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PASSING EVENTS—THE SPREAD OF  
SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

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SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF A CLERGYMAN.

THE following interesting facts have been communicated to me by a clergyman of the Church of England, who is a medium, and who acknowledges that Spiritualism has been to him a blessing and comfort for a long period, during which he has been in feeble health, and unable to pursue his clerical duties:—

“I told you in a former letter that I would one day write you word about certain limited experiences in Spiritualism that have happened to myself, or in my presence. They are indeed very limited, and in point of force nothing to what one hears and reads of; but still, as small matters, like small members, tend towards making up a perfect whole, nothing is too trivial which refers to the grand subject we both have at heart; and as some points have attracted me which I have experienced or witnessed, unlike anything I have read of, it may be well to note them down on that account alone. But I will preface what I have to say by a little traditional retrospect. My grandfather, who was an officer of some distinction, and a learned as well as a religious man, acknowledged to his family that he frequently met on the stairs the apparition of a former inmate of the house in which he lived, and that they used mutually to bow and pass on. One of his sons and his family were driven from their house, forty or fifty years ago, by the furniture moving about the house, but it was kept a profound secret from all the neighbours. My father, also an officer, used to say, ‘If I were to tell people all I have seen, no one would believe me;’ and to this purpose he was stedfast, at any rate towards his family..

“ I first became interested in Spiritualism about eight or nine years ago, when I was spending an evening with a very pleasant family, consisting of a father, mother, and two daughters. They asked me if I had ever seen any table-turning ; I said I had not. I told them a friend had called in when it was first on the *tapis*, and we had once sat round a table for a short time, expecting nothing, and therein not being disappointed (I then believed that Faraday had disproved it). They asked me to sit opposite one of the daughters of the house, a charming girl of about eighteen years of age, and to put my hands upon the table, the young lady being opposite. The table at once began to rock, and fell two or three times to the ground. She asked if I was a medium, and the answer was ‘yes ; but small and weak,’ and such is the case. The medium powers of this young lady were singular ; she sat on the sofa in an entranced state, repeating letters of the alphabet so quickly, I could not follow her myself, but her sister wrote down the letters as they were pronounced, and after a time some pleasant little tale, or some piece of advice was read out from the letters given. When the other sister had read over the tale, I could make it out, and the medium would rise from her seat and listen to her own story, and no one was so amused, no one so surprised at the matter contained as the medium herself. She would burst out laughing at the odd names she had given to her characters, or at any wit in their conversation, or dilemma in which she had placed them. I left the place where this occurred soon after.

“ Seven years ago I was staying in Italy. The houses there are let in flats ; the house in which I lived was a large one, the apartments above mine were unlet and locked up : contiguous to the unlet apartment was another set of rooms, rented by a lady who underlets some of them ; there was a door of the unlet apartment which would open into one of this lady’s rooms ; but it was locked, and a large chest of drawers stood against it on the side of the empty apartment. A German lady, during my stay, came to occupy a part of the former lady’s apartment, with a grown-up son, a young musician, a younger brother, about 13 or 14, and a female servant. This elder son was a young man of high musical attainments, and he was accustomed to play the piano into the small hours of the night. Soon after the arrival of this family, it was reported that they had been frightened by the movements of the furniture, and also by some mysterious appearance which had such an effect upon them all, that for a night or two, or more, they had been all fearful to go to their beds, and had all slept in the same room. One morning, at about nine or ten o’clock, the landlady of the house, with a large key in her hand, accompanied by the lady who had

let a portion of her apartment to the Germans, came into my lodgings in the greatest consternation, they said that the Germans had invited two musical professors of the town to spend the evening with them the night before; 'Did you hear,' they said, 'people screaming in the night?' I said no, none of my family had heard anything; but the house was large and the apartment of the lady not over ours, therefore noises might be made without our being awoke: 'Well,' they said, 'whilst the Germans and their friends were sitting together to a late hour, they say that a monk had opened the door from the empty apartment, and had walked past them with menacing gestures, and the lady professor had been so frightened that she screamed and fainted. They accuse me,' added the landlady, 'of having played them a trick, and of having sent a person through the empty apartment to frighten them; and the Germans say they will leave the house this very day and not pay any rent, although they have made an agreement to remain four months. How can they accuse me,' said the landlady, 'of anything so vile?' at the same time holding the key up in the air that opened the entrance door of the empty apartment. 'This key has been in my possession all along, and I am sure no one can have entered the apartment, and if he had, he could not have passed from one apartment into the other, for the door is still locked, and there is the great bureau against it on the unlet side.' The Germans all left the house that same day however, refusing to pay any rent. The lady who underlet her apartments said she had seen nothing, and brought an action against the Germans for non-payment of rent; the judge decreed that the four months' rent should be paid, as it was plain that the landlady had allowed no one to pass through the empty apartments; and as to ghosts, they were not recognized in that Court. It came out in evidence from the younger German brother that the family had seen that same monk before when at Marseilles. The trial was in the journals of that time.

"During my stay in this town another extraordinary event occurred. A friend of mine was staying there, who had married a second wife, this lady was expecting her confinement daily, at this time I was surprised to find my friend, under the circumstances, leaving his wife, and going to stay for a few days in the country, he said he felt so ill he wanted change. He was, however, soon called back, for the news was forwarded him that his wife was very ill. He returned to find her dying. After her death he told me the reason of his going into the country. The night before he went, he said that he had a dream or vision so fearfully vivid, that it seemed like a reality, he dared not tell

it to his wife, and it made him so ill and oppressed, that he found the only thing he could do was to leave home. The dream was this, he said he saw before him his first wife as plainly as when alive in her grave clothes. The vision disappeared, and was replaced by his second wife, then living, quite as apparent as the first, and clad in the same habiliments of death.

“The following year we spent also in a town of Italy. There was a Venetian there then, named Zanardelli, whose daughter was a clairvoyante of great power and interest, he appeared a well educated respectable man, and was, I believe, a surgeon. This daughter had been, as a child, a great invalid; and he had resorted to mesmerism to relieve her pains, this was the reason for his having practised upon his child, and the excuse, she was now perfectly cured, and a very interesting pleasing young woman, and a clairvoyante, as I have said, of extraordinary capability, which capacity was tested before the public in a large room, to which crowds resorted. The signor had also a little son of great calculating powers, but whom he said he had never mesmerised in his life. After these people had been exhibiting some time, the daughter being also a medium, after the clairvoyante *séance*, Signor Zanardelli gave a few *séances* to those who chose to remain, in what is vulgarly called table-turning. In this the daughter took no prominent part, though the father said that what took place was through her medium power. I attended three or four times, and as there were certain phenomena that I have not read of elsewhere, though they may be common enough, I will describe them. There used to be lying on one of the tables a little round tablet of wood, about six inches in diameter, in the centre of which, on one side was placed a button, or something of the sort. I have seen a dozen people, one after the other, myself included, place their hands over this little tablet, and it would, lying there, raise itself up on the button and give one or more sharp raps, to answer No or Yes, though for some reason of its own, or its mover's, if a question was asked which was irrelevant, or for some other cause, it would give a series of raps in quick succession. Now I have no mediumistic powers in this way of my own; yet in this case, when the signor was talking to other parties away from the table, and his daughter, perhaps out of the room, if I went up quietly to this little tablet, it answered me, just as well as when the signor was presiding.

“There was another phenomenon in this room, always well lighted: a shrill whistle was frequently heard, apparently about the ceiling, now here, now there, in every part of the large room, but the sound was unlike anything I have heard before or

since. The index used to be also worked here, and once, while sitting round the table, I heard distinctly the cry of a little child. I do not know whether it was heard generally, but a gentleman opposite looked at me and said in Italian, 'Did you hear that cry?' 'Si, signor,' I answered. Once Signor Z. looked steadfastly at the candelabra filled with long candles high above his head. I watched him, and the candle opposite him went out. 'I asked for a sign,' he said, 'and it is given.' I need not tell you that he did not blow it. Here is another interesting experiment. Signor Z. had a little writing tablet on two legs, a pencil making a third leg in front. Signor Z. placed his hand on this tablet, and answers to questions were written. Any of the company might write privately a question on a piece of paper and double it up. Signor Z. would place the paper under his hand, and immediately an intelligent answer to the contents of the paper would be written; the paper would then be opened, and the question and answer compared. I have seen a dozen consecutive questions, from a dozen different people, all answered in this way, with perfect sense, and according to the spirit in which each was written. The first question I had answered affected me much. I had written it at home, doubled it up and put it in my pocket; in this state I placed it under the hand of Signor Zanardelli, and immediately the pencil wrote, '*Vi risponderanno in sonno*'—'They will answer you in sleep.' I had written my question in bad Italian, and when the signor looked at my paper, opening it *after* the question had been answered, he could not understand what I had written. What I had written, and what my paper disclosed was this: '*Vagliono i spirite responderin.*' I had put the third person plural of the present tense of the verb *volere*, to will or wish, to indicate in Italian the word will, in the question I desired to ask, which was in English this—'Will the spirits answer me?' I had written it in English as well as in bad Italian. A looker-on said, 'What Signor Inglese means is, *Mi risponderanno i spirite*'—and sure enough that is what I did mean. As I tell you, the reply was, 'They will answer you in sleep.' Now this answer, so little expected, as I said, affected me greatly. For some time before this I had been in the habit of waking up in the morning as though in the midst of a conversation, often receiving answers, which, though at first I did not comprehend and often in language not my own, was frequently found to have reference to thoughts that had been on my mind on going to sleep, or during previous days, and time only proves that if I have mediumistic power, it is this. I afterwards, on a subsequent day, wrote on another paper, and doubled it up in the same way—'Will the spirits answer by writing?' The answer was, 'Be content—sleep.'

This reiterated advice about sleep made the signor and his daughter imagine that I might have clairvoyant powers, under the influence of mesmerism, and I therefore consented to go to their house one open evening. I went to their usual large room where I found only the signor, but he found he had no power to mesmerise me, and asking the question, he was told that the sleep mentioned had no reference to clairvoyance of that description. While he and I were receiving consultations by the writing tablet at one end of the large room, rap, rap, rap, was heard at the other end of the room; this proceeded from the little button tablet, which, lying on another table many yards from us, was constantly working without any human agency, and disturbing our parley at the other end of the room. Signor Zanardelli thought it might have something particular to say on its own account, so we left our table and the writing tablet, and adjourned to the other end of the room where the button tablet laid; but when we consulted it, it would give us nothing decided, and seemed to be laughing at us, so we returned to the writing table. Soon after loud knockings were heard on the wall, at which I fancied the signor rather flinched, so I addressed this knocking spirit, and said, 'I wish you to answer *me*, not the signor.' I put several questions, which were all answered according to the number of knocks I proposed. The signor said to me, 'Sometimes when I am sitting alone here in the evening the knockings are extraordinary, but it has not the least effect upon me, and I do not feel at all nervous.' I answered, 'I do not think I should feel so myself,' and indeed, hitherto, these knockings had caused only pleasurable sensations. The signor advised me to take home one of his writing tablets to try it there and see if I should be successful: this I did, and when I left the room he followed me into the passage to the outer door. Speaking evidently in reference to the rapping-spirit, he said, 'Oh, be careful, and never address yourself to a spirit whom you know nothing of.' You may remember that when I had asked through a doubled-up paper, whether spirits would answer me by *writing*, the answer was 'be content—sleep.' And yet here I was going away with an instrument, by which I hoped to obtain answers by writing. As soon as my family retired for the night, I took out the writing tablet, but it gave no sign at all. At the *séance*, when I touched it it moved off the paper. I had never before personally known any spiritual signs given in the presence of my family, but while I was sitting the next evening opposite my wife reading, leaning back, as my custom is from necessity in my arm chair, suddenly I felt knock, knock, knock, in my back. Knowing my wife's feelings were opposed to this subject, and my two little girls being also present, I maintained

a composed countenance and sat bolt upright, when tick, tick, tick, came upon the wooden part of the arm of the chair, but nothing loud enough for any one else to notice. I then leaned back again, but again my back went knock, knock, knock. I appeared to be attending to my book, and after they were gone to bed, I tried writing again, but without success. The same thing occurred the following evening, and when the family were gone to bed, I felt myself in the presence, with my writing tablet, of something unsympathetic and unpleasant in every respect. The first thing I did the next day was to return the writing tablet to its owners, good respectable people, I verily believe; and from that time I do not remember to have received any further admonitions from my chair.

