

THE  
Spiritual Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

RE-INCARNATION, ITS CHAMPIONS AND  
DELUSIONS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE gross and pagan delusion of Re-incarnation has been ably exposed any time these last ten years in the pages of this Magazine, and notwithstanding the lively assertions of Signor Damiani, in my opinion, most successfully. I am perfectly familiar with the arguments of most of the journals, French as well as English, to which he has recently referred, in proof of the crushing reasonings of the Re-incarnationists; but my memory, which is pretty good, fails to bring before me any of the victorious logic of the enemy which he seems to have a happy dream of. Signor Damiani has, however, particularly directed his remarks to our friend Shorter, and I most gladly consign him to hands so capable of giving him a worthy reception. Still, there are a few points of the topic to which I desire to draw generally the attention of the revivers of the long-exploded pagan delusion—this deplorable doctrine of heathen philosophy, so-called.

In the first place, I would beg them not to rely on the numbers of their belief, whether in India or elsewhere; for if numbers constitute truth, then the most gross fetishism is the truth superlatively. Error has always had a peculiar fascination for erring humanity. Statistics show us, and we will take those of Balbi and Dieterici—both, I believe, Signor Damiani's countrymen—that the different religions in the world count something in these proportions:—

Jews	...	...	...	...	5,000,000
Mahometans	...	...	...	...	155,000,000
Roman Catholics	...	...	...	...	160,000,000
Christians	...	...	...	...	225,000,000
Idolators of all kinds	...	...	...	...	800,000,000

Now we will not say if these figures, but these proportions, be anything like correct, it follows that if numbers determine truth, that then the Idolators, from whom the statisticians politely exclude Jews, Mahometans, and Catholics, immensely exceed any other body of believers. If the Roman Catholic be the only true Church, as it pretends, the Idolators and Fetish-worshippers are immensely truer than the only true; and the Christians, taken altogether, without the Roman Catholics, are nearly twice as true a Church as the only true one! I leave the inferences to those who like to use such arguments.

The Italians, Signor Damiani reminds the readers of this Magazine, have done great things for civilization and knowledge as well as the English, and long before them. Most true. None are more ready to admit the triumphs of Italian genius than the English; none run more eagerly nor in greater numbers to pay homage to the miracles of her art and antiquities. The glories of her masters of form and colour, from Cimabue to Michael Angelo and Rafaele, are always before their eyes. We have words and deeds of her martyrs of reform. Arnolfo da Brescia, Savonarola, Sarpi, and a host of others, are enshrined in their hearts. The glories of her poets from Dante and Petrarch to Giusti and Leopardi; the noble achievements of her moral, legal, scientific, and social philosophers; her Galileo, her Volta and Galvani; her Gentili, Beccaria, Filangieri, Macchiavelli, and the rest of them; her great historians from Giucciardini and Muratori to Botta and others since; her romancists—a vast tribe headed by Manzoni and Massimo D'Azeglio; her statesmen, Cavour, Mazzini; and Garibaldi, still more of a patriot and hero, are not likely to be forgotten by us whilst remembering our own great names—Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Hume, Macaulay; our Alfred, noble statesman and king; our Coke, Lyttleton, Blackstone; our warriors—Marlborough, Cromwell, Wellington, Blake, Drake, Nelson, and so on; our orators—Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Bright, Gladstone; our philanthropists—Howard, Wilberforce, Clarkson; our Watt and Stephenson in mechanics, amid a host of like men who have spread a new life through the world, and all the great men who have gone out and made a new world in the West; to say nothing of Scott, Byron, Shelley, and of the giants and giantesses of the literature of to-day. In all these persons and things, Italy and England can and do shake hands and blend hearts without rivalry and with mutual admiration. But in one thing Signor Damiani can, and I am sure will, give us the palm: we have long ago cut loose from the religion of Rome, and taken a glorious share in the Reformation, which broke the

chains of the foulest, most imperious and world-destroying superstition that ever cursed the earth.

The great Italians to whom I have referred were nearly all such as freed themselves from the leaden slavery of Popery which Italy imposed on the world, and which the Vatican is labouring vehemently to re-impose. Popery is essentially Paganism; and, having freed ourselves from it in this shape, shall an Italian, and a man of most liberal views and generous sentiments, ask us to accept Paganism in another and as odious a form—Re-incarnation?

When we treat of dogmas we must remember that Popery is the growth of Italy, and not of England, or any other country, and that the Italians, as a people, have been the originators, the fosterers and the perpetual champions of this system of the inversion of all truth, the very name of Rome being an inversion of the principle of Christianity—Love, as was admirably pointed out the other day by a friend, thus—AMOR, love; ROMA, the backwards-written, and backwards-striving principle of despotism, antagonism, and superstition.

In the great war of the Iconoclasts in the 8th century, when Leo III. determined to destroy the idolatry which came in with Paganism and had grown into a monstrous deformity, the Church of the East gave way and purged itself, at least, of the idolatry of images. They were everywhere destroyed and cast out of Christ's fanes, but the Italians, says Gibbon, "fondly cherished and vigorously defended their beloved idols: they swore to live and die in the defence of the Pope and the holy images." They fought frantically against their fellow Christians of Constantinople, and in fact, they led to the establishment of the temporal power of the Pope, and the rending asunder of the Eastern and Western Empires.

What a grand and age-long calamity for Italy! From age to age the Italians have gone on doing precisely what both the Old and New Testaments say shall not be done—gone on adding one dogma and superstition to another, till they have crammed their national church to repletion with every delusion and imposture which a false theology can forge, to enslave, debase and stupify the human mind; till we have seen them set up a poor, feeble, imbecile old man as the incarnation of the Infallible Deity! What a farce! and yet in its intention far worse than any farce. No system has so thoroughly over-ridden mankind with the black tyrannies of priestcraft; has so completely obscured and debauched the understanding by false logic; so domineered over it by priestly insolence, barring out diligently and with menaces of the hells, all light and free aliment of the soul. None has so completely ruined all the nations where it has long

maintained its hold, reducing them from power and prosperity to anarchy, imbecility and misery. No system has perpetrated such diabolical cruelties by its Inquisition, and the wars which it has excited everywhere to crush out Protestantism and every free opinion. Wars in France, in its own Italian states, in Germany, in Spain, in China and Japan, and the vast regions of the New World. It counts its slaughtered victims by tens of millions. France, which has made such heroic struggles to cast it off, now torn to pieces by its influence, now made a mockery of, with its imposture pilgrimages to Lourdes and La Salette, and its crowds pouring into the Vatican with gold wrung from its simple and often pauper devotees! And poor distracted, suicidal Spain! What a monument, piled up of human misery and ruin, by the baleful superstition of Rome!

No one knows better than Signor Damiani what horrors and desolations the Roman Church has inflicted on his own country: which, till the other day, kept her a mangled, dead-alive body, and still sits upon her heart, anathematizing truth, union, and civilization. Still dreams of winning back her powers of universal obstruction and destruction. Still openly applauds all the atrocities committed by her through a thousand years. Still proclaims by Pio Nono's Syllabus, by M. Veillot in Paris, by Monsignore Kenrick in America, this inhuman, and luckily, impossible hope.

Just lately this Monsignore Kenrick—an American bishop, who was amongst the most rampant advocates of the Infallibility of the Vatican Council—declared, in a United States journal called the *Shepherd of the Valley*, that in North America the Papists don't persecute simply because they can't; but that the day is coming in which they shall possess a majority, and then they will extirpate heresy and destroy all the heretics!

Well, whence comes this infernal spirit of intolerance and massacre—this spirit which breathes only annihilation to all men and all thoughts that do not bow to it? From the same Paganism from which Signor Damiani is proud to deduce the ancient dogma of Re-incarnation. Every one knows very well by this time that Paganism rushed *en masse* into the Christian Church, after Constantine, in the fourth century. The Christian religion became the Royal religion, and in sprang the pagan priests with all their creeds, rites, superstitions, Basilicas, and thirst of universal dominion. The spirit of the old pagan Rome revived in the new sacerdotal Rome, and has run the same career of mastership and blood, till it is become to-day the empire of the Jesuits, who teach all the obscene and dishonest doctrines to be found in Don Alfonso Liguori, Moullet, Ghelardi, and others, commanded by the present Pope to be

taught in all theologic colleges. This is what it has done and is doing for mankind. It is Paganism in its worst form throned on the Seven Hills in the name of Christianity—having no atom of Christianity in it but the name. So far, therefore, from taking Italy as our guide in theology and psychology, we revolt from it, when it seeks to introduce another power of Paganism in the shape of Re-incarnation, *i.e.*, the old Indian metempsychosis, drawn through the retorts of Greek philosophy to render it more palatable.

We are not, of course, ignorant of the Greeks who were converts to this Indian theory of transmigration, most eminently Pythagorical. But as Prince Bismarck has declared that the Germans won't go again to Canossa, neither will healthy-brained Englishmen go back to Paganism under the patronage of Thales, Pherecydes, Pythagoras, or the rest of "the miserable Ancients," nor any more under that of Major Vigilante, Major-General Orsini, or the Reverend Jeremiah Fiore. We are not going to walk backwards out of the warm daylight of the Gospel into the chill twilight and underground dream-world of the heathen. What! quit the comfort of the Divine assurance of a blessed future in the kingdom of God, of His Christ, and His hosts of noble followers in all ages—an assurance built on volumes of historic and moral proof—for a miserable apprehension of Hades and Tartarus, which haunted all the Greek and Roman mind in its noblest and most enlightened personages? That which has filled the volumes of Hesiod, Homer, and the great Greek dramatists, filled Virgil and the Roman Classics with laments of the shades of their departed heroes and heroines for the lost light and warmth of the upper world?

Let any one walk through the Pagan and Christian galleries of the Lateran, of all those noble remains of antiquity drawn from the catacombs, or from the ruins of Rome, and mark the difference. In the Pagan not all the miracles of art can conceal the dreary blank as to the future. In the Christian all is hope and life: nay, all is the certainty of the joy, the highness, the beauty of that world revealed to them by Christ. That ineffable, beautiful certainty of reunion with all they love beyond the grave, and that forever. Let any one trace the symbols of that discovered immortality in the fish, the bread of life, the bird soaring upward with a little branch from the Tree of Life, the bursting open of the tomb by Christ, the touch of his staff that awakens to renewed existence the dead form, the loving care of the Good Shepherd, everywhere collecting the flock of immortal grace, and bearing on his shoulders the weary lamb. In the one case, all, as I have said, is a blank—a dark chill of uncertainty—in the other a new-discovered land of light, truth, certainty—of

human affection uniting with the Divine love beamed down through Christ from the radiant fatherhood of God, dispersing all sorrow and anguish from the tomb.

It is one of the proudest triumphs of the Gospel that it has rent up by the roots the deadly Upas-tree of Pagan transmigration. Christianity, established on the prophecies of ages, by morals, and by a religion whose purity, nobility, and soul-expanding and enriching character were inconceivable by the highest human intellect till they were seen and realized. Christianity, proclaimed with an authority that spoke to the long-yearning heart of humanity that which is inherent only in the true and the Divine; and which said distinctly, there is but one life and one death. Jesus Christ says, they who once pass through death to Him "cannot die any more," Luke xx. 36: and St. Paul declares that "it is appointed unto man once to die, and after this the judgment," Hebrews ix. 27. That is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, the only religion that has complete historic testimony, and whose teachings answer all the demands and heal all the weaknesses of the human heart, and which has been the Divine solace of the greatest as well as the most afflicted souls that have lived through the last eighteen hundred years.

It has been anxiously desired by the Re-incarnationists to prove their joyless dogma from the Scriptures, nay, from the Gospel itself. I have now shown that the Gospel utterly denies it. But it has been sought to show that what it denies by doctrine it admits by fact: that in truth Christ himself is inconsistent in His teachings, having said that Elias came in the person of John the Baptist. I have long ago shown the fallacy of this argument, which is but inferred from an Eastern mode of speaking. When Moses and Elias appeared in the Mount of Transfiguration, John the Baptist was already beheaded. If he had been Elias, where then was he? Elias having been John must have been nowhere. It does not say that Elias appeared as John, or John as Elias. No, the perfect Elias appears; has his own single, unmixed identity of character and office, as one of the two greatest prophets of the Hebrew history; and the matter is set at rest completely by the declaration in St. Luke i. 17, where it says, John should go before Christ, "but in the spirit and power of Elias."

Signor Damiani does not enumerate the destruction of our identity amongst the arguments against Re-incarnation, but it is one of the very chief arguments against it; and with which I think I have successfully dealt in a former article. And certainly, if the same spirit passes through a succession of bodies, it can at last only appear permanently as one spirit,

and bearing the name and idiosyncrasies of the last person ; and thus all the persons whom it previously animated are reduced to one person, and all the other persons are reduced to phantasms, or still less, to nothing at all. If John the Baptist had been really Elias, then there was no longer an Elias in the spiritual world ; or if the spirit resumed the name and character of Elias, there was and is no John the Baptist there. This is inevitable. We are all playing a masquerade in the world, and nobody knows who are the real players, and who the mere theatric dresses hung on what we don't know. Is this anything like the grave and infinitely wise economy of the Great Creator? He declares Himself the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, but how? If Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were subjected to the general lot of humanity, and if Re-incarnation be true, there may be some of these great patriarchs discoverable or existing in the ranks of the celestials. They may have gone on to do other work, in other frames, and may have turned up in totally other characters! What vacua there must be in the spirit-world, where we look for the noblest and most distinguished of the race! What a world of confusion, of deceptions, and disappointments that must be where from all our consciousness of the real and the right, and our ideas of the trustworthiness and the fulness of perfection of God, we expect the totality of the glorious past—of saints, heroes, and martyrs in the future—where nothing is lost and nothing ends!

