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THE SPIRITUALISM OF ANCIENT EGYPT: THE GREAT PYRAMID: WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF ITS CONSTRUCTION?

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EGYPT is the sphinx of history: the land of mystery and marvel, of astrology, alchemy, magic; the cradle of civilization, the birth-place of arts and sciences;—of mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, navigation; whilst, to quote the words of Bunsen, “the originality and eminence of the ancient Egyptians in architecture, in plastic art, in monumental painting and in symbol-writing, every line, curve and point conveying a definite idea, are universally acknowledged.” Egypt was a great empire—

A land of just and old renown—

famous for its wisdom ere Israel was a people, or “the father of the faithful” wandered with his flocks over the Plains of Mamre. No wonder that the Jews who so long dwelt in Egypt as a subject race, and their great lawgiver—educated at the Court of the Pharaohs, initiated into the occult lore of its priesthood, should have brought thence many of their traditions, customs, rites, ceremonies, laws and institutions; nor that in a later day the philosophers of Greece should have repaired thither and spent years in studying the wisdom of Egypt, and in intercourse with its learned men.

For that wisdom extended not only to many branches of physical science and of the arts, but to civil government, ethics and religion—the latter not as misunderstood, corrupted and perverted in its diffusion by the ignorant multitude in a later age, but

as taught in their earlier books and mysteries, and as conceived by the initiated. These early thinkers were close observers and careful students of both the macrocosm and the microcosm; they had deep moral discernment and spiritual intuition; were profoundly impressed with the mystery of life and organization;—with the awe, the beauty, and the majesty of Nature;—the order and grandeur of creative power as manifested in the clear shining stars whose position and movements they so diligently studied—in the beneficent majestic mighty river, whose overflow fertilized their land and brought plenty to their homes; and its enemy and theirs the arid desert;—the respective types of the perpetual conflict between good and evil which they saw around them, and the mystery of which they so deeply pondered. Their conceptions of God, of the moral government of the world, of the Soul and the Future Life, and the relation between man's character and his destiny, shew them to have been a solemn serious-minded thoughtful people; as Herodotus expressly affirms given to religion above all the nations of antiquity. Their astrology was in part spiritual. Their magic was theurgic. Brücker says: it "consisted in the performance of certain religious ceremonies or incantations, which were supposed, through the agency of good dæmons, to produce supernatural effects." They believed that every human being had an attendant spirit from birth to death; that beneficent spirits preserved health, while evil spirits entered into men and produced fits and other diseases. This belief (not unlike the doctrine of Swedenborg) was probably connected with their magnetic treatment of the sick; with clairvoyance and entrancement, with which they evidently were familiar, and all of which they associated with religion. Especially were they engrossed with the idea of the Future State, and in preparation for it. As Harriet Martineau remarks—"The unseen world became all in all to them; and the visible world and present life of little more importance than as the necessary introduction to the higher and greater." They conceived creation to consist of three grand departments. First, came the earth, or zone of trial, where men live on probation; next, was the atmosphere, or zone of temporal punishment and purification, where men are afflicted for their sins; the third realm was the zone of blessedness—the serene heaven, where the good dwell for ever in immortal peace and joy. Eusebius says, "The Egyptians represented the universe in two circles, one within the other, and a serpent with the head of a hawk twining his folds around them;" thus forming three spheres, earth, firmament, divinity. Not a little of the thought of old Egypt may indeed be traced under other names and

forms, and translated into modern language, in the theology, philosophy and speculation of modern Europe.

The key to the hieroglyphic writing of ancient Egypt which has been found enables us to unlock many a secret chamber of thought and knowledge which for thousands of years had remained closed; and though much still remains to be learned, that which has been gained is of marked significance not alone to the archæologist and the historian, but to the philosopher and to all who take interest in the study of human nature, and especially of the ideas and inner life of man. Besides the scanty notices of ancient writers, three sources of this knowledge have been laid open to us. First, the papyrus rolls, one of which was placed in the bosom of every corpse after it had undergone the process of embalment. This roll, inscribed with hieroglyphics, contains the names of the deceased and his parents, prayers he is to recite, and scenes and experiences that await him in the unseen state. According to Bunsen, some of these compositions were ancient five thousand years ago; and are taken from the primitive sacerdotal literature. This is the view not only of Bunsen, but of Mr. Samuel Birch, of the Royal Society of Literature, who has given us a translation of this most important of their sacred books. "The rhapsodic and religious aspirations found in this *Book of the Dead*, contain the germs of speculative as well as ethical philosophy. Many of its teachings relative to the nature of God (Osiris) as the universal soul of the world; the immortality of man; the guardian care of the gods; the return of ascended spirits; invocations offered to departed ancestors, with formulas intended to act as charms upon evil spirits to avert their hostility, are interesting and absolutely wonderful, considering the thousands of years that have rolled into eternity since they were chiselled on solid rocks, or penned on the hieratic papyri of the oldest dynasties." In this book, we find that the old Egyptians represented the soul in man by a hawk with human head and arms, to personify its volatile and solar (or celestial) character and human intelligence; and that it is to them we are primarily indebted for the phoenix, as a symbol of the spirit risen from the ashes of the body. In chapter xiii, the departed spirit is represented as saying in reference to the body, "I went in as a hawk, I came out as a phoenix." Again, these Egyptians did not regard the spirit as a mere unbodied essence, but believed that as on earth it had a material body, so in the world of spirits it has a spiritual body. Bunsen tells us that in their religious system "there is not a shadow of the abominable materialistic doctrine of absorption of the soul into the universe: on the contrary, the soul living with God, is in a state of

consciousness of divine life; the soul continues to have an organ (body), as Osiris has his body in the sun." They also considered that to God, the father of the soul, the Eternal, every soul born into this world is tending through the darkness of death. In chapter ix, the departed spirit is spoken of as the beloved son of his father (Osiris). "He has been seen passing from the gate: he has come from the mummy a prepared spirit." One short passage more, only, I give from this most ancient book. I quote it, as illustrating the elevated conceptions of God, and of moral obligation, to which, in those early times, the thoughtful mind of Egypt had attained. "If words are spoken in secret, the interior of a man is no secret to him who made it. If words are spoken boastfully or openly, he is present with thee, though thou be alone." Well may we regard with reverence these "aspirations of the highest instincts of our race, and of deep individual ethic thought akin to sacred trust, and to the spiritual philosophy and pious faith of later times." Secondly, the ornamental cases in which the mummies are enclosed are painted all over with scenes setting forth the realities and events to which the soul of the dead occupant has passed in the other life. Thirdly, the various fates of souls are sculptured and painted on the walls in the tombs. Every man's grave was made a biography. The scenes of his life were frescoed on the walls of his chamber, or sculptured on his coffin, or brilliantly painted on the grave clothes that bound him. In the same way the national history, the law and religion of the country, are written on public buildings. With the exception of the Pyramids, all the ruined temples and palaces of Egypt are covered with sculptures and painting. At Herculaneum and Pompeii we have pages from the history of ancient Italy. In the Nineveh sculptures, we have in stone the grotesque conceptions and some of the history of the Assyrians. But in Egyptian antiquities, we have Egypt herself living and moving before us. Surrounded as Egypt is on three sides by desert, moisture—one great agent in decay—is almost unknown. The winds from the east, west, and south, have all their moisture drunk up by the burning sand, while the clouds that come from the Mediterranean carry their rain to the mountains of Syene or of the Moon. The effect is that fragments of temples which Cambyzes threw down four-and-twenty centuries ago still retain their polish, while on the walls of roofless buildings, the figures and even the colouring may be traced. The very obelisk of Alexandria, which has been in ruins for sixteen centuries, is as fresh and as sharp on the north or protected side, as if it had come within a few years from the workman's hands. Without, however, entering particularly into the knowledge

gained from these several sources I shall perhaps bring the substance of it most vividly before the reader in the words of Harriet Martineau, in her *Eastern Life, Past and Present*. (Vol. I. chap. xv.) I give the principal passages, as containing the best popular account I remember to have met with concerning their knowledge of what are called "the Occult Sciences," and their ideas of the spiritual world.

"About their Oracles, Magic, and Medicine;—it is needless, and therefore unjust, to attribute to them any artifice or insincerity. All who have duly inquired into that class of natural facts know that among human faculties exist those of perception or apprehension of distant and of future events; and some powers of sympathetic operation, whose nature and limits are as yet but little understood. Those powers are as yet but too little inquired into, notwithstanding the example and exhortations of Bacon, Cuvier, Laplace, and other philosophers who were rendered by their philosophy meek enough to learn from nature. Finding, as we do, indisputable proofs that at present the human being is capable of various states of consciousness, and of knowing events which are happening afar, and of fore-knowing events which are future,—sometimes spontaneously, and sometimes by means of an agency purposely employed;—knowing, on the other hand, that history abounds with records which everybody believes more or less, of prophecy, of preternatural (so-called) knowledge, of witchcraft, unaccountable sympathies, and miraculous cures; we have every reason to suppose that the Egyptian priesthood encountered and held the facts which some of us encounter and hold, and employed them as sincerely and devoutly as they employed other facts in natural philosophy. It is probable that the oracles were true: and we have no right to doubt that the priests believed them true,—as earnestly as they believed that they could cure the sick whom they carried into their temples, and on whose heads they religiously laid their hands, with invocations to the gods. The faculties which drew the attention of Bacon and others are found more vigorous, more spontaneous, and more easily excitable among orientals than among ourselves. If we find, by the half-dozen, merely by opening our minds to the fact, cases of far-seeing and fore-seeing, and curative power, it is probable that such cases were familiar to the heathen priesthood of old; and that they sincerely believed that persons so gifted held a revealing commission from the gods. While fully aware of the means necessary for eliciting the faculty, and using those means, the priest might wait on the speech of the oracular somnambule, believing it to proceed from the veritable inspiration of the god. This is not the place for bringing together the evidence that

exists about the dealings of the Egyptian priests with the sick and infirm: but it is curious; and it shews no cause for the assumption that they were jugglers, or in any way insincere in their practice. They probably believed that they should give relief by 'the touching with the hands,' which, as Solon tells us, 'will immediately restore to health' when soothing medicines are of no avail; and by that 'stroking with gentle hands' which Æschylus says was to be had on the Nile:* and they were probably justified in their belief by the results. Nothing but a very large proportion of cures will account for the continued celebrity of any seat of health during a sequence of many centuries.

"As to the oracles, there were many in Egypt; and they were famous from the earliest times of which we have any record. The two most celebrated were those of Amun Ra, in the Oasis of Amun; and that of Buto in the city of that name.† Herodotus tells a curious story of the establishment of the Oracles of Amun Ra and of Dodona.‡ He heard two versions;—one from the priests of Amun at Thebes; the other from the priestesses of the oracle at Dodona. The Greek priestesses told him that two black doves were carried off from Thebes; one of which went into the Lybian desert, and the other came to Dodona, perched on an oak, and spoke, saying that it was the will of the king of the gods that he should have an oracle there. The dove which flew to the Lybian Oasis delivered a similar command there from Amun Ra. The story of the Theban priests to Herodotus was that two women, sacred to the god, were carried off from Thebes by the Phœnicians, and set up oracles at the Oasis and at Dodona. They were probably carried off for the sake of that power of prevision which had caused their consecration at Thebes, and which they exercised afterwards at the two new oracular seats. Herodotus says expressly that there were no priestesses in Egypt:§ yet it is certain that women of the priestly caste were, in one way or another, employed and consecrated about the temples; and in all purity and honour. They were probably the utterers of the oracle; and might be also the dispensers of health in the sanctuaries. Among so large a body as that of the Egyptian priesthood, it is probable that there was never any want of somnambules, who would be looked upon as chosen by the god of the region to deliver his oracles; and who would do it, while the faculty worked clearly (which we now find to be rarely for

* "*Prometheus to Io*: 'There Zeus will render you sane, stroking you with gentle hand, and simply touching you.' This sanctuary at Canopus was celebrated for the cures wrought by the god."

† "*Herod. II., 38.*" ‡ "*Herod. II., 54, 55.*" § "*Herod. II., 35.*"

any long time) ; and without any need of jugglery at the time, or occasion to suspect it now. Diodorus Siculus tells us of a daughter of Sesostrius who seems to have had the faculty as eminently as Joan of Arc, exercising it with regard to her father's victories as Joan did about her own. Her father, being king, was also High-priest, and must have known how far to trust his daughter's divination : and he planned his proceedings, and prepared for his conquests, under her direction.* Herodotus observes that this Theban oracle, and that of Dodona are much like each other:† that the art of foretelling future events, as practised in the Greek temples, was derived from Egypt : and that it is certain that the Egyptians were the first of the human race who established feasts and public assemblies, processions, and the manner of approaching God and holding intercourse with Him : and that the Greeks had borrowed these customs from the Egyptians.

“ It appears that there was a lake made near every capital city in Egypt;‡ for the transit of the dead ; and a sacred boat, to bear the hearse ; and a boatman, whose official name, written in Greek, was Charon.§ The funeral train were obliged to pass over this lake on the way to the tomb ; but they might return by land. The purpose of the obligatory custom of crossing the lake was that all the dead might pass through the same ordeal before admission to their ‘ eternal habitations,’ as the priests called the tomb. This ordeal was judgment by the forty-two || assessors who, on earth, performed the first stage of the work which was to be completed by the forty-two heavenly assessors, who awaited the dead within the threshold of the unseen world. Notice was given to these judges of the day of the funeral ; and they stood in a half circle on the nearer shore of the lake, awaiting the arrival of the funeral train. Any person might accuse the deceased in their presence of any immoral act. If the accusation was proved, the deceased was not allowed to pass. If the accuser could not substantiate his story, he was severely punished. Even kings ¶ have been known to be turned back from the place of embarkation, when acts of injustice have been proved against them : and it appears that priests had no more exemption than others from this ordeal. Those of the rejected dead who had left a family behind them were carried home, and their mummy-cases set upright against the wall of some chamber ; a perpetual spectacle of shame and grief to their families, who suffered acutely from the disgrace of what had

* “ *Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians*, I., 261.”

