

“THE CROSS.”

BY

FRANK STARR,

NORWICH,

AUTHOR OF “TWENTY YEARS OF A TRAVELLER'S LIFE,”
“MIDSUMMER MORNINGS' DREAM.”

“HOPE was glad in the beginning, and fear was sad midway,
But sweet fruition cometh in the END, a harvest sweet and sure.”

—TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy*.

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N.B. The readers of this volume are requested to observe that the Publisher is in no way accountable for its contents. The Author alone takes the entire responsibility.

London, May 25, 1866.



*** "The Author" refers the reader to page 9 and third line of the Prefatory Chapter, also to the Note, pp. 219—221, at the end of this work, and then to the 21st Chapter of Luke, verse 26.*

(Extract from private correspondence of Publisher.)

"I must confess, however, that I am so startled with some of your statements that I must by some means be quite free from the contents. The delay has been caused by the desire not to be too hasty in a matter of so much moment."

Norwich, May 28, 1866.

DEDICATION.

TO MRS. JOHN HURSTWAITE LEETE.

DEAR MADAM,

I FEEL it no ordinary gratification to be allowed to dedicate these few chapters to you, notwithstanding your very natural desire to remain as you have always been, a follower of our blessed Master in the humble quietude of your position in life, and the wife of a consistent member of the Church, to which we all profess to belong—Christ's Church on earth. I have many reasons for entertaining this feeling; in the first place I may say with the Apostle of old, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," and that from the first outset I have made in the way of authorship my writings have been familiar to you.

In the next place, although you boast no ancient pedigree of rank and station, albeit, for aught I know to the contrary, can trace your descent from a line of

kings, by this dedication I keep within the pale of that sphere I have marked out for myself in which to act, viz., the "*commercial*" world; for although both your beloved husband and his dear brother, Wm. Leete, Esq., of West Winch, have long since retired from the active life of commercial travellers, they both held honourable position amongst that important class of men, and both distinguished themselves so as to gain the confidence of their employers and the esteem and friendship of their brother travellers; if for no other reason these would of themselves be a sufficient amount of gratification to me for your setting aside any objections you might have to being identified, in a measure, with a work of a controversial character, but as this dedication does not necessarily call upon you to endorse indiscriminately all the work contains, the permissive spirit you have in this matter exercised only shows yours to be of that Catholic nature I would that many more professing Christians entertained towards each other. I have but one object in writing at all, viz., to bring before a class of men, for whom I always have entertained, and shall do so to the day of my death, an affectionate regard amounting to *brotherly love*, a subject they, as a class, hear less of and think less upon perhaps than any other body of men, who in their daily walk of life are necessarily led to think more upon the things of time and sense than they do of a "second coming of Christ" and "the close of the present dispensation;" therefore to have sought for a high sounding title, or even one identified with these subjects

in his study and teaching, would have been travelling out of the record. I have another very strong reason for expressing my sincere thanks to you in granting me the permission, and it is this,—but for your dear husband, my old and much-loved valued friend, in all probability I should have remained in the Egyptian darkness Satan had bound me to this very hour, but in the order of God's Providence it was he who was the instrument to set me on the road to see “whether these things be true or not,” for I can say with certainty that until he awoke in my mind a spirit of inquiry I felt myself free to act and *free to think*, and therefore if there be any distinguishing mark of respect and esteem in a dedication, to *you* and to *yours* it is essentially due.

With these few remarks, and with the earnest prayer that which I have written may be to God's praise and glory,

I am, my dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

F. STARR.

Norwich, April, 1866.

PREFACE.

