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EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM IN MODERN
WORKS OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

PART III.

BUONAPARTE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE RED MAN.

"AFTER the retreat of Napoleon I. across the Rhine, and his return to his capital, a visible change was observed in his habits and his conduct. Instead of wearing that livery of woe for the discomfiture of his plans of ambition, and the loss of his second grand army, he dismissed his usual thoughtfulness, smiles played on his lips, and cheerfulness sate on his brow. His manner became light and easy, and his conversation lively. Business seemed to have lost its charms for him; he sought for amusement and pleasure. Balls and entertainments succeeded each other, and the Parisians began to fancy that either Buonaparte was certain of making an advantageous peace with the Allies whenever he thought proper, or was convinced that his downfall was at hand, and, therefore, wished to spend the last weeks of his imperial dignity in enjoyment and ease. Another conscription had been ordered, and the legislative body had been dismissed; but these were signs of his existence, not of his activity. He remained busied in pleasure whilst the invaders crossed the Rhine, and, rapidly approaching Paris, threatened to destroy at once his throne and the metropolis. On a sudden his conduct experienced a second change; his face resumed its deep and habitual thoughtful gloom; his attention was engrossed by the cares due to his armies, and every day witnessed new reviews of regiments on the Place du Carrousel. Sleep could no longer seal his wakeful eyes; and his wonted activity, in which no other mortal, perhaps, ever equalled him, was displayed with more

energy than ever. All the time that he could spare from his armies and his cabinet he bestowed upon his state council. So striking an opposition between his present and his past conduct could not fail to excite a powerful agitation in the minds of the Parisians, and to make them strive to trace up a change so abrupt in the manners of their Emperor to its true cause. Precisely at this time, to the still greater astonishment of the whole city, the report of an interview of Napoleon with his genius, under the shape of a mysterious Red Man, transpired.

“ On the 1st of January, 1814, early in the morning, Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet: bidding Count Molé, then Counsellor of State, and since made Grand Judge of the Empire, to remain in the next room, and to hinder any one troubling him, whilst he was occupied in his cabinet. He looked more thoughtful than usual. He had not long retired to his study, when a tall man, dressed all in red, applied to Molé, stating that he wanted to speak to the Emperor. He was assured that it was not possible. ‘I must speak to him,’ he said, ‘Go and tell him that it is the Red Man who wants him, and he will admit me.’” Awed by the imperious and commanding tone of that personage, Molé obeyed reluctantly; and trembling, executed his dangerous errand. ‘Let him in,’ said Buonaparte, sternly.

“ Prompted by curiosity, Molé listened at the door, and overheard the following curious conversation:—The Red Man said, ‘This is my third appearance before you. The first time we met was in Egypt, at the Battle of the Pyramids. The second, after the Battle of Wagram. I then granted you four years more to terminate the conquest of Europe, or to make a general peace, threatening you, that if you did not perform one of these two things I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come, for the third and last time, to warn you that you have now but three months to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposals of peace offered you by the Allies. If you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, all will be over with you—so remember it well.’

“ Napoleon then expostulated with him to obtain more time, on the plea that it was impossible, in so short a space, to reconquer what he had lost, or to make peace on honourable terms. He opened the door—the Emperor followed, entreating him, but to no purpose; the Red Man would not stop any longer; he went away, casting on his Imperial Majesty a contemptuous look, and repeating, in a stern voice—‘Three months, no longer!’

“ Napoleon made no reply, but his fiery eyes darted fury; and he returned sullenly into his cabinet, which he did not leave the whole day.

“ Such were the reports spread in Paris three months before the fall of Napoleon Buonaparte, where they caused an unusual sensation, and created a belief that he had dealings with infernal spirits, and was bound to fulfil their will, or perish. What is more remarkable is, that in three months, the last wonderful events justified the Red Man’s words completely. More unfortunate than Cæsar, or Henry IV. of France, these presages did but fulfil his ruin, and not his death.

“ Who the Red Man really was, has never been known; but that such a person obtained an interview with him, seems to have been placed beyond a doubt. Even the French papers, when Buonaparte was deposed, recurred to the fact, and remarked, that his mysterious visitant’s prophetic threat had been accomplished.”—*Gentleman’s Magazine*, Vol. LXXXV., Part 1, p. 122.

THE DEATH OF LORD LYTTELTON AS FORESHOWN HIM.

In the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, Vol. LXXXV., Part 1, p. 597, occurs the following account, taken from a London paper:—“ The death of the celebrated and erudite Lord Lyttelton, from the singularity of the circumstances, cannot fail to live in the memory of those who heard it. He professed to have been warned of his death, and the time thereof, as follows:—About a week before he died, he said, he went to bed pretty well, but restless. Soon after his servant had left him, he heard a footstep at the bottom of his bed. He raised himself in order to see what it could be, when one of the most angelic female figures that imagination could possibly paint presented itself before him, and, with a commanding voice and action, bade him attend, and prepare himself; for on such a night, and at the hour of twelve, he would surely die! He attempted to address the vision, but was unable; and the ghost vanished, and left him in a state more easily conceived than could be described. His valet found him in the morning more dead than alive; and it was some hours before his lordship could be sufficiently recovered to send for his friends, to whom he thought it necessary to communicate this extraordinary circumstance. Mr. Miles Peter Andrews was one of the number sent for, being at that time one of his most intimate associates. Every person to whom Lord Lyttelton told the tale naturally turned it into ridicule, all knowing him to be very nervous and superstitious, and tried to make him believe it was a dream: as they themselves certainly considered it. Lord Lyttelton filled his house with company, and appeared to think as his friends would wish him. Mr. M. P. Andrews had business which called

him to Dartford, and therefore soon took his leave, thinking Lord Lyttelton quite composed on this subject, so that his friend's dream dwelt so little on his imagination that he did not even recollect the time when it was predicted that the great event would take place. One night after he left Pitt Place, the residence of Lord Lyttelton, he supposed that he might have been in bed half-an-hour, when, endeavouring to compose himself, suddenly his curtains were pulled open, and Lord Lyttelton appeared before him at his bedside, standing in his *robe de chambre*, and his night cap. Mr. Andrews looked at him some time, and thought it so odd a freak of his friend, that he began to reproach him for his folly, in coming down to Dartford Mills without notice, as he could find no accommodation. "However," he said, "I'll get up and see what can be done. He turned to the other side of the bed, and rang the bell, when Lord Lyttelton disappeared. Mr. Andrews's servant soon after entered, when his master inquired, "Where is Lord Lyttelton?" The servant, all amazement, declared he had not seen anything of his lordship since they left Pitt Place. "Pshaw! you fool," replied Mr. Andrews, "he was here this moment at my bedside." The servant persisted that it was not possible. Mr. Andrews dressed himself, and with the servants, searched every part of the house and garden; but no Lord Lyttelton could be found. Still, Mr. Andrews could not help believing that Lord Lyttelton had played him this trick, for his disbelief of the vision, till about four o'clock the same day, an express arrived to inform him of Lord Lyttelton's death, and the manner of it, by a friend who was present, and gave the following particular account of it:—

That, on the morning before Lord Lyttelton died, he entered the breakfast room between ten and eleven o'clock; appeared rather thoughtful, and did not answer any enquiries made by his friends after his health, &c. At dinner, he seemed much better, and when the cloth was taken away, he exclaimed "Richard's himself again!" but as night came on, the gloom of the morning returned. However, as this was the predicted night of dissolution, his friends agreed that it would be right to alter the clocks and watches in the house. This was managed by the steward, without Lord Lyttelton's suspecting anything of it; his own watch, which lay on the dressing-table, being altered by his valet. During the evening, they got him into some pleasant discussion, in which he distinguished himself with peculiar wit and pleasantry. At half-past eleven, as he conceived it, from the alteration of the clocks—but it was only eleven—he said he was tired, and would retire to bed; bid them a good night, and left all delighted with his calm appearance. During the day, not the least hint was given by any one to him of the dream; but, of

course, as soon as he had withdrawn, the conversation instantly turned upon it. The discourse continued till nearly twelve o'clock, when the door being hastily opened, Lord Lyttelton's valet entered, pale as death, crying out, "My lord is dying!" His friends flew to his bedside; but he expired before they all could assemble round him.

Lord Lyttelton's valet gave to them the following statement:—"That Lord Lyttelton made his usual preparations for bed; that he kept every now and then looking at his watch; that when he got into bed, he ordered his curtains to be closed at the foot. It was now within a minute or two of *twelve* by his watch; he asked to look at mine, and seemed pleased to find it keep time nearly with his own. His lordship then put them both to his ear to satisfy himself that they went. When it was more than a quarter after twelve by our watches, he said, 'This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find.' When it was near the real hour of twelve, he said, 'Come; I'll wait no longer—get me my medicine; I'll take it, and try to sleep.' I just stepped into the dressing-room to prepare the physic, and had mixed it, when I thought I heard my lord breathing very hard. I ran to him, and found him in the agonies of death."

A FURTHER ACCOUNT.

In Vol. LXXXV., Part 2, p. 408, a correspondent gives us the date of this extraordinary event, saying:—"It appears that he died suddenly late at night on Saturday, November 27, 1779, in the 35th year of his age." In consequence of a desire for more information on the subject, a gentleman, signing himself only "M. J.," writes as follows in Vol. LXXXVI., Part 2, p. 421:—"Your correspondent, 'T. S.' Vol. LXXXV., Part 2, p. 408, mentions the marvellous account of Lord Lyttelton's death, and wishes to see it authenticated. Having bought Pitt Place, where he died, I can give the following copy of a document in writing left in the house, a heir-loom, which may be depended upon.

"Lord Lyttelton's Dream and Death (see *Admiral Wolseley's* account). I was at Pitt Place, Epsom, when Lord Lyttelton died. Lord Fortescue, Lady Flood, and the two Miss Amphletts, were also present. Lord Lyttelton had not been long returned from Ireland, and frequently had been seized with suffocating fits. He was attacked several times by them in the course of the preceding month. Whilst at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, he dreamt three times before his death he saw a bird fluttering, and afterwards a woman appeared in white apparel, and said, 'Prepare to die; you will not exist three

days.' He was alarmed, and called his servant, who found him much agitated, and in a profuse perspiration. This had a visible effect the next day on his spirits. On the third day, whilst at breakfast with the above-mentioned persons, he said, 'I have jockeyed the ghost; as this is the third day.' The whole party set off to Pitt Place. They had not long arrived, when he was seized with a usual fit: soon recovered; dined at five; to bed at eleven. His servant, about to give him rhubarb and mint-water, stirred it with a toothpick, which Lord Lyttelton perceiving, called him a slovenly dog, and bade him bring a spoon. On the servant's return he was in a fit. The pillow being high, his chin bore hard on his neck. Instead of relieving him, he ran for help, and on his return found him dead.

"In *Boswell's Johnson*, Vol. IV., p. 213, Dr. Johnson said, 'It is the most extraordinary occurrence in my days. I heard it from Lord Westcote, his uncle. I am so glad to have evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it.' Dr. Adams replied, 'You have evidence enough, good evidence, which needs no support. T. J.'"

Many, and extraordinary efforts have been made to get rid of this most circumstantial account of a spiritual apparition, and exactly fulfilled prophecy. It has been termed a fabrication, and the vision, a mere empty vision. The two accounts here given vary in some particulars. In the first it is said that he saw the apparition; in the second, that he dreamed the thing three times, of a fluttering bird, and of a woman in white. But the last account found in the house would seem to have been one written down from the talk of the servants. It is not consistent in itself. It talks of dreams, and yet makes Lord Lyttelton say he had jockeyed the ghost. The first account, which is that of the friends present is consistent and best authenticated. We have not only the ghost appearing to Lord Lyttelton, and all the endeavours on the fatal day by his friends to divert his mind from the subject, but we have the appearance of the ghost of Lord Lyttelton appearing immediately on his death to his friend Mr. Andrews, at Dartford Mills. It has been urged again that Lord Lyttelton was an invalid, was subject to fits, and might go at any time, but this in no way accounts for his going at the precise time announced by the spirit, although Lord Lyttelton had in imagination been carried over the fated hour by the alteration of the clocks and watches unknown to him. Again, it has been boldly asserted by sceptics that it was no doubt a case of suicide by poison, and that Lord Lyttelton only wanted to go out of the world in a manner to produce a great sensation. All this is sheer assumption, without a tittle of evidence or probability.

The account is as strongly attested as any fact in human life can be.