“Something else occurred about this time. I found my youngest daughter, then about eight years of age, a very sensitive child, would not leave the drawing-room alone in the evening. I asked the cause for this, and it was acknowledged that the child declared, that one night, some strange person had come to look at her, while she laid in bed, and had then walked to the bureau, when she seems to have lost sight of the figure. I had never mentioned anything that had occurred at Signor Zanardelli's to the children; nor did I mention the *spirit séances* to my wife, because I knew it was not an agreeable subject to her; if I did, I knew she would not listen to it. Since the above occurrences, I have heard of no more ghosts in the family, and I have attended no other *séance* of any description, until I had the great pleasure of seeing the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay at the last public *séance* they gave in London. The manifestations that evening, were considered to have been more than usually good, hands being evidently seen by us all playing about the head and shoulders of Dr. Nichols. In the open gas light, a beautiful female arm appearing outside the aperture; and in the dark *séance*, the disintegration and re-conjunction of parts, under Mr. Fay, were to me more extraordinary and interesting still: all this I fully recounted to my family. But my slumber comfortings have never subsided, though at times they are much more manifest than at others. I frequently now fall asleep at night and just wake up again in full converse; and I know then I am going to sleep for good; but I rarely remember anything in the morning. What I do remember often, and sometimes write it down, is what is being said to me in the morning when I wake up. About a month ago we had received intelligence regarding a relation at some distance, fifty or sixty miles, who had been a great sufferer, to the effect that on the Friday the doctor said he was sinking rapidly. We had received no further news, but did not doubt that our poor relation

must have departed. On the following Monday, as I woke up, a voice was saying to me 'Poor T. is dead.' I answered mentally in my familiar way, 'What is the good of telling me what I know quite as well as you do?' but in due time we received intelligence that the poor sufferer had lingered on until three o'clock that same Monday morning. I have often received advice in this way, contrary to my own feelings, on subjects I have meditated over night, or on any previous occasion, and yet, on consideration, I have found that I was wrong, the advice right. Once, when napping in the afternoon, I received intelligence that a lady who inhabited a house of mine in England, had left it. I was then in the South of France, and in due time I had a letter from my agent apprising me that such was the case, and she had left it that very morning. Once I had a chapter in the Old Testament recommended to me in this way, and especially two particular verses of that chapter. I had not then the slightest idea of the subject of that chapter, but I immediately descended from my bed and wrote it down, this was about four years ago. On referring to that chapter I found it especially adapted to my state of mind, for my comfort and warning; and those two verses especially pointed out, more than any other, touching my case; from that time to this I rarely pass the day without reading those blessed, hopeful and warning words.

"But if you have taken the trouble to read thus far, in kindness, you are probably quite tired out. I have taken the opportunity of writing now, because I am more free than usual from pain, and sometimes I find writing the shortest letter a trial. I have written just as the thoughts occurred, carelessly enough, but I cannot undertake to revise or improve it; such as it is, I present it to you, whose earnestness in the faith can receive with gratification even one small spark of the great luminary.

"I am, dear Mr. Coleman, very truly yours,

"W. R. T."

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#### ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF WRITING MEDIUMSHIP.

The medium is a gentleman past the meridian of life—a professional man of long standing in the metropolis, and of quiet thoughtful habits befitting his years. A great portion of his leisure time is devoted to the reception of spiritual teachings, and he has thus accumulated several volumes in manuscript dictated through his own hand, which is always guided to write, when he resigns himself to the influence, and upon subjects entirely independent of and frequently opposed to



his natural thoughts. They are generally addressed to himself, and usually take the form of advising him how to conquer the cares and trials of this world; sternly rebuking his errors, admonishing him to avoid them, pointing the way to secure peace of mind here, and his reward hereafter. These lessons or essays, are signed either by the spirits of departed persons known to him, or by well-known historical personages. I have looked over several volumes of these writings, and the same remarkable fact is observable, to which I have previously alluded; there are no mistakes, no second thoughts, no erasures of any kind. With the permission of this gentleman I have selected one of the most recently written papers, as a fair specimen of the whole, and I earnestly commend it to the consideration of those mistaken but well-meaning persons, who oppose Spiritualism on the ground of its being all of the devil.

“ When you have finished your day, you should let the results of your labours be worked out by a higher Power, care would be banished from your home, and it would then be the sweet retirement from your labours, when the woman of your affection may have full scope to exercise her grateful influence over your soul; now when the week has closed you should leave the labours you have passed through, in the hands of Him who has brought you through them, and suffer the coming Sabbath to bring all the blessings it was purposed to produce; let the world and its scenes be dismissed for the time, until you are again called upon to take part in its affairs. You have evoked the God of battles to throw his ample shield over you in your strugglings in the world, and you will find him true to you in all the windings of your path. The way of all men is devious, that they may by their course be led to the plains where they are to find their eternal peace—for man requires various guiding, according to his varying states and various ways, by reason of his varying temperaments, according to his advance on the road before him. You will see then that ways are truths which must be changed, as different directions are needed by him according to the nature of that part he has to accomplish in the earth, through which are ways to life, and these ways by the spiritual eye may be seen straight and devious, or winding and irregular, in such variety, that that eye may be lost in wonder at the perplexed appearance that they present. Knowing this, that whatever may be their course they tend to different terminations, and those terminations are the goods accommodated to the Lord's creatures according to their powers of reception, and if those creatures are so perverse that they will not be led to good, then the Almighty disposer of events by unknown ways mollifies the evils that are the inevitable results of resistance to His will. What

a map of man's peregrinations does this consideration present to that spiritual eye! What a deep study to its penetration, what opportunities for its improvement, and its advance from strength to strength, from glory to glory, in the exalted views of spiritual truth and increasing wisdom. Know ye not, mortals, by a glance of the map (the work of man, for his guidance in his journeyings on the globe)—what a variety of sea and land, of rivers, of lakes, of hill and dale, of rocks and precipices, of mountains and forests, in endless variety, meet the eye? Know ye not what study these things demand and obtain from the traveller on earth's surface? Think ye not then, the traveller in life needs the same, if not greater instruction—as the one case is temporal, the other eternal—for the purpose of pursuing his route in safety, and that he may arrive surely at his destination? Reflect then, O mortal, upon the map that is here opened to your spiritual eye! This is not a matter of mere curiosity, though it may be the subject of endless speculation, but of vital interest. Let me tell you how vastly, if it be rightly considered, it may redound to your best interests in time which ever is fraught with the overwhelming importance of eternity! And in that eternity, may produce results which no mortal, nay immortal, removed from the realms of space could fully estimate. Pause upon this page, consider, and lay my words to heart."

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#### A WONDERFUL OIL.

The *Weekly Register*, the organ of the Roman Catholics, gives an interesting account of a M. Dupont of Tours, who in his bachelor days, was *un diable d'homme*, but whose married life edified all Touraine. Having in the course of years been bereaved of his wife and his only daughter, M. Dupont has since devoted himself entirely to prayer and good works, and his reward here on earth has been that the oil of a lamp which he burns under a picture of the Saviour in his bedroom has been endowed with curative powers to which all known diseases succumb—some instantaneously, others after a while, but all surely. The *Register* records the following:—

A young peasant girl afflicted with a large and painful goitre conceived the unselfish idea that if she could get rid of it the miracle might possibly convert to Catholicism certain stiff-necked Protestants of her village. She applied to M. Dupont, was cured in an instant, and as she hoped, no less than seven Protestants became Catholics on the spot. The Duc de la Rochefoucault was lying ill and delirious, the faculty had given him over; M. Dupont and his oil were called in, and his grace at once recovered his health and his reason. This miracle, the *Register*

assures us, has been attested by the Emperor and Empress of France and six thousand other people. A lady who had been bedridden and a cripple for fourteen years was carried into M. Dupont's house, prayed over and anointed. In this case the cure was rather slow, for the lady could not manage to walk more than three miles the next day, but in a very short time she became as strong and active on her legs as she had ever been in her life. In gratitude to M. Dupont this lady brought him her maid-servant, suffering from a large and deep cancer. A slight application of the oil and a short prayer radically extirpated the cancer, and the girl's flesh was restored to its original healthy condition.

The Archbishop of Tours is behaving in rather an unsatisfactory manner towards M. Dupont and his oil; all he can be induced to say is that the gift of healing may have been vouchsafed to that excellent man. This is of course very irritating to the believers of the neighbourhood, who more than insinuate that the Archbishop is in league with the medical profession of the city.

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MR. HOME LYON.

A London letter relates the following spiritual manifestation: "Some months since Mr. Home was in company with Mr. Fechter, the eminent tragedian, who is a Spiritualist, when suddenly his hand stretched itself out, and his forefingers pressed forcibly against Mr. Fechter's breast. The latter gentleman bade him remove it, as the pressure hurt him, but Mr. Home could not for a time, and when he did the spot on the bosom of the tragedian's shirt was found covered with blood. This appeared the more singular as there was no blood either on Mr. Home's finger or Mr. Fechter's chest, and while they looked at it the stain disappeared. The table then commenced rearing and galloping, in imitation of a horse, and presently Mr. Home declared that he was impressed with some impending danger to Mr. Fechter on horseback. The tragedian afterwards went to Germany, and was near the seat of war. One morning—weeks after the occurrence above mentioned—when his horse was brought up as usual, a shuddering seized him, and, under an unaccountable presentiment, he ordered the horse away, saying he would not ride. A friend borrowed the horse the same morning, and a few hours after was shot through the breast. Persons of undoubted veracity attest the fact that the first part of it was told in several circles before the sequel came out."—*Banner of Light*.

## ROBERT DALE OWEN.

The Honorable Robert Dale Owen has recently been lecturing to the Spiritualists of New York, at Dodworth's Hall, and read some very interesting facts, which he has collected for another work on Spiritualism. The *Banner of Light*, says, "A more attentive and interested audience has seldom assembled in this city, and it was made up almost entirely of intellectual and deep-thinking men and women, near or past the middle age of life."

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 EVENINGS WITH MISS NICHOLL.
 

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ON the evening of the 22nd April last I was one of a party of ten or twelve who were fortunate enough to be present at a *séance* with Miss Nicholl, at the house of Mrs. Macdougall Gregory, 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square. The company having assembled around a table, the room was darkened, and shortly after numerous flowers fell upon the table and floor, and on the heads, shoulders, and in the caps of those sitting around the table. Upon a light being procured, these flowers were found to consist of various exotics, all perfectly fresh, and apparently covered with dew. The flowers having been collected, the candle was extinguished, and the candle and candlestick were placed in my charge. Shortly after, the candle was taken from the stick, and disappeared, whilst violent movements of the table continued. Soon after something heavy was suddenly deposited on the table, and before we could inquire what it was, a musical box commenced playing, the box being the article which we had heard placed on the table. Miss Nicholl exclaimed that this was her box, and that she had left it on her table that afternoon at Hampton Wick. Several raps on the table indicated that this statement was agreed to, and, in answer to questions, it was intimated in like manner that the box had been brought from Hampton Wick. As suddenly as the box commenced its tune, and arrived amongst us, just as suddenly did it disappear, and by raps it was intimated that it had been reconveyed to home. A heavy Bible, which was at the far end of the room, was next brought instantly and dropped on the table, this Bible having been some yards from the nearest sitter. By raps, our attention was called to a particular chapter of the Book of Proverbs.

At about this period a street band commenced playing under the windows of the house, when a sharp tapping accompaniment was executed on a table near, and continued during several

minutes. This tapping to music, a lady present informed us, was the habit of her husband when he was alive, and so exactly did the style of tapping resemble his, that she would have believed him to have been present in the body had she not known the contrary. The large table at which we were sitting was then nearly lifted off the ground and afterwards inverted; when the table had been completely inverted, Miss Nicholl was lifted on to the table, and there left. The table after this was again placed in its usual position by invisible agency. A lady's head-dress was then removed from her head, and afterwards placed upon that of two or three persons in the circle, whilst many present felt touches from hands.

This is a brief outline of the various facts which occurred at this sitting. The character and position of those present renders trickery or imposition a most improbable, if not impossible, explanation, and if all those present (except the medium) were the victims of one trickster, this one was far more expert than any known conjuror, and could perform feats requiring half a dozen hands at once, and arms of some five yards in length.

We cannot positively state that we have given the exact order in which the events occurred, but we have given a correct account of the phenomena.

6th May, 1866.

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We have likewise great pleasure in publishing the following letter:—

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

" Sir,—I wish to confirm the statement, made to you by Mr. Coleman, as regards the mediumship of Miss Nicholl.

" She was at my house, on the evening of April 29 and met there several of my friends; when the peculiar phenomena so much associated with her took place. A large number (exceeding twenty) of natural flowers, cowslips, heartsease, and violets chiefly, were suddenly thrown upon the table round which we were seated; among them being two somewhat large branches of apple blossom. They were fresh as if just gathered, as were also the cowslips—a flower that easily droops. Miss Nicholl had come to us from her residence at Hampton Wick.

" I can no more account for their entrance into my room than I can for other phenomena of Spiritualism—the doors and windows were closed. Although there is a pear tree blossoming in an adjacent garden, I know of no apple tree near at hand.

" But my object in writing you is this :—It has been asserted that on such occasions Miss Nicholl takes flowers with her—that in short she is a cheat. I did not give ear to such report; but I

felt, as I always feel, that every medium should be sternly tested, for impostors are no doubt plenty enough.

“ At my suggestion, therefore, Mrs. Hall and her friend, Mrs. Senior, immediately on Miss Nicholl’s arrival, took her into Mrs. Hall’s dressing room, and with the instant approval of Miss Nicholl, examined minutely every portion of her dress. They found no leaves or flowers; nothing that could in the slightest degree insinuate deception. That a willingness to dream is foreign to her nature may be only an opinion. It is my opinion, however: but it was utterly beyond her power to have concealed the flowers that were scattered about our table.

“ I have seen phenomena more wonderful; but none that I have been able to test more conclusively, so as to obtain conviction that there was neither delusion nor fraud.

“ One of the branches of apple-blossom is on my table as I write; the other was taken by an eminent physician who was present.

“ I am, Sir, your faithful servant,  
“ 8, Essex Villas, Kensington.      “ S. C. HALL, F.S.A.”

We have also received the following:—

NOTES OF A SEANCE WITH MISS NICHOLL AT THE HOUSE OF  
MR. A. S——, 15TH MAY. BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

“ There were present at this *séance* the party that sit together weekly, with the addition of a friend who accompanied me. The room was made dark, and we joined hands round the table, when we had a number of interesting phenomena, such as a hand bell rung under the table and then brought up and carried in the air round the circle, touching several of the party and ringing loudly. Several notes were also struck loudly on the piano, and a book was twice brought from the piano and placed on the table with a blow. But by far the most remarkable phenomenon of the evening, and that which I wish in particular to place on record, was the following.