There is a well-known lady—a devoted champion of this creed of chaos—who, we are assured, asserts that she has been successively Semiramis and Jezabel. They are historic shadows, nothing more. Let us look a little closer at this. Semiramis, according to the most accredited chronologists, lived upwards of 4,000 years ago. Now it is clear that this lady, being still on earth, must have passed not only through those two infamous queens, but a numerous line of other persons. If we assign, according to the accepted law of modern statisticians, three generations to a century, this would give in the 4,000 years a succession of 120 persons. Where then, if Miss A. B.'s soul has been the single migratory soul of them all, are the other 119 persons? Each of these persons must have had her distinctive life, distinctive name ; played her respective part ; had her own husband, children, friends, and connections. But if this doctrine be true, where are they all? Nowhere. The present A. B. alone remains of all these persons ; each of whom believed herself to possess a proper separate soul, and aspired to a distinctive future. But in vain must their friends, lovers, children have sought them in the other world. They were not, and are not there, but exist alone in the present A. B.

And of this migratory A. B. who shall predict the illimitable future? Who knows how many times she migrated before even reaching Semiramis? Who knows what vast succession of metamorphoses, what unknown varieties of destinies, names, characters, fortunes and connections yet await her? Who knows but some yet inconceivable temptation of love, ambition, or suddenly up-springing passion of one sort or another, under the spiteful temptations of some Evil One, may yet condemn her to thousands of years of re-incarnated exile amid the monsters and chimæras dire of unexpected crime and violence. Is not the theory the most desolate of the desolate, most comfortless of the comfortless, most dark of the dark? Would any one change for it the cheery, animating prospect of the Christian creed? A prospect of awaking to a new life of love and beauty and virtue amid the souls that you loved and lived with on earth! But as to identity of existence, or even security of progress with the Kardecian creed, they are the sheerest impossibilities, the wildest of phantasms! Who shall say what new crimes and atrocities shall spring out of new organizations? Certainly during the long course from Semiramis to Jezabel, the progress had only been downwards most awfully; and if A. B. is a considerable improvement on her then condition, she has clearly all these ages not got so much better as to escape from the body. Surely this is not a very satisfactory proof of the efficacy of the system of Re-incarnation, as a regenerator and refiner of spirit.

We are now, however, told, as a piece of most delightful news, that the spirit of Tasso has brought the intelligence that the moment a spirit embraces Spiritualism there is an end of its transmigration. The burst of exultation with which this is announced is a startling proof of how rejoiced the Re-incarnationists would be to get out of the misery of their creed. How sad, how painful must be the tyranny of this creed in those who profess to rejoice so much in it, and to prefer it infinitely to the Christian, when we learn what a joy it is to see a way out of it!

But what of this Tasso? Who is he? How does he assure us of his identity? Who gives bail for him? What pledge have we that he is not one of the thousands of lying spirits who are daily amusing simple Spiritualists with those "cunningly devised fables" so long ago foretold in the Gospel? Oh! credulity of the incredulous! without parallel in the history of the race.

There is another view of the subject which Emma Hardinge-Britten, in her admirable letter copied into the *Spiritual Magazine* of November, on what she calls "this fungus growth" brings startlingly forward, namely, that there are millions in the other world who through distinguished mediums protest that they have no knowledge or proofs, in their spheres, of Re-incarnation;



and thousands of others who deny utterly the existence of any such fact or system. Now she asks, and asks most rationally, can both these things be true, Re-incarnation and Non-Re-incarnation? And if they are not true, which is true—or still more, with such positive contradiction of disembodied souls, *what* is true? The thing strikes at the root of all faith in the revelations of Spiritualism. If we are brought to doubt the spirits communicating under the most serious guise, under the most serious affirmations, where is Spiritualism itself? In fact, the promulgation of these fungus outgrowths of Paganism does more to annihilate their cause than all the most scientific or rabid enemies can do. Why must we wonder at the sneers of Huxley, at the sarcasms of Carpenter, at the insolences of Tyndall, or at the contempt of the wise and prudent, after the promulgation of these gross stupidities of the Spiritualism of Heathenism?

Now, however, if Re-incarnation be true, pitiable and repellent as it is, there must have been millions of spirits who, on entering the other world, have sought in vain their kindred, children and friends. Instead of that world being a world of order and reunion, it must have proved to them one of ghastly gaps of life; one of blank emptiness, desolation and confusion. There must have been a cry in heaven itself, such as no cry on earth ever burst forth from human anguish and despair. Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted would be nothing to it: and it must be repeated on an infinite scale. Has even a whisper of such a woe ever reached us from the thousands and tens of thousands of communicating spirits? Never! We may, therefore, on this ground alone, pronounce the dogma of Re-incarnation false as the hell from which it sprung.

Signor Damiani puts the case of a child born and dying again as a child, and asks how, if human life is necessary to a soul this child is to find the discipline of earth in the other world? My belief is that the child springs body and soul from its parents. This is the plan of God for the peopling of heaven from the planetary races. The child, to acquire its place and kinship with the human race, must enter life through the gates of physical being. But are we to suppose that God has not provided for the eventualities of the race, and that he has not ample means to discipline souls in the infinite? Our existence here is but the preface to our life, not even often the first chapter of it. To the longest earth-life, the progress of eternity is as the globe of a world to a grain of sand. We know that millions of children die, and no one can imagine this an *accident* in the Divine system, or that the case is not well provided for by the omniscient framer of all things. Would the passage

through thousands of years in successive bodies be more efficacious? The story of A. B. says sorrowfully, No!

As to the other proposition respecting men who, for sins in the body, "suffer cycles of unutterable misery in the world of spirits," we simply reply that this is neither the theory of the Gospel nor of Spiritualism. Their theories alike are of progression towards purity and felicity. The whole doctrine of eternal damnation is a misconception of some words of Jesus Christ, referring to an eternal *state* of purgation, as this earth is an eternal *state* of trial; but with no single word to warrant the abode of spirits in one or the other state for a moment longer than is necessary to their purification. I have clearly demonstrated this point in the *History of the Supernatural*, or in past volumes of this Journal. But as to the re-appearance on the scene of Tasso, Ariosto, Michael Angelo, &c., Mrs. Hardinge-Britten says that Michael Angelo has, according to Re-incarnationists in America, been giving a history of his transmigrations through whole cycles of ages. The building of St. Peter's, he is made to say, was but a yesterday's achievement. If he did not build the Tower of Babel for Nimrod, that mighty hunter was not clever enough to see his merits; but that he helped to build the Pyramids! Certainly none of these great men ever gave any hint during their earth-lives of any such most ancient exploits. Tasso and Ariosto did not trouble themselves so much about metaphysics or psychology as about romance; and as to Michael Angelo, he was of too robust and practical a mind for such insane fancies. In truth he happened to deny the thing in toto. In a letter written to his father between 1520 and 1530, or when he was 50 or more, he said distinctly, "Beware of those of whom you have to beware; we only die once, and we return not again to make amends for that which we have done amiss."—*Griman's Life of Michael Angelo*, Vol. II., p. 240.

This is an utter denial, not only of the doctrine of Re-incarnation, but of the plea for its necessity, namely "to make amends for that which we have done amiss." But the whole fabric of these communications is baseless. We have no single proof of these spirits being those that they pretend to be: and we have every proof in reason that they are not such in the inadequacy of their representation of them. They contradict the revelations of the Bible and New Testament, which possess just those prophetic attestations and historic proofs that they have not. They are nameless, creditless, truthless spirits, whom only such perverse creatures believe who cannot believe the evidence of whole nations and ages.

At least before we credit these sham Tassos, Ariostos,

Michael Angelos, Bacons, and Franklins, we shall demand from them poems and works, discoveries and philosophies equal to what they produced on earth. They must write, if not a new *Divina Commedia*, a new *Gerusalemme Liberta*, a new *Orlando Furioso*, a new *Novum Organum*, and a new *Triumph over the Lightning*, or works equal to them. Indeed, if they have progressed in the infinite as we have reason to expect, they ought to bring things far greater. Instead of this, the vapid twaddle to which they treat their dupes is their condemnation, their stamp as impostors to all sane intellects.

And whence do the Re-incarnationsts derive their ideas of past existence? It is notorious that they had no such ideas till Kardec inoculated them with them. Their pagan prototypes taught that before entering a fresh body the soul drank a draught of Lethe, which effectually closed up or washed out all memory of the past. Those who have such notions now, have them, therefore, from no operation of memory or of internal consciousness, but merely from spirits as false as their believers are silly.

Lady and Gentlemen Re-incarnationists, you are running in a perilous path; and where, indeed, will you stop? Your ancient Pagan predecessors did not merely believe in transmigration into bodies of men, but bodies of beasts, birds, reptiles, and even into trees, fountains, rivers, and winds. Shall we then have to imagine you, not passing into great men and women, but into lions, tigers, monkeys, serpents, fish, and birds of prey;—reversing, indeed, the dreams of Darwin and his school? If so, let us hope the hard cabman will find himself the hard-driven, hard-used cab-horse, the vivisecting surgeon, vivisected himself in the shape of some luckless dog, cat, or rabbit. But if you are destined, indeed, to be transmigrated, who shall say in what direction, or through what horrors? Why not to be torn by sharks as lesser fish, or stunned by electric eels, or clutched in the clammy folds of the devil-fish—Ugh! Talk of the Christian hell! This is a hell far more hideous. And again I say, if your creed be true, what security have you against such fate, if your crimes should have left a more lasting taint than you imagine?

Lord deliver Spiritualism from the slime and venom of this devil's creed. Keep us firmly on the rock of Gospel salvation. The weltering ocean has raged against many a rock on this globe for ages, but they have remained aloft and strong unto this day: And what are these to the rock of Gospel truth? The Tyndalls, Tolands, Hobbes, Bolingbrokes—the Illuminati of Germany—the authors and champions of the French Revolution—Paulus and Strauss, Renan and Colenso, and a rabid host,

have raged against it, but in vain. So now the sceptic Philosophers and the Re-incarnationists take their turn in the hopeless endeavour. It will stand calm and unscathed, when all these, and their firmest fame, shall be long utterly forgotten.

As my last word on this occasion, I thank Emma Hardinge-Britten, for the brave words she has spoken in America against this "fungus growth." As she did battle and suffered for it, against Free-loveism, so now she combats this kindred demonism. May her vigorous appeal ring through the vast Continent of the West, and find vigorous echoes here. I stretch my hand to her across the broad ocean.

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### A SUPPLICATION.

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O Love Divine! lay on me burdens, if Thou wilt;  
 Burdens to break in mercy my fond, feverish sleep;  
 Turn comforts into awful prophets to my guilt;  
 Let me but at Thy wondrous footstool fall and weep!

Visit and change, uplift, ennoble, recreate me!  
 Ordain whatever masters in Thy saving school;  
 Let the whole eager host of Fashion's votaries hate me,  
 So Thou wilt henceforth guide me by Thy loving rule.

I pray not, Lord, to be redeemed from mortal sorrow;  
 Redeem me only from my vain and mean self-love;  
 Then let each night of grief lead in a mourning morrow,  
 Fear shall not shake my trust in Thee,—my Peace above.

O Way for all that live! heal us by pain and loss;  
 Fill all our years with toil, and bless us with Thy rod.  
 Thy bonds bring wider freedom; climbing, by the cross,  
 Wins that brave height where looms the city of our God!

O Sunshine, rising ever on our nights of sadness!  
 O Best of all our good, and Pardoner of our sin!  
 Look down with pity on our unbelieving madness!  
 To Heaven's great welcome take us, homesick pilgrims, in!

Spirit that overcame the world's long tribulation!  
 Try faltering faith, and make it firm through much enduring;  
 Feed weary hearts with patient hopes of Thy salvation;  
 Make strait submission, more than luxury's ease, alluring.

Hallow our wit with prayer; our mastery steep in meekness;  
 Pour on our study inspiration's holy light;  
 Hew out, for Christ's dear Church, a future without weakness,  
 Quarried from Thine eternal Beauty, Order, Might!

Fold of the tender Shepherd! rise and spread!  
 Arch o'er our frailty roofs of everlasting strength!  
 Be all the body gathered to its living Head!  
 Wanderers we faint: O let us find our Lord at length!

F. D. HUNTINGDON.

## THE NEMESIS OF CRIME.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

COMMUNICATION by voice and vision are perhaps the oldest as well as the most universal means of spirit-intercourse with men. The spirits may be bright or dark, the vision enchanting or terrible, the voice may be a divine call to the prophet, or the whispered suggestion of the tempter; or it may be the spirit of some poor victim of human guilt who has not yet learned the lesson of forgiveness, burning to inflict vengeance on the perpetrator of the crime which has sent it so untimely to the spirit-world. The vision may be seen by the natural eye, the voice be audible to the outward ear, or they may be addressed only to the inner sense. History, sacred and secular biography and general literature, the experience of modern mediums and contemporary events recorded in our public journals, are replete with the example and illustration. Tasso held long conversations with his spirit-friend. Sir Charles James Napier tells how he captured one of the robber bands that infested India by a spirit-voice which told him where they were, in a direction quite contrary to the one he was pursuing, and to all expectation and probability.

In the discussions on Spiritualism on platforms and in newspapers, now so frequent, one of the most common objections takes the form of the inquiry *Cui bono?* and with the more unreflecting and captious objector it generally means, Why do not the spirits tell us something that we want to know? When they enter into particulars it commonly turns out that what they want to know is the future price of stocks and shares on a particular day, the winner of the next Derby, or the perpetrator of a murder. To such minds it is of little avail to point out the historical and scientific, the moral and religious significance and value of the facts presented. To all this their eyes they have closed, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their hearts they have hardened. If they had the supreme ordering of affairs the spirit-world would be little more than an adjunct to Scotland Yard and an aid to gambling on the turf and the Stock Exchange; and the ministry of angels would consist mainly in the recovery of lost property and stolen teapots and the handing over of criminals to the hangman. It is a sad revelation of the gross materialism and low moral state of our conceited nineteenth century, that in social intercourse and in public discussions such views should be presented and applauded. Whatever may

be said as to the slight intrinsic worth of spirit-messages in general, they rarely indeed descend so low as that.