This Lord Lyttelton was the third lord. He was the son of the celebrated Lord Lyttelton, the author of a valuable and learned *History of Henry II.*; of *Dialogues of the Dead*, a popular and amusing work; *Observations on the Conversion of the Apostle Paul*, the result of studies in middle life, by which he had been converted from scepticism to a sincere Christian faith; and other works both prose and poetical. His son, to whom this remarkable manifestation was given, was also a man of great abilities and acquirements, but who had wasted and debased his endowments by a profligate life. Nervous, and out of health, he was just the man to be open to spiritual influences.

LETTERS FROM THE DECEASED.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1815 has the following statement, which facts of a like kind having occurred recently, under the most undoubted proof, render much more probable than it could appear at the time that it was written. The numerous specimens of spirit-writing possessed by Baron Guldenstubbe, and the letters written by the deceased wife of the New York banker, published by Mr. Coleman in this Magazine, are precisely of the same character. "The following most singular and extraordinary narrative has arrested the attention of the higher circles; its verification is not within our cognizance:—A distinguished foreigner, resident in this country, and intimately connected with Vienna, has been privately informed that, during the armistice, letters purporting to be letters from the late Queen of France had been secretly transmitted to the Emperor of Austria, in which the deceased invoked his imperial majesty most seriously to remember the sacred obligations of affection and consanguinity which had existed between them, and never to forget the inhuman and unexampled cruelties inflicted on herself and on her family; to be no longer a participator in murder, tyranny, and rapine. The awful crisis had arrived; his own happiness, here and hereafter, depended on his decision. These letters were short, impressive, and devout, written in a handwriting which, when compared with the Queen's, was a perfect fac-simile; the impression on the wax the same she used in correspondence with her family. To increase the appearance of supernatural agency, they were deposited during the night in a mysterious manner which evaded all enquiry and research. The Emperor paid a marked but silent attention to their contents, and gradually became serious, meditative, and restless, when *he was addressed finally in the same secret manner*, and informed

in the most minute way of his own wretchedness and feelings; that his remedy was in his own hands; that, by joining the Allies, he would rescue Germany and save himself, and in two years regain his original title, and all his ceded dominions."—Vol. LXXXV., Part 1, p. 598.

DREAM FULFILLED.

In the same volume, p. 599, this statement is given:—"An elderly man, of the name of Williams, of the parish of Cury, whilst walking on the road, suddenly fell down, and expired. A remarkable circumstance connected with this awful event is that his daughter, who resides in Helston, dreamed on the preceding night that her father was dead; and on the arrival of a messenger to inform her of the melancholy tidings, she exclaimed, "I know your errand: my father is dead!"

THE OBI OF THE NEGROES.

Mr. Bryant, in his "Ancient Mythology," tells us that the symbolical worship of the Serpent was of the most remote antiquity, and very extensive, and that the Greek *Python* is the same as Opis, Aupis, Oub, and Ob. The woman at Endor, who had a familiar spirit, is called Oub or Ob; and it is interpreted Pythonissa. Moses, in Deuteronomy xviii. 11, forbids the Israelites even to inquire of those demons. The worshippers of Ob and Idcone were called charmers, necromancers, wizards, &c.; and it is a curious coincidence that the witchcraft practised by the blacks in the West Indies at this day is called Ob or Obi: and the negroes have a profound dread of those who exercise this art. A dramatic piece, called *Obi; or, Three-fingered Jack*, was founded on this belief and practice. The fact of the name and practice of Ob having descended from the most ancient times of Asia, to the present tribes of Africa, is a proof of the indestructible nature of these powers which were familiar to the primitive times and races.

DIVINING ROD.

Dr. Hutton in his *Recreations in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*, says, "There is a peculiar property, it would appear, residing in some constitutions, which enables the possessor upon taking a hazel, or some other twig, to discover a spring below the surface of the earth. Upon the arrival of the person endowed with this faculty, upon a spot where water is to be found, the twig will be found to twist itself in the hand. Upon a bridge,

or in a boat, no effect is produced, the water must be under ground to produce the phenomenon." Dr. Hutton gives an account of a lady who, in consequence of an article in a former edition of his translation of Montucla, sent a message to him offering to shew an instance of this extraordinary faculty in her own person.

A Mr. John R. Lucas of Backwell Hill, Somersetshire, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXXIX, Part 2, p. 132, says:—"About seven years ago I was building a house upon a hill of limestone, where there was little probability of getting a spring of water; and a farmer having just left me, with whom I was in treaty for the purchase of a piece of land, my bailiff observed that the farmer was celebrated as a famous dewster, and could find out a spring of water if there was one. I asked him what was meant by a "dewster?" He replied one who, by using a rod of twig, could find out water.

"On this, the farmer was called back, and asked to try to find water. He took a rod of hazel, which he held in both hands, and bent like a bow. With this traversing the ground, he soon mentioned a spot where there was water, or *goods*, by which he explained that he meant ore, or *lapis calimmaris*, ore of zinc. The gentleman also tried, and soon felt a pressure on the rod, whenever he came to a particular spot. They dug down there, and soon came to old workings of lead ore, but there was no water; nor does it appear that they found water on the place. The farmer said that the rod was constantly used on the Mendip Hills to find out veins of calamy, *lapis calimmaris*. He said also that a steel rod would answer."

Another writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the same volume, p. 215, confirms the account of this power. He says the hazel should be fresh, as in winter it is dry and inflexible; that apple or other rough-barked rods would do, and that it is an error to suppose that the rod does not act in a boat, or on a bridge. He speaks of the twig being twisted to act; but his account of this twisting is by no means clear.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

It appears that a Miss O'Connor, a nun in the convent of Newhall, near Chelmsford, applied to Prince Hohenlohe in 1823 for cure of a bad arm, which had resisted all ordinary medical treatment. A Dr. Badely, who published a pamphlet of 38 pages on the case, in the same year, confessed that the cure was a real one, but that the true operating causes were "nothing else than *faith* and confidence." How is it, we have always to ask, when the regular practitioners see the wonderful effects of "faith and

confidence," they don't manage to inspire it? If faith and confidence cure when everything else fails, they must, of course, be the best of all medicines; and the faculty should, as a matter of course, use the best medicines.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST NEW IDEAS.

Amongst the numerous examples which history affords, and many of which have been brought forward from time to time, of the absurd arguments against new ideas, we may admit the following:—

At p. 73, Vol. XCIV., Part 1, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it is said:—"The science of phrenology is not likely to be long in fashion." That was 43 years ago, and phrenology is still in fashion, and much stronger than ever. In this and other journals of that period the jubilations over the folly of phrenology were more rampant and ridiculous than they are to-day over Spiritualism. In the same volume and same year, p. 512, there is a paper very argumentatively shewing the folly of railways, and treating Thomas Gray, the great advocate of them, as almost as much of a dreaming enthusiast as our contemporary clever fellows treat Spiritualists. The writer gravely asks, "Can he imagine that his scheme would be carried without affecting the interests of that numerous class of persons engaged in the present system of travelling, including coach-makers, harness-makers, with the manufacturers and workers of all the materials and implements necessary for these trades; the coachmasters, coachmen, innkeepers, horse-breeders, horse-dealers; the growers of beans, oats, hay, and all other food for horses? Will all these incalculable members stand still, and see their means of substance taken from them, by a system of general steam-engines, without one cry of complaint, one feeling of objection? Does the advocate of this novel scheme imagine that the immense demand for useful land, which a general railroad must occasion would excite no objection on the part of Government; none on the part of noblemen and country gentlemen, the beauty and comfort of whose estates would be destroyed by it? Is he aware of the smoke and the noise; the hiss and the whirl which his locomotive requires, passing along at *the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour*, would occasion? That neither the cattle ploughing the fields, or grazing in the meadows, could behold them without dismay; and would leaseholders and tenants, agriculturists, graziers and dairymen, have no cause for complaint on that score?"

This is a fine specimen of arguing against the inevitable. Not all these obstacles enumerated, nor others, such as the enormous price to which it would raise iron, and the destruction

of innumerable interests not particularized, to which he was sure Parliament would never consent, availed. He concluded with denouncing railways, as "the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturbance of quiet and comfort in all parts of the kingdom, that the ingenuity of man could invent."

And yet, in that very month, it was announced in the same journal that a company was formed for constructing a railway between Manchester and Liverpool, the capital to be £400,000, in 4,000 shares at £100 each. That another company was established for making railways from London to different towns in Kent, capital One million, in 10,000 shares, £100 each. That another was to be made between Edinburgh and Glasgow. In the same place it is stated that Thomas Gray was still petitioning the Corporation of London for their countenance to a general system of iron railways, which, amongst other advantages, should carry the mails from London to Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, in twelve hours, and to Glasgow and Edinburgh in twenty-four. So that up to the very moment when Thomas Gray's mighty scheme was actually becoming a reality, though he had been termed a Bedlamite for advocating it, there were people treating railways at once as a chimæra and a nuisance.

CURIOUS FACTS IN WITCHCRAFT CASES.

In the proceedings in these cases many facts occur which the psychologic experiences of to-day shew to have been real phenomena. In a case brought before the assizes at Chard, in 1658, in which one Jane Brooks, of Shepton Mallet, was accused of bewitching a boy, named James, by striking him and giving him an apple, this took place. One of the Justices, to prevent any possibility of legerdemain, caused all to stand away from the boy, and then the magistrate himself held him. On various occasions he went stiff, and appeared as lifeless as a corpse. On some women coming near him, he had suddenly become speechless, and remained so till they were sent away. On Jane Brooks coming near him he fell down and became perfectly cataleptic; but on her touching him, when no one else had any effect on him, he would instantly spring up and start forward. The Justice now had him blindfolded, and called on Brooks to touch him, but motioned others to do it, which two or three successively did, but without any effect. The Justice then called on the boy's father to take him, but he had privately arranged that when he made this call, Jane Brooks should be brought in by one Geoffry Strode, and that she should touch him. The boy instantly sprang out in a very violent manner;

he was afterwards touched by other persons without the least effect, but on Jane Brooks again touching him, he started and sprang out twice or thrice as before.

On this trial a man and his wife deposed that the boy being in the presence of Jane Brooks and another woman, in the garden, and only a few yards from the deponents, he rose from the ground before them, and mounted higher and higher, till he passed into the air and over the garden wall, and so was carried for about 30 yards, falling at the door of one Jordan, and lying for some time as dead. After Brooks and the other women were sent to prison, the boy was free from his attacks; Jane Brooks was condemned and executed for a witch. It is clear enough now that the boy was a very sensitive medium, and that Jane Brooks was another medium, who, by her peculiar magnetic power could throw him into a state of catalepsy or release him from it by her presence or touch. For the possession of the power which now merely affords an universal amusement, the Davenports, Home, Mrs. Guppy, and hundreds of others would in that day have swung from a gibbet, or been burnt at a stake, instead of presiding at curious *séances*.

Another woman, named Elizabeth Styles, who was also condemned as a witch, was declared by a number of respectable witnesses, when in her strange fits, so strong that though held down in her chair by four or five persons by the arms, legs and shoulders, she would be raised out of her 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 in her body, or rents, as if it were being torn asunder, but that afterwards her body immediately resumed its normal condition. Persons attending mesmeric lectures must have seen cases where no force could resist the efforts of subjects under manipulation. Making ample allowance, therefore, for all the extravagant evidence which people under the influence of fear and amazement gave in witch trials, the experiences of modern mesmeric and spiritual science are sufficient to prove that the phenomena of witchcraft were no delusion, and only the ignorance of the age could have attached a deadly penalty to the exercise of a mere natural power. In another trial—that of Alice Elgar at Salisbury in 1643—a gentleman of Malmesbury, a Mr. Bartholomew, gave evidence against a widow Orchard, who, having asked an alms at his house, and being refused, went away menacing revenge. Immediately a great cypress chest, which stood in a chamber over the room where he was entertaining company was lifted up and fell so that it shook the whole house. Immediately they heard great cracks and the jingling of money.

There was upwards of £200 in the chest. Mr. Bartholomew, believing his chest broken into, hearing of the threats of Mrs. Orchard, hastened after her. On reaching the house, he found her door locked, but she looked out of her chamber window, and being accused by him of robbing his chest, replied that it was false; that the chest was not broken open, only the nails drawn, and that not a penny of his money was gone. On returning, and going up to examine the chest, he found the nails drawn as Orchard had stated, and the money out of the bags, but none missing; the lock, however, was filled with gold coins, and some of them so bent and crushed in amongst the wards that they could not be removed without considerable force. This poor woman was condemned and executed at Salisbury on this and similar charges; yet the power she exercised was by no means more wonderful than such as was exhibited day after day at Hanover Square Rooms, and since all over Europe by the Davenportes.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1832, we have the form of a license given by the Bishop of Gloucester, from his spiritual court, in the year 1743, to Mrs. Anne Smithies, of Lavenham, in Suffolk, for curing the king's evil by touch. This license was granted on evidence that Mrs. Smithies had already cured great numbers of persons by such means. This is on a par with bishops licensing clergymen to preach the gospel, when they have already declared that they were moved thereto by the Holy Ghost: the Holy Ghost being thus practically declared, by the Church of England, subject to bishops; not bishops to the Holy Ghost!