A PREFACE, my friend Browne, of Manchester, tells me should be "short and *pithy*, and trenching as little as possible on the contents of the volume." I will endeavour to carry out the injunction, but fear I shall not the first part of it. I did not intend writing a Preface at all, but to let the Prefatory Chapter stand in its stead. Circumstances, however, have in a sense necessitated me to explain why I had adopted the *nom de plume* of "Vultigeur," and at last published in my own name; my reasons for it will be found explained in the work itself at page 100; but I certainly did *intend* contrariwise originally, inasmuch as when I first advertized, it was my intention to have produced a work of a different character altogether; now, however, I reserve it for a future period if I should see either reason or necessity for it. Moreover I had some idea of resuming my old occupation as a traveller, and contemplated the infliction of Vultigeur upon my friends and the public, as much *pour passer le temps* as *s'enlever le vent*, as some of my intimate friends

imagined it to be. In fact, it was the consideration only of a moment that determined the first act, but when it came to be put into practice, considerations of another character assumed their sway, causing me to cast about for more *materiel*; for which purpose I visited London, as much as to seek support for my project, and I there found it to my heart's content, as the perusal of the following pages I think will bear me out in. One or two little circumstances, however, I will here narrate, to show that "Voltigeur" was not altogether the "unhappy title" some parties think it to have been. It must be obvious, however, that I had no intention of remaining a "great" or "little unknown" like the author of "Junius' Letters," as I promised a *carte de visite* of the author to every subscriber (which if I in any case omit I beg the parties to write me, and if they request it, one shall be sent them.)

A Reverend of "the Church" one day met me, and very *naïvely* asked me the meaning of the words in my advertisement in the "Times" and other papers, viz., "*tomba pour un peu.*" Premising that he was a Latin scholar, though ignorant of French, so I told him, and asked him to lend a hand to help me up again, on the principle of the vendor of dainty luxuries, "Hang your pity, buy a pie;" but "Oh, dear no, he shouldn't think of such a thing," and so I left him. A few days afterwards, having in the meantime studied the language, he again accosted me, "What connexion can there be between 'Voltigeur' and 'The Cross?' the word means a

vaulter." "Buy the book," was my reply, "and you will see." But he was as frigid as an iceberg, although rolling in riches and had *bought* a "living;" took me somewhat sharply to task by saying, "It was expected of me now, that I should 'adorn the doctrine of God in all things.'" "Well," I said, "that is my endeavour. I do it in my way, you do it in your's." "Yes," was his answer, "but do you not know that it is written, 'Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his'?" "I am quite aware of it," I said, "it is in the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Romans, and the spirit I am endowed with I think is much the same as Christ had when he armed himself with a whip of small cords, and cleared the temple of the 'money-changers, and those who sold doves,' if they didn't 'buy' 'livings,' telling them, 'My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.' Pray, Sir" (and I bristled up a little), said I, "will you do me the favour to say in what way it was *you* 'adorned the doctrine,' when the Bishop unfrocked you? You must excuse me for my plain speaking, but I think it is *you*, and *such as you*, have brought the Church into the imminent danger it is in at the present time—first with your 'Colenso's' and your 'Essays and Reviews,' together with your muddling interpretations of the language of prophecy; I should not be in the least surprised if what one of your Reverend brethren of the cloth wrote me a few years since becomes realized,—viz., that 'in forty years we shall have no such thing as a National

Church.' Church-rates, by compulsion, are about to be abolished for ever, and the voluntary principle established in its stead ; and you may depend upon it, unless teachers are more truthful and sincere, men will not support a Church for the sake of the *building* ; although in Norwich such instances may be quoted as evidences that they will, it is mainly attributable to the fact that they have got for the time being 'the right men in the right place,' but they are the exceptions and not the rule, and that you will live to see, or I am no prophet."

The Reverend Gentleman collapsed, turned on his heel, and left me, quite indignant at my "*impudence*," and leaving me in ignorance of the *facts* of the case ; but "unfrocked" he *was*, and remained so for several years : but whether his name be Johnson, or Thompson, or Jackson, or any other "son," is a matter of no importance whatever, I know him to be a "*thing*," although he is a "son of the Church." However, as I do not wish to "lean to" my "own understanding" in all things, I have, at the suggestion of wiser heads than my own, abandoned the title, and hope that, in so doing, I may meet the wishes of all. What I have written is the TRUTH, and *nothing but the Truth*, and I have no fear whatever of the result.

PREFATORY CHAPTER.

- "WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- "Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- "See ! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown !
- "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."
-

Norwich (late 18, Charing-cross), March 28, 1866.