Not that such things lie altogether outside the province of spirits, or at least of some of them. Among savage tribes mediumship (by whatever name called) is often applied to recover stolen goods and detect criminals. And in more civilized communities instances occur in which crime, especially the capital crime of murder, is detected, and its perpetrators punished through the intervention of their murdered victims. The tragic drama, ancient and modern, is largely based on this conception of the Nemesis of crime. The two greatest tragedies of Shakespeare hinge upon it. In *Hamlet* the whole catastrophe is brought about by the restless perturbed spirit of the murdered king appearing to his son as when in life, and goading him by his sense of filial duty and the impulse of natural affection, to "revenge his foul and most unnatural murder." In this case both the appearance of the spirit and his communications address themselves to the natural senses; he repeatedly presents himself to others as well as to the meditative prince, and his first appearance is not to him. The Ghost is subsequently seen and heard by the scholarly and sceptical Horatio, who asseverates—"Before my God I might not this believe without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes!" In the closet scene with the Queen it would seem to be only to the spiritual senses of Hamlet that the spirit addresses himself, for he is invisible and inaudible to the Queen. So also in *Macbeth* we have exemplified both these methods of communication.

The supernatural beings he encounters, "who look not like inhabitants of the earth and yet are on it," and who kindle into a flame the spark of guilty ambition in his breast, are seen and heard by Banquo as well as himself, and their strange weird predictions are verified by events. They are therefore objective; while the air-drawn dagger, the apparition of Banquo with his gory locks, and the voice which calls to his affrighted soul—"Sleep no more; Macbeth hath murdered sleep!" are apparently what would be called "subjective;" but they are not therefore unreal, or uncaused by an external agent, the mere creation of the distempered mind; facts related to the spiritual senses alone are no more necessarily illusion than those which are perceived by the bodily senses. Shakespeare's marvellous fidelity to human nature is perhaps nowhere more apparent than in those incidents and reflections in his drama which illustrate man's relation to the supernatural. They are a profound study for the Psychologist. The calendar of crime presents many cases in which murder has been discovered, and the murderer brought to criminal justice by an intervention manifestly supernatural; in all probability

that of the victim who had been thus sent unprepared to the dread account. The instances of Stockton and of Maria Martin are familiar examples, and many others of like kind have from time to time been cited in these pages. But no more striking instance of the sure-footed Nemesis of crime through the agency of its victim can be presented than that of the wretched man who has so recently suffered the extreme penalty of human law. Wainwright was a man of education and ability, and especially had considerable talent as an elocutionist. It is said that one of his favourite recitations was "The Dream of Eugene Aram;" in which it will be remembered occur the lines:—

And then he sat beside the lad,  
 And talked with him of Cain :  
 And long since then of bloody men,  
 Whose deeds tradition saves ;  
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
 And hid in sudden graves ;  
 Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,  
 And murders done in caves.

And how the sprites of murdered men  
 Shriek upward from the sod ;  
 Aye, how the ghostly hand will point,  
 To show the burial clod :  
 And unknown facts of guilty acts  
 Revealed in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walked the earth  
 Beneath the curse of Cain ;  
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
 And flames about their brain,  
 For blood hath left upon their soul  
 Its everlasting stain !  
 "And well," quoth he, "I know for truth  
 Their pangs must be extreme ;  
 Woe ! woe ! unutterable woe  
 Who spill life's sacred stream !"

That very night, while gentle sleep  
 The urchin's eyelids kissed,  
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
 In the cold and heavy mist,  
 And Eugene Aram walked between,  
 With gyves upon his wrist.

Could any presentiment have crossed the mind of the reciter that the fate indicated in these lines would be his own? Yet that day twelvemonth that the murder of Harriet Lane was perpetrated, witnessed his arrest for the crime, and we know what has been his doom.

That this was brought about by the intervention of an intelligent power, *ab extra* to the agent through whose action the murder was discovered, we now know from his own deliberate written statement, evidently made under a deep and solemn sense of responsibility. It is part of a very affecting letter

addressed by him to Wainwright, while in Newgate, a few days before his execution. It has already gone the round of the press, but its peculiar character gives it a special claim upon our pages. We quote from the letter signed "Alfred Philip Stokes," as it appeared in the *Times* of December 20th:—

I do hope and trust you will consider that in giving my evidence against you I only fulfilled a national duty, which I believe was the will of God, and which I know was done in the interests of humanity. When I say that it was the will of God, I must now tell you more of the details of the strange promptings I had to open the parcel than I have hitherto made public. Perhaps you think, as I know many in the world think, that I was only moved by a base and a prying curiosity. But I can assure you, between myself and God, that it was not that, but that I, in reality, was urged as it were by a strange mysterious agency for which I can scarcely account. Probably the world may laugh, and you too, at what I am now going to tell you; but I declare it to be true. It has caused me more than ever to be convinced that there is a God and a superhuman power around us, and I hope it will cause you to think so, too. These unaccountable promptings began the very moment you left me with that frightful bundle while you went to fetch the cab. The very instant your back was turned I seemed to hear a supernatural voice say to me three times, as distinctly as though it were a human voice somewhere near me, "Open that parcel! Open that parcel! Look in that parcel!" I at first thought that perhaps you were carrying away hair, or something not belonging to you, and I hesitated what I should do. I seemed to hear the voice again, and then felt pressed on by an irresistible impulse to open it. I immediately rent it open. The head and hands came up together, and as I stood for a moment aghast at the mutilated head, so grim and yet apparently so pitiable, thinking over and puzzling what I should say to you when you came back, I seemed instantly possessed and controlled by a power and agency—by a cautionary prudence and energy not my own, and certainly not natural to me; and then as I hastily closed up the parcel again, thinking that perhaps it would be best to say nothing about it, I then seemed to hear the same supernatural voice address me again, and say, "Murder; it is a murder. Will you conceal a murder?" I then said, "No: not for my own father. Oh! pray God direct me aright; but shall I give up the very best friend I have had in my life?" You then came up with the cab, took the parcels, and drove away. As I stood for a moment in utter consternation, with my hair feeling as though it stood erect on my head, I immediately seemed to hear the same voice again addressing me, and saying, "Follow that cab." I at once did so; I set on to run as though I was propelled along. I ran till I nearly dropped of exhaustion, and certainly seemed sustained by a strength superior to my own. Thus, from the remembrance of that strange inexplicable power which so suddenly overruled me, I feel convinced that I was really destined to be the humble medium by which that mysterious and barbarous murder was to be brought to light. Had I been left to my own natural impulse in the matter, the probability is that the crime would not have been so fully detected. Under these circumstances, then, I do trust that you will personally forgive me. My own personal grief is very great when I reflect upon the awful position my evidence has placed you in, and the terrible bereavement it has entailed upon your poor wife, your children, and your family.

It is highly probable that the spiritual agency in this case was that of the poor murdered woman. We know that the communication of spirits with mortals is greatly facilitated when the latter are in possession of articles worn or used by the former in their earthly life; and when, as in the instance of Stokes, part of the mutilated body was temporarily in possession of one susceptible to spiritual influence, the *rapport* would be



very much strengthened, and communication the more readily established. Be this as it may, the fact placed on record is most suggestive and significant, in many ways, to the psychologist and philosopher, to the jurist, the moralist, the divine, and to society at large, no less than to the criminal classes and to those who may contemplate the commission of vice or crime. It lifts a little of the curtain so often called dark and impenetrable, and reveals unseen witnesses and prompters of our doings, and even of our thoughts; and in particular it throws some light on agencies we dream not of in the Nemesis of crime.

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### THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST DYING.

There is an eye thou canst not see,  
Whose gaze is soft as Luna's rays:  
It wakes up youth's first love in me,  
And all the dread of death allays.

There is a hand thou canst not feel,  
That soothes me with its fond caress,  
And beckons where bright gleams reveal  
That joy my weary soul shall bless.

There is a voice thou canst not hear,  
Which calls me to my spirit-home,—  
"They that you mourn," it whispers near,  
"Are here to greet you when you come!"

Florence, September, 1875.

SEBASTIANO FENZI.

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### OCCASIONAL LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

TIME in its ever onward march has carried away another year, and merged it in that great eternity of the past in whose bosom is enfolded the good and evil deeds of hundreds of generations. Events follow each other in such rapid succession that we crowd more into a single year than in days gone by would have been extended over half a century. Things move on rapidly, there is great bustle and running to and fro, knowledge is increased, and Daniel's prophecy is being fulfilled. We live in startling times. The year that has just passed has been full of portentous events, from which a valuable lesson may be learned by all who are not too dull to understand. Terrible disasters by land and by sea, deeds of blood calculated to make one turn pale by the mere recital of them, frightful calamities following upon one another's heels in rapid succession, a flippant and sneering scepticism pervading society, denial of God in the highest seats of learning, priestly arrogance, Romish superstitions, and preposterous displays of millinery in the churches; these, and a score of other every-day occurrences, all mark

the disturbances in the spiritual atmosphere and point significantly to what is close upon us in the future. A conviction is fast spreading throughout the entire mind of mankind that we are on the eve of some great and tremendous change. Society is out of joint, and no material agency can set it right. In the Divine Providence of God all evils will be rectified, but the means which He in His wisdom will employ to accomplish this purpose may, probably, be of a terrible and startling nature. In the meantime we must work and wait, taking care that in all we do we have an eye to God's glory, and to the everlasting hereafter that is in store for us. Every year that passes brings us nearer to the final home, and to the grand consummation of the age, when that King shall reign in righteousness, whose "dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth."

On looking over my work during the past year, I find I have delivered seventy-seven Lectures, Discourses, and Addresses. This is a smaller amount of public work than I have usually been accustomed to crowd into the space of a year. On the whole, however, the labour gone through has not been less, since when not employed with my tongue I have been actively engaged with my pen. I have brought out twelve numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and nine of the *Christian Spiritualist*, issued several small publications, and written a hundred or so articles for the press. I dislike above all things referring to money matters, even when giving a summary of my past work. It is only just, however, to myself that I should name here what sort of remuneration I have received for all this labour. Two thirds of my time have been devoted to active work in the cause of Spiritualism, and I find on looking over my books that I have received in actual payment for Lectures on this subject during the year, £10. On the *Christian Spiritualist* there was a heavy loss, as there is still on the *Spiritual Magazine*, so that as far as my work in connection with these journals is concerned I have not only received no remuneration for it, but have had to make up deficiencies, or what is the same thing, become responsible for them. I detest above all things making comparisons between myself and others, or writing as though I had a grievance to complain of, but I cannot help mentioning these facts, which present a striking contrast to the reward received by some other workers in the field; and having done so I leave the matter to tell its own tale.

On December 15th I took the night mail for Scotland at King's Cross, and reached Glasgow at about eight o'clock the following morning. My old friend Bowman met me at the station, and took me to his residence, where I was to take up

my abode during my stay in the city. In the afternoon of the same day I took train for Barrhead, having to lecture at the Mechanics' Institution at that place in the evening. I met here with a very enthusiastic reception. I had lectured in this Institute once before, in the early part of last year, and had, as I was now informed, given so much satisfaction, and created so large an amount of interest, that the place was sure to be crowded on this my second visit. On entering the building I found this prophecy verified to the letter, the large hall being crammed to suffocation. My subject was, "Darwinism, True and False, or Natural Selection, its Facts and Fallacies." The Lecture gave immense satisfaction, and the chairman in proposing a vote of thanks at the close was kind enough to speak of it as one of the most eloquent and profoundly scientific lectures that they had ever had the good fortune to listen to. The Lecture over, a cab conveyed me to the station, where I took a train again for Glasgow, reaching the "second city in the Empire" late at night.

On the following Sunday I gave a Discourse in the Victoria Hall, Buchanan Street, on "Spiritualism in Harmony with the Bible." The audience was tolerably large, and appeared greatly interested in the subject. There were present a considerable number of the regular attendants at the various churches, some of whom expressed themselves much pleased, and evidently went home with a higher opinion of Spiritualism than they had ever entertained before. Several of the leading Secularists were also present, and one of them would have given rise to a disturbance had not the chairman peremptorily prevented it. On the bills the announcement had been made that questions in writing would be allowed at the close of the Lecture. I had not been consulted on this subject, or I should strongly have objected to any such arrangement, seeing that I hold the Sabbath to be a day for worshipping God, imparting religious instruction, and such kind of teaching as may conduce to the spiritual welfare of the people, and not for jangling, cavilling, and controversy calculated to provoke ill-feeling. If at the close of lectures of this kind, questions were put with a view to obtain further information on the subject, or to induce the speaker to elucidate more fully any point on which he had not been sufficiently explicit, or even to state any serious difficulty that might have presented itself to the mind of the questioner, I should only be too glad to give such questions my most serious consideration, and reply to them to the best of my ability. But everyone who has had any experience with public audiences knows perfectly well that the object had in view as a rule by the persons who get up to ask questions is simply to make themselves conspicuous and to controvert dogmatically what the lecturer has stated. The result

very frequently is, therefore, that all the good effects of a discourse are completely destroyed by the confusion which follows, arising from half-a-dozen of these disputants, who get up frequently without knowing anything of the subject under consideration, sometimes without even having heard the lecture, and talk the veriest twaddle that ever was listened to. However, on the present occasion it had been announced that written questions would be allowed, and just as I had foreseen and had in fact named to our friends, one gentleman got up and, pleading the lack of writing materials, wished to put his question orally. The chairman, Mr. Andrew Cross, informed him that such permission could not be granted, whereupon he made a special appeal to me, saying he was "quite sure the Doctor would not refuse" him. The chairman replied that the Doctor objected to the questions altogether, and begged the questioner to sit down. On this several Secularists went out and the matter ended. I did not stay long in Scotland on this occasion, having no other lecture engagements, so I devoted a day or so to making calls on my old friends resident in the city, and then returned to London.

On Sunday, 26th, I resumed my ministrations at the Cavendish Rooms by giving two Discourses on the subject of the Advent. I took for my text Galatians iv., 4, 5, and divided my subject into—I. The Fitness of the Time of the Advent of our Lord; and II. The Person and Mission of Christ. The former subject I took up in the morning, and the latter in the evening, as appropriate to the time of the year. One object I had in view in these Discourses was to state my opinions clearly and explicitly with regard to the Divinity of Christ, in order that there should be no future mistake on the subject. My congregation had been of course during the past composed of people of every shade of opinion, and amongst these I had heard that discussions frequently took place with regard to my views of our Lord's nature. Several persons of the advanced Unitarian type stated emphatically that if I taught the Divinity of Christ they should at once cease to attend. Now, although I was most anxious to keep together such a congregation as I had with so much difficulty collected, still I could not reconcile it to my conscience to do this under false pretences, and I therefore took this fitting opportunity of stating the conclusions at which I had arrived after much careful and prayerful study of the Scriptures. During the thirty years over which my past public life extends I may say without boasting that I have always been true to my honest convictions, and I am not likely to take any other course now. I have had to suffer much for my opinions and have to suffer still, but I have always stated them openly, regardless of

consequences, and shall do so to the end. Accordingly, on this occasion I took the opportunity of declaring what I conceived to be the truth of God on this subject, as revealed in the Scriptures, leaving the results in the hands of Him without whose care no sparrow falleth to the ground. The consequence was as I had expected. Several Unitarians, semi-Rationalists, Progressive Spiritualists, and others, who had been somewhat regular in their attendance previously, came no more. It is only fair to say, however, that in their places came some others, willing to work and whose assistance may be of great value to me.