Here we close these curious extracts, or rather they are closed for us by the later editors of this journal, who, in the imagined enlightenment of the 19th century, had come to the conclusion that all such things as ghosts, hauntings, presentiments, and the phenomenon termed witchcraft, were altogether sheer delusion, and therefore rigidly shut out any further statements of this nature. Let us be thankful that it has not been in the power of either philosophy, so-called, or literary editorship, or the sneers of shallow sciolists, to repress the eternal forces of nature, which, issuing from this source—the invisible world—have continued to operate on this physical world, and, dispersing or despising the delusions of science itself, have led to a higher grade of science, and taken the last sting from the cruelties of law perpetrated by judicial ignorance on poverty and decrepitude.

QUESTIONS AND IMPROMPTU ANSWERS.

By MISS HARDINGE.

Question.—Is faith necessary in order to acquire knowledge?

Answer.—Faith is knowledge: the soul's knowledge of that which the intellect, the reason, the judgment—that is to say, the external or human sense whose cumulative powers are intellect, reason, sense and judgment, have not reached—that, I say, is the soul's knowledge, which the external mind has not attained to. Our souls are wiser than we know of; the attributes of our spirits are mightier far, than their exhibition through the mere external mask of the body. Hence, when the soul intuitively appreciates any knowledge, or forms any conception of truth which it has not acquired through any of the external or ordinary channels of information common to man and called knowledge, that is faith. Is faith then necessary to knowledge? To what kind of knowledge? All knowledge that the mind can acquire through the avenues of the senses, may be gathered first from observation or instruction, or from any of the ordinary modes of obtaining information, and then applied to the intellect according to its capacity to receive knowledge. That is the ordinary process by which intellect is educated, by which we arrive at what we call knowledge. Now be pleased to rehearse each one in his own mind that which you say you know. You understand by the words "you know" all that you have learned from infancy, all that you have observed in the daily habits of life, all that you believe, and which you have passed judgment upon, through the senses. Is this all that you know? You know the sun will rise to-morrow—you have faith in it—not alone, because astronomy lays down for you a certain amount of fixed abstract scientific knowledge; for we know that the exact sciences carry us up to a certain point, and then, like Babbage's calculating machine, they fail. Where are our exact sciences? Exact! According to our comprehension of the word, at some point or other they fail. Hence all that the knowledge acquired by the senses can inform you of is but a belief, or a hope, or a trust which you vaguely call knowledge. But there is something more within your soul. That spirit which communes with the Great Spirit, that consciousness which bears witness of the attributes of the common Father and Author of creation, that spiritual recognition of eternity and infinity which the soul alone possesses, assures us of permanence, eternal permanence—assures us of that which we do not know, and that is faith. Even so of our recognition of the

soul's immortality. Neither logic, nor reason, nor gospel creed, nor revelation put it into the heart of man to believe it—God himself wrote it there. When He made the soul He formed within it a witness, speechless, incomprehensible by aid of sensuous perception; but yet a faith that trusts in the soul's own nature, a recognition of its deathless character, a perception of its alliance with an Eternal Author which originated the idea of God, and has handed down the belief in immortality from one generation to another, and will carry us forward to its perfect realization in eternity. That is faith. Even so in those forms of spiritual manifestation, anciently called miracle, and at present modern Spiritualism.

I prefer to illustrate my position upon these points, because here, far more than any mere amount of knowledge that we can apply by sensuous perception to the mind, does the line of demarcation between faith and intellectual understanding arise. You require faith, it was said of old, for the performance of miracles. It was affirmed so by One in whom you all trust, by One whom the light of the growing ages has revealed in a broader and yet more divine view with every advancing step that we take in science; for we perceive not alone that He was true in morals, but we now recognise the deep philosophy of those hidden parables by which He communicated the eternal wisdom of God to those who could not comprehend Him. Amongst these communings, we find the constant demand for faith from those upon whom He would have exercised His divine and beneficent power. Wherefore did He ask that which could not be rendered to Him? for a condition of mind is not influenced by will—our will, as we term it, is but an outgrowth of our minds, not the master of our minds. That which we vaguely call will, is a result and not a cause, and yet Jesus demanded faith. Could He, the greatest of philosophers, the truest of teachers, have asked for that which was not possible to be given? No, but He required to know the conditions existing in His subjects ere He could perform the operations of His beneficent will. When the spirit whom He addressed recognised that the cure was with the Master, it was the knowledge that the cure was there—it was the adaptation of the subject to the operator—it was the recognition that he who was to be benefited was already in *rapport* with his benefactor; and where the spirits thus harmonized, and the magnetisms formed a complete chain of unison, the cure was inevitable. Even so to-day. Understand more analytically that mind is a substance—that it is the substance of the soul—the exhibition of the spirit's perception—and you will not peevishly demand faith, but you will question if it be there. If it be, assure yourself that it is the reaching out of one invisible soul to another—it

is already the perception between the magnet and the loadstone, —it is already the recognition between the needle and the magnet; I should say—it is the perception that there is a scientific adaptation of magnetisms, an absolute relation of spirits: and this is not knowledge, as you term it—you may call it indeed the knowledge of the soul, but faith is the highest and grandest description of knowledge. It is the perception to which human intellect alone can never attain, which scholasticisms can never teach; not all the power of optics, not all the aid of human instruments, can ever enable you to perceive your own soul. But by faith you respect it, you know it, you feel it, you acknowledge it, although you cannot see it. Not all the powers of scholasticism can teach you of a God so faithfully as God has already taught the poorest savage that has never drunk at the fountain of human knowledge. He feels his God about him; he beholds in the grand machinery of creation the writing of his God. He cannot tell you why—no human scientific knowledge put this perception within him, and nothing can improve upon it. I might repeat then that faith is the soul's knowledge; learning, scholasticisms, whatever cultivates the intellect, is the man's and the senses' knowledge.

Question.—What is the nature of the process of the separation of the spirit from the body upon the death of the latter? What time does the process occupy? At what moment is it completed? And what is the first experience of the spirit on finding itself free from the body and in the spirit-world?

Answer.—What, then, is the philosophy of death? We realize that everything in creation is bound together by an invisible, attractive, and repulsive spiritual part—a something which we may well call the soul of things. That something is the life of all things, but it is not the spirit. We do not believe that these fair blossoms think or will, or possess anything of intelligence, but they live, and the mystic life that has arisen with this sap from the root, and even now pulsates in every portion of this delicate organism, is fast passing out from it; and that mysterious life is the soul of this blossom, but it lacks the spirit. We find that as organisms improve, and in the gradual ascent of Nature through her vast laboratory, from the rude and heterogeneous form of the mineral world, up to the grand and orderly structure of living animated beings, that there is as much improvement in the elements of matter, as much in the beauty and usefulness of form, as there is at last in the manifestations of spirit. When this becomes associated with matter, we call forms living creatures. We recognize that just so long as the will, intelligence, and power that guide the organism remain

with the form, it continues a living creature. But remember, that the spirit alone and its departure from the body are not the only evidence of death. These blossoms shall die, the walls around you shall crumble and perish, the garments you wear shall wax old and decay, the mountains shall melt away, and the heavens shall shrivel together like a scroll, and this is their death—it is the passing out of the mysterious invisible principle that constitutes them an organism.

Now, in the process of human life, there is not a single moment but in which the atoms that constitute our body are dying. Some portions are perpetually being aggregated. These are new living atoms; some are strong, they maintain their integrity, and these we may call the manhood and vigour of the atoms, whilst others are dying, passing away. The death, therefore, of material forms, is not like the death of man, the death where the intelligence and the will depart. During our lifetime our bodies die many times. During our lifetime our spirits depart many times. Each night, in dreamless sleep, when the body is in perfect harmony, when the entire of the voluntary system of nerves is at rest, and nothing but the involuntary forces are still plying their ordinary and ceaseless round of motion, the spirit departs from the body—it goes to its natural home, to spirit-life. This, you will say, is analogous to death, not so. The life that lives in these flowers, the life that constitutes the strength of this substance, the life that sustains these walls, is still within the atoms; and that magnetic life is a silver cord, that binds the spirit even in its departure to distant spheres—it is a chain that binds body and spirit together—it is the golden bowl of life which is not yet broken. Though the spirit, therefore, may be far away, so long as the magnetic life remains—trance, somnambulism, catalepsy, all the various forms of seeming death, amounting to total unconsciousness, and suspension even of the apparent functions of life—this is not death, unless the magnetic life depart also. The philosophy of sleep is the temporary absence of the spirit from the body; that of death is the total absence both of spirit and life.

You ask what is the process of separation. It is very various, and depends entirely on the characteristics of the organism. Some, as in extreme old age, part so gradually that the spiritual body—that the life waning,—passing away like the life of the flower that perishes on the stalk,—is scarcely perceived. The spirit passes with the life; and we call this temporary unconsciousness to surrounding objects, childishness, or a return to the circle of the first starting-point of the soul's existence. In such a case as this, it is but the passage of the soul from one chamber to another—the natural and inevitable transition of the spirit,

gradually through the gates of death. So much of the spiritual body has already ebbed away from the atoms, that the mere action of death is but a spasm, the snapping of a cord; it is but the deepening of a sleep, and the final passage of the spiritual body is like the evaporation of a thin air—a mere jet of gas passing through the brain—the last gate of life, the golden gate, through which when once the last flame of life—not spirit-life—has passed, the silver cord is not loosed, it is broken for ever, and never returns. How can I describe to you the passage of this life-flame, in all the infinite varieties of catastrophes through which the soul goes free? In the young and the strong, in the man full of life and vigour, the spiritual body departs, it is true, with the spirit, but very often only in part. Extreme tenacity of the magnetic life attaching itself to the atoms departs so slowly, so very slowly, that—start not! murmur not!—many and many a living form is enclosed within the sepulchre of death, but not until the conscious spirit has been so far removed from the body, and carried with it so much of the magnetism, that that which remains is unable to sustain the spirit. There is no consciousness, although I do allege—and the observation of clairvoyants and that of spirit-mediums again and again repeated will corroborate my statement—that thousands and thousands of forms are laid away in the grave ere yet the silver cord has been snapped. In other cases, the departure of the spirit is so violent and so sudden that the entire of the life-principle is expelled at once. The process of the expulsion varies therefore in time, but neither in degree nor in mode. It all passes from the extremities. The departing spirit, warned by some mysterious monition from without, or violently driven forth by accident, gathers about it, by attraction, all the various particles of the magnetic life, and these depart first from the extremities. They gradually cluster about the great life-centres,—the heart, the spine, and the brain; from the brain last of all, for as this is the great galvanic battery, the mighty locomotive that generates the constant flow of life through the system, so this is the last point where the departing life rallies. Could you perceive, therefore, the ebullition of the last bubble of the life-principle, you would see it like a fine gaseous aerial form drawn out through the brain, and gradually resolving itself into the shape of humanity, and clothing itself about the spirit.

This is the ordinary process of death; and in this passage, let me remark, that the last thought, be it what it may,—the last conscious thought of the soul always represents itself in the external form of the newly-born spirit. Hence it is that in those innumerable manifestations of the apparition of a departing soul, it is so constantly seen in the dress, or the last customary

appearance of its life. Thus it is that the soul so constantly appears to those who have beheld it at the moment of passing, even as in its mortal form, with all the surroundings of life, because such was the last conscious thought of the soul; and of its transition then, or of the moment of its awakening in spiritual life,—oh, what can we tell you? To some the passage is formed in what is called by spirits a sleep of death. There are some that sleep, some that wake not for days, or even for a longer period than this. There are others again who depart from this life, as it were, stepping, as I have said, from one chamber into another, and instantly behold themselves in all the surroundings of the spirit-world, which is enclosed within this natural world. It is a mighty change—a change as from darkness into sunlight—a change as from a prison into the broad free atmosphere of a glorious world. But all these changes are made in exact accordance with the state of the spirit, and with the state of the form from which the soul departs. In every condition, consciousness does not immediately ensue. There are at present in the world of spirits thousands, nay, millions of souls, whose passage has been so gradual, whose earthly affections have been so strongly centred upon this world, whose knowledge of aught but the world has been so limited, whose aspirations have been so narrowed by the earth, that they know not but that they are still upon the earth; for as there is a soul of things, as I have said—as there is a spiritual part in everything that is born into matter—and as, when the atoms drop off, the spiritual part remains, that is the furniture, that is the scenery, the surroundings, the habitations, the streets, dwellings, clothing of a spiritual sphere, corresponding to this world;—think of it, then! there are thousands and millions, walking your city streets, living in your midst, inhabiting a spirit-world, who scarcely recognize the difference between the natural and the spiritual worlds. We say this to bid you aspire, to ask you to elevate your thoughts above the grovelling attractions of earth; for you go to your own place—that place you make.