“ My friend, Mr. Smith, who was a perfect stranger to all the rest of the party, sat next the medium and held both her hands, when her chair was drawn away from under her and she was left standing. About a minute afterwards I heard a slight sound, about as much as would be caused by placing a wine glass on the table, accompanied by a movement of the glass chandelier overhead and an exclamation from Miss Nicholl. I saw something dark close in front of me, and putting out my hand felt a chair and a lady’s dress, and on procuring a light Miss N. was found seated upon the top of the table with her head just touching the chandelier. The table at which we sat was an ordinary round

one, with a centre pillar and tripod feet; Miss Nicholl is tall, stout and very heavy; there were ten persons sitting round the table as closely as possible. Mr. Smith, who held Miss N.'s hands, declared that she simply slid away from him, and the next instant was found seated on her chair in the middle of the table, near which there was no other unoccupied chair; she was seated under the glass chandelier, where there was just room for her head, and, yet this had been effected instantaneously and noiselessly! If any sceptics read the *Spiritual Magazine*, I beg of them to offer some explanation of this phenomenon. I pledge my word for the reality of the facts, and I maintain, that it implies the manifestation of some strange and preterhuman power. Let those who believe it to be a trick, devote themselves to practise it, and when they are able to succeed in repeating the experiment, *under exactly the same conditions*, I will allow that some far more conclusive proof of the reality of these manifestations is required.

"This remarkable phenomenon has now occurred to Miss Nicholl some half dozen times, in different houses in London, and there must be at least twenty persons, of the highest respectability, who can testify to the facts. I call upon them to come forward and confirm any statement with their names and any further particulars they may have noticed, since this is a test experiment perhaps even more conclusive than the flotation of Mr. Home."

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### THE INQUIRER CONTROVERSY.

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IN reply to a second letter by "Nemo," in the *Inquirer*, the writer of the article on Spiritualism in the *Truthseeker* has sent to the *Inquirer* a further communication, which, with the exception of the two opening paragraphs, we give below. The objections of "Nemo" are just those which are ordinarily urged against Spiritualism; and this reply will, therefore, be just as applicable in many other cases as in the one which was the immediate occasion of its being written. After telling us that he took a course the very opposite of that taken by "Nemo"—that he thought the right way was to get at the facts first; that he knows more of the facts than the books; and that as he does not even profess to have studied the literature of Spiritualism, he does not undertake its defence; the writer of the article continues:—

"Nemo" tells us he is content to wait till God "sees fit to withdraw the veil which parts the seen and the unseen." So was I, and so am I; but what if God has

now seen fit "to withdraw the veil?" I say He has. I do not think so—I know it. If "Nemo" will do me the favour to read the pamphlet I refer to he will see what I mean, though I am sorry my experiences are not worthy to be compared with those of some others. But I only intend to speak of what I know. This may explain what I meant by saying I was not a "believer" in the ordinary sense of the word, but a truthseeker. I object to the word "believer" in this connection, as implying a giving credence to statements and testimony; whereas what I know I know for myself.

"Nemo" now tells us what would convince him. He wants some spirits to tell us something concerning the fate of Livingstone, or to give us some particulars about the last days of Franklin. But if they did, I feel sure he would not be convinced. He would only say then what he says now. He would not believe me if I said that this very information had been given to me in my own house. He would say I had deceived myself or had been deceived, or he would put the communication down to some lying or tricky spirit; for he is fond of warning us against such spirits, and he laughs at the absurd "messages" received from Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and many others. I have had no experiences of this kind, but I am quite ready to believe that there are spirits who do attempt to pass themselves off for these great ones; but I verily believe they only do so where the seekers are over hungry, or pretentious, or restless, or dissatisfied with simple things. It may startle some people to be told that there are dull, insipid, conceited, and mischievous spirits in the other world; but why should we be startled to find that a spirit *out* of the body is, after all, for a time at least, very much like what it was *in* the body? What is there in the mere putting off of the "time-vesture" to alter character? I can understand a man who says that unseen beings are not near us at all, or that, being near, they cannot, under any conditions, communicate with us; but I cannot at all understand how any one can be alarmed or disappointed to find that in the other world there are all the diversities of character we find here. "Nemo" tells us that if Spiritualists are right, the other world is "composed of some of the vulgarest elements which we have here." He is right, if he only means that these elements are in the other world as well as in this; but if he says that, according to the facts and teachings of Spiritualism, there is nothing else there, he only shows once more that he knows as little about the teachings as he confesses he knows about the facts.

He says that the absurdities of astrology and alchemy "came from the blindness of men who were unable to see the meaning of the commonest every-day facts." That is the very truth I insist upon. The common every-day facts were all around them, but what long weary ages had men to wait, and what strange experiences had they to pass through before they could even see the "facts," much less the "meaning" of the facts! It is exactly so with the facts of spirit-communion. With these facts all around us, we have for ages not beheld them; and now that some few of us begin to perceive them, the rest will not look; or if they look, they discern not the "meaning" of them. But we are going on, "unhasting, unresting."

But "Nemo" acknowledges in some sense the facts. He only says, "I dispute your explanation of them;" and affirms that "he could suggest half-a-dozen ways of accounting for them quite as good as that followed by the Spiritualists." I beg him to observe that I account for nothing. I see a fact, and I receive an explanation. I have no theories. His "half-dozen ways" will be theories. But, apart from that, I earnestly ask him to give me half-a-dozen ways of accounting in a likely way for these two facts:—

*First*, the one I described in my last, respecting the lifting of the table, the loud sounds upon it, giving clear answers to questions, and the subsequent explanation of the phenomena as given by writing.

*Second*—this fact: A day or two ago a gentleman was in my house whom I had only just seen two or three times before for an hour or two, whose surname I only just knew, but of whose family I knew absolutely nothing. The lady who sat in the room with us did not even know the little I have described. He was, in fact, practically a perfect stranger to us both; and we three were in a room by ourselves. He sat away from us, and the lady and I sat at a table in the room; the lady (who a little while ago was utterly incredulous) having a



slate and pencil before her. I asked whether any spirit was present who knew our visitor. The answer, written by the lady with a violent but not painful movement of the whole arm and hand, was "Yes."—"Will you write your name?" I asked. L—, the name of our visitor, was written, in a strong, rough way. "Are you a relative of his?" I asked. The answer was again "Yes." "Please to write the degree of your relationship," I said. Instantly the word came "Father," I asked our visitor whether his father was really gone from earth, and he said "Yes." I then asked, "Do you wish to give us some proof, through this lady, who knows nothing of you, that you are indeed the father of our friend?" A very vehement "Yes" was written in reply. I charged our visitor not to say a word till the replies came, when I would ask him if they were correct; and then I said, "Please tell us how long it is since you left this world?" A number was written, but so badly done that we asked the number through the table. I said, "Is it years since you left this world?" "Yes" (*i.e.*, three movements, according to our understanding, three for *Yes*, and once for *No*). "Please to move the table once for every year." *Eight* strong, distinct, equal, and unhesitating movements came. "Is it eight years?" I asked.—"Yes." I asked our friend if this was correct, as we knew absolutely nothing about it, and he replied that it was. "Is it more than eight years?" I asked.—"Yes." "Is it eight years and some months?"—"No." "Weeks?"—"Yes." "What month was it, then? Was it January?"—"No." "Was it February?"—"Yes." This also was correct. "Did you go from earth in the night?" I asked.—"No." "In the day time?"—"Yes." "It was three o'clock in the afternoon," said our visitor. "As another test of your personality," I said, "kindly give us your age at the time of your departure." The table then gave sixty-one strong decided movements, and a feeble one. "Were you between sixty-one and sixty-two?" I asked.—"Yes." I asked if this was correct, and our friend said it was. He afterwards wrote his Christian name, "J—." He then told us many things which took us out of the region of "tests" into that of "communion." I ask attention to these facts:—that, all through, our visitor sat away from the table, that I could not even see him where he was sitting, that the replies were all immediate, clear, and correct, and that the whole thing took not much more time than I take in writing this brief account of it. I beg also to observe that I do not give this case as a particularly wonderful one. I simply give it as the *last* one that we have had; and I respectfully ask "Nemo" to give us half-a-dozen ways of accounting for this fact, and for that I described last week,—ways of accounting for them, as simple, as sensible, and as likely as the direct one I hold by, that an intelligent unseen being gave through us what we ourselves did not know.

"Nemo" reminds us of the warnings of Mr. Harris respecting the mischievous or even wicked spirits who may personate our friends. I do not deny it, but I believe that it is with regard to spirits out of the body as it is with regard to spirits in the body—"By their fruits ye shall know them;" and I also believe that as we go on we shall not only be able easily to "try the spirits," but that we shall be rewarded for our courage, our fidelity, our truthfulness, and our purity, by having around us only the beautiful, the truthful, and the good. But even though this may not be; even though we find that the horrible nightmare and not the sweet vision is true—that fiends are allowed to be near us, but not the angels—why, even so, we who love God and seek Him need not fear; and if we can make no other use of these lower spirits—these stragglers on the outer boundaries of the spirit-world,—we may at least accept them as adventurous travellers, seeking a new world, accept the floating weeds on the heaving waves—as signs that land is near. But how any one, with God's spirit to whisper to him, and nature to smile upon him, and angels in the flesh to love him, and the Bible open before him, can talk in this way, and seek to frighten us from the bright path now opening before us, with the smell of fire and brimstone, and horrible phantasmagoria of nothing but evil, I cannot tell. For myself, I am resolved to go on; for, at present, I have seen nothing of all this. The fiends have not mocked me, but the angels have whispered to me; and if I am told that they are only the children of falsehood in disguise, still I will go on. Surely I shall come up with the outposts of the Great King before long; for surely God and the angels are not altogether banished from a world where, I am told, the spirits of evil are allowed to lurk for prey!

To this letter the editor of the *Inquirer* appends a note, in which he says :—

We have not the slightest faith in the alleged phenomena of "Spiritualism," and we certainly should not have published the extraordinary communications of our correspondent had they not proceeded from the pen of a writer of unimpeachable veracity, great acuteness, and the highest reputation.

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## NOTES ON SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITUALISTS IN THE UNITED STATES, IN 1866.

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### NO. III.

THE position occupied by Dr. J. R. Newton, among Spiritualists in the United States, is by no means so commanding as we on this side of the water, who have heard only of his marvellous cures, are apt to suppose. The function he fulfills is by no means an uncommon one there, and there are several among the many healers who boast almost as remarkable successes as he: not that any *boast* is made of it, but that the facts of this kind of mediumship are in themselves notable, and the gratitude of whilom sufferers proclaims the means of their wondrous restoration. While in Chicago, Illinois, I missed by the loss of a little time, seeing one of the most remarkable healing mediums of the West, a Captain, or Mr. Rogers, whose experience in this relation was mentioned by friends there to be superior to that of any other medium known in that locality. Mr. Rogers had just left a few minutes before I reached his lodgings, a most interesting visit to the distinguished Abolitionist Mr. Parker Pillsbury, in a distant part of the city, having absorbed more time than I was aware of until too late. The fame of Mr. Scott, the Mississippi pilot as a healer, has also reached this country; but him I did not see; nor, indeed, any other of general notoriety. So common, however, is the method of healing mesmerically and spiritually that every centre of population has numbers who practise it privately, and some who devote themselves to it exclusively, making by it a professional livelihood. In Chicago such mediums are numerous. A single number of the late *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of about the date of my visit contains advertisements of several, and I learned of others who do not advertise in the newspapers, but make themselves known to the public by other means. When at the lodgings of Mr. Rogers, I was introduced to an eccentric character of this sort, whose business card announced him as Dr., but whether he was an M.D. did not appear. The fact that M.D. is omitted from the

card, however, may be taken as conclusive against his right to the degree. In conjunction with another "Dr.," this gentleman was proprietor of a "Healing Institute," whose title was "Copyright," and where he undertook to "*Eradicate every form of disease of recent or long standing by the LAYING ON OF HANDS and NAZARINE REMEDIES.*" He and his partner styled themselves "progressive physicians," and to obliterate all chance of misapprehension as to the "Nazarine remedies and laying on of hands" involving any of the violent means in vogue among conservative practitioners, they assure intending patients that "*No Poisonous Medicines nor Surgical Knives are used.*" Moreover, lest these general announcements should still fail to attract sufferers, or leave them in doubt whether their particular cases could be reached by the peculiar remedies indicated, the card then enumerates forty-six special forms of disease, of which they say, "We cure all cases."

One rather fears these "progressive physicians," like the lady in Hamlet's play, protest too much; and in short, an uncomfortable sensation of quackery *will* creep upon even the most charitable readers of such a card, assuming them to possess ordinary intelligence. That the individuals in question, however, put forth their pretensions in good faith, I by no means doubt. The mercurial and voluble little gentleman introduced to me as the leading member of the firm, however betrayed into foolishness by a vivacious temperament, a genial conceit, and protrusive organs of language which literally ran away with his wits, presented no evidence of conscious insincerity or bad faith, but much of the reverse. His was a character which the genius of Dickens would delight to dissect and delineate: positive, frank, irreverent, good-natured, metaphysical, witty, shallow, and yet having pools of some depth in it, too, where living forms might find shelter, but these of no extent, the little stream of his life soon bursting again into its habitual clatter over its stony channel, tickling itself to laughter amid the pebbly *debris* of theological systems, which it had force enough to carry with it in its sparkling course. Without the slightest thought of offence, and certainly no wish to hurt any one's reverent susceptibilities, but simply unconscious of any moral obligation in the case, he spoke of "other people trotting out their gods;" and so, said he "I trot out my matter-god, who soon makes small work of them, and, like the serpent of Moses among those of the magicians, gobbles them all up!"