On the following Sunday, January 2nd, I gave a Discourse in the evening, entitled "Twenty Years' Experience of Scepticism," in which I related my own personal experiences in what is called the Freethought Movement during the past quarter of a century. This subject drew together a large congregation, amongst whom a good many secularists were conspicuous. I have had solicitations from all quarters for the publication of the Discourse, but as I intend to deliver it on many more occasions I shall not send it to press at present. A long report of it appeared in one of the local papers, from which I select the concluding remarks:—

He for the future should devote himself to the preaching and defence of Christianity. It was evident that the text selected by the preacher on this occasion most appropriately described his ideas of Scepticism when he repeated the words, "He brought me out of the horrible pit, and the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." Dr. Sexton is evidently a student of Nature, Science, and the Bible, and possessing great elocutionary power, must become prominent in any movement to which he devotes his talents. At the service which preceded his Address, the choir and congregation sang some of Mr. Moody's hymns. As may be imagined, his old associates are at a loss to know what to make of his present views. Like one of old, he is a wonder unto many, especially to many of our parishioners who have known his past career as a Sceptical lecturer, Spiritualist, and finally a Christian teacher.

On the 9th my subjects were in the morning "One Mediator between God and Man," and in the evening "The Great Enigma of the Universe;" and on the 16th in the morning "The Loneliness of Man," and in the evening "Christianity the True Secularism."

One fact in connection with these Services has occurred during the present month of considerable importance. A meeting was held at the Rooms in the afternoon of Sunday 9th, which was attended by a considerable number of persons who were favourable to my work, with a view to the organisation of a regular church. I had stated in my Discourse on "Twenty Years' Experience of Scepticism" that I had commenced life as a Christian minister, and to that position I had returned, and to the kind of work which it involved I should devote myself for the rest of my life. I described myself as in the position of

a man who in the morning had started to find his way through a wood, but who, having forsaken the well-trodden path in the hope of discovering some shorter and better road, had wandered about the greater part of the day until in the afternoon he had come back torn, bruised and footsore, to the place from whence he first started, regretting much the time lost in these wanderings, but still thankful to get back at all, and determined to make the best use of as much of the day as was left, and to turn his dear-bought experience to profit by warning others of the dangers the nature of which he had learned so well. Several friends present, desirous of aiding me in my endeavours, and thinking that the Cavendish Rooms Services could be made to form the nucleus of a successful church, determined upon a meeting with a view to putting this idea into practice. They consequently assembled on the day before named, resolved themselves into a committee, and took the first steps towards the organization of a church. After certain preliminary business had been gone through the meeting was adjourned till Sunday, 16th, when the arrangements were in a measure completed. We have, therefore, now a committee composed of persons who co-operate with me heartily in my work, Mr. Parkes acting for the present as secretary, and to him consequently letters bearing on the subject may be addressed. It was decided by the committee to call the newly-formed church the "Church of the Lord," and to append to the title the following passage of Scripture, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." By this designation it will hereafter be known. The committee also decided to adopt in the services the "Biblical Liturgy," compiled by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Stockwell, which was consequently used for the first time on the same Sunday evening. I shall deliver two Discourses on each Sunday in future, as in the past, and shall be glad to see as many present as can make it convenient to attend. We are anxious to obtain co-operation from all who are willing to assist, but of course can only expect it from those who agree in the main with the views advocated and with the work being done. A tea meeting will be held at the rooms on Sunday afternoon, February 13th, at half-past four o'clock, at which we shall be glad to see as many present as possible. The services in the past have, of course, been unremunerative, and a loss has fallen upon me individually. Any donations, however, that may be sent shall be applied to the future carrying on of the work.

On Tuesday, the 11th, I read a paper before the Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism, on "Certain Occult Psychological Phenomena, recognised outside of what is known as Spiritualism," at which there was a large attendance.

Amongst the letters that I have received is another from my friend Mr. D. D. Home, which I print here.

My dear Dr. Sexton,—I congratulate you as being the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and your readers are to be congratulated in having for editor a man of sterling honesty, and one who will give the dark as well as light side of our belief. In taking a retrospective view of Spiritualism, it is very cheering to find that your Magazine has outlived the hour of trial when believers were less numerous, and its pages have never pandered either to imposture or clap-trap. My entire life has been devoted to the advancement of the cause, knowing as I do that it is a God-given truth, and as such will withstand every trial; and as the waves of a never-ending eternity beat against it, so will it be only the purer as it triumphs over time. For the moment I consider our faith to be undergoing one of those trials out of which it will finally arise all the more beautiful in the assertion of its purity and simplicity. We have Freeloivism, Kardecism, Brotherhood-of-Luxorism, Dark-*séances*, Rope-tyingism, Punch and Judy-boxism, and a myriad of isms too numerous to detail; but we must give thanks to God that none of these in the heart resemble Spiritualism. When we find men writing to advocate such men as Maskelyne and Cooke, with their platform and mechanical contrivances, so ably exposed by yourself, and these men say these conjurors are “wonderful mediums,” it is a most gross insult to common sense, to our cause, and to every honest man or woman endowed with God’s Holy gift, and I for one resent it.

The rapid increase of imposture is not to be wondered at, for it would seem as if a certain class of enthusiasts sought to develope it. They will seat themselves in the dark, and the more glaring and monstrous the deception, the more ready are they to gulp it down. It will be assumed that even I used to have dark *séances*. True; but what was then termed darkness would not be tolerated to-day. The firelight was not extinguished, and the curtains were opened to admit every possible ray of external light. It was quite unnecessary to hold hands, for the hands of all present were *perfectly visible*. I merely allude to this that there should be no cavilling on this point by the partisans of darkness. A book was published lately in America, and pages were devoted to a person “who had power over the spirits.” When one knows what the life of this person has been, it is simply monstrous that such *assertions* should be made, and only shows where the system of dark *séances* is leading us to. Because I am a Spiritualist, I do not resign my powers of reasoning. God gave them to me, and I fully intend to use them. When put to the test, all these rope-tyings and Punch and Judy-boxes are failures. You are aware that my cousin, Mr. Aksakoff, has tried it in Russia, and a dead failure has been the result as I knew it would be. When I hear of the so-called medium being tied, and the ropes sealed, it is just the same to me as if they were unbound; we can see even the most ordinary conjuror slip out of knots seemingly perfectly secure. All this is not Spiritualism, it is simply a question of legerdemain, and should be treated as such.

Yours faithfully,

D. D. HOME.

Nice, Dec. 30th, 1875.

The detection of mediums playing tricks is becoming so common that unless Spiritualists as a body take some steps to prevent it the movement will be simply ruined. It is no wonder that the public is sceptical of the whole thing when one after another of the recognised mediums are caught cheating. We shall never be free from this kind of thing until the most energetic measures are taken at every *séance* to prevent trickery, and to unmask those who are detected practising the deception. When once a medium has been caught cheating, or has confessed to playing tricks, justice to the cause demands

that he should never again be allowed the opportunity of imposing on the credulous. Nor does it avail to say, as I have been so frequently told recently, that the medium is entranced, and that the imposition is practised without his knowledge by the spirits who control him. For in that case the spirits are as bad as he, and the one should no more be tolerated than the other; to say nothing of the fact that this sort of theory might be urged in defence of any crime possible to human nature. Spirits who will influence mediums to play tricks, to lie and cheat, had better be left in their own domain. We certainly do not want them here, and any kind of communication with them is to be avoided. True Spiritualists must guard equally against lying spirits and dishonest mediums.

London, January 18th, 1876.

GEO. SEXTON.

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## CHARACTER SONNETS.

W. H.

WITH thought far-reaching, fine poetic sense,  
 Familiar with the world of books and men;  
 A vigorous mind and varied learning, whence  
 The quick material for thy ready pen.  
 Thy faith in Christ deep-centred and devout;  
 Swift to detect all subtle sophistries,  
 And put the brood of Falsehood to the rout,  
 Howe'er disguised in sanctimonious lies.  
 Thy well-directed aim, with strong right hand,  
 Has struck at Atheist folly many a blow;  
 For Truth and Freedom with determined stand,  
 Of every priestcraft still the stalwart foe.  
 Deep in the mysteries of spirit versed,  
 Far more than here is writ is unrehearsed.

B. C.

THIS has nothing to do with the era "B.C.,"  
 But with one whose initials or name you might see  
 In these pages quite often in years that are past,  
 And whose heart will be with us I'm sure to the last!  
 All honour! I say, to the brave pioneer,  
 So earnest and faithful, courageous, sincere,  
 Who worked for the future, nor faltered in tone,  
 But stood as a rock, though he might stand alone:  
 Who dared to speak boldly the truth that he knew,  
 When foes it had many, and friends it had few!  
 There are plenty who now are quite ready to own  
 What they say from the first was to them so well known;  
 But a spirit so fearless and frank as B. C.,  
 Is not often found in the era A.D.

T. S.



## Notices of New Books.

### DR. CROWELL ON THE IDENTITY OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.\*

A LITTLE more than a year ago we wrote a notice of the first volume of this work, and since that time have occasionally printed somewhat lengthy extracts from it in our "Notes and Gleanings." Our readers, therefore, will be tolerably familiar with the character of the work. We have now before us the second volume, which completes the book; and after having given it a careful perusal we have no hesitation in saying that it is, like its predecessor, a masterly production. The work is less noticeable for the originality to be found in its pages than for the innumerable quotations from all kinds of authors in which it abounds, and consequently the amazing research on the part of Dr. Crowell which it displays. The long and numerous extracts introduced, most varied though they are, both as to their origin and character, are all appropriately arranged and strung together by the leading idea which pervades the book, that the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism are identical with those which occurred in connection with "Primitive Christianity." The book in fact may be considered a sort of cyclopædia of Christian Spiritualism. In this respect it stands alone in the literature of the movement and is certainly worthy of the cause which it represents. The Christianity enunciated in its pages is not such as we should give an unqualified assent to, but it is Christianity nevertheless; and it is refreshing to find so able a writer and so earnest a Spiritualist as Dr. Crowell defending the supernatural character of revelation, and the Divine authority of the Great Master. We feel a more than ordinary sympathy with the author of this book, because his career is so very much like our own. He was for many years a professed Materialist, and was afterwards rescued from the mire of scepticism by means of the demonstration of immortality brought by the spiritual phenomena, and as a consequence was led to accept the Christian phase of Spiritualism. The work is certainly one of the most valuable books that has been issued on the subject of Spiritualism, and no Spiritualist's library can be considered complete without it. The subjects dealt with in the present volume are:—Spirit-Writing—Levitation and Con-

\* *The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.* By EUGENE CROWELL, M.D. (in two volumes.) Vol. II. London: AMERICAN BOOK AGENCY, 75, Fleet Street, E.C.

veyance by Spirit-Power—Insensibility to Fire—Clairvoyance and Somnambulism—Clairaudience—Dreams and Visions—Trance and Ecstasy—Holy Ghost—Heresies and Contentions—Prayer—The Ministry of Angels—Death—The Spirit-World—Spiritualism and the Church—Spiritualism and Science. Under each of these heads will be found a perfect treatise on the subject dealt with, such as could only be written by a man of great ability, extensive reading and sound judgment. On the subject of Prayer Dr. Crowell remarks:—

True prayer, in its highest sense, is the instinctive desire of the soul for spiritual elevation and purity, for closer relations with the Divine Source of all wisdom and love. It is the desire for Divine assistance, and a sense of thankfulness for the blessings and gifts of Providence, "Because Thy loving-kindness is better than life."

It implies a deep and abiding trust and faith in Him who hath given us life, and who alone can be our Refuge in affliction and distress, and it seeks utterance only in language which expresses these holiest and most exalted feelings of the soul.

Prayer like this is the voice of the soul, which ascends to the throne of the Father, and is there heard as the cry of helpless infancy is heard in the mother's heart.

"And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."—*Isaiah lxx. 24.*

But all men are sinful, none are perfect, and to comparatively few is it given to experience in its fulness the heavenly beatitude of such a state; but God in His love, ever regarding our imperfections with pitying eye, still lends a willing ear to our earnest supplications where the attainment of a worthy purpose is the object sought, and where its attainment will inure to the benefit, spiritually, and sometimes even materially, of the petitioner, or of others. Prayer for other purposes, where selfish or vain motives prevail, is not only unavailing, but is to be condemned as an abuse and mockery of the holiest feelings of our nature.

The author also admirably remarks, in reference to the distinction of the prayer of the lips and that which comes from the heart:—

No man ever truly prayed with the lips alone, not even when the heart gave a formal assent to the words uttered. True prayer does not primarily proceed from the natural mind, it is the pure aroma of the immortal soul arising through the rank soil of sin and materiality that overlays it, and in its upward course, to meet and mingle with the inspiration of Deity, it pervades every avenue of sense, and bathes the mind in its own glory. Formal lip service would here be so misapplied, such a mockery, that it would be impossible for the soul thus illumined to conceive of its being an adequate means of giving expression to its own inspired feelings.