The philosophy of death is the Mount of Transfiguration. Whatsoever your spirit really is, what it has lived, what it has drawn to itself and poured out its magnetism upon, is now its world. Here you behold the physical sun lighting your earth; you recognize all your surroundings as physical. In the world of spirits they are of a purely spiritual character, and instead of shining, blazing or darkening upon you from without, they all proceed from within. Hence, if your mind is dark and your soul is grovelling, and there is no light within, it is thus that you are in the thick darkness that is seen and felt. It is because there is no light within, that unhappy spirits tell us they are alone

when they are in the midst of multitudes, that they are in darkness when the sun of creation is shining most gloriously upon them. Thus it is that in the darkest night, in the midst of the dungeon, in the cellars and in the gutters of physical life, there is glorious spiritual sunlight, for the angel brings his light within, for the shining and the lustrous soul reflects about him his own beauty, and creates his own scenery and his own landscapes. All this is almost inconceivable to you. But the philosophy of death is to transmute all the laws of matter into those of spirit, to cast off all the experiences of a physical world, and to liberate pure spirit with its magnetic body into the broad and glorious vistas of eternity, where every living creature goes to his place.

I would yet pause more on the nature of the first experience of the spirit, on finding itself free from the body and in the spiritual world; but I should have to dwell upon the experience of every individual in the race, for each differs from the other. Oh that it were my privilege to tell you of the wondrous modes, of instruction by which great hearts and mighty souls are taught, who have lived in darkness. Let me take one. Let me remember, some 400 years ago—surely it must be that—when in this same blooming month of April, the bells of many and many a great city throughout the whole land of Europe tolled, because the great-hearted thunderer of the Reformation was dead. The man, the brave, bold, stout-hearted monk, who had stood alone with his mighty breast, and with his bold brain, and his strong right hand, carried the battle axe of the Lord into the camps of superstition—he was gone! The world said he was dead, and they mourned him as such; they lamented for him, and they said the sword of the Lord and of Gideon was broken. 400 years ago, what knew he of our God? What did he realize of our spirit-world? How much did he recognize of the soul's destiny in progress, in work, in daily life, in practical experience? How much did this great and glorious enthusiast know of the realities of the spiritual existence, which is a continuity of this? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Yet, good, and true, and brave, could it be, in the order of creation, that this great soul and this glorious servant should be punished for the sin of ignorance, and for the fact that he lived 400 years before his time? They say—spirits who know him—that he sat at the feet of his God, as he demanded to sit; that he heard the eternal chorus of the saints in rest, as he hoped to hear it; that he beheld the white-robed legions of redeemed souls stretching away through the plains of infinity, away, away, away, into endless horizons of the heaven that he had taught of. They say that the glorious sound of an eternal hymn, unvarying, unchanging in phrase and prayer, “For ever, for ever,

for ever!" sounded in his spirit ears, and his heart was glad, and his great soul was bowed down in worship, and he stood amidst the noble army of martyrs, and the shining rolls of saints, where he belonged, in that heaven that he had taught of—in the heaven that he had sighed for; and that on, on for ever sounded the hymn; moveless and eternal, still they stood around. He knew not time. Ages to him or seconds it might be—he knew not time, nor movement, nor change; and there the great-hearted Reformer stood, sometimes in marvel how many ages had rolled over the praying worshipping saints. Sometimes he deemed it was but a moment; and then came the thoughts of earth. Then came the memories of love, of wife and children and friends—where, where were they? Nought to him now. Then came the memory of enemies, the enemies for whom the brave, great soul had prayed, the enemies whom he had forgiven, the enemies whom he had bravely fought, but whom in dying he had blessed and stood by their death-bed, and bid them be of good cheer. Where were they now? And, as he thought, pictures, fearful pictures of interminable realms, dark, dark, never-ending, deeper, deeper, lower, lower yet, while endless oceans of blazing fire, and while leaping flames and awful tossing billows of liquid destruction were borne up beneath his eyes, full, full of tossing arms, of agonized faces and of the wild, wild shrieks of never-ending woe, were sent up to his home of rest for "Pity! pity! pity!" to be answered by the chant of the saints, "For ever and for ever." "It could not be! It shall not be!" was the outspoken thought of the great heart. Down, down, down to them, down to those who suffered, down to those who needed help, he plunged. Lost, lost from heaven—it was nought to him, so long as one living creature needed his outstretched hand, heaven was lost to him—the heaven of his imagination. But even as he beheld the floating stars shining above his head and the gracious moon that long ago he had gazed upon in the earthly firmament, sailing in majestic stillness above him; even as he recognized the green fields and the tall forests, the castle, the tower, the slumbering city bathed in moonlight, and the sleeping multitudes of earth watched by the calm eyes of angels on their silver thrones—even as he beheld these, figured in the glittering sky, one hundred years had passed and he had been all these long, long years learning to comprehend that heaven and hell were within him.

Such, friends, are some of the impressions that we receive in spirit-land, such, some of the experiences, that we learn in spirit-life. Pause with me, and ascend with that great risen soul, now searching for the God of Creation and not for the God of Theology—now-looking for the future of a human working

world, and not for the imaginary Deity, fashioning creatures only for worship. Follow him through the long shining roads of stars, when he asks for his God's immensity, when he asks for the origin of the Infinite;—follow him through the long roads glittering with stars, set with suns;—follow him through double and treble suns and parti-coloured worlds, shining and gleaming, glittering, wheeling and turning in their magnificent pageant of eternity, and on for ever, until he hears the chorus of ten thousand millions rejoicing systems, shouting "End there is none! End there is none!" Follow him back again to earth, where he seeks to know God's laws, where he strives to comprehend his Creator's wisdom; follow east, west, north, south, watching how beautifully, how wonderfully every creature is adapted to its place, how beneficently the wise Creator has cared for the shining butterfly, and for the crawling caterpillar, and clothed the beast of the Arctic regions, and of the south, each with the warm or scanty covering appropriate to its nature;—follow him through the forest and behold how the various creatures, each one fed on leaf and blade of grass, and flower and air, and dew drop and supplied by the tender hand of the Infinite Father;—follow him through the growing worlds, through the wondrous birth of new systems, through the creation of satellites, through the formation of rings, through the bursting of the mighty catastrophic action of meteor, comet, planet, satellite, sun and star into fresh worlds;—follow him through the infinitely large to the infinitely little, and another hundred years have gone, and still the great master learns. And now he would know how to worship God, how to serve Him, now he asks permission, but to understand how to please Him, and back, back, back again to earth he wanders amidst the cities, and now by the side of the preacher, is whispering to him of a working God, of a loving God, of a Father, an eternal One, Who cares for every creature, Who has fashioned all in wisdom, placing them where they should be, and Who is calling them up through sorrow and tribulation to higher and higher states, and disciplining them through adversity. Follow him, as he stands by the side of the poor, the miserable, of the broken heart and the bruised back beneath the human lash, teaching them to raise their streaming eyes and trembling hands to Him who never fails them;—follow him to the couch of the rich, the great, the powerful; behold them stretched in pain, and hear his spirit whisper, ministering to them tenderly, and warning them that they are partaking of the common lot of suffering shared by all humanity; follow him, thus ministering in spirit-influence, thus pouring into the mind of sage and theologian, philosopher, inventor, every great and holy thought, every new and bright idea that spirit-land can give.

Another hundred years have passed, and now the spirit-tap has come, and, building their telegraphic bridge between the spirit-world and earth, on which are pressing crowds of shining feet, the hosts of God are pouring now on earth; and foremost in their ranks are these great-hearted students, who in bygone days have passed from earth in darkness, but learned again and yet again by the bright experience, by the strange but real teachings of spirit-land, foot by foot with you, progressing as your world progresses, no faster, yet no slower, keeping pace with you, never in advance nor yet beyond their age.

Such are some of the experiences of bygone days, and such will yours and every one of yours be when you pass the golden gate, when the fine and vaporous form of the magnetic life is all drawn out, when all is still and the last heart-throb is done; perhaps wondering strangely where they are; perhaps with your illuminated soul, prepared for the transfiguration, to drop the mask of earth, and stand as spirit, with all your thoughts, hopes, and purposes revealed; perhaps you may be one of those missionaries who will come to earth again to teach the world, as my brave pilgrim whom I told you has come; but whatsoever be your lot or fate, it will be that for which you are best adapted, for which you strive, for which you study, for which you fit yourself with every moment's life and experience. Oh, labour! awake, awake, ye sons of God; put on the armour of eternal light here, nor fear death's transfiguration; search God's ways, nor wait till the portals of the grave shall open to you and disclose the blazing mysteries of God, too great for your dazzled eyes to behold, and to compel you, like my pilgrim, to traverse centuries ere you find the real and true. But in this great philosophy of death there is one parting word that I would give you. Oh, trust Him! He is the God of the living, and not of the dead. With Him there is no death; with Him the promise that He made is not in vain, and there shall be no more death. Whatever be the form or mode of change, whatever be the disruption in the physical system, whether in violence or in natural decay, whether you drop like o'er ripe fruit, or violently rush off through the gates of life, expelled by the hand of murder, you are in the hand of Him the ever-living God; the change is for the better, the schoolhouse of instruction is far wider, the experiences of the hereafter are progressive. Trust to Him, and you shall go out no more in the darkness of the grave, no more in the shadow of the dreaded tomb, but through the arch of a risen life, piloted by the liberty-angel of eternity, to find yourself upon the mountain of transfiguration, a glorious risen spirit.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

IT is well known that modern Spiritualism took its rise in the Fox family at Hydesville 20 years ago, and that the first manifestations which arrested public attention were made through the three daughters of that family, who are still living, and still retain their medium powers. Despite the most determined opposition from the press and the pulpit, Spiritualism forced its way into all classes of society, and it is at this day all but universally recognized as a truth throughout the American continent. It is not so well known that the Shaker communities "held perpetual intercourse with the invisible world," and had been accustomed to receive all kinds of spiritual manifestations for 16 years before the "Rochester knockings" were heard of.

The Shakers published no tracts and sent out no missionaries, the facts transpiring in their midst were consequently not known to the American people. Had they been known it might have saved the *savans* of that country the humiliation they must now feel in reading the history and witnessing the progress of Spiritualism in America.

The great majority of Spiritualists in England, I have reason to believe, have no knowledge of what is passing on the other side of the Atlantic, and therefore I have thought it would be interesting to the readers of this Magazine to learn some particulars of the present state of Spiritualism in America.

During the first few years of the movement there were several very ably conducted journals published there; but at the present time, notwithstanding that the believers are reckoned by millions, it is a somewhat singular fact that there is not one magazine, nor even a paper which is exclusively devoted to Spiritualism, though there are hundreds of professional mediums who live by exhibiting its phenomena, and almost as many public lecturers who expound its philosophy, and fill the halls which are to be found in almost all the cities of the Union. *The Banner of Light; a Weekly Journal of Romance, Literature and General Intelligence*, published at Boston—though it makes no claim in its title to being a *Spiritual* organ, is nevertheless chiefly occupied with the subject, and is the best medium of obtaining a glimpse of the movement in America. To its columns I am indebted for some interesting gleanings, which I extract for the information of the English reader.

Dr. Frederick Willis, a very intelligent contributor to the *Banner*, says, "Never since the first days of the Rochester rappings has there been a more profound interest felt in the great subject of Spiritualism than is everywhere manifest to-day. It pervades all classes, and meets one at every turn."