† “ *Herod.* II., 58.”

‡ “ *Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians*, V., 420.”

§ “ *Diodorus*, I., 92.”

|| “ According to Champollion.”

¶ “ *Diodorus*, I., 72.”

happened. Those who were poor and friendless, as well as vicious, were put into the ground where the rejection took place ; and this was the shore where their melancholy ghosts wandered, if poets say true, pining for the Elysian fields which lay beyond ; those Elysian fields * being the beautiful meadows which, in the principal burial-place of the Nile valley, at Memphis, extended beyond the lake of the dead, all flowery with lotus and blossom-ing reeds.

"After permission to pass on had been given by the judges, an eulogy on the deceased, and a prayer to the gods for his welfare in Hades, were read by one of the officiating priests ; and Charon proceeded in his ferrying. When the opposite shore was reached, and the procession landed, the ground was sprinkled before the wheels of the funeral car ; and sometimes palm-branches were strewn in the way.† The body was sometimes crowned with amaranth or other everlastings, or with bay-leaves or fresh flowers."‡

Thus much before the sealing up of the tomb. What afterwards ?

"As he had passed the external judgment, he was believed by the mourners without to be assured of re-union, in his immortal essence, with the Supreme, from whom all being emanates. The family have likened him, in the preparation of his body, to Osiris, and have painted the emblems of Osiris on his envelope ; and will henceforth call him by that sacred name. The offerings they bring, and will continue to bring occasionally, are not consecrated to their mortal comrade, but to the portion of divinity which dwelt in him.—They place behind their altar of offerings the images of Isis and Nepthys, the First and the Last : and believe that the First and the Last attend at the head and feet of the body, as long as it remains in the tomb.§ They think of him as finding his way in the untried regions, which they yet seem to themselves to know so familiarly. He leaves behind him the eulogy which is inscribed on the entrance wall of his tomb, and is met by Thoth, the conductor of the dead, by whom he is fetched away, and led on to a more fearful judgment than that man's judgment by the shore of the lake which he has passed with honour. He is announced, according to his legend, thus :—'Arrival of a soul in Amenti.' His secret faults, and his sins of omission, of which men could be no judges, are now to come under review ; and Thoth, whose legend || declares him 'the Secretary of Justice of the other great gods,' is to pro-

* "*Diodorus*, I., 96." † "*Ibid*, V., 421." ‡ "*Ibid*, V., 423."

§ "*Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians*, V., 416." || "*Champollion Lettres sur l'Egypte*."

duce his book, in which he has recorded the whole moral life of the soul come to judgment.—The forty-two heavenly assessors are believed to represent the forty-two sins which the Egyptians believed man to be subject to. Each searched the newly-arrived soul, and declared its condition in respect to the particular sin. Then came the trial of the balance. The symbol of the actions of the candidate are placed in one scale, and the symbol of integrity in the other. Thoth looks on, ready to record. Horus holds the hand of the candidate, and the dog watches the process, ready to turn on the condemned if his scale should be 'found wanting.' If all is well, he advances in front of the balance, and finds the infant Horus seated on his lotus-blossom before the throne; and on the throne is the Judge, prepared to welcome him by raising the end of his sceptre, and to permit him to enter among the gods within. Of the happy state, little was revealed, because, as it was declared, 'the heart of man could not conceive of it.' Almost the only particular declared was that there was a tree of Life,* on whose fruit the gods wrote the names of mortals destined to immortality, and whose fruit made those who ate of it to be as gods. His relatives thought of him as wearing on his head, as a mark of his justification, the feather of integrity: and they wrote beside his name, from that time forward, the name of the goddess of Justice; a practical equivalent to that of affixing the epithet 'justified' to his name. This goddess of Justice, Thmei, is present during the trial of the soul: and she is identified in the sculptures by her legend 'Thmei, who lives in Amenti, where she weighs hearts in the balance;—no sinner escapes her.†

"The survivors of any one for whom a burial has been obtained, but who might be suspected of unfitness for the heavenly mansions, were enabled to form but too clear an idea of his fate; for the pains of the wicked could be conceived of by human imagination, though the immortal pleasures of the just could not. The purgatory of the Egyptians was in fact described definitely enough: and the representations of it in the tombs give a strange sensation to the gazer before he has become accustomed to them. At the extreme end of a large tomb at Thebes, I saw some marks on the black and stained wall which made me hold my candle nearer, and persevere till I had made out the whole sculpture, which gave me at last the impression of a bad dream. A hopeless-looking pig, with a bristling back, was in a boat, the stern of which was towards the heavenly regions. Two monkeys were with it, one at the bow, and the other whipping or driving the pig. This was a wicked soul,

* "The Persea." † "Champollion: *Lettres sur l'Égypte*."

sent back to earth under the conduct of the agents of Thoth. The busy and gleeful look of the monkeys, and the humbled aspect of the pig were powerfully given. This was the lowest state of the punished soul; but it would have to pass through some very mournful ones, and for a very long time,—to be probably a wolf, a scorpion, or a kite, or some other odious creature, in weary succession,—for a term of from three thousand to ten thousand years. This was called passing through its 'orbit of necessity.' " *

In connection with Egypt, nothing has excited more universal interest than the Pyramids. The science, skill, and labour, and the appliances of art unknown to us now employed in their construction, and their enduring character, excite wonder and astonishment. The Great Pyramid is the oldest known monument in the world. Its date is no longer a mystery; it is now known to be the work of men who lived 5,000 years ago. The names of the Pharaohs who raised these edifices have been found inscribed in it, and they are the same as those given by Herodotus and Manetho. But the purposes they were designed to serve is still matter of controversy. That these purposes were connected with magic and necromancy was first suggested to my mind by a spirit, communicating through an entranced person, who affirmed himself to be an Egyptian who lived when the Great Pyramid was being built. I have since met with quite an unexpected confirmation of this theory.

In an able article which appeared in *The Builder* (September 24, 1864), reviewing the hypothesis put forward by Mr. John

* Those who care to make further researches into this subject may consult among other works Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, Kenrick's *Ancient Egypt*, Pettigrew's *History of Egyptian Mummies*, Mr. Child's *Progress of Religious Ideas*, Alger's *Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, Part II, chapter v., and, above all, Bunsen's *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. The following is one of many passages that might be quoted from the last named work, shewing the high estimate its author had formed of both the positive and comparative excellence attained in ancient Egypt:—

"From the very earliest time they (the Egyptians) abolished human sacrifices, which they declared to be an abomination unto the gods; whereas in Palestine, Syria, and cultivated Phœnicia and Carthage, sacrifices continued to be offered to Moloch, as being the very climax in religious worship. . . . Many indeed of the Kings of Judah and Israel caused their children to 'pass through the fire.' Egypt was rich in culture, and possessed a high national civilization in the times of Abraham and Joseph, which they owed to the ethic character of their religion, and the intellectuality of their religious philosophy. . . . The oracles of the gods were communicated alike to kings and priests. Incubation in the temples, dreams, and most probably *clairvoyance*, were the mediums by which the religious feelings were worked up above those of the waking state. No trace is found in Egypt of the intoxicating potions, the beating of drums, the ringing of bells, and that violent excitement so rife among the Turanian, Iranian and Semetic races. . . . Everything we know of their domestic and social relations is worthy of our highest respect. Even in Egypt civil liberty is old, and despotism was a dynastic innovation."

Taylor and Professor Smyth that the Great Pyramid was designed as a standard of measurement—an hypothesis regarded by the reviewer as highly improbable. Mr. John E. Dove, puts forward some speculations on the subject of a highly interesting kind, and which we proceed to lay before our readers. He says:—

“But if this new hypothesis must go the way of all the others, is there no possibility of otherwise accounting for the certainly strange and mysterious conformation of the Great Pyramid? This we will say,—that if the mystery shall ever be revealed, this must be done through a consideration of the ancient practices and doctrines, as well as structures, of the ancient Egyptians themselves; aided, probably, by a like consideration of structures analogous or similar to the Egyptian Pyramids, and of practices and doctrines connected with such structures, among other nations.

“But what *are* the peculiarities of the Egyptian Pyramids, and especially of the Great Pyramid?

“To whatever other purposes these pyramids (perhaps the Great Pyramid excepted) may have been originally devoted,—at least in their first design,—we believe there can be no doubt that they were used for the burial of kings or other great persons. Generally speaking, they were built of solid masonry, with comparatively little open space in their interior: indeed, *a long low narrow passage, or ‘transe,’ leading downwards to a subterranean chamber, in which was a sarcophagus, or stone coffin, occupied by a mummy, and covered by a ponderous lid, cemented down,* may be said to have essentially constituted the entire arrangement. As for the Great Pyramid, however, there is this peculiarity, that, while it possesses the *descending* passage and the subterranean or sepulchral chamber, another and *ascending* passage strikes off out of the descending one, far short of its sepulchral issue; and, after opening up suddenly into a still ascending or sloping and magnificent gallery, of great height, ends in the vestibule or outer chamber leading to the hall, or large and well-ventilated apartment, in which stands the ‘open chest without a lid,’ which has so often been visited and described. This chest, or kist, then ‘the one only thing in the pyramid’s huge entrails,’ as Sandys has it, is the evident analogue of the subterranean sarcophagus or coffin of the other pyramids; but it is without a sign of ever having had a lid, and is the sole occupant of a splendid hall of polished granite, 34 feet 3 inches long, 17 feet 1 inch broad, 19 feet 1 inch high, and placed 138 feet up from the ground-base of the pyramid on the rock; beneath which base, still 90 feet 8 inches further down, is the subterranean or sepulchral chamber. The king’s hall,

moreover, is most skilfully and thoroughly well ventilated by two air channels, running upwards, one to the northern surface of the pyramid, 233 feet long, and the other to the southern, 174 feet long; so that the chamber is regarded as one *much more likely to have been used by the living than by the dead*. Still, the likeness to the other pyramids might lead us to consider it merely as the abode of that *death* on which the Egyptians were ever meditating, were it not that there are historical records, such as that of Diodorus, that it never was used for burial; and there are no traces of grooves, catch-pins, or other fastenings for a lid, nor of any process of cementation, whereby the lid of a sarcophagus was as usual fastened down.*

"If this apartment never was the abode of death, however, it must undoubtedly have been used for an *analogous* purpose; and, considering the known practices of magicians, such as the ancient Egyptian hierophants were, the very obvious purpose of using it in that *similitude* of *death*—the oracular entrancement of initiation—(in those '*dead* in the flesh but *quicken*ed by the spirit,' in fact), which they are known to have practised in what was called '*the temple sleep*,' and '*the blessed life of the gods*,' at once presents itself. This similitude of death was the *psychopompos*, or '*death in a higher sense*,' which they ascribed to their Hermetic or Mercurial god. The death of '*the pit of corruption*' beneath, was thus probably contrasted with the holy death of the god-possessed hierophants above; and, in the attainment of the higher state, or the '*exchange of this life for the blessed life of the gods*,' as Iamblichus, on the Egyptian Mysteries, describes it, the novitiates incurred certain obstacles and terrors of darkness and light, and ran certain risks of falling into the pit, or of otherwise ending their career far short of the high and grand ulterior object which the hierophants had in view.

"But do we find anything similar to such magical structures and practices amongst other nations? Unquestionably we do.

"The Mithratic cavern, or cell, of the Cabiri, according to Faber, though sometimes subterraneous, also sometimes lay concealed in the centre of enormous buildings of the pyramidal form; or, as in the tower of Belus at Babylon, in a *temple* at the top of the pyramid, with a *shrine* at the bottom. The temple of Belus, which was reached by a winding passage round the pyramid, stood exactly in such a position as the temple of Buddha now does in modern Chaityas in Ava and Siam,—at the top of *seven* stories. Like the Great Pyramid itself, the Tower of Belus—at that great centre of sorcery or magical

* "On this question see also a review of Taylor's work in the *Builder* of 17th December, 1859."

practices—Babylon, has been erroneously supposed to have been devoted to astronomy. That is quite inconsistent with what Herodotus tells us of it. He says that the *temple* above the *shrine*—the *apartment* for the *living*, in fact, above the *tomb* of the *dead*—contained a golden table and an elegant bedstead (like the ‘beautiful couch’ of the Egyptian god-possessed); and that a chosen priestess lay upon the bed and was there visited by the god Belus (or Baal), by night, which obviously means that the priestess became god-possessed in this ‘high-place of Baal,’—this *temple* of the *pyramid*,—by night, through entrancement, as an oracle, whose responses, while in ‘holy rest,’ or (Buddhist) ‘repose,’ were probably written down, as Sibylline leaves, at the golden table.

