the sky; apparitions of men in white garments, and processions of men; monstrous births of horses and cattle; fountains suddenly tinged with blood; bloody ears of corn astonishing reapers; two moons and two suns in the sky; the statues of the gods sweating blood; the speaking of an ox, and of a child three months old; mules producing young, &c. Amongst the instances of showers of stones we are told that one took place at Picenum, in the year of Rome 534 (*Livy*, B. *xxi.*) At Præneste, in 535, red-hot stones fell, which we may suppose were meteoric (B. *xxii.*) The following year showers of stones fell at Rome and also at Aricia (B. *xxii.*) In 540, a shower of stones lasted without intermission for two days (B. *xxvi.*) In the following year another shower of stones fell at Eretum (B. *xxvi.*) And at Reate a huge rock was seen to fly about. In 559, at Aricia, Lanuvium, and on the Aventine showers of stones fell (B. *xxxv.*) In 562, the Tusculans reported that a shower of earth fell in their country. (*xxxvii.*)

SCENES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

How many of these statements are myths, or how far these occurrences possessed a natural character it is not for us at this distance of time to say, but the analogy which they bear to events occurring at various periods and in different countries, under more exact and circumstantial record, even down to our own day, renders them noticable. So early as 1100, in the time of Theoderick, King of the West Goths, the house in Ravenna of Elpidius, the physician, was said to be haunted by Kobolds, who often attacked him with a rain of stones, and he prayed St. Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles, on his journey through that city to give him his aid. The bishop complied, and drove the spirits forth by exorcism and sprinkling of holy water. It is related by the biographer of this saint, the person who bore his crozier before him, that in visiting his diocese on coming to a district called Sucentrion, he found the excellent father there nearly deserted because every one who approached him found himself called aloud by his name, and then had great stones thrown violently down at his feet, or thrown after him: from this evil also Cæsarius freed the Goths.

Priest Gence, the biographer of the Achimandrite Theodor, relates that amongst other annoyances, such as apparitions of men and beasts, and swarms of snakes and mice filling all the rooms of one of the tribunes, stones were thrown with great fury as they sat at dinner or supper so that it occasioned great terror. The spinning yarn of the maidens was torn to pieces by these spirits. These were expelled by Theodor. Similar throwing of stones is asserted to have taken place in the house of the Bishop of Lüttich, and Sigbert in his chronicle relates the same thing in 958, in a haunted house at Camonz, near Bingen, on the Rhine. At a later period, William of Paris records that in the parsonage of the Church of St. Paul, in Poitiers, the windows and glass vessels were broken by stones thrown without any one being hurt or any visible thrower being discovered. After this period the statements of such phenomena became increasingly frequent. From this period too, Professor Perty, of Berne, in his recent work, *Mystische Erscheinungen*, has collected the greater number of cases. Following chronological order, I shall therefore now introduce the cases cited by Perty, occasionally adding additional incidents, as he gives very condensed accounts, and also furnishing new facts.

CASES RECORDED BY PROFESSOR PERTY, OF BERNE.

“Stone-throwing by spiritual agency,” remarks Perty, “is often combined with sounds of explosion, with apparently spontaneous combustion, and sometimes with apparitions. Bayle in his *Critical and Historical Dictionary*—article Spinoza, note 2—defends the possibility of invisible beings being able to produce manifestations through the exertion of an unusually concentrated force. But these physical operations occur not through purely physical laws, but through alterations of them, and sometimes in opposition to them. Tolerably large stones come flying towards you with remarkable swiftness, and remain sticking in the frames of glass which they have broken, or, striking men, fall as softly as sponge against them, or hitting walls, do not rebound, but drop perpendicularly to the earth. Stones and other heavy bodies lift themselves in opposition to the laws of gravity, float in the air, and then come down slowly, or in other cases precipitating themselves in accordance with their weight, and are dashed to pieces. Borne out by the facts, I do not hesitate to assert, that on these occasions the active force has the power of rendering material bodies invisible, whilst they are in motion, so that you can see and hear their effects, but do not see themselves. In the cases of the possessed and tormented in New England, it occurred that the instruments by which they were tortured were

invisible until any one succeeded in seizing them, when they instantly became visible. By this phenomenon of material substances becoming invisible, we have an explanation of the fact of things laid down in a particular spot, being suddenly missing, and again later and unexpectedly being found there; or being discovered in another place to which they have been carried invisibly through the air.

“That this shifting and throwing of bodies,” continues Perty, “is the work of intelligent powers, is plain from the fact that they happen frequently just as people have spoken of or wished for such things. Frequently they appear the work of malicious or whimsical spirits, who create the wildest disorder, and do immense damage to furniture, and especially glass and crockery; but it is rare that they injure men. Hard stones fly past the heads of people; sharp instruments before their faces, without touching them. At the Münchshofe in Grätz, a heavy water-bucket fell from the ceiling into the midst of four persons, where the slightest divergence from the central space between them would have done serious injury to one of them. A crucifix was spared, whilst the candles on each side of it were struck down. Calmet and Perty both relate cases known to them of people stripped of their coats, hats, and boots, in full day-light in the open streets by invisible hands, whilst they heard wild laughter, but received no personal injury. In the 16th century, according to Torquemada, a great throwing of stones took place in Salamanca from the roof and steps of a house, which occasioned much annoyance and inconvenience, but hurt no one.

STONE-THROWING AT SALAMANCA.

It will be as well to give a few more particulars of this case than Perty has done. In the first place we must not confound this Torquemada with the infamous Thomas de Torquemada, the great inquisitor, under whose administration as inquisitor-general in the 15th century no less than 8,800 victims were committed to the flames, 90,000 condemned to perpetual imprisonment and other severe punishments, and above 800,000 Jews banished from Spain. The present Antonio de Torquemada says that, when he was a youth at the university of Salamanca, a widow had in her house four or five maids, two of whom were celebrated for their beauty. There was a rumour, however, that in this house a kobold (Trazzo) haunted, and played a variety of tricks, much to the annoyance of the inmates. Amongst others was that of throwing about stones from the roofs in such quantities as to alarm them greatly. The news of it came to the ears of the Corregidor, and he proceeded suddenly to the town, ac-

compauied by twenty other persons, and ordered an alguazil and four men to examine the whole house and roof thoroughly, descending into the cellars with torches. Nothing could be discovered. Upon this the Corregidor turned to the widow, and told her that no doubt the cause of the disturbance was, that the girls had lovers who played the pranks, and the best way to be rid of the hauntings was to look well after the maids. The widow stood confounded at this address, knowing well that this was not the case, and that the stones would probably be thrown again. The Corregidor and his attendants now left the room, still jesting on the occasion of the stone-throwings; but just as they had reached the bottom of the steps in front, came a heap of stones rolling down after them, that would have filled four hampers. They came smartly between their legs and about their feet, yet without hurting them. Instantly they hurried back into the house to discover the rogues, and once more he ordered the alguazil and his men to make a rigorous search of the whole house. Again, as they passed out, there came a tremendous shower of stones upon the portal of the house, which bounced from it, and fell amongst their feet. In vain did they look whence they came from; and the alguazil, seizing one of the largest stones, flung it over the roof of an opposite house, saying, "If thou be the devil or a kobold, fling this stone back," and it was hurled back, and passed close to his eyes instantly. The stone-throwers were afterwards exorcised by the priests, called Torres-menudas.

SPIRITUAL ARSON, CUTTING, ETC.

In the case at Camonz, already mentioned, Görres, in his *Diabolische Mystick*, I., c. iii., says that not only was there stone-throwing, but the spirits proceeded to firing of barns and houses. One man in particular was persecuted by the demons, his house and his corn in the field burnt. A spirit in human shape shewed itself to the inhabitants, revealed not only hidden things to them, but to their wives, and set them together by the ears. By clerical exorcism, the demon departed with a great cry. Görres relates similar occurrences taking place in the printing establishment of Labhart, in Constance.

In 1654, Gilbert Campbell, a Scottish weaver, was with his family wofully plagued by stone-throwing, knocking about of the furniture, cutting of clothes and of his web in the loom, and on one occasion a hand and arm appeared, striking on the house floor violently, accompanied by loud cries. M. Perty notices the case of Phillipine Senger, of Bergzabern, the magnetic girl, mentioned by Du Potet in the *Journal of Magnetism*, and who

was seen by Hornung in 1858, in which case there was not only throwing of stones, but of heavy pieces of iron, wood, &c.

ATTACK ON THE MONASTERY OF MAULBRONN.

Returning to earlier times, Perty quotes from *Calmet*, p. 312, that in the time of Bishop Hugo, of Mans, about 1138, a spirit raged violently in the house of the town clerk, Nicolaus, throwing stones, making terrible noises, carrying the earthenware from one place to another, lighting the candles, entangling skeins of thread in a wonderful manner, and throwing clover, ashes, and dirt into the food as it was served up. The disturbance of the monastery of Maulbronn took place in the year 1659-60. It began with the throwing of different things from the roof, and through the windows of the abbey. But we must give an ampler notice of this remarkable case than Perty, which we take from the *Bletter aus Prevorst*, V., p. 142.

At this time the evangelical prelate, Schlotterbek, presided over the monastery. The annoyance began on the 1st of August by quantities of stones, wood, charcoal, paper, rags, copper, coming tumbling from the roof. At first it was thought to be the practical joke of a student, or some other person in the abbey, or the work of a martin or rat. But no amount of research could make any such discovery, and the more the examination was pursued, the more the missiles came down, so that the court was daily scattered with falling stones, wood, and dirt, which every night were by the same unseen powers carefully gathered and swept into a heap. The clearing of these heaps away availed not, for daily more came down, and some not only into the court, but into the rooms of the house. From the sitting-room, the larder, and the kitchen of the prelate, even in the presence of the inmates, were now thrown, by invisible hands, a table, a great piece of window lead, weights, a basket full of apples; out of a chamber, a bed quilt and pillow, clothes belonging to the housekeeper, and the clothes of the maids, were flung out of different windows; out of the kitchen were thrown kettles, ladles, spoons, pewter plates, and many other articles, besides lard, flesh out of the pots on the fire, books, &c. A heavy block of wood, and a number of other heavy articles were daily seen, and at all hours of the day, to rise up, pass out of the windows, and instead of falling in the court or the garden, and along as if suspended by an invisible link, and leisurely, as it were, take their walks about the gardens and grounds. At night it pulled people's clothes off their beds, and on one occasion threw a whole bed out of the window.

The mischievous spirits did not stay here. They now began

to set the abbey on fire, and at different times and places the flames burst out. Watches were set in every quarter, day and night, but in the very presence of these the mischief went on. The horses were continually let loose in the stables, and again the moment the grooms refastened them. In the house noises as of whole armfuls of wood being thrown down before the chamber doors in the night, so as to shake the floor, frequently startled the sleepers. Shots appeared to be fired in different rooms, and people to be running about in stilts with the greatest noise. The watchers opened the rooms—all was quiet.

On the appeal of the prelate, a detachment of soldiers was sent by the Government, who kept the most vigilant watch, but to no purpose. All the phenomena went on before their faces. The noises grew more violent, figures were seen gliding to and fro, but whilst pursued by the soldiers never could be overtaken. They tossed the soldiers and officers about in their beds at night. A soldier looking out of a window at night in his watch the casement was knocked against his head with such violence as to break all the glass. The night was perfectly still. Black cats appeared, and were pursued by the soldiers with drawn swords, but uselessly; and the Government offered 40 florins reward for the seizure of one of these ghostly cats, with as little success. We have no account of how long this most malicious persecution went on.

PERSECUTION OF THE PASTOR OF KABSDORFF.

The evangelical clergyman, Günther, of Kabsdorff, in Upper Hungary, in 1666, was greatly persecuted in his house by spirits. The annoyance commenced by the throwing of small stones, lime, lumps of earth; there were frightful noises made, and people were pulled violently by the hair. This took place at first by night only; then also by day, and visitors were struck by stones. The plaster was torn from the walls of the house and the court and flung with the stones; all house utensils were brown about and damaged, and doors, windows, and stoves were injured. This nuisance lasted for three months, sometimes more actively than at others, and always worse at night than by day. A brother of the preacher attempted to exorcise the demon, but was instantly struck severely by a stone. He seized this, full of anger, thrust it into his pocket, and went out uttering menaces. On arriving at home, he found in his pocket, instead of a stone, manure. Food was thrown about, and the clergyman's wife, as she was nursing her infant, saw an egg floating and leaping over the stove. She placed her hand in fright before her eyes, and the egg was instantly thrown against her neck and broken.