This is the same gentleman of whom I made mention in my *American Notes*, published in 1861, as the *Reverend* Mr. Willis, of Harvard University. Mr. Willis relinquished the church, I believe, by compulsion, and adopted the medical profession, and though but little heard of as a medium during an interregnum of several years his personal experiences are perhaps amongst the most remarkable upon record. With him occurred the first manifestation of natural flowers. Mrs. Kennison, of Quincey, near Boston, told me that during a severe illness, brought on by the persecution which Mr. Willis suffered from the professors and students of Harvard College on account of his spiritualistic mediumship, his bed upon one occasion was covered with natural flowers by the spirits, which were by the same agency gathered up into a bouquet and presented to him by spirit hands. Since that time the manifestations with him have been, it is said, of the most marvellous character, and at a lecture recently delivered by him at the music hall, Boston, he recounted publicly, for the first time, some of the facts attending his early struggles against the ignorance and bigotry with which he was assailed by the *learned* professors of Harvard, who have doubtless since found the same agencies at work in their own households. I had hoped to have given some particulars of Dr. Willis's lecture, which was listened to by a crowded audience with great attention, but the *Banner*, with a very proper consideration for Dr. Willis (who is about to publish the history of his life), has not reported it. As Dr. Willis is the solitary exception, as far as I know, of a well-educated physical medium, his book will doubtless be an interesting and valuable addition to the literature of Spiritualism.

The names and addresses of public lecturers and mediums advertised in the *Banner*, number, on an average, nearly 300.

The mediums exhibit every phase of spiritual phenomena; and some of these exceed in wonder anything of the same character which has been previously recorded.

The Eddy Brothers obtain manifestations similar to the Davenport's, but with this difference: they have sat in the light in full view of the audience, before the cabinet; whilst from within it, musical instruments were played, and hands, arms, and, on some occasions, even faces were shown through the aperture.

Laura V. Ellis, a girl, 14 years of age, exhibits publicly her mediumistic powers, which are also of the Davenport character.

Musical instruments are played by the invisibles, and some of the spirits talk in a loud and distinct voice.

Mr. and Mrs. Crandal, of Newport, are mediums for obtaining musical manifestations of a novel and very curious nature. The room being darkened, but not totally so, a performer takes his seat at the piano, and the members of the circle, including the mediums, sit round the room, holding each other's hands. The pianist commences, and is presently joined by a number of invisible performers playing in harmonious concert upon various instruments, or at least apparently so to the sense of hearing, there being, in reality, no musical instruments but the piano in the room; yet the sounds of powerful instruments, such as a big drum, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, &c. are heard, producing the effect of a regimental band. When the room is made quite dark, brilliant lights are seen, several at a time, expanding from the size of a candle flame to the size and shape of a fan.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, a well-known medium for the best class of physical manifestations, has been for some time in a very delicate state of health. Whilst on a recent visit with the family of Colonel Cushman, at Hyannis, Massachusetts, she had for the first time manifestations of spirit-voices, speaking and singing. Miss Cushman says that on one occasion four spirit-voices were heard singing in concert, accompanied by the sound of a spirit-harp; the sweetness of this spirit-music, Miss Cushman adds, was indescribably beautiful. One of the spirits, calling herself Belle, talked in a pleasant cheerful way for an hour at a time; her voice was as loud and firm, and her laugh as hearty as any mortal's.

A lady who was present, said she thought Belle must be an evil spirit. She quickly retorted, "If I am, you attracted me here. Like, you know, attracts like!"

There are instances given where uneducated mediums under spirit influence are mentally illuminated in a very surprising manner. Mr. J. L. Potter, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, makes the following statement:—In the town of Hampton, Wisconsin, there lived a young man by the name of Martin Carey, who could neither read nor write. He became a medium both for speaking and healing. He was controlled by the spirit of one Elder Fredericks, a Baptist minister, known when in life to several of the circle. The medium, when under the control of this spirit, would read and expound entire chapters of the Bible, and give other proofs by which the minister might be identified. The medium would also diagnose disease, and draw charts or diagrams of the human body, placing the organs correctly, and giving at the same time the scientific names of them.

Healing mediums, or at least those professing to have the

power of healing by "the laying on of hands," are very numerous throughout the States; but very few are vouched for. Dr. J. R. Newton is still the most renowned. In every city where he has visited there are numerous well attested cases of instantaneous cures of almost every description of disease and deformity.

The testimony as to the miraculous cures performed by Dr. Newton is overwhelming, and admits of no doubt that he is endowed in an eminent degree with this, perhaps the greatest of all spiritual gifts.

Dr. Newton has written to me to say that he has built himself a large establishment at Newport, Rhode Island, his native town, which he describes as the most beautiful and most healthy spot on the American continent. At this establishment he has settled, and there he continues his practice. He also informs me that a reverend friend of mine, who bore a letter of introduction from me, was present and witnessed a very remarkable case of cure performed in a few minutes, the particulars of which I shall doubtless learn from my friend on his return home. Dr. Newton says that he has a strong desire to visit England, and he hopes to do so at no distant day; in that event he will bring his family with him, and remain in London for a year.

I have ventured to assure him that he will be heartily welcomed here by many who have perfect faith in his sincerity and benevolent character.

Public lecturers and inspirational speakers of both sexes are numbered by hundreds; but, as in the case of healers, few are distinguished. Mrs. Emma Hardinge (now in London), Mrs. Cora Daniels, and Miss Lizzie Doten, are the inspirational speakers who have held the most prominent place before the American public for several years. Miss Doten frequently delivers at the close of her addresses an impromptu poem, spiritually dictated, and many of these poems are very beautiful. To shew the peculiar and sensitively impressionable character of Miss Doten's mind, Professor Gunning, of Boston, related to me the following fact:—Mr. Wiseman Marshall, of Boston, who possesses strong magnetic or will power, wrote out a short lecture and took his place in the audience unknown to Miss Doten. When she came upon the platform Mr. Marshall fixed his attention upon her, and in obedience to his will she repeated every word he had previously written.

In the lecture field there are several men of mark, including the venerable and highly respected Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, Professor Denton, Andrew Jackson Davis, Professor S. B. Brittan, Rev. J. M. Peebles, Thomas Gales Forster, and Dr. R. T. Hallock. Had space permitted I should have given extracts from addresses delivered recently at Convention

Meetings of Spiritualists by the two last-named gentlemen, which are unusually well reported in the *Banner of Light*. Mr. Forster appears to be a highly educated scientific man, and a very popular lecturer; and Dr. Hallock's original and very eloquent addresses are worthy of the best days of the controversy so ably conducted by himself—Judge Edmonds, A. E. Newton, S. B. Brittan, Dr. John Gray, and others, 10 or 15 years ago, in defence of the claims of Spiritualism, and which as I have more than once said can never, in my judgment, be surpassed in this or any other country.

Andrew Jackson Davis, the *Poughkeepsie Seer*, is well known in all countries where Spiritualism has penetrated. The early history of his life forms the most remarkable page in American Spiritualism. His name, too, will go down to posterity in connection with one of the most useful and practical movements, originated by him in 1863, in the establishment of THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS, which are now in successful operation in most of the leading cities of America.

When Mr. Davis proposed the plan, he described it as "An association for the mutual improvement of children of all ages, and of both sexes—an attempt to realise, partially at least, an ideal assemblage of *young minds*, which is actualised in the SUMMER LAND, where such children are constantly going from earth, and where they are received into groups for improvement, growth, and graduation."

Mr. W. A. Danskin, of Baltimore, a highly respectable and intelligent citizen, who has for many years been known as a prominent Spiritualist, writes to the *Banner of Light* attesting a very remarkable phenomenon which he has recently witnessed. Mr. Danskin prefaces his account by saying that though this particular class of spiritual manifestations has no special attraction for him, yet he extends his aid to uphold all classes of media who honestly and fairly submit their manifestations to candid examination, whether the phases be of an intellectual, sympathetic, or physical character. It appears that a youth about 20 years of age introduced himself to Mr. Danskin and said that he, like the Davenport, could be freed without any effort of his own however securely he might be tied.

The youth having assented to Mr. Danskin's conditions, was handcuffed and tied with 96 feet of small rope run through a board made to his size and perforated with a number of holes through which the cord was passed and knotted at the back, and one part of the rope was knotted round the boy's neck in two loops. The boy being placed in the dark in an adjoining room, walked forth to Mr. Danskin and his friends in four minutes and a half carrying the rope, fetters, and board in his hands, none of

the knots being untied ; the loops which passed round his neck were just as they had been tied, and six or seven inches smaller than the medium's head. This fact made such an impression upon a gentleman who was present, that he had an *iron ring* made, seven inches smaller in circumference than the size of the boy's head, and brought it to Mr. Danskin asking him at his next *séance* to place it by the boy's side with the ropes and handcuffs, to see what would be done with it. This was tried several times without effect, but about 10 days after the iron ring was first brought, the boy, who was sitting in a dark room, Mr. Danskin and a number of his friends waiting in another, after a lapse of forty minutes called Mr. Danskin, who found the boy greatly excited, tied securely to a chair *with the iron ring round his neck*, and a portion of the rope around the ring. After carefully examining the ring the light was again extinguished, and upon entering the room in a few minutes they found the boy released from his fetters. This manifestation being repeated five or six times with the rope and handcuffs, they tried the experiment with the ring alone, and several times the iron ring was placed around the boy's neck in two or three minutes, whilst at other sittings 15 or 20 minutes would elapse before this extraordinary feat was accomplished, and occasionally the effort was unsuccessful.

The Rev. Mr. Forbes, the gentleman who suggested the ring, had another made, unknown to Mr. Danskin or the boy ; this ring was marked by four indentations, and substituted by Mr. Forbes in the dark for the first ring, without the knowledge of any one except the smith who made it. The manifestation was successful, though it occupied a longer time and caused great exhaustion to the medium.

Mr. Danskin says, "*The first ring had been thoroughly magnetised by the invisibles and this had not.* Had I known the intention of the parties, I would not have permitted it ; for although it was probably not meant to be unkind, it might have caused much annoyance and injury to the medium."

On another occasion, Mr. Danskin, a friend of his and the medium only being present, they joined hands, having thrown the ring some distance from them on the floor, and whilst sitting in this position, never having loosened their hold of each other, the ring was suddenly placed around Mr. Danskin's arm.

Most of these manifestations took place at Mr. Danskin's residence, and great interest having been excited by the wonderful phenomenon thus exhibited, he invited a party of twenty gentlemen, including one of the most learned and scientific celebrities of Baltimore to witness the fact. This gentleman, with two others, formed a committee to conduct the *séance*. The

ring was carefully examined and privately marked. The result was the same: after a few minutes, the boy walked into the room with the ring around his neck, and remained among the assembled guests for some twenty minutes to enable them all to make careful scrutiny of the astounding fact, that a solid iron ring, seven inches smaller in circumference than the boy's head, had, by some means, been placed around and taken off his neck in a few minutes. Mr. Danskin appends to his narrative a certificate, signed by thirty-one gentlemen, who attest the fact, and who say, "there was no possibility of fraud or deception."*

Mr. Horace Greely, editor of the *Tribune*, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," gives a chapter upon his spiritual experiences, in which he admits that "the jugglery hypothesis utterly fails to account for occurrences which I have personally witnessed," and that "certain developments strongly indicate that they do proceed from departed spirits." But he complains that nothing of any value is obtained by the investigations—that "they did not help to fish up the Atlantic cable nor find Sir John Frankin," that Spiritualism has not made the body of believers better men and women. He thinks that "those who discharge promptly and faithfully all their duties to those who still live in the flesh, can have little time for poking and peering into the life beyond the grave. Better attend to each world in its proper order;" and, he adds, "All that we have learned of them (the spirits) has added little or nothing to our knowledge, unless it be enabling us to answer with more confidence that old momentous question—If a man die shall he live again?" The *Banner* comments in just terms of severity upon this strange chapter in a busy man's life. It is enough for me to record it as AN EXTRAORDINARY SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION from America, so that our excellent journalists may be instructed by one of themselves. Be it known, then, that Mr. Horace Greely, the great Public Moralist, complains that Spiritualism does not make "better men and women—better husbands, wives, and children;" and though it certainly answers "that momentous question—If a man die shall he live again?" he thinks *that* is nothing compared with the importance of telling us how to fish up the Atlantic cable.

A SINGULAR DREAM.—THE "DOUBLE."

We have on record innumerable instances of remarkable dreams, and a goodly number of well-attested apparitional

* The law, whatever it may be, by which this ring phenomenon is accomplished, is, no doubt, the same as that by which the coat is removed and replaced in an instant with the Davenport, and by which solid substances are apparently brought through closed doors and taken away again.

appearances, both of the living and the dead, but I know of no instance of a dream and, so to speak, its embodiment in a tangible apparitional form, such as the following extraordinary case presents. Strange stories are of no value unless they are thoroughly well attested, and many therefore are not regarded with much attention which come to us upon the authority of chroniclers and witnesses who have long passed away.* The following case, however, I have received from a gentleman who cannot be reasonably discredited. The occurrence is of comparatively recent date, the actors are living in England, and I have their names and places of residence.