“Pyramidal barrows, with temples at the top of which were called ‘the *house* of the *god*,’ are common even in America; and such barrows, though without the outward temple, are scattered all over Asia and Europe, and are to be found even in this country and in Ireland. Such is the immense one at New Grange, which has one known and curious central chamber, or sorcery-hall, as the similar one at Maeshowe is runically inscribed. This central hall is, in all cases, reached by a long, low, narrow passage, or transe, just such as that of the Egyptian pyramids. The plan in the central chamber, or sorcery-hall, at New Grange, is cruciform; and at one side is a rude stone ‘bason,’ as it has been called, on the earth, with an inscription (in Ogham or in Runic characters) which has been translated as,—‘The *tombe* of the hero;’ (the abode of the *dead*;) while at the other side of the cross is another stone ‘bason,’ standing—not on the earth, but—on the rock of the site, with an inscription which has been translated as—‘the *house* of God’ (the abode of the *living* God). The chamber is dedicated ‘to the Great Mother, Ops.’* ”

“That the Great Pyramid was a temple,—or rather, contained a temple,—seems to have been a very general idea; and even Professor Smyth himself calls it a temple. A section of the ‘consecrated oratory,’ as Greaves calls the high chamber, or sorcery-hall, has, together with its outer apartment, all the appearance of a section of an Egyptian temple; and the inner chamber has been even called the sanctuary, as well as the oratory. On the supposition that the lowest chamber in the subterranean was devoted to death, and the highest to life in the ‘similitude of death,’—or to god-possession, or the oracle, in entrancement,—it is probable that the middle chamber, between these two, had some relationship to that other similitude and ‘brother’ of death

* “For further remarks on this subject, see a letter by J. E. Dove, ‘On Wing and other Symbols,’ in the *Builder* of 16th October, 1858.”

which is neither the accursed death of corruption nor the holy and blessed death of entrancement, but the natural and daily death of sleep, the 'brother' both of death, on the one hand, and of entrancement, on the other.

"Keeping in view the *deathlessness* to which the god-possession aspired, as among the Druidical 'deathless brotherhood,' the Greek and other immortal gods,* and the Buddhist undecaying illuminati in the 'salvation' of Nirvana;† the conclusion, as to the origin of the Great Pyramid, to which Professor Smyth comes, from a consideration of historical records, is rather remarkable.

"The 'Hyksos,' or 'Shepherd Kings,' were an historical race, who invaded Egypt as conquerors at a period of extreme antiquity,—long before the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt.

* "Science, genius, and *immortality* were said to be the fruits of initiation into the mysteries of the Greek Ceres and the Egyptian Isis;—not so much the fruits of the mere initiation into the life of entrancement, or 'life of the gods,' however, as of the continued and daily or nightly practice of that life, or the 'often exchanging this life for the blessed life of the gods,' as Iamblichus expresses it. Thus initiation was merely the initiative; and it was this initiative through which Triptolemus, or Demophōn, was said by Homer to be passing when the divine mother, Ceres, or Isis, was interrupted, by the terror of his natural mother, during the goddess's immortalizing work upon her son's dying body, every night, upon his bed, in her temple, at his father's house. Under the divine influence of the goddess, as Homer's Hymn, 'In Cererem,' has it, the novitiate of the *second birth*, or *Child* of 'the Great Mother,'—

'Grew like an offspring of ethereal race:
Health crown'd his frame and beauty deck'd his face:
No mortal food he ate: the Queen, adored,
Around him oft ambrosial odours pour'd,
Oft as the *child* was on her bosom laid,
She heavenly influence to his soul convey'd.
At night, to purge from earthly dross his frame
She kindled on th' earth th' annealing *Flame*;
And, like a brand, unmark'd by human view,
Amid the *Fire*, wide blazing frequent threw
The *unconscious* Child: his parents wond'ring trace
Something *divine*,—a more than mortal grace,—
Shine in his form,'—

until 'one fatal night,' when his mother saw 'Consuming flames around his body roll,' and then 'Wrath seized the goddess,' and she—

'Furious thus began: Oh, mortals vain!
Whose folly counteracts what gods ordain:
Who, lost in error's maze, will never know,
Approaching blessings from impending woe!
Long, for the rashness that thy Soul possess'd,
Shall keen reflection agonize thy breast;
For, by that oath which binds the powers supreme,
I swear;—by sable Styx—infernal stream;—
Else, had thy son, in *Youth's perpetual prime*,
Shared heavenly joys, and mock'd the rage of Time.
But now 'tis past! from fate he cannot fly;
Man's common lot is his: he breathes to die."

† "See 'On Bird and other Symbols' in the *Builder* of 15th January, 1859."

Manetho, who lived some centuries after Herodotus, says of these Hyksos,—‘There came up from the east, in a strange manner, men of an ignoble race, who had the confidence to invade our country, and easily subdued it by their [magical ?] power, without a battle;’ and, after several reigns, they capitulated with a valorous Egyptian monarch, and left the country ‘quickly, and entirely, with all their people and goods; and did so leave it going by way of the Desert, towards Syria, *where they built Jerusalem.*’ That these Hyksos were not the Israelites is evident, not only from what Manetho says of their invasion, but also from his separate and subsequent allusion to the Israelites. Still, they would appear to have been of a kindred race; and Professor Smyth ingeniously suggests that that most mysterious character, Melchizedec, King of *Salem* [or *Jerusalem?*], King of Peace and Righteousness, to whom Abram did obeisance as to his superior, and who was a high priest of the ‘order’ to which, according to St. Paul (Hebrews v. 6.), even Jesus himself belonged, was probably the very king who invaded Egypt, and built the Great Pyramid as one of those grievous tasks to which the Hyksos put the Egyptians. And accordingly, Professor Smyth finds allusions to the pyramidal form in scriptural passages such as those which refer to Jesus Christ as the head stone of the corner, the chief corner stone, and ‘the head stone of the great mountain.’ That the Great Pyramid was not designed (though it was built) by the Egyptians themselves, Professor Smyth concludes not only from the utter want in this pyramid of those hieroglyphics of which the Egyptians were (afterwards?) so fond, but also from what Herodotus says of its immediate directors or orderers, that they were hated by the native Egyptians.

“Now the origination of the pyramidal form in Egypt from the farther east would be quite in accordance with the numerous traces of the spread of such structures westwards even from India, whence it is probable also that the Egyptian doctrines emanated; and, in reference to ‘the deathless brotherhood’ who constructed and used such pyramids or barrows for religious purposes, or as sorcery-halls, in this country,—or at least in Ireland and in Orkney,—it is a notable circumstance, of which Professor Smyth takes no account, that it is said of the mysterious Melchizedec, King of Salem, or Jerusalem, that he had ‘the power of an endless life’ (Hebrews vii.); or was, in fact, of ‘the order’ of that ‘deathless brotherhood’ of eternity, and children of ‘the divine mother.’—‘children of the light,’—‘children of the evening,’ as with the Druids,—or initiated and immortal brothers, as with the Nocturnal Society (*Societas Noctis*) of more classical times;—and hence (being a *new man*

and also a god, or a son of God*) he was 'without [natural] father or mother.' To this 'deathless brotherhood' of 'the order of Melchizedec,' as we have said, even Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, *par excellence*, belonged."

A LEGEND WITH A LESSON.

THE following legend is found in the writer who goes by the name of Dionysius the Areopagite. A monk who had assailed a priest for dealing too leniently, as he thought, with a penitent, applied to Dionysius for his support. In reply, he rebuked him severely for his want of mercy, and concludes thus:—

"If you please, I will recount a divine vision of a saintly man; and smile not at it, for it is a true story. Once upon a time when I visited Crete, I was entertained by the holy Carpus. He was a man qualified beyond all others by the purity of his soul for the vision of God. An unbeliever, so he told me, had once grieved him by leading a Christian astray to godlessness, while the days of rejoicing over his baptism were still being celebrated. And so, when he ought to have prayed for both in sincere charity, that by God's help he might convert the one and overcome the other, though he had never been so affected before, he allowed rancorous enmity and bitterness to sink into his heart. In this evil state he fell asleep, for it was evening, and at midnight, when it was his habit to awake to recite the divine hymns, he rose from trouble and broken slumbers, and even in the midst of his very communion with God was agitated by unholy sorrow and indignation, as he pleaded that it was not right that ungodly men should live, perverting the straight paths of the Lord. And so saying he prayed God to slay both the offenders, without pity, by a bolt from heaven. As soon as the prayer was uttered, he said that he thought that the house in which he stood was suddenly shaken with great violence and cloven in twain from the roof, and that a line of light, exceeding bright, streamed down from heaven to the place where he was and that heaven itself was opened, and that upon its edge was Jesus, with innumerable angels in human shape standing beside him. This was what he saw above, and as he looked in it he marvelled. But when he bent downwards he said that he saw the earth rent asunder with a dark and yawning chasm, and the men whom he cursed standing before him at the edge of the chasm,

* "As many as are led by the Spirit of God *they* are the Sons of God."

trembling and piteous, and their footing was so unsteady that by reason of that alone they were on the point of falling into it; moreover, snakes crawled up from the gulf below, and gliding about their feet, sought, by every kind of terror and fascination, to cast them into the pit. There were men also among the snakes who at the same time assailed the two guilty ones with violent shakings and thrusts and blows; and it seemed that they were about to fall, half willingly, half unwillingly, as they were gradually constrained or seduced by their evil circumstances. And Carpus said that he was delighted to look down, and forgot what was above; nay, that he was indignant and dissatisfied that, they had not already fallen, and vexed that his repeated efforts to this end had failed of success; and that he cursed them still. And having with difficulty lifted his eyes upward he saw heaven again as he had seen it before, and Jesus in pity rise from his throne, and descend to the wretched men, and reach to them a loving hand, and the angels helping him, and supporting the men on all sides. And he thought that Jesus said to him, when his hand was now stretched out to smite, 'Smite *me* if you will; for I am ready to suffer again to save men anew; yea, I would gladly endure this to rescue others from sin. But see if it be well for thee to make thy abode with snakes in the pit, rather than with God and the good angels to whom men are dear!'

"This is what I heard, and I believe that it is true."

THE *RATIONALE* OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

SEVERAL consecutive numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine* have been kindly forwarded to me, for which I desire to express my sincere thanks. The general tone and spirit of this publication are such as entirely approve themselves to my mind. The tone is certainly that of piety and brotherhood. The spirit, free from the narrowness belonging to every kind of sectarianism, and equally free from the darkness and fearfulness which are characteristic of every ecclesiastical organisation, is that of an enlightened faith in the unerring goodness of the Lord, and a steadfast hope that every human being, whatever evils and imperfections may oppress him at present, will sooner or later arrive at his destination in heaven. But although the tone is so

good and the spirit so broad and enlightened, this Magazine has not yet opened and illustrated the grounds of spiritual manifestations; to which, in one small and extraordinary department, it bears a brave and consistent testimony. With the view of supplying the want which I have observed, I shall, with the editor's permission, endeavour to explain the *rationale* of all spiritual manifestations; and afterwards, please God, shall proceed to indicate the universal importance of the truth unfolded, as presenting a perpetual revelation of the Will of God respecting the spiritual condition of His creature man.

That there is an Infinite and Eternal Fountain of life and existence is clear to most minds. That the Divine Being who is the Maker and Sustainer of all things is good and wise, without a shadow of imperfection, is a proposition that commends itself to my heart and understanding. From this All-Good and All-Wise Being, who is the only Creator, nothing of evil and misery can possibly proceed. Yet in this world, to go no further, we do find an awful amount of wickedness and wretchedness; and in nature itself, which none but God can produce and preserve, there are deadly poisons, savage and disgusting animals, famines and pestilences, &c., which certainly, according to the judgment that God has given us, are evils and blemishes in His creation. Now, as there is but One Creator, a Being of spotless purity and absolute wisdom, how can evils and malformations and embodied savagery and consuming maladies and the entire family of wrongs come into existence? This is the explanation: God, in making man, endows him with free will, which is essential to manhood. By virtue of free will, man can live either according to the Will of the Creator, or he can disobey this ever-righteous Will. So far as he obeys the Creator's Will, to that extent he is orderly and happy. But so far as he opposes the Divine Will, in that same degree are confusion and misery introduced into his life and world. The soul, consisting of the will and understanding, is the primary creation, being that which is usually denominated *spirit*; the body, which is the soul itself developed into a bodily form, is the next proceeding creation; and the world, comprising the three kingdoms of nature, with all objects of the senses, is the ultimate ground of creation, which usually goes by the name of *matter*, in which the states of the soul are brought down, spread out, and revealed in a region of space and time. Thus the soul, the body, and their world are a great unit of life, which assumes form in three different degrees or planes, but is *distinctly* one. Thus, too, spirit and matter, or life and its embodiments, or, which is exactly the same, life and its phenomena, are the beginning and the ending of a human being; and all the evils and disfigurements in nature,

and all its blessings and beauties, are the embodiments and revealments of blessings and curses in the soul of man; good, both vital and phenomenal, flowing from harmonious co-operation with the Lord; and evil, both spiritual and natural, being produced by man's violation of the inflowing creative life of God.

Such is the universal order of creation. Every natural world in the universe is the effectuated life and outward revelation of a world of created beings. Dream-land is thus created. All poetical imagery is brought forth after this manner. The wild fancies of the drunkard, which are called *delirium tremens*, burst into existence in this way. The phenomena of death owe their birth to corresponding changes of mental state. The human soul—willing and thinking here on the lowest platform of life, viz., that of *effects*—when indrawn by the Lord into a deeper ground of affection and thought, viz., that of causes, is evolved into a corresponding body and a corresponding world, in which latter its inmost states are represented in detail, as in the body they are represented in the sum,

In this lower state we are wont to say, that man's body and world are natural or material; but we speak of an angel's body and an angel's world as spiritual. Yet both these bodies and worlds must be equally sensuous, being the embodiments in sensuous forms, one of human, and the other of angelic life. Their respective properties must be precisely similar the one to the other. Why then call the one natural and the other spiritual, when their tangible, audible, and other qualities are alike? The distinction is wholly an artificial distinction. If that which is substantial and solid, which has externity and outline, be natural and material, then the world beyond the veil, created as all other worlds are created, may be called natural and material; and if a world be spiritual, because it is created and preserved by the Great Spirit, then this world may be called spiritual. This artificial distinction has arisen from the different views which are ordinarily entertained of the constitution of the two worlds. The one is generally supposed to consist of dead materials, and therefore it is called material and natural; the other is thought to be differently constituted, and is called spiritual, because this word describes what to most minds is shadowy and mysterious, and yet in some sort a reality. But, nevertheless, the two worlds are equally the offspring and exposition of mental states, are equally objective and real, and are equally the continual creations of the one Almighty Creator; the first being the representative world of man in the lowest or initiatory state of his mind, and the second being the representative world of man, when brought by the Lord into an inner or higher condition of mind.