A mortar, weighing fourteen pounds, was thrown at her, and struck her without hurting her. One Sunday evening, as the people were pausing a little from prayers and singing, the wheel of a plough was flung down with a great rattle, and immediately a large stone flew upon a table on which the Bible and hymn-books lay, and then flew loudly crashing through the window. As the preacher recommenced the singing and praying, the light was three times knocked down and put out. The churchwarden had to send a packet of waxlights. These lay in the window near the preacher. A pane was broken, and the waxlights were being drawn through the opening, and were only detained by the preacher by force. Then began a hideous commotion outside; the room door was shattered with great stones, and the candlestick was thrown at the preacher's head. Yet, with the exception of a few drops of blood drawn, no one was hurt by the great stones and other dangerous things thrown, which fell against them merely like so much sponge.

COTTON MATHER'S ACCOUNT.

Cotton Mather relates that George Walton, of Portsmouth, United States, in 1662, had a perfect hail of stones flung against his house by invisible hands, which knocked the door off its hinges; but at the same time, stones thrown with great violence, when they hit people, only touched them softly. The windows were demolished by stones, which came not from without, but from within. People took up nine of these stones, which were as hot as if they came out of a fire; they marked them, and laid them on the settle, but presently afterwards they again flew away. The proprietor of the house, a Quaker, was, as an exception, injured by one of these stones.

PERSECUTION OF BARONESS EBERSTEIN.

Horst, in his *Zauber-Bibliothek*, gives an extraordinary case of Frau Eberstein, which is also reprinted in the *Reich der Geister*, iv., p. 65. It is there stated that the account was published by the Consistory of the time, with particulars of the history of the Eberstein family. The spirit persecution took place in the year 1685, at the Eberstein castle. The spirit appeared in the shape of a nun clad in white, with a red cross emblazoned on her head, a paternoster in her right hand, and a white band over her mouth, such as persons of noble rank wore at funerals. This nun said that she was of the Treben family, whose estates the Baron Eberstein had inherited; and as Frau Eberstein had restored and embellished the rooms that she, the nun, had formerly inhabited,

she was resolved that she should possess a treasure buried near the castle in the time of war, but that she, and no one else, must dig it out. The lady refused, although one day the nun caused a huge stone to raise itself into the air where the treasure lay, and desired the lady to throw something on the spot to mark it. For her refusal, the vindictive nun persecuted her day and night for months, pinching her till the blood ran and livid marks were left. The baron, enraged, bade her, in the devil's name, take herself away, but neither that, nor all the exorcisms of the clergy, could remove the obstinate nun. On one occasion, as the baroness in winter was going to church in her sledge, the nun stood on the drawbridge, and pinched her in passing. The baroness, who had been so admonished, fired a pistol at the nun, but in return was seized by her, and so shaken, that it was feared she would be killed. "That is for shooting," said the nun: "there! shoot again!" The lady became very ill, and suffered dreadful spasms, but remained steadfast in her resolve to have nothing to do with the nun and her treasure; and at length the nun, who had defied the whole power of the Church, finding it in vain to move the lady, took herself off, and was no more perceived. In this case, there was no throwing of stones, but only the lifting of one.

ATTACKS ON OTHER PARSONAGES.

In the parsonage of Gröben, says Hennings in *Geister und Geistersehern*, p. 802, the inhabitants were much disturbed in 1718 by the throwing of stones upon the roofs of the house and the outbuildings. The pastor, Heinisch, saw one day a stone in the court, which had not lain there before, rise up and strike on the roof of the stable, and stones fly out of the walls of the house and fall on the same roof, and yet no holes were left in the walls whence the stones flew. Then began the disturbance in the house. Stones flew upon the steps and against the door, and others flew from the stove against the room door. The stones flung outside the house were wet with rain. One day the throwing went on in three places at once. At length earthenware was broken in the night, a pot was carried away from under the hands of a maid, many panes were dashed out in full daylight, and a red hot tile out of the baking oven was thrown into the court.

In the parsonage of Walsch, in Lower Alsatia, Calmet relates, p. 233, that the usual foolish things took place; the breaking of windows, and the throwing of stones with inconceivable dexterity through the openings. The furniture of the house was thrown about, the plants in the garden pulled up, &c. Sometimes the invisible agents built up circles, partly of

stones, partly of corn or foliage on the ground, and again dispersed them before the eyes of the spectators. In another clergyman's house violins seemed to play, and the beds and clothes were flung all about the house.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE OF PROFESSOR SCHUPART.

The case of Professor Schupart will be found in the *Bletter aus Prevorst*, V., p. 171, and the *Reich der Geister*, III., p. 59. Schupart was a great Orientalist; he had been the clergyman of Pfdelbach till 1708, when he removed to a living at Heilbronn, and in 1721 was appointed Professor of Theology at Giesen, of which University he became rector. It was in his lectures on angels, good and evil, that he related the persecutions which he had suffered from evil spirits, and this relation was carefully written down by his pupils. From this source we have the account in the works referred to. On this occasion he said that he could not only certify the whole account on the most sacred oath, but what was better, on the evidence of above a hundred witnesses. For six years he said he had battled with the devil, and had not been secure for a moment that he might not have his neck twisted by him. The nuisance began by giving tremendous thumps on the chamber door as his wife lay ill of a fever. The next night they had a candle lit, and placed on the table in the room, but it was knocked off the table to a distance on the floor, but remained upright and continued burning, which astonished him. Now it began to throw stones at his head, 6, 8, 9, and 10 pounds weight, and as swiftly as if shot from a bow, whistling through the air, smashing the windows, and forcing out the lead, so that nearly every day he had to have new windows. For a month together he was so persecuted that he never took off his clothes. He was struck in the face, pierced with pins, bitten so that the marks of great tusk-like teeth were visible. He was especially attacked when he was in the confessional, and when he returned home, he generally found all his books flung down from the shelves upon the floor. He was so struck and pulled when he was in bed that he gave it up, and seating himself at night by the wall, in this manner read through *Syca Histoire de l'Église*, four thick quartos. Then, as in Maulbronn, they began to set fire to his house, and he petitioned for a watch of good, pious men, which was granted him, but the watchers were themselves cuffed and struck in the faces, though they went through the rooms with drawn swords.

His wife was so bitten, and struck, and pricked, that she took refuge in a neighbour's house, but received the same treatment there in the presence of twelve persons, and so returned home



again. He begged his congregation not to let their faith fail because the Lord allowed the devil to treat him and his family as he had permitted him to do to Job; nor to be astonished if they should find him some night lying dead, on his return from evening prayers, for the devils frequently put cords round the necks of himself and wife, and had they not instantly defended themselves they would have been strangled. Then they began to tear his Bibles and New Testaments, his prayer and hymn-books, together with a Talmud. They tore out with especial spite, passages of the Gospel in which man's heirship of heaven was declared, as the 8th chapter, v. 17 and 18, of the Epistle to the Romans. Then they proceeded to throw at him as he lay in bed, the carving knife, carving fork, the steel, &c. This was then repeated; the carving knife coming whistling through the air like an arrow. As it fell without hitting him and his wife said "That is God's protection," a stone of a pound weight was thrown at his head, but missing it, broke the chamber window. The book-bags of his pupils were frequently filled with stones and dirt. The seats in the room were thrown over, yet nothing could be seen to touch them. And now they began to play the pranks with his clothes mentioned in the opening of this article; carrying away his wig just as he was going to ascend the pulpit, and compelling him to send for another before he could make his appearance. Shifting the arms of his coats, putting his best wig on his wife's head, &c. They then carried off all the hymn books; his pipe was frequently snatched from his mouth, his glass of brandy and water flung over his head, and over the writing he was employed upon. Many other spiteful things were done him, but he says he had rather have lost 3,000 dollars than these things should not have happened to him, since through them he has learned the mighty power of prayer. Through that we infer that he was released from his enemies at the end of the six years.

ORIGIN OF THE "CORSIKAN BROTHERS."—In a notice of Mr. Timbs's *Century of Anecdote*, the *Reader* remarks:—"In glancing through the volumes we have stumbled upon one or two stories which might have been told with more completeness. That about 'The Corsikan Brothers,' for instance, in which it very properly states that the play was founded upon a well-known incident in the life of Louis Blanc, arising out of the mysterious feeling existing between him and his brother Charles, and in virtue of which no accident of an imminent kind could happen to the one without its being at that moment communicated sympathetically to the other. But we forgets to tell us that it was Dumas the elder, in whose presence, at an evening party in Paris, M. Louis Blanc related an incident of the kind, who first worked the curious fact into one of his stirring romances, making it, indeed, the groundwork of the whole tale, and that it is from this story of Dumas's that our *Corsikan Brothers'* has been dramatized."

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—JOSEPH HOAG.

IT might reasonably be expected that churches and religious organizations generally, being based on the recognition of man's spiritual nature and his relations to the unseen world, would be specially and conspicuously open to spiritual influx, communion, and operation. That this is not so in our own day, that for some time past it has only been so exceptionally, and in isolated cases, might well, in the mind of a thoughtful Spiritualist, excite surprise, were it not that the causes lie so near at hand. Unless sustained and renewed by the constant influx of a higher spiritual life, religious bodies, like our own physical bodies, tend to *ossification*; instead of pulsating with life in every nerve and fibre, in a short time little remains but a hard bony structure. If the Church wilfully shuts out the fresh pure air of heaven, and inspires only the polluted spiritual atmosphere from around and from beneath, no wonder that the life-blood creeps slowly through its veins, that it has become feeble and powerless to contend against the evils whose poison it inhales, and that instead of the Church converting the world, the world has converted the Church; as the missionary bishop was converted by the Zulu. It holds the world's maxims, it adopts as its philosophy the favourite principles with which sceptics and scorners have sought to undermine the Christian faith, and proclaims them incontrovertible. It asserts but feebly, and with faltering faith, or, more frequently, openly denies, those powers of the soul by which a living inspiration and present spiritual gifts can be manifested. If it admits that they have existed, it recognizes them only as past facts in a dead history; they have passed away like the Dodo, their bones remain as fossils, and are worshipped as relics; and instead of a living Creator and Inspirer, we have only a God, dead or sleeping, and a museum of theological curiosities.

Certainly the great Founder of the faith they profess, and his more immediate disciples, taught something very different to this, and exemplified their faith in their works, if the New Testament is not too old-fashioned a book to be brought in as evidence; nay, even in much later times, the founders of the modern churches—Fox, Wesley, Swedenborg, Irving, and others—had, or claimed to have, direct spiritual experiences, and believed themselves channels or media through which a divine light and heat radiated around;* but now—ah! truly, if the spirit has

* I have presented the evidence of this in full in *The Two Worlds*, pp. 133-139.—F. S.

not wholly departed from them, it seems but to linger on the threshold;—creeds, formulas, traditions—the bony skeleton of ecclesiasticism, is alone visible.

If the churches were once blooming, fruit-bearing trees in the divine garden, the verdure is past, the fruit has been gathered, the leaves have fallen, the branches are withered, the vital sap seems well-nigh dried up, and little but the form and the dead wood now remain. Can these dead trees live? Will there ever be for them a second spring? or, instead of a perennial life, will they but serve by their decay to form a vegetable mould to fertilize the soil for future generations?

The Society of Friends, in its origin, was eminently an outbirth from the inner world, and a protest against that formalism which is so fatal to spiritual life; but soon it began to swathe itself in ever-increasing folds of conventional routine and the outward respectabilities of wealth and business, to the neglect of that life of God in the soul which had been set before it as the hope of its calling. Roused at length from its lethargy by the evident and outward symptoms of its decay, it has, in its bewilderment, sought counsel of prize-essayists,—surely a remarkable oracle for a Church to consult, and on such a question: in casting about to find the cause of its decline, such a resort, even in its extreme need, was hardly necessary to learn the reason why.

George Fox and his immediate coadjutors and successors had no respect for dull, decorous formalism, and were not open to the accusation of “intense respectability;” but they were men and women of the Spirit; they breathed the inspirations and felt the quickening impulses of the higher world; the Divine word which came direct to their souls burned in them as a holy fire. They spoke freely of “the opening of the Spirit;” of “waiting for the Spirit;” of divine “leadings” and “impressions.” These, and equivalent forms of expression (now, it is to be feared, nearly depleted of all meaning), were to them all-significant, full of life, representatives of actual experience; symbols of an earnest faith in the presence and communion with them of a higher and purer realm of being.

