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AN ESSAY UPON THE GHOST BELIEF OF
SHAKESPEARE.

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II.

THE GHOST OF BANQUO.

IN an essay upon the play of *Macbeth* may be found the following passage of criticism, in the sceptical school (as usual), relative to the Ghost of Banquo:—

If we believe in the reality of the ghost as a shape or shadow existent *without* the mind of Macbeth, and not exclusively within it, we shall have difficulties which may be put under two heads—Why did the ghost come? Why did he go, on Macbeth's approach, and at his bidding? . . . It is clear from the scene, that Macbeth drove it away, and also that he considered it as much an illusion as his wife would fain have had him, when she whispered about the air-drawn dagger.

The above piece of criticism is cited on account of its mode of testing the question of objective reality. With sceptics, by the way, very curiously, a ghost, to begin with, is always expected to be thoroughly reasonable in every one of his comings and goings, although men are not uniformly so. What, however, for the present we would earnestly request of the sceptic is, to do with these apparently abnormal things as he would with any branch of natural science; that is, inquire as to facts. He would then find that the instances are indeed numerous in which persons, just deceased, appear to those whom they have known, and then *quickly disappear*.

These passing manifestations also occasionally take place when the person appearing is not either dead or dying: neither does it follow necessarily that the person seeing, or, as the sceptic would say, fancying that he sees, must always be thinking of the one seen. An examination into the general facts leads to the conclusion that thought of the person appeared to, on the part

of the one appearing, is the cause, according to certain laws of the internal world, of the manifestations, which should therefore, it is conceived, be understood as having an objective reality. This theory, and its facts, must be considered in judging of Shakespeare's intentions. Of him we should always think as of the artist and the student of nature, until it can be shewn that he ever forgets himself in those characters.

While treating upon this subject, let it be observed, that it is the scepticism as to the objective reality of Banquo's Ghost which has originated the question as to whether he should be made visible to the spectators in the theatre, since, as the sceptics observe, he is invisible to all the assembled guests, and does not speak at all. But for this scepticism, it could never have been doubted that the ghost should be made visible to the theatre, although he is invisible to Macbeth's company, and although no words are assigned to him. This doubt existing, illustrates to us how stage-management itself is affected by the philosophy which may prevail upon certain subjects. Upon the Spiritualist view, Banquo's Ghost, and the witches themselves, are all in the same category, all belonging to the spiritual world, and seen by the spiritual eye; and the mere fact that the ghost does not speak, is felt to have no bearing at all upon the question of his presentation as an objective reality.

THE AIR-DRAWN DAGGER.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes."

Macbeth, Act II., Scene 1.

The Spiritualist, when contending for the absolute objectivity of Banquo's Ghost, may possibly be asked whether he also claims a *like* reality for "the air-drawn dagger." To this he would reply, that, to the best of his belief, a *like* reality was *not* to be affirmed of that dagger, which he conceives to have been a *representation*, in the spiritual world, of a dagger, not however being on that account less real (if by unreality we are to understand that it was, in some incomprehensible way, generated in

the material brain), but only differing from what we should term a real, *bonâ fide* dagger, as a painting of a dagger differs from a real one.

That the spiritual world must have its *representations* as well as its *realities*, is a point which has already been touched upon, and this dagger, called by Lady Macbeth "the air-drawn dagger," we suppose to be one of those representations. Its objective reality, however, still remains untouched; for, once grant that the spiritual world is a real world—nay, the most real world—and it follows, that whatsoever is represented in it has its basis in reality, as much as an imitative dagger in a painting has its basis in the colours and canvas, which are also realities.

The belief that every man is attended by spirits, both good and evil, is not unconnected with this view concerning *represented objects* in the spiritual world. That our thoughts appear to be injections is within every one's experience, and the guardian angel or the tempting demon are constantly admitted in poetical language, or the language of the *feelings*, because they are *felt* to be truths. If, then, thoughts, both good and evil, are what they appear to be, injections—which injected thoughts we are free to receive or to reject—they must be from a source capable of thought, namely, from the inhabitants of the spiritual world. From that same source would also come those vivid representations, such as that of "the air-drawn dagger," which are felt to be in harmony with our present train of thoughts. That the dagger should have *this kind of reality* is quite consistent with Macbeth's reflections upon it. As being a representation to *the internal sight only* (for it is presumed that all would agree that it was not depicted upon the retina of the external eye), he cannot, of course, clutch it with his bodily hands, nor, indeed, even with his spiritual hands. Finding, therefore, that it is not "sensible to feeling as to sight," he calls it a "dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain;" and to him it could *appear* nothing else. However well persuaded a man may become that the sun is stationary, or that his thoughts are not properly his own in their origin, yet he is ruled by strong appearances to the contrary *as to his expressions*. And in Macbeth's case, the brain was really "heat-oppressed," from the fire of wicked wishes which he had encouraged, and made his own by adoption.

The fact of *the change* which Macbeth perceives, as to the dagger, is, as we conceive, quite in harmony with the doctrine here advocated, of spiritual representations. First of all, he sees simply a dagger, marshalling him upon his way, but afterwards he sees upon its blade and handle spots of blood, "which was not so before." Hypnotism, as we are informed, continually

displays facts similar to this of "the air-drawn dagger," in which the mind having been artificially fixed upon some point, becomes so much open to the power of another mind, as to see representations of the injected or suggested thoughts. You can cause the patient to see, as it were, a lamb, and you can change this lamb at your will into a wolf. The Spiritualist does not desire any one to think that these are real lambs and wolves: he is content to have it admitted that they are real representations of them, reflected upon *the internal or spiritual eye*, and he is not aware of anything which should oblige us to believe that *any sight* is possible without *some sight-organization*, such as is the eye, and such as is not the brain, apart from the eye.

From all these considerations it will be perceived, that when some one, a sincere religious enthusiast for instance, relates his visions, the Spiritualist is not obliged, any more than is the most decided Materialist, to admit that kind of absolute truth which the visionary may claim for those visions. For aught that the Spiritualist philosophy teaches, the most sincere visionary *may* be as completely under an illusion as the spectator of any conjuration or dealing with optical deceptions in this world can be. The only difference being, possibly, that it was a spiritual conjuror who had been operating before the visionary.

Mr. Fletcher, in his *Studies of Shakspeare*, has stated a point concerning this "air-drawn dagger" which tends to shew, as usual, how confused all criticism must be, while the critics persevere in thus obstinately ignoring the spiritual world. Mr. Fletcher in the work now alluded to, strenuously opposes the Ghost of Banquo being made visible to the theatre, because, in his opinion, the poet merely understood the ghost as an effect of Macbeth's mental workings; and in order further to illustrate what he conceives to be the absurdity of visibly displaying the mere effect of such workings, Mr. Fletcher observes, somewhat satirically, that:—

We are not aware that any manager has ever yet bethought himself of having an actual dagger suspended from the ceiling before the eyes of Macbeth's representative, by way of making this scene more intelligible to the audience.

In our section concerning Banquo's ghost, it was not thought necessary to enter upon any special discussion as to the proprieties of stage-representations, although we fully believe that there is a most powerful stage-reason, namely, *intelligibility*, for making the ghost of Banquo visible to the theatre; but that reason does *not* apply to the dagger—because what is spoken by Macbeth makes intelligible all that he experiences with respect to that dagger. Also, when we go on to perceive that the spiritual world has, and must have, not only its *realities* but its *representations* likewise—of which last the dagger is apparently

one—we have an additional argument still, to shew that the reasoning which may belong to Banquo's ghost would not necessarily apply, in all its points, to this appearance of the dagger.

It should, however, be noted, that the Spiritualist does not venture to say that under *no* circumstances should the dagger be made visible to the theatre: he believes that, supposing *Macbeth* superintended and performed by persons who seriously pondered the questions of the spiritual world, and the play also witnessed by a theatre of such persons, the idea of making the dagger visible might be, at least, *entertained*; because all concerned would look at the whole affair from a grave point of view, and would not be on the search for the ridiculous—which search is, indeed, frequently, nothing else but an effect of ignorance or thoughtlessness. Truly, of many, many things, do Hamlet's words hold good, that—

The readiness is all.

SHAKESPEARE. MACBETH.—DR. MAYO.

In a volume by Dr. Mayo, entitled *Letters upon the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions*, occur certain remarks as to *Macbeth*, and also as to Shakespeare himself, which remarks it is here proposed to extract, with the view of still further illustrating some of our own positions. Here follows our first and most considerable extract:—

In the tragedy of *Macbeth*, sensorial illusions are made to play their part with curious physiological correctness. The mind of *Macbeth* is worn by the conflict between ambition and duty. At last his better resolves give way, and his excited fancy projects before him the fetch of his own dagger, which marshals him the way that he shall go. The spectator is thus artistically prepared for the further working of the same infirmity in the apparition of Banquo, which, unseen by his guests, is visible to the conscience-stricken murderer. With a scientific precision no less admirable the partner of his guilt, *a woman*, is made to have attacks of trance (*to which women are more liable than men*), caused by her disturbed mind: and in her trance the exact physiological character of one form of that disorder is portrayed—*she enacts a dream*, which is the essence of somnambulism.

One almost doubts whether Shakespeare was aware of the philosophic truth displayed in these master-strokes of his own art. The apparition conjured up in the witch-scenes of the same play, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, are moulded on the pattern of vulgar superstition. He employs indifferently the baser metal and the truthful inspiration of his own genius; realizing Shelley's strange figure of

“A poet hidden
In the light of thought,”

as they say the sun is himself dark as a planet, and his atmosphere alone is the source of light, through the gaps in which the common earth is seen. I am tempted—but it would be idle, and I refrain—to quote an expression or two or a passage from Shakespeare, exemplifying his wonderful turn for approximating to truths of which he must have been ignorant—where lines of admired and unaccountable beauty have unexpectedly acquired lucidity and appositeness through modern science. While, to make a quaint comparison, his great contemporary, Bacon, employed the lamp of his imagination to illustrate the paths

to the discovery of truth, Shakespeare would, with random intuition, seize on the undiscovered truths themselves, and use them to vivify the conceptions of his fancy.

Dr. Mayo, in the work from which the foregoing passage has been extracted, is quite prepared to admit as facts numerous phenomena which the more decided sceptic altogether refuses to hear of; such, for example, as the divining rod, second-sight, clear-seeing, the facts of mesmerism in general, and ghosts, which last Dr. Mayo divides into *real* and *unreal*—utterly denying however any *objective* reality to either class. This is a species of scepticism greatly in advance of the more common and unreasoning kind, which refuses to listen to any evidence, inasmuch as it clears the ground so far as certain facts are concerned, leaving only the question to be discussed with the Spiritualist, as to *the causes* of the facts.

As most immediately relating to the subject of the present essay, Dr. Mayo's ideas concerning ghostly appearances, and his division of them into *unreal* and *real*, shall now be touched upon.

In the first, or *unreal class*, then, Dr. Mayo places such as in his opinion are generated *solely within the mind of the beholder*, and he adduces the case of Swedenborg as a remarkable instance of that kind. Such cases Dr. Mayo does not consider to be insanities, but refers them to a state of mind arising from intense thought upon some subject, (in Swedenborg's case, religion,) and then the thought shaping itself so vividly that the man is himself quite convinced of an objective reality, the truth being that all is merely subjective. (Here, by the way, Dr. Mayo *assumes*, without the shadow of a *proof*, that mere vividness of thought will give the appearance of outness to the things thought of.) Other *unreal* ghosts are considered by Dr. Mayo to be of the kind which Baron Reichenbach has explained; *i. e.*, those supposed to have been seen hovering over graves, which the Baron, by means of the observations of Mademoiselle Reichel, in her sensitive state, has shewn to be simply most subtle physical emanations from the graves, and visible only to persons in certain states.

That second class of ghostly appearances which Dr. Mayo characterizes as *real*, comprehends those in which, from the nature of the cases, he conceives that the mind of *the person seen* has acted upon that of *the seer*, and so has caused an image to be perceived; to which image, however, as before stated, Dr. Mayo still altogether denies an *objective* reality.