The Rev. George Blank lives at B——, in Yorkshire, and upon the authority of my informant, to whom he is known, he is described as “a perfectly credible, sensible, matter-of-fact man, not likely to be deceived.” His brother John resides at the town of A——, in Northumberland, where the brothers have some house property. Early one morning the clergyman awoke his wife and said, “I have had a very singular dream, and all the incidents are so strongly impressed upon my mind that I am disturbed and puzzled by them. I have dreamt that I found myself standing at my brother’s house in A——; that I rang the bell, knocked at the door, and made a frightful noise; and that at length arousing John, he appeared at his bed-room window in his night dress, and demanded to know who was creating such disturbance. I then began a long harangue, calling him all

* Mr. Charles Partridge, of New York, a gentleman well known among Spiritualists, with whom I am personally acquainted, related some years ago an incident that occurred to himself, which goes to prove that the spirit of the man, whilst the man himself is sleeping, may perform acts of which he in his normal condition is wholly unconscious. Mr. Partridge had written a note to the gentleman at whose house the celebrated “miracle circle” held their sittings, to ask the favour of joining the party at their next *séance*, which was granted. When Mr. Partridge came to the circle he was surprised to hear that the gentleman of the house had received a second note from him, couched in very offensive terms, which he, Mr. Partridge, denied having written. It was then shown to him, and he was obliged to admit that it was indeed his handwriting and his usual signature, but he protested that he had no knowledge whatever of its existence, and could in no way explain the fact. He then appealed to the spirits present, and the following colloquy ensued, the answers being written rapidly through the medium’s hand:—“Who wrote the letter in question bearing my signature?” “*You wrote it.*” “If I really did write the letter, under what circumstances was it done?” “Perhaps I make too general an assertion when I say *you*, as you *now* are, wrote it.” “Explain, if you please.” “When you enter that state of unconsciousness known to you mortals as sleep, your soul is not always in your body. You wrote it *when your body was asleep, and your soul was absent from it!* It is not necessary a body should be dead that a soul should be absent from it. *Life, soul, and mind are three entirely different things, each independent of the other. Your soul was absent although your mind and life were in your dormant body.*” Mr. Partridge was then told the time and place when and where it occurred, which tended to satisfy him of the possible fact, but he had, as he avers, no recollection or knowledge of writing the note.

manner of names, and abusing him coarsely for having mis-managed some property of ours. I never used such language in my life, and the whole affair has a reality about it that I never experienced before after any dream."

Mrs. Blank naturally suggested that it was only a dream, and nothing more was thought of it until the second morning, when they were greatly astonished at receiving a letter from John, in which he informed them "that on the previous night he was roused from his bed by a tremendous knocking at his door, and upon going to the window, he beheld to his amazement his brother George, who used the most abominable language, abusing him about the house property. John descended and let his brother in, and the high words which ensued brought down John's wife, who feared that the brothers would come to blows. The interview, however, was brought to a close by George suddenly jumping up and rushing out of the house to catch the mail which would bring him home.

I have said that I know of no story like the foregoing; but its publication may bring out others of a similar character, which, upon equally good testimony, I shall be glad to receive and to record in this Magazine.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON SPECIAL PROVIDENCE AND PRAYER.

OBJECTIONS have been taken, on various grounds, to my article in the April number on "Special Providence and Prayer," which seem to me to call for a few words by way of explanation, and in further elucidation of the subject.

Exception has been taken to the instances given as "not proven" by sufficient evidence; and also, as being if true, insufficient to establish the view they were quoted to support. This objection, I may say, is founded on an entire misconception of the purpose for which these instances were adduced, which was not *demonstration*, but "*illustration*,"—to set forth by "example" what is "ordinarily understood" by the "doctrines" on which discussion was invited. Were instances ever so badly chosen this would not affect the argument they were designed to illustrate, which rests upon its own proper merits. I had premised that I was "writing chiefly for Spiritualists," and had assumed, as I think I was justified in doing, that "about the facts which constitute the premiss of the argument we apprehend there is no difference among well-informed Spiritualists;" for whatever may be thought of the particular narratives cited, Spiritualists are too

familiar with facts of this order to call in question the general truth of such occurrences; the point immediately at issue was not as to the truth of this class of facts, which on both sides is admitted, but as to their bearing on the subject in controversy. For further facts in evidence I referred to a previous article.

Again, the correspondent who had invited the discussion of the subject intimates that "as regards the efficacy of prayer, the enunciated doctrine appears at variance with recorded experience;" and he especially refers to cases of instantaneous cure of long-standing diseases "by prayer *alone*, after all natural means had failed." But I entirely fail to see any "variance" between these facts and my statements; they might more appropriately be quoted in illustration of them, though the averment that "these cures have been wrought by prayer *alone*," if intended to be understood in its strict literal sense is, I think, unwarranted either by philosophy or religion; as a moment's reflection will suffice to shew. Our supplication to the Almighty that the sufferer may be restored to health is itself an acknowledgment that the power of cure rests not in the prayer, but in Him. Whether that power operates by direct communication, or by ministering spirits, through the will and magnetic force of an interceding friend, or through the faith of the suppliant sufferer, and the quickening of the nervous and vital powers, matters not: prayer is simply the condition, or, one of the conditions of cure, not its efficient cause. It does not even follow because prayer is the only *visible* means of cure, that therefore it is the only means actually put in operation to that end.

In attempting to give to the subject of prayer a more broad and comprehensive signification than that under which it is often conventionally regarded, I by no means derogate from its value or its sanctity. Praise and prayer ascends from every creature, but from each according to its kind. "All Thy works praise Thee, O God, and Thy saints *they* bless Thee." That which in the animal is instinctive, in man is rational, spiritual, and can alone, as a conscious, voluntary, intelligent state and act, be fitly characterised as worship in its highest sense; for in him alone is it communion with a kindred, though an infinitely higher, nature. Hence, true prayer (for we speak not of perfunctory gabble, or of prayers worked off by machinery and set in motion by the wind),—the earnest aspiration of the soul for God—that it may be lifted nearer to Him—that its springs of action may be quickened by its nearer communion with Him, and that it may be filled with His infinite purity and peace cannot fail to elevate the worshipper; to purify the fountains of his life; to strengthen him for all needful and noble work. Nay, more,

by rendering him through higher states more open to influx from the spirit-world, by inducing more receptive conditions, and through the intimate relations existing between soul and body, it is eminently conducive to the communication of health, the restoration of the bodily powers, and other temporal blessings. Prayer is, however, eminently a spiritual act, and though it may conduce to even our physical welfare, its blessings must be looked for in the spiritual rather than in the temporal sphere. It is true, as our correspondent avers, that many a want is in earth-life unsupplied; many a petition spoken and unspoken is not granted. The sense of want—the desire—must exist as a necessary antecedent condition of supply, but it is not a compelling power, and though the want may be real, and the desire sincere, there may be many reasons we know not of, but present to a higher wisdom, why the boon should be withheld. Some reasons, however, why this may be, are sufficiently obvious.

In the first place, it is a wise ordination of Providence that the material is subordinate to the spiritual. Our present life must be regarded not as if it were isolated, and had no further issues, or as if it were given us as to the inferior creatures, for itself alone; but chiefly in relation to its influence in preparing us for the higher spheres of action—the true eternal life beyond the visible fleeting shows of time. In this view, a temporal good, such as health, may be withheld, notwithstanding our prayers, that thereby a spiritual good may be outwrought. If, then, the main purpose of human life on earth is the education of character, pain and suffering in some form or other may be part of the necessary discipline to that end. How often do we see the dross purged from the fine gold of character by thus passing through the fires of suffering! Nor are its uses limited to the sufferer. How many a blessed and much-needed lesson of humility, patience, resignation, of pious trust, of kindly feeling and sympathy with others is learned upon the sick bed! How often has it been the means of drawing out the affection and tender care, and helpful solicitude, and many another noble quality in the family and household! How often has the example of suffering borne with meekness and fortitude been as it were a daily sermon, more eloquent than speech!

Sweet, too, are the uses of adversity! Lear, as king, in the plenitude of absolute authority, is self-willed, proud, passionate, pitiless, resentful of honest advisers, but drinking in base flatteries with greedy ear; duped by large speeches and hollow protestations, and blind to that true deep affection which cannot heave the heart into the mouth, but can only "love, and be silent." But Lear, stript of power, destitute and friendless,

wandering in the wild night, his grey discrownèd head exposed

and driven
To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder,

To hovel with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw,

learns to feel for "houseless poverty:"—

Poor naked creatures, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

And so, God as the Great Physician often prescribes suffering, sickness, adversity, as the "physic" needed to the cure of selfishness—the soul's deep-seated inveterate disease. And so, and often only so, like Lear, through sharp, bitter experience, we gain a depth of insight, a large and generous sympathy to which in prosperity and power we could not have attained.

It is then happy for us that in respect of physical and temporal good our prayers are not always answered, or rather, that they are answered better than in the particular modes which we in our short-sighted wisdom had desired.

Nor should pain and sickness be regarded as arbitrary, penal inflictions. They are the sentinels that warn us of danger, the guardian angels that watch over and protect us from destruction. When the young child places his hand in the fire, but for the instant monition of pain he would probably suffer it to remain there till the hand was utterly burned. But for the sharp pangs of cold and hunger where would have been the original incentive to exertion? And but for the physical evils flowing from excess how many would suffer their appetites to run riot? But for leprosy, plague, sweating sickness, cholera, and fever, our atmosphere would still be laden with miasma and pollution, and our cities be swarmeries of vermin, reeking with foulness and filth. Sickness and suffering are our kind beneficent instructors compelling us to study our own nature, its relations to the external world, and the conditions on which its health and interests depend. They may be called our physical conscience, warning us where we trespass, and by sharp rebukes urging us into the paths of wisdom and safety. They are God's voice speaking to us from a loftier eminence, and with more universal and binding conditions for good and evil, than either those of Gerizim or Ebal—"Thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments."

Could man neglect these commands, or violate them with

impunity, trusting to the efficacy of prayer and the interpositions of Providence to repair the breach of them, and avert their consequences, not only would the Order of the Universe be inverted, but he would be himself immeasurably degraded; instead of a free, active, rational, progressive being, with large discourse looking before and after; no longer relying on the constancies of Nature, or the exercise of his own intelligence, or impelled to vigorous thought and action by his necessities and constitution, he would be no more than a passive instrument;—a mere animal, moved wholly by forces from without, or by implanted instincts; whose course, as he drifted on his path, might indeed, be watched by higher natures with a sort of pitying interest, but with no communion of sympathy, no sense of fellowship, no touch of that common nature which makes the whole world kin.

That the actual course of the Divine Providence is in all respects the best for us, is alike the faith of genuine piety and of enlightened reason. It is asked,—why those occasional instances of its manifestation which stand out so marked in some experiences are not constant and universal?—would not this more fully evidence the reality of a spiritual world and an overruling Providence? I think not. Were they thus common, were prayer uniformly followed by the attainment of that which we desire, not only would our apprehension of the true providential nature of these facts be dulled by their regular recurrence, but this regularity would itself be urged as evidence that they occurred by some law of natural and necessary sequence—that so far from being evidence of any spiritual and divine administration, they actually excluded such an hypothesis,—just as we are told that the uniformities of Nature exhibit only the necessary operation of forces and laws, and exclude the hypothesis of a Personal Being—the Ordainer of this universal Order. That which we demand as evidence would in fact destroy its very character to us as evidence; would defeat the very end for which we seek it. On the other hand, were there no such instances the believer might well be disheartened and the scoffer would stand unrebuked. The withdrawal of that which has been to so many a solace and a stay, which has so largely contributed to sustain the faith of men in an invisible world and a Divine Providence would be, indeed, an irreparable loss!