The Journal of George Fox, and the memoirs and other records of the Friends, would furnish many a chapter in evidence of modern Spiritualism. In recent times they are less frequent, and, at least, less known; and it is partly on this account that I present the following instance of Spiritualism in Biography, from the *Journal of the Life of Joseph Hoag*.*

Joseph Hoag was born in Dutchess County, New York, in 1762. He married in 1782, and settled with his family in Char-

* Published by BENNETT, Bishopsgate-street, London.

lotte, Vermont, about 1790. Having been called by what seemed the leading of Providence, though against his own natural inclination, to minister in the Society of Friends, he, in that capacity, travelled largely in the States, and his great usefulness was very generally recognized. He was for many years distinguished for the power which enabled him to tell, when he entered into a place—no matter how much of a stranger to the people—what the Society of Friends had been doing, and whether all things in the Church moved on harmoniously or not. In 1801, he travelled through New England, and through Nova Scotia and other British Provinces. In 1812, and again in 1816, he visited the Southern States of North America; and at intervals he continued to visit and labour in the various branches of the Society of Friends throughout the United States till 1842. He died in the faith in which he had so earnestly laboured at his own home, in the midst of his family, in 1846, in the 85th year of his age. With this brief chronicle of his outward life, I proceed to narrate, as far as possible in his own language, some of those remarkable experiences which have led me to place his name at the head of this chapter. He tells us that—“Very early in life I was favoured with Divine visitations.” He speaks of a little meeting of Friends, consisting of five men and four women, the heads of families, to which meeting he was taken when a child, and soon loved to go. This explanation is sufficient to understand what follows. He says:—

I had not passed my tenth year, when I was led into the following night-vision. I fancied in my sleep that I went to meeting with my little brothers on 4th day, (Wednesday,) it being our meeting day; and I beheld that my father and the few Friends of that meeting came in and sat down together as usual. Shortly I saw three or four coming from the south-east, riding very fast; their garb and appearance were like Friends, and I thought they were Friends. They came into the house with a quick motion and fierce look, and seated themselves with my father. Shortly I saw my father rise and deliver a short testimony. Soon one of this company rose up and condemned father's testimony, and him, as a false preacher, adding, that there was a false ministry coming forth among them, and if they were not well guarded, it would do much hurt; at the same time pointing to my father, and with harsh censure sat down. One of this company arose and united with the last testimony. The meeting then soon closed, and all went out together. My father and his company turned to the right with a moderate, steady pace; the others turned to the left, with a quick, hasty movement.

I thought I went the next meeting-day as usual, and saw father and his little company sit down together. Shortly I beheld the other company come, in their former appearance and motion, but said they would not sit with Elijah (my father); he should sit on the bench, and they would sit in the gallery. They fixed a seat over his head and placed themselves there. Soon after the meeting was quiet my father delivered a short testimony; then one of this company spoke hasty and quick; a second followed, and looking down on my father, called him a deceiver, a false teacher, a cunning deviser of fables, working in the tail of the serpent, and warned those who sat with him to make their escape before it was too late. The third arose and united with him. I noticed father sat very still, looked solid, but never replied. The meeting closed; they parted much before, father looked very sober.

My prospect continued on to the third meeting, where I saw father and his little band take their seats as usual; the others came in with their former appearance and motion, but at a later period, being more in number; and went to their gallery, as they called it. In my view, father appeared in this meeting, and was soon followed by one of that company, a second, and a third. Before they had done, I discovered they had gained the attention of two of father's little company, an own brother, and brother-in-law. They repeated their former censures and warning, and said the Lord sent them to warn this people. This time they broke their meeting first, went out, and turned to the left hand; father broke his meeting as he went out, and turned to the right hand; these two uncles turned from him and followed the other company. He looked solemn and sorrowful, but never replied nor shewed resentment, through all these appearances.

As I came out of the meeting-house, I looked up and saw a beautiful oval cloud, and a very comely man standing upon it, who spoke to me, saying: "Dost thou know what these things mean?" I answered, "No." He replied, "I am sent to tell thee." I then mused in my mind who he could be. He replied, "I am an angel of the Lord." Then, pointing to the company which my uncles followed, he said, "That company are schemers, and have a ranter spirit, and shall come to nothing; but that man of dark appearance, in the honesty of his heart, shall be saved. Thou shalt see thy uncles come to nothing." Then looking toward father, he said, "Thy father is a true minister; he will have abundance to undergo from these schemers, but if he keeps his place, they will never overthrow him, for the Lord will keep him from falling." All this was shewn me before my father had appeared in public; neither had I seen any of these men before I had this view, except my uncles, but have seen all of them since.

Not long after this his father appeared in public, and in a few months he saw the three men, the same that he saw in his vision, and everything which he saw at that time, and which is above described, and even heard the same language used. He learned the name of the men. They did not, however, erect the gallery as he saw in his vision; but afterwards he was at "the old Nine Partners meeting," and there he saw the gallery already erected. At this place he saw enacted what is above described in connection with the gallery, and heard the same language used. Two years elapsed before the things which he saw in his night-vision were all enacted. In reference to the prophecy made by the angel, whom he saw and heard, it will be sufficient to say that in the course of time it all came to pass.

He was frequently subject to the trance, and soon after the foregoing night-vision had two remarkable visions of the spirit-world. In one of these he "was brought into full view of the regions inhabited by infernal spirits;" and, on coming to himself, "his face and body were covered with large drops of sweat, much resembling spring-water for coldness." His vision, in its general features, bears a striking resemblance to the revelations of Swedenborg on this subject. Even in his normal state he heard voices from the invisible realms—sometimes tempting him from, at others, urging him on, in the part of right.

When about sixteen years of age, "It was laid on me," he says, "to bear a public testimony in our meeting for worship which I suppressed and reasoned away for about six months, when it all left me, and with it all comfort and peace." About

this time, hearing a discourse on infidel principles, he "laid hold of it willingly," to soothe his feelings, "in hopes it was so," but "I could not reconcile my mind to this doctrine," he tells us, "until I concluded that all the openings and impressions I had felt, and what I had seen, were the effect of dubious stories which my parents had told me." But even while in this state of mind he would sometimes be irresistibly impelled to speak to certain persons, strangers to him, describing correctly their history and states of mind. On one of these occasions his companion remarked, "Joseph, almost all the way going thou kept me laughing with thy nonsense, and now thou canst talk like an angel, set the first man crying, and the last one thou hast pictured out as I could not who have lived by him all my days. What can I think of thee?"

"In this way," says Hoag, "I struggled along till near eighteen years of age, when it pleased the Lord to send his faithful servant, Abel Thomas, into our parts, who, in a large meeting, was enabled to speak to my condition so clearly that I could not deny a word, commencing with the first of my religious life, to the condition I was then in, more correctly than I could have done, and clearly informed me what I had departed from, shewing that that was the cause of the distress I had undergone. Then he took hold of my infidel principles, fixed his eyes in my face, and to me, in a wonderful manner, unfolded my reasonings, laid waste all my arguments, and then warned me in a solemn manner to return to the truth, and closed his testimony with these words: 'That Jesus, whom thou hast denied, has revealed to me thy state and condition.' Finding after meeting, that he had travelled a number of miles to reach it, and had lodged far from the meeting place, he had no chance of getting any outward knowledge of my state amongst us; this increased the weight of his testimony on my mind, and so convinced me that it overthrew all my castle, and I durst not trust in it any longer. I went into the woods, and wept till I could weep no longer. Now the potent enemy of all my happiness poured in upon my mind a mighty flood of reasoning. . . . These thoughts sunk me below all hope. I became so disordered that I was watched day and night, and was tempted to hang myself. . . . My distress and horror were beyond the scope of language to set forth."

In this situation he remained many weeks, and was at length delivered in a singular way. "Abel and James Thomas on returning home felt their minds forcibly arrested to come back more than a hundred miles to attend our quarterly meeting to be held at Oblong, where" (says Hoag) "father had taken me, fearing to leave me at home. After sitting awhile, Abel arose and brought into view the state he had been led to feel for when in our line

before, and in a feeling manner, declared that he perceived the enemy had taken advantage of the poor penitent, and had made him believe the Lord had no mercy for him, and that his damnation was sealed! After addressing himself to dispel this delusion, he concluded with remarking that if the manifestations of the Spirit of Christ within were faithfully obeyed, the days should come when the individual would have to go forth, and tell what great things the Lord had done for his soul."

"When this was spoken," says Hoag, "I said to myself, 'It is enough, I now believe.' He stopped as though he had heard me speak, and turned to another subject, not afterwards resuming the former one."

Hoag now for a time experienced composure and peace of mind, but this was soon followed by a torrent of temptation, continued fourteen days and nights, but which is so like that detailed by Bunyan, and given by me in a former chapter, that I shall only here cite the final trial, or "temptation combat."

He had laid down, thinking it likely another hour would close the scene before him. He says:—"Soon after lying down, I felt such a weight come upon me that I could not stir, and thought I heard as plain and intelligible a whisper as ever I heard from a human being, to this effect:—'Surrender or you shall die in a minute, and go to the place of endless torment?' I replied, 'I cannot do that, I never will curse God, if I lose my life. I have enough to answer for without that terrible sin.'" When it appeared as though his breath was going from him and he looked for every breath to be the last, he put up the Lord's Prayer as the last tribute he would ever have the opportunity to offer. "As it went through my mind," he says, "the weight went off me, and the cloud of darkness with it. My mind was at once composed and filled with the joys of paradise. I found it best to keep still, for there was danger of being carried away with the rapture. Great was my peace for several days, and I had many clear, heavenly openings in the vision of light in which there is no deception."

Soon after this, "I felt," he says, "a necessity laid on me to come forward in the ministry;" at first he endeavoured to evade it, but as his mind could not rest, he at length covenanted "that if the Lord would send a servant who knew nothing of me to come and tell me it was a right call, I would give up to it. . . . Thus I rested about three months, when to my great surprise, David Sands came to our house, and almost as soon as he entered the door he singled me out, and not only told me that the call was right, but took hold of the reasonings and difficulties I had passed through for years, more correctly than I could myself."

Again it was shewn him, in a clearness he thought equal to Paul's vision, that he would lose the spiritual privileges he had

in Christ if he did not surrender in faith to the Divine call within him. He says, "When meeting day came, I attended. In the early part a few words came into my mind with such weight as caused me to tremble. I soon felt the necessity to rise on my feet and deliver them. I attended to the motion, felt my mind relieved, and the sweet returns of peace in greater fullness than I had for a long time before."

When about twenty years of age, he married, and, notwithstanding the straitened circumstances in which he commenced housekeeping, and the remonstrances of worldly prudence, he often felt his mind drawn to visit neighbouring meetings, and sometimes those more distant; this inward prompting at length became so strong, and the results of his labours were so marked, that his ministry was soon acknowledged by the Society.

About this time he had an experience, which is thus related by him:—"Nearly a year after I went to housekeeping, I went on temporal business about twelve miles from home, where I had no knowledge of the people. As I came in sight of a house, I felt my mind arrested to stop and go in. The impression increased with such weight, that I was afraid to pass by. I alighted and went in. As I entered the door, this portion of Scripture ran powerfully through my mind; 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die, and not live.' I was exceedingly struck with the language, and instead of uttering it, as I ought. I sat down and reasoned, until a cloud came over my mind, and I concluded that I was too young, and had not arrived at experience enough to deliver such a solemn and awful message. And how did I know but that it was all the work of the wicked one? So I got up and left without delivering the message, but went away with a heavy heart. Yet I pursued my business, and when returning the next day, the same impression came over me, but I rode by and went home, but lost my peace and testimony, which did not return, I think, for months. In about a year after, passing the same road, when I came in sight of the house, my former exercise came fresh before me, but I had no impression to stop. Yet it took my thoughts, so that I called at another house near by, and enquired after the family, when I was told that a great change had taken place within three months; that the family had always been healthy, and there had been no death nor serious sickness amongst them before; they had twelve children under the same roof, and that within three months, the mother and seven of the children had died with a fever within a few weeks of each other. I then asked if they were religious people; the answer was, no, not at all. By that time I had got a load, and was in a fit condition for Satan's buffet."

We need not, however, follow the description of the despondency, and almost despair, into which for a time this result of neglecting the inward monition occasioned him. Another time, at Nantucket, he felt impressed to visit several families, and in five out of thirty, he says, "I had to proclaim the near approach of death." Four or five years afterwards, he "fell in with a widow at Hudson, who informed me she was one of the visited; that she had a husband, three sons, and two daughters, all in good health, about her at that time, and that in six months from that time, she buried her husband and two sons; and that there was not one house, where I was led in that way, but one or more died within nine months, and some within a short time." At another meeting of Friends, Hoag rose and said:—

"It has appeared as plain to my view as a printed book, so that I have neither doubt nor scruple that there is one in this meeting who has lived a good, moral life, been a good companion, a good parent, a good neighbour, and an honest dealer, but has settled down at ease, thinking this was enough; yet thou hast not made thy peace with thy God, and while this is wanting, all that is essential is wanting; thou hast time to make thy peace with thy God, and not a moment to spare, for thy time is very short; thou must go hence to be seen of men no more. Oh! let not sleep rest on thine eyes, nor slumber upon thine eye-lids until this work is done for thou shalt have no time on a languishing bed: for when thy change comes—in the language of the apostle—it shall be in an instant, at the twinkling of an eye; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Some time after the above was spoken, he was at a Friend's house, where he saw a letter that had been received which contained the following:—"A Friend, near sixty years of age, belonging to Accushnet meeting, (where Joseph spoke the above,) went to the barn, near night, to milk his cow, a little earlier than usual, as it looked likely to rain. While milking he was struck with lightning, and instantly killed. The Friend was at the meeting when Joseph Hoag dropped that singular testimony, and that he appeared to be such a person as Joseph described."