As an example of that kind of relation to which Dr. Mayo would be ready to give credence, as belonging to this second or *real* class, he mentions what has been recounted of—

A late General Wynyard and the late Sir John Sherbrooke, who, when young

men, were serving in Canada. One day—it was daylight—Mr. Wynyard and Sir John Sherbrooke both saw pass through the room where they sat a figure, which Mr. Wynyard recognized as a brother, then far away. One of the two walked to the door, and looked out upon the landing-place, but the stranger was not there, and a servant who was on the stairs had seen nobody pass out. In time, news arrived that Mr. Wynyard's brother had died about the time of the visit of the apparition.

Dr. Mayo then proceeds thus:—

I have had opportunity of inquiring of two near relations of this General Wynyard upon what evidence the above story rests. They told me they had each heard it from his own mouth. More recently, a gentleman, whose accuracy of recollection exceeds that of most people, has told me that he has heard the late Sir John Sherbrooke, the other party in the ghost story, tell it much in the same way at a dinner-table.

Dr. Mayo brings forward, as helping to explain relations of this sort, the account of what Zschokke, in his autobiography, terms his "inward sight," by virtue of which he had repeatedly found himself cognizant of the history (even to most minute external points) of persons whom he had never before seen or known of. Dr. Mayo thus explains his final inferences:—

I shall, says he, assume it to be proved that the mind, or soul, of one human being can be brought, in the natural course of things, and under physical laws hereafter to be determined, into immediate relation with the mind of another living person.

If this principle, Dr. Mayo proceeds, be admitted, it is adequate to explain all the puzzling phenomena of real ghosts and of true dreams. For example, the ghostly and intersomnial communication with which we have as yet dealt, have been announcements of the deaths of absent parties. Suppose our new principle brought into play; the soul of the dying person is to be supposed to have come into direct communication with the mind of his friend, with the effect of suggesting his present condition. If the seer be dreaming, the suggestion shapes a corresponding dream; if he be awake, it originates a sensorial illusion.

To the Spiritualist it will appear that Dr. Mayo's illustration of what he classes as *unreal* appearances, from the case of Swedenborg, is, indeed, when duly examined, anything but favourable to his own views. Swedenborg had just the same amount of evidence to all the five senses that he lived in *two* objective worlds, that men in general have that they live in *one*. If it be said that a man can for thirty years be thoroughly convinced in his own mind, as to *all* his senses, of an internal world, *and yet be deceived*, the question may well be asked—*What warrant has any man for the reality of the external world?* which reality he assumes upon just the same amount of evidence, that is, the evidence of the senses, and no more. If Dr. Mayo's view were fairly wrought out, which happily it cannot be, it would lead on to universal scepticism: none of us could feel sure of any existence but our own; for it cannot be allowed to stand as an argument in reply (although often urged as one), that such cases as Swedenborg's are merely exceptional, but that *all men* agree as to a real external natural world. *How do you know*

that there are these other men of whom you speak? Only by impressions upon your external senses; and it was by impressions upon the internal senses that Swedenborg became cognizant of persons and things of the internal spiritual world. In short, all scepticism upon these subjects resolves itself into merely arguing in a circle, at some point of which the sceptic arbitrarily stops; for, like Falstaff, the sceptic will give no reasons "upon compulsion."

Although Dr. Mayo admits a variety of recondite phenomena, the bare thought of which would frighten most sceptics from their propriety altogether, yet he does so, apparently, with the more willingness, because, by laying many of them together, he conceives them to be susceptible of an explanation which does not transcend the natural world. Dr. Mayo is not, however, a Materialist; and, indeed, he specially reproves the singular idea that *mind* should be considered as a *product of the brain*. Still, when the Doctor speaks of "the mind," one has no feeling conveyed as of anything *most* clear and definite. In Dr. Mayo's view, "the mind" of Mr. Wynyard, when he was dying, could act upon "the minds" of his brother and his friend, and, by so acting, could produce an image of himself, which image has yet no objective reality. Now, give to "the mind" an edge and a definedness—say, that it is pre-eminently the real entity—that it is the man himself, and that it is in a human form; and then it may be seen that you cannot very reasonably deny the objective reality of such a presentation as that of Mr. Wynyard, and that you can only deny it by the help of this shadowy and undefined mode of speaking (and thinking) of "the mind."

Dr. Mayo unites with the general body of the sceptics in pronouncing *the clothing of spirits* to be alone enough to destroy our belief in any objective reality for the wearers of the clothes.

The worst of a true ghost, writes Dr. Mayo, is, that to be sure of his genuineness, that is, of his veracity, we must wait the event. He is distinguished by no sensible and positive characteristics from the common herd. There is nothing in his outward appearance to raise him in your opinion above a mere fetch. But even this fact is not barren. His dress—it is in the ordinary mode of the time, in nothing overdone. To be dressed thus, does credit to his taste, as to be dressed at all evinces his sense of propriety; but alas! the same convict him of objective unreality. Whence comes that aerial coat and waistcoat, whence those visionary trousers? alas! they can only have issued from the wardrobe in the seer's fancy. And, like his dress, the wearer is imaginary, a mere sensorial illusion, without a shadow of externality: he is not more substantial than a dream.

Very wonderful, certainly, to the Spiritualist is the logic of scepticism—there cannot be real coats and waistcoats in the spiritual world! that is enough to settle the question as to the reality of the wearers, although if such arguments are to be persisted in, they may as well be applied at once *to the bodily*

form itself of the spirit. In the natural world, a man's body is as much from the elements of nature as his coat and his waistcoat are. The truth is, that to deny that the spiritual world is, to the spiritual man, objective and similar to the natural world, is tantamount to denying it altogether; for who can really believe in that of which he has not the least conception; and without objectivity there is no conception, either in the worlds of matter or of mind. Such denials as the foregoing are an assuming to be wiser than are the great artists who represent what is spiritual *by forms*, and thereby somewhat minister to an earnest want of the mind, which want is in itself alone enough to shew, that all scepticism involves nothing less than a separation of the intellect from the feelings, to the infinite detriment of the former. Dr. Mayo conceives that all is set at rest by asking, "whence come the aerial coats and waistcoats?" but suppose the question tested by an inversion of itself, and that *we* should ask, whence come what Dr. Mayo conceives to be the *real* coats and waistcoats? It must then be replied, that all nature and its substances are of a divine and spiritual origin, and that when a man makes up some of those substances into the forms of coats and waistcoats, those forms are also of a spiritual origin, because the man contrives them by a spiritual act.

Dr. Mayo gravely observes, that Shakespeare has moulded the Ghost in *Hamlet* upon "the pattern of *vulgar superstition*," and adds also that Shakespeare "employs indifferently the *baser metal* and the truthful inspirations of his own genius." Now we must venture to say, that if Shakespeare had done so, it would have been particularly unpardonable in a play in which he has taken occasion to make Hamlet so severely reprehend *all compliances with vulgar taste* on the part of the players, and has so pointedly shewn, as already noticed, that the end of all art is to hold the mirror up to nature. It is indeed anything but easy to understand how a great artist could possibly employ *indifferently* the *baser metal* and the true; nor is it much easier to understand how it is, that in spite of philosophical scepticism, the base metal should still pass current. To believe such things as Dr. Mayo thus attributes to Shakespeare, implies, we will not say, at least as much credulity as to believe in ghosts, but, as we cannot help thinking, infinitely more.

Again, Dr. Mayo states that "there are lines of admired and unaccountable beauty" in Shakespeare, which have been unexpectedly found to have acquired "lucidity and appositeness," by their fitness to scientific facts, of which facts he must have been ignorant; and he characterizes such things as "*random intuitions*," and, perhaps, indeed, they could seem no other, when simply viewed according to a merely natural philosophy. But

if the Spiritualist is right in affirming that *all natural facts are of a spiritual origin, and therefore are the reflections and exponents of spiritual things*, it is then seen that there was *no random intuition* in the case, and it is also seen that whenever a spiritual perception is clearly and beautifully expressed, it must necessarily be applicable to that which reflects it in nature; although, as Dr. Mayo observes, that merely natural fact might be then unknown. It may also be allowed to observe, in passing, that no one would be more strongly persuaded than Shakespeare, that there was an abundance of natural facts unknown, and to be known, and the idea has been embodied by him when he makes Cordelia invoke—

All blessed secrets—all you unpublished virtues of the earth.

Upon the whole, then, it is contended that Dr. Mayo, notwithstanding the number of remarkable facts which he admits into his philosophy, still falls very far short of what a complete view of the fine arts requires, because he wishes to explain all away into what is merely natural, although a subtle and refined natural, and, as a consequence, he cannot admit of facts, or explanations of facts, which will not square with a merely refined naturalism, or natural philosophy.

THE ARMOUR OF THE GHOST.

Some years ago a lecture upon *Hamlet* was delivered by a gentleman who was himself a poet, and who informed his audience that his admiration of that work had led him literally to commit it to memory. It was very curious to hear the manner in which the lecturer *handled the conduct* of the play; for, contrary to the usual custom, he raised the question of the author's *beliefs*.

It was quite evident, that in the midst of the most profound admiration for Shakespeare, the speaker was perplexed in the extreme between his own conviction that it was *impossible that Shakespeare could have believed in the supernatural*, and, on the other hand, that powerful air of reality which he saw pervaded the poem of *Hamlet*. He closed his address by saying, that Shakespeare, like every true philosopher, must have been *without fixed opinions* upon such a subject as the supernatural, and that his state must have been one of mere doubt. It need scarcely be said, that this was understood to be also the lecturer's own position, and one could hardly help thinking that the mere fact of a sceptic, who was also a man of talent and a poet, being thus *perplexed with Hamlet* was in itself alone almost enough to prove that it had been written by one who had been in a very different mental state indeed.

The point, however, for which this lecture is specially adverted

to was this: "*Where,*" said the speaker, "*did the ghost procure his armour?*"

We have already seen that it is a very favourite thing with the sceptics to raise objections founded upon the clothings of spiritual beings, and it well illustrates their singular tendency towards begging every question instead of reasoning it out. They never, for instance, seem to consider that even in the natural world men do not use clothings merely for decency and defence, which are, indeed, very good reasons, and might apply equally to spirits, admitting, only for argument's sake, their existence. Clothings are, however, used also for their beauty and power of adornment, and, above all, for their great significance. The love of dress has, therefore, a noble origin, and, at the least, it implies the desire to appear worthily. Obvious as are such considerations, the famous Mr. Bentham must surely have overlooked them when he spoke as follows, as we learn from certain memoranda of some of his conversations:—

I have helped to cure myself of the fear of ghosts, by reasoning thus: ghosts are clothed, or are not clothed; now I never saw, or fancied that I saw, a ghost without clothes; so, if there be ghosts of men, there must be ghosts of clothes too, and to believe this requires a further stretch of belief, and further evidence and authority.

That Shakespeare did not forget the significance of clothings, such passages as the following will sufficiently evince:—

I shall report,
For most it caught me, *the celestial habits,*
(*Methinks I so should term them*) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. *Winter's Tale*, Act III, Scene 1.

In *pure white robes,*
Like very sanctity, she did approach. *Ibid.*, Scene 3.

There can be no kernel in this light nut; *the soul*
Of this man is his clothes. *All's Well that Ends Well.*

Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his *sables* and his *weeds,*
Importing health and graveness. *Hamlet.*

It has already been pointed out that no piece of clothing can be made by the hands, without being first *contrived in and by the soul*, according to some end in view, a consideration altogether overlooked by the sceptics. If the internal world and its inhabitants be realities, the marvel would be the want of clothings for those inhabitants; and if they had them not, or seemed to have them not, the sceptics would be the very first to see, and justly to ridicule, the incongruity.

In the "early *Hamlet*," when the ghost enters the queen's closet, there is a stage-direction to this effect—"Enter the Ghost in his night gown;" and the Spiritualist would be inclined to think that this direction had a sound basis, and that its subsequent

omission must have been simply an inadvertency, and the idea would, at all events, not be weakened by considering Hamlet's words upon that occasion when he exclaimed—

My father! in his habit as he lived.

Upon the well-known principle, then, that man clothes himself according to time, place, and occasion, it might perhaps seem that the armour would have been as much out of character in the Queen's closet as it was in character and in every respect appropriate for the platform.

It has been related, that when Tieck had the direction of the Dresden Theatre, he caused this change of the Ghost's dress to be adopted, and that it drew forth, as might have been expected, a query from the scoffers as to whether the Ghost had a wardrobe; and although we do not know whether Tieck, any more than other celebrated critics, had *philosophized affirmatively* upon the supernatural in art, yet he is represented as having had the boldness, upon this occasion, to reply, "Yes, a ghost has as many changes of dress as his errand needs."