Sensuous worlds of all kinds being created and sustained by the Creator through the medium of their respective inhabitants, it is an incontrovertible inference that all phenomena are manifestations of spiritual life, and that consequently we are always surrounded by indications of such life. The phenomena of table-rapping, table-lifting, &c., are no exceptions to this rule, but are revelations of spirit-life, which may be good or evil, orderly or disorderly. The fruits, flowers, &c., said to be spontaneously produced at recent *séances*, are produced, if the allegation be true (which I have had no opportunity of testing), not in violation of, but in accordance with, this universal law of creation; being embodiments to the senses of thoughts and affections, stirred up in the minds of those who receive them. I have myself no doubt whatever that the conjuring tricks common in India—a well-known one being the production of a mango tree, which in the space of perhaps a quarter of an hour springs up from the mango-stone planted then and there before the eyes of the beholders, puts forth leaves and flowers, and bears fruit which those present actually eat—are precisely of the same nature. This so-called conjuring has doubtless been handed down from ancient times in which the above-given law of creation and correspondence was well understood; these lower and often perverted applications of it being ignorantly produced, by rote as it were, in accordance with formulas preserved by tradition, long after the true understanding of them was lost.

On this theory of creation it will appear that whatever may be the truth in respect to specific cases of alleged spirit-manifestation, (I may observe by the way, that the existence of impostures and counterfeits affords a strong presumption that there is some reality to be counterfeited,) there is at any rate no *à priori* impossibility that these alleged manifestations may be genuine. They are not, as has been shown, contraventions of natural law, but merely new developments of it, tending to throw fresh light upon it from above, which may assist in leading towards some truer comprehension, in place of the misconceptions of it which have hitherto prevailed. Have we not constantly before us, on every hand, examples of the strange and melancholy blindness of men of learning and science, who talk of laws of nature as if these were causes superseding the necessity for acknowledging a Great First Cause or Creator; actually overlooking the self-evident fact that, in the first place, a law implies a law-giver, and that it is, in the second place, simply a formulized statement of the observed effects of which it is then postulated as the cause! From this blind materialistic philosophy the world urgently needs deliverance. Let none who themselves believe, and desire to see others believe, in something

better than materialism,—in an All-Good, All-Wise, Divine Providence, viz., creating, sustaining, and ruling over all worlds mental and phenomenal,—turn away with a scoff or a frown from this strange phenomenon of so-called Spiritualism; but rather pause to investigate seriously its reality and significance, lest in neglecting this they should be refusing the services of a willing and most powerful ally in the very cause they have deeply at heart. Could men but believe that no truth, no fact, whether scientific, spiritistic, or speculative, can possibly be at variance with or tend to upset religious truth, but must inevitably confirm and strengthen it, because the God of our worship is the God of all truth, how gladly might they hail, and how candidly investigate all new developments of faith and science, instead of being scared by their fears of everything new into vituperating, persecuting, or ignoring to the uttermost every new idea or phenomenon, lest the unknown should prove a foe! Not less than perfect love does true and enlightened faith cast out fear.

WM. HUME-ROTHERY.

3, Richmond Terrace,
Middleton, Manchester,
January 10th, 1868.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SUSPENSION OF THE SPIRITISTE JOURNAL LA VERITE OF LYONS.

OUR readers will regret to learn that the very valuable weekly spiritual journal *La Verité* has ceased to exist. In fact, on the 10th of March last year, it changed its name from *La Verité* to *La Tribune Universelle*, and its editorship wholly, or in part, from M. Edoux to M. Andrew Pezzani. M. Edoux, a very able and excellent man, had not found the support which we should have hoped for in a city said to contain 30,000 Spiritualists: and was, therefore, compelled to make this transfer. We could not anticipate a very long survival in the hands of M. Pezzani, a man of endless and very wild theories, and of a torrent of writing which would drown any half dozen of much larger journals. In fact, from the moment that it passed into his hands, it was occupied, almost solely, with his theories, and ceased to have the slightest interest for the general reader. Instead of the valuable variety of information in spiritualistic facts and movements, we had only M. Pezzani's *Revision des Philosophies et des Théologies*, and his expositions

of the *Philosophie Methodique* of Strada. We were, therefore, not surprised to learn from a circular a month or two ago, that *La Tribune Universelle* was, for the present, suspended.

GROWTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

Amongst the proofs of the steady growth of Spiritualism, and of the unobtrusive manner in which it is making its way in different parts of the kingdom, we may cite the example of Wolverhampton. We are informed that for eight years a single individual stood alone there in his belief, and could not get another person in the town to listen to him on the subject, but that now there is a society of spiritualists which numbers more than 70 members, and that there are others in the place, who, though not openly joining the society, are firm believers. Facts like this are very encouraging, and the making of them known to the public through this Magazine, would be to render a real service to the cause.

ELONGATION OF THE PERSON UNDER SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

In the 94th volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it is stated that a woman named Elizabeth Styles, in 1658, who was condemned as a witch, was declared by a number of respectable witnesses, to be so strong in her fits, that, though held down in her chair by four or five persons, by the arms, legs, and shoulders, she would be raised out of the chair four or five feet high, spite of all efforts to keep her down; and have her body stretched out and elongated far beyond her natural length. Some persons deposed that, when so stretched out, she appeared to have holes or rents in her body, as if she were being torn asunder, but that afterwards her body immediately resumed its normal condition.

PROFESSOR PEPPER ON SPIRITUALISM.

The following is this gentleman's advertisement of what he and Thomas Tobin have jointly invented and "registered at Stationers' Hall" for whatever that may be worth. If the registration of the invention should be effectual in preventing others from perpetrating the same folly, it will be very useful in limiting the number of silly exhibitors to two.

Entirely New Scientific Entertainment and Lecture, by Professor J. H. Pepper, F.C.S., A. Inst. C.E., embracing the NEW PRETENDED MANIFESTATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD! which are considered fully in Professor Pepper's New Lecture, entitled—"FARADAY'S DISCOVERIES AND THEIR RESULTS:" being *real* Science as contrasted with *unreal* Science, called Spiritual Manifestations. Professor Pepper and Thomas Tobin are the joint inventors, and the whole is registered at Stationers' Hall.

THE POSITIVISTS ON TOLERATION.

"Large fleas have little fleas, and these have less to bite 'em,
And these again have lesser fleas, and so on *ad infinitum*."

Who would have thought that the Positivists could have had to inculcate toleration amongst themselves—those votaries of exact science, who deny the existence of the religious element in the soul, as a surplus entity. A preacher of the Comte-ist Bible in Paris has been exhorting his congregation after the following fashion:—

"The preacher exhorted us to toleration. There were many, he said, *who believed in God*, and who were *yet* better Positivists than others who prided themselves on that name. There were many who found hope and comfort in belief in a spiritual world and a future life; *let us not be unduly severe* upon them. In conclusion, he appealed to us to join in spiritual communion with all our brethren in the faith, and especially with *Mr. Congreve in London, and Doctor Brydges at Bradford, who were celebrating with us, at the same hour, the worship of humanity*."

Really it gives us some hope for humanity to find that at last a system—we must not call it a religion—has come to the fore, which can tolerate those "who believe in God," and who can even "not be unduly severe" upon those who find hope and comfort in the belief of a spiritual world and a future life. And has Christianity come to this at last, that it is to be tolerated by Positivists? We are afraid that we are hardly up to the mark of full toleration for we find it difficult to tolerate such nonsense, however much we may pity the poor fellows who preach and are preached to after such a fashion. As a general question, we cannot tolerate toleration, for the very assumption of the right to tolerate another is a great impertinence, but these gentlemen, and their toleration too, are really "too bad." What do "Mr. Congreve, of London, and Doctor Brydges, of Bradford," think of their fellow-worshippers in Paris?

PRESENTIMENT.

Westcott's *Dawlish News* of January contains the following:—

There is somewhat of the singular, if not of the supernatural, in the following relation:—A lad named Leach, son of a miller, in the employ of Mr. G. Smith, of the Strand Mills, accompanied his father to his ordinary occupation on Monday last—this, *at the special request of the mother of the boy, who had a presentiment of evil befalling him*, and so kept him from school on that day, preferring to trust him under the guardianship of his father. It would appear, however, that this precaution was vain, for the lad by some means or other, fell from the top of the mill to the bottom, a height of more than twenty feet, and was bruised in such a manner as to cause his death shortly afterwards.

Whence came the "presentiment of evil" which removed the boy from his ordinary occupation, where it may be presumed he would have been safe, to the special care of his father, who placed him under the circumstances which duly carried out the presentiment?

SPIRIT VOICES.

We hear that some gentlemen, connected with the Crystal Palace, have been investigating with more or less of prepossessions, and consequently with more or less fairness, the alleged spirit voices, of which we have given particulars on several occasions, and that they are intending to give the result of their enquiries in an article in this month's *Temple Bar*. We dare say the article will be an amusing one, and will furnish *caviare* for the multitude; but we fancy that, like all its predecessors, it is likely to leave the general question pretty much where it found it. There are some who believe, and on quite sufficient evidence, that spirit voices can be so formed as to be audible to mortals, and there are many more who will not believe it on any evidence. The evidence in favour of the genuineness of those at the Marshall's might be fairly required to be much better than it is, but history in all ages, and abundant testimony at this day, and our Old and New Testament, in which many happily still place their trust, help us very much to the conclusion that spirits can speak with audible voice. The rest is a question of evidence and observation.

 NEW WORK BY THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun. By THOMAS LAKE HARRIS, New York and London, Brotherhood of the New Life, 1867, p. 261.

THE *Poem of the Sun* is in verse precisely what the works which we have already reviewed are in prose. It turns wholly on the same great theme of the inner breathing, and is floated forth on the same tide of imagery, atomic, aro-mal, and attributal men. In opening it we are charmed with the harmony of the versification, the brilliancy of the metaphors, and the promise of a gradational building up of a spiritual *epopee*, in which all the noble truths, the divine unveilments, the celestial assurances of modern revelation shall become an exhaustless store of psychologic wealth—a perpetual mirror of our inner self, with all its marvellous experiences. There we flatter ourselves that we shall see a master's hand weaving into an immortal trophy the new facts of the supernatural blending with the natural, and developing a new and precious order of experimental knowledge, which must eventually rescue for ever theology from priestcraft, and science from blind materialism. Such hopes, however, are doomed to speedy disappointment. The Laureate of true and

universal Spiritualism has yet to arise. The charms of the metre, and the clearness of the ideas, which extend to a few stanzas, and sometimes to a good part of a canto, rapidly vanish in clouds, and we begin to wonder where we are, and to what we are listening. The words and stanzas go on as sonorously as ever, but we clutch in vain at the guiding clue of reason, which should lead us safely through the enshrouding fogs, and find it not. All is a phantasmagoria. Ever and anon, light breaks forth for a short interval, like the sun through clouds; again we hope for clear skies, fair prospects, the view of the fields of poetic truth, the hearing of the harmonies of nature, the inhalation of her aromas, the discovery of the Great Republic, towards which the bard and seer professes to be conveying us; but again we find ourselves overtaken by denser fogs, stumbling over rocks and tombstones, and hear a dolorous voice through all, continually raving of the putrescences of earth, of the rottenness of the social systems, of the crimes and abominations of humanity, of the reign of devils amongst us,—living abortions of Hades and the hells, and the terrible chastisements that are coming down on us in consequence. Admitting, willingly, a large share of truth in these details, we hope to escape from them when once fairly stated, and catch a glimpse of the promised etherialized assemblies in the sun. We hope in vain. We are destined not to go onward, but eternally to go round, through a dire repetition of the same reeking descriptions of earth's hideous iniquities, her odious pollutions, her living men-monsters; then a flash of light, a homœopathic dose of reason, and once more a plunge into the boiling, whirling mists and Gorgon shapes of a poetical insanity. Insanity! that is the only word for the operating power by which we are carried over stock and stone, through darkness and a howling chaos of woe-foreboding voices—and a sad word it is. It is a melancholy conviction, to which we are brought long before we reach the middle of the volume, that it is the product of an intellect of great original powers, of a quivering sensitive temperament, and a noble imagination, which, in the course of a long and, no doubt, often unconscious obsession of wild, reckless, and remorseless spirits; under the fatal manifestations of such tampering and distempering incubi; by the insidious infection of ambitious ideas; by suggestions of a peculiar election to evangelism, seership, apostleship, and sole heraldship of God's profoundest and, to him, solely-committed arcana—has been left a splendid ruin; a city of the soul once superb, but now a confused heap of fallen columns, dismembered statues, only partially visible amid the heaped-up mounds of a vast intellectual *débris*. There can be no shadow of a doubt that the

author is a poetical and religious maniac, with brief, lucid intervals, but inextricably wandering in a labyrinth, where the wildest fancies are to him substantial realities—and substantial realities are the ghosts which affright him, and the monsters which irritate and appal him.