He seemed to consider this alike funny and forcible; but was a little non-plussed when asked to define his deified matter. His plummet had never sounded the depths of his own terms, and he looked up with a weazened, helpless air for a moment,

before clattering off again with his poor shell of a thought, reminding one of the refrain,

“ Rattle his bones over the stones,  
It's only a poor pauper, whom nobody owns.”

Yet one could not help feeling a certain pathetic interest in the clever little man, and I took his card with the design of seeing him again at his own Institute, in the evening.

Another attraction was also to be found there, so I kept my appointment at an early hour, and had the honour of an introduction to the author of *The New Bible*, or rather one of the mediums through whom that wonderful production has been vouchsafed to, I fear, an unappreciative and ungrateful world. The doctor's ineffectual fire paled before the effulgence of this new luminary, and he soon set beneath the horizon of my observation never to rise again—except as now, in the form of reminiscence.

The orb beneath whose beam the lesser light passed into shadow-land was one

“ Of purest ray serene ;”

albeit of lunar, not of solar brilliancy. A mild, soft-speaking man, of faultless toilet, elegant waxen features, blue eyes, and brown hair, whose whole make-up and expression resembled one of Madame Tussaud's celebrities, or one of those busts of manly beauty to be seen in hairdressers' windows ; such was the exterior of the remarkable personage who now attracted my attention. In the New World, as in the Old, only, perhaps, with greater freedom and outspokenness in the new, the struggle of contending principles continually proceeds. Despotism, or the one-man power in politics, though controlled by constitutionalism, or the consent of the many, has its adherents no less than its extreme opposite, individualism, in which each person is sovereign, and acknowledges no duty except what is imposed by his own conscience and will. In theology likewise, though every sect stands in the state on an equality with all others, every principle has its representatives from the extreme of Protestantism, which is, again, the supremacy of individual judgment, to that of Romanism, or the lordship of the Church, which, in the last resort, may be the headship of the Pope, God's vicegerent on earth, from whose mandate there is no appeal. In America, as here, there are individuals who moan for rest ; who cannot away with the turmoil and struggle of personal freedom ; who want their thinking done for them, and sigh to be relieved from the responsibility of coming to their own conclusions. An infallible authority in politics, in morals, in religion, is their *summum bonum*. Give them but that, and all

must be well. Is it a wonder that to meet this cry of human weakness, and to put down all injustice, reform all abuses—in a word, extinguish “all the ills that flesh is heir to,” no less than all it at present suffers from—the theocratic idea should develop itself in new America as well as in ancient Europe and Asia; and that accordingly a Messiah, or coming man, gifted above all others, and plainly indicated as the God-appointed regenerator of the human race, should be looked for? This is the idea which re-appears in “The New Bible” already mentioned, and though honour is given to Christ as the moving agent under God of the new revelation, yet it is quite obvious that his modern successor is to cast his work quite into the shade. Here is his description:—

“A man between forty and fifty years of age will then appear more publicly, commanding universal attention—he having been selected by universal acclamation to preside. Upon him will devolve the duty to arrest violence and restore order from chaos, and he will prove adequate to the task. The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding. He will be the type of a well-formed man, complete in all the essential gifts and experience necessary; more so than any other man living on earth. He will be near the pattern to which the race will ultimately attain. As Jesus was the representative of love, he will appear as the representative of wisdom and justice. He it is, and not Jesus, that was predicted in the 11th chapter of Isaiah. ‘He shall stand for an ensign of the people.’ ‘To him shall the Gentiles seek’ (Isaiah lx.) ‘and his rest shall be glorious.’ Jesus came not to the Gentiles; he said, ‘I am not sent save unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.’ . . . ‘He shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.’ (Isaiah lxvi.)

“Jesus neither smote the earth, nor slew the wicked. He taught non-resistance and forgiveness. This person will pass over, overcome and subdue as wisdom shall suggest (Thess. i., 6-10). He will exhibit faculties, and exert powers, equal to smiting the earth and slaying the wicked with his breath, but always under the influence of love, which will deter from undue severity. The works of Jesus will be eclipsed by his greater works; angels will pay him deference. He is the true Messiah of the Jews, and they will receive him, saying, ‘This is our Lord, we have waited for him.’ As Jesus dispensed light and life, which are love, or the feminine of Deity, so will this person dispense and institute order and form, which are wisdom or the masculine of Deity. This person will be associated with twelve principal male, and thirteen female mediums (Isaiah iv., 1 Cor., xi., 3-12—vii., 29-38,) composing an apostolic circle, who will be

invested with extraordinary endowments. They will be filled with divine light to be reflected upon others. Many thousands of subordinate mediums will also be prepared to act as impressed by spirits, under angels, and God, who will control events."—*The New Bible*, pp. 3-4.

The gentleman to whom I was then introduced at the Nazarine Institute did not proclaim himself as "this person;" but he evidently waited for others to do so. His age corresponded; and, though perhaps not in all particulars exactly an Apollo, yet he was near enough "the type of a well-formed man" to be popularly mistakeable for the ideal indicated. It was much more doubtful whether he was "complete in all the essential gifts" of another kind; but then, could not those readily enough be conferred at any time, when the occasion demanded them? Considering what "high spirits" can do (and it is only with such that persons of this pretension have any concern), the mental attributes necessary for the assumed position are of little moment. The possession of logical faculty and any considerable amount of scientific and philosophic knowledge, were rather an obstacle and disability than otherwise. Such qualifications are apt to make a man diffident, by giving him a consciousness of the limits of his own powers and a glimpse of the work to which, by the assumptions, they are about to be applied. A sublime incompetence to form an estimate of either would seem therefore to be an essential pre-requisite for any mere man's aspiring to the position; and on this point at least one could not say there was any lack in the individual before us; so, notwithstanding his reticence, it was the universal impression that he had a sheep's eye to the place himself, and would consider it only a sign of just penetration on the part of the people, or of extraordinary supra-mundane influence (as it surely would be!) if they were to "select him by acclamation."

I bought No. 1, Vol. I.; of *The New Bible* from him, and had an interesting conversational argument with him on some of its contents. It was in vain to attempt to unfix his faith in the prophecies. Already the part referring to the American civil war had been fulfilled, and he had a reliance on the accomplishment of the rest, not unmixed with pity for the sceptical doubter, very whole-souled and complete. The more unlikely the event, the more he believed it. The publication was made in 1866, but the prophecies had been "given to the world through six chosen mediums, at different times and places, from 1852 to 1859," otherwise the doubter might have imagined that when it is said, "The civil war will be carried on from 1861 until 1865, and afterwards will be of more mixed and milder forms," the prophet had wisely spoken after the event. Emboldened by the verifica-

tion of so much, however, the authors of the *New Bible* have not withheld the remaining "prophetic announcements," and it is to be hoped that the facts of experience with reference to them will have more influence than my arguments in persuading Professor C. P.—G. Washington and his friends that "lying spirits" have not even yet ceased to visit the earth, and to earwig mortals who are foolish enough to subordinate their judgments to all who assume to be "angels of light."

The prophecies are intensely American, and embody many events that are to be. "There will be three principal invasions of America by foreign powers: the first by France, England, and Spain; the second by the fierce king, Louis Napoleon, or Antichrist, with his ten kings, and Popery combined; thirdly, by the wilful king, the Emperor of Russia (Ezekiel xxxviii.); he will overcome Louis Napoleon at the great battle of Armageddon, and will erroneously imagine it an easy task, in our then enfeebled and distracted state, to conquer and subject us, and the whole world to an absolute monarchy." The unfortunate thing for this prophecy is, that dates are given; not in mystic numbers, so as to require the genius of a Dr. Cumming to interpret them, but in the plain numerals of everyday use, so that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein." A little further on, we are told, in answer to the question, "When will these things transpire?" "The invasion of America by foreign forces, led by Napoleon, [will take place] from 1867 to 1868, and from 1869 until 1872, followed by vast armies under the wilful king, who will sail in ships, and land on American soil, crossing nearly the whole country, laying waste cities and villages, robbing the country of its precious metals and goods. When lo, and behold! God will open the heavens, and with a mighty voice and the shock of earthquakes, will call His legions of angels together, and they shall descend to gather renewed numbers to the great battle of the great day of the Lord. Famines, plagues, and pestilence, will fitfully appear and disappear, caused by electrical and magnetical conditions of the atmosphere. Great hail-storms, fire, and molten lava, will rain down and destroy the enemy, and they shall be beaten and destroyed throughout the United States, and pursued until a complete surrender is made, and the war implements are collected, and deposited in the possession of God's chosen people, to be beat into pruning hooks and ploughshares, and the nations shall learn war no more for a thousand years."

When this consummation has been reached—*i. e.* within the next half-dozen years—our friends will have leisure to help others. "We must first be purged and inaugurate the true form of government—then we may administer to others. The

people of England, and others in succession, will be aided by us to achieve their freedom from monarchs, until no despot remains to curse the earth. . . . All shall be free to worship God, as each will decide to come under God's authorized agents. . . .

"Here are now being disciplined, instruments who will go forth teaching as instructed by angels. Each will be amply endowed for the work assigned him. Every nation and people will hear their own language spoken by strangers who were never instructed. . . . Some will suffer martyrdom, and joyfully accept it as a welcome release from arduous service, and the beginning of a glorious immortality.

"One universal system of government will eventually be established throughout the world. The constitution and by-laws (Isaiah li., 4-16) will be written through the president (Isaiah lv., 3-5) of the apostolic and great central circle, which commenced culminating in California in 1859. Small communities will associate as by affinity, attracted around one central hamlet; others will form in circles all over the land. Each hamlet will have a presiding teacher, and each teacher will be commissioned by, and receive instructions from the central teacher, who will receive light from the *highest* source of intelligence. Then God will really govern."—*New Bible*, pp. 4-5.

And thus poor humanity repeats itself! Old notions reappear under new names, and in the most unlikely places. Think of it! An independent development of sacerdotalism in the far West—a papacy in Chicago! No; the publication has only taken place there; the first scene of the New Reformation is to be in California. "While insurrections, civil and foreign wars, are raging, a valley of land will be selected in the West, and a small company of the most advanced mediums and persons on earth will be influenced by Divine authority, through Jesus, formerly of Nazareth, and his delegated agents, to concentrate and organize, and perfect themselves, and make arrangements for emigration to the Pacific coast, in California, to a valley of land that is the best adapted for a great settlement of God's elect and especially chosen people that will be gathered together from all parts of the world in 1867, and continue to increase in numbers until about 1873 (Luke xiii., 29), when the sign of the Son of Man shall be seen coming in the clouds, to establish a more permanent and millennial government, first over the Pacific coast, then over the United States, and finally throughout the world." (*New Bible*, p. 2). But this announcement appears in Chicago, of all places in the world! in Chicago, the capital of the great North West, a centre of the most vigorous life of the United States, distinguished for individual enterprise, no less than the power of voluntary combinations; the growth of a



single generation, as one may say; for, on my previous visit to America, its population was little over 5,000, living in wooden houses on a swamp, whereas, now, it exceeds 200,000, boasts its granite and marble palaces of art, industry, and commerce, is the source of ten separate railways, which radiate in different directions, and bear to and fro a traffic of almost incredible dimensions, possesses a noble harbour, giving accommodation to fleets of ships and steamers, and means of discharging and loading them which put to shame the appliances of our hoary civilisation, enabling the workers to do in hours what our labourers require days for; in Chicago, where education is universal, and intelligence and individual aptitude find the freest scope, this dream of a new papacy finds ventilation!