God requires all men to be faithful to their several gifts, and these, in measure, are different in each:—to one, mechanical skill, that he may exercise it in invention or in handicraft; to another, perception of beauty in colour and form, that he may give to it expression on glowing canvas or breathing marble, filling the galleries of the mind with forms of truth, loveliness and grace,

and that he may interpret something of those inner subtle meanings and relations, growing out of that spiritual element from which all things subsist, and which we so dimly comprehend. The man gifted with natural sagacity and forethought is bound to exercise his penetration and his prudence, though not for himself alone. And he who more than his fellows, is endowed with the affluence of earnest faith,—with a deep and abiding trust in the goodness and loving care of the All-Father, and who feels within him the call to some earnest and self-denying work, shall not he, too, be true to his nature, and shall not he receive according to his faithfulness and his needs? For they whom Providence thus signally marks out are not men in whom prayer and trust minister to selfishness and indolence, but men whose hearts are filled with some worthy self-denying purpose;—to teach the ignorant, reclaim the erring, provide for the orphan, or some other form of missionary and apostolic labour. As God raises up leaders of men, inventors, statesmen, poets, so he from time to time raises up these men,—among other purposes, as living examples of the sympathy and intimate relation between the natural and the spiritual worlds, and of a Divine Order ruling Nature, and beyond it. This, at least, however imperfectly I may have expressed it, seems to me something of the Philosophy of Special Providence and Prayer. T. S.

WILLIAM HOWITT ON "SPIRITUALISM."

WE extract the following vigorous exposition from *The Dunfermline Press*, July 4th:—

"A correspondent who found fault with our animadversions on 'Spiritualism,' as contained in an article, entitled 'Imposture and Credulity,' which appeared in the *Press* of June 13, sends us the following letter on the subject from William Howitt, of London. As some of our readers will no doubt like to hear what so eminent a *litterateur* has to say on so keenly contested a subject, we make no apology for occupying so much valuable space with his communication. The letter, it will be observed, is addressed to our Alva correspondent, who is himself an enthusiast on the subject:—

"Sir,—I am much obliged to you for a copy of the *Dunfermline Saturday Press*, containing the letter of 'A Working Man,' and the editor's remarks upon it. The 'Working Man' is perfectly right both in his facts and his arguments. It is true that Spiritualism, since its revival in America about twenty years ago—for it is only a revival, having existed in every age and country before, and numbered the greatest

intellects of all those ages and countries—has made more rapid, and at the same time, steady progress, than any other cause whatever—Christianity not excepted. In that short space of time it has attracted *Twenty Millions* of adherents. And by what means? Not by violent and fanatic agitation; not by vehement preaching and partizan canvassing; but simply by a calm and sensible examination of its facts. The editor of the *Dunfermline Press* says that ‘a cause is not to be decided by numbers.’ True, but numbers, and intellect, and character combined, must determine the value of any cause. And who are the men who have in every country embraced Spiritualism? The rabble? the ignorant? the fanatic? By no means. But the most intelligent and able men of all classes. When such is the case, surely it becomes the ‘majority of reflecting men,’ to use the words of your editor, to reflect on these facts. Let numbers go for nothing; but, when the numbers add also first-rate position, pre-eminent abilities, largest experience of men and their doings, weight of moral, religious, scientific, and political character, then the man who does not look into what these declare to be truth, is not a reflecting, but a very foolish and prejudiced man. Now, it is very remarkable that, when we proceed to enumerate the leading men who have embraced modern Spiritualism, we begin also to enumerate the pre-eminent intellects and characters of the age. In America you justly say that the shrewd and honest Abraham Lincoln was a Spiritualist. He was a devoted one. So also were, and are, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen and Judge Edmonds, so was Professor Hare. You are right in all these particulars. In fact, almost every eminent man in the American Government is a Spiritualist. Garrison, whom the anti-Spiritualists were so lately and enthusiastically fêting in England, for his zealous services in the extinction of negro slavery, is an avowed Spiritualist. Horace Greeley, the editor of *The Tribune*, a man whose masterly political reasoning has done more than any man to direct the course of American politics, is a devoted Spiritualist. Longfellow, the poet, now in England, and just treated with the highest honours by the University of Cambridge, and about to be fêted by the whole literary world of England, is, and has long and openly been, a Spiritualist. But I might run over the majority of the great names of America. Turn to France. The shrewd Emperor, the illustrious Victor Hugo, the sage and able statesman Guizot, one of the most powerful champions of Christianity, are Spiritualists. So is Garibaldi, in Italy. In England, you might name a very long and distinguished list of men and women, of all classes, Spiritualists. If you had the authority you might mention names which would startle

no little those who affect to sneer at Spiritualism. It is confidently said that a Spiritualist sits on the throne of these realms, as we know that such do sit on those of the greatest nations of Europe. We know that the members of some of the chief ducal houses of Scotland, and of the noble houses of Ireland and England are Spiritualists. Are all these people likely to plunge their heads and their reputations into an unpopular cause without first looking well into it? But then, say the opponents, the scientific don't affect it. They must greatly qualify this assertion, for many and eminent scientific men have had the sense and the courage to look into it, and have found it a great truth. The editor of the *Dunfermline Press* remarks on your observations regarding Robert Chambers, that *Chambers' Journal* of the 13th of May last, has a certain article not flattering to Spiritualism. True, but not the less is Robert Chambers an avowed Spiritualist, and boldly came forward on the Home and Lyon trial, to express his faith in Mr. Home. The editor might quote articles in the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Star*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, against Spiritualism, yet it is a well-known fact that on all these journals some of their ablest writers are Spiritualists; but it is not always prudent for a man to say what he is. This is not an age in love with martyrdom. But as to the scientific men. The editor is very ill informed when he says that Faraday 'speedily stripped Spiritualism of its mystery.' Nothing is better known throughout all London circles than that Faraday, on that occasion, made a gross blunder, and became the laughing-stock of even scientific men for it. He attributed the turning of tables to involuntary muscular action in the persons who, at *séances*, put their hands on them. But immediately tables not only moved, but rose into the air out of the reach of any hands. I, and thousands, have seen them do so often. Such things are more common than the rising of balloons. Nor was the moving of tables the only phenomena. Knocks were heard on floors, on walls, on ceilings quite out of the reach of hands. Every one who has seen the Davenport's—and all Europe has now seen them—knows that instruments fly about visibly in the air, quite beyond touch of hands. In the *séances* in London, attended by men and women of the highest intelligence and tact, flowers, fruit, birds even come through locked doors and barred shutters; spirit hands are felt, spirit voices heard; music is played on instruments that no hands can touch; drawings, writings, and singing are done by no visible persons. And who witness all these things from day to day? Scientific men, eminent lawyers, and literary men. It was the knowledge of these things which made Faraday see what a fool a wise man

may make of himself, and which made him take care not to commit himself a second time. But people, you say, continue to remark, 'If scientific men *would* but examine these things?' In the first place, I have always asserted that scientific men are not the men to decide such questions. They have their prejudices and their theories which disqualify them. They have no instruments to lay hold of spirits; they mock at all their retorts, their galvanic and electrical batteries, and their chemical tests. In all ages the learned have been the opponents of new ideas. They poisoned Socrates, they crucified Christ, they declared him and St. Paul mad. When Newton promulgated the doctrine of specific gravity, they jeered at it; and his biographer says that at the time of his death not forty persons out of England believed in it. When Solomon de Caus, in France, discovered the power of steam, they shut him up in the Bicêtre as a madman. Columbus was declared a madman by the learned men of Spain for asserting that there was a great continent westward. When Franklin sent the account of his identification of lightning with electricity to the Royal Society of London, it refused to print it; and it was not till Dr. Fothergill published the paper that it reached the community at large. In his turn Franklin treated Mesmer as an impostor; and, in fact, we might run over a whole volume of proofs of the total unfitness of scientific men, as a class, to judge of new facts and ideas. And yet numbers of scientific men have embraced Spiritualism. Dr. Hare, mentioned by you, was a great electrician, rated by the Americans little, if any, inferior to Faraday. He did exactly what people now want scientific men to do. He thought Spiritualism a humbug, and went regularly into an inquiry in order to expose it. But it did—as it has done in every case that I have heard of, where scientific men have gone candidly and fairly into the examination—after two years of testing and proving, it convinced him of its truth. Dr. Elliotson, a very scientific man, and for years violently opposed to Spiritualism, so soon as he was willing to inquire, became convinced, and now blesses God for the knowledge of it. Dr. Ashburner, his fellow editor of the *Zoist*, has also long been an avowed Spiritualist. Mr. Alfred Wallace, a scientific man and excellent naturalist, who was on the Amazon with Mr. Bates, has published his conviction of its truth. Sir Charles Wheatstone, some time ago, on seeing some remarkable phenomena in his own house, declared them real. And just now, on the Home and Lyon trial, the public have seen Mr. Varley, a man of first-rate science, the electrician to the Electric and International and the Atlantic Telegraph Companies, come forward and make affidavit of his having investigated the facts of Spiritualism, and found them real. Now, after such cases, why this continual cry

out for examination by scientific men? Scientific men of the first stamp *have* examined and reported that it is a great fact. Scientific men by the hundred and the thousand have done it, and yet the crowd go on crying for a scientific man. Why? Simply because it is much easier to open their mouths and bleat as sheep do in a flock than exert their minds and their senses. It is time that all this folly had an end. There are now more Spiritualists than would populate Scotland seven times over at its present scale of population; and surely the testimony of such a multitude, including statesmen, philosophers, historians, and scientific men too, is as absolutely decisive as any mortal matter can be. And pray, my good friend, don't trouble yourself that your neighbours call you mad. You are mad in most excellent company. All the great men of all ages who have introduced or accepted new ideas were mad in the eyes of their contemporaries. As I have said, Socrates and Christ and St. Paul were mad; Galileo was mad; De Caus was mad; Thomas Gray, who first advocated railways, was declared by the *Edinburgh Review* mad as a March hare. They are the illustrious tribe of madmen by whom the world is propelled, widened as by Columbus, and enlightened as by Bacon, Newton, Des Cartes, and the rest of them, who were all declared mad in their turn. And don't be anxious about Spiritualism. From the first moment of its appearance to this it has moved on totally unconcerned and unharmed amidst every species of opposition, misrepresentation, lying, and obstruction, and yet has daily and hourly grown, and spread, and strengthened, as if no such evil influences were assailing it. Like the sun, it has travelled on its course unconscious of the clouds beneath it. Like the ocean, it has rolled its billows over the slimy creatures at its bottom, and dashed its majestic waves over every proud man who dared to tread within its limits. And whence comes this? Obviously, from the hand which is behind it—the hand of the Great Ruler of the Universe. For my part, having long perceived this great fact, I have ceased to care what people say or do against Spiritualism; to care who believes or does not believe; who comes into it or stays out; certain that it is as much a part of God's economy of the universe as the light of the sun, and will, therefore, go on and do its work, without our efforts to oppose or advance it.—Yours faithfully,—WM. HOWITT.

“P.S.—I do not enter into the Home and Lyon question. Whatever may be the real merits of that case, Mr. Home, as you say, is but one small atom in the great system of Spiritualism. Its truth in no degree depends on the individuals who profess it, any more than does Christianity on its individual professors.

“Mr. W. Gray, Weaver, Alva.”

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PREDICTION OF DEATH.—CAPTAIN DE MORGAN.

IN the "Evidences of Spiritualism in Modern Works of History and Literature," in our last number, at page 308, it is said, "In 1778, at the taking of Pondicherry, Captain John Fletcher, Captain De Morgan and Lieutenant Bosanquet, each distinctly foretold his own death on mornings of their fate." This was taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We have the authority of Professor De Morgan to say that Captain De Morgan was his grandfather, and that it is true, according to family tradition, that he distinctly foretold his death, shortly before it happened, at the siege of Pondicherry, in 1778, as stated. He saw that the sap was improperly exposed to the fire of the besieged, and he represented that to the Chief Engineer, who, however, could see nothing wrong. They went together to the Commander-in-Chief, who naturally sided with the Chief Engineer. Captain De Morgan said that he had nothing left but to make his will; and his head was taken off by a cannon ball in due course. Professor De Morgan supposes that the other officers, Fletcher and Bosanquet, must have been posted in the same part of the sap, and had the same presentiment, and for the same reason. This explanation certainly shews that those officers were in a very perilous position, calculated to impress upon them pretty strongly that they should get killed; but it does not, perhaps, quite clear up the presentiment that they should be killed on that very day.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS AND THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

There has been a long correspondence between the secretary of the society and Mr. Cooper, with respect to "a scientific investigation" of the Davenport and Fay phenomena. It ended in a meeting at which a committee was present, who reported that "they had seen nothing which was not capable of easy explanation." We are informed that the *séance* was decidedly a poor one, and which the Davenports attributed to the extremely zealous scepticism of the committee who clustered round the cabinet, destroying the condition of insulation, to secure which alone the cabinet is used; and worst of all, that they tied the mediums so tightly as to produce considerable pain—the system adopted being to tie the wrists together, and then to wind the cord between the wrists, so as to increase the tension. The committee did not feel the pain, and so they decided the

Davenports did not feel any, and they did not see fit to slacken the cords. These scientific investigations appear to us to be very unscientific, and self-destructive. We hope there will be no more of them.

THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT AND MR. FAY.

These gentlemen are now returning to America after several years' sojourn in Europe, and after having performed some thousands of times in the principal countries of Europe, and having submitted to the strictest investigation by all classes of persons, from Emperors down to conjurors, and roughs of the lowest kind. But all this goes for nothing, whenever some person chooses to awake from his lethargy, and to ask for "a scientific investigation." A scientific investigation means generally the insisting upon preliminary conditions, which would render it impossible to do anything. This was made pretty clear by the Faraday-Tyndall manifestoes. The last instance of the kind is furnished by a Mr. Hopley, who has published a pamphlet of his correspondence with Mr. Cooper requesting such an investigation, and which came to nothing, as we hope all such will do. We have before us a letter of Mr. Paget, the eminent surgeon, who was to have been on the committee, and we remember to have seen a former letter of his, in which he said he would decline to investigate anything that occurred in the dark. Seeing that the most wonderful phenomena of the Davenports and Mr. Fay occur in the dark *séances*, he would not have made a first-rate investigator. How would he have shown the phosphorus lights flying about the room in the light? We wonder he does not object to the stars, for not being visible in the daytime; or like the negro, wonder why the moon only shines on the light nights, when it would be so much more useful in the dark nights. It is a pity Mr. Hopley went to the expense of printing his futile correspondence.

RECENT ALLEGED CASE OF CURE BY DR. NEWTON.

The Reverend Frederic Rowland Young, Unitarian minister of Swindon, Wilts, has for years been a severe sufferer from neuralgia in the head: the effects of it have been so prostrating as to incapacitate him frequently for the discharge of his ministerial duties. At one period, he was obliged to retire from them for a whole year. At times the attacks threw him into a state of utter insensibility, in which he would frequently continue for many hours. Finding all medical aid useless he, this spring, sailed for the United States, to try what Dr. Newton could do

SIGNAL NOTES.

CAPTAIN DE MORGAN.

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THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

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for him, by laying on of hands. He has written to his friends, assuring them that he finds himself quite cured; that he has witnessed extraordinary cases of cure in other persons, by Dr. Newton, and that he believes he has himself acquired considerable healing power, which he means to test on his return. We have seen his letter containing these particulars; and we have just received a letter also from Dr. Newton, in which he says, he believes that "Mr. Young is cured of his neuralgia." That "Mr. Young witnessed a good cure of a young lady brought here on a bed—not having walked for three years. By a few minutes' treatment she was restored to health, and walked a full mile. This case influenced many others from the same place. I was sent for thither, to see a man so low with paralysis that he was given over by the physicians, who said that he could not live 24 hours. By a few minutes' treatment he was perfectly restored to health. I have seen him since, and he is as well as any man."

Dr. Newton adds, "I write these things knowing the interest which you take in the law of healing, the greatest of all powers for the establishment of our faith in communication and influence from the spirit-world."

Mr. Young intends to publish the particulars of his cure on his return, with other facts witnessed by him amongst the American Spiritualists. This brief announcement may prepare the way for still more interesting information.

HOME AND LYON.

We are informed that Mr. Home has entered his appeal to the Lord Chancellor against the recent decision of the Vice-Chancellor Giffard. Mrs. Lyon having refused to return the valuable jewellery and other articles lent her by Mr. Home, he has brought an action against her for the return of them, and it was to have been tried at the next assizes for Guildford, but she has since offered to return the jewellery.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" AND MR. TYNDALL.

We have had forwarded to us the copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Jencken to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, during the controversy raised by Mr. Tyndall. It did not suit the *Pall Mall Gazette* to give it insertion; and we hear also of letters addressed to it by other persons of eminence and repute, of whom Mr. A. R. Wallace was one, but which, being in favour of Spiritualism, were refused insertion. This is the paper which says of itself, that it is written by gentlemen for gentlemen. If this be so, we are glad they have mentioned it; for otherwise we should certainly

not have known that gentlemen acted in such a manner. These gentlemen systematically excluded every letter in favour of Spiritualism, and only admitted Mr. Home's letter as a gentleman turns a rat out of a trap to set his dogs upon it. So the silly letters of Messrs. Tyndall, Palgrave, and Lewes swam together among the apples in a very happy way.

Professor Tyndall, instead of answering the letters which have been addressed to him, has got the *Pall Mall Gazette* to reprint some former inconclusive remarks of his. We invite him to give us his remarks upon Mr. Varley's letter. The following is Mr Jencken's letter:—

“To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

“Sir,—I am somewhat surprised that Professor Tyndall should have volunteered to have re-opened the *questio vexata* of the fact of the happening of spiritual phenomena, but as he has done so it may not be considered out of place to answer his letter by stating some of the phenomena I have witnessed, and which were quite conclusive as to the occurring of these manifestations, without any aid from external human agency. The learned Professor lays great stress upon the fact of his muscles having stopped the movement of the table, and further, that the raps or knocks he heard were not such as to be beyond doubt, sounds produced by agencies not human. I will accept the challenge on these two points, namely, movement of a body and raps or knocks produced by an agency apart from any one in the room. The *séance* I am about to narrate was held at the house of a lady whose name and position preclude all possibility of connivance. The witnesses present—and more particularly the two gentlemen who examined the phenomena as they occurred—were men in a very prominent position in life, and if title can add to the value of testimony of a witness they possess this qualification also. The table we were seated at did not move, but a side table, an oval shaped drawing room table, at a distance of six to seven feet from Mr. Home, tilted, and loud raps were heard upon it. It was then suggested that these two gentlemen should seat themselves on the floor and watch the movements, and which, as the room was well lighted, and the candles so placed as to throw a clear light upon the table, made their investigation satisfactory. The table tilted, then raised itself off the ground 12 to 18 inches, remained suspended in space for about a minute, and then gradually descended. Again it raised itself, tilted, and loud knocks were heard on the pedestal, underneath the leaf of the table, and on the table; and, what added to the interest, mental questions were answered by knocks upon it. I give the facts as they occurred, and I put it to the learned professor in what

other way he would have investigated? The unexplained part remains, and until the statements of men such as Mr. Varley and Mr. De Morgan, whose veracity cannot be doubted, are disproved, the public have a right to say that the learned professor has been too hasty in his conclusions.

“ Your obedient Servant,
“ H. D. JENCKEN.”

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GUNNING.

MR. COLEMAN has sent us for publication the following letter, which he has just received from Professor Gunning, of Boston, the geologist, who is already favourably known to our readers, and in America as an eminent geologist:—

“ MY DEAR MR. COLEMAN,

“ The memories I cherish of friends I met on your island, and of your faith, prompt me to send you a few words—not about ‘American Spiritualism,’ for I am not one of its apostles—I am what in our war times we call ‘a bummer’—that is, I forage for truth on my own account. As to ‘American Spiritualism,’ there is so much abysmal nonsense in it that it takes a brave soul to search through all this for its sense and its philosophy. But this must be done by some one. In the service of the race it must be done. The mole and the bat have their place in the scheme of nature, and must have their place in our zoology. Quite as important are they to science, as the eagle and the lark. As well attempt to read the mole out of existence on *à priori* views of nature as to read the ‘rap,’ or the ‘trance’ out of existence on *à priori* views of spirit. I talked with one of your highest English thinkers, and in the course of the conversation he referred to a great naturalist. ‘Mr. Spencer,’ said I, ‘do you know that Mr.— has become a Spiritualist?’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘and I am greatly surprised.’ ‘Did you ever look at the phenomena?’ ‘No,’ he said, ‘I never did. I have settled this question in my own mind on *à priori* grounds.’ Now, Herbert Spencer, for whose power as a thinker no one has a higher respect than myself, is writing a great work on psychology; and he settles these questions of Odyle, of trance, of obsession, involving the very *nature* of the soul and its powers, on *à priori* grounds. The *savans* had settled the impossibility of meteoric stones, *à priori*. But things settled in that way won’t stay settled. I am of such mould that my philosophy must creep along over facts.

“ A few weeks ago a gentleman of great intelligence invited me to come to his house and pass an evening. I called accordingly, and he told me that certain strange phenomena occurred in the presence of his little boy Harry who is only seven years old. The evening was already far spent and the child was sleepy. His father placed him on a little chair near a centre table, which he did not touch. No one touched it. Soon we heard raps—a shower of raps all over the table. They continued, loud and strong, for some minutes, and then died away, growing fainter and fainter till they were gone. I observed then that little Harry was asleep. I roused him and the raps began again, strong as at first. Again they grew fainter as the child grew drowsy, and when he fell asleep, they ceased altogether. This was something new to me. I am convinced that it has an important place in the philosophy, which is to explain the ‘rapping.’ Some wise men will say, ‘it explains the whole thing. When Harry was awake he could rap, when he went to sleep he couldn’t.’ A trim reckoning! but it won’t do. Of one thing you may be perfectly sure. *The child has no conscious agency in causing these raps.*

“ My host said ‘I wish you would talk with that. I think you’ll find intelligence at the other end.’ We agreed on certain symbols, and the intelligence gave me the name of Eben C. Frost, teacher of music. We had never heard of such a man. Some common places were spelled out and I said, ‘Mr Frost, is your wife with you? A loud No! ‘Perhaps I am too fast, were you married?’ Three faint, hesitating raps, as if to say ‘Y—e—s—doubtfully—married.’ He, it—whatever you please—went on to say that he had been unhappily married, and then he gave me a message to deliver to an eminent reformer living in another part of the State. Sometime after this I spent an evening with this gentleman. I told him I bore a message to him from an old friend. ‘Who is it?’ he said. I answered, ‘Well, I never heard of him; he introduced himself to me as Eben C. Frost.’ ‘You’re certainly mistaken,’ said my friend, ‘I knew a man of that name, but he died two years ago.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘this man told me that people called him dead, but he was sure he wasn’t dead.’ I told my friend what was said about the unhappy marriage, and gave him the message. He told me it was true that Frost had been unhappily married, and had separated from his wife, but that few, even of his friends, knew it. He told me the message was characteristic, and a little incident referred to, was correctly stated.

“ Now, what shall we make of all this? Suppose you sit in a telegraph office and a message comes to you. It is clicked or rapped out on the dial as this message was on the table. You

are very sure an intelligence controls the other end. You are *not* sure who it is. He gives you a name. You have never heard of it. He gives you incidents in his life. You afterwards learn that there *is* such a man, and the things told you by telegraph were characteristic of him. You will say, now he is identified. But some things he telegraphed to you were trivial, silly, utterly unworthy of him. Here is a perplexity. The cases are parallel. Some things which professed to come from Frost were stupid beyond endurance. At this stage of the investigation many intelligent men are repelled. We have nonsense enough on this side, and do not care for phenomena which seem to prove that if death clothes a man with immortality it strips him of his brains. We can see how the power to telegraph rose and fell with the ebb and flow of Odyle—that vital battery in the organism of the child. How does the battery affect the quality of thought?

“ In another letter I shall have something to say about the celestial nonsense of Eben C. Frost, aforetime terrestrial teacher of music.

Very truly yours,
W. D. GUNNING.

Boston, U.S.A.”

Correspondence.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—At your request I reply to the question of “Fideles.” I did not reply before, because I did not like his curt demand for “a clear and explicit answer.” I am not in the habit of giving answers that are *not* “clear and explicit.”

First,—I do not know whether “the body in which our Divine Saviour rose from the dead” was “the *same body* in which he suffered and died.” I rather think not, especially when I remember that, after his resurrection, when “the doors were shut,” he came suddenly “and stood in the midst” of his disciples.

Second,—I do not believe that the reference to being raised “in the *likeness of His resurrection*” has anything to do with any resurrection after death. The passage occurs Romans vi., 5, and any one may see that the apostle is speaking of rising to newness of life *here*, after baptism.

Third,—I have no “theory concerning a *spiritual resurrection only*.” I only say what St. Paul says when I affirm that “there is a natural body *and* there is a spiritual body.” The first dies, is buried, and disappears for ever: the second “enters into life.”

Fourth,—I do not know what will become of my body, and I do not care. I only hope I shall never have it back again when I once get rid of it.

Fifth,—When “Fideles” talks of a “*spiritual resurrection only*,” it is to me as though a man talked of bank notes “only” when it was a choice between bank notes and coppers.—Heartily yours,

Dukinfield, July 10, 1868.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.