We do not propose to go far into review of this volume, which, like Gray's house in his *Long Story*, abounds with

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing;

we prefer that the readers, if so inclined, should try what they can make of it themselves: but we will quote the author's "Dedication to the Brotherhood of the New Life in Europe, Asia and America," as the elect Church of Christ; and in which dedication he gives us this information:—

To God be praise! this happy work is done:
It spreads towards men the solar angel's pinions.
My mind conceived this Poem of the Sun,
Long years ago, when *all the world's dominions*
In clouds of fantasy were veiled; while *death*
Held empire in man's universal breath.

That is to say, some years ago, the whole power and spirit of the life, death, resurrection and grace of Jesus Christ had evaporated from the earth; the Christian religion was dead; all the world lay in darkness and sin, after eighteen hundred and odd years of vain endeavour to establish itself. The gospel with all its spiritual force, its regenerative unction, its promises and consolations, was utterly defunct, and Thomas Harris had not appeared, or had not received his sublime commission to re-introduce Christ, to re-habilitate his religion, and to do, in a *hey presto!* what the Son of the Highest had not been able to do without Thomas Harris. True, Jesus Christ is acknowledged Lord and Master; but it is equally true, according to this Dedication, that his mission had been an utter failure, until a man could be found of lungs large enough to receive the Divine breath, and thus once more, re-breathe the Messiah into a new generation:—

Brethren whose bosoms own the fiery breath,
Whereby the Lord Messiah conquers death,
To you the harvest of this blissful song;
Ye, first-born of the innumerable throng
Of tribes and people who shall breathe, and be
Stars kindled in new heavens of harmony.

We think the world will scarcely be prepared for an announcement like this. We ourselves were ready to admit that the world, as a world, is dead in trespasses and sins, but not totally dead—not without some thousands, and we will hope hundreds of thousands, of dear souls who are honestly and conscientiously walking before God in singleness of heart, and with eyes directed

towards that great heart of the universe beating in the heavens, which has promised to receive every prodigal son that will return to Him, who will in no wise cast out those who sincerely seek Him; who will neither crush the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. We did imagine that there were yet left many who had not bowed the knee to Baal, but who day and night, with tears and earnest prayers, were striving to pass as clean as possible through the narrow glens of temptation, and amid the bogs and slime-pits of the flesh and the devil, ardently seeking to reach that city whose builder and founder is God. We did trust that, even in our own feeble and wavering soul, there were yet some genuine embers of the Divine left; that, taking God at his word, we relied upon Him as a father; honoured Him as the King of Truth; and, clinging to the skirts of his all-embracing love, did hope, though it were as only with the very skin of our teeth left, by the power and plentitude of God's mercy to plant a safe though trembling foot on the eternal threshold of salvation. But no! all those heavenward-yearning souls, and our humble selves amongst the rest, were miserably deceived, if Thomas Harris be not still more deceived.

All the world's dominions
In clouds of fantasy were veiled; while death
Held empire in man's universal breath.

We were dead and damned, and did not know it. The saving breath of God and Christ were shut out of the doomed earth, till the capacious lungs of Thomas Harris opened and let it once more pass through, but only to—The Brotherhood of the New Life! Not as John Milton imagined:—

With heaven's free love, dealt equally to all.

Let us, however, return to the poem to which we have alluded.

PROEM.

There is a Great Republic, built aloft
In middle splendour of the Sun's dominions:
Thither when slumber with its kisses soft,
Sealed the dim eyes, my spirit plumed its pinions.
Thence I return. Oh now, breathe fragrance clinging
To my white robes, and listen to my singing.

If thou, perchance, dost weep, all broken-hearted,
Midst the crushed grapes of Freedom's trampled vine;
Or grieve that Faith, from human souls departed,
Mourns the rent arch and desecrated shrine:
The muse cries, "Joy! oh joy!" in accents ringing
With love-fraught tones; then listen to my singing.

If thou hast trod in crypts, where old Tradition
Carves amulets and talismans of bones:
If thou hast vainly fought the red perdition,
That slays the peoples from its hundred thrones:
If thou art cursed by man, cursed for the bringing
Of truth and love: then listen to my singing.

If thou hast hope, even now, that man, victorious
 O'er tyranny and infamy, shall be
 Himself a temple of that life all-glorious
 Who smiles through earth, and gives eternity:
 Or see'st the beautiful ideal, winging
 Her flight below: then listen to my singing.
 Art thou enamoured of this bounteous Nature,
 That weaves sweet sounds and odours everywhere:
 Feeding, from purest bosom, each glad creature
 Of teeming earth and universal air;
 Still smiling on where Death its pall is flinging,
 To vile decay? then listen to my singing.
 If thou art flushed with Love's immortal passion;
 If thou art yearning for its bliss divine,
 Ay, if thy scattered locks with age are ashen,
 And slow thy pulses in the dim decline:
 Once more, inhale the fragrance that is clinging
 To my white robes: and listen to my singing.—p. 7.

Well, that surely is a grand promise, and rational enough to boot. Coming down out of the Sun with such white robes, and "trailing such clouds of glory" and of fragrance, the reader's enthusiasm must be kindled and his expectation on tiptoe for a sight of this Great Republic in the Sun. He will find it alluded to in the opening canto, but let him go on and endeavour to discover it. If he do, he will be more fortunate than we have been. Let him take heed, however, lest he soon find what little light is afforded him, is

Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea
 Nor good dry land:

where, becoming painfully assured of the hopeless insanity of his guide, he, in his bewilderment, almost despairs of his own soundness.

We have done with the poem, let us now say a few serious words to the reader. Spiritualism is a science based solely on facts; it is neither speculative nor fanciful. On facts and facts alone, open to the whole world through an extensive and probably unlimited system of mediumship, it builds up a substantial psychology on the ground of strictest logical induction. Its cardinal truth imperishably established on the experiments and experiences of millions of sane men and women of all countries and creeds, is that of a world of spirits, and the continuity of the existence of individual spirit through the momentary eclipse of death; as it disappears on earth re-appearing in that spiritual world, and becoming an inhabitant amid the ever-augmenting population of the spiritual universe. Along with this primal truth comes the confirmation of the ancient truths of Deity, revelation from Deity to man, and the open communion of man in the body with man disembodied; with "that great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people and tongues, which stand before the throne."

That is the sum and substance of Spiritualism; it is the exponent and practical demonstrator of continuous spiritual being. Whatever truths independent of this assert themselves, must do so on the same substantial evidences, and must shew their kinship to this grand central truth by their perfect harmony and oneness with it. But modern revelation must of necessity, admit the equal claims of revelation in all ages, when it produces the same credentials of spiritual accord and historical fact. On this ground we must admit the historical and spiritual truths of Christianity; as it bears throughout the same divine features of immortal love and is based on the most perfect historic evidence. No other system can shew the same unbroken chain of evidence from the day of man's creation to the advent of Christ and the completion of His mission.

This evidence is authenticated at every link of the chain, by the fulfilment of successive prophecies on nations that have now perished in accordance with such predictions, or bear still in their existence the inextinguishable characteristics which were fore-shown. Not less are its moral proofs, which exist in the universality of its doctrines. Men have accused Christianity of the generation of Priestcraft. No mistake can be greater. Priestcraft is a subtle and diabolical parasite, invading and overgrowing every possible religious system: but Christianity indignantly ignores it. In its pre-eminent announcements, that "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and that "He is no respecter of persons," it has laid the foundation of eternal justice between man and man, and of a catholicity equally inimical to spiritual domination and sectarian narrowness. Without, therefore, wishing to draw on the conscientious holders of the primal truth of Spiritualism—the demonstration of continuous spiritual being—to accept the kindred truth of Christianity, where the individual mind is not yet open to this great truth, we ourselves are bound to believe in the truth of both of these grand axioms on precisely the same order of evidence.

To all who hold with us these opinions, we, therefore, desire to express the vital importance of adhering closely to them. It is not through the simple and sound body of Spiritualism as here defined, through its assertion of continuous spiritual being, or through its congener, Christianity, that it can be effectively assailed; but through the dreams, the follies, and the paganism of its followers. When men begin to overlay the fair form of spiritual truth with fanciful trumpery; when they erect exclusive chapels in the universal temple of the All-Father; when they assume hierarchical primacy on pretensions of God's particular election; when they begin to shut out from heaven all who do

not stoop through the low and narrow door of their mysterious fold; when they set up doctrines of paganism as superior to the doctrines of Christianity, in defiance of the evidences of history and of moral essence and potentiality, it becomes us at once to make a stand. To speak the words of truth in the spirit of love but with the firmness of duty. No considerations should deter us from declaring that madness is madness and that folly is folly. Amid all the chaos of ideas, and the fantastic eccentricities of opinion and action, which surround the chaste and noble form of Spiritualism, the enemies of this truth will find the weapons of their attack, and the poison wherewith to tip their arrows. God, through the errors and enmities of man will shew what is His own and what is not; and in the ordering of Providence, the numerous foes of Spiritualism will probably find, in the historic ignorance of many of its disciples, which makes them incapable of estimating what is essentially sublime and beautiful, and of discriminating betwixt gold and pinch-beck; and in the personal follies and exaggerated claims of its followers, the means of tearing down all the disfigurements and disguisements of this immortal truth. We shall have to witness the presumed ignominy of our faith, the trampling of it under foot, and the consequent scorn and imagined triumph of the public at large. When that has been done; when Spiritualism has been thrust down into the ashes of desolation, and made to stink in the general nostrils, then will it arise in final enfranchisement, amid the violence of its enemies and the humiliation of its friends, in naked purity and solidarity,—stripped, but only of its rags,—chastised, but only into the revelation of its strength—and stand ready to run its destined race of immortal conquest over the prejudices and the tyrannous assumptions of man.

Whoever would wish to shorten this day of crude theories and pitiable aberrations; whoever would desire to hasten that of the full enfranchisement of Spiritualism from speculative and fanatic thralldom, let him keep close to its fundamental truths, based on these plain facts, which prove their interior genuineness by their unity of character through the universal world of experimental believers. It is in the region of fact alone that we can preserve ourselves from the vaporous fogs of the visionary, the spider-like filaments of the aspiring heresiarch, and the distempered fictions of the madman. "Wo Thatsachen sind," says an acute German author, "kann von Aberglauben nicht the Rede seyn."

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

QUESTIONS are asked me by various correspondents as to my belief on some special points of Spiritualism, and I take this means of making a general reply to these enquiries.

I believe in the constant presence of spirits, who surround us in our pilgrimage through this earth-life; that these invisible attendants have great influence over our individual actions for good and evil; that all human beings are mediums in some way, though the great majority are not consciously so, and but a comparatively few can be used to give palpable evidence of spirit presence and power. Mediumship, and especially that character of mediumship through which powerful physical manifestations are obtained, does not necessarily imply the possession of intellectual culture, superior wisdom, or high moral worth. I know that spirit messages—I mean veritable messages from unseen intelligent beings—are at best unreliable, and, as I have more than once said, I do not allow them to influence my actions at the expense of my own reason! I would prefer at all times to be guided by the sound judgment of one I know in the flesh, rather than by the casual acquaintance of any disembodied spirit of whom I know nothing. In a word, I would not accept advice, nor be guided by the majority of my invisible acquaintance, *because* they are in what is assumed to be “the superior condition,” any more than I would be controlled by the majority of men whilst in this world, whom these spirits represent with but little change in their conditions morally or intellectually after their translation to the spirit-world.

I believe that a man who throws off this “mortal coil” to-day, is not necessarily better or worse than he was yesterday; our constant experience proves it; we who see how some spirits can and do act, are satisfied that our early notions of the conditions and nature of spirit-life were erroneous, and being convinced of this we ought not to be afraid of proclaiming it.

Let it not however be supposed by these remarks that I am less a Spiritualist than I have ever been. I know that Spiritualism is a grand and elevating truth; that properly understood it is the great light of the present age. I see that it is under God’s providence the means of destroying the wide-spread infidelity which surrounds us; in great measure that it breaks the materialistic fetters by which so many are enslaved, and opens up to the convert a life full of hope and consolation.

The following most interesting history is an illustration of what Spiritualism has done for some, and I commend it to the consideration of those who proclaim the teachings of Spiritualism to be the work of Satan.

THE CUI BONO OF SPIRITUALISM ANSWERED.

I recently received from a new correspondent, a lady, an interesting letter in which she told me that she was living in a country district where she found no sympathy, but much ridicule and persecution, in consequence of her conviction of the truth of Spiritualism. But she thanked God for that conviction, as by the teaching and consolation of spirit-friends and guardians she had been strengthened and enabled to pass through many trials which without that help must have overpowered her.

She asked me if I had seen that the subject of the "Displacement of Coffins" was mentioned in "*Notes and Queries*," and said that there was a case of that nature in her neighbourhood.*

My reply to this letter induced the lady to open her mind to me very frankly, and I feel sure that my readers will be interested in the following extracts from her letter:—

I am glad indeed to be brought into communication with those who hold "our cherished faith," a faith incomprehensible to many, but how elevating and enlightening those only know to whom it has been given by our God.

You ask whether I am alone. It is my heavy trial that I am utterly and entirely so on earth. I was an only child, my aged mother passed onward during the just closed year; I have kind friends, but of family ties, none. My attention was first attracted to Spiritualism by the *Cornhill* paper, (but for the note by the editor I should have thrown it aside as a cunningly devised fable) I was then from worldly trials of various kinds very weary of life, but with a thorough dread of the hereafter. Orthodox church teaching had utterly failed to satisfy either my intellect or my feelings, shall I confess that my ardent wish was to be *certain* of annihilation.