Many times at meetings where he was entirely a stranger to all present, and was totally ignorant of all knowledge concerning them, he was impressed, and in a measure, constrained, to utter words of counsel, of reproof, of warning, either to the assembly or to some individual present, and in terms having distinct relation to particular circumstances that had transpired, and exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with not only the acts, but the very thoughts of the persons addressed or referred to; sometimes leading to repentance and amendment, removing suspicion from the innocent, and healing breaches in families and societies.

Again and again in his Memoirs we find evidence of his being thus a medium for spiritual impression and communication. In almost every page are such expressions as these—"It came upon me with great weight;" "I felt my mind greatly arrested;" "The words went through me like a flaming sword, and caused

the man to tremble ;” “After I had, as I thought, cleared my mind, in a pretty large mixed gathering, and had sat down, it soon opened in my mind, in such clearness that there was no room to doubt, that I must communicate what was shewn me.” He relates that at one time when visiting Friends’ meetings at a distance from home, it came over his mind, with weight, to appoint three more meetings before he left, and a Friend came to him just after that, earnestly requesting him to hold three more meetings, and named the places. Hoag, however, having been five months from home, set his face to return. He had not rode far before he was thrown from his horse, and was so hurt as to be unable to proceed. When meeting-time came, “A voice,” he says, “spoke to me as intelligibly as ever I heard vocal sound.” It informed him that he had been stopped in his career, that he was to hold the three meetings, and he would be enabled to do all that would be required of him ; and so it proved.

But it would be tedious, and probably to the general reader uninteresting, to detail many of these experiences at length, one or two further instances may, however, be cited. While attending a quarterly meeting of Friends at Blackwater, “It was,” says Hoag, “shewn to me, as clear as the beams of light, that there was in that meeting one who defrauded the free blacks out of their wages after they had well earned them. . . . It was also shewn me who it was that was guilty ; but they all looked so smooth, and answered the queries so whole, that I reasoned until the subject died away, to the wounding and burdening my mind for many days. And before I left the country I was told it was actually the case, and who the man was (the very person that was brought to my view) ; when this was told me, I had not so much as hinted my feelings to any mortal. This reinforced the burden on my mind.”

The next week he attended a Friends’ meeting ; and having just suffered so deeply for suppressing his feelings, he resolved to act more faithfully should anything be given him to utter. At the meeting, the saying of the prophet arrested his mind, “Thy Maker is thy husband,” &c. After being led to shew that this applied to the Church, it was shewn him in like manner that it would apply to individuals. He remarks in his narrative, “Here I felt a full stop, but shortly the language flowed forcibly:— ‘What aileth thee, O wife ! Has thy husband withdrawn his affections from thee, or doth he neglect to provide for thee, or hast thou let out thy affections to another, and played the truant thyself, and now, to hide thy shame, and to secrete thy wickedness, art accusing thy husband of being guilty of thy own conduct ? This is cruel.’ Then I was led to shew how such a disposition would affect grief, and use a private influence to get a

strong party on their side; and that such would pretend a broken heart to carry their points, while suffering innocence could say but little more than 'I am innocent; I never did so.' I then was led to shew the agonising pain it must give to an innocent mind to meet with maltreatment, and *that* from one in whom they had put the greatest confidence. . . . I was shortly after told there had been such a case with them, which run to that length that it brought the monthly meeting into confusion, but that now all parties were satisfied. The woman was disowned, and all things returned to a quiet course."

In 1812, while attending a monthly meeting of Friends at Springfield, "I felt my mind (says Hoag) impressively drawn to make a visit to the womens' meeting. I opened it to the men, and had their consent; one, a Friend, was named to go in with me, and soon after I got there, it was opened to me that there was one in the meeting who was accused of stealing, who was as innocent of such a crime as a child unborn. I sat under the exercise until my Master shewed me how, and in what manner to take hold of the subject. I then rose with these words:— 'Had I in the men's meeting met with what I have here, I should not have been surprised; for men who have to go ahead in the business of the world will sometimes run across each other's track, and spot each other; but to find amongst the fair sex, to whom we look for the finest feelings of sympathy, those who are accusing an innocent sister of taking property not her own, and keeping it for her own use, who is as innocent of any such crime as a child unborn—and not only accusing, but whispering and spreading it abroad to the great injury of the credit of the innocent—and what is still worse, for those who sit in Moses' seat, and those in the station of Elders to sanction those reports, is cruel; and to be found among the fair sex, is surprising. But rest assured the Lord will overturn all this, and the day will come that it will be known who is innocent, for the Lord will plead the cause of suffering innocence. And if thou who art the sufferer keep in the quiet, and abide in patience, the day shall come when this shall be carried over the heads of thy accusers.' I passed on, and no one said anything to me on the subject. I heard nothing of it for years. But when I did, it was said that a Friend and his wife and children had accused a daughter-in-law, a widow, of taking several hundred dollars in money that was not her own, and had secreted it. Several years passed; at length the man who had the money came forward, and let it be known that the widow's husband had paid the money over to him a few days before he died, for land, which he gave a deed for, and the deed was found, and agreed with the man's testimony. Thus I was credibly informed, the widow was cleared."

Hoag was the subject of many presentiments and prophetic visions. Of these, the most remarkable and of greatest general interest, is one concerning the present Civil War in the United States of America; and which he thus relates:—

In the year 1803, probably in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the fields, and observed that the sun shone clear, but that a mist eclipsed the brightness of its shining. As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence, the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed, for it seemed as if all my faculties were laid low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself, "What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings." And I heard a voice from heaven say, "This that thou seest, which dims the brightness of the sun, is a sign of the present and coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I planted them here among the people of the forest. I sustained them, and, while they were humble, I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people; but they have now become proud and lifted up, and have forgotten Me, who nourished and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and I have taken quietude from the land, and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold. And I saw them dividing in great heat. This division began in the Church upon points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Society, and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close the effect was nearly the same; those who dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their organized sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when this dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as any I had before discovered, and, as before, those who separated went with lofty looks and taunting, censoring language; those who kept to their ancient principles retired by themselves. It next appeared in the Lodges of the Freemasons, and it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered politics throughout the United States, and did not stop until it produced a civil war, and an abundance of human blood was shed in the course of the combat. The Southern States lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical power arose, took the government of the States, established a national religion, and made all Societies tributary to support its expenses. I saw them take property from Friends to a large amount. I was amazed at beholding all this, and heard a voice proclaim, "This power shall not always stand, but with this power I will chastise my Church until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming on the native land for their iniquity, and the blood of Africa; the remembrance of which has come up before Me. This vision is yet for many days." I had no idea of writing it down for many years, until it became such a burden, that for my own relief I have written it.

Hoag received but a slender book education, but still, with care, he was enabled to express himself in sufficiently clear English to make his writings easily intelligible. He wrote his Journal for the instruction of his children; but, on examination of the manuscript, it was published by authority of the New York Yearly Meeting of Friends in 1861.

From a "*Testimony of Starksboro' Monthly Meeting of Friends, concerning our beloved Friend, Joseph Hoag, deceased*," I take the following:—"At intervals he was in an uncommon degree permitted to partake of the incomes (influxes) of heavenly intelligence, which unfolded to his mind things of a deep spiritual

ature. . . . Many among us can recur to testimonies delivered by him, wherein he was permitted to see—yea, rather was shewn—and was authorized to depict, with much clearness, what would take place in the Society.” And they refer to “the fulfilment of those predictions,” as “an evidence that his authority was from Him who knoweth all things, and can see the end from the beginning.” It is at least evidence that there are faculties in a man by or through which things can be communicated a knowledge of which cannot be acquired through the senses, or through purely natural channels of communication, and which seem to require the action of an informing intelligence from without. This was evidently the belief of the person who was the subject of the experiences here recorded,—a belief held by the body of Christians to which he was attached; and ample evidence of the truth of which may be found in the experience of Christian men and women in every age and of every denomination.

T. S.

THE RELIGIOUS HERESIES OF THE WORKING CLASSES:

AN INQUIRY INTO THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM BY A SOCIETY OF SECULARISTS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY THOMAS BREVIER.

THE *pseudo* philosophy of our times has brought things to a pretty pass. Our men of science are elaborating theories to eliminate God from the universe, and to prove Him an impossibility and an absurdity; and our working classes—our intelligent artisan population—have wandered far away from the Christian God and faith into the not-very-profitable pastures of unbelief and secularism. This latter fact, in particular, has long been patent. Some years since several of the leading dissenting ministers of the metropolis convened public meetings to confer with working men concerning their general abandonment of public worship. The metaphysical subtleties, the verbal distinctions, the casuistry, and the dogmas inherited from mediæval theology, have in them little to win the sympathies and convictions of men whose lives are spent, not in the study of words or the intricate mazes of theological polemics, but in daily battle with the stern realities of life, and whose minds and hearts can alone be reached by those broad, simple, elementary principles of religion, which find their response within—in those principles and affections which are our common heritage.

But it is not only that creed and dogma and principles of exclusion have been substituted for that good news of God which Christ proclaimed; the teachers and defenders of the faith have, in the most vital point, surrendered to the enemy; they have made a great show of battle at the outworks, while they have admitted him within the citadel. The religion of Christ is attested and bound up with the assurance and evidence of a supernatural order, beyond, and potential over the order of physical nature. Hume, Spinoza, Bayle, and other sceptical writers have denied that such an order exists—they have affirmed that miracle cannot be—that it is a violation of the order of nature; in a word, impossible. Our divines, and our religious writers and periodicals for the most part accept their statement with only a slight reservation. They say, virtually, "Yes, supernatural manifestations in any direct way that can be apprehended do not now take place, they have ceased for many centuries; they never have taken place in England, France, Germany, America, Australia, Polynesia, Africa, they never occurred in the might of the Roman Empire, or in the free, polished states of Greece; they never occurred at any time, or anywhere, save only in a small territory on the western border of the Asiatic continent, and even there, it is a long time since they happened—nearly eighteen centuries ago."

This is really in substance what is now professed by enlightened nineteenth century Christians. The only difference between them and professed unbelievers is, that while the latter deny supernatural agency in the world altogether, the former confine it within a limited geographical area, and to a comparatively distant and constantly receding period of time. *That*, indeed, hedged round with the sharp stakes of anathema and threats of eternal damnation; it is a sacred enclosure, to be looked at only from a distance, with awe and reverence; all else that claims to be supernatural may be resolved into myth, and legend, and lies, but "Off, ye profane, for this, and this alone is holy ground!" Where all but this is surrendered, is it conceivable that this little strip of the supernatural can by any strategy long be tenable against the hosts that from every side are being marshalled against it? The denial of all direct and higher manifestations than those of natural laws has by cheap literature and popular lectures percolated through to the lowest strata of society; and need we wonder that men untrammelled by tradition and conventionalism, apply the principle of unbelief consistently, and do the work "thorough;" that bold riders overleap and beat down the ecclesiastical fence, and insist that what is admitted to be true everywhere else must be true there also. The supernatural element, in past and contemporary history, cannot be got rid of, without in the end,

and as a consequence, getting rid of whatever in Christianity raises it above mere ethical systems, and bringing it down to the same level and authority as those of Epicurus and Confucius.

On the other hand, a recognition of the supernatural here and now, everywhere and always, of a higher world of causes of which the natural is but an outbirth, surrounding, pervading, infilling it;—of spiritual laws of greater potency and wider range than those of physics, and connecting with the present the future and the past;—this in its full assurance is the most effectual and complete way of casting out that evil spirit of unbelief which has taken possession of the age, and of bringing it to the feet of Jesus, clothed and in its right mind, so that henceforth those manifestations of more than mortal power which the Christian Scriptures record, instead of being, as now, a stumbling-block, will be irrefragable evidence of their simple and divine verity. The evidence of present supernatural action is so abundant and so clear that any man really anxious to learn the truth about it, and with fair opportunities for investigation, need not long remain in doubt. It is not, however, the purpose of the present paper to argue the question, but, as a practical illustration, to present an instance of the result of honest inquiry, as given in an article on "The Religious Heresies of the Working Classes," in the *Westminster Review* for January, 1862. Of all the Quarterlies the *Westminster Review* is perhaps the one farthest removed from recognition of the spiritual, its leanings are all notoriously the other way; its testimony may therefore in this matter be considered unimpeachable; indeed, in this very article the reader is cautioned that the facts I am about to quote are not offered as an argument in favour of Spiritualism, there being evidently an inkling of suspicion in the mind of its writer, that a little history he relates was rather calculated to raise at least a strong presumptive evidence of its truth.