Some most marvellous instances are recorded of remarkable answers to prayer, amongst which the well-known case of George Müller of Bristol and his Orphan Asylum is conspicuous. The following case of Dr. Jung Stilling, author of *The Theory of Pneumatology*, may not be altogether new to some of our readers, but it is nevertheless worth quoting:—

Samuel Jackson, in his biographical sketch of Jung Stilling, prefacing *Stilling's Theory of Pneumatology*, says of him when a poor student, animated by an earnest desire to prepare himself for usefulness by becoming a preacher:—

"He was indeed led in the most signal manner by the Divine Providence,

but not to the attainment of this particular object of his desire. He was destined to become in outward vocation a physician of the body, and not of the soul, and even this goal was reached only through a series of the most wonderful trials of his faith and patience for a long course of years, which, however, were invariably succeeded by some interposition of the Divine hand, put forth in his extremity, and having the most signal tokens of being vouchsafed in answer to prayer. This feature of his history gives it almost the air of a succession of miracles. Of this the reader can judge from the following account, given mostly in his own language, of his entrance into the University of Strasburg, whither he went to gain an education, without a dollar in his pocket, and trusting with childlike simplicity in the providing care of his Heavenly Father.

"A friend, he represents, says to him: 'My dear Stilling, I am heartily concerned for you, and most gladly would I provide you with money if I were able, but it is impossible.'

"'Hear me, my dear friend,' answered Stilling, with a cheerful courage and a joyful mien: 'I do not wish a single farthing from you; believe assuredly that He who was able to feed five thousand people with a little bread still lives, and to Him I commit myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not, therefore, be anxious; the Lord will provide.'

"Two days before his departure for the University he had in the world but a single rix-dollar remaining. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his Heavenly Father. However, notwithstanding his courage, he was still uneasy, and walked about and prayed inwardly to God. Meanwhile he happened to reach the Romesberg, and there met with a merchant from Schouenthal, who was a friend of his, by the name of Liebmann, who invited Stilling to sup with him at his lodgings.

"After supper Mr. Liebmann began as follows: 'Tell me, my friend, who furnishes you with the money to enable you to study?' Stilling smiled and answered: 'I have a rich Father in heaven; he will provide for me.' Mr. Liebmann looked at him and continued: 'How much have you at present?' Stilling answered, 'One rix-dollar, and that is all.' 'So,' rejoined Liebmann, 'I am one of your Father's stewards, and will therefore now act the paymaster.' So saying, he handed over thirty-three rix-dollars to Stilling, and said: 'I cannot at present spare any more; if you are subsequently able to return me the money, well; if not it is no matter.'

"Thus provided for, Stilling made his arrangements at the University, and entered with eagerness upon his studies. When his thirty-three rix-dollars had melted down to a single one, he began again, as he relates, to pray fervently to God. God heard and answered him, for just in the time of need an able and experienced surgeon of his acquaintance said to him, one morning, 'You have brought, I believe, no money with you. I will lend you six Carolines (about five pounds sterling) until you receive a remittance.' Although Stilling knew not from what quarter a remittance was to come, yet he gratefully accepted the kindness.

"A very important course of medical lectures was now announced, and those desirous of attending them invited. This being the principal thing with Stilling, he presented himself with the others to subscribe on Monday evening. He had no idea but that these lectures would be paid for like the others, after they were ended; but how was he dismayed when the doctor announced that the gentlemen would please to pay six louis-d'ors each on the following Thursday evening. Now if Stilling did not pay on the day fixed his name would be struck out. This would have been disgraceful, and would have weakened the credit which he absolutely required. As soon, therefore, as he had entered his room he shut the door, threw himself upon his knees, and wrestled earnestly with God for aid and compassion. The Thursday evening, however, arrived without anything of a consoling nature manifesting itself. It was already five o'clock, and six was the hour when he ought to have the money. Stilling's faith began to fail, he broke out into a perspiration with anxiety, and his face was wet with tears. While he was pacing the floor in his distress some one knocked at the door. He called out, 'Come in.' It was his landlord, Mr. R. He entered the room, and after the customary salutations,

began: 'I am come to see how you are, and whether you are satisfied with your lodging.' Stilling professed himself perfectly satisfied with his accommodations, and Mr. R. rejoined: 'But one thing I am desirous of enquiring of you; have you brought money with you, or do you expect bills?' Stilling replied, 'No, I have brought no money.'

"Mr. R. stood and looked at him fixedly, and said, 'For God's sake how will you be able to proceed?' Stilling answered, 'My dear friend Mr. T. has lent me something.' 'But he requires his money himself,' said Mr. R.: 'I will advance you money, as much as you need, and when you receive your remittance you need only give the bill to me that you may have no trouble in disposing of it. Are you in want of any money at present?' Stilling could scarcely refrain from crying out, however he restrained himself so as not to show his feelings.

"'Yes,' said he; 'I have need of six louis-d'ors this evening, and I was at a loss—'

"Mr. R. was shocked, and replied, 'Yes, I dare say you are. I now see that God has sent me to your assistance;' and went out of the room. The good man brought eight louis-d'ors and handed them to him, and then went away.

"A fortnight after he received, quite unexpectedly, a letter containing a bill for three hundred rix-dollars, a joint present from two friends. Stilling laughed aloud, placed himself against the window, cast a joyful look towards heaven, and said, 'This is only possible with Thee, thou Almighty Father! may my whole life be devoted to Thy praise.' He now paid the various friends who had assisted him, and had enough left him to get through the winter at Strasburg. These anecdotes are related as nearly as possible in the words of the autobiography, and are a fair specimen of the whole spirit of the book." —

Several other instances are recorded of wonderful answers to prayer, in the case of recovery from sickness and other temporal results, which border closely on the miraculous. The closing remarks of this chapter are so exceedingly good that they deserve to be written in letters of gold:—

I pity the man whose childhood has never been blessed with the purifying influence of a mother's love, whose soul has never responded to this sacred feeling; and equally pity that man whose spiritual nature is never elevated by thankfulness to that Being whose love encircles his pathway in life, and is guiding him to that glorious destiny which a greater than a mother's love has provided for him. I pity him who has never learned that prayer rifts the clouds of hopelessness and doubt, and that a way is thus prepared through which the rich treasures of this love are showered upon the suppliant's head.

Every sincere Christian prays for the influx of the Holy Spirit. We also pray for it, and we know that true prayer elevates and purifies the soul, and fits it for the reception of the Divine love. In accomplishing this it also renders us accessible to elevated spirits or angels, and they shed their sweet and refining influence over us, so that prayer, in our belief, effects directly what every sincere Christian believes it does, and, in addition, it enables us to obtain spiritual blessings through the agency of ministering spirits.

The chapter on Death is one to which we would especially draw attention, as containing matter of a most interesting and important character. Of the King of Terrors, as Death is usually termed, Dr. Crowell remarks:—

Death has no power over the spirit, it simply changes the conditions of existence, not existence itself, and its powers are neither increased nor diminished, but they are exercised in greater perfection, with greater freedom, and in a wider field. It is truly the second birth, and only through it can any man enter the kingdom of heaven.

In reference to the melancholy views which usually pervade society, even amongst religious people, our author observes:—

Dr. Mc Cosh is president of Princeton College: an exceedingly, able, sound, Scotch Calvinist, and this seems to be his mental condition, judging from his address at the funeral of a Mr. Prior, a young man of great promise and excellence, who suddenly and recently died. In the address the reverend gentleman said:—

“I do not know that in my lengthened life I have ever been in a position in which I felt greater difficulty in speaking than I do on this day of *cloud and darkness*, and trouble and rebuke. I feel as if instead of speaking to men it would be more appropriate in all of us to be speaking to God. I feel as if I could go into His presence and say, ‘*Let me talk to Thee of Thy judgments.*’ It may be presumptuous, but I feel as if I could venture to say to Him: ‘*What is the meaning of this dispensation?*’ and yet when we thus talk to God of His judgments, His only answer may be: ‘Put trust in Me. What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.’”

The feeling expressed in the above words, and throughout the address, does honour to the heart of Dr. Mc Cosh; but do not these words produce the conviction that the speaker realizes little of the future life, and has the frailest hold upon it, and hope for those who enter it, and, like the majority of those he addresses, is groping almost hopelessly amid the mazes of speculative theology? A certain single passage from the inspired volume should be sufficient to dissipate at least a portion of this gloom from a Christian's mind. “There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.” If the Doctor believes this to be true, he must believe that the deceased young man, whom so many mourned, is far happier than he was on earth, and if so, how can he say, “I feel as if I could venture to say to Him, ‘What is the meaning of this dispensation?’” The consoling truths expressed in such simple and forcible language in the above passage, every intelligent Spiritualist appreciates; but they have all their sweetness embittered in the minds of strictly dogmatic thinkers by the erroneous teachings of semi-barbarous priests, who lived thousands of years ago, and which are still bearing bitter fruit in Christian churches. Faith alone is the foundation upon which the hopes of nearly all Protestantism rest. Rev. Dr. Chapin, the eloquent Universalist preacher of New York, appears equally with Dr. Mc Cosh to be unable to impart living hope, through faith, to others. In addressing the mourners at the funeral of the wife of Horace Greeley, he fairly represented the necessity of the Church to rely alone upon hope, through faith, in the absence of the assurances which the revelations of Spiritualism furnish. He then said: “It is only by simple faith that we can overcome the trials of life; that sublime faith which could take the cup of bitterness and say with a smile of patient love, ‘Father, not my will, but Thy will be done.’ It is this faith which will give its consolation in that terrible aftertime when the mourner comes to realize the thought that the loved one was gone, and will come back to us on earth no more.”

In his position this is proper advice for Dr. Chapin to give those who are content to have their reasoning done by others; but what has he to offer to those of the mourners who do their own thinking, and who cannot as reasonable beings accept the future on faith alone?

Here is a lament in the same strain:—

“For none return from those spirit-shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail,  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.  
We may not sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.”

They do return; they are not gone for ever. The spirit of ignorance and

gloom inspired the above lines. They have been returning in all ages. They return in multitudes to-day. They are all around us, and thousands of the most intelligent members of the Churches have seen and touched them, and heard them speak. They do return; and all these Churches will soon acknowledge it.

This chapter deals mainly with the light which Spiritualism has thrown on the subject of Death, and the glory which beams from the future world across the dark precincts of the tomb, to those who accept the fact of spirit-communion. Dr. Crowell observes:—

The portals of death open upon a land bathed in the effulgence of eternal light, and not upon the sunless realms of the grave. It is but the fall of the curtain after the last act of the drama of life; soon it is again raised, when our astonished eyes are permitted to feast upon the delightful, unfading realities of the spirit-world. No more will the curtain fall to conceal those ravishing scenes. We are thenceforth with those who act glorious parts; we become companions of those radiant beings whom heretofore we have viewed only through the mists of earth.

Death bridges the chasm between earth and heaven. It is the passage from a land of mists and tears to one of eternal sunshine—from a land of gloom and sorrow to one of beauty and gladness. It is only through the portals of death that we can enter into the enjoyments of life. The weary traveller should as soon think of dreading the blessed slumber that refreshes him, as the pilgrim through this wilderness of care and trouble the welcome sleep of death. It is simply laying down the burden of earth-life, and arising emancipated and free to breathe the celestial atmosphere of a glorious existence.

“O, ye sorrowing ones, arise,  
Wipe the tear-drops from your eyes;  
Lift your faces to the light,  
Read death's mystery aright;  
Life unfolds from life within,  
And with death does life begin.”

Death, the dark King of Terrors, is being shorn of his sceptre, and soon an angel of light and mercy will be enthroned in his stead, whom we will crown with laurel and myrtle, leaving the gloom of the cypress for the unhappy few who still believe in Death.

“Oh, what is death? 'Tis a fleeting breath—  
A simple but blessed change;  
'Tis rending a chain, that the soul may gain  
A higher and broader range.  
Unbounded space is its dwelling-place  
Where no human foot hath trod,  
But everywhere doth it feel the care,  
And the changeless love of God.

“Oh, then, though you weep, when your loved ones sleep,  
When the rose on the cheek grows pale,  
Yet their forms of light, just concealed from sight,  
Are only behind the veil.  
With their faces fair, and their shining hair  
With blossoms of beauty crowned,  
They will also stand with a helping hand,  
When you shall be outward bound.”—DORIS.

So many subjects are discussed in this volume that we are compelled for want of space to pass over a great many of them, but shall probably, in future numbers of the Magazine,

give further extracts from this volume as we have done from its predecessor.

Dr. Crowell seems to entertain the opinion that Spiritualism is a religion, a point in which we are reluctantly compelled to disagree with him. It is only fair, however, to say that his views as to what constitutes a religion are extremely broad and liberal. He maintains, moreover, that Spiritualism can never become a sect, and herein our views are heartily in accord with his own.

If it be asked, Is Spiritualism a sect? I answer, No; and trust and believe it never will become one. If it be asked, What form will it assume? my answer is: I believe it will never become moulded into a concrete organization, but its truths will penetrate the Churches, and from the light it will bring, the toleration of diverse opinions upon all debatable questions will be established, as it is impossible for men to think alike, and the widest liberty will exist as to all honest differences. Teachers and hearers will be accountable only to each other. The grooves of thought will be as numerous as the minds that think, so that no channel will wear so deep from excessive use that it will prevent those who travel in it from perceiving that others pursue paths as true as their own. Heretofore the old ruts have been worn so deeply that darkness has obscured their footsteps. Spiritualism will change this, and it will then be as difficult for men to pursue paths of bigotry and intolerance, as it heretofore has been to walk unmolested in the light.

His answer to the question *Cui Bono*, or what Spiritualism has done, is very important, and we commend it to those who are in the habit of summing up all controversy on this question by asking "What's the use of it?" A long list of the illustrious men who have accepted Spiritualism in America, in England, in France and Germany, we give in full, since it may serve some useful purpose in showing the class of minds that have been affected by the modern manifestations. The list is not perhaps strictly accurate in the case of some of the names quoted, but on the whole it is tolerably correct.

Spiritualism in America is represented by names that are as highly respected as they are widely known. Among these are the late Professors Hare, Mapes, and Bush; Governor Talmadge; President Lincoln; Secretary Stanton; Judges Edmonds and Ladd; Hiram Powers; Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson; Rev. John Pierpont; Mrs. Davis, wife of a former Governor of Massachusetts; Catharine Sedgewick, and Alice and Phœbe Cary. Of those now living can be mentioned Whittier the poet; William Lloyd Garrison; Robert Dale Owen; Epes Sargent; Professor Denton the geologist; Professor Corson, of Cornell University; Hudson Tuttle, author of *Arcana of Nature*, and other able works; Rev. Samuel Watson, D.D.; Mrs. Lippincott, more generally known as "Grace Greenwood;" ex-Senators Wade, Harris, and Fitch; General Banks; Trowbridge the astronomer; William Mountford, and a host of others well known, who are firm believers in the philosophy of Spiritualism.