It might also have been pointed out to these scoffers, that clothing is found even in what they would admit to be nature; that is, in the lower creations, in their hair and feathers, in which also nature makes certain changes, according to circumstances. Of man (by virtue of his higher position) it is no paradox to say that *his* clothing is at once *natural* and *artificial*. It is *natural* (in every sense of the word) for him to desire to be clothed, and that variously, according to an indefinite variety of circumstances. This desire is met by his having the power to produce *artificially* a piece of clothing, which has first however to be fashioned in his mind, according to the laws of his mind, or, which amounts to the same thing, according to the laws of the spiritual world. It is then only necessary to affirm that in the world of mind, or the spiritual world, the externity of the clothing follows upon its formation within the soul, and the answer made by Tieck is fully justified, as in fact containing a great truth, belonging both to philosophy and to art.

It may be observed likewise, as being very intimately connected with the present subject, that there is a feeling with all of us that certain states of the mind are apt to be induced according to the clothing of the body. People will sometimes say, that they feel *mentally different* in *different clothings*; and it would not be right to think that this different mental feeling was merely *an effect* of what is called *association*, for association itself is *an effect* of the inherent significancy of the forms, colours, and substances which constitute those various clothings. Shakespeare, to whom every fact would be full of meaning, has made Perdita

express this common perception as to various clothings, when being, as she says, alluding to her "unusual weeds," "most goddess-like pranked up," she afterwards exclaims :—

Sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be ? that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And, by opposing, end them ? To die,—to sleep,—
No more ; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

Having now quoted this famous soliloquy for Hamlet, it is wished to give brief extracts relating to it from those eminent writers Schlegel and Chateaubriand, by way of introduction and groundwork to our own suggestions. The passage from Schlegel, which is in one of his dramatic lectures, runs thus :—

Hamlet has no firm belief, either in himself or in anything else ; from expressions of religious confidence he passes over to sceptical doubts. He believes in the ghost of his father when he sees it, and as soon as it has disappeared, it appears to him almost in the light of a deception. . . . It has been censured as a contradiction, that Hamlet, in the soliloquy on self-murder, should say,

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,"

for was not the Ghost a returned traveller ? Shakespeare, however, purposely wished to shew, that Hamlet could not fix himself in any conviction of any kind whatsoever.

So far from Schlegel, and now follows the passage from Chateaubriand, which passage has been taken from that author's *Essay upon English Literature*:—

I continually ask myself how it was, that the philosophic Prince of Denmark could have had those doubts which he manifests concerning another life. After having conversed with the "poor ghost" of the king his father, should he not have known what to have believed?

We have now seen in succession passages from Shakespeare and from two eminent writers upon him, and we certainly feel ourselves entitled to suggest that, had the Shakespearian and Spiritualist philosophy, which teaches that man is an inhabitant of *two* worlds, been present to the minds of the critics, they could not have been so much perplexed by this soliloquy, and particularly by the fact that Hamlet, although he had seen his father's spirit, yet made use of the expression "the bourne" (*i.e.*, limit) "from which no traveller returns." Judging from this perplexity of the critics, it is evidently supposed by them that Hamlet's father, nevertheless, *had returned* from "the bourne" (or limit), and thus that Hamlet was making an assertion which his own experience had contradicted. According, however, to that philosophy which the Spiritualist believes to have been Shakespeare's, Hamlet was perfectly correct in using the phraseology, although it does not necessarily follow but that *in him* it might have been, not so much a truth reasoned out or verified in any way, as simply a deep intuition; in Shakespeare, of course, both. Surely, so far, there is no scepticism in Hamlet, nor inadvertency in Shakespeare: because, according to his philosophy, a departed spirit appears to the spiritual eyes of the man, and not to his natural eyes; consequently, does not, nor cannot, overpass "the bourne" (or limit), which separates the spiritual and causal world from the natural and effect world. Understood in this way, it is conceived that, so far from any contradiction or inadvertency existing upon Shakespeare's part, he has really shown, in his use of the word "bourne" (or limit), an admirable felicity in the expression of a truth. This view also seems to leave behind all necessity for Schlegel's mode of justifying Shakespeare; a mode which involves, moreover, so far-fetched a supposition as this—namely, that Hamlet could not even be certain, or at all events had forgotten, that *not only himself but several other persons* had witnessed an appearance of an extraordinary kind.

Let us, however, now at least try what can be inferred from the whole soliloquy, by using the mode of *taking for granted that Shakespeare was right*, and had not fallen into the commission of any *inadvertency* at all, of any kind whatsoever. How great an inadvertency it would have been to have made Hamlet really

talk scepticism may partly appear, when we recollect that Hamlet had already uttered such words as these—

I do not set my life (*i. e.* my natural life) at a pin's fee;
And for *my soul*, what can it do to that,
Being a thing *immortal as itself*?

And again, even when doubting whether the spirit which he has seen is really his father's spirit, Hamlet yet shews no doubts regarding the spiritual world, but altogether the reverse; indeed, words could not much more strongly express a faith in that world:—

The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: *and the devil hath power*
To assume a pleasing shape: yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(*As he is very potent with such spirits*)
Abuses me to damn me.

Assuming then that Hamlet is no more of a sceptic in his famous soliloquy than he is elsewhere, it may be observed, that what that speech really appears to be, is this: neither more nor less than a series of general reflections upon the manner in which the fears of the future state operate upon mankind in general (with whom it is well known that the fears infinitely outweigh the doubts), and that not merely in *preventing self-destruction in trouble*, but in *staying the course of energetic action* for some end in this life.

Thus conscience does make cowards of *us all*,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

This last point, namely, the hindrance to action, has been perhaps scarcely noticed, so much does it seem taken for granted that Hamlet is merely thinking doubtfully of a future state, and also of terminating his own natural life. Upon the view here offered, we must rather think of the soliloquy as one of those trains of serious thought eminently characteristic of Hamlet, and thus we are led on to the next important point, which is this: that *all the phraseology of the speech* is true to that philosophy which teaches that man is an inhabitant of two worlds.

First then we have "the thousand *natural* shocks that *flesh* is heir to," &c. Next comes "to die—to sleep"—the synonymous use of which words is not uncommon with the sincerest believers, and we all know what they mean in using them; that is, they mean the death, or sleep, of the natural body. It is surely the greatest mistake to dwell upon these words, "To die,—to sleep," as if they were applied by Hamlet to the spirit of man, the real man, instead of being spoken only of the natural body. This

is, indeed, most clearly implied, when Hamlet afterwards says, following upon the very words "To die,—to sleep,"—

*To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,—&c. &c.*

Still, however, these words, "dream" and "dreams" are made stumbling-blocks of, although "sleep," having been affirmed of the natural body, the idea of "dreams" (even when applied to the awful realities of the future state) seems to spring naturally from the metaphorical use of the word "sleep." For the *natural man* occasionally to speak of the realities of the *spiritual world* as dreams, is not inconsistent with the firmest faith in those realities; in short, it is at times *natural* for him to do so.

Finally, that which has been thought so peculiarly perplexing as coming from Hamlet, concerning the "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," needs not Schlegel's attempt at explanation, but is seen to be simply the expression of a truth; for, as already shewn, the ghost had *not* returned from "the bourne" (or limit) of the spiritual world, but had been seen by *the spiritual eyes* of his son; while to the Queen, seeing only with *the natural eyes*, (with which, as she says, "all that is, I see,") the ghost is invisible.

To the Spiritualist, then, who finds his own philosophy reflected in several expressions of the happiest kind, occurring in this famous soliloquy, it is truly wonderful that it should ever have been tortured into scepticism. The whole mystery is apparently solvable, if we simply admit that Hamlet never doubted man to be both spiritual *and natural*, and that those phrases in the soliloquy which are of termination or death, apply only to the latter.

Here then, still upon the vexed question of what is implied in this remarkable soliloquy, the Spiritualist contends that there are no inadvertencies or contradictions at all in the case; that Hamlet is yet consistent with himself, and Shakespeare yet perfectly in the right.

"SPIRITUALISM" as it is termed, is spreading in Russia. Two books are just published in Russia, a translation of the book of Messrs. Hare, Edmonds, and Talmadge, and a treatise on *The Simplest Forms of Spiritualism*, by M. Kardec. Swedenborg's *Heaven* has also been translated. Messrs. Trubner & Co. have just published an edition of twenty-five copies only for sale, *Le Livre des Visions; ou l'enfer et le Ciel décrits par Ceux qui les ont vus*, par Octave Delepierre: a very curious book illustrated by photographs.—*The Reader*, May 5.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA AT LIVERPOOL.

THE following story has been sent to me by a leading physician residing at Liverpool. The strange occurrences took place about the period when Messrs. Hulley and Cummins led on a brutal mob to attack the Davenports, and to destroy the cabinet in which they exhibited.

Living in a community where such an outrage could be perpetrated with impunity, it is not surprising that my correspondent should withhold his name; but I can vouch for his high character and professional reputation; of his entire belief in Spiritualism, and his anxiety to proclaim it whenever he can meet with one or two men in that town of his own professional standing who will support him.

“ Liverpool, May, 1866.

“ Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen—and sure I ought to know!”

“ 'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none go just alike, yet each believes his own.”

“ My dear Sir,—In accordance with my promise to you, when in London, I now send you the particulars of an extraordinary instance of bell-ringing and displacements of furniture, &c., which occurred in a house in a fashionable locality in this town, occupied by two maiden ladies and their two female domestics—a cook and housemaid. The ladies have occupied the house for the last sixteen years, and their own brother is their landlord. About a year previous to the occurrence of the facts I am about to narrate, their mother died in the house at the advanced age of eighty years. The two domestics had been in their service for two months previous to the bell-ringing, &c., (May 16th, 1865,) and they are still with the family (April, 1866). It is but right to state that the ladies are of the highest respectability—persons whose acquaintance I am proud to own; and up to the occurrence of these strange phenomena, they were thorough sceptics as to the power of disembodied spirits to hold communion of any kind with the inhabitants of the world of sense. Up to the 16th of May last, there never was known to be an abnormal sound heard in the house. Whilst I have the permission of the ladies to furnish you with the following narrative, for cogent reasons I am prevented from using names or even initials, so that I shall be obliged to style the *propria*

personæ, A, B, C, &c., in the order of their appearance in this domestic drama :—

“ On the 16th of May, 1865, at three p.m., all the bells in the house began to ring, one or more or all at once, and they continued to ring frequently, for two hours at a time, with great vehemence and with very short intervals. There are twelve bells in the house, two of which are hung in the attic flat and ten in the servants’ hall, just outside the kitchen door in the area flat. The sound produced by the ringing was very harsh, as if the force applied was sudden and violent, in fact it was most alarming. I am not easily frightened, but I could not help shuddering when, after a prolonged silence the whole number of bells at once gave out an unearthly peal. The time preferred for ringing the bells and “alarming the natives” was *whenever they sat down to a meal*, a very inconvenient arrangement. This terrible plague continued day and night for a whole fortnight at least, from the 16th of May to the 1st of June. More than once the tongues were tied to the spring, but before morning they were all loose again, the string being apparently worn through by the force with which they had been pulled. The first three or four days the ringing was more frequent and violent than afterwards, although it was quite bad enough throughout. So far as mediumship is concerned, it is interesting to observe that the bells rung quite independent of *any particular person* being in the house. On the 24th of May, a rat-trap was set at the only place where ten of the wires meet, and it was so placed that a rat could not enter it without resting on the trap; this was on a shelf inside of a cupboard which was locked. On unlocking and opening the door next morning the trap was found upon the floor without any rat in it and it was *still set*. On the 26th of May, Miss A— and Miss B— left their house at 7 p.m. to visit a friend, and I had given instructions that in their absence the tongues of the bells were to be muffled with flannel and tied firmly. As soon as the ladies were gone the domestics tried to tie the bells, but so powerful was the counteracting force, they found it impossible, and the bells continued to ring incessantly from 7 to 11 p.m. Even after the bells were carefully muffled the wires were frequently seen and heard by Mr C— (the landlord), to be vigorously pulled. Three of the bells had pendulums attached and all three were broken off by the violence of the ringing. On *two separate occasions* and without the slightest possibility of collusion, as the parties were and are still unknown to each other, Mrs. D—, an upholsteress, and Mr. E—, a joiner, on ascending the door-steps to ring the door-bell observed the handle moving vigorously, anticipating them, as it were, in the act of