The Westminster reviewer treats chiefly of the prevalence of "Secularism" (as the various forms of unbelief are now called) among the working classes, the extent of which, he affirms, is not to be estimated by any organization or propaganda, as scepticism and denial are, in their very nature, negative and disintegrating. He points out that the Churches have been powerless to hold, and still more powerless to win back our intelligent operative population, and towards the close of his article he relates the following episode:—

It is a very significant fact that modern Spiritualism, both in England and America, has won the belief of large numbers who were formerly Secularists. In Bradford, Bingley, and other Yorkshire towns, there are people once notorious for believing nothing, now equally notorious for believing everything. (?) It is the characteristic of these rude northerners to be afraid of no inquiry, and, out of a love of fair dealing, to be proud to welcome what others excommunicate.

Scepticism has always been rife among them, and there is no part of England where preachers have harder to fight, or more shrewd heretics to contend with, than in the West Riding. There is a building in Keighley which was originally a chapel for some section of the Methodists, who had separated from the old body because they thought it profane to use an organ in public worship, and who were popularly known as "Noncons." As the Noncons waxed richer they removed to a larger place, and sold their old one to a number of mechanic weavers, wool-combers, and small tradesmen. These converted it into a "Working Man's Hall," and made a platform where the pulpit was. . . . In the remodelled chapel this world took the precedence of the other, and Chartism, Socialism, Strikes, and Atheism were advocated there in turns. Feargus O'Connor, and his political followers, Robert Owen, and his anti-theological followers, regarded it as their peculiar property, and there is scarcely a politician or a heretic of any note among working men who has not spoken in it, and looked on it as one of the holy places of unbelief. For years this building was known in Keighley and the neighbourhood as the "Infidel Chapel." Artisan enquirers from distant towns made Sunday pilgrimages thither; while the pious crossed themselves when they mentioned its name, and crossed the street when they met one of its attendants. When Spiritualism was imported from America, the managers of the "Infidel Chapel" offered it an opportunity to show its powers. The offer was accepted, and they were converted. Now, "other-worldliness" reigns more supreme than it had done in the days of the "Noncons." The Sunday evenings, and frequently other evenings of the week also, were devoted to readings and lectures were given on God and Immortality. Ancient unbelievers despised themselves favoured with prophetic visions; they held daily communion with saints and angels, and disdained not to acknowledge an occasional acquaintance with devils. A theology, half Unitarian and half Swedenborgian gradually grew up, and what they called a "Free Christian Church" was established. It was never difficult to get sermons, for the great departed were always willing to preach; and sometimes dead Secularists confessed their earthly errors, and told strange stories of the new life of their companions. The *Yorkshire Spirit* and *Telegraph* was conducted by men who had been accustomed to look up to Fourier and Voltaire as Biblical critics, and to see in the Baron D'Holbach's *System of Nature* an authoritative text-book of theology. The Secularists who remained unconverted were left without a home; and the itinerant lecturers who hitherto always found a safe haven in the "Working Man's Hall," were driven out of their lists. During the last few years the surviving members of the old time have recruited their forces out of a younger generation, and are meeting again; but they are not what they once were and they have for ever lost the "Infidel Chapel." How Robert Owen himself, after half a century spent in proclaiming that all religions are founded in error, in his old age preached the plans of his youth for the regeneration of society on the authority of spirit-communications, is a notable fact. And recently the son has followed in the father's footsteps, and publicly recanted his early Atheism. *Robert Owen's Journal*, in which the misguided old philanthropist records the closing scenes of an unselfish life, and Robert Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World*, the best and most readable account of Spiritualism that we have seen, whatever view we take of their speculations, are not without useful lessons. We do not adduce either them or the Keighley phenomena as arguments in favour of Spiritualism. Our readers may take them for what they are worth.

The *animus* of the writer is evident, but his statement of facts is commended to the careful consideration of the reader, who we hope "will take them for what they are worth;" but no doubt find they "are not without useful lessons." From the "moral" to the foregoing story, we may add this reflection of the Westminster reviewer:—

The breaking-up of old ideas to-day, though it terrifies the conservative theologians, who are unable to look before and after, is but the permission of Providence in immemorial ways, and another step in the education of the world.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

THE Brothers and Mr. Fay have now been another month before the public, and the conjurors have had another month to imitate them if they could. It has ended in the same way as the previous months, and the vain attempts made by the conjurors must now have proved to demonstration—to all but the most stupid and irretrievable—that the phenomena are entirely genuine and true instances of spiritual force. The conjurors are doing what is most valuable in the enquiry, by proving their own utter inability to produce anything analogous to the phenomena, and they are rendering a great service to truth and to the brothers and Mr. Fay by shewing to a hitherto unbelieving world, that no conjuring is adequate to imitate the manifestations. We shall be glad to see them go on still further in the same direction. We are happy to observe also that the public is becoming daily more appreciative of the phenomena, and that increasing numbers are flocking to see and observe for themselves. Never in England has there been such an opportunity of witnessing and testing spiritual manifestations, and many hundreds of enquirers are every week carefully satisfying themselves of the truth. The public and private engagements are constantly increasing, so that the brothers are having now at least two *séances* a day, and are not able to answer all the claims upon their time. We hear of several of the gentlemen connected with the Press who are already among the converts, although we have not observed that they have had either the courage or the honesty to unwrite what they have written. This, however, from long experience, we do not expect from them. It is but justice, however, to "*the Flaneur*" to say that we do not refer to him as one of those who have fielded up their phantasies. We had intended saying something for his especial benefit, but seeing how flat all his *flaneuring* has fallen, and how he is affected with spiritophobia, we fear it would be a waste of time. He has long ago completed his education, and is considerably past teaching. Instead of listening to him, or to us, we advise all who have any doubts as to spiritual phenomena to go and see the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay, and get their outer coating of incredulity removed. If that is not enough for them, it may be necessary to take off their waistcoats while their coats are on, which may be a more painful operation. If it be true, as the parsons say, that the devil helps the Davenports, the conjurors may well be nowhere in the race, and the Press may as well give in at once. He certainly does not help the conjurors, for they have not been able to imitate the Davenports so well as the Egyptian magicians did the miracles of Moses.

Notices of Books.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE DAVENPORTS.*

So much has been said and written about the Brothers Davenport, and so many have seen the marvellous phenomena witnessed at their *séances*, that a more complete account of their strange, eventful history, and of those varied sights and doings connected with them which have so disturbed the equanimity of journalists and learned professors, and puzzled the prestidigitateurs, and the public, cannot be otherwise than acceptable, as meeting the interest which on different grounds has been so generally excited, and supplying fuller data to those who care to inquire into the true nature and cause of those marvels which our newspapers have chronicled.

Dr. Nichols has, we think, on the whole, executed his task in a very able and satisfactory way; from the mass of materials before him, he has with great judgment selected the most salient features, and the most typical instances of those remarkable experiences of Ira and William Davenport which have gained so much public attention in both hemispheres. He does little else than state the facts, leaving it to others to make or demolish theories that may be built on them, or built in ignorance of them, as the case may be. His style is singularly sharp, clear, and concise, and his narrative ingenuous and free from all tendency to exaggeration. Indeed, the most bald and literal statement of the facts presents so much that is contrary to the common notion of what is probable and even possible, that the temptation has evidently been to understate rather than magnify the marvels he relates.

In 1846, the Davenport family were disturbed by what they described as "raps, thumps, loud noises, snaps, cracking noises in the dead of night." In 1850, reading in the newspapers of the "Rochester Knockings," they sat round a table with their hands upon it, as they had read was done at Rochester, and waited further developments. These began by knockings and other noises, and table-tippings. Soon, the alphabet was called into use; then, through the hand of Ira, the elder boy, messages were written by an invisible scribe; and he was "floated in the air over the heads of all the people, and from one end of the room

* *A Biography of the Brothers Davenport: with some Account of the Physical and Psychological Phenomena which have occurred in their presence in America and Europe.* By T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., London: SAUNDERS, OTLEY & Co., 66, Brook Street, W.

to the other, at a height of nine feet from the floor, every person in the room having the opportunity of seeing him as he floated in the air above them." To add to the wonder, William and Elizabeth (a sister) were also upborne, and other marvels took place. On the fifth evening of their proceedings:—

In compliance with a direction rapped out on the table, by the now familiar method of calling over the alphabet and having each letter designated, a pistol was procured, and capped, but not loaded. One of the boys was then directed to go to a vacant corner of the room and fire it. At the instant that he fired, the pistol was taken from his hand, and by its flash was plainly seen by every person in the room, held by a human figure, looking smilingly at the company. The light and the form vanished together, as when we see a landscape in a flash of lightning, and the pistol fell upon the floor.

The report of what was taking place at the house of the Davenports spread like wildfire, and the house was besieged by curious and eager enquirers. But it was not until—at the instigation of the spirits and in compliance with popular importunities they left home, that Mr. Davenport would accept any compensation for the occupation of his time, and the derangement of his business. Of course, wherever the brothers have held their *séances*, the most strict and searching tests that could be contrived have been applied. At Rochester the canal boatmen tied them with tarred rope, as fast as a sailor on "the raging Erie Canal" could devise; while the shoemakers stuck to waxed thread as a better security. At New York the ropes were smeared with lamp-black, but, as the contriver of the test admitted, the hand seen was "a beautiful clean white hand, and without any trace of black upon it," while another hand, "clean and perfect as a hand could be," looked "as if it belonged to some young lady, and not like the brothers' hands." At Buffalo it was asked, "Why don't you have handcuffs?" Handcuffs were procured and fastened to the brothers' wrists, but they no more prevented the manifestations than the ropes had done. At Toledo the sporting men, with whom the place abounds, laid heavy wagers on the success or non-success of the Davenports' performance.

A committee was selected to give the sporting men the fairest possible chance. It consisted of two sailors, two riggers, and two captains of vessels to direct operations. They brought their own rope, a sufficient quantity, and marlinspikes to work with. They not only tied the ropes about their heads, feet, arms, and bodies, in all the ingenious knots known to the craft, but spliced the ropes as well as tied them, and then wetted the knots, to make the rope swell. After three-quarters of an hour of hard work, the two captains declared themselves satisfied. It is doubtful if, without using their knives, they could have freed the boys in the time which had been taken to tie them. While thus bound, the usual manifestations, of which I need not repeat the description, were given, and the boys found bound strongly as ever. Then the lights were turned down, and they were found with every knot untied, completely liberated, in the space of five minutes. The losing sportsmen paid their bets, and the audience went home astonished if not satisfied.

At Portland, Maine, the brothers were bound hand and foot to their seats, by two sea-captains and two riggers, selected from the audience. These adepts, to make thorough work of it, consumed hard upon two hours in tying them; but still the manifestations proceeded as usual. An officer of the State Lunatic Asylum fastened them with leather handcuffs with no better result. At another place binding-wire was bound over the ropes that secured them, and fastened with forceps.

At Bangor a Mr. Darling, a prosperous master-carpenter, man of science, ingenious mechanic, notable inventor, and leading Swedenborgian, denounced the Davenports as impudent bungling jugglers, and engaged to expose them if they would submit to a test he would provide, without producing it beforehand, so as to be able to circumvent it, under a penalty of 300 dollars. The challenge was at once accepted, and the town was soon in as great a fever of excitement as if a Presidential Election was impending. Dr. Nichols shall relate how the match came off.

The night appointed came, and the hall was more than crowded—it was jammed. The brothers had no notion of the nature of the trial, and were perhaps, as much astonished and as much amused as anybody, when Mr. Darling with his six confederates marched solemnly upon the stage, with a load of what seemed boxes, and ropes, which turned out, upon examination, to be really very ingenious apparatus. The audience cheered as if the victory had been already won, and the few who believed in the manifestations were gloomy and perplexed. If they did not doubt, they feared.

Mr. Darling proceeded to adjust his apparatus. It consisted of long wooden tubes, two for the arms of each brother, fitting closely, and projecting three inches beyond the ends of their fingers. There were similar tubes for the legs. Holes had been bored in them, so that they could be fastened to the arms and legs, or otherwise secured. While Mr. Darling and his assistants were securing them, the Davenports aided them with suggestions, advising them to fasten the knots away from their teeth, and from experience instructing them how the limbs could be placed in more secure positions. This cool and quiet confidence greatly troubled Mr. Darling. He trembled with excitement. The perspiration rolled from his face. At last the operation was declared completed. Persons from the audience were invited to examine the fixtures. They were decided to be "in a tight place," and the announcement was received with immense applause. Editors, preachers, and other sceptics, were in a state of ecstatic beatitude.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the agitated Mr. Darling, "they are secure." The house was hushed to silence. The two side-doors were closed and fastened, shutting in two-thirds of the cabinet, then the centre door was shut, *and instantly bolted on the inside—by whom?*

Mr. Darling heard the sound with a consternation he could not conceal. He began to seal up the doors with sealing-wax, as if any one could open them unobserved, under his eyes and the eyes of the whole assembly. Directly the instruments in the cabinet began to be played, hands and arms were displayed at an opening near the top of the centre door, the trumpet was thrown out of the cabinet, and then the doors suddenly opened, and the boys found as firm and secured as ever. The doors were closed again. A great rattling and whirring of ropes was heard for a few moments; the doors were opened, and the brothers stood up as free as when they had walked into the cabinet.