MORE for the purpose of disabusing the minds of several
of my private friends of the erroneous impression they

have formed as to what is to be the nature and characteristic of this work, than from any desire to produce the conviction I am either straitlaced or sectarian in my views of "Gospel grace," I thus commence "the last thing written, and the first thing read." Notwithstanding there is some ground for the supposition I should make it the medium of noticing, in some shape or other, events with which I have been mixed up during the last eighteen years of my life, and in which my *honour* is equally concerned as those with whom I have been connected, yet have I no desire to biographize men, the besetting sin of whom may or may not have been the "*auri sacra fames*" of the ancients, or the more apologetic characteristic that in the (questionable, to say the least of it) pursuit of riches, the mind has become so overburthened and taxed that it has at length given way to hopeless imbecility, or the ravings of no less hopeless insanity. Doubtless, I could say much on these several points, but they are by no means necessary to my purpose, nor is this the proper arena for their consideration. I have done my duty, as I imagined it to be, to one who, with all his faults (and who is there without them?), loved me, as he *said*, and treated me as a brother more than as a servant, by publicly recording my conviction respecting his death; but finding a feeling prevalent that greater regard was entertained for his wealth than respect for his memory, I caused that which was published in one paper, and written to others, to be suppressed, and, at some expense to myself, stopped the further issue of it than it had already obtained by the

working of a few copies for an early edition. But here I am not so situated. The "paper" is my own, the work is my own, and I alone am responsible for what I put in; and I fearlessly adhere to my first statement and conviction that "the Lord took him." That such would have been the end I could have foretold at the beginning of my servitude, but for the cruelty of the thing, with as equal certainty of its realization, as events in the works I have published and foretold have now become matters of history. Yea, even at this very hour that I write, one prophecy of a most peculiar character, and vital interest to myself and others, which I have caused to be placed hieroglyphically at the end of every book I have published, and which, with its explanation, will be found introduced in this, is now numbered amongst the foretold truths I have placed on record; it being one amongst the "things which shall hereafter be," communicated to me in the month of June, 1850, under the circumstances that will be found repeated in this little volume. The "NATIONAL MERCANTILE LIFE OFFICE" *has fallen*. It is no longer in existence—merged into the "Eagle," the interests of the assured are *secured to them permanently*, which before were *contingent* and in danger of sacrifice, through lack of new business. Men may say who knew more of the internal working of this affair, or were better acquainted than myself with the bodily health of the first (alluded to only), that such events were certain to follow, and might with ease have been foretold. Be it so, if you will. I knew them not. I recorded that which was so peculiarly

communicated to me—such as I felt *permitted* to place on record—under the *visitation* in which, by the providence of God, it was His will I should be placed—for a wise purpose, there can be, I think, very little doubt, for already, in the applications I have thought it right to make of that “visitation,” I have been assured, from more quarters than one, “*they have done more good than a thousand sermons* ;” and, if it is actually so, may God be praised for it, and to His Name be all the glory ! But, beyond this, it has brought me no praise or profit either, neither have I written for either. My means of existence have been chiefly derivable from employment of a different character—no longer, I am sorry to add, at my command ; but “*Jehovah jireh*,” and I have no fear for the future. At whatever cost, I write the Truth—not the *whole* truth, certainly, for I keep back much, but nothing but the *Truth*. I am, as one may say, like the man in John Bunyan’s Allegory, “Valiant for the Truth,”—although, at this very time, contemplating an appearance before the world with a lie in my mouth ; for I purpose, if the Lord will, to speak on the subject of my works, and, to that end, must furnish that mouth with the needful to articulate properly ; for, as I am, I cannot pronounce a “Shibboleth” clear and distinct, and, unless that can be accomplished, orators, whether divine or profane, had better keep their mouths shut, and “remain in the calling wherein they are called.” My defect in this little particular, however, being attributable to the rough usage I received when at “College,” and not to natural decay, will, I think, warrant

me in supplying the deficiency, even with the characteristic I give it, and the opportunity it supplies others