ringing. On entering, Mrs. D—— said to the servant, “What is the meaning of the handle of your door-bell going on in that way?” shewing, at the same time, how it was moving and apparently of its own accord. Neither Mrs. D—— nor Mr. E—— were aware of the house being, in vulgar parlance, “haunted.” As usual, all manner of clever explanations have been volunteered, from mice, rats, and cats, to men and women acting accidentally or intentionally bent on mischief; but all attempts to get within reach or sight of the agency by day or by night has been in vain, and some very clever and *interested* heads (Mr. C——’s in particular) have entirely failed to offer the slightest approach at a reasonable explanation, on the ground of physical science as taught and accepted at the present day. I accompanied Mr. C—— and Mr. F—— (a Liverpool merchant), through the whole house; we examined all the wires and the bells where visible and found them all as they ought to be. We examined the attic flat in particular and its connections with the adjoining houses and could find no explanation of the phenomena. The neighbours, who are people above the slightest suspicion, disown taking any part in so unneighbourly a transaction; and, indeed, no individual or animal could produce such a din day and night for such a length of time and not be found out. I think that the bell-ringing phenomena are the most inexplicable of any, and they are *marvellously convincing*, especially at the time. Bell-hangers, masons, joiners, clergymen, doctors, head constables, and detectives, have all been brought in to advise, but the bell-ringing remains to all who have heard and seen it as great a mystery as ever. A foreman bell-hanger estimated that it would take at least a force equal to six pounds to ring one or any of the bells, so that a power equal to 72 pounds must have been exerted when all of them rung at once. Both Mr. C—— and Mr. G—— (the bell-hanger) entirely failed to ring the bells by laying hold of the ten wires at the cranks where they all meet. (Query.—Did any occult force oppose or prevent them ringing the bells?) On the 30th of May a bell-hanger passed his hand along the wires close to where the trap had been set, when so strong a movement came as nearly knocked him off the ladder on which he was standing, and he said ‘he thought that his hand was gone.’ He declined all further investigation.

“About the same time that the bell-ringing commenced, a knocking at the attic door each night at 11.45 also began. There has always been from three to four distinct knocks, although at first they were faint, like the knocking in of a small tack. Sometimes the raps or knockings would seem to take place on the bedroom doors of Miss A—— and Miss B——. The knocking continued

occasionally for months after the bell-ringing stopped, which was on the 1st of June last.

“There is no doubt in my own mind, that whatever was the nature of the force producing these unwonted phenomena, the same force or power was the agency by which the following still more extraordinary and intelligent phenomena were produced. As the bells now refused to respond to the pulls, a new mode of impressing the inmates and others interested was adopted. On the morning of the 27th of May, I received the following note from Miss B——. ‘My dear Dr.—The house is turned topsy-turvy this morning. The kitchen and sitting rooms at least are so, as far as we have seen. Would you like to see them? We shall keep some part of it for your inspection. I assure you that we all feel quite nervous about it. The servants found the kitchen in such a state that they immediately came up to us, so I am writing this at 7 a.m. Yours very truly, B——.’”

“On my arrival at the house, about 11 a.m., I found the kitchen, dining room, and breakfast parlour furniture disarranged or rather rearranged, and the following displacements were observed:—In the kitchen a very heavy iron fender was removed from the fire-place and placed on a dresser at the further end of the apartment. A heavy kettle or boiler full of water was taken from under a dresser and placed upon the fire, an operation requiring considerable strength and dexterity, as it had to be lifted over a number of little bundles of firewood which were drying, and which were undisturbed. The tin hastener and jack were in front of the fireplace, and the dishes, covers, and general arrangements of the kitchen were such as if the cooking of a considerable dinner was in contemplation. In the breakfast parlour all the furniture was arranged for a meeting of friends, and one large easy chair occupied a most eccentric position by itself in the middle of the floor. In the dining-room the arrangements and displacements were much more elaborate and better qualified to astound or to give effect. The tea-caddy which was left in the breakfast parlour was now in this room, the first instance of the removal of anything from one apartment to another. A huge old-fashioned double-pillared eight-clawed dining-table composed in two halves, was removed from behind the door, taken across the room, and placed close in front of the fire-place. Mr. C—— and Mr. F—— tried to move this table *as a whole* and found it to be quite impossible,—and Mr. F—— and I also tried it with a similar result. We could remove the two halves separately, but not as a whole. All the chairs in the room were placed around the table as if some important meeting had been held—the arm chairs being at top and bottom. Below

the feet of the table was the hearth rug, which had been thrown over the fender and fire irons before retiring for the night. Upon the table was an oilcloth cover neatly and evenly spread—and tumblers and glasses were placed opposite to the respective chairs. In front of the largest arm chair was a portfolio lying open with writing paper, envelopes, &c., and an inkstand and pen-wiper taken from the mantel-piece. Before retiring for the night, Miss B—— had addressed a letter to her brother (Mr. C.) informing him of the bell-ringing, &c., she had stamped it and put it into the portfolio—but it was found at the head of the table with the address turned towards what might be supposed to be the President's chair. On the table there was also Miss A.'s work-basket, and the work and materials were distributed about the table in front of the respective chairs. The fire screens and chimney ornaments were all reversed, and work boxes, writing desks and the lighter movables were turned bottom uppermost, apparently with no other object than that of making a decided impression. From certain marks on the mantelpiece it was very evident that the changes in this room must have been accomplished *towards early morning*: for instance, on going to bed the fire-screens were laid *flat* upon the mantel-piece—when first seen in the morning they were *on end* as in the daytime; and the surface of the marble which had been covered by them, was still free from dust, while all the rest of the surface was distinctly covered with dust. On Sunday morning, the 28th of May, at breakfast time, the knife-box and its contents were not to be found; later in the day it was found on a shelf in a cupboard on the tops of the spare glasses, not one of which was broken or upset. On the evening of the same day I suggested that Miss A—— should sleep with her sister Miss B——, as it was said that Miss A—— when a girl used to walk in her sleep. The bedroom door was to be locked and Miss A—— was not to know anything about it, or where the key was hid, and all the keys of the various lock-up places, the rooms, wine cellar, &c., were to be locked up in a place only known to Miss B——. The attic door leading to the servants' apartments was also to be locked and the key was to be taken possession of by Miss B——. All of which was done, and on awaking, Miss B—— found the keys where she placed them undisturbed—she opened the bedroom and the attic doors, which still remained locked and untampered with. Miss A—— and Miss B—— then proceeded down stairs, and on entering the butler's pantry they found a cucumber, which was quite whole when they left it at night, divided in two through the middle, and a knife was lying beside it *which was still wet with the juice of the cucumber*—this was at 7 a.m. On entering the dining-room the following extraordinary state of matters was observed:—the

table was covered with a white tablecloth taken out of the side-board drawer. On it there was a jug of water, a bottle of gin, two glass goblets with a portion of the gin in each, a corkscrew lying beside the bottle with the gin cork still upon it, and lastly, there was a bottle of sherry wine with the cork drawn and only about one wine-glassful of the wine remaining in the bottle. No trace of the missing wine was ever found; but some time afterwards, on turning out the bin in the wine cellar from whence the bottle must have been taken, a sherry wine cork was found amongst the sawdust, and it was not possible to account for the cork being there except on the supposition that it belonged to the missing bottle. Now it is remarkable that the bottle of gin was the only one of the kind in the house. It is equally certain that both bottles were in the wine cellar when the family went to bed. The cellar lock was found to have been untampered with, and on examination of the contents of the cellar both bottles were at once missed from their respective places. The gin in being poured back from the goblets into the bottle exactly filled it. If any sleep-walking inmate of the house had swallowed the missing eleven wine-glassfuls of sherry wine *at early morning* I think that I should have had little difficulty in diagnosing who it was. They all appeared to be *fearfully* sober, or else they acted their parts uncommonly well.

“At this stage of ‘this strange eventful history,’ Mr. C—— called in the aid of the police, and two detectives watched in the house for two successive nights. The phenomena of the displacements of furniture ceased entirely; but rappings then commenced on the attic door and strange noises of the movements of feet and the shutting and opening of drawers, as if several people were busily engaged (above the respective bedrooms of Miss A—— and Miss B——) packing up previous to going on a long journey, and this continued occasionally for some months later in spite of the detectives, who failed to detect any one or to expose anything except their own smallness. The house has been unmolested now for fully three months, but the ladies have nevertheless resolved to leave it.”

“On account of the present prejudiced state of public opinion, and especially in this town, I am sorry to say that I have no alternative but to withhold my name from this most important department of “The Republic of Letters.” Your own name, however, is a sufficient guarantee to the world of my judgment and veracity.

“I remain, my dear Sir,

“Very faithfully yours,

“MEDICINÆ DOCTOR.

“Benjamin Coleman, Esq., London.”

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

It is just two years since there appeared in Glasgow a pamphlet, written by Mr. J. W. Paterson, one of a party of sixteen who engaged Conklin, the American medium, to visit Glasgow, and who after several sittings with him, declared him to be a charlatan, and had a "strong suspicion that Mr. Conklin's more famous brethren differ from him but in degree, that tracked with a like patience and met with a subtlety proportionate to their own inflated pretensions, would collapse, even as this man's did, and vanish amidst a like laughter." Mr. Paterson, no doubt, intended to give a death-blow to the further consideration of Spiritualism in Scotland, but the publication of this pamphlet led to a controversy in the Glasgow papers, in which Mr. Howitt and I took part in defence of Spiritualism. We denounced the folly of Mr. Paterson's conclusions, based as they were upon such superficial evidences. The result has been quite opposite to Mr. Paterson's expectations. A number of intelligent men, residing in Glasgow and the neighbourhood, stimulated by the controversy, commenced an enquiry for themselves, which has resulted in the conversion of a body of men sufficiently numerous to form a society of Spiritualists, who have appointed their officers and hold meetings fortnightly for the purpose of reading papers, and of interchanging their personal experiences, some of which, already described by me in previous articles, are as marvellous as any upon record.

These gentlemen having done me the honour to elect me one of the honorary presidents of their society, I was induced to pay a visit to Glasgow recently, to make their personal acquaintance, and I there had the pleasure of spending two very pleasant evenings at their place of meeting, at which about thirty or forty respectable tradesmen and their wives were present. One object of my visit to Glasgow was to see the medium, P. A., but he had left Glasgow and I had not therefore the opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary manifestations attending his mediumship. I saw, however, several persons who had been present at various *séances* with P. A., who corroborated the statements which I have recorded in former papers.

The Conklin party of sixteen, I then heard, was originated by Mr. A. Kennedy, an intelligent man of business and the head of a very respectable firm in Glasgow. Mr. Kennedy did me the favour of calling upon me, and pronounced himself a thorough convert to Spiritualism, and I am glad to say he is one of the few who is not afraid to avow it openly. He subsequently brought his friend Mr. Paterson to make my

acquaintance, and with him I had an amicable discussion upon the question of spiritual evidences. He is, however, one of that class of thinkers to whom human testimony is of no value. He must see before he can believe, and having committed himself so deeply by his too celebrated pamphlet he is not likely to be in haste to recant his errors, though I do not think he will ever attempt to support them by the publication of another pamphlet. Of quite another type of mind is Mr. Kennedy's. He, it appears, did see enough during Conklin's visit to interest him, and by subsequent enquiry he became satisfied and, as I have said, he is now a confirmed believer.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

THERE are several mediums in Glasgow, one among them, Mr. David Duguid, a working cabinet-maker, is likely to be distinguished as a drawing medium. One very remarkable and interesting fact connected with this young man it is my chief purpose to relate, which, together with the history of his mediumship, I do upon the authority of Mr. James Logan, junior, Mr. H. Nisbet, and Mr. James Nicolson, with all of whom I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted whilst in Glasgow.

After David had been recognized as a medium for the ordinary manifestations, he developed as a drawing medium, but made little progress at first without the aid of a young lady medium who formed one of the circle. When she placed her hand on the back of his, it would move with great facility, and at this stage his *left hand only* was used; the reason given being that it was to destroy scepticism.