I should think it would be impossible to find any one who more thoroughly

* See Vol. I., p. 549, *Spiritual Magazine*, Mrs. De Morgan's account of the Singular Displacement of Coffins in Barbadoes.

In *Notes and Queries*, November 9th, 1867, p. 371, Mr. F. A. Paley, of Cambridge, writes to say that about 20 years ago at the village of Stamford, where his father was rector, "twice or thrice the coffins in a vault were found on re-opening it to have been disarranged." The coffins were of lead, enclosed in wood, and Mr. Paley, with great *naïveté*, says, "If a leaden coffin will float, it seems a natural, indeed the only explanation of the phenomenon to suppose that the vault has somehow become filled with water. Mr. Paley is corroborated in this idea by a lady, who recollects the fact of the displacement and says, "We had no doubt, from the situation and nature of the soil, that it had been full of water during some flood which floated the coffins."

Mr. Owen, in his *Footfalls*, p. 186, relates an extraordinary case of this nature, which occurred at Ahrensburg, when noises were heard in the vault, the coffins were found several times to have been taken from the shelves and placed in confusion. Ashes were strewed over the floor and steps to detect intruders without success; no solution but one was attempted, and that one every Spiritualist can accept.

scorned and disbelieved all ghost stories, and supernaturalism of every kind. However in spite of my rationalism, the more I reflected on the reported facts "stranger than fiction" the more the wish grew upon me to *know* for myself whether such things could be true; feeling that if so, there were indeed more things in heaven and earth than I had dreamed of. In this mood I was one day trying experiments and to my intense astonishment found I was responded to by some intelligence outside of myself. Gradually I was given to understand that I was in communication with the spirit of a dearly loved uncle. I thought I was going mad. I asked, "Am I going mad?" "No, you are coming to your right mind," was the answer, and true indeed were the words.

Lovingly, but firmly, he reproved me for my many shortcomings; with infinite patience he uprooted from my spiritual garden the deadly nightshade and hemlock of scepticism and rationalism, whose rank growth hid every bright flower from the light. "He taught me to believe in a God of love instead of a God of wrath, in a hereafter of loving communion with those gone before in the presence of our Saviour God. Honour to his loving human heart, he made me, found as a despairing sinner, rejoice with the joy of a reconciled child. Shall we fear to proclaim these truths? Shall we spare to cry aloud to wake those who sleep?" But soon, through the mysteriously opened door, came troops of different visitors. Some to tempt to evil, some to warn from it, some to bewail their misused lives, some to ask help and consolation. Many amongst them I had known in life, of others the names only were familiar to me, some were strangers. Amongst them I learned to recognize those who had for years kept watch over me, when to use their own words, "I neither knew nor would have believed that they were near me."

I thank God I know it now, they have given me consolation in the hour of trial, strength in the hour of weakness, hope when all around was darkness. Many of their communications are too personal to be interesting to you, but I will transcribe a few specimens to shew you their character. No. 1, is part of one of consolation, written on the Sunday of the week in which I was compelled to leave my home and birth-place. Nos. 2 and 3 are instruction.

Frequently I have had messages to deliver from those passed onwards to friends on earth, but oh, how seldom credited. Of the communications from the lower spirits some have been very strange, but if I attempt to describe them my letter which I foresee must be too long will be interminable.

I fear it is impossible to obtain *certified* particulars of the case to which I alluded of "Displacement of Coffins." I will tell you what I know about it.

The present Mr. N—, of —, married for his second wife a person who had been a servant in the house during the life of his first wife. The second wife also died, and on opening the family vault for her funeral, the coffin of the first wife was found to be removed from its place. This was told to my friend by a workman who assisted at both funerals; he said he was *certain* of the fact, but it was kept quiet. Mr. N— was married during the last summer to a third wife, he would resent and resist all attempts at enquiry. It would not be right therefore to publish the name of the family but I give it you in confidence. My friend has left that neighbourhood.

I am sorry I have nothing better to send you than the enclosed. It is the shadow of a vanished scene. The very day after I left the house the work of demolition commenced, and not so much as a twig remains as there represented. The figure by the door is my aged mother, then in her 87th year, (she was in her 90th when she departed). I am represented holding the gate open for a friend, (now a widow and far away); the white speck within the door is our child-like pet dog, also gone. Literally of all on which the sun shone that fair September afternoon I am the only vestige.

* * * * *

If I were to say here that in writing this letter I have had help from my spirit friends, I should simply be laughed at, *yet it is true!* I made a rough draught of the beginning that I might express myself clearly, and while considering how to describe my uncle's teaching, the paragraph beginning "he taught me" to the bottom of the sheet was given to me. The last long communication I had was a wonderfully expressed prayer which I would send but for the length to which my letter has already extended.

Spiritual Communication, No. 1.

"Will not all this teach you that heaven is your only safe home? When you are happy in your earthly home,—oh! forget not these lessons—when the sun shines on you, remember those on whom the night has fallen. When want and poverty meet you,—oh! be merciful, be pitiful; be not ashamed to confess that you have tasted the bitter cup! Our love would have you made perfect as human nature can be made through suffering. Make our hearts easy by a resolution to bear up through the coming trial, which we dread you may make more heavy than you need. We will, with all our love, be around you to comfort you. May God, by his Holy Spirit, make you strong in faith. Will our most urgent wishes have power over you?—then bear up with fortitude; for out of evil, good will come, and soon. . . . What many thoughts make themselves felt on looking around you, now you are about to see the familiar objects no more; but be of good cheer. Will not heaven be above all, wherever you may be? Will not our presence and love be there, as here? Will not your mother watch over you as tenderly when your head presses another pillow—when your eyes open no more on the trees which have fanned your slumbers since they witnessed your birth? Will not what we have taught you be strong as ever to comfort you, to tell you to look upward to your real home. Weep not, our darling, our spirit-child! Well we know all you feel; but again we say weep not. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning. Will you confess you ought to be more faithful? Try, oh, try, to shew your faith by your works! May the Holy Spirit awaken your sleeping faith—may He pour his beams into your soul. Be not afraid; no evil shall befall you—no plague come nigh your dwelling. We have charge over you, to guide you in all your ways. Will not you let us guide you? When tomorrow shall come, make up your mind to be ready to part from this home. When Tuesday shall come, have no more delays; go at night to sleep in the place now appointed for you. To make a move is the most trying part of the business; you must not linger on the threshold to tear yourself to pieces with useless pangs. Go out at once; leave your blessing on the place, which will never depart from it. You owe it that for the shelter it has given you for so many years—for the lessons you have learnt in it—for the hopes you have been made to entertain in exchange for the fears—nay, worse than fears—which once haunted your thoughts of the hereafter. Will you try to do as we tell you? . . . May our prayers be heard—may your future be all your heart can wish—may no more malice touch you—may our many long years of watch be now made plain to all. May God, in the fulness of time, take you over the river, where we all shall await you with songs of joy and praise—where all tears are wiped from all faces, where one unchanging song of thanksgiving echoes through heaven's vault, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.' More we may not disclose. Only remember that our happiness cannot be described by words of earth. We must, with blessings, say farewell, our loved, most dearly-prized spirit-child."

Spiritual Communication, No. 2.

"Make yourself more hopeful; too much you have given way to despondency. You see your fears were wrong. We must be purified from earthly passions, either on earth or here; better—far better, on earth. No one can enter Heaven without suffering. Without suffering, there can be no purification; without shedding of blood, there can be no remission of sins. Blood of Jesus was shed for our sins to shew us the way to suffer, to make us feel that God's justice must be satisfied before His mercy can overpower our misery. Before Jesus was on earth, the sacrifices of the Temple shadowed this out; but when He came, one sacrifice once offered was enough. But we must tread in his steps; we must carry our cross to crucify upon it our evil nature; we must overcome in his strength; we must wait on his grace to watch the resurrection, with the earthly body changed into the spiritual body—a body which could be felt, touched, handled, as yours can, but which could pass through closed doors—which could rise on the clouds to our Father's home. So we, too, must lay aside the earthly body in the grave of suffering; we must be made like unto him. Be

not afraid—you have suffered much; but what will that be, in comparison with what it has taught you?"

No. 3 (In Answer to a Question.)

"Will tell you on Sunday when you have been to Church; we wish you to go to Church, for many reasons. They say you are infidel; you are not; let them see you are not. Too many will, with malice, say Spiritualism wants to overthrow religion. Nay, it seeks to put life into the dead forms of so-called religion—to make those who are asleep open their eyes; to call sinners to repentance by telling them the consequence of sin, by shewing how every tree must bear its own fruit, till the wild branches are grafted into the true olive. Till men learn that sin is suffering, useless will it be to preach to them. Let them hear the wails of unhappy spirits, who cannot love purity of soul; let them hear their cry for the sinful pleasures which they can no more enjoy; let them realize that as death finds them, so they begin eternity. Surely this would make men pause when temptation assailed them."

SPIRIT VOICES.

There are now, I am told, several circles held in London and the neighbourhood where the spirits sing and speak.

Mr. Howitt gave an interesting and graphic account of one in the December number of this Magazine; and a very intelligent lady, Mrs. R——, informs me that at a recent *séance* with Miss Nicholl, with only herself and another present, they were addressed by a spirit, who gave his name as John Bunyan. Mrs. R—— asked if he were really the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*? He replied "I am the spirit of that unworthy person." Several other questions of a serious nature were asked, and answered in a strictly religious tone and very characteristic of the once profane, but afterwards truly Christian man, John Bunyan.

Mr. E——, who resides in London, called upon me and gave me an account some of the manifestations obtained in his family circle through the mediumship of his wife. He stated that they have been accustomed to hold *séances* once a week for several years, at which they have had the usual phenomena of the spirit-circle; but, that recently, on two occasions, spirits have spoken to them and have said that when Mrs. E——, who is very nervous, became more calm they would be able to speak more freely. On the second occasion the spirits entered into a conversation, which lasted two hours, "there was no equivocation, no frivolity, no jesting, but a straightforward intelligent answer was given to every question put. One of the oldest Spiritualists present declared he had never learnt so much before."

One of the circle, Mr. M——, is a seeing medium. "He described the appearance of the spirit as a tall, good-looking, intelligent person with a beard," and he said that the whole party "were literally enveloped in a dark blue-coloured cloud of

magnetism." The spirit told them that he would be enabled to preach a sermon to them when he could get the necessary conditions. They closed the *séance* with singing and prayer, in which the spirit-voice joined. I will merely add that I know Mr. E——, and that I have every reason to place implicit confidence in his statements. Mr. E—— also informed me that on one occasion the invisibles took away one of his wife's rings, which, after a patient search, could not be found, and it was given up as lost. Ten days after, when Mr. and Mrs. E—— were at a friend's house, who resides two miles from them, the ring was unexpectedly restored to Mrs. E—— by the invisibles during a *séance*.*

THOUGHTS UPON MAGIC AND SPIRITUALISM, BY AN M.A.

The following remarks from Mr. C——, M.A., of St. John's, Cambridge, whose family experiences I mentioned in the September number of this Magazine, will, no doubt, interest some of my readers; especially those of them who are familiar with the writings of Lord Lytton.

"Since I saw you I have not heard the voice I spoke of again. But once—a month back—I was *roused from sleep* by that strange indefinable horror, mentioned by Sir Bulwer Lytton (*Zanoni*, Book II., chap. i.), and twice I have seen plainly forms in my bed room, just as I was waking, at the same time as when I heard the voice in the half-dreamy state after sleep which developes into the *extasis* of the Mystics, referred to occasionally by Lytton and Eliphas Levi. I have, as far as I could, investigated the subject since I spoke to you; and it seems to me that Lytton has drawn most of his ideas from the *Cabala* and traditions obtained by the Jews in the Babylonish captivity, namely, the ideas:—That man is triple,—body, soul, and spirit; (*The Strange Story*) that on death the soul returns to God; the spirit, phantasm, or intelligence, flits about this earth for a time; is seen, evoked, &c., not being spiritual, but semi-material; at last dissolves into the elements (*The House and the Brain*). The Sadducees of our Lord's time are thought to have regarded angels not as real permanent substances, but spectres, which in a short time dissolved into air, or disappeared like the colours of a rainbow. That there are spirits of the elements, the Gnomes,

* Since the above was written I have been present at a *séance* with Mr. E—— and his party. At the meetings they have held, a different spirit it appears has spoken to them. On this occasion the voice was that of a calm, thoughtful person, who answered questions in a distinct and somewhat melancholy tone. An intelligent member of this circle has arranged to take down in future questions and answers, so that we may expect some very interesting results from their investigations.