In Great Britain the list of names of distinguished persons who have adopted this belief is as extended as with us. Among them are the late Drs. Elliotson, Ashburner, and Robert Chambers; Cardinal Wiseman; Archbishop Whately; Lord Brougham, who partly accepted it; Lord Lyndhurst; Sir Charles Napier; Sir Roderick Murchison; Professor De Morgan, the distinguished mathematician; Mrs. Browning; Thackeray, and others. Among the living are the names of Alfred R. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, who shares with Darwin the honour of having

originated the theory of evolution by natural selection as the origin of species ; Professor William Gregory, of the Edinburgh University ; Professor Gunning ; Professor Herbert Mayo ; William Crookes the leading chemist of Great Britain, and editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, who has recently made the brilliant discovery of the motive power of light, which threatens to explode the accepted undulatory theory and confirm and restore the emission theory of the immortal Newton. Mr. Cox, the well-known London barrister, and Dr. Huggins—the latter eminent for his discoveries in spectral analysis and astronomy—both admit the phenomena and confirm nearly all the conclusions of Mr. Crookes ; Cromwell F. Varley, the distinguished electrician ; Mr. Harrison, President of the Ethnological Society of England ; Dr. George Sexton, one of the ablest speakers and writers in that country ; William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Harriet Martineau, all distinguished authors and writers ; T. A. Trollope, the novelist ; Gerald Massey the poet ; Ruskin, Tennyson, Dr. William Hitchman, of Liverpool ; the Countess of Caithness ; Count de Medina Pomar ; Lords Lytton, Lindsay, Dunraven, and Adair ; Ladies Paulet, Power, Eardley, Shelley, and Hon. Mrs. Cowper ; Sir Charles Isham, Bart., &c. The Queen also is a Spiritualist.

In France there are the late M. Guizot, and M. Sibour, the Archbishop of Paris ; the late Emperor of the French ; Léon Favre, Jules Favre, Victor Hugo, M. M. Léon, the Marquis de Mirville, Camille Flammarion, the distinguished astronomer, who has recently published a work in which the doctrines of Spiritualism are openly advocated ; Delarne, the geologist ; Dr. Puel, physiologist and botanist ; Dr. Hoefle, author of *History of Chemistry*, and others.

In Germany we have the late Baron Reichenbach, the discoverer of od ; Herman Goldschmidt, the discoverer of fourteen planets ; and Prince Emile de Sayn Wittgenstein. In Austria, Baron and Baroness Von Vay. In Russia, Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor ; and in Italy, Mazzini, Gavazzi, and Garibaldi.

These extracts have extended far beyond the limits of the space which we intended to devote to the subject when commencing the review, but the book is so valuable and its contents of so important and interesting a character, that we feel that much more might have been quoted with advantage to our readers.

In conclusion we would recommend all persons who take any interest in this great question to purchase the volume for themselves, feeling sure that after they have done so and given it a careful perusal they will consider the money thus expended well invested. It is sure to have a large circulation in America, as we trust it will also have in this country.

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### DANGER SIGNALS IN SPIRITUALISM.\*

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MRS. MARY F. DAVIS, the wife of the well-known Andrew Jackson Davis, has rendered good service to the cause of Spiritualism by the publication of this small *brochure*. There never was a period in the history of the movement when it was so necessary as now for all true Spiritualists to decide amongst

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\* *Danger Signals. An Address on the Uses and Abuses of Modern Spiritualism.* By MARY F. DAVIS. London:—AMERICAN BOOK AGENCY, 75, Fleet Street, E.C.



themselves what Spiritualism really is, and to use their utmost endeavours to prevent the introduction of extraneous matters likely to damage and ultimately to destroy the movement. The dangers in America to which Mrs. Davis refers may not be quite the same as those to which we are exposed in this country, but some warning voice is needed no less here than there, to point out the rocks upon which there seems to be a chance of the whole movement becoming wrecked. The Free Love abomination which has fixed itself like a parasite upon American Spiritualism, has fortunately gained no footing in this country, and is not likely to do so, but there are other dangers to which we are exposed, if not of so pernicious a character, at least equally destructive in their influence. Mrs. Davis remarks with great truth—

Spiritualism, with all its sublime uses, is liable to gross perversions. "With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool;" and that which is an exponent of man's highest nature, and capable of yielding him the purest and deepest satisfaction, may be abused by ignorant and selfish natures, until it becomes to many the direct curse. Thus it has been with Christianity; and thus with some of the noblest institutions of civilization. To save this new system from a like ignoble destiny, those who love its truths and beauties should frankly and boldly expose all the hydra-headed monsters of error and deformity which lurk along its borders.

This is so true that it deserves to be seriously considered by every person that has the welfare of Spiritualism at heart. There are dangers arising from the excessive cultivation of what is called the lower phenomena of Spiritualism, and neglecting the higher manifestations of the movement; there are dangers arising from that too prominent disposition to witness marvellous and startling effects which culminates in imposture and trickery on the part of mediums; there are dangers springing from the tendency in the human mind to attach undue importance to what comes from spirits, although the spirits themselves communicating may be and in many cases are bigger fools than the persons to whom the communications are made; and there are dangers arising from the too prevalent habit of introducing into the spiritual movement matters which may be good in their way but have certainly nothing to do with Spiritualism proper. Mrs. Davis does not refer to all these dangers, but upon some of them her remarks are most pointed and likely to prove beneficial to those who may read her small publication. She points out most distinctly the abuse of Spiritualism arising from the yielding up our self-hood in listening to spirit-teaching. "While we are self-poised," she remarks, "and accept our spiritual guides as friends and teachers only we are safe." This is really of the very greatest importance. We ourselves know Spiritualists who follow implicitly whatever instructions they may receive from the Spirit World, regardless of their frequent absurdity

and opposition to everything which calm reason and a sound judgment would dictate. That such persons should be considered mad by their friends is not to be wondered at, for mad they unquestionably are. We ought never to lose sight of the fact that spiritual beings are human like ourselves, frequently not only fallible and liable to error, but excessively ignorant, and calculated to mislead therefore all who follow implicitly their teaching. Mrs. Davis justly remarks—

It is dangerous and destructive to lay aside our own judgment in obedience to any authority outside of ourselves, to allow our Spirit-guardians to become our masters, and no high and advanced Spirit would ever encourage such a course; its evil effects are painfully apparent in the mad schemes which have in too many instances been blindly projected in accordance with supposed Spirit-direction, and which have involved both mind and means in certain and swift destruction.

The danger arising from encouraging the love of the marvellous in physical phenomena is equally great. The floating of guitars, the dancing of tables, and the smashing of crockery, are useful enough phenomena to convince sceptics of the reality of the manifestations; but when Spiritualists, who are already satisfied that spirits can and do communicate, spend night after night in rushing from *séance* to *séance* to witness this kind of phenomena, to the neglect of the cultivation of those higher manifestations which would elevate themselves both morally and spiritually, Spiritualism becomes abused instead of being legitimately used. Of such people Mrs. Davis says—

This class are apt to become wonder-seekers, and rush abroad in quest of mediums and circles, and stare and gape at the banging of tables and the tooting of trumpets; while the quiet but most needful work of self-development, by means of self-reformation, is entirely lost sight of.

There is a greater danger still connected with this phase of the movement. Phenomena, which were at one time considered startling and awful, become common-place and lose their interest. New wonders are consequently sought for more marvellous than anything that has been previously witnessed; and if the supply should not be equal to the demand, the medium is driven perforce of circumstances—unless he be scrupulously honest—to resort to trickery and imposture. For a time the wonder-seekers are amused, but by and by the bubble bursts, the exposure comes, and Spiritualism receives a blow from which it can only recover with the greatest difficulty. The introduction into Spiritualism of matters entirely foreign to its nature is also another source of danger, and a very serious one. Mrs. Davis remarks at the very commencement of her little essay—

There is no small amount of profound ignorance in the world respecting the genuine claims of Spiritualism. It is simply a belief—

First, that man has a spirit;

Second, that this spirit lives after death;

Third, that it can hold intercourse with human beings on earth.

True Spiritualists agree on these three unwritten articles of faith, but in regard to everything else all are free to form their own opinions.

This is a matter which cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the mind of every true Spiritualist. All beyond this, whether true or false, good or evil, sublime or simple, lies outside the pale of Spiritualism, and has no right to pass current under its name. And the man who attempts to palm his own crotchets on the world under the name of Spiritualism is no friend to the movement. Spiritualists may and do differ upon questions of religion, politics, social science, morals, or philosophy; but their individual opinions, although they may be advocated as in harmony with Spiritualism, have no right to be put forward as a part of Spiritualism itself. But in truth there are people who talk about Spiritualism as though it comprised an entire system of knowledge, and comprehended within itself every form and mode of thought—a view which is in no way likely to prove advantageous either to the person holding it or to the movement itself. Mrs. Davis very justly says—

This new system is only one among many great agents of progression. It appeals to man's highest nature, but in scope it is far from being universal. It is a means, but not the only means of improvement which should claim the attention of mankind. It is a branch of reform, but not *the tree*, whose fruit is for the healing of the nations.

Spiritualism is calculated to effect a tremendous change in society by its influence upon mankind at large, but in order that this influence may be beneficial it is necessary that the movement itself be kept within its proper limits. The very instant that it steps out of its legitimate sphere and proceeds to dogmatise upon subjects which do not fall within its province, that instant it takes the first step towards its own overthrow. To quote again from Mrs. Davis—

Spiritualism comes "with a great wakening light," to rouse the slumbering nations! It comes over the waste of centuries, with notes of music and songs of joy, to rescue man from slavery and suffering, and teach him the road to individual harmony and universal peace. But Spiritualism, in order to perform this grand mission, must be made an agent of man, not man of it. It must be used as the exponent of a new and living faith in the actual and possible, but never allowed to attain the dignity of a controlling power. Should Spiritualists yield precedence to belief, and blind obedience to external rule, even though emanating from the spirit-land, how soon would they relapse into the abettors of new creeds, and the tools of new organizations! Let us beware of allowing faith to outstrip knowledge. Let us never lay aside the calm decisions of our own judgment for the dictations of authority, lest we find ourselves afloat on unknown seas, to be surely wrecked on the dismal strand of dogmatic institutions!

Our space forbids us to deal at greater length with this admirable little book, but we have great pleasure in recommending it to our readers, and trust it may have a large circulation.

### HAFED, PRINCE OF PERSIA.\*

THE Experiences of Hafed, Prince of Persia, as given through the mediumship of David Duguid, of Glasgow, better known as the Painting Medium, is one of the most extraordinary works that have appeared in connection with Spiritualism. The communications are of a most marvellous character, and, if accepted as genuine, throw a flood of light upon a period of history of which we know little and to which more interest attaches than to any other. The medium through whom these communications have been made is well known at least by name wherever Spiritualism has gained a footing, mainly for the extraordinary pictures which he has painted while in a state of trance. He is an ordinary uneducated, intelligent, simple-minded, plain working man, with not the slightest pretension to any knowledge of ancient history or of the subjects generally treated of in this volume. Even if he were ever so well informed it is very doubtful indeed whether he could have answered off-hand many of the questions put to him at the *séances* which this book chronicles, referring as they do to matters of Ancient History, Geography, Ethnology, &c.—subjects upon which information can be obtained only with great difficulty, and is possessed therefore by a very few—and with no opportunity on the occasions in question presenting itself for consulting books or authorities before the answer was given. We know something of the subjects treated of in this volume, and we know personally David Duguid, and of this fact we are certain, that unaided by any power outside his own mind he could have no more have answered the questions put to him in the form in which they are answered in this volume than he could have written Bacon's *Organon*, Newton's *Principia*, or Shakespeare's Plays. Even had he at his command large libraries of books with some experienced scholar to point out to him the volumes that he required to consult, it would still be a matter of impossibility that he could have stored his mind sufficiently with facts to enable him to respond to the questions detailed in these pages. For such a state of culture would require certain preliminary training, an intelligence above the average certainly of working men, and a considerable amount of time in which to

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\* *Hafed, Prince of Persia. His Experiences in Earth-Life and Spirit-Life. Being Spirit-Communications received through Mr. David Duguid, the Glasgow Trance-painting Medium. With an Appendix containing Communications from the Spirit-Artists, Ruisdal and Steen. Illustrated by fac-similes and forty-five drawings and writings, the direct works of the Spirits. London: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.*

pursue the application—none of which advantages have been possessed by David Duguid, who is a simple mechanic, earning his livelihood by working throughout the day, and with neither time nor inclination nor capacity for profound study.

David Duguid, as we have already observed, is best known to the world as a trance-painting medium. This power seems to have become developed in him about the year 1865, and is of a very marvellous character. A prepared canvas is placed upon an ordinary painter's easel, which canvas is allowed to be marked by any one of the sitters to prevent the possibility of its being afterwards changed. The medium passes into a trance, the light is turned out, and in the darkness he arranges his brushes, sorts his colours, and proceeds with the work of painting. At irregular intervals during the *séance*, a light is obtained, when it is found that the picture is in a certain state of progress, showing clearly what has been done during the darkness. By and bye the picture is finished, and is found to consist of a painting such as, to say the least of it, the medium in his normal condition would have been incompetent to produce. A great number of the pictures thus obtained are in existence, and some of them will probably be familiar to our readers. These paintings are professedly done, through the medium, by the spirit of Jacob Ruisdal—commonly spelt Ruysdael—and Jan Steen, a celebrated Dutch painter. In addition to this phase of mediumship, where the hands of the medium were employed in the work of painting, a great number of direct spirit-pictures have been obtained in his presence, many of which are engraved as illustrations to the volume under consideration. Direct writing on cards is also frequently given, generally in four or five different languages. Cases of this kind happening at *séances* at which we were present we have elsewhere described.