At the third sitting David became entranced with his eyes shut before commencing to draw. At each succeeding *séance* his powers increased as the trance condition became more intense, and his eyes more firmly closed.

The objects usually drawn at first, with a lead pencil, were human heads and flowers; but, when a certain proficiency was obtained, flowers, fruits, and a rough landscape were done in colours, the pencils and brushes being now taken in his right hand.

At the fifth sitting, a remarkable painting in water-colours was commenced and finished, representing the entrance to an arcade, the archway being surmounted by the figure of Justice, standing upon a globe, around which a serpent is coiled, with the figures on either side of Hope and Charity. These figures are said to be very masterly in conception, though, as it will appear, the artist was not accustomed to paint figures. The interior of the arcade is panelled with niches, in which figures and vases of

flowers are placed. The floor is carpeted, and at the extreme end there is a rotunda, in the centre of which a cross is placed. The picture is a transparency, and, when held up to the light the cross dissolves into a throne, upon which a figure is seated with a halo of glory surrounding the head, supported by twelve figures, six on each side. *Those present were anxious to know the name of the artist, but he declined for the present to satisfy them, giving as a reason that he would ultimately give them the means of establishing his identity.* Subsequently, they were told that he was an artist of very high celebrity, who had lived in the seventeenth century; that he was born in 1635, and died in 1681; and that he was contemporary with Steen, the celebrated Dutch painter; that he had not been accustomed to paint figures, but that his delight had been to represent Nature in her wildest grandeur, and that he would attempt at their next sitting a sketch of one of his paintings—his masterpiece.

Accordingly, on the evening of the 18th of April the promised sketch was pencilled out, and on the 21st it was finished in water-colours, in the short period of four hours, and in the left hand corner the initials "J. R." were placed. This painting, I am told, is considered a very able production.

Up to this time, none of the party had the least idea of the name of the spirit-artist, and their curiosity was unsatisfied until Mr. Logan brought an artist friend to see the picture, who was much struck with it, and said he was sure he had seen the painting somewhere, and thought that he had an engraving of it in his possession, though he could not at the moment name the painter.

A day or two after, Mr. Logan's friend informed him that he had made the desired discovery, and showed Mr. Logan a volume of *Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibition*, where, at page 301, there is an engraving, nearly *fac simile* of the spirit drawing, from a painting of "The Waterfalls," by Jacob Ruysdael, acknowledged to be his *chef d'œuvre*.

This circumstance was communicated to the persons forming the circle, to their great delight and astonishment; but they determined to keep David, the medium, in ignorance of the fact, being satisfied that in his normal condition he knew nothing of it.

At the next sitting, on the 28th April, David became deeply entranced, and after the usual recognition and short conversation between him and the spirit-artist, the latter spoke through the medium, and informed the company that he was aware of the discovery they had made "that his name was Ruysdael." They then placed before the medium Cassell's volume, which also contains a portrait of the painter, and invited the spirit's in-

spection of it. The spirit remarked that the engraving of the picture was a good copy, and the likeness tolerable when at the age of thirty. They then pointed the spirit's attention to the absence of figures in the new drawing which were in the original. The spirit replied, "That the figures in his paintings were not by himself, but were put in by an artist friend!" which, upon reference to a biography of Ruysdael, they found to be correct.

It remains to be stated that Mr. David Duguid, the medium, has no knowledge whatever of drawing, and that he is, as I have already said, a plain working man; that the drawing was executed in the presence of several persons, including those I have named, in four hours, whilst the medium's eyes were fast closed: and, further to satisfy the scepticism of some of those present, there was a bandage put over them during part of the time. The medium declares that he had no knowledge of the existence of Ruysdael's picture, nor that such an artist had ever lived, and there is no reason to doubt his asseverations.

Photographic copies of both pictures have been taken by Mr. J. Beckett, Queen's Park, Glasgow, specimens of which are in my possession.* Viewed under any circumstances, the production of this drawing is a very marvellous and interesting fact, and one of the best instances of spirit-identity upon record.

Biographers differ as to Ruysdael's birth. Beeton gives it as 1635; Maunder, 1636. This discrepancy being pointed out at a subsequent sitting, the spirit said he was born on the last day of the year 1635, at midnight. I, however, have no means of testing this statement.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" AND THE MYSTICS.

"Is Saul also among the Prophets!"

"THERE is a certain kind of madness," says Cudworth, in his *Intellectual System of the Universe*, "called Pneumatophobia, that makes persons have an irrational but desperate abhorrence of spirits or incorporeal substances." We have had before to note with concern, the prevalence of this disorder among the writers of the contemporary Press, and the utter failure, so far, of the remedies which we endeavoured by means of the facts disclosed through this journal, to apply to it. We are

* They may be had also of J. Burns, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

thankful to be able now to give a more favourable bulletin of the health of one of our patients, the *Saturday Review*, as evinced by an article unusually calm and free from fever, entitled "Mysticism," being a review of *La Philosophie Mystique en France à la Fin du XVIII. Siècle*, by M. Frank, which appeared on the 24th of March last, and some extracts from which on this account will not be uninteresting to our readers.

"In the least restricted sense, a 'Mystic,' observes the reviewer, 'is a person who stands in immediate communication with the Deity, and devotes himself to the holy intercourse with a greater intensity of feeling than accompanies the ordinary performance of religious duties.'"

So excellent indeed, is this definition, that we do not remember to have met with one more perfect unless it be the following, given by a "Mystic" himself, namely, that "A Mystic is a person to whom it has been given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God."

Having thus very rationally defined what a "Mystic" in general may be considered, the reviewer proceeds with perfect coherence to classify the "Speculative Mystics" in the following terms:—

"Far more distinct from ordinary religionists, and far more remarkable, are those mystics who are aptly termed 'speculative,' and who not content to love their Deity, obtain from Him entire systems of theology and cosmogony. These comprise the Jewish Cabalists, the Gnostics, the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, the Theosophists about the time of the Reformation, and the followers of them in later times. Their theology is almost sure to be heretical, for it does not come from the teaching of any church; their theories of the universe are certain not to satisfy the world of science, not being obtained by any philosophical method deductive or inductive. The point of union between them and the merely devotional 'Mystic' is to be found in the importance attached to an exalted state of feeling, as a means of removing the barrier between man and Deity. The heathen Plotinus and the last converted collier both believe in extasies. But with the speculative 'Mystic,' the devotional spirit is only one of two elements. He is a seeker after scientific truth, although he does not employ a scientific method; and there is no doubt that Jacob Böhme was, in his way, as much instructed in astronomy as Tycho Brahe, or Copernicus. They also understood those theological difficulties over which the ordinary preacher glides, as a flippant school-boy steps over a difficult bit of Thucydides, and racked their brains for a solution. Jacob Böhme, with his three useful principles, 'astringent,' 'fluent,' and 'bitter'—which, although alchemi-

cally named 'sal,' 'mercurius,' and 'sulphur,' seem to compose the eternal essence of Deity—is labouring to explain the origin of evil, without compromising the divine goodness. The interpreter is undoubtedly obscure, and to a hasty reader will seem to have eaten a whole Covent-Gardenful of insane roots, but of his honesty, zeal, and even acuteness there is no doubt. Most necessary is it to observe, that while the speculative 'Mystics' have attributed their extraordinary knowledge to a divine afflatus (if indeed that be not too weak in expression); there is much human learning of a strange sort mixed up with their theories. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to assert, that the union of Hellenism and Orientalism, which took place in the civilized world at the beginning of the Christian Era, lay at the foundation of them all. The doctrine of emanation, for instance, so elaborately taught by Plotinus, may be traced without any important gap to the modern Frenchman, St. Martin, who read and translated M. Böhme whilst Robespierre was frightening Paris out of its propriety. Classical scholars the Theosophists were not in any sense of the word, but they knew a great deal which was the result of antique thought, and would deal as freely with the Pentateuch as any Rationalist of the nineteenth century. There is the making of fifty John Bunyans in one Jacob Böhme, though the latter was only a hard-working shoemaker in Silesia. John saw the heavens opened, and formalized his Calvinism into a very readable allegory; Jacob saw the sun reflected on a tin kettle, and was at once impregnated with all sorts of knowledge, human and divine, exhibiting at the same time, a spirit of enthusiasm which makes honest John appear a mere Gallio by his side."

This is not only lucid but logical. There are however, still symptoms of the disease hanging about the convalescent, which warn us against too hasty congratulations upon his recovery, and prove the necessity for continued treatment on the part of his physicians even yet.

"When the speculative 'Mystics' begin," he says, "to *do* as well as to teach, they become decidedly bad company It is a sad thing to say, but nevertheless it is true, that the professors of speculative mysticism are not to be quite dissevered from a less dignified class of practitioners There is nothing in this fragment" (a fragment from the writings of Martinez Pasquales) "that denotes any great originality on the part of the writer, *who inasmuch as he was in the habit of confirming his instructions by visible manifestations, should probably be set down among the common herd of spiritual impostors.*"

The "Mystic" appears to lose favour with our Contem-

porary, in its present valetudinarian condition, in proportion as he becomes able to verify by visible proofs the statements for which otherwise he has no evidence to offer than his own integrity; so that if he have facts to support him, he is an impostor, and a dreamer if he have none.

Among the symptoms of the disease of Pneumatophobia as displayed in the present interesting but not hopeless case, is to be noted a temporary paralysis of the memory, of which a remarkable instance is afforded in the last paragraph. But for this, the writer could not have failed to call to mind a passage in a Book with which he has evinced his familiarity, wherein it is stated of certain "Mystics" whom in *sano corpore*, he would scarcely think of classing with impostors, that "they went forth and preached everywhere, the *Lord confirming* the word *with signs following*."

WHAT IS RELIGION?

By THOMAS BREVIER.

IV.

BEARINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE aspects of modern thought on the great questions of religion is a theme that would require and amply repay an extended and careful elucidation. Without, however, at present attempting this, I may remark, as a fact that must, I think, strike every mind observant of what is passing around us, that the present is eminently a time of much critical questioning of a quite fundamental and searching kind. It goes much beyond the controversies of bishops or presbyters, sprinkling or dipping, images, relics, vestments; it asks boldly—Is religion a truth or a lie? Is revelation true or possible? Has man a soul? Is there a future life? a spirit world? a God? These inquiries are not to be suppressed or evaded; they will not down at any bidding; they must be satisfied: and so far as this is an evidence of earnestness, of a spirit of sincere, thorough inquiry, it is a sign of the times full of hope and promise—for, generally, to such minds doubt and unbelief are but temporary halting-places on the road to a better and more enlightened faith; they are not a permanent product of full, fair inquiry, and rounded knowledge, but a transitional state that springs from *half*-inquiry and defective knowledge. If, as Bacon remarks, "a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." But till we reach

the spiritual element, there is no "depth in philosophy," and when that is attained it will be found that true religion and sound philosophy are one—that the enlightened reason has no voice in contradiction to the promptings of the Divine Spirit in the soul.

But in emerging from Egypt, "the land of bondage" to *pseudo* philosophies and shallow systems, men must needs pass through the wilderness of doubt with sore travail and painful murmurings ere they reach the promised land of an assured and certain and consoling faith. This makes the present a period of transition; men everywhere are breaking away from the past; the old thought-world is melting with fervent heat, while the new is still fermenting, its form indeterminate, and hence much incertitude and temporary "eclipse of faith."

Prominent among the causes which have contributed to this unsettlement, is the wonderful and unprecedented advance in our knowledge of the objects and phenomena of nature to which we are indebted for that great increase in the means of physical comfort and well-being which distinguishes our present civilization. But, however beneficent the operation of this spirit of scientific inquiry, especially in its material results, we may, without disparagement to its just claims, fairly question whether its methods and conclusions, and the habits of mind to which it disposes men to whom science has become an absorbing and an almost, if not altogether, exclusive study, are such as can justly, and without qualification, be applicable to inquiries of a totally different nature—not dealing with the objects of sense, and in the investigation of which its instruments—its crucibles, batteries, and microscopes, can be of no avail.