Well, Chicago can very well afford to allow free course to every human imagination and revelation, however preposterous. Its general life is too healthy and sound to be affected more than infinitesimally by delusions even veritably spiritual, let alone those of human phantasy; and its true spiritual life, rational, vigorous and full-proportioned, is too nobly represented to permit the fact of such a publication as that now referred to, or the propagation of its theory of government, to affect our judgment of the true place held by this rising city in Western civilization. *The Spiritual Republic*—happy name! itself the enshrinement of a nobler idea—also emanates from Chicago, and must be ranked as the ablest organ which the Spiritualists of America have yet produced. *The Religio-Philosophical Journal* was a respectable paper. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of its editor, and one or two of its staff when in Chicago. But the change to the *Spiritual Republic* has been marked by a notable improvement in every respect; and the paper, if it continues to exhibit the same pregnancy of thought, catholicity of sentiment and religious earnestness in its original articles, and similar admirable taste in its literary selections, cannot fail to exert a powerful and elevating influence wherever it is read. The theory of a spiritual republic whose central idea is, “each for all and all for each;” wherein no aid of religious genius will be refused, but no genius, however godlike, will stand between the human and the Universal Spirit, assuming to say, “I am holier than thou,” and proclaiming itself the only or supreme medium of God’s gifts to the world, or that any dictum or dispensation through it is the sole means of access to the Infinite Father, but rather demonstrating its grandeur and holiness by self-abnegation and the acknowledgment of equality in brotherhood and sonship;—a spiritual republic in which all offices are divine, and all potentially open to every individual, and filled only by fitness; in which there is no exclusive caste, and yet the natural hierarchy of souls necessa-

rily and freely taking the places of service appropriate to speciality of constitution and culture, but not preventing, rather aiding, the development of others in every relation, so as to qualify for any position;—this is surely a theory more appropriate to the latitude and longitude of Chicago, more truly religious in itself, and more harmonious with the conception of the perfect Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man. And this, if I mistake not, is the theory of the mass of Spiritualists in America, and in particular of the conductors of the newspaper whose name has suggested this statement. To illustrate at once the ability and aim of this weekly organ, I do not know that I can do better than conclude the present article by a quotation from an essay by J. S. Loveland, one of its most frequent contributors, some of whose writings have already appeared with much appreciation in the *Spiritual Magazine*:—

We are satisfied that this is the opening period of a new era; and, it would seem, ought not to be oblivious to the importance of having true principles submitted at the outset. If our religion is to benefit man, it must be correctly unfolded. Positive falsehood in one or two important points will throw discredit over the whole subject, in the minds of thousands. Such untoward results must follow, unless the exhaustive thoroughness of which we have spoken be inexorably required. The tendency of all inspirational epochs is to a shallow philosophizing, because spiritual influences seem to promise the development of all truth without the necessity of that culture, which is gained only by patient and thorough study. A mental indolence is thereby induced, and, what is worse, an overweening egotism is cultivated, leading to a domineering, tyrannical selfishness. Small-minded persons, narrow and selfish in feeling and thought, because of their impressibility, become easily inflated, through flattery, with an overmastering feeling of self-importance. Theories, crude and false, are urged as the sublimated essence of wisdom, and it is deemed personally offensive, by these egotists, if their rhapsodies are not implicitly received. They become sour and morose, jealously watching the progress of others, and enviously seeking to do them injury. Others, of a more ardent and fanatical make up, become the mouthpieces of God, Jesus, Paul, Franklin, or some class of very "high spirits," and propose very kindly to take the old world into their charge for keeping and appropriate rectification. They haven't the least objection to becoming "Patriarchs," or "Omniarchs," for the sake of the world! Does any one pretend to say that such moon-struck fancies are not the result of defective scientific and philosophic culture! And that a thorough knowledge of the facts and principles of Spiritualism would not have directed this mis-spent enthusiasm in a useful channel? And is it not a dear-bought wisdom, which takes years of the most earnest lives to learn what proper culture would have bestowed. Not only have these years been thus lost, comparatively speaking, but they have served to cloud and hinder the very result at which they were aiming. But the reader, from his own knowledge and reasoning, can add any amount of illustrative argumentation on this point, for it is all around us and meets us everywhere.

It preaches the important lesson we are here seeking to inculcate—the importance of thorough culture—the necessity of some more definite and positive efforts for the education of the people. The world needs a model educational system, one which includes the whole of life, embodying every legitimate pursuit and employment, as only different departments of the one grand system of a complete culture, and so graduated as to meet the successive changes of our earthly existence. This is the demand of this age, and it must be met; nay, it will be met. But who can meet it now, if the Spiritualists fail? They cannot fail, if true to their calling and the impulsions of their high inspiration, and the basic

teachings of their angel-visitants, all of which, from the very first, have been pointing along the pathway of radical and integral reform.

Here, again, comes in our prior reasonings, for we are in danger of wasting our time and energies upon mere specialities, as temperance, dress-reform, or some other, so as to entirely overlook the broader and deeper principles involved in making "all things new;" or we become so general as to ignore the particular entirely, and waste our own energies, and embezzle others' time, in wordy declamation upon the evils that are, and the reform that should be, while we do nothing but swell the tide of existing wrong and falsehood.

Harmony between philosophy and science, or thorough culture, can alone change the present superficialism and discord into wise and orderly action. It is matter of profound gratulation that the signs of the times indicate progress in the right direction. The Great West, in its commercial heart, is speaking the right word. THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC is modelled upon the idea of a composite unity, resulting from that universal eclecticism of thought, which combines, in orderly wholeness, philosophy and science, phenomena and principles; which sees in Spiritualism no narrow phase of partialistic sectism—no mere exceptional phenomenalism, for a party Shibboleth, but a sublime embodiment and unification of hitherto discordant and opposing methods of thought and life, which constitute a platform so broad and free that all genuine workers can meet and act in harmony thereon.

As a vindication of true Spiritualism in Chicago and the Western hemisphere generally, and a counterpoise to the fanaticism and folly which too frequently assume the name, I know of nothing better than these weighty words. I have much else to say about Chicago, but must defer it to another opportunity.

A. L.

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## THE APATHY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

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FEW are aware of the difficulties in the way of progress, and indeed of keeping alive any good work, arising from the apathy, or more plainly selfishness, of those who are able but not willing to support it. Mrs. Emma Hardinge furnishes us with a recent instance of this in a letter recently addressed to the *Banner of Light*. This generous, high-souled woman, who knows not apathy or selfishness, is still working on to establish homes for unfortunate women, a work than which we know of none more needed and more holy.

She gives the following account of her experience at St. Louis, which is enough to dishearten a less determined philanthropist:—

As I found a number of ladies were struggling almost hopelessly to provide such a home, and I was doing my best by public addresses and collections to aid them, I resolved to take advantage of the accident of the five hundred dollars I had sent to Boston being detained, to withdraw it and bestow it instead on the proposed Home in St. Louis. I did so; my kind friend, Mr. Phineas E. Gay, of Boston, immediately remitted me the money, and, in the hope of making its bestowal still more effective, I announced, at my Lecture on this subject last Monday night, April 1st, at the Great Philharmonic Hall in this city, that this sum should be placed at the disposal of the "Western Female Guardian Society," in aid of their Home, provided it could be doubled in twenty-four hours. It may

be some information to those who wonder why I could not raise fifty or one hundred thousand dollars *alone* to found a Home for poor outcasts, to know that though three hundred and fifty dollars were then and there raised at my lecture to aid in doubling the five hundred dollars I offered, the week has passed away and the lacking one hundred and fifty dollars cannot be raised in the rich city of St. Louis, though ten times that number of wretched girls are dying in and starvation for want of it.

So much for America, but the same complaint is chronic in England too, as we ourselves have reason to know. The cash account of the management of the *Spiritual Magazine* being about fifty pounds on the wrong side, we sent out ninety-three copies of a circular announcing the fact, and asking for the contributions of our friends, to avoid having to make a public appeal, and in the course of a month, we had three responses only. Certainly a smaller per centage of the *crème de la crème*, than we had expected. But we must work on notwithstanding.

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### THE DAVENPORTS AND SPIRITUALISM IN RUSSIA.

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FROM a letter of Ira Davenport's, dated May 13th, we learn that after their great success at St. Petersburg and Moscow, he, with his brother and Mr. Fay, went to Warsaw, where, at the time of writing, they had been staying nearly four weeks, during which many public *séances* had been given, which were well attended. Indeed, they have been threatened with a loss of their permit, on the ground that they are "turning people's heads with the idea of supernaturalism." A conjuror having announced that he would do all that they did, the Davenports wrote a challenge to him for 10,000 roubles (about £170). The Chief of the Police, however, who ranks as a general, and whose position is similar to that of the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, would not allow them to put out the challenge lest it should confirm the general belief in the supernatural character of the manifestations. William Davenport with Mr. Fay are going to visit several towns adjoining Warsaw. They all expect to remain in that part of the country for three months to come.

As an evidence that Spiritualism is spreading in Russia, we may note that a translation of the works of Hare, Edmonds, and Tallmadge, and a treatise on the *Simplest Forms of Spiritualism*, by M. Kardec, have recently been published there.

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“SOMETHING CURIOUS,” FROM CARLYLE.

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“IN the end of January last we left Grumkow in a low and hypochondriacal state, much shaken by that drinking bout at Crossen, when the Polish majesty and he were so anxious to pump one another by copious priming with Hungary wine. About a fortnight after, in the first days of February following (day is not given), Grumkow reported something curious. ‘In my presence,’ says Wilhelmina, ‘and that of forty persons, for the thing was much talked about, Grumkow said to me one morning, ‘Ah, sire, I am in despair! the poor Patroon is dead! I was lying broad awake last night; all on a sudden the curtain of my bed flew asunder: I saw him—he was in a shroud—he gazed fixedly at me. I tried to start up, being dreadfully taken, but the phantom disappeared.’ Here was an illustrious ghost story for Kulin, in a day or two, when the courier came, and at the very time the phantom death and phantom were the same night, say Wilhelmina, and the miraculous Berlin public; but do not say what night for either of them it was; by help of which latter circumstance the phantom becomes reasonably unmiraculous again in a nervous system tremulous from drink. They had been sad at parting, Wilhelmina says, having drunk immensities of Hungary wine, the Patroon almost weeping over his Grumkow. ‘Adieu, my dear Grumkow,’ said he, ‘I shall never see you more.’” — *Carlyle’s History of Frederick the Great.*

[Perhaps the most “curious” thing in the foregoing narrative is Mr. Carlyle’s explanation of it. The notion that “a nervous system, tremulous from drink,” accounts for the apparition of a distant person being seen at the time of his decease, is so odd, that it would be worth the while of any man who has faith in such a theory, and does not happen to be a teetotaller, (say the propounder of the theory, for instance,) to test its truth by experiment. As to the date of this fact not being given, that the forty persons to whom it was related as having occurred “last night,” might, we should think, without any great difficulty, have supplied themselves. But any “ghost story,” “illustrious,” or otherwise, must be made by a popular author to look “reasonably unmiraculous” if intended for the British public, “thirty millions, mostly fools,” as Mr. Carlyle tells us, and therefore, perhaps, such an explanation as the above is deemed by him suitable to their general capacity. By the way, we happen to know that this is not the only story of the kind that Mr. Carlyle is acquainted with, though perhaps he would not apply his curious explanation beyond the present instance.]

## A LIFE TO COMPLETE.

“*A Life to complete:*”—who can tell what is involved in that! We each stand before God as the possessors, the guardians, of separate personalities; to God we do not appear as a multitude but as individuals. He knows us each. He has given us our life with all its functions, capacities, and tastes. Consider, then, “*what ye have to do.*” Let a man set down before his own life—before himself as it were—and say to himself,—Here is mind, here is strength, here hope, here ambition, here are affections, riches, time, power, influence; what a wonderful assemblage of forces in one life!—and that life my own! and what is the result? What have I done? What am I doing? How is this mind trained? How is this power employed? How is this influence exerted? How are the various faculties and forces of my nature developing?—with what harmony and to what end? Ah me! it goes ill with us if these great questions seem either tedious or gloomy!

If we could be taken by some ministering angel to that mysterious world into which, at this moment, young and old, rich and poor, prepared and unprepared, are passing,—if we could see the soul, freed from the encumbering body, begin its new life there amid those great realities,—if we could see how, in that tremendous hour, the life below determines the character of the life above, and with what sure unerring judgment the spirit is made to reap what here on earth is sown,—if we could witness the sublime realities of the world that will so soon become our own, and how our life there will be determined by our life here, methinks there would steal over our minds and hearts a gravity, a thoughtfulness, a fulness of purpose, a spirit of self-sacrifice, a force and greatness of character, that would so uplift and glorify the life of earth as to make it indeed the prelude to the life of Heaven.

“*A life to complete!*”—all these powers to be developed and harmonized—all these duties to be meekly done—all these crosses to be gently borne—all these inward perceptions to be understood—all these reachings out of the soul to be satisfied—the whole life to be rescued from vanity, and pleasure, and uselessness, and self-seeking, and won for the highest aims and the noblest pursuits, and the divinest ends. It is an employment that might be worthy of an angel’s aspiration, and task an angel’s power.

To fulfil our manhood, to accomplish the end of our being, to win “the meaning of the stature of the perfect man!” what

sublimar aim can be put before the soul? Here, as yet, we see things in their beginnings and rudiments: what we are to be we know not, for "things are not what they seem." We have but hints and foregleams of the glory that shall be revealed: we see ourselves but through a glass darkly, and but dimly perceive and imperfectly understand our own natures. Well did the Saviour say, "The kingdom of God is like a treasure, hid in a field, the which, when a man findeth, he goeth and selleth all that he hath, to buy that field." Would to God we could master the great meaning of these words. The field in which this precious treasure lies is the world, the treasure hid therein is humanity, the pearl of great price is the soul of man with all its untold glories and undiscovered powers, the price that wise men pay for that pearl is thought, anxiety, watchfulness, and care; and the gain is, a nature rescued from discord and decay, and an immortality of life and beauty won.

Then, as growing out of all this, we have, (and I use a plain old religious phrase,) *we have a soul to save*. We cannot, indeed, go with those who threaten men with a dreadful Hell—the penalty of unbelief: nor do we care to be found with those who seek to allure men by the promise of some happy Heaven, the reward of submission to marvellous creeds. But yet there is a very real sense in which we are to seek the salvation of the soul.

For consider it, what is the soul? It is that true part of us which the body hides,—that real man which, for a few years, reposes behind the shadow of the flesh—that great existence which will be strong, and vital, and glorious, when the poor shadow is part of the dust of the earth. And what is this soul's salvation? What but this,—its deliverance from the delusions of the senses, from the tyranny of outward things, and its present resurrection to life in God, so that it shall breathe the pure atmosphere and delight in the holy companionships of Heaven on earth? Yes; what is the soul's salvation but this,—that you may have it in your own calm and true possession, delivered from blindness, from servility to the flesh, and from the slow sad death that comes upon it when left to starve on the perishing pleasures of the hour? I join with you in saying—"Enjoy the world:" for it is given us to enjoy. Yes; make charming and beautiful the life of to-day; for God, who is love, takes pleasure in the happiness of His children. Yes! but remember there is something else, and woe be to him who attempts to elude the *consideration* of it! Our honours will perish, our name will be forgotten, our pleasures will cease to reach us or to charm us; but one thing will remain—the thing we may have forgotten, neglected, starved: from the ashes of all earthly good it will rise

up to its endless life,—will rise up lost or saved. With that soul your own to-day, then, consider what you have to do;—to rise up to the greatness of your calling, to work out your own salvation, to claim for your immortal part the richest and best results of life's forces and experiences,—in a word, to stand before your God, your fellow-men, and your own conscience, and say—I am not a creature of blind chance, born like the brute beast, to live carelessly and to die miserably, but I am a man, and by the help of that God who made me in His image, I will seek to rise to my great original and aspire to honour Him, to love Him, and to enjoy Him for ever.—*The Truth-Seeker.*

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### ELEVATION OF THE BODY KNOWN LONG IN SPAIN.