In addition to this form of mediumship, which had gone on for some few years, another of a totally different kind was manifested in Mr. Duguid in 1869. It is described as follows in the introduction to the book:—

In the month of August, 1869, Mr. Duguid became subject to the control of a spirit, professing to be a Persian, who had lived in the earth-body 1,900 years ago. He had been, he said, a Chief or Prince of Persia, a warrior, afterwards Head of the Magi, and finally, in his old age, a preacher of the Christian faith, for his adherence to which he suffered martyrdom. All along, up to this point, we had been assured by the controlling spirits Ruisdal and Steen, that they would on no account allow their medium to be used by other spirits; that they had selected him as one adapted in a peculiar way for painting in trance, and that any deviation from that course would have a very prejudicial effect on him. Accordingly when *Hafed* the Persian was introduced, I expressed my surprise at this departure from their rule, when I was informed by the controlling spirit, that so greatly was this Persian esteemed by them, commanding by his appearance their deepest veneration, they could not but comply with his request to use the medium for the purpose he desired; more especially, as they

were convinced that the end he had in view was that which they themselves were seeking to accomplish—namely, to lead mankind to a clearer apprehension of spiritual existence. There were (they said) some difficulties in the way of the Persian using him as a trance-speaker, but these would in a short time to some extent be overcome.

Hitherto the medium had been used, under the control of Ruisdal and Steen, to answer the questions put by myself and the visitors at the painting sittings, the answers to many of which were taken down by me at the time, and a selection from these will be found in the *Appendix*; but it was evident they had not the same power over him in speaking as they possessed in painting. Under the control of Hafed, however, he had greater facility of expressing himself.

When first brought into contact with the Persian, the effect on the demeanour of the medium was very striking. He appeared awe-struck, and bent forward with hands clasped in the attitude of the deepest reverence. Remaining for a minute in this position, he raised his head, and turning round, saluted us thus: "My greeting unto you." On every occasion since, the medium has, while under the same control, exhibited a like demeanour and given utterance to the same salutation.

At length the regular sittings with the Persian were begun, that through the medium he might give to the world of the nineteenth a narrative of personal experiences in the first century of the Christian era. At first I alone was allowed to be present at these sittings, but this stringent rule was, in course of time, gradually relaxed by the controlling spirit, in favour of a few persons interested in the medium. Having no practical knowledge of short-hand, I felt an insurmountable difficulty in reporting all that fell from the lips of the medium; but as the sittings went on, the spirit gained easier control, by which the medium was made to deliver his words slowly and with greater precision,—though, now and again, he would, while giving expression to feelings, burst forth in an uncontrollable flow of speech little of which could be taken down.

This barrier in my way of giving a full report of all he said was stated to Hafed, when he at once set my mind at rest by promising to revise all that I wrote; and that though I might be unable to give a full account, he would see to it that what I did give should be correctly done. Accordingly, a number of evenings were devoted from time to time to revisal, when, the medium being entranced, I read over the MS., and corrections and emendations were made by the Persian on various portions of the narrative.

The painting sittings were continued as usual, but there were now fewer of them. There was no apparent falling off, however, in the development of Mr. Duguid as a medium.

Hafed, the Prince of Persia, herein described, professes to have been one of the ancient Magi and a personal companion of Christ; during the whole of that period of His life of which we learn so little in the Gospels, before the commencement of His ministry. What he has to say, therefore, must be looked upon as of the greatest possible importance. If it be true, it has an interest for us greater than the contents of any other book outside the Holy Scriptures. In the volume there is a full account given of a hundred different sittings, the topics treated of in which are divided as follows:—*First Period—The Warrior-Prince*. Seven sittings. This contains an account of the birth, early life, and adventures of Hafed in connection with the country to which he belonged. *Second Period—The Archmagos*. Thirty-two sittings. This division comprises communications of the greatest possible interest to students in archæology and religion, respecting the theology of the Egyptians, the doc-

trines of the Sabceans, the teachings of Zoroaster, the laws of Lycurgus, Grecian mythology, the Tower of Babel, the early life of Jesus, and hundreds of other interesting topics. *Third Period—The Christian Evangelist.* Seven sittings, detailing mainly the life of Hafed as a preacher of Christianity. This forms the first division of the book. The second portion is devoted principally to questions respecting the life in the spirit-world, and principles and doctrines as they are understood in the spheres. At the seventy-sixth sitting Hafed introduced Hermes the Egyptian, who gave important communications through the medium at more than twenty following *séances*. The volume forms a thick book of 580 pages, illustrated by a large number of engravings from direct spirit-drawings, and is full of information of startling interest and momentous importance, such as is to be found nowhere else. The object of the whole thing Hafed himself explains as follows:—

My main object was to give to this age of the world some experiences of my life in the body, in the hope that these, belonging to an eventful period of the world's history, might be of some use at the present time. Farther on, he says, in the same address, This simple narrative of my experiences which I have given you, may by some be considered long and tedious; by others, the mere product of the imagination; I say it is true. Living in a far-back age, far removed from your time, I can but give you my word. I care not what men may say to the contrary, I again say it is true. I trust, however, that nothing I have said will give offence to any one. If there is anything of that nature let him who is offended put it aside, and take that only which commends itself to him as good. I have no desire to offend, but the truth I dare not withhold. I died for it, and, were it possible, would again die for it. Some of my ideas may not have been conveyed to you just as I wanted; but you must not forget, that I had to do my work with an inferior instrument—a medium not of the finest culture—finding it difficult at times to transmit my thoughts; but, withal, I have accomplished much, and overcome many barriers in my way—thanks to our friends the Painters. And now, since you are determined to lay these communications before your fellow-men, I earnestly desire that they may read them with honest minds; and though I do not expect (neither must you) that readers will see all alike,—for that they will not do,—yet I trust they will be guided by charity and sound judgment.

That this book will have a large sale we have no doubt whatever. Every Spiritualist who can afford it ought certainly to purchase a copy, since a perusal of its pages cannot but tend to improve and cultivate the mind. The volume is especially valuable just now, when it is continually being brought as a charge against us that Spiritualism has nothing new to say upon the great questions which agitate men's minds, but consists mainly in table-tilting, rope-tying, and other frivolities too contemptible to occupy the attention of intelligent men.

## DR. SEXTON ON MAN A SPIRITUAL BEING.\*

As this Discourse has already appeared in the pages of the Magazine, our readers will be perfectly familiar with its character and the way in which the subject is treated. Its object is to show that spirit is a substantial reality, that man is a spiritual being, and even in this world largely subject to the influence of spiritual laws, and that, hereafter, an everlasting spirit-home awaits him. The Discourse is now issued in a separate form, and may prove interesting from the fact that it forms the first number of a series by the same author, which will be issued at intervals uniform in size and type, so as to form, when completed, a volume. No. 2, on "Science and Religion," will be ready early this month.

## SONGS OF THE SOUL.

## A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

<p>A WHITE-ROBED angel by my side,          With face as moonbeams soft and          clear,          The face of one who long had died,          Whose death caused many a bitter          tear.</p> <p>Upon that quiet frosty night,          None present save the dead and me,          By the pale embers' waning light,          All motionless it seemed to be.</p>	<p>No word was said, no sound disturbed          The awful stillness of the time ;          Serene it stood, all unperturbed ;          Freely that soul conversed with          mine.</p> <p>How long I lay in that deep trance          I know not, but one thing I know ;          That no foul wind of evil chance          Which round my daily path may          blow,</p>
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Can shake the rooted trust I feel,  
 Or raise within my heart a fear ;  
 I know through all, in woe or weal,  
 A guiding presence still is near.

T. S.

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

## DALSTON ASSOCIATION OF ENQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM.

ON Tuesday evening, January the 11th, a somewhat lengthy Paper was read before this Association at their Rooms, 74, Navarino Road, Dalston, by Dr. Sexton, on "Certain Occult

\**Man a Spiritual Being.* A Discourse delivered in the Cavendish Rooms on Sunday Evening, December 12th, 1875, by Dr. GEORGE SEXTON. London : G. S. SEXTON, Jun., 75, Fleet-street, E.C.



Psychological Phenomena generally recognised as occurring outside of Spiritualism." On Tuesday evening, the 22nd instant, a Paper will be read at the same place by the Rev. F. R. Young (Honorary Member), on "Our Duties as Spiritualists to Opponents, Enquirers, and Ourselves." Non-members will be admitted on application to the Honorary Secretary at the Rooms. We hope to see the place crowded on this occasion.

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LECTURES ON UNBELIEF, BY THE REV. F. R. YOUNG AND  
DR. SEXTON.

During the past month a series of four Lectures on "Modern Unbelief" has been delivered in the "Free Christian Church," New Swindon, by the Rev. F. R. Young, the minister of the church, with, it is believed, the very best result. The special subjects taken up were as follows:—January 6th, "Modern Unbelief: its Nature, Varieties, and Extent;" 13th, "Some of the Causes of Modern Unbelief;" 20th, "Modern Unbelief considered as to some of its Consequences;" 27th, "How should Modern Unbelief be treated?" These lectures will be followed with one by Dr. Sexton on "Twenty Years' Experience of Scepticism, Sceptics, and Sceptical Teaching," which will be given on Thursday, February 3rd. The entire course comprises subjects of the greatest possible importance in this sceptical age, and will doubtless be productive of much good.

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BRIXTON PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening, January 25th, Dr. Sexton delivered a Lecture for this Society in the Glo'ster Hall, Brixton Road, entitled "Objections to Spiritualism stated and examined." The audience appeared greatly interested in the subject of the Doctor's Lecture, and in giving him a vote of thanks, unanimously requested that he would favour them with another Lecture at an early opportunity. The reply on the part of the lecturer, that he would gladly comply with that request, was received with loud demonstrations of applause.

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NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK BY MR. D. D. HOME.

We learn with great pleasure that Mr. Daniel D. Home is engaged upon a new and important work, which will prove of the greatest possible value to the cause of Spiritualism, and which will, we doubt not, be hailed with delight by all persons

who have the true interest of the movement at heart. In it, we believe, he purposes investigating the facts of how far Spiritualism has been productive of insanity; of tracing the resemblance between certain phenomena and the tricks of conjurers; and of laying bare some of the acts of imposition attempted by mediums. This latter feature is just now of the greatest possible importance; for unless something is done to put an end to the tricks which too frequently pass current for spiritual manifestations, the whole movement will be in danger of being swamped by an overwhelming flood of imposition. Mr. Home will be glad of any information from Spiritualists that may assist him in the compilation of his work. The following short note will explain exactly what he requires:—

As I am compiling a work of psychological importance, I would be exceedingly grateful to any one who will furnish me with *well-attested facts* of mania of any description arising from, and distinctly traceable to, Spiritualism. I also wish for *written* or *printed* cases of imposture in connection with the same, as regards public or private mediums. In this momentous and most important undertaking I ask the assistance of every honest investigator and truthseeker. In every instance where books or pamphlets treating on this subject are forwarded to me I will readily pay the market value of such. All letters, manuscripts, books or pamphlets, to be addressed to me: "D. D. Home, Nice, France, Poste Restante," till May 1st, and after this date to "Paris, France, Poste Restante."

Nice, January 19th, 1876.

D. D. HOME.

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#### THE FOLLY OF FALSEHOOD.

Dreadful limits are set in nature to the powers of dissimulation. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling members of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends, and speaks falsely, the eye is muddy and sometimes asquint. I have heard an experienced counsellor say, that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict. If he does not believe it, his unbelief will appear to the jury, despite all his protestations, and will become their unbelief. This is that law whereby a work of art, of whatever kind, sets us in the same state of mind wherein the artist was when he made it. That which we do not believe, we cannot adequately say, though we may repeat the words never so often. It was this conviction which Swedenborg expressed when he described a group of persons in the spiritual world endeavouring in vain to articulate a proposition which they did not believe; but they could not, though they twisted and folded their lips even to indignation.—*Emerson's Essays*.

## A MEDICAL VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

The following profound estimate of Spiritualism appeared recently in the *New York Chemical Review*. We are sorry that we have not the advantage of the personal acquaintance of the writer. He must be a very paragon of wisdom:—

Of all mental ailments, none seem to yield to treatment so reluctantly as Spiritualism. I have watched many cases of genuine Spiritualism, but do not remember to have seen a chronic case permanently cured. I have seen typical cases pass regularly through their successive stages and terminate in open insanity, and have never been able to mitigate the symptoms nor avert the result. Spiritualism is the most uncompromising complaint which the psychologist is called to meet. No epidemic of modern times can compare with it. It is a delusion which has existed twenty-five years, and attacked in the United States alone nearly three millions of people. The last census informs us that there are in the Republic twenty-four thousand insane, setting aside idiots; and it is believed that out of this number seven thousand and five hundred cases may be traced directly to Spiritualism.

The delusion does not appear to be decreasing, though fortunately its victims are now almost altogether from the vulgar and illiterate classes, and scientific men do not seem to be liable to the contagion. Its numbers among its victims a few men and women of talent and genius, but they were attacked years ago; and we venture to say that had they remained free from the disorder up to the present day, they would not now be very susceptible to its influence. The fact is, Spiritualism has lost its hold on the higher classes, and is spreading with fearful rapidity among the rude and illiterate. Whole communities are given over to its influence. Its believers have their organisations, places of worship, mediums, books, papers, and asylums; they are as sincere, earnest, and fearless as were the Flagellants, Lycanthropes, and Crusaders of the Middle Ages; but, alas! they are even more deranged.

## DIVINATION.

In Flintshire, Mr. Pennant stated that within his memory, "recourse was had to the *virgula divinatoria* or divining rod, which by powers sympathetic with latent ore was to point out the spot where the treasure lay. The instrument of the attempt was a rod forked at one end, to be cut in a planetary hour on Saturn's day and hour, because Saturn is the significator of lead." Jupiter, Venus, Sol, and Mercury were concerned.

## A CURIOUS DREAM.

Bishop Jewell, when he was sojourning in Switzerland, dreamt that one of his grinding teeth fell out; and on the ensuing day he mentioned the circumstance to Peter Martyr, who asserted that Jewell would hear of the recent death of some friend. It appeared subsequently that Dr. J. Courthope, Dean of Peterborough, in the reign of Queen Mary, Jewell's friend and patron, had died when this dream was experienced.