I make this remark, because whoever probes to the bottom the difficulties and objections now urged as of most weight by unbelievers, will find, I think, that they apply to things spiritual conclusions wholly derived from the study of things physical, and that from their devotion to physics they too often infer that there is nothing but physics, and no superior laws to which the merely physical laws are subordinate. Hence any modern statements of facts, however well authenticated, which imply a deviation from the usual sequences of phenomena; or any history of which facts of this kind form a considerable and integral part—as those of the Old and New Testaments, are rejected, on the ground that as they imply the violation of the laws of nature they are incredible, and could not have taken place; and the presentation of evidence to sustain them is treated as an impertinence. And so it has come about that what was formerly urged as the chief evidence of the Christian faith is now, with educated men, the great stumbling-block to its acceptance.

While men eminent in science, like Professor Faraday, retain their faith only by making an arbitrary and (to quote his expression) "an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief,"* refusing to apply to the supernatural facts of religious belief those scientific principles and tests rigorously enforced against all analogous facts of later date, the majority of men of science, with remorseless logic, refuse to make such arbitrary distinction, and sweep away the supernatural altogether from the field of authentic history. Nor is this all: from rejecting the evidence of the supernatural in history, it is but a step to deny that it has an existence at all; and so we have theories, put forward too by distinguished men, in which the being of God, and of the human soul as an entity distinct from the body, are altogether eliminated; matter is held to be uncreated, self-existent, and combined with motion, the source of all life; which it is said proceeds by necessary laws of evolution and development, all its varieties being resolvable into corresponding differences of organic types. Science knows only of matter, its properties and states; it takes no note of other facts outside its sphere; it even obstinately ignores some facts not altogether outside it, which interfere somewhat rudely with its assumptions; from its partial knowledge it makes inferences and fosters habits of thought hostile to religion, and which would limit our regards to the material and temporal. Not that men of science act unwisely in keeping within their own chosen and most honourable sphere of labour; they only, as it seems to me, act unwisely when they import into the consideration of spiritual and divine things conclusions deduced exclusively from physical studies.

The practical consequences to which this Materialism must lead—to which it has already led where its influence has been most fully felt, has been ably pointed out by Mr. Howitt, in this Magazine, in his recent article on "Spiritualism in Germany," and which in connection with this subject will well repay careful re-perusal. What I would now ask, especially of all men who feel the truth of religion and its importance to mankind, is:—How is this evil to be effectually counteracted? How are these views and tendencies, so powerful and pernicious in their influence, to be successfully met? Not, it seems to me, by churches and preachers—not, at least, until they return to the primitive faith in the operation of living spiritual forces—in present manifestations from the invisible world, from which they mostly have been perverted; not by metaphysics, which often bewilder rather than enlighten, reminding one of the definition that it is "one man trying to explain to another what he does not well under-

* Lecture on Education, at the Royal Institution.

stand himself;" and which, at all events, is not likely to reach very deep into the common mind and heart; not by books on the "Evidences," which, however learned and useful in their way and place, can be of little avail so long as the supernatural—which is their subject-matter—is deemed impossible. Would not the most simple and most universally effective way to bring home to the sceptical mind the reality of the spirit-world, of spiritual laws, and of the continuance of the true human life in all its plenitude after the bodily dissolution, be the presentation of the actual fact of such existence—by visible appearance—by manifestations of power and intelligence—by striking and varied proofs identified with the very persons we had known—the so-called dead, who thus evidence that they still live, love, remember, think, and act. Would not the best way of proving the credibility of those signs and wonders and mighty works, the record of which is deemed by our *pseudo* philosophers a fatal blot sufficient to discredit the history and religion which affirms their truth, be the presentation of like facts in our very midst—in the full blaze of publicity, attested by thousands of intelligent living witnesses, and challenging full fair investigation?

It is, indeed, at this time no question what the results would be, we can point to what they have been—to what they are,—to the millions of believers of whom a large number had been sceptics and Materialists, who, *after* investigation, have by the facts of Spiritualism been led to acknowledge the fundamental truths of religion, and whom tracts, treatises, and sermons had been unable to convert.

I do not say that the facts of this kind now transpiring are in all respects of equal magnitude, or are bound up with the same momentous issues, as they have been at some periods in the past: I have no wish to press the parallel unduly; but after all fair allowances have been made, sufficient remains to shew that the facts of spiritual agency in the present are analogous to those of the past, and are effected by similar laws and operations. Trance and ecstasy, appearances of spirit-men, revelation by voice, vision, writing, drawing, and impression on the mind; together with manifestations of spiritual power over physical substances, and the divers spiritual gifts of the early Christian church—of healing, of working miracles, of prophecy, discerning of spirits, divers kinds of tongues, and the interpretation of tongues, exist now as of old, in the nineteenth century as in the first, in America and England as well as in Syria and Palestine. And as the light had its shadow,—as there were then not only spiritual gifts and ministrations that by their effects proved themselves divine; but also unclean, lying, evil spirits who tempted and possessed men, so is it at this time. The nature of men in and out of the body is still the same—influenced

by the same desires, subject to the same laws, under the same Providence. Hence to the theologian, as well as to the philosopher and the physician, the importance of studying these modern manifestations. An able clergyman of America long conversant with this matter, writes:—

“ I hesitate not to say that one year of thorough investigation of accredited spiritual phenomena now occurring, will throw more light on the real meaning of the New Testament than any amount of mere critical reading of the expounders of the text; for here we see human nature wrought upon visibly, alike by the spirit of the living God, and by the myrmidons of darkness, and exhibiting all the sublime or terrible movements and counter-movements of the tremendous fight. Till the theologian has seen media in their varied states, he has never seen human nature stripped of its disguises. The shallow clergyman may, it is true, become an infidel,—to the Lord, to the Word, and to regeneration,—as the sophistries which he encounters find a congenial soil within his own inner man. But the Christian at heart will come out of the study in the highest sense orthodox and evangelical, and *will superadd a knowledge beyond that extant in any creed.*”

Not only do these facts demonstrate that the fabric of Materialism is built upon the sand; not only do they lay bare the assumptions from which it would limit all aspiration and exertion to the objects of this stage of being, regarding as vain and illusory all the hopes and indications that point beyond; not only do they confound the scoffer and the sophist; they re-assure the wavering, they sustain and strengthen a faith which for lack of its appropriate nutriment was becoming attenuated and weak—fast lapsing into mere tradition; they secure a base of operations for farther advances into the hitherto almost unexplored realms of spiritual truth, and not unfrequently inaugurate “the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.”

I cannot, indeed, assent to the view that Spiritualism is to render obsolete and to replace the religion of Christ:—that it is a new and better religion. If for no other reason, for this:—that the existence of man as a spirit, however completely proved, does not necessarily imply that of God, without the living conviction and trust in whom the soul can have nothing on which to anchor, and religion is but mummery and altogether vanity. Spiritualism may—in my judgment it certainly does—remove what I take to be the radical misconception which bars the way to the recognition of God—the supreme Spirit; but it stops there, and no logical bridge can carry us over from the limited to the infinite, from man to Deity. The evidence from the one is altogether inadequate to the other. The faith in God, which is the soul’s supreme need, is not attainable by power of

logic, and lies utterly beyond its range. Nor is continuity apart from *quality* of being a thing under all circumstances to be desired. If the soul to its inmost centre is so penetrated and saturated with evil as to be its delight and its very life—if as far as is possible to it, it has divorced itself from God, and is utterly *ungodly*—which would be the case of a soul altogether destitute of religion, then its immortality, if that were possible, were not a blessing, but a horror and a curse, from which with all our might we should pray that it might be delivered.

But if Spiritualism be not religion, it leads up thereto; it evidences, illustrates, confirms, enforces it; and gives certainty to what in many minds had become doubtful. It quickens those truths in relation to it which being in the understanding only were dormant and unfruitful, and tends to bring the life and character into harmony with the now vital faith; it brings heaven and hell sensibly nearer and more real to us as states of being, the necessary consequence of what we have been and are, and so opens out to us broader, grander, nobler views of man's nature and destiny than is possible to those to whom nature and the present life is all; or, than is common when religion consists mainly in the acceptance of tradition and dogma, which are held but as the accident of education and geographical position.

Nor is it on those questions alone on which its direct demonstrations are so obvious that they cannot well be missed, but on all the vital topics of religious thought and controversy that to the sincere and diligent inquirer Spiritualism sheds its light. I can here but barely indicate on a few points what seem to me its teachings in this direction. Take, for instance, the subject of inspiration. The student is aware that on this point theologians are in the most hopeless disagreement and perplexity. Not recognizing any clear guiding facts in ordinary experience, each has freely exercised his liberty to frame and insist upon whatever theory was right in his own eyes, and which seemed to fit in best with his general system; and so confusion has become worse confounded; one hypothesis has been put forth after another, only to be attacked and finally abandoned, until, like the dove that went out from the ark, the theologian can find no dry land on which to rest.* A careful discriminating study of the facts of modern Spiritualism would, more than any other means, illustrate the law of inspiration, by shewing its actual operation in its universality, varieties, degrees, methods, and outworkings; and so, in the end, lead to a clearer understanding and better

* On this point a good deal of evidence in small compass will be found in Clissold's *Practical Nature of Swedenborg's Writings*.

agreement than in the present lack of recognized data on which to form a right judgment is attainable.

Again, the doctrine of universal spirit-ministry appears the true key to the difficulty experienced by many of reconciling the belief in Special Providence and answer to Prayer with the operation of the Natural Laws. The soul by its sympathies and aspirations puts forth a force in relation to other souls as real as is that of gravitation in regard to matter. Its earnest desire, "uttered or unexpressed," attracts other souls, as the magnet attracts iron; and as spirits have power to impress and influence minds in the flesh, as well as to act in other ways, they may so exercise this power—so act upon the man whose soul's desire has gone forth in prayer that he may be refreshed and strengthened and his feet set in the right path, and so act also on others with whom they have to do, as that without interference with their voluntary action, they may co-operate to the end in view. As men set in motion natural powers to bring about the results at which they aim, so spirits may so operate at some link beyond our ken upon the chain of natural causation as to produce effects responsive to prayer, accordant with the ends of Divine Providence, and conformably to Natural and Spiritual Laws. "Cannot a swift angel go, and by as simple an operation as that by which we ask a man to go, to our friend or enemy at a distance (for the heavens are all-communicative), and implant his blessing on the desired head?" This view harmonizes with the Scripture narratives of appearances of spirit-men to Daniel,* and to Cornelius (Acts x.), while they were praying and in answer to their prayers. Even of Jesus, it is recorded that while praying at the Mount of Olives, "there appeared an angel unto Him, strengthening Him." So the efficacy of prayer, and the reality of Special Providence in things temporal as well as spiritual, have been shewn in many an experience of pious men in our own and in all times.† "From all which it appears, that the sincere prayer of the heart is *the appointed medium of connection* between man, the Lord and the heavens. And can there be any thing more touching and beautiful? To think of a *direct chain* of

* "Whiles I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, *being caused* to fly swiftly *touched me* about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and *talked* with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding," &c.—*Book of Daniel*, chapter x. Here, I may remark, is a Bible instance of a spirit seen in human form, speaking to and touching a mortal while in a normal, active condition. How then can a believer in this spirit-manifestation deny the possibility of similar manifestations now?

† See articles in this Magazine on Franké, Muller, Stilling, Special Providences, and Dynamics of Prayer.

connection and communication from God the Father, down through intermediate ranks of glorified beings, to the children of earth and mortality, by which their faintest aspiration, if it be true, touches some bright link in the chain of being, and wafts it successively to the throne of God. Indeed the universe is such a reality.”*

While Spiritualism corroborates and elucidates the genuine truths of religion, it also exposes and corrects many of the delusions and mistakes into which men have blundered in their speculations on matters associated with it. I may instance, as an illustration, the old controversy on which theologians are still divided, and so long as they move only in the old ruts are likely to remain so,—the question, whether at death the soul retains its active conscious powers, and at once enters on its new life; or, whether it only wakes to consciousness to be re-united to its resuscitated body at some period unknown, when the great assize of all humanity is to be held and the affairs of the world finally wound up? Now it needs no argument to shew that if there be any truth in Spiritualism there can be none in the latter of these two views. If the departed still perceive, remember, think, love, suffer, and enjoy, and communicate with us, it must be evident that they are neither in their graves, nor are they like an antediluvian toad embedded in a coal seam, in a state of torpor or suspended animation, but that on the contrary, they are in the present plenitude of their life with all that appertains to it.

These hints might be followed out much farther were it my design to pursue the inquiry into particulars;† but my task has been a simpler one—to shew that the assertion that Spiritualism is a new religion, which some of its friends have been so ill-advised as to make, is an assumption as unwarranted as is the opposite statement that it has nothing to do with religion, or is altogether adverse to it.