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WE have now before us a book, *Lucerna Mystica pro Directoribus Animarum*, composed by Joseph Lopez Ezquerra, a Spanish divine, in 1690. It was published in Spain, and republished in Italy, with every sanction and recommendation that the highest clerical and theological authorities would confer. Our copy is one of an edition so late as 1722, printed at Venice, under the patronage of the University of Padua. Now, this work takes for granted, as a phenomenon familiar to the Christian world, the supernatural elevation of the body, and proceeds to reason upon it as composedly as if the subject under discussion had never been embarrassed by a doubt. Four of the chapters are respectively headed:—"Of matrimony, spiritual and divine;" "Of the wonderful elevation of the body, which is wont to occur to souls (*animabus*), being in the state of spiritual matrimony;" "Of the author's opinion of the cause of this elevation of the body;" "Of the practical instruction of the director touching this elevation of the body."

The argument opens with an unhesitating assumption of the facts:—"To enable us to deal with this wonderful elevation of body and spirit, we must suppose, with all mystics, that some souls or spiritual persons sometimes experience certain divine vocations of such vehemence, that they, being alienated from the senses, their bodies are simultaneously lifted into the air, and there continue suspended a long time, and are rendered so light, that they are moved to and fro by the lightest flame or breath of air, as we read happened to St. Francis, St. John, St. Theresa, St. Catherine of Sienna, and a great many others, to which, indeed, Spert Carthusianus (Select Mystic, part v., cap. 9) and P. Ferdinandus Caldera (Theol. Myst., lib. ii.) bear testimony



as eye-witnesses; the words of the last named being, "The body remains suspended and elevated from the earth, and wholly without weight, the countenance shining, ruddy, beautiful, and converted into a burning coal, from which may be inferred what is prepared for its eternal enjoyment, whence it appears as if made of crystal to the spectators." The like is affirmed by Dr. John de Palafox, Bishop of Oxford, *in suo pastor, noct, bon*, cap. 12. Whilst, therefore, this elevation of the body is certain and frequently observed, I find no slight difficulty concerning its cause and name among mystics. Concerning the name, because they sometimes call it ecstasy, and sometimes rapture, and (but less frequently) sometimes deliquium, from which much confusion may arise and inconvenience to souls; for if the master should direct a soul of this kind as a cause of deliquium, beyond doubt he might greatly err.

The author is clear that nothing less than spiritual matrimony can elevate the body, and he finds ample proof of his theory in the beautified countenance of the patient; for the rarefied individuals are to be treated as patients, and minute directions are given for their treatment under the liability. They are to be humiliated instead of exalted; to be addressed not as saints, but as sinners, and to be constantly reminded of their ineradicable tendency to sin. Fourthly, let care be taken to keep such person out of sight, lest perchance these elevations should befall them in the sight of others; and when they talk to others, let them, above all, avoid those conversations which they have found to lead to the elevation, and when they feel the spirit moved, let them fly quickly, and withdraw to their privy chamber. If the elevation is so rapid as to give them no time for flight, let them be directed to lay hold of some post or column, or embrace some immovable object, lest the object should be elevated on high to the wonder of others.

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DR. JOHNSON.—Mrs. Thrale in an anecdote of Dr. Johnson, says:—"I remember that at Brighton once, when he was not present, Mr. Beauclerc asserted that he was afraid of spirits, and I, who was secretly offended with this charge, asked him, the first time I met him, what ground he had ever given for such a report. He replied, 'I can recollect nothing nearer it than my telling Dr. Lawrence, many years ago, that a long time after my poor mother's death, I heard her voice call 'Sam!' 'What answer did the Doctor make to your story, sir?' I said. 'None in the world,' he replied, 'but suddenly changed the conversation.'"

## Notices of Books.

### WHITE'S LIFE OF SWEDENBORG.\*

WE have in these volumes the completest Life of Swedenborg ever published, and which probably ever will be published. Mr. White has printed every detail concerning his hero, which a search continued through several years could secure. He has also given an expository review of each of Swedenborg's works. In fact he has produced a Swedenborgian Cyclopædia. None, we hope, will be frightened with this description, for in spite of the comprehensive character of the work it is quite readable, indeed eminently vivacious. We know of two or three who starting with the first page have not ceased till they reached the last, and of others who nibbling experimentally here and there have ended in devouring the whole. Inasmuch as the majority of our subscribers are more or less familiar with the main incidents of Swedenborg's life we shall pass them over, and confine our attention to a few matters less generally known.

Intercourse with Spirits was no novelty, but a matter of course in the Swedenborg household. Bishop Svedberg, father of Swedenborg, was saved from drowning in his boyhood; and "from that day," he tells us, "I determined to commend myself, morning and evening, to the hand of God and the keeping of his holy Angels." The constant presence of Spirits, good and evil, was his assured faith. He knew he consorted with an Angel who was his help and defence. He had a vision whilst at college, in which he saw and heard things unspeakable. "God's Angel once stood by me," he relates, "and inquired, 'What are you reading there?' I replied, 'I read the Bible, Scriver, Lütke-man, Jo. Arndt, Kortholt, Grossgebur, Jo. Schmidt, and others.' The Angel then asked, 'Do you understand what you read in the Bible?' I answered, 'How can I understand when no one interprets for me?' Then the Angel said, 'Get Geier, J. and S. Schmidt, Dieterich, Tarnov, Gerhard and Crell's *Biblical Concordance*.' I said, 'Some of these I have and the others I will procure.' Then spoke the Angel, 'Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein,' and 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' I sighed, praying that by the help of God's Spirit I might give each minute of my life to His

\* *Emanuel Swedenborg: His Life and Writings.* By WILLIAM WHITE. 2 vols. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., 1867.

most holy will. Thereon the Angel blessed me, I thanked him humbly, and he departed."

When his child Albrecht was on his death-bed, the Bishop asked him what he should do in Heaven. "I will pray for thee, dear father, and for my brothers and sisters." The Bishop pondered these words in his heart. They confirmed his belief that death effects no division of life, and that intercourse and service are possible between Angels and Men; and he composed an epitaph on his deceased wife and son commending himself and his children to their prayers. No sooner was it set up than an outcry was raised that Svedberg had turned Papist and had taken to the invocation of Saints. The tale was carried to the King, and into his presence Svedberg followed it. "Do you not believe," he asked, "that the late Queen, your wife, prays for you and your children in the Kingdom of Heaven?" He desired the King that he might be allowed to illustrate and defend his position in a public discourse, but Charles knowing the mischievous controversy he would excite, repressed his ardour and hushed up the scandal.

Nor alone did the Bishop profess to hold open communion with Spirits, but to practise exorcism and work cures. We shall leave him to tell his story in his own way, for there is a flavour in his words which it would be a pity to lose.

"There was brought to me at Starbo a maid-servant named Kerstin, possessed with Devils in mind and body. I caused her to kneel down with me and pray, and then I read over her, and she arose well and hearty, and quite delivered. Three years after, Kerstin came to Brunsbo and entered my service. One day she quarrelled with a fellow-servant, and went out threatening to commit suicide by suffocation in a kiln. I was writing in my study, and felt restless and anxious, and thoughts of Kerstin without cause kept flashing across my mind. At last I could bear it no longer, and I went into the kitchen and asked "Where is Kerstin?" "O," said her neighbour, "she has not been here for some time; she went out, saying she would go to the kiln and choke herself." I ran to the kiln and found Kerstin lying in the smoke senseless. She was carried into the house, and put in a bed like a piece of wood. Then, after a while, I called to her in a loud voice, "Wake up, and arise in the name of Jesus Christ!" Immediately she recovered, got up, and commenced to talk. Then I strengthened her with the Word of God, and gave her a good deal of Rhenish wine; after which she went about her duties as usual."

Again he tells us, "there was a rumour spread about me in Holland, England, and elsewhere, in 1712-13, that I had driven out the Devil through a little hole in the window, who had come to me in the shape of an officer, and argued with me about the state of Sweden, and how the war would end. Perhaps it grew out of this true occurrence:—There was at Skara, in the parish of Henda, a woman who, for her terrible crimes, was to be executed. She would not confess, and, after a chaplain had laboured with her long and without effect, she was brought to me at Brunsbo under guard. I took her into my study, and there spoke to her the Word of God in the best way I could, and in the most moving manner; and at last brought her to confess all, and more than she was accused of, and to repent sincerely. I assured her, by virtue of my office, that she was pardoned, and on the following day she bravely met her fate. Glory to God alone!

"In the year 1699, when I was at Starbo, one of my servants had a dreadful pain in her elbow. It was much swollen and nothing we applied did it any

good, and for days and nights she went about moaning without rest or sleep. At midnight she came to the room where I was lying asleep with my beloved wife, and prayed that I would for the sake of Christ take away her pain, or she must go and kill herself. I rose, touched her arm, and commanded the pain in the name of Jesus Christ to depart, and in a moment the one arm was well as the other. Glory to God alone!"

Swedenborg was a precocious child with a head full of theological speculation. His observations moved his parents with such wonder and delight that they declared the Angels spoke through his mouth. There was too a strange peculiarity in his respiration. He could hold his breath for a long time without any sense of suffocation. When on his knees at morning and evening prayers, and when absorbed in thought, the action of his lungs became suspended or tacit, as is the case with one in a trance.

He was sent to college, he travelled, he became absorbed in science and business, and the tender and peculiar influences of his childhood passed into forgetfulness, but they were not lost.

Not without many signs and presages did the Spiritual World open to Swedenborg. From his childhood, when on his knees at prayer his breath was curiously holden within him, strange rays of light from the Sun of another country from time to time broke through his darkness.

"For many years before his mind was opened, and he was enabled to speak with Spirits, there were not only dreams informing him of the matters that were written, but also changes of state when he was writing, and a peculiar extraordinary light in the writings. Afterwards there were many visions when his eyes were shut; light miraculously given; Spirits influencing him as sensibly as if they touched his bodily senses; temptations also from evil Spirits, almost overwhelming him with horror; fiery lights; words spoken in early morning; and many similar events." \*

"Flames of various sizes and of different colour and splendour were seen by him, and this so often, that for several months when writing a certain work, scarcely a day passed in which there did not appear before him flames as vivid as those of a common fire, which were so many attestations of the truth of what he was writing: and this was before the time when Spirits began to speak with him as man with man." †

Some of the circumstances connected with the opening of his spiritual sight (in Fetter Lane, London, in 1744-45, when in his 57th year), were given at length in our April number. Subsequently, until his death in 1772, with simplicity and patience he iterated in the ears of an unbelieving generation this his claim—

Since the Lord cannot manifest Himself in person, and yet He has foretold, that He would come and establish a New Church, which is the New Jerusalem, it follows, that He will effect this by the instrumentality of a man who is able not only to receive the Doctrines of that Church in his Understanding, but also to make them known by the Press.

That the Lord manifested Himself before me His servant, that He appointed

\* From Swedenborg's *Spiritual Diary*, No. 2,951, in which he frequently writes thus impersonally.

† From his *Adversaria* on Genesis and Exodus.

me to this office, and afterwards opened the sight of my Spirit, and so let me into the Spiritual World, permitting me to see the Heavens and the Hells, and also to converse with Angels and Spirits, and this now continually for many years, I attest in truth; and further, that from the first day of my call to this office, I have never received anything relating to the Doctrines of that Church from any Angel, but from the Lord alone while I was reading the Word.

His new state was accompanied by experiences which may seem ludicrous to the ignorant, but which many who have enjoyed an experimental acquaintance with Spiritualism will understand. For instance he was tormented by Evil Spirits—

*Sept. 1747.*—From experience I have learnt, that Evil Spirits cannot desist from tormenting. By their presence they have inflicted pains upon different parts of my body; as upon my feet, so that I could scarcely walk; upon the dorsal nerves, so that I could scarcely stand; and upon parts of my head with such pertinacity, that the pains lasted for some hours. I was clearly instructed that such sufferings are inflicted upon Man by Evil Spirits.

Others tempted him to steal—

*11th Jan., 1748.*—I observed that certain Spirits often wished to excite me to steal things of small value, such as are met with in shops; and so great was their desire, that they actually moved my hand.

*6th Feb.*—I ascertained that in the world these Spirits had been tradespeople, who by various artifices defrauded their customers, and thought it allowable. Some had been celebrated merchants, at which I wondered. They wander about searching for things to steal, and wherever detected are punished with stripes and blows.

When they were with me, as soon as I saw anything in shops, or any pieces of money, or the like, their cupidity became manifest to me; for thinking themselves to be me, they urged, that I should stretch forth my hand to steal, quite contrary to my usual state and custom.