## SCIENTIFIC EXCUSES FOR CRIME.

The *New York Herald* has drawn attention in a leading article to the dangerous results likely to arise in society from the wretched nonsense promulgated now-a-days under the name of Science, with regard to the automatic character of men's

actions, especially where crime is concerned. The following remarks which we copy from the article in question are well worthy of being reprinted:—

Men of science seem to be wasting a vast deal of sympathy upon the criminals who have lately made the community shudder at the atrocity of their deeds. They have very sagely concluded that the pilferers, the burglars, and the murderers who infest society, are the victims of a moral or immoral hallucination, and no more accountable for their acts of mischief than one of Maelzel's automata. The proof of this statement they find, curiously enough, in the supernatural horror connected with the deeds themselves.

If a man who commits murder does it as a fine art—that is, quietly thrusts his poniard into the breast of his victim, or, being a good marksman, draws a bead on him while the mystic shadows of night are falling, and drops him in his tracks, then goes home to weep and wail over the deed, tears his hair in agony, clutches at imaginary daggers in the air, talks incoherently in his sleep, and exhibits other symptoms of remorse—he is, according to the learned science of the day, a double-dyed demon, for whom hanging is too good. It is folly to waste any commiseration on a man who regrets his crime, and who has moral sense enough to wring his hands in despair and cry out piteously for mercy. To be sorry for a murder committed is a sure sign of moral health, and puts the villain beyond the pity of science, and delivers him up to the clutches of the law. But when a man commits murder in a peculiarly brutal fashion, when the details are such that they must be read after and not before breakfast, then modern silence finds an interesting case and one which multiplies pity by pity, until one begins to feel that the surest and shortest road to the heart of these great men is to do something unaccountably bad. They scorn a petty deed of devilry, but find plenty of excuses for a crime whose chief peculiarity is that it is unutterably horrible. They look the guilty party over with scrupulous care to find out whether his nervous and muscular systems are in a healthy condition; they inquire concerning his parentage, and, finding some ancestor that had set a barn on fire, or some relative, ever so distant, who had red hair and a hot temper, they cry "Eureka" with a delight which is profoundly surprising, and in their diagnosis of the case render a verdict of moral unaccountability. They then deliver a very interesting lecture on the automatic mechanism of crime, and end by recommending that the patient, instead of being hanged, be confined in a lunatic asylum and dieted for a while on oatmeal porridge.

Now, while the psychology of criminals may be a fascinating study, this morbid and increasing sympathy for them which has passed the limits of the metaphysician's brain, and to some extent taken possession of the judge's bench, the jury-box, and the popular heart, is simply folly. It results in offering a premium on the very worst forms of crime, while it spurns the ordinary scoundrel with contempt. If a deed be only passably bad it is punished; but if it be most horribly bad then it is not punished but physicked. The safest course for a murderer to pursue is to mutilate his victim and make each particular hair on the head of society stand on end. The worse the deed the better for the doer of it. This may be startling, but it is nevertheless true. Simple confusion is contemptible, but confusion worse confounded is equivalent to a verdict of not guilty. The motto of science is, a prison for the man who steals once and feels sorry for it, and a dose of paregoric for another who steals all the time and laughs at it.

It is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the community that the accountability of all classes be emphasized. It must be proclaimed in tones which know no such thing as compromise that evil deeds of all kinds and grades will meet with severe and un pitying retribution; that Justice holds the balances firmly, and there is no appeal from her decisions. It must be remembered that society punishes crime, not sin. What sin is, what is the weight of motive that prompts to it, what is the just and exact punishment for it, is not for us to decide. A higher power will take charge of that matter, and, without doubt,

many of the decisions of that higher court will startle us. Condemnation will strike in unexpected quarters, and pity and mercy will go hand in hand along surprising paths. But what is known as crime in political economy cannot be tampered with with impunity. It will not do for Despina to sit in the judge's chair and treat the criminals of a great city as so many automatons whose peculiar psychological bias renders them amenable to no law. Such a policy would disintegrate our social system in a very short time. It is well enough for the philanthropist to mix crime and disease in such inextricable fashion that they become inseparable, but it would be exceedingly disastrous if the so-called dangerous class should learn that that theory prevailed to any great extent, either among the police who arrest, the jury who listen to the testimony, or the judges who hear the case. Heaven help us all when we learn to pity and fear to punish!

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#### VON HUMBOLDT ON DEATH.

That a beloved friend, in the moment of dissolution, may gain power over the elements, and in defiance of the laws of nature be able to appear to us, would be incomprehensible, if it were not for the half-defined feeling in our hearts that it may be so. It is quite probable that a very earnest desire might give strength sufficient to break through the laws of nature. But there may be needed a peculiar disposition for the perception of a spirit, and we may be often unconsciously in the presence of disembodied souls.—“*Letter to a Lady*,” by *W. Von Humboldt*, 1823.

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#### THE VIEW OF DEATH.

At the age of 75 years, one must think sometimes of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, for I am convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which in reality never sets, but shines on unceasingly.—*This opinion was expressed by Goethe, A.D. 1824.*

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#### CURIOUS PROPHECY RESPECTING THE FATE OF TURKEY.

The condition of Turkey will remind the curious of the old rhymed prophecy which has dropped out of common recollection. It is said to have been made in 1453 :—

In twice two hundred years the Bear  
The Crescent shall assail,  
But if the Cock and Bull unite,  
The Bear shall not prevail.  
But lo! in twice ten years again,  
Let Islam know and fear,  
The Cross shall wax—the Crescent wane,  
Grow pale and disappear.

It will be “twice ten years” next spring from the conclusion of the Crimean War.

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#### THE BODACH GLAS.

It appeared to the late Earl of Eglinton, on the links of St. Andrews, on the 4th of October, 1861, when this Earl was playing at golf. He died suddenly the same evening. This nobleman had an intimation of his wife's death in a dream in December, 1860; she died on the day intimated in the dream. In *Henderson's Folk Lore*, this anecdote is stated to be authentic.

## Correspondence.

### THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND THE SPIRITUALIST PRESS.

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

SIR,—I am instructed by the Council to make a correction of certain misconceptions which have lately been circulated in some parts of the country, affecting the British National Association of Spiritualists and its relation to the Spiritualist press, and to beg that you will kindly give it as much publicity as possible.

It is supposed by some that the *Spiritualist* newspaper is the "organ" of the Association, and that each is responsible for the acts and opinions of the other; also that the Association is more or less under the influence of Mr. Harrison, and was started to promote his interests.

These are errors, as the following explanation will show:—

When the Council first resolved to give publicity to its meetings the invitation to report its proceedings was extended to all the Spiritualist newspapers without distinction; its advertisements were tendered to all alike, and free tickets to *soirées* and other meetings were regularly sent out.

The *Spiritualist* having fully responded to every invitation, the Association stands so far indebted to it, that as much publicity as that journal is able to give has been on all occasions ungrudgingly afforded; but for editorial remarks, for the form and manner of the reports, or for the opinions of the *Spiritualist* on organisation and other matters, the Council is in no way responsible. Indeed, it is thought by some members of the Association to be an advantage over editing "Transactions" of its own, that its proceedings are published to the world at large, and are open to the wind of criticism from every quarter.

With regard to the second misconception, I have simply to state that Mr. Harrison has only the same connection with the Association as any other private member. It is true that he has from time to time addressed letters of suggestion to the Council, but this is the privilege of every member; such letters are at all times received with pleasure by the Council, though the suggestions put forward may not always be adopted.

A copy of this letter has been sent by order of the Council to the editor of every Spiritualist paper and periodical in this country.

EMILY KISLINGBURY,

Secretary British National Association of Spiritualists.

38, Great Russell-street, London, W.C.

Jan. 12th, 1876.

[We are sorry that there should be any misconception abroad with regard to the matters named in this letter, especially if it is likely to damage the Association, but we cannot help thinking that the impression which the public seem to have arrived at is after all not a very unreasonable one. The editor of the *Spiritualist* sits regularly at the council-table of the Association, without being a member of the Council, and strictly speaking takes a part in the proceedings, and appears to exercise a considerable influence over what is done. It is true when he has a proposition to make it comes usually—not always—in the form of a letter, but really one can see very little difference between bringing a proposition before an assembly by means of a written communication, and moving a resolution orally, especially when the writer of the former sits in the assembly, makes any additional statements that may be necessary by word of mouth, and answers questions in the same way. In truth Mr. Harrison speaks in the council-room as frequently perhaps as any member of the Council, always prefacing his remarks with, "I have no right to speak here;" but he speaks notwithstanding. Now, we cannot for the life of us understand why this

gentleman is not on the Council, since he is just as eligible to be there as other persons—ourselves for example—that is, supposing that the Association has no more to do with the *Spiritualist* than with the *Spiritual Magazine*, which Miss Kislingbury now states to be the fact. Then it must be remembered that Mr. Harrison occupies the rooms of the Association, for which he pays no rent, and from these rooms his publications are issued—a fact of itself sufficient to identify him with the Association in the mind of the public. His testimonial appears to have originated with the Association, the circular referring to which was sent—at least to us—by Miss Kislingbury, their paid secretary, together with a private letter from that lady, requesting us to draw attention to it in the pages of the Magazine; and one of the usual *soirée* nights of the Association is to be occupied in presenting the testimonial. If, as Miss Kislingbury states, advertisements of the Association were tendered to all the Spiritualist papers alike, “when the Council first resolved to give publicity to its meetings,” that time has certainly long since gone by, for while every week one may find between two and three columns of advertisements of this same Association in the *Spiritualist*, you will look in vain for as many lines in any other paper. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the public should have arrived at the erroneous conclusion which Miss Kislingbury now endeavours to correct.—ED. S. M.]

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## RE-INCARNATION.

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*To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”*

SIR,—In your number for last December, Signor Damiani has attempted to reconcile us to the new—or rather to the old exploded—doctrine of Re-incarnation; and he has given us a summary of the arguments adopted by his opponents. Certainly, if these arguments are the sum total of all that can be urged against his theory, his victory is an easy one. But I was always under the impression that we, Anti-Re-incarnationists, had something a great deal more wise and convincing to say on our side of the question.

Now, I wish to lay it down as an axiom, that Spiritualists are as much bound by *facts* as any other class of thinkers or workers; and that any of our theories which cannot be supported by *facts* must be abandoned. The marvellous manner in which the truths taught in the Holy Scriptures have been, in all ages, triumphantly verified by human experience, is amply sufficient to prove their credibility and authority. Can the theory of Re-incarnation appeal to kindred evidence? Can the history of the world supply us with a *single instance* of a human spirit having been re-incarnated? One overwhelming fact would do more to establish the doctrine than a whole library of discussion.

What evidence have we on this subject? Oh, many spirits tell us that Re-incarnation is true! Hum! What is the real value of their assertions? A man who places implicit reliance on the assertions of spirits must be considered altogether too inexperienced to be allowed to poise a lance in any argumentative arena.

Signor Damiani draws a contrast between an infant who is very early withdrawn from this world to enter angelic life, and the hoary sinner who terminates a long career of crime by a violent death; and your correspondent asks whether these two destinies can be reconciled with a proper sense of divine justice?

I answer that they can be reconciled with a true and Scriptural idea of God’s beneficent and redeeming mercy; and that the more we study his method of government, the more transcendantly grand and simple it will appear.

Before we can judge the quality of any human being, we must know what has been the extent of his temptations, and also his capacity of resistance. On this point we may be sure the Almighty will form very different conclusions from what we may adopt.

Is the Re-incarnationist prepared to draw the line of moral turpitude at which the re-incarnation of the sinner should be deemed necessary, or at which it may be dispensed with; and would there not be, to our human perception, some injustice apparent where "this hard and fast line" was drawn?

I, for one, would rather depend for my salvation upon the power of redeeming grace, which I know by experience to be true, than upon a theory which *cannot bring a single fact to its support*, and which can offer no testimonials in its favour except the assertions of a number of spirits whose credentials are of the most shady and suspicious character. How can we be sure that each act of Re-incarnation is a promotion? What is to prevent its being a degradation? And why may it not go on from bad to worse with each human soul to the end of time?

Signor Damiani may be assured that he has done nothing to vindicate Re-incarnation against the charge of being a baseless and impious assumption.

Yours,

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 25th December, 1875.

*P.S.*—I would suggest that the opponents of the theory of Re-incarnation should call themselves REGENERATIONISTS; a title expressive of a belief that the human soul, in any stage of its existence, is redeemed by the certain methods of grace and repentance. Anti-Re-incarnationists is an awkward word.

## AN ATHENIAN GHOST.

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

SIR,—In Pliny's Letters, &c., recently published as a volume of *Antient Classics for English Readers*, is a curious anecdote about an alleged haunted house, at Athens. Like No. 50, Berkeley Square, it remained vacant for a long time, on account of mysterious noises, and an apparition of an aged man, with a beard and chains, which rattled "in a horrible manner." But one Athenodorus, a philosopher, becoming the tenant of this house, encountered the apparition at night, which, rattling its chains, earnestly signified its desire that the *savant* should follow the spectre as it desired. This course was adopted, when the apparition, having arrived at the courtyard of the house, disappeared suddenly. Subsequently, the place where the spectre disappeared was inspected officially, when bones were discovered having a chain attached to them. The bones, having been collected, were interred publicly, and the house then ceased to be haunted. Pliny observed, "I believe the word of those who affirm all this." He mentions also two dreams, which much impressed him. The dreamers were two of his slaves, who dreamt that they had been shaven during their sleep, and who saw the clipped hair on the ground.

Pliny deemed these two dreams to be omens that he would not be liable to any accusation during Domitian's reign, A.D. 81-90. Subsequently, an accusation was found, in Domitian's cabinet, made by Carus Metius, a delator or false accuser. Accused persons allowed their hair to become long, hence Pliny deemed the excision of the slave's hair to intimate the averting of a peril hanging over Pliny until Domitian's death, A.D. 96. The editors observed, "Pliny had much good sense; yet one would infer that he was by no means without a taint of superstition."

Yours faithfully,

CHR. COOKE.

Swalcliffe, Oxon., 15th Jan., 1876.





*Russel*

*Direct*



*Your attention*

*Direct*