Now the applause came from the other side, with mocking cries of "Darling Darling!" Mr. Darling gave it up like a man. He had done his best. If any body could do better, he was welcome to try.

At Painesville, in Ohio, Judge Paine, who had given his name to the township, contrived several ingenious tests:—

The learned judge said, if the boys were bound, not with rope, but with linen thread, and this sealed with sealing-wax, and then the trumpet blacked with printers' ink, so as to blacken any hand that touched it, he would be satisfied, and everybody else, of course. The test was accepted; the manifestations occurred as usual—the seals were unbroken. Was Judge Paine satisfied?—Not in the least. The next day he was ready with a new test. This time, the boys were first tied with cords, then enclosed in sacks, and the sacks tacked to the floor. All the instruments were blacked, and every possible precaution taken. The hall and the streets were crowded with people. The hands were formed, the instruments whirled about in the air and beaten, and abundant evidence given that somebody or something was wide awake and active; but when lights were brought, the brothers were very safe in their sacks. When the judge saw them secure, he said to his friends, "We've got to give in on this!" But next day he had a new theory; the boys had untied themselves, ripped open the bags, made the manifestations, and then got back again all safely sewed up and tied. Truly, there is no credulity like incredulity.

But perhaps the most thorough investigation to which the brothers were subjected was the one undertaken by the Harvard Professors in 1857. Harvard is "the Oxford of the New World—the oldest university, and one which holds the highest rank." Among those who undertook to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, with a view to exposing it as a delusion, were Professor Agassiz and Professor Pearce. Among the mediums who attended their summons were the Misses Fox, and the Brothers Davenport. Concerning the former, after the most careful examination, the professors made no other discovery than that there were "unaccountable noises,"—a discovery which any country bumpkin was equally competent to make. As to the Brothers Davenport, this, according to Dr. Nichols, is what occurred:—

The Brothers Davenport were reserved till the last. At the beginning, they were submitted to a cross-examination. The professors exercised their ingenuity in proposing tests. "Would they submit to be handcuffed?" "Yes." "Would they allow men to hold them?" "Yes." A dozen propositions were made, accepted, and then rejected by those who made them. If any test was accepted by the brothers, that was reason enough for not trying it. They were supposed to be prepared for that, so some other must be found. It was of no use to put them to any test to which they were ready, and apparently eager to submit. At last the ingenious professors fell back upon rope—their own rope and plenty of it. They brought five hundred feet of new rope, selected for the purpose. They bored the cabinet, set up in one of their own rooms, and to which they had free access, full of holes. They tied the two boys in the most thorough and the most brutal manner. They have, as any one may see, or feel, small wrists, and hands large in proportion—good, solid hands, which cannot be slipped through a ligature which fits even loosely on the wrists. When they were tied hand and foot, arms, legs, and in every way, and with every kind of complicated knotting, the ropes were drawn through the holes bored in the cabinet, and firmly knotted outside so as to make a network over the boys. After all, the knots were tied with linen thread. Professor Pierce then took his place in the cabinet between the two brothers, who could scarcely breathe, so tightly were they secured. As he entered, Professor Agassiz was seen to put something in his hand. The side doors were closed and fastened, the centre door was no sooner shut than the belt was shot on them inside, and Professor Pierce stretched out both hands to see which of the two firmly bound boys had done it. The phantom hand was

shewn, the instruments were rattled, the professor felt them about his head and face, and at every movement kept pawing on each side with his hands, to find the boys both bound as firm as ever. Then the mysterious present of Professor Agassiz became apparent. The professor ignited some phosphorus by rubbing it between his hands, and half suffocated himself and the boys with its fumes in trying to see the trick or the confederate. At last, both boys were untied from all the complicated fastenings without and within the cabinet, and the ropes were found twisted around the neck of the watchful Professor Pierce! Well, and what came of it all? Did the professors of Harvard tell what they had seen? Not in the least. To this day they have made no report whatever of the result of their investigation, and are probably, to this day, denouncing it all as humbug, imposture, delusion, &c. What can a man of science do with a fact he cannot account for, except deny it? It is the simplest way of overcoming a difficulty, and avoiding the confession that there is something in the world which he does not understand. Of all men in the world, men of science, and especially scientific professors, are the last to acknowledge that "there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in their philosophy."

Several times the brothers have been exposed to imminent danger, but the invisible agency that attends them has ever been their protector. Thus, when at Lowell, the boys were warned by their invisible confederates that there was a conspiracy to expose them. And so it proved:—

A man had been selected to enter the cabinet with them who had been a gambler and a bravo in San Francisco, where he had killed two men, and had half hanged himself under Judge Lynch, from whom he had been barely rescued. This "dare devil" was determined to fathom the mystery, and his friends stood by to assist him. On being tied, not too securely, between the two boys, who were thoroughly fastened, he managed, by the aid of a dirk knife in his sleeve, to cut the rope and free his hands. At the instant he received a blow over the forehead with a trumpet, which cut a deep gash, from which the blood spirted freely. He seized Ira, and found him tied securely as ever. He turned and grasped William, who was also closely bound. He called "light," and a dark lantern was thrust through the hole in the door, and by its light he saw that no one was in the cabinet but the two Brothers and himself, and that the fastenings had not been changed in the slightest degree. He opened the door, and his friends seeing him wounded and covered with blood, supposed he had been attacked and rushed forward to revenge him. The bold, bad man was not a mean one. "Stand back!" he shouted, "these boys did not strike me, they did not touch me. Look for yourselves. There they are, bound exactly as you left them. Gentlemen, you can do as you like, but I have had enough of this. Another of the party, still unsatisfied, took his place in the box, to try the same game, but found himself so instantaneously seized by hands which he knew were not appertaining to visible bodies that he became frightened and begged to be let go."

We add another instance—

One night at St. Louis, Missouri, in the midst of the dark *séance*, a violent souffle, accompanied by heavy blows, was heard in the open space in the middle of the circle, while the musical instruments were careering through the air. Light was struck; and on the floor lay a young man, almost senseless, with his head covered with bruises, and by his side lay a knife and battered trumpet. The Brothers Davenport were bound to their chairs, the circle was unbroken except by the absence of this young man, who, according to his own story, had determined to solve the mystery, had rushed forward when he heard the sound, armed with his knife. A strange contest ensued, in which he was beaten by some antagonist whom he could not clutch, while every cut and stab he gave with his knife was at the empty air, and he was finally knocked down to the appearance with the trumpet that lay beside him.

A most striking instance of the manifestations being governed

by independent intelligent agency, occurred at Chicago. During a *séance* there, in April, 1851—

A voice speaking through the trumpet announced the beginning of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, nearly a thousand miles distant. An hour or so later the same news came in due course by telegraph. Had the manifestation ended here it might be considered a lucky guess or a remarkable coincidence, but the news of the events of this famous siege came hour by hour, and day by day, and always in advance of the telegraph, owing to the time taken by the latter in repeating messages. There were two excited crowds in Chicago filling the streets, greedy for news, one at the telegraph station, another at the rooms of the Brothers Davenport; and the news by the Davenport telegraph not only came sooner but was more accurate. This was notably shown when the electric telegraph announced that the Confederate floating battery had been knocked in pieces by the guns of Fort Sumter. The trumpet voice denied that any such thing had happened. Bets were made on the result, and when later news came the Davenports were found right, as usual.

Our readers have been fully informed of the proceedings of the Davenports since their arrival in this country, and of the treatment which they, and the facts publicly witnessed in their presence, have received from the press. Since our last number, and since the publication of Dr. Nichols's book, some important testimonies—especially one from Captain Burton, the celebrated African traveller, have been received, and which we hope to find space for in our next number.

Correspondence.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Will you allow me to make a few remarks on some passages in the article on the "The Davenports and the Conjurors," in your last number. At page 562, I read the following sentences:—

"Science has culminated at last in this lowest deep, and it is active in putting forward its convictions, and has powerful societies and combinations of its own to support each votary. They will work for one another, too, to help on the grand result of depriving man of God and of religion. Such men as Darwin and Sir George Lyell, Dr. Hooker, Professors Huxley and Tyndall have their proofs at each other's service; and in a most remarkable instance which has come before us, we find some of these worthies correcting the proof-sheets of what appears to us nothing short of blasphemy. We allude to the work of Mr. Herbert Spencer, now coming out in parts, under the name of *The Principles of Biology*. We have no doubt that Mr. Herbert Spencer, this last and greatest of the philosophers, does not believe in the Davenports, and we will say further that if he did, he would have put his proof-sheets in the fire, instead of sending them to Professor Huxley and Dr. Hooker for approval."

Now, I must express my great regret at reading such sentences as these in a magazine to which I am a contributor, and which I consider to be a most valuable organ in the service of truth. Being intimately acquainted with some of the leading Spiritualists as well as with some of the first scientific men of the day, I have long felt that they are doing great injustice to each other, and I

should be glad to see a better spirit between them. With regard to Mr. Herbert Spencer, whom you have charged with "blasphemy," I know nothing personally; but I do know him to be one of the most profound thinkers of the age; and so far from the tendency of his works being "blasphemy," I look upon some of his main views as tending to the highest religion as well as the deepest science. Now this, itself, is worth notice—that I, who am as firm a believer in the genuineness of the modern spiritual facts as yourself, and I hope as earnest and sincere a lover of the truth, should take *this* view of Mr. Spencer's principles, whilst you consider them as "little short of blasphemy," and as tending to "deprive man of God and religion." For more than a quarter of a century, I have given constant and special attention to the primary principles of both physical and metaphysical science, and have been preparing a work on the subject, which illness prevents me from completing. On the publication of Mr. Spencer's work entitled *First Principles* (in 1862), I found that he had anticipated me in some of the points on which I was most inclined to claim originality and to set particular value. I refer chiefly to the first five chapters, which form Part I. of that work, and especially to chapters iii., iv., and v., which I would most strongly commend to the study of those who wish to enter deeply into these abstruse subjects.

Now, Sir, I would ask this question: If I can thus hold similar views to Mr. Spencer, whilst at the same time believing in the genuineness of such facts as those exhibited by the Davenports—why may not Mr. Spencer do so too? At any rate it proves that there is no absolute incompatibility between the two, however difficult you may think it to reconcile them. Very probably Mr. Spencer does *not* "believe in the Davenports," simply from not witnessing the marvels; but I am quite sure that he might do so without any necessity for "putting his proof-sheets in the fire."

And this leads me to offer a few further remarks on the general subject of the position of men of science with regard to Spiritualism. Before leaving Cambridge, I had a long conversation on Spiritualism with one of the most distinguished of the scientific professors in that University—a man of world-wide fame, and whose intellect as far transcends that of the "Faradays and Brewsters," as the intellect of these latter exceeds those of the newspaper scribblers, whose self-conceited ignorance you have so well exposed. I found he had been reading the work of Professor and Mrs. De Morgan, *From Matter to Spirit*, and was much impressed by it, and ready to admit the chief phenomena of Spiritualism; though, not having had any opportunity of seeing them, of course he expressed himself with the caution which every really scientific man must do in such circumstances. Unlike the "Faradays and Brewsters," he was quite willing to examine the facts carefully and impartially; unlike the newspaper scribblers, he was prepared to allow of the possibility and even probability of these facts being the result of spiritual agency and not imposture. Now he is one instance at least of a "man of science," and one, too, of the very highest rank ready to enquire into these marvels of modern Spiritualism with a candid and open mind. And I believe there are more of such men. I think, therefore, that your invectives against men of science are too sweeping and indefinite. At the same time I can fully sympathize with your indignation at the conduct of such men as Faraday and Brewster; but I would suggest that one of these gentlemen is, perhaps, more influenced by his *Sandemanian* creed than by his *science*; and the other by his Presbyterian spectacles, than by his scientific "optics." I can also thoroughly sympathize with the vigorous and eloquent protests of Mr. W. Howitt, against the grovelling Materialism and narrow bigotry with which Spiritualism has been treated by too many theologians and others. But at the same time I must say that I think both he and you are too harsh in your judgments, and do not make sufficient allowance for the enormous influence of early habits of thought, and the prejudices of education. If I have learnt the teachings of Spiritualism aright, one of its chief lessons is a lesson of *charity* in judging of each other—the old precept of Christ to "judge not lest you be judged"—a lesson which is taught as forcibly by the whole history of philosophy as by the whole history of religion. My studies have left on my mind a conviction stronger than I can state in words, that almost all the errors of

philosophy (both mental and physical philosophy) arise from the Protagorean axiom, that "Man is the measure of all things," or as Pope has expressed it—

"In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies."