Others plotted against him in London streets—

*2nd Nov., 1748.*—It was often observed, that when I was in the streets, Evil Spirits wished to cast me under the wheels of carriages; the effort was in fact habitual to them. To-day I noticed particularly, that they were in the constant endeavour to do so. I was enabled to perceive, that Evil Spirits made the attempt, and that indeed such mischief is their life. I perceived likewise, that Man is continually preserved by the Lord and their purposes frustrated. Hence it appears, that unless the Lord in every, even the smallest moment, preserved Man, yea even in the least of his steps, he would immediately perish.

A disappointed lover prompted him to suicide—

There was a certain woman (Sara Hesselia) who inwardly cherished such an aversion to her parents, that she meditated poisoning them. She took it into her head, that I was willing to marry her, and when she found out that she was mistaken, she was seized with such hatred, that she thought of killing me, had it been possible. She died not long afterwards.

Some time before the faculty of conversing with Spirits was opened in me, I was impelled to commit suicide with a knife. The impulse grew so strong, that I was forced to hide the knife out of sight in my desk.

I have now discovered, that Sara Hesselia was the Spirit who excited the suicidal impulse as often as I saw the knife. From this it may appear, that men may be unconsciously infested with Spirits who hated them during their life on earth.

Here are some curious passages illustrative of his mediumship—

*5th Jan., 1748.*—I have experienced when writing to-day, that an Angel directed those things which I wrote; and indeed in such a way, that I could

thence perceive, that there is not even the slightest thing, which is not under the auspices of God Messiah.

*26th Jan., 1748.*—Spirits, if permitted, could possess those who speak with them so utterly; that they would be as though they were entirely in the world; and indeed in a manner so manifest, that they could communicate their thoughts by words through their medium, and even by letters; for they have sometimes, and indeed often, directed my hand when writing, as though it were quite their own; so that they thought it was not I, but themselves who were writing.

*19th March, 1748.*—When I had been writing certain things, a Spirit who was near me, on the left, thanked me when I had finished for having assisted him. I was aware he thought himself to be myself, as is usually the case. He departed and told others what he had written, but said he was not sure whether he ought to consider that he had copied it by means of his own hand. . . . Such are the co-operations of Spirits with Man.

*4th Nov., 1748.*—There are sirens who wish above all things to be in the body. When I eat, they wish to eat; yea, not only to seize the food, as it were, with the lips, but to carry their hands to the mouth. By these Spirits I have for several days been infested; they seeking to obtain the things which I ate, as almond-cakes, pears, and pigeons, and to possess my body.

*13th Nov., 1748.*—Spirits abide in the minds and memories of Men, but through me they have been enabled to return, as it were, to bodily life in the world. They were able to lead me, to see through my eyes, and to hear through my ears. They might also have talked and written to others through me, but it was not permitted; neither to touch others through my hands.

*27th Nov., 1748.*—On shaking hands with a certain person I had a feeling, that it was not I but somebody else who grasped the hand. A Spirit said, that he distinctly felt that it was he who took the hand instead of me. So it seems that a Spirit really had possession of my hand with its sense of touch.

In this way he let Spirits see through his eyes. He writes—

It has several times happened, that Spirits have seen through me, to their great amazement, the friends whom they knew in the flesh. Some mothers have seen their husbands and children, and have desired that I would tell them they were present and saw them, and describe their condition in the Spiritual World. This, however, I was forbidden to do, and for this amongst other reasons; because they would have said, I was out of my senses, or would have thought, that what I told them was the invention of a delirious imagination: for I was well aware, that although with their lips they allowed the existence of Spirits and the resurrection of the dead, yet in their hearts they did not believe any such thing.

When my interior sight was first opened, and Spirits and Angels saw the World through my eyes, they were so astonished, that they called it a miracle of miracles, and felt a new joy in thinking that a way of communication was thus opened between Heaven and Earth. This delight, however, only lasted a few months: the thing afterwards grew familiar to them: and it now occasions in them no surprise.

In a lengthy chapter on the Progress of Swedenborgianism, Mr. White effectually clears Swedenborg from any complicity in "the New Jerusalem Church." That dead and dry little sect owes its origin to the ecclesiastical lust of Robert Hindmarsh, printer, in Clerkenwell. He, in 1781, sixteen years after Swedenborg's death, started preaching and baptizing in Eastcheap in spite of the remonstrances of the saintly Clowes of Manchester. Shortly after he was expelled from his own community on the score of immoral opinions. He then turned to stock jobbing, in which he was unfortunate, and ultimately resumed headship in the Jerusalem he had builded. No

Anglican ascribes more virtue to apostolic succession than do many in "the New Jerusalem Church" to the descent of their priesthood from Hindmarsh. In their excuse it may be said, that very few of them are acquainted with the facts of his career. Although he died so recently as 1835, his memory has become mythical. Mr. White thus defines his character—

Hindmarsh was a Cockney to the finger-tips—a Cockney in intelligence, impudence and ignorance. His portrait is an effigy of good-humoured impregnable conceit—of in short the Founder "under the Divine Auspices of the Lord, of the New Jerusalem Church." Of reverence and ideality—the inmost and rarest of human feelings—he was nearly destitute. To him the New Jerusalem was no mystic city, but a sort of New Clerkenwell. It was a shop for the sale of theological notions warranted fresh from Heaven. With the contents of the celestial warehouse he was familiar from basement to ceiling. For rival establishments he had all the contempt of a crack salesman. *The Church of England weighed in the Balance of God's Word and found wanting* is the title of one of his feats; of another, *A Seal upon the Lips of Unitarians, Trinitarians, and all others who refuse to acknowledge the sole, supreme, and exclusive Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*. He had an eye on the foreign market. He sent samples of his wares to the Dey of Algiers, and by the first ship of convicts to Botany Bay. The Holy Alliance raised in him exceeding expectations. Some phrases of the imperial Pecksniffs convinced him, that they were ready to confess "the sole, supreme, and exclusive Divinity" and forthwith he addressed letters to the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia as possible omnipotent Apostles of the Clerkenwell Gospel. As little as Swedenborg himself had he any sense of the misery of the world born of its anarchy. The New Jerusalem conveyed to him no promise of a society revolutionized by Jesus Christ. The prophecy from God by Burns, that "Sense and worth should rule the earth," and that "Man to man the world o'er shall brothers be," never perhaps entered his mind. He adopted Swedenborg's bitterest words against those who trust in faith alone, but in his own confidence in notions, he was as thorough a Solifidian as ever ran after Luther or Calvin.

Several times in these pages we have had to refer with more or less amusement to the absurd demonstrations of the New Jerusalem Church against Spiritualism. This is what Mr. White has to say on the subject:—

The relation of Swedenborgianism to Spiritualism is a story for a humourist: stolid should he be who would not chuckle over its details well told.

Years ago when familiarity with Spirits was rare, Swedenborgians used to snap up and treasure every scrap of supernatural intelligence. The grand common objection to Swedenborg was his asserted acquaintance with Angels and Devils—it seemed an insuperable obstacle to faith. For its reduction, his followers maintained, that open intercourse with Heaven was Man's ancient privilege, that he lost it by degradation into worldliness and sensualism, and that he would recover it by regeneration: moreover they would urge, even in his present low estate he is not altogether left without sensible evidence of a world beyond the tomb, and straightway a budget of modern proofs of supernatural existence would be opened. Many of the early Swedenborgians had wonderful private experiences to relate. Hindmarsh could have contributed many an anecdote to Mrs. Crowe. Spirits rapped in Noble's study. Clowes professed himself an amanuensis of Angels, and that many of his sermons were dictated to him throughout by Spirits in the night.

A people in such a case, we might fancy, were ready to run wild after mesmerism or spiritual manifestations; but had we so conjectured, we should have proved greatly mistaken. Clairvoyants and mediums confirmed in general Swedenborg's other world revelations, but contradicted him in many particulars. This was intolerable—Contradict our Heavenly Messenger! Quickly the old

line of argument was abandoned. Nothing was wickeder than converse with Spirits. Spirits are liars; intercourse with them is dangerous and disorderly, and forbidden by the Word. True Swedenborg did talk with Spirits, but he held a special license from the Lord; he warned us of its perils; and his example is no rule for all and sundry.

It is told of Thackeray, that passing along a street and seeing oysters displayed in one window at 7*d.* a dozen, and in another at 6*d.*, he remarked to his companion—"How these shopkeepers must hate each other!" The anecdote is a fine illustration of Swedenborgianism *versus* Spiritualism with the proviso, that whatever the hatred of 7*d.* might be to 6*d.*, 6*d.* had no obvious cause to hate 7*d.* Whilst the Spirituallists offer wide and easy access to the other world, the Swedenborgians would have all acquaintance with it confined to the reports of their Author. If you presume to any knowledge better or beyond his, woe unto you! The great black horrid beast of the Swedenborgian is the Spirituallist.

In return the Spirituallists have no animosity to the Swedenborgians, who occupy but a corner in their great and growing camp. They rank Swedenborg among their chief apostles, and question and adopt his testimony at discretion; but this liberal indifference only adds fire to the jealousy of the Swedenborgians. 'Tis the case of the big jolly navvy and his furious little wife over again—"Why do you let her beat you so?" "O! sir, it pleases her, and she don't hurt me."

Though Swedenborg lived from early boyhood through the best part of the last century, it is a fact, easily traceable, that his attainments were, at the best, those of a scholar of the seventeenth century. This statement seems absolutely true of his theological and, in great part, of his earlier career. It is only in metallurgy that he has left behind him a name or working power. In theology, he adopted at once the most absolute and old out-worn literalness; and when Kennicott was at work, wrote in perfect innocence as if a well-printed Hebrew Bible was so issued *cum Dei privilegio*.

Much of this sort of work was allowed in the seventeenth century, being a necessary drawback on the inheritance of the Reformation. In the same spirit, while founding in theology the splendid philosophical truth of the *Divinum Humanum*, he writes an apology, or rather an alteration by way of apology, for the Athanasian Creed. All the Graces seem to descend into the arena of doctrinal discussion in his treatise on conjugal love; but as there was nothing like it on earth, and as he recognized in some odd way the churches in existence, he tacks on to the most wonderful development of divine revelation a tract which would be beastly if it were not too foolish. So he comes down to us a guide, invaluable as to the laws of thought in things divine, as to the application of his own laws, a belated blunderer.

But there is still another fact which secures thinkers all freedom under Swedenborg's guidance.

There can be no doubt that after the period of "The Dreams," and of the crisis of his life in London, he was perfectly sane, and very acute and patient of thought; but, notwithstanding this admission, he was a mere child as to facts.



In any of his books on divinity, if he has facts in this world to base his ideas on, he was pretty nearly certain to go wrong. He literally knew nothing about the men, the sects, the histories, the ideas of his time; and, of course, as he could only on his own shewing see the spirits of the departed by some idea of them or attached to them, it would only be common sense which bids us charitably refuse to believe a word he says in relation to such persons and things. The whole narrative about Paul flows from the senility and second childhood of a man quite recluse and unable to understand the apostle's Spiritualism. It was too bold in its proportions and activity, too full and free and wise in its deductions for him. "Such restlessness must arise," says he, "from temper and ambition." How could the mystic dear old gentleman, who walked in velvet, and wore a sword as the mark of his rank, who talked to kings and great folks in the spiritual world, comprehend the man who fought with the sword of the spirit, claimed his right as a Roman, appealed to Cæsar's judgment-seat, and wrote with as much affection of a runaway slave as to his master? Shocking radicalism, a sort of John Bright among the apostles! And we are bound to note, that Swedenborg worshipped correspondences, and had no Bible, but a book of correspondences instead. No Spiritualism now-a-days, no religious knowledge, no philosophy can be shut up to this sort of spiritual algebra, or tolerate it, beyond its proper sphere. These are necessary deductions to make from the asserted value of the Swede's famous writings; but we gain in reality by the very caution we so use. We come in sight of the great fact, that it was as a child he knew some wonderful and beautiful truths, and we love the discoverer all the more, as we see the childish mistake coupled with the child-like simplicity. We think of the angels who see the face of our Father in Heaven, and our hearts breathe a prayerful hope that we too may be wise enough to enter His kingdom, as little children.

Swedenborg too knew not or ignored the external and verifical facts of Spiritualism. It is almost inconceivable, that he a Protestant was ignorant of the history of Chevalier and the Cevennes. Did he ignore such things wilfully and resolve to have nothing to do, but with internal and idealistic Spiritualism? If this were the case we must think him wilfully ignorant of what Paul knew and practised. And if with the modern world he said—the age of miracles is past—of course the proposition may be assented to, in as far as they are phenomena aiding the introduction of a literal religious faith, as that the Messiah had come and Jehovah had abolished Judaism and the like, but the age of miracles can never pass away in as far as miracles

attest a life devised in highest function, from a world within a world, from an eternity manifesting itself in time, from spirit controlling matter, from the kingdom of heaven within us. If he or any one deny this in signs to our bodily senses, why claim it to our mental faculties, which too often appear as if drowned in sleep to the uses of time? And so, here too, we may use all his teaching, without any loss to the freedom of our own investigations, or limit to the deductions thence derived. In short we can recommend the religious thinker to read the life of Swedenborg, because it will rid his mind of many irrational ideas and teach him how variously Wisdom is justified of her children. The Spiritualist too would do well to study it, for it will steady and perhaps hallow his enquiries, while, as we have striven to shew, it leaves him entirely free in the formation of opinion and the attainment of knowledge.