Sylphs, Undines, and Salamanders of Paracelsus, who are different from and hostile to man, and, as the Cabalists said, that the magician who would command the spirits of earth, water, fire, air, must first be superior to the elements themselves,—so Zanoni and his friend are made capable of enduring the fire of Vesuvius and the deathly cold. That there are two kinds of magic, the white and black (*Strange Story*);—the white, which the Jews attributed to Solomon, performed by the cabalistic use of the Divine name (St. Luke xi, 19). That magic figures have powers over the spirits (*Strange Story*). This, though agreeing with the Jews, is quite contrary to what M. Kardec says (*Livre des Esprits*, 236). That talismans and charms have no power on the spirits; but it seems connected with the ancient theory of Pythagoras that numbers are the origin of creation, and to this mathematical foresight, perhaps, may be referred certain predictions; as for instance, Apollonius of Tyaneus laid claim, not to the power of controlling the laws of nature, but to having a wonder-working secret, which gave him a deeper insight into them than was possessed by ordinary men. This power Lytton gives his heroes. I have met one recipe for futurity, by Carden. To find what will occur in any year, consider what has happened the 4th, 8th, 12th, 19th, and 30th year, &c. before, and the most notable occurrences will repeat themselves. Without guaranteeing this statement, I may say, I know some curious instances of its coming true. In *Zanoni*, Book III., chap. xiv., Book IV., chap. ii., we have mention of the disappearance of the hero when in danger. The Jews say the magician has the power *not of becoming invisible, but of troubling the sight of his adversary*, and to this power Levi ascribes Christ's deliverance from those who would cast him over the cliff (Luke iv. 29, John viii. 59). This seems to be the *glamour* alluded to occasionally by Sir Walter Scott. In the *Strange Story*, Margrave says, that he who obtains the elixir of life can command the subtle space-pervading fluid and the beings in it, and such say the Cabalists is the end aimed at by magic. From this same primordial fluid M. Kardec says spirits draw their envelope, visible things their substance; so he sees no absurdity in what Zanoni and the Cabalists speak of in the transmutation of metals, as all come from the one element. Lytton and the Jews speak of the elixir of life. In this last idea there seems to me to be a fallacy. (1st.) As life is a preparatory state for another, if men stayed on earth beyond their time, they would *retard* the grand purpose of creation. (2ndly.) No human remedy can check the change from youth to manhood, manhood to age, age to decay, &c. The interest you took in what I told you induces me to address you again. I am

deeply interested in the subject, and desire much to obtain spontaneous revelations, for these alone I consider come for a good purpose. I cannot set much store by the evocation of spirits merely for pastime, for though I admit the facts of the *séances*, they seem mostly too trivial for spirits of a *high* order to share in, and the communications of others I deem unprofitable.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,
M. A.

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

The second annual report of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists has been published, in which it is stated that the cause has made great progress in Glasgow during the past year. In addition to private meetings, thirty public meetings have been held, and nineteen lectures have been delivered by members upon Spiritualism and kindred subjects. One of their members, a trance medium, to whom I have before alluded, has, it is stated, now painted thirty-three pictures, each of which shews much improvement upon the one preceding. It will be recollected that this medium executes his pictures in the presence of many witnesses, whilst in a state of complete trance, with his eyes fast closed, and frequently in a dark room, by which the claim to their spiritual production is fairly established.

It is stated in this report that, notwithstanding the great ability, the depth of thought and breadth of argument displayed by the lecturers, there was still the cry, "However unanswerable your arguments, however sound your logic, away with your theory; give us facts to build upon; shew us a sign that we may believe."

"In this," they say, "we confess to have failed, and it is matter for much regret that there are so many in this city whom we brought to the very threshold of our faith, but who are still trembling in the balance, waiting for some grand *fact* to revolutionise their whole minds. In short the great want of the city is a *good professional physical medium*," &c.

This pamphlet also contains a full report of one of the addresses recently delivered under the auspices of the Association, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, and some very useful rules to be observed for the formation and conduct of spiritual circles, written by that lady, and specially dedicated to the GLASGOW ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.*

* To be had of JAMES BURNS, Wellington Road, Camberwell, price 6d.

ELEVATION OF THE BODY KNOWN IN GERMANY IN 1347, AND THE FORERUNNER OF OTHER MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

PROFESSOR Schmidt, of Strasbourg, well-known for his learning and antiquarian research, published, in 1861, an interesting pamphlet relating to discoveries which he had lately made with reference to Rulmann Merswin, the founder of "the Home of St. John at Strasbourg," and one of the most distinguished members of the mysterious and holy association who termed themselves "Friends of God." (Vide *Spiritual Magazine*, vol. III., pp. 203-350.) Amongst many instances of spiritual manifestations experienced by Rulmann Merswin, is one of the elevation of his body; indeed, this appears to have been his first experience of an unusual character.

About 1347, when Rulmann Merswin had attained the age of forty-eight, after he had enjoyed all that life could offer him in the directions of wealth, personal consideration, and married happiness, a great change came over him. Struck with horror at the abuses which he beheld in church and state, and overwhelmed with misery at the wickedness he recognized around him in the world, he abandoned all external objects, and turned with his whole soul towards God. "One evening," says the professor, "he was walking in his garden, meditating upon the instability of the things of this life. In the midst of his meditations, which awoke a lively repentance in his soul, he raised his eyes towards heaven, invoking Divine mercy, and renewing his promise to sacrifice all things to God, and to employ all things belonging to him for the service of God. Suddenly he believed himself surrounded by a brilliant light, and it seemed to him that an invisible hand raised him above the ground and bore him round his garden. He heard gentle voices singing the praises of the Lord. The extacy having terminated, he found himself upon his feet at the precise spot where it had commenced. Involuntary tears flowed from his eyes,—tears of joy, called forth by what Merswin regarded as the first grace which the Deity had vouchsafed to him."

Professor Schmidt clearly proves in his pamphlet that Merswin was the author of the "Book of the Nine Rocks," a work which is usually attributed to Heinrich Suso, a Swabian monk of the Dominican order, and which exercised a wide influence upon the mystical mind of the fourteenth century. "The Book of the Nine Rocks" is in the form of a dialogue between the Author and Truth Eternal. Its origin was a vision beheld by Merswin in Advent, 1351.

TRANSMISSION OF THOUGHT,

BY EMILE DESCHAMPS, IN "LE MONDE MUSICAL," OF BRUSSELS.

IF a man believed only what he could comprehend, he would believe neither in God, in himself, in the stars which roll above his head, nor in the herbage which is crushed beneath his feet. Miracles, prophecies, visions, phantoms, prognostics, presentiments, supernatural coincidences, &c., what are we to think of all these?

The strong spirits rid themselves of them with two words, *lies* or *chance*. Nothing can be more convenient. Superstitious souls rid themselves of them, or rather, they do not rid themselves of them. I prefer much these souls to those spirits.

In effect, it is necessary to have imagination before we can feel ourselves put out of sorts, but it is only necessary to subscribe to two or three industrial journals to know as much and to believe as little as Voltaire. But for my part, I like madness better than folly, and superstition than incredulity; but I prefer to both, the truth, light, reason; I seek after them with a living faith and a sincere heart: I examine everything, and I have made up my mind not to end in believing nothing.

Let us see! Well! the material and visible world is covered with impenetrable mysteries, inexplicable phenomena, and would we not wish that the intellectual world, that the life of the soul, which itself is a miracle, should also have their mysteries! Why should not such fine thought, such fervent prayer, and such other desires have the power to produce or to call forth certain events, blessings or catastrophes? Why should there not exist moral as there exist physical causes, of which we can give no explanation? And why should not the germs of all these things be deposited and fecundated in the soil of the heart and the soul, to develop themselves later in the palpable form of facts? And when God, on rare occasions, or for some of his children, has deigned to lift a corner of the eternal veil, and to cast on their countenance a fleeting ray of the flambeau of prescience, let us take heed not to cry absurd! and to blaspheme thus the light and the truth itself!

Here is a reflection that has frequently occurred to me. It has been given to birds and to certain animals to foresee and to announce storms, inundations and earthquakes. Every day the barometer tells us what weather it will be to-morrow: and shall not man be able by a dream, a vision, or some sign of providence, sometimes to become conscious beforehand of some event which concerns his soul, his life, his eternity? Has not the spirit its

atmosphere, of which it is able to perceive the variations? In short, whatever may be the marvellous light of this present too positive age, there might be a charm and a use derived from it, if all those who reflected upon it were to carry all their divergent rays to one common centre; if every one, after having conscientiously interrogated his memory, should set down with good faith, and deposit in some archives the *proces-verbal* and circumstantial of that which he has experienced; of that which has happened to him of supernatural and miraculous. Perhaps some one would be found at the present day, who, analysing these symptoms and these events, would be able in part to recover a lost science. At all events, he would compose a book which would be worth a great many others!

As for me, I am apparently what is called a subject, for I have had all my life, otherwise so obscure, such things, and I am now ready to lay down my contribution, persuaded that this interior view has always a certain interest. All the more or less marvellous incidents which I shall relate to you, my readers, have been verified in my actual life; ever since I could read I have committed to paper whatever of supernatural has happened to me: and these are memoirs of a singular kind.

* * * * *

In the month of February, 1846, I travelled in France. I arrived in a rich and great city; and I took a walk in front of the beautiful shops which abound in it. The rain began to fall; I entered an elegant gallery. All at once I stood motionless; I could not withdraw my eyes from the figure of a lovely young woman who was all alone behind an array of articles of ornament for sale. This young woman was very handsome; but it was not at all her beauty which enchained me. I know not what mysterious interest, what inexplicable bond held and mastered my whole being. It was a sympathy subtle and profound, free from any sensual alloy, but of irresistible force, as the unknown is in all things. I was pushed forward into the shop by a supernatural power. I purchased several little things, and as I paid for them, said, "Thank you, Mademoiselle Sara." The young girl looked at me with an air of surprise. "It astonishes you," I continued, "that a stranger knows your name, and one of your baptismal names; but, if you will think for a moment of all your names, I will repeat them all to you. Do you think of them?" "Yes, monsieur," she replied half smiling and half trembling. "Very well," I added, looking fixedly in her face, "You are called Sara Adele Benjamine N——." "It is true," she replied; and after some minutes of surprise she began all at once to laugh; and I saw that she thought that I had obtained this information in the neighbour-

hood, in order to amuse myself with it. But I knew very well that I had not till this moment known a word of it, and I was terrified at my own instantaneous divination.

The next and the next day I hastened to the handsome shop; my divination was renewed at every instant, I begged of Sara to think of something without letting me know what it was; and immediately I read on her countenance her thought not yet expressed. I requested her to write with a pencil some words which she should keep carefully concealed from me, and after having looked at her for a minute, I on my part, wrote down the same words in the same order. I had her thoughts as in an open book, but she could not in the slightest degree read mine; such was my superiority; but at the same time she imposed on me her ideas and her emotions. Let her think seriously on any subject, or let her repeat in her own mind the words of any writing, and instantly I was aware of the whole. The mystery lay betwixt her brain and mine, not betwixt my faculties of intuition and things material. Whatever it might be, there existed a *rapport* between us as intimate as it was pure.

One night I heard in my ear a loud voice crying to me, "Sara is very ill, very ill!" I hastened to her: a medical man was watching over her and expecting a crisis. That evening Sara had entered her lodgings in a burning fever; she continued in delirium all night; the doctor took me aside, and told me that he feared the worst result. From that apartment I saw the countenance of Sara clearly, and my intuition rising above my distress, I said in a low voice, "Doctor, do you know with what images her fevered sleep is occupied? She believes that she is at this moment at the grand opera at Paris, where she indeed, has never been, and a *danseuse* gathers amongst other buds, some hemlock, and throwing it to her, cries, "That is for you."

The physician thought I was delirious too; but some minutes afterwards the patient awoke heavily, and her first words were, "Oh! how beautiful is the opera! but why did that handsome girl throw to me that hemlock?" The doctor was stupefied with astonishment. A medicine containing hemlock was administered, and in some days Sara was well."

We learn that Mr. SAMUEL WILKS, of Worcester, and formerly of London, has just passed into the spirit-world. Mr. WILKS was for many years an earnest, devoted, consistent Christian Spiritualist, ever ready to aid the cause of Spiritualism by tongue, pen, and purse; while his genial nature and cheerful disposition endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him.

Notices of Books.

WHAT IS RELIGION?*

THE first thing to settle before religious discussion can have any useful result, is to be able to give an answer to this question,—and yet it is one that we have never seen either asked or answered in an intelligent manner, until the publication of the Essay by Thomas Brevior. That part of the inquiry in which he shews what Religion is not, sweeps away at once, one half of the difficulty under which the subject has hitherto laboured, and if there were nothing more done by Mr. Brevior than that, he would have rendered us an invaluable service. But not less valuable are the chapters in which he shews what is Religion, and places it in a clearer light than we have ever seen it in before. We venture to say, that those who will read and catch the spirit of what Mr. Brevior says, will have more doubts resolved than by all the controversies which they have waded through. A powerful analytical process is here to their hand, which is useful to settle many questions of daily occurrence and pressing difficulty, and the want of which is constantly setting mankind by the ears, and keeping them at the grinding of chaff.

HAUNTED!

Gentle voices in the night-tide, pulseless pressures of the hand,
 Softest sound of snowy footsteps on the stair:
 Happy music faintly echoed from the far off summer-land,
 Struggling earthwards through our cold and sombre air.
 Recollections—crowding memories of the old and happy past,
 Flitting ghost like from a tiny cross-crowned grave;
 Pointing onwards to re-union when our time has come at last,
 In a Promised Land beyond the Jordan-wave.
 Hoarded relics—O so priceless!—treasured scraps of broken toys—
 One bright curling lock of sunny golden hair—
 And a little fading picture of the brave form once our boy's—
 Tokens of our dear lost darling everywhere!

Christmas, 1867.

* *What is Religion? A Tract for the Times.* By THOMAS BREVIOR, Author of *The Two Worlds*, &c. London: J. BURNS, 1, Wellington-road, Camberwell, S. HEYWOOD & Co., 335, Strand, W.C.

Correspondence.