And exactly in the same way have nearly all the errors of theology arisen, from man making himself the measure of God; and all religious persecution from each man setting himself up as the measure of all other men—the standard by which to judge them. Nay, this same fatal axiom—this identical narrow assumption is the cause of a very large portion of our social and domestic miseries, which are caused by every man's insisting on judging of every other person by himself—refusing to put himself in the place of his neighbour, and to make allowance for the overwhelming force of each man's individual antecedents. No man can feel exactly as another feels, or think as he thinks, or understand the whole of his real motives. And thus it has come to pass, that good men in every age have persecuted other men as good as themselves, because they could not enter into their feelings, nor see how it was possible for them to hold different religious opinions without wilful and culpable impiety.

Let me illustrate this by the charge you have brought against Mr. Spencer. As I and Mr. Spencer understand it, there is no impiety in supposing that God has established certain *general* laws for the government of the world; but as you take it, this supposition is "little short of blasphemy." Now, I have nothing whatever to do here with the question itself as to general laws, but simply and merely with the fact that I am quite conscious of being able to hold Mr. Spencer's view without the slightest impiety or derogation from my reverence of the Deity, which, therefore, I should feel it very hard to have imputed to me as a necessary consequence of my opinions. I do not by any means intend to express any opinion as to the truth or falsehood of Mr. Spencer's hypothesis about "spontaneous evolution," &c.; but wish merely to protest in the name of both Christian charity and true philosophy against any such imputation of impiety as that to which I have referred. Let us all refrain from such judgments—"for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

But it occurs to me that you must have totally misunderstood Mr. Spencer, Mr. Darwin, and the other authors to whom you impute a "blasphemous philosophy." You say (page 563), "This then is what science has brought us to—that if we do not accept the Darwin theory of evolution or *self-creation*, we fall into the irretrievable theological difficulty of having a God who creates tigers and hawks, down to the last of the *infusoria* which eats up his neighbour, and who, therefore, must be chargeable with the criminal blunder of His creatures." Now, I am quite sure that neither Mr. Spencer nor Mr. Darwin hold any such monstrous absurdity as that of *self-creation*. You have quite mistaken their theory of "evolution." Be this, however, as it may, I wish to add a few more remarks on this theory lest I should myself be equally misunderstood. This hypothesis of "evolution," as you truly say, has been adopted by Mr. Spencer in order to avoid certain "theological difficulties" as to the character and designs of the Creator which appear to him inevitable on any other hypothesis. Now, I would suggest to Mr. Spencer that these difficulties may be amongst those which are utterly beyond the reach of our present faculties, and inscrutable even by our deepest thinkers. The terrible and awful problem of the *Origin of Evil* (of which these difficulties are only a small part), has occupied the mightiest intellects of all ages, and has baffled them all from the greatest to the least. Dr. Crombie, in his *Natural Theology*, has given a masterly exposition of the principal attempts made to solve this problem, and has shewn the inadequacy of them all. In fact, if we assume that our present finite human reason is a competent judge of this question, there is no possible escape from the terrible dilemma or alternative that God either *could* have prevented evil and *would* not, or *would* have prevented it but *could* not. Into this horrible conclusion we are unavoidably driven if we once assume the maxim of Protagoras that, "Man is the measure of all things." In the words of one of the old Greek philosophers (I forget who, and cannot find the passage), *το μη κωλυον αιτιον ουτι*—i.e., "His *not preventing* was equivalent to *causing*" (evil.) But, as I have

above said, this Protagorean assumption is a mere assumption which we have no right to make, and has been the cause of all the most fatal errors of philosophy and theology—the source of endless falsehoods in theory, and of evils in practical life. No one knows this better than Mr. Spencer; in fact, I have not met in any other author such deep and comprehensive views as to the utter inability of the human to grasp the Divine—of the finite to reach the infinite—as in his pages. I think, therefore, that he must have forgotten some of his own *First Principles* if he has adopted the “evolution” theory as an escape from those “theological difficulties” which, as he must know, are, in their very nature, insurmountable by any human faculty. But, as I have not seen his new book on Biology, from which your quotations are taken, I cannot be sure whether he has laid himself open to this charge or not. It is possible—for we have frequent examples of philosophers losing sight of their own principles.

Yours truly,

Hillfield House,
Blackawton, December 2.

A. W. HOBSON.

[We think that Mr. Hobson has fallen into the error of which he accuses us, when he treats our remarks as an attack upon science generally, and fancies that we have an antipathy to it. Our war is not against true science, but against that *pseudo* science which is the disgrace of the present age, and has led the majority of its votaries into Materialism and utter Scepticism. They appear to be affected with a mental catalepsy, analogous to that which attacks the body. Science has in their hands become necessarily divorced from religion, because the two are really irreconcilable, from the pretensions which science is wrongly made to put forward. No candid person can deny that there are few of our scientific men who are not what used to be called infidels. We do not use that word, but we say that their predicates of science have necessarily divorced it from religion, and the fact of their being unbelievers bears us out in our opinion. Of all those who have expressed themselves in books, we do not know one, however, who has gone the length of Mr. Herbert Spencer in putting down clearly his sentiments so that no one can mistake them. Since the days of Tom Paine we have not had anything so unmistakable; and yet Paine did not argue and demonstrate like Mr. Herbert Spencer, and strive to make his logic faultless, and get his illustrations from the Huxleys and Hoopers of his day. He was content with plain surface remarks, which unsettled the faith of a few, but he did not attempt the absolute proofs which Mr. Spencer has for years been spending his life upon. Mr. Spencer not only divorces science from religion, and shews their incompatibility, but is determined to leave no excuse for any one hereafter to believe in creation, or in Providence, or in God. These are not light words, but we adhere to them. We quoted in the inculcated article sentences which fully justify them, and that particular offence we call blasphemy, nor is it a new name for it. There have for long enough been Atheists who have denied a God, but we know of no one who has put it so broadly before us as Mr. Spencer, and has sought with such industry for scientific proofs, and for fear he should not have brought enough forward, has called in the assistance of the Huxleys and Hoopers to help him. He finds, forsooth, that it is not enough to give negative proofs that there is no God the Creator, but he affirms that “there is an enormous mass of organic phenomena in nature which if they are specially devised, imply malevolence rather than benevolence” in the Creator.

Is it with a Clergyman of the Church of England that we are to find ourselves at difference as to whether or not this is blasphemy, or whether or not Mr. Spencer is an Atheist? It is time when we see such sentiments to call them by their right name, and we believe that we have done so. It is not, as Mr. Hobson supposes, a mere question of evolution theory. We admit all the facts of evolution as much as Mr. Spencer, but when we get to that point, we do not pitch our tent and dwell there, and begin bawling out that there is no God who rules the evolution; neither is it a question of giving up all scientific research as Mr. Hobson supposes, as if we wanted to destroy the magic lanterns and the microscopes, and tell every one to inquire no more; but it is a question of whether Mr. Spencer and the savans who have collected a few facts, have become so wise as to be able to eliminate God out of His universe, and Christ out of the human heart. It is only Atheists who speak of creation “through an inscrutable cause.” The essence of

being a Christian is that it is not inscrutable but that God has revealed Himself as the Creator.

We willingly retract the word "blasphemy," however, since it has often been used as an odious cry for persecution, a feeling which we utterly repudiate; but openly avowed Atheism is surely worthy of moral rebuke; and that is all we wish to convey in the word "blasphemy." We are not surprised that Mr. Hobson should agree with Mr. Spencer, so far as the statement of his ideas is made in the volume of *First Principles*, published in 1862; as these are mainly the same as those propounded by Sir William Hamilton, and have no necessary connection with the doctrines of "Evolution," as put forth by Mr. Darwin; but Mr. Spencer has espoused the philosophy of "Evolution," since he wedded that of Sir William Hamilton. This is probably the cause of misunderstanding between Mr. Hobson and ourselves. We also admire many of Mr. Spencer's former writings, but we believe he has very lately gone astray; and we advise Mr. Hobson to read the *Principles of Biology* and judge for himself.

But, a word on Mr. Hobson's own ideas. He says, "My studies have left on my mind a conviction stronger than I can state in words, that almost all the errors of philosophy (both mental and physical philosophy) arise from the Protagorean axiom, that "Man is the measure of all things;" or, as Pope has expressed it,—

" In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies."

As Pope expresses it, we agree with him; but this is not the only interpretation of the Protagorean axiom! for imperfect man is not the measure of a perfect man. Perfect or imperfect, however, man can never have any other measure of anything in nature or above nature, but that of his own mind. Whatever ideas proceed from, or enter into the human mind, must necessarily assume the forms of human thought. Man can have no other forms of thought, no other form of right and wrong; no other means of understanding. Man can only commit errors by imperfect modes of thought—he can only find truth by perfect modes of thought. It is not the *human* nature which is in question, but the accurate or the inaccurate, the logical or the illogical modes of thought in man.

We need not discuss the question of "*Self-creation*" with Mr. Hobson: we leave the Evolutionists to speak for themselves, in explaining their own views. We say they deny that there is any evidence of the existence of God. They honestly profess to be Atheists. We admire their candour, but repudiate their philosophy. We believe them to be quite as honourable and as highly moral as those who believe in Revelation, but we dread the influence of their philosophy on the hearts and minds of young and inexperienced people.

We quite agree with Mr. Hobson, that certain questions with regard to the existence of evil in the world, are "utterly beyond the reach of our present faculties, and inscrutable even by our deepest thinkers;" but *pseudo* science in denying God, is in a burning fever of intellectual pride and presumption: and we deem it charitable to wrap it closely in a wet sheet and pack it in a double blanket.—EDITOR.]

To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine.

SIR,—Having, as I believe, experienced for some time powerful spirit-manifestations, and having no one to whom I can apply knowing anything of these *phenomena*, I take the liberty of addressing you, in hopes you may be able to inform me of some respectable English person residing in Paris, to whom I may be able to explain all that I have experienced—I may say, am still experiencing; for I feel continually under an influence I have no power to resist. My husband totally disbelieves it, attributes it to fancy, or delusion; and says if true it is of the evil one. Neither of these suggestions easing my mind on the subject, I determined to write to you. Before explaining further I beg to state I have never attended a *séance*. I am unacquainted with any person who is a believer in Spiritualism; and I know of it only from reading the last few numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine* and Judge

Edmonds's *Letters, and Tracts*. A few weeks back I felt suddenly impressed to hold my pen, upon doing so I was astonished to find my poor father's name written, also that of my sister, and the names of other persons who have been dead some years. Since then, I have sometimes had Scriptural messages; at last, the word "write" came each time I held the pen. I thought "What does it mean?" and was impressed to ask questions; I did so, and found every inquiry answered. It was then written that I had powerful qualities as a medium: while writing, I heard what I suppose you call raps, then strange odours seemed held under my nose; a strong vibration of my chair commenced, as if it were shaken by some one. I had a strange feeling as of something running about my dress, and was told to desire it would shew hands, but I felt so terrified that I begged this might not be; but one came on the mantelpiece as plain as my own, the noises continuing all the time. My music-stool was rattled, as if some one was pulling it out to sit on. I have seen what I believe to be several spirits, both by daylight and lamplight. They appeared in a kind of light. The faces were familiar to me; twice I heard a blow, as if struck with the fist of a powerful person. The most powerful manifestations were during two weeks which I calculate is about the time I had held my pen; but being frightened I destroyed my papers, and cannot refer to the date. The whole of this time I felt as if floating about, scarcely seeming to have the least power of walking in my usual way; when approached by any one I felt a violent spasm, especially upon being touched. At times I had a strange choking sort of short cough with unnatural perspiration on the body, and sleep at night impossible. This led my doctor, when called in, to think it merely nervousness; but I know it was terror from what I was experiencing, and which, if I could fully state the facts, I believe I should be able to prove was caused by spirit manifestations. Whenever my mind recurs to this subject I instantly receive an intimation of my thoughts are known. Sometimes I feel suddenly turned round; at other times I am impelled along very quickly in crossing a room, or am touched while sitting at table, once so powerfully as to make me cry out.