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### SPIRITUALISM AT HOME.\*

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WE have always recommended enquirers into the reality of spirit manifestation and communion, to begin their investigation *at home*, with their own families and immediate friends, who all know and can fully trust each other. It will be generally found, as a "Truthseeker" remarks, that "There is no need of professional mediums; and seekers need not go beyond their own firesides, as many thousands could testify. Let five or six who are like-minded give but one hour to it two or three times a week—one hour snatched from gossip or idling, or vain amusements—and they would probably find all they need."

We intend no disparagement of professional mediums, whom we believe in general to be honest and most shamefully slandered by the press; but in visiting these a certain amount of suspicion is inevitable, especially at the outset of the enquiry. Instead of the mind of the investigator being directed solely to a consideration of the significance and value of the phenomena that may be elicited, it is generally pre-occupied with doubts as to whether they may not be the result of collusion or of some art or skill on the part of the medium, who is interested in their production, and in devising and applying tests to detect any possible fraud that may be being practised. To those practically acquainted with this subject we need hardly say that this temper of mind,

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\* *Six Months' Experiences at Home of Spirit-Communion, with Replies to Questions, Solution of Doubts and Difficulties, and Directions for Enquirers.* By A TRUTHSEEKER. LONDON: JOB CAUDWELL, Strand, and C. Fox, Paternoster Row  
MANCHESTER: JOHNSON and RAWSON, Market Street.

though within certain limits proper and reasonable, too frequently defeats its own purpose, especially when it is strengthened by the presence of a like state of mind in others ; such feeling of mutual distrust being a condition most unfavourable for eliciting that of which they are in quest, and especially for eliciting truthful communications. When the heart is full of din, and doubt beside the portal waits, and we, perhaps, besides, have our own little systems and theories to maintain, no wonder that the responses we get are vague, confused, and false, or that we are answered according to the idols in our own hearts, and that we leave, puzzled and confounded it may be, but not convinced. The wonder is that under such circumstances the evidence of spirit-communion, and even of spirit-identity, is so clear and convincing as it is often found to be.

Now, in investigating at home this great preliminary difficulty, which stands at the threshold of the enquiry, and often bars all further prosecution of it, is at once got rid of. Surrounded by brother and sister, wife and children—perhaps also one or two congenial and trusted friends, we enter on the enquiry with confidence in each other. We may, perhaps, have to wait long before any “manifestations” are witnessed, and, most probably, they will be far less extraordinary than others of which we have heard or read, but at least we shall know that they are *genuine* ; and all we shall have to do will be to persevere, with close observation of the facts, and most careful consideration as to the conclusions to which these facts should lead us ; widening our base of enquiry as we proceed, comparing our experience with the experiences of others, so that our induction may be large and comprehensive, starting from, but not restricted to, or ending with, our own necessarily limited personal experience.

This is very much the course that seems to have been taken by the writer of this pamphlet. To those who know him, we need not say that he is eminently qualified to prosecute an inquiry of this kind ; but this knowledge is not necessary, the pamphlet itself bears evidence that its writer is an accurate observer, a careful thinker, and a conscientious, faithful narrator. His style is clear, simple and concise. He replies with force and brevity to the objections usually urged, and he gives plain and useful directions for enquirers. The book is just such an one as we should like to see put into the hands of every one who is beginning those enquiries into the facts and laws of spirit-communion which are so replete with interest and instruction, and in which we see a new life forming under the ribs of death ;—first, a shaking of the dry bones of *pseudo* philosophies and fossilized creeds, then, a causing of the sinews and the flesh to

come upon them and the skin to cover them,—a clothing of the corpse-skeletons with the outer coverings of the more external spiritual truths as a preparation for that inbreathing of the Divine Spirit which shall cause them to stand upon their feet and live.

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EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.\*

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WE have to thank the writer for recording his week's experiences as a medium, which though painful, are both interesting and instructive; and had he simply recorded these, though we might possibly in a friendly spirit have tendered him a little advice based on more extended observation, we should not have thought it an occasion for much critical remark. It is the duty of Spiritualists, not to ignore facts which may be disagreeable, or experiences which may seem to place the subject in an unfavourable light, but to make themselves acquainted, as far as they can, with every phase of the subject; to look at it all round. It is a common weakness, especially with those who are only at the threshold of the inquiry, to judge of the whole subject from their own necessarily very restricted experience. This is particularly exemplified in the writer of this essay. We smile, though not without sadness, to find him putting forward conclusions so confidently on such slender grounds, and regretting that he should "have been a whole week in discovering the truth." Fortunate man, to have discovered it so soon; many would deem themselves amply rewarded for a life-long search, by its discovery!

The substance of these experiences is briefly this. Having been led by the grief consequent upon the death of a darling child, to attend spiritual circles, the writer readily received manifestations, purporting to be—and which he believed to be—from his spirit-child. On a subsequent occasion, however, he was led to doubt the identity of the spirit, and on adjuring it in the name of God, the spirit confessed to having deceived him, and under like adjuration to the enquiry, "Has the spirit of my child *ever* been put in communication with myself or her mother, through the means of this or any other table?" The spirit responded, "No, never!" In the course of the day, he again pursued the same course, with like results. Whereupon, assuming that under this adjuration he had at last—though confessedly

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\* *Experiences of Spiritualism; or, the Adjuration of Spirits, with a Theory on Table Rapping, and other Phenomena*, by a late Member of Mr. Home's Spiritual Athenæum. London: PITMAN, 20, Paternoster Row.

from a lying spirit—got absolute truth, he rushes to the conclusion, that, “any spirit, whose presence might be manifested through the mediumship of any one,” are “*all* evil spirits.”

The first remark that it occurs to us to make on this is, that it is not from a single case, or by a week's experience, that we can arrive at any general conclusion of the slightest philosophical value. The experience of one is not to be taken as the measure of that of others. There are in Spiritualism many thousand varied experiences, some extending over many years. The more of these we can collect and carefully compare, the larger the body of facts from which we make our induction, the more likely are we to eliminate narrow and partial views, and to arrive at just and comprehensive conclusions. Now that there are deceiving and ungodly spirits, does not admit of reasonable doubt. If we think for a moment of the number of false and ungodly men who daily pass from earth to the spirit-world, we may well ask—How can it be otherwise than that these qualities should in turn be reflected back from thence to earth? Spirit communion with earth is not alone a privilege of the blessed; the whole world of spiritual humanity sustains a close and intimate relation to our temporal humanity. It is well that it is so, for how else could we be so well assured of immortality as the heritage—not of a few, but of the entire race? But because in our communion with the unseen world we have found that there are deceiving spirits, are we thence to infer that all who commune with us are deceivers? We do not make so superficial and sweeping a generalization with regard to men in this world: why should we do so with regard to them in the next world? David tells us—“I said *in my haste* all men are liars;” and if we make a similar affirmation with regard to spirits, we only manifest a like rashness and indiscretion.

The experience of many is directly counter to that of the writer of this pamphlet. He admits that some of his auditors at the Spiritual Athenæum, after hearing his narrative, assured him “that the name of God has been evoked and spirits adjured, but to no effect.” To say that this was from lack of perseverance in watching and prayer is mere evasion. It seems a strange thing to tell us that the name of God has no effect—that it is powerless over an evil spirit unless we go on repeating it, using vain repetitions as the heathen do. That this is not necessary, the writer's own experience might have taught him, had not the exigence of his “theory” prevented it. The test which he puts forward with the air of an original discovery has been known and practised among Spiritualists from the beginning. In some spirit-circles we have seen his test tried again and again. The spirits have come in the name of Christ, and after being adjured

in the name of God, have remained and re-affirmed their statements. They have prayed for and with those present; they have admonished them to try the spirits, and exhorted to the study of Scripture, and to a godly Christian life. Either then the writer's counterfeit spirit-detector is no sufficient test, or if it be, then, in these cases at least, the spirits were no counterfeits, but that which they represented themselves to be, as was frequently evidenced by proofs of a most convincing kind.

We cannot here stop to notice at any length, the assertion that "no real good has yet come to society from Spiritualism;" as the *cui bono* of Spiritualism has been discussed in these pages again and again; we would only say that our experience, and a somewhat extensive acquaintance with published and unpublished testimonies on this subject, have led us to a very opposite conclusion; and that if it be of any "real good to society" to have brought thousands who were without God and without hope in the world to the knowledge and confession of the great primary truths of religion, then Spiritualism may justly claim to have done that good; "media," as the writer acknowledges, being "chiefly to be found where Atheism and Materialism prevail." Where the poison is, there also is the antidote; and, "as a Christian," we trust that the writer, with larger experience and calmer mind, will yet rejoice and thank God for this great and "real good to society" which Spiritualism has effected, and is still effecting.

We cannot expect much wisdom, or a very matured judgment, as the result of a week's experiences; and these being of so novel and exciting a kind, and so disappointing to his expectations, it is not surprising that the writer should have been provoked to a course which seems to have been prompted by unbridled anger and resentment, rather than calm reflection and a Christian spirit. We do not mean to say that exorcism may not in some cases be necessary; but we think that, on his own shewing, the writer acted with a precipitation which seems to have characterised his proceedings throughout. A different procedure might have led to very opposite results. If, when the spirit confessed to having deceived him, instead of calling it "unclean spirit, accursed devil;" and "adjuring" and "commanding" it to go out of the house "in the name of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost;" thereby exciting the hatred and malevolence of the spirit—for like ever begets like—he, "as a Christian," had been touched with somewhat of the Saviour's divine pity for the poor misguided and misguiding spirit, had gently but firmly remonstrated—had in tones of kindness given him earnest and wise counsel—had prayed for him and read to him from the Scriptures of the Divine mercy and forgiveness to

all such as truly repent: the spirit (as was the case with the spirits who sometimes came to the Seeress of Prevorst, and in many other instances) might have been softened, subdued, repentant, turned from the error of his ways, filled with better thoughts, and eventually led to the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind. All duties are reciprocal; and if spirits have offices to perform in regard to us, we, too, have offices to perform in regard to them. If Christ preached to the spirits in prison, surely our friend, "as a Christian," might, by admonition and prayer, and returning good for evil, have sought the rescue of the unhappy spirit from the prison of his own false and darkened nature.

And this leads us to remark that a painful discipline, like that through which the writer has passed, is sometimes needful for us,—a rude shock is needed to rouse us from that stupor of apathy to all but our own private joys and sorrows into which we are apt to fall. However natural it may be to shut ourselves in and muse alone in our bereavements, we need to be shaken out of the isolation of a selfish sorrow and the exclusiveness which seeks only the solace of a merely personal grief. We need to be reminded, and even to have it roughly brought home to us, that we are all—aye, even the poor spirit whom we call "unclean" and "accursed,"—members of the one human family. "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" Behind all the differences which separate man from man and spirit from spirit, there is yet a community of nature, a *solidarité* which connects the happiness of all with the happiness of each. All are members one of another, and if one member suffer all the members suffer with it, and the good or evil of one acts and reacts upon the rest. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together, waiting to be delivered from the bondage of its selfishness and sin. This is the true salvation,—salvation from all that is impure, false, ungodly; salvation not for men alone, but for *man*,—for our entire humanity. This is the consummation to which all things tend; the one

Divine event, to which the whole creation moves.

The writer, we are glad to perceive is still a Spiritualist; he says, "I believe in the communion of saints," but that communion is merely spiritual, *i. e.*, from intelligence to intelligence—from soul to soul." That is to say, it is right to *believe* in the communion of saints, but a very dreadful thing to know it, to realize it in our own experience. He believes in the communion of saints, *limited*, and in the communion of devils, *unlimited*. We would ask in all seriousness,—Is this God's world, or the Devil's? Can "Satan" send forth his "angels or messengers"

without let or hindrance to tempt and deceive us; while the angels of heaven stand by idle and impotent, or rendering only, if at all, furtive and secret aid by "whispering" to us in dreams and visions? The writer's notion that "the material elements of earth" are unholy and accursed, is an old Manichæan heresy, unauthorized by Scripture or by reason; and his assertion that "blessed spirits can have no communication with nor power over" these elements, is indeed strange from one whose "views on Spiritualism are all grounded on Revelation." What then! were they not "blessed spirits," but messengers from Satan, who opened the doors of Peter's prison, and who rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre where the body of Jesus was laid?

We would ask our friend "as a Christian," whose "views on Spiritualism are all grounded upon Revelation," if he is prepared to condemn all open intercourse with spirits as an "odious crime?" If he answers "no," we shall be glad to receive his explanation, and learn why, in that case, Spiritualism *per se* is to be denounced; if he answers "yes," we ask him to consider what that affirmation implies. It implies, for instance, that the writer of the Apocalypse is to be condemned for open converse with the spirit of one of the old prophets who appeared to him, showed him visions, and commanded him to "write;" it implies that the Apostles, nay, their Master himself, are under condemnation; for did not the spirit of Moses and Elias appear to, and openly hold converse with Him?

Our space precludes us from pointing out all the misstatements and false reasonings in this pamphlet, and into which it is not surprising that the writer, in his evident excitement after the experience of "a whole week," should fall. We have noticed it at greater length than its size and importance might seem to require, partly because our remarks will apply to other cases of a like nature, and because we so far agree with the writer as to think that inquirers should exercise proper, reasonable caution, and not accept the mere *ipse dixit* of any spirit; and that we take to be the true moral of his story; and partly because, though directed against Spiritualism, it is calculated to serve it on the most important point. The writer makes it evident that he has been "in communication with a spirit or an immaterial agency." That, at least, is clear; and to the learned Sadducees of this age it would be a great step in advance could they be got to believe even in a Devil; perhaps from that point they might be led to believe and trust in a righteous God and a communion of saints; and to rest in that faith, even though the belief in a supreme personal Devil should cease to be an article in their creed.