And here, I hope I may add, without offence, that in my humble judgment, nothing can more unfairly present Spiritualism, more prejudice its consideration and its just claims, or more deeply pain and tend to alienate many of its best friends than the inveterate—I had almost said rancorous—hostility to religion unhappily manifested amongst us in some quarters. Not destruction, but restoration; not to demolish, but to repair and build up, is the work of Spiritualism: its weapons are not the torch and

* *God in His Providence.* By the Rev. WOODBURY M. FARNALD.

† A most valuable series of Papers on this subject, entitled “Spiritualism in Religion,” written by A. E. Newton, appeared in the *New England Spiritualist*, some time back. Those of the series that came to hand have been re-printed in this Magazine, but the publication of the complete series in a separate form would be very useful.

the pickaxe, but the trowel and the hammer. To those whose professed object is to "pulverize" religious faith; who take up their parable against it, and cry aloud—"Raze it to the foundations, overturn, lay waste, and utterly destroy," I would ask, in all kindness and reason—Why this bitterness and hate? True that in the churches (as well as out of them) there is plenty of room for reformation, both in doctrine and practice; but is it not the part of wise men to discriminate, to distinguish and separate the eternal divine verities of religion from the forms, ceremonies, creeds, institutions of men's device, and partaking of their necessary imperfections? To declaim against religion because of the evils which co-exist with it, unless it can be shewn (which it never has been, and I may venture to say never can be,) that they stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect, is idle claptrap. They might, on the same grounds, with equal reason, be attributed indiscriminately to Government, or Society, or the Moon. It reminds one of the logic of the old man, who, questioned by Sir Thomas More as to what he thought caused the Goodwin Sands, which stopped Sandwich Haven, replied—"Forsooth, sir, I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands, for I am an old man, sir, and remember the building of Tenterden Steeple, and I remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden Steeple was in building there was no flats or sands that stopped the haven, and *therefore* I think that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich Haven." This sapient old man is the type of a class who think they make out a case quite satisfactorily by putting almost any two propositions together, and linking them with a "*therefore*."

I know that some minds are strongly prejudiced against religion under the impression that it is somehow inimical to progress. They seem to feel an antipathy to whatever is fixed and stable, especially to religion, as a drag on the triumphal car on which their Goddess of Reason is enthroned. May I hint to these ardent minds panting for advancement, possibly having more heat than light, that change is not always reform; that there may be incessant movement without progress. May I add this further word, that it may be truly affirmed, not only of religion but of everything else, that without something fixed and certain there can be no progress. Whatever other conditions it may require, that at least is indispensable. Progress consists not in ceaseless revolutions in empty space, but in successive advances from knowledge to knowledge, from truth to truth, from good to better, and to better thence again; and each bit of dry land thus permanently reclaimed from the wide watery waste of speculation,—every new territory won from the realm of chaos and old night to the kingdom of order and light

is not only so much fixed gain, but a new starting point for farther advances and grander conquests for humanity. That divine temper of the soul whence spring the disinterested affections and holy enthusiasms which are of God, and aspire to God,—which prompts the primal duties and the sweet charities which soothe and heal and bless,—which nerves the timid and sustains the sinking soul, strengthening it to do and bear, wooing it to trust, and urging it to high endeavour,—and which is named “Religion,” “is the very central principle of progress, whether in the heavens or on the earth, because it is the keystone of the arch by which all things are upheld and saved from chaos. ‘Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong—and the most ancient heavens through Thee are fresh and strong.’”

Not in outward observances—not in evading duties that are nearest to pry into mysteries that are farthest—not in a servile spirit serving God for wages, is religion to be found; but in loving response to the Christ within which says—“Follow thou Me!” Aye, though it be through the wilderness with long fasting and travail and sore temptation—through sufferings, denials, betrayal—through the jeer of foes and the falling away of friends;—though earth be darkened and stars withhold their light, and our souls are sorrowful even unto death, still does it urge and entreat us to follow that guiding voice, assured that in the soul’s deepest agony God will not forsake us nor angels refuse to lend their strengthening ministry; that through crucifixion it will be borne up to its great immortality, and a divine alchemy transmute the cross into a crown of heavenly gold; and that as on earth so in the city of God it shall be our dear delight—the full fruition of all our joy, the very bliss of heaven to hear that tender loving voice with its divine music ringing in the chambers of the soul—“Follow thou Me!”

SÉANCE WITH MR. D. D. HOME, ON EASTER
EVE, SATURDAY, 31st MARCH.

FIVE persons assembled for a *séance* at a house at Campden Hill: the lady and gentleman of the house, the widow of a nobleman, another lady, and Mr. D. D. Home. When he arrived he was pale and worn, and we feared that we should have few manifestations. He sat down to the piano and played and sang for some time; and on his beginning a little Russian air, a favourite of his late wife’s, a chair which was at some distance from the piano, *slid* up and placed itself beside him. I was sitting close to the piano on the other side, and I first saw

the chair move. The others gathered round, and he went on playing some time, though his hands became perfectly rigid, and it was evident that they were not moved by his own volition. After some time his hands were withdrawn from the piano and he became entranced, knelt down, and poured forth a beautiful prayer: then he came out of his trance, refreshed and happy, In a few minutes we sat round the table, which at once began to vibrate and tremble, and was raised off the floor to a considerable height. *Very* loud and *heavy* knocks were heard on the table, the floor, and the furniture round the room; presently the accordion was touched; the alphabet was asked for, and it was spelt out—"We will play the earth-life of One who was not of earth."

First we had simple, sweet, soft music for some minutes, then it became intensely sad, then the tramp, tramp, as of a body of men marching mingled with the music, and I exclaimed, "The march to Calvary!" Then three times the tap-tapping sound of a hammer on a nail (like two metals meeting). A *crash* and a burst of wailing which seemed to fill the room followed, then there came a burst of glorious triumphal music more grand than any of us had ever listened to and we exclaimed, "The Resurrection!" It thrilled to all our hearts.

Nothing more was done for some time, and we decided upon putting out the lights in the room so as only to have that from the outside which came through the conservatory. When this was done the muslin curtains were draped round Mr. Home, a large portfolio stand having first been removed from the window by the spirits. It was moved some distance towards the door of the conservatory and then *laid* down on the floor. Mr. Home was then raised from the ground enveloped in the curtains. We saw him through it—between us and the window; then it was spelled out "see what earth does," and the silk curtains were all drawn close over the windows and round Mr. Home and all was dark and black as night. After a short time they were drawn back again and Mr. Home was let down and came back to the table. Soon after this we observed the face of the master of the house, shining as if covered with silver light; after we had all remarked it, and commented upon it, the words were spelled out, "He who giveth shall receive light." The accordion was carried round the circle playing beautifully "The Last Rose of Summer," and several other airs; it rested on the head of our host, then on my shoulder, and went on to our hostess next to me, and played on her head. After this several pieces of martial music were played.

The spirit of a child next came, whose mother had sent flowers to our hostess that morning. She gave us each a flower, and told Mr. Home to go and see her mother. Mr. Home was

then raised up to the ceiling, which he touched, and regretted not having a pencil to make a mark there. When he came down, our host gave him one, hoping that he might be again raised, and in five minutes after he was so, and left a cross on the ceiling; but just before this took place, we saw his whole face and chest covered with the same silver light which we had observed on our host's face. We had been sitting all this time at the table, and soon after our hands were touched and patted by other hands, and our brows touched by loved hands whose touch we knew. Shortly afterwards we heard the knocks and sounds die away in the distance out of doors, and *we felt* that it was all over. We had been sitting more than two hours. Our host and hostess had said repeatedly to each other during the evening, "We never have had anything like this before;" and they certainly have seen more wonders in Spiritualism than almost any one.

That burst of music was still thrilling on our hearts. Nothing of mortal composition could equal it, and its sound was that of a fine organ. We greatly regretted that no one in the room could take down the notes. The wondrous effect of the sound of feet, and the sound of the hammer and nails running like a thread through the music, it is impossible to understand by those who have not listened to it; and also in the music itself there was a mixture of tones out of my power to describe.

* * *

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

D'AUBIGNÈ, in his *Universal History*, relates the following anecdote of Catherine di Medici:—

"I affirm," said he, "upon the words of the king, the prodigy which I now relate to you. The queen being about to retire to rest at the early hour to which she was accustomed—the King of Navarre, the Archbishop of Lyons, the ladies De Retz, Lignerolles, and Sauve, two of whom have confirmed this account, and other persons being present—just as she was hastily saying "Good night," she put her hands before her face, and with a loud cry called for help from those about her. She pointed to the foot of her bed, saying, there stood the cardinal; and she exclaimed many times, "M. le Cardinal, I have nothing to do with you!"

"The King of Navarrè sent instantly one of his gentlemen to the lodgings of the cardinal, who found that he had expired at the moment of this apparition."—Book II, chapter xii, p. 719.

APPARITION IN THE FAMILY OF CHURCH-COUNCILLOR,
DR. PAULUS, IN HEIDELBERG.

It is a curious fact that Strauss, the great German sceptic and author of the notorious *Leben Jesu*, was in his earlier days one of the firmest believers in the manifestations of the Seeress of Prevorst, having personally visited her, and not only satisfied himself of their truth, but zealously defended their reality against sceptics. Dr. Paulus, of Heidelberg, who preceded Strauss in the systematic attacks on Christianity, figures also in a curious manner in the following narrative, related by Justinus Kerner, in the *Blatter aus Prevorst*, Vol. X. :—

“The following fact took place in Stuttgard, sixty-four years ago, and was first communicated to me by an eye-witness, the daughter of the wife of the Court-Councillor and Oberamptmann Paulus, of Schorndorf, and mother-in-law of Dr. Paulus, of Heidelberg, and was also often related to my sister by the Director Von K.

“The Court-Councillor and Oberamptmann Paulus resigned his office on account of his age, and removed from Schorndorf to Stuttgard. His wife as well as himself was very aged, yet in good health and strength. They were passionately fond of theosophy, were highly respected, and their children were all well married, but settled for the most part out of Stuttgard. One of their daughters, Louise, Mrs. F. R. Römer, was always in their neighbourhood, and with her worthy husband and children was very fond of society. The wife of Mr. Councillor Paulus being now deceased, and the different members of the family who resided out of Stuttgard were, with the Römer family, collected and sitting at supper at Councillor Paulus's, the corpse lying in an adjoining apartment; the door of the dining-room silently opened, and a figure in white, and whom all present recognised as the deceased lady, slowly and without any sound, passed before them, nodding to them as she went, and entered the apartment where her own body lay. All present saw this startling apparition clearly. The husband remained self-possessed, attended the funeral in full health and much consoled by what he had witnessed, but died and was buried eight days afterwards.” The writer adds, that as Dr. Paulus of Heidelberg was not only son-in-law of this re-appearing lady, but cousin of Councillor Paulus, and present himself, this occurrence in his own family should have taught him not to throw discredit, as he did, on similar events taking place in other most credible families, and in well-known places.

THE CHARTER-HOUSE MONKS OF 1535,
AS WE HEAR OF THEM IN THE STORY OF MICHAEL CHAUNCY.

IN the second volume of Froude's *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, we meet with the following episode, which curiously illustrates the spirituality yet lingering amongst the English religious houses.

"Here, therefore, he was to enter upon one of the grand scenes of history; a solemn battle fought out to the death by the champions of rival principles. Heroic men had fallen and were still fast falling, for what was called heresy; and now those who had inflicted death on others were called upon to bear the same witness to their own sincerity. England became the theatre of a war between the armies of martyrs, to be waged, not upon the open field, in open action, but on the stake and the scaffold, with the nobler weapons of passive endurance."

Secretary Bedyll complained to Cromwell of the obstinacy of certain friars and monks, who, he thought, would confer a service on the country by dying quietly, lest honest men should incur unmerited obloquy in putting them to death. Among these, the brethren of the London Charterhouse were especially mentioned as recalcitrant, and they were said at the same time to bear a high reputation for holiness.

In a narrative written by a member of this body, we are brought face to face, at their time of trial, with one of the few religious establishments in England which continued to deserve the name; and we may see, in the scenes which are there described, the highest representation of struggles which graduated variously according to character and temper, and without the tragical result, may have been witnessed in very many of the monastic houses. The writer was a certain Maurice Chauncy, probably an Irishman. He went through the same sufferings with the rest of the brethren, and was one of the small fraction who finally gave way under trial. He was set at liberty and escaped abroad; and, in penance for his weakness, he left on record the touching story of his fall, and of the triumph of his bolder companions. He communes with his own confession. He had fallen when others stood. The early chapters contain a loving, lingering picture of his cloister-life—to him the perfection of earthly happiness. It is placed before us by him in all its superstition, its devotion, and its simplicity; the counterpart, even in minute details, of accounts of cloisters when monasticism was in the young vigour of its life, and which had been written ten centuries before.

A thousand years of the world's history had rolled by, and these lonely islands of prayer had remained still anchored in the stream; the strands of the ropes which held them, wearing near to a thread, and very near their last parting, but still unbroken.

Maurice Chauncy's pages are filled with the old familiar stories of visions and miracles, of strange adventures befalling the chalices and holy wafers, of angels with wax candles, &c. There are accounts of certain *fratres reprobi et eorum terribilis punitio*, frail brethren and the frightful catastrophes which ensued to them. Brother Thomas, who told stories out of doors *apud sæculares*, was attacked one night by the devil, and the fiend would have strangled him but for the prayers of a companion. Brother George, who cared after the flesh pots of Egypt, was walking one day about the cloister when he ought to have been at chapel, and the great figure upon the cross at the end of the gallery turned its back upon him as it hung and drove him all but mad. Brother John daily found fault with his dinner, and said that he would as soon eat toads. His cell was for three months filled with toads! If he threw them into the fire, they hopped back to him unscorched; if he killed them others came to take their place.

But these bad brothers were the rare exceptions. In general, the house was perhaps the best ordered in England. The monks were true to their vows and true to their duty. Among the many good monks, the prior, John Haughton, was the best. He was of an old English family and had been educated at Cambridge where he must have been the contemporary of Latimer. At the age of twenty-eight he took the vows as a monk, and had been for twenty years a Carthusian at the opening of the troubles of the Reformation. He is described as "small in stature, in figure graceful, in countenance dignified. In manner he was most modest; in eloquence most dignified; in chastity without stain." We may readily imagine his appearance, with that feminine austerity of expression which belongs so peculiarly to the features of the mediæval ecclesiastics.

From the commencement of the divorce cause, the Charterhouse Monks had espoused instinctively the Queen's side, probably in common with their affiliated house at Sion they had believed in the Nun of Kent, and as pious Catholics they regarded the reforming measures of the Parliament with dismay.

The year 1533, says Maurice, was ushered in with signs in heaven and prodigies upon earth, as if the end of the world were at hand; as indeed of the monks and the monks-world the end was truly at hand. And then came the spring of 1534, when the Act was passed cutting off the Princess Mary from the succession and requiring of all subjects of the realm an oath of allegiance to

Elizabeth and a recognition of the King's marriage with Queen Anne. Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher went to the Tower rather than swear; and about the same time the Royal Commissioners appeared at the Charterhouse to require the submission of the brethren. The regular clergy through the kingdom had bent to the storm. The conscience of the London Carthusians was less elastic, they were the first, and with the exception of More and Fisher, the only recusants.

"The Prior did answer to the Commissioners," Maurice tells us, "that he knew nothing of such matters, and could not meddle with them; but they continued to insist, and the Prior being still unable to give other answer, he was sent with Father Humphrey, our Proctor, to the Tower."

There he remained for a month; and at the end of it he was persuaded by "certain good and learned men" that the cause was not one for which it was lawful to suffer. He undertook to comply, *sub conditione*, with some necessary reservations, and was sent home to the cloister. As soon as he returned the brethren assembled in their chapter-house, "in confusion and great perplexity," and Haughton told them what he had promised. He would submit, he said, and yet his misgivings foretold to him that a submission so made would not long avail. "Our hour, dear brethren," he continued, "is not yet come. In the same night in which we were set free I had a dream that I should not escape thus. Within a year I shall be brought again to that place, and then I shall finish my course."

If martyrdom were so near and so inevitable, the remainder of the monks were at first reluctant to purchase a useless delay at the price of their convictions. The Commissioners came with the Lord Mayor for the oath, and it was refused. They came again with the threat of instant imprisonment for the whole fraternity; "and then," says Maurice, "they prevailed with us. We all swore as we were required, making one condition, that we submitted only as far as it was lawful for us so to do. Thus, like Jonah, we were delivered from the belly of this monster, and began again to rejoice, like him, under the shadow of the gourd of our home."

This, however, was the Act of Supremacy, with the Statute of Treasons which was attached to it. Inadequate answers to official inquiry formed sufficient ground for prosecution under these acts. But this interpretation was not generally known; nor among those who knew it, was it certain whether the Crown would avail itself of the powers which it thus possessed, or whether it would proceed only against such offenders as had voluntarily committed themselves to opposition. In the opening of the following year, 1535, the first uncertainty was at an end.

It was publicly understood that persons who had previously given cause for suspicion might be submitted to question. When this bitter news was no longer doubtful the Prior called the convent together, and gave them notice to prepare for what was coming. "When we were all in great consternation," writes Maurice Chauncy, "he said to us:—'Very sorry am I, and my heart is heavy, especially for my younger friends. Here you are living in your innocence. The yoke will not be laid on your necks, nor the rod of persecution. But if you are taken hence, and mingle among the Gentiles, you may learn the works of them, and having begun in the spirit, you may be consumed in the flesh. And there may be others among us, whose hearts are still infirm. If these mix again with the world, I fear how it may be with them; and what shall I say, and what shall I do, if I cannot save those whom God has trusted to my charge?'

"Then all who were present," says Chauncy, "burst into tears, and cried with one voice, 'Let us all die together in our integrity, and heaven and earth shall witness for us how unjustly we are cut off.'"

"The Prior answered sadly, 'Many of you are of noble blood, and what I think they will do is this; me and the elder brethren they will kill, and they will dismiss you that are going into a world which is not for you. If, therefore, it depend on me alone, if my oath will suffice for the house, I will throw myself for your sakes on the mercy of God. I will make myself anathema, and to preserve you from these dangers, I will consent to the King's will. If, however, they choose to have the consent of us all, the will of God be done. If one death will not avail, we will die all;' so then bidding us prepare for the worst that the Lord when he knocked might find us ready, he desired us to choose each our confessor, and to confess our sins one to another, giving us power to grant each other absolution. The following day after he had preached a sermon in the chapel on the 59th Psalm—'O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast destroyed us'—rising from his place he went direct to the eldest of the brethren who was sitting nearest to himself, and kneeling before him begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed, he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next and said the same, and so to the next, through us all, we following him and saying as he did, each from each imploring pardon."

Nor in this their hour of trial were these pure-hearted men left without the highest comfort.

"The third day after," the story goes on, "was the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and God made known His presence among us. For when the Host was lifted up, there came, as it were,

a whisper of air, which breathed upon our faces as we knelt. Some perceived it with the bodily senses; all felt it, as it thrilled into their hearts. And then followed a sweet, soft sound of music, at which our venerable father was so moved, God being thus abundantly manifest among us, that he sank down in tears, and for a long time could not continue the service, we all remaining stupefied, hearing the melody and feeling the marvellous effect of it upon our spirits, but knowing neither whence it came nor whither it went. Only our hearts rejoiced, as we perceived that God was with us indeed."

Comforted and resolute, the brotherhood awaited patiently the approach of the Commissioners; and they waited long, for the Crown was in no haste to be severe.

Sir Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester remained unquestioned in the Tower, and were allowed free intercourse with their friends. The Carthusian monks were left undisturbed, although the attitude which they had assumed was notorious, and although the prior was known to forbid his penitents in confession to acknowledge the King's supremacy. If the government was at length driven to extremity, it was because the clergy thus drove them to it.

The position of the clergy remaining thus antagonistic to the King's wishes, he published a circular addressed to the Lords Lieutenant of various counties, commanding that all persons praying for the Pope should be arrested.

In connection with the issue of this publication, the monks of the Charterhouse were at length informed that they would be questioned regarding the supremacy.

Returning to the narrative of Maurice Chauncy, we learn that notice of the intention of Government having been signified to the Order, Father Webster and Father Lawrence, the Priors of the two daughter houses of Axholm and Belville, came up to London three weeks after Easter, and, with Haughton, presented themselves before Cromwell with an entreaty to be excused the submission. For answer to their petition, they were sent to the Tower, where they were soon joined by Father Reynolds, one of the recalcitrant monks of Sion. Having, when brought before a Committee of the Privy Council, refused to accept the Act of the King's supremacy, they were brought to trial before a special commission. The end of these legal proceedings was, that a verdict of guilt was returned against the four. The sentence was for the usual punishment of high treason. When Haughton heard the sentence, he merely observed, "This is the judgment of the world."

An interval of five days was allowed after the trial. On the 4th of May, the execution took place at Tyburn, under

circumstances which marked the occasion with peculiar meaning. For the first time in English history, ecclesiastics were brought forth to suffer in their habits, without undergoing the previous ceremony of degradation. Haughton, as first in rank, had the privilege of first dying. When on the scaffold, he spoke a few touching words to the people. All died without a murmur. The stern work was ended with quartering the bodies, and the arm of Haughton was hung up as a bloody sign over the archway of the Charterhouse to awe the remaining brothers into submission. But the spirit of the old martyrs was in these friars. One of them bore away the honoured relic and buried it, and all resolved to persist in their resigned opposition. At the end of six weeks, the time allowed them for consideration, three more of the brethren were taken, tried, and hanged!

The end of the story is touching, indeed. The remaining monks were left in the house, and two secular priests were sent to take charge of the establishment, who starved and ill-used them; and were themselves, according to Maurice, sensual and profligate. From time to time they were called before the Privy Council. Their friends and relatives were ordered to work upon them to submit, as if their attitude, so long as it was maintained, was felt as a reproach by the Government. Various means were employed to bring the house into subjection, such as separating the brethren, or placing those who remained in the old establishment under secular discipline. But nothing answered. Two found their way into active rebellion, and, being concerned in the Pilgrimage of Grace, were hung in chains at York. Ten were sent to Newgate, where nine died miserably of prison fever and filth, and the tenth survivor was executed. The remainder, of whom Maurice was one, went through a form of submission, with a mental reservation, and escaped abroad.

FROM THE INNER LIFE.—Madame Guion's Director said to her, in relation to prayer, "You look for that *without*, which is only to be found within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart and you will find him there." She says, "These words were like a dart, piercing my heart, and I was deeply smitten with the love of God." "Thou, O Jesus, wast in my soul, and I knew it not; I only needed to turn my eyes inward to see Thee. I was in the midst of riches and knew it not."

E T E R N A L L Y.

Lose not thy faith
 In all the symbols of man's sacred call,
 The truth that hath
 By mighty hand become impressed on all ;
 The soothing hope of one eternal sphere,
 That circles all above, we held on earth most dear,
 Eternally.

Lose not thy faith
 In woman's love, the fond, the fair, the pure,
 That treads the path
 Of virtue's fashioning ; and will endure
 The taunts and chafings of a harsh world's ill—
 Though many have proved false, love one bright image still,
 Eternally.

Lose not thy faith
 In all the phases of the beautiful ;
 True wisdom saith,
 From evil weeds we flowers of good may cull.
 Bathe, then, the heart in sunshine—shun life's frost—
 And trust in friendship still, though still by mock friends crost,
 Eternally.

Lose not thy faith
 In that immortal destiny of man,
 Which scorns the wraith
 Of gloomy horror, that doth set its ban
 On that fair rainbow of man's god-like creed.
 The tomb that hath "here lies" here lies to us indeed,
 Eternally.

Love on—hope ever ;
 These are the twin amenities of life,
 Which, once linked, never
 Will cease to aid thee through all earthly strife ;
 Love on—through years of peril, pain and grief ;
 Hope ever—through the gloom of unbelief,
 And thou shalt live—Eternally.

E. L. B.

We have to record the recent death of Mr. WILLIAM TURLEY, well known in London as an ardent social reformer. Some years ago, like his great leader, Robert Owen, he became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and delivered several lectures on the subject in the Metropolis, and published his experiences in a pamphlet, which was extensively circulated.