SPIRITUALISM IN JAVA.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In Madame Pfeiffer's *Second Voyage round the World*, Vol. II., p. 36, occurs the following curious narrative, which I believe has not been yet noticed in your pages. To every Spiritualist familiar with the phenomena which have occurred at home, it bears internal evidence of truth; and it is particularly interesting as repeating in a distant land and among a people who certainly never heard of similar occurrences in Europe or America, the exact form and conditions of some of the best attested and most extraordinary manifestations. I may add for the information of some of your readers, that "siri" is the pungent leaf chewed with the betel nut, and that to chew "siri" includes both substances. This chewing causes a great secretion of red saliva which is freely expectorated; and as all natives chew "siri" many times every day, and it is invariably offered to every visitor as a token of civility or friendship, nothing could more clearly manifest the presence of a human being in Java, than the spitting which accompanies chewing "siri." Madame Pfeiffer's account is as follows: "Speaking of marvels I am reminded of rather a puzzling occurrence that took place in Java a few years ago, and caused such a sensation that it attracted the attention of Government. In the residency of Cheribon was a small house, which the natives declared to be quite full of ghosts. As soon as ever the evening set in, there began in the rooms a continual throwing of stones and spitting of siri, without the perpetrator in either case being visible to mortal eye. The stones and the expectoration fell quite close to the people, but without exactly touching any of them, though this undoubtedly formidable shower seemed to be somehow specially directed against a certain little child. So much was said of this inexplicable affair, that at last the Government authorities commissioned a trustworthy officer to enquire into it and find it out. He had the house surrounded by soldiers, so that nobody could go in or out, and then entered and seated himself with the child on his lap. He had no sooner done so, however,—according to most authentic history,—than the shower of stones and siri set in as hard as ever, and fell close all round both officer and child, though still without touching them. Every hole and corner of the house was then searched, but of course without making any discovery. The officer could not get to the bottom of the mystery, but sagaciously bethought himself of having the stones marked, carried to a considerable distance, and buried—but in vain. The next night at the usual hour the customary projectiles began to fall about; and what was more, the very stones that had been so cunningly marked and hidden underground. At last, however, the Dutch Government proved more than a match for the ghost, and checkmated him by having the house pulled down; but the mystery who threw these stones, and who chewed the siri and ejected that preternatural saliva will remain profound and inexplicable to the end of time."

I think it may be well to reprint this in your columns in case any of you readers should visit Java, and be able to obtain the authentication of names and dates.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

WHERE DO SPIRITS GET FLOWERS, FRUIT, &c.?

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—As a constant reader of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and admiring it for its consistent advocacy of *Christian Spiritualism*, I desire to put a question in reference to the remarkable manifestations elicited through the mediumship of Miss Nicholl and others. I have had the pleasure of being introduced to Miss

Nicholl at the house of a mutual friend, and am quite sure that neither that lady nor any of her friends would, if they knew it, encourage any dishonest practice whatever; but I and others have for some time past felt a doubt as to whether the spirits come honestly by the flowers, fruits, perfumes, &c., which they have so liberally and marvellously bestowed on various occasions. I take it for granted that the various articles presented at these *séances* have not been *created* by the spirits for the occasion, but have been taken from private human stores, and could not therefore belong of right to any being of the spirit-world. If I am correct in this view of the case, I am forced to the conclusion that the spirits are dishonest spirits, amusing themselves and us unguarded mortals at the expense of others, beside incurring the danger of getting innocent guardians of such property into serious trouble for petty pilfering.

If we desire to act in accordance with the will of God, and to be Christians in heart and practice, and at the same time follow out these wonderful manifestations with an honest desire to elicit truth, and that only, I would ask are we right in encouraging manifestations which bear even the shadow of untruth or dishonesty in the face of them? Should we not rather endeavour to direct this wonderful power and influence towards communion with such pure spirits as could and would influence our hearts and minds to live a pure and Christian life? I think we should, and in so doing would more surely derive comfort, consolation, and hope in the contemplation of our future state, which I incline to think these marvellous indications are intended to afford us.

H. D.

NEW WORKS BY T. L. HARRIS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The reviewer of these works in the January number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, does not appear to me to have treated Mr. Harris, in many respects, with fairness; nor does it prove, to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced, that which I gather he aims at proving, namely that the author of the *Arcana of Christianity* is a mere self-sufficient visionary. First then, it is stated that Mr. Harris has believed since 1861 that all the spirits who dictated his precious poems are "devils and impostors;" and, continues his critic, "yet he suffers the sale of these books complacently to go on in order to reap the benefit of such sale." Now, sir, the writer is in a position to contradict this *in toto*, having in 1865 received a most kind letter from Mrs. Harris, accompanied by a present of one of the poems in question, the letter stating at the same time her regret that the other poems by her husband were out of print." Then again, the reviewer states that the *Songs of Satan* are published in a volume alone. There, too, we think he will find he is mistaken, and that these not very admirable verses were inserted as examples only in the appendix to the first volume of the *Arcana of Christianity*. The reviewer then proceeds to accuse Mr. Harris of inconsistency, because, in spite of all he says of the spiritual state of England, and which the reviewer himself owns is quite true, he comes to England to get his books published; this reminds us of the "pious pastrycook" once advertized for, who was "converted and could make tarts." In wicked England paper and labour are cheaper than in "spiritual America," as unconverted pastry is sometimes superior to, and costs less than unleavened bread. Then fault is found with our author for saying the Brotherhood of the New Life *will* arise, &c., when, says the reviewer, "this society has been some years in existence." Yes, if half-a-dozen people constitute a society it has, but as it is yet infantile Mr. Harris is certainly justified in using the future tense.

So much for what is personal in the article. But the writer does not stop here, but proceeds to attack Mr. Harris's mission. He is "ambitious;" he desires to be the "founder of a sect," &c. This, we who know him, most implicitly deny, for never did a more humble Christian breathe, either externally or internally, than this would-be prophet, who, to use the reviewer's language, has, received a "superb commission" from no less an authority than the "King of kings." After an exposition of the critic's notions of what Harris

thinks of himself, he makes a most remarkable assertion. "That he (Harris) has seen all that he so authoritatively states, we do not for a moment question; but he has seen them as visions." And who doubts it? And did the reviewer actually imagine that Harris thought he had roamed bodily all about the planets, and passed in boots the golden courts of the three heavens? He then says that these visions, which he owns are "highly poetical and luxuriant in fancy," are communicated by the very class of spirits who communicate in "*séances*." We can only say that were such *séances* held in London, we ourselves should be the constant attendants on them, as we think they would be rather more profitable to Spiritualism, than noisy manifestations and dark circles. In short, the arguments used against Harris, may be or rather have been used against the supernatural in every form, from our Lord and his apostles, down to Swedenborg and modern Spiritualism; and we confess we are surprised that a Spiritualist should thus argue. It would be more generous, it appears to us, had he rather said in the words of the excellent Fletcher, speaking of Swedenborg, that "his writings are a magnificent feast of many dainties, but *he* had not appetite for every dish." And we would add, in the words of, we believe, Coleridge, speaking of the same great seer—"What I do understand of these books so commends itself to my mind, that I would fain believe that that which passes my comprehension, is equally true and beautiful." Begging you to excuse so long a trespass on your space,

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

January 6, 1868.

M. J. H.

SEANCES AT THE COGMAN'S.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The following details from my note-book may not be without interest to your readers:—

On the evening of December 2nd, I attended a *séance* at the residence of Mr. Cogman, 22, New Road, Commercial Road, E., when some striking manifestations were given through the mediumship of Miss Price, a young lady, some account of whose mediumship I think has already appeared in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*. A small bell placed under the table was rung at the further end of the room; and amidst various knockings and blows, both on the table and behind the medium's chair, an invisible carpenter went to work with saw, plane, auger, and mallet, the sounds of these instruments when in use being exactly imitated.

I again attended on Wednesday evening, the 11th, when the manifestations partook of a test character, and were, if possible, still more remarkable. Descriptions were given of the deceased relatives of various members of the circle, identification, in most instances, being easily made. The portraiture presented to me answered in every respect to that of my father; and when I mentioned the fact, loud and continued knockings were heard proceeding from the table. So was it with others present. A lady had several relatives described and various incidents in their earth-life, that were given, were said to be correct. Then a spirit-child, with ringlet tresses, was spoken of as standing near its papa (one of the circle). The description was satisfactory so far; but the child had died, I think, at the age of four, and the name was required. The medium, however, could not give it, and turned her attention to other spirit attendants; but in a few minutes, she said, the child holds in her hand a bouquet of gorgeous flowers, and in this bouquet, has formed the name "Emily." The gentleman addressed acknowledged, with surprise, that the name was correct—that it was, indeed, the name of his own child!

During the evening, a large heavy table—much too ponderous for me to lift entirely from the ground—was tossed about as if it had been a plaything, and the blows it received from beneath, given with surprising momentum, startled all present. By one or two of these it was raised from the floor, evenly; it was also frequently elevated at one end and brought down with great force; and,

despite its weight, it was moved to and fro something like a weaver's shuttle. These manifestations of intelligence and power, proceeding from an unseen source, call for consideration; and our scientific men especially would do well to give them full and fair investigation.

Yours, &c.,
A REPORTER FOR THE PRESS.

The Westminster Club,
December 24th, 1867.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

ON "AN OCCASIONAL NOTE" IN THE *PALL MALL GAZETTE*.

From the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 18th inst., under the heading of Occasional Notes, I quote the following:—

"Mrs. Murray, the Devonshire witch, having been brought up on remand, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour for having obtained from Thomas Rendle £4 10s. for certain 'charms,' which, she asserted, would cure his wife, who is paralysed, but which failed to do so. Mrs. Rendle is now under treatment by another local witch, named Gribble, who has undertaken to cure her or to refund all payments. It is hard to see why a woman should be sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for undertaking to do by 'charms' what quack doctors, homœopathists, mesmersiers, and spirit-rappers undertake every day to do—with equal want of success—with perfect impunity."

Ignorant and superstitious notions of charms, quack doctors and *want of success* are evidently associated, in the mind of the writer of that note, with Homœopathy, Mesmerism, and Spiritualism. If that writer does not know that the discovery of the principle of homœopathy has led to any modification of medical routine; if he has had no experience in mesmerism, and if he is now in 1867 unaware that amongst the greatest and best of men in all countries, great numbers habitually practise some form of spiritual medium power, and of the influence that Spiritualism has had on the morals and literature of to-day, I beg very respectfully to call his attention to the subject. He will at all events discover that it is too late in the day to talk about its "want of success."

I am Sir, your obedient servant,
SAM. R. CARNELL.

A CLERGYMAN, who encloses his card, sends the following:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Four years ago, I was staying in a *Pension*, at Montreux. Among the inmates at that time were two young collegians, brothers. During a boating party one afternoon, the elder brother laughingly remarked to a lady, "If I were to fall into the water and be drowned, what a sensation I should make in the newspapers." The next morning, he and his brother set off for an excursion in the mountains early. About eight o'clock, a.m., the younger brother returned alone. The two, wishing to make a short cut, had imprudently ascended the side of a steep mountain torrent. All who have tried it, know how much easier it is to ascend than to descend; finding this out too late, they saw their only chance was to attain the summit if possible. This was all but accomplished, when the elder brother, who was leading, fell; the younger dashed at a branch of a tree, caught it, and drew himself up to the top, and looking down some hundred feet, saw his brother dead at the bottom. While we were sitting at breakfast, sorrowing over this melancholy affair, a lady came down rather later than the rest. We, of course, imparted to her the sad intelligence. She burst out laughing, declaring that she had only that minute met him in the passage; another lady present affirmed that she had dreamt

during the night that she saw this same young man about to ascend a steep place, and she had said to him, "Do not go there, that mountain leads to a churchyard." Spirits are about us, but they cannot or perhaps do not desire to ward off fate.

W. R. T.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—It may, perhaps, interest some of your readers to learn that a few months ago I went with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. —, to visit the Marshall's. Mrs. Marshall, my two friends, and myself sat at the table. My friend, Mr. —, undertook to conduct the *séance*, and asked to whom the spirit then present desired to communicate. The answer given through the alphabet (which I took charge of) was, himself. He then asked who it was that desired to speak with him, and we got in reply a by no means common Christian and surname. His wife immediately said, "Why that is the name of the young man who lived with us, and left to go to Australia." "Ask him," said she, "how long he has been in the spirit-world?" A reply was given. Having myself been in Australia, I said, "Ask him where, or in what part of Australia he was when he left this earth?" The reply given was "In the Bush." I would here observe, that any and every part of Australia not laid out or known as a town, or township, is called "The Bush." My friend's wife, then said to her husband, "I have got something at home belonging to him, which even you do not know of, ask him what it is?" The question was asked, and the reply given, "A letter." My friend told her husband it was true, she would shew him the letter when they got home. "Now ask," said she, "if we shall send and tell his mother?" The reply was "No." He then asked, "Why not?" The reply was "Too much for her." Such manifestations need no comment.

Before we closed our *séance* I took a clean sheet of paper and made a private mark on it, having previously handed it to my friends for their inspection. I then placed it under the table, and in not more than two minutes after I took it from the floor and found there was some writing on it, but, strange to say, I could not read it, so I handed it to my friends for their inspection, when they easily read the words Elizabeth and Eliza written thereon. When I looked at the paper a second time I saw plainly enough the words Elizabeth and Eliza. While we were each asking the other the probable solution of the mystery before us, it suddenly occurred to me that I had two sisters in the spirit-world named respectively Elizabeth and Eliza. Elizabeth entered the spirit-world when an infant, now more than fifty years ago, while Eliza grew up to womanhood, and was, at the time she departed this life, a member of a Christian Church. I have the paper still in my possession.

I am thinking, Mr. Editor, if those small-minded persons who tell us that Spiritualism is the work of Satan were asked what motive they could attribute to his Satanic majesty in sending one of his emissaries to personate the spirit of a dear departed infant, what reply they could possibly give; for, they cannot, surely, be so small-minded as to believe that any intelligence, whether of earth, heaven, or hell, can act without a motive.

Yours, &c.,

EDWD. E. MOFFLIN,

Dec. 1867.

328, High-street, Poplar.