One day I could not rest in the house; I felt continually that I must be with the minister of one or other of the Protestant churches. A spirit, who wrote through my pen, had stated he was not happy; this, perhaps, caused it, for when the ministers prayed with me I was calmed. Another day, upon an organ coming into the court where we live, and playing a quadrille tune that was played night after night last season at the Jardin Mabille, I suddenly sprang up and commenced dancing till it left off. I had no power to resist it, and felt much exhausted when the organ ceased playing. I have had little to do with dancing since I was a child, and never danced at such places as the Jardin Mabille. Possibly from my ignorance of the rules used in spirit-communication, I may have drawn unhappy spirits around me, hence I feel the necessity of knowing some one experienced in Spiritualism. At times, it seems as if all day small hail were falling on my head. I cannot now state a quarter of what has passed; but if I have the opportunity to which I referred, of doing so *verbally*, I will do so. I am extremely sorry I did not follow the advice received by my pen—to seek Mr. Spear, who, I believe, was at that time at the Rue Lavoisier. I do not know if he is there now: I started twice to go there under the influence I have already referred to as that by which I felt hurried along; but I thought I would ask the advice of a very good person—the wife of a clergyman, who strongly advised me against doing so, she thinking Spiritualism the work of Satan. I am now sorry I did not go, for going to ask the advice of Mr. Spear would not have forced me to continue the practice of using my pen for spiritual communications. My mind is much harrassed by my being continually in the power of this unseen intelligence, and not able to speak of it, that I shall be most anxious to see if you have not an address for me in the next number, that I may state all particulars. I cannot, on account of family reasons, give my address at present; but, perhaps, I shall later be able to do so. Address the communication to

A. C.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Newton Vallence, August 6th, 1864.

SIR,—As you have granted me a hearing in the August number of your magazine, I hasten to give you my promised narrative of what we call "Our second *séance* with Mr. Home." Our circle consisted of the same number of persons as on the previous evening, though not entirely of the same individuals. The elder of the two stranger ladies present on the former evening was not accompanied by her daughter—much to our regret—as she seemed to be what the French term *sympathétique*, and very open to spirit influence. Her place was filled by a very different person—my father's bailiff, Mr. Mundy—a common-sense hard-working Christian, and not at all one to be led by imagination, and, practically, better for purposes of investigation. We seated ourselves in the same order, at the same table as before; Mr. Home taking his seat a few moments after we had assembled. *But before he had approached the table, we felt the same gentle, oscillatory motion in the table and our chairs, as on the previous occasion.* All felt it more or less; Mr. Mundy describes it to be as if he was on the deck of a steamer. On Mr. Home drawing his chair to the table, the motion ceased instantaneously. Two or three times that evening the same thing occurred. Mr. Home, in explanation, said: "Whenever I am in great power, these manifestations take place before I approach the table, and cease for an instant when I seat myself; I am in great power to-night." Whilst saying this, the rapping and the trembling of the table and our chairs increased. The raps were all over the table, and very loud, as though the table had been struck sharply with the knuckles, and seemed far more vehement and imperative than we had hitherto heard them. Our large dining-room table came forward from the wall, nearly to the table round which we were seated; and a chair which was standing by itself at one end of the room, slid along the carpet close behind my chair. The following messages were then rapped out; my brother-in-law and myself alternately taking the pencil and calling out the alphabet, others at the table relieving us:—*Q.* (by Mr. Home) Is there a spirit present? *A.* Yes.—*Q.* (by one of us whom I forget) What do you want to say? *A.* My dear Ned, watch over you; be patient, you will be cared for.—Henry, your father! This message was written down, letter by letter, without word division, and we had to spell it over afterwards before we could understand it. I mention this to shew that we did not aid by any guesses of our own. While this communication was being given, my father was touched invisibly in several places, and the chair in which he sat was shaken with a kind of tremulous motion. On the question being asked, "Is there any further communication?" *something* struck me on the knees, and this message came, I suppose to myself: "I want to see you here with your father; your poor mother is too ill to be a comfort to your father."—*Q.* (by myself) Do you take an interest in this place, now? *A.* I do like—Mr. Home here took up the accordion, and "Home, sweet Home" was played.—*Q.* Do you mean by that you like your home? *A.* Yes, yes, yes.—Several other questions, unimportant to the reader, were asked and answers returned. A suggestion was made, that the accordion should be played upon by the spirit. Mr. Home took up the accordion, holding it upside down, resting his hand upon his knee.—*Q.* (by myself) If you are the spirit of my grandfather, will you play on the accordion some air you were fond of? *A.* Yes.—The instrument began to play, but we could not make out any tune, it seemed a mere rumble. We felt disappointed at this; when, as if to compensate us, it was rapped out that the spirit would play on it whilst held by my father. The instrument was put into his hand; he held it upside down, resting his hand on his knee in such a manner that it was plainly visible to all of us. He was seated in an arm-chair, which, owing to its arms, could not be brought very close to the table.

In that position the accordion was played upon by the invisible power; and the volume of sound elicited from it was such as to fill us with wonder. I am perfectly certain no mortal fingers could have caused such sounds. We did not know what air it was, but a more exact imitation of the organ could not be

executed. My father had great difficulty in holding the accordion, and was obliged at last to ask us to take it away as it was being pulled so hard. My father, besides being *unacquainted with music*, is completely paralysed in one half of his body; and we are prepared to take oath that Mr. Home did not touch the instrument while being played; his hands were both laid flat upon the table.

The organ was my grandfather's favourite instrument, and the *peculiar tremulous shake that finished the performance* was to us both very striking; it reminded us so of his touch, which, from his great age, became very *shaky*. We made this remark at the time. For my own part, it took me back to the last time I heard him play on the organ, in the very room in which we were then seated—period some twenty years past. My father was very much excited by the manifestation, and would have wished to have asked many other questions, but could think of none at the time. After a pause, he said he should like to shake hands with his father. This is what ensued: *His hand, which was resting motionless on his knee, was drawn off without his being able to prevent it, and pulled under the table, nearly as far as the shoulder; and a hand covered in what seemed to him some delicate fabric, grasped his. Afterwards the covering substance was withdrawn, and a hand, warm, fleshy, and instinct with life, rested in his.* A peculiar feature in this manifestation was that, *the sleeve of my father's coat was puckered-up, creased, and dragged tightly towards his wrist, although we could see nothing that should cause this appearance, his hand and arm being plainly visible to us all.* If any one had grasped the coat-sleeve, it would have caused exactly the same effect. An exclamation of "Good God! something is pulling me under the table, and my hand is grasped by a hand as of flesh; how wonderful!" broke from him. I then asked if my hand might be grasped, and an answer being returned in the affirmative, I placed my hand under the table; but instead of feeling a hand, something came and leaned heavily against my knees, and touched me on the arm. My youngest sister's hand was grasped at her request. Whilst these things were occurring, we had been touched on our hands, feet, and other parts of our persons. Mr. Mundy several times looked under the table to find out what had touched him, and moved his chair.

On asking the question "How can we tell that these are good spirits that come, and that this is lawful?" it was answered, "By their works ye shall know them." The stranger lady and myself had been discussing this point before the *seance*, at one end of the drawing room, whilst Mr. Home was at the other end seated at the piano, and singing various songs for my wife and others. I had the course of argument used this quotation, and we were struck with repetition. Sceptics will say, "Oh, Mr. Home heard you say that, and put it into the mouth of your grandfather's spirit." Such is not my opinion, though I admit that solution is possible, but can the other knots be smoothed down as well? We got no more answers from this spirit, who was succeeded by another making quite different raps, more gentle and hesitating, and giving out quite another sound. I had the pencil in my hand at the time. On asking the question, "Who are you?" the name "Elizabeth" was rapped out, and my wife's chair was considerably shaken, and her dress pulled and scratched: she also felt something heaving up her chair, and touching her. She said, "Is there somebody that knows me, and wants to speak to me?" The following message was then given, "My own Sydney, I watch over and love all you love, Elizabeth." Her hand was at her request grasped and shaken. I requested like favour, but it was not granted. My wife's brother was then touched in several places, and all his questions were answered by taps on the back of his hands. The former loud raps now returned, and appeared, so to speak, to endeavour to take the place of those of the then manifesting power, and the communications became confused. We now observed a strange appearance of Mr. Home; he appeared to be agitated and ill at ease, and somewhat alarmed. He said that he felt himself strangely influenced by spirit power; that a spirit had possession of him, and that its power was so great that he was almost frightened. On observing him, we could see the muscles of his body, more especially those of his arms, braced up to the extremest tension; his face worked strongly, and had a ghastly expression; his eyes seemed starting from his head, and his arms were thrown convulsively above his head. I felt his arms, they were perfectly

hard and rigid; altogether he presented the appearance of suffering from an attack of catalepsy. Seeing some alarm depicted on our faces, he told us not to be afraid; not to speak to him or make any observations, only to look at him. He rose slowly from his chair, or rather, I should say, appeared to be raised by some effort apart from his proper volition into a standing position, then, to our amazement, we saw him gradually rising off the ground, rigid and motionless, except in this upward movement. Higher and higher he rose by slow degrees, until his knees appeared above the table. We saw a gradually increasing space between his feet and the floor; he being clear of all contact with surrounding objects, suspended in the air. An unfortunate exclamation of "Good God, he is rising up from the ground into the air!" appeared to act like the force of gravity, for down, suddenly down, dropped Mr. Home into his chair. He appeared somewhat annoyed, and indeed expressed himself to that effect, saying, "I told you not to speak to me, or make any observation. The power is left me." That the medium was very much exhausted mentally and physically was patent to us all, and the impression was one of relief when we saw his face regain its natural expression. He said afterwards he had seldom been subject to such a strong and determined influence.

A long pause in our *séance* now ensued. We got no manifestations for upwards of half an hour, and were beginning to fancy all was over for the evening, when the message was rapped out, "We regret we cannot communicate here; we must go. God bless you all. Good night." Our *séance* was at an end. We moved from the table, and were sitting in different parts of the room, making of a light refreshment; on a sudden I observed my brother-in-law, Stephen Gledstainés, clap his hand to his head. Mr. Home, who was sitting most of the length of the room from us, said, "Mr. Gledstainés, a pencil that was on this table has been thrown by a spirit to you; it lighted on your head; you will find it at the back of your chair." On looking, there sure enough was a small pencil we had used. Mr. Home explained this by saying my brother-in-law would become a writing medium. A lady also, who would not take part in the *séance*, felt her dress pulled in various directions. Mr. Home was several paces from her.

I have given this account of the two *séances* with Mr. Home from the conviction that it is only by giving publicity to such facts that any satisfactory conclusion can be generally attained. There are thousands who could, if they would, come forward and state similar experiences, but the fear of ridicule keeps them back. To them I would say, that the search after truth is never ridiculous, the issue be what it may. If this is a gigantic fraud, the more widely and readily that is made known, the better for us all. It is exerting a tremendous influence on numbers all over the world. My own mind is made up thus far, that spirit-manifestation is a fact, not a delusion. Whether it be for good or evil still hangs in the balance. Could I make up my mind that it was *evil*, I would not wish to investigate further. I think these manifestations may do good and evil, according to the purpose for which they are used. This we see in every case throughout the world. We, who believe the Bible, read of this power being exercised in olden days, and believe it because it is there written. Will we then ignore its possibility in our own times? What has happened in the past, may, *ipso facto*, happen again.

My opinion as to the moral character of these spirits is, that they are not necessarily either devils or saints; that they may be erring humanity in another form; that bad people will naturally seek bad spirits, and good people good, and that they will be accommodated in their wishes; but that whether the spirits be good, bad, or indifferent, we shall only learn from them just what an all-wise God sees fit to permit.

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD HENRY CHAWNER.

THE OLD STORY—ENQUIRY AND CONVICTION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—About three weeks ago I had occasion to have an interview with a gentleman who is a member of the Royal Society, the writer of an excellent work on geology, and well known by all the leading scientific men of the present day as a cautious and capable observer. The subject of Spiritualism was introduced by him, he having heard something of the question from Sir John M—— while dining with him a few days before. I declined attempting to convince him of the truth of spiritual phenomena, because my experience had led me to believe that, to scientific men, any evidence, except that of personal experience, is valueless as a means of thoroughly convincing. I, therefore, referred him to Mrs. Marshall, and requested him to call upon her when he next visited London. Two days ago the gentleman called upon me and stated that he had, unaccompanied by any one, called upon Mrs. Marshall and had witnessed some remarkable phenomena. He went alone; no names were mentioned, and he felt confident that he was entirely unknown. In briefly recording what took place I shall, in deference to prevailing prejudices, alter all the names of the persons and places referred to. He asked for his name and was answered "Thomas Gresham." The table then leaned over upon his knee, and Mrs. Marshall suggested that some one desired to converse with him. He asked "Who desires to converse with me?" and was answered, "Your mother." His mother had been dead sixty years. He asked her maiden name, and was answered "Catherine Garrick." "Where was she born?" and received the reply, "Winfield," the name of a small village in Northumberland. The foregoing and several other questions were correctly answered, and he is resolved to induce some of his learned scientific brethren to investigate the subject for themselves. It would amuse you to learn the name of *one* whom he is determined to convince.

Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Sept. 12th, 1864.

I am, yours truly,

T. P. BARKAS.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

MR. R. COOPER, of Eastbourne, the proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, has taken a large house, No. 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W., for the purpose of forming a central place of meeting, or Spiritual Lyceum. We believe the exact plan of operation is not yet distinctly formed, and Mr. Cooper invites the suggestions of friends as to what is likely to be the most useful. We hope that it will be kept as a free institution for all modes of thought, and not be taken possession of by any clique or committee. If it be founded on a broad and liberal basis, it may be of great use, and will deserve general support. It will, of course, be used for lectures, and be convenient for all general meetings, and we should be glad to know that arrangements could be made for having always there some one or more good mediums for physical manifestations of something like the Davenport order. There are several such now in America who might be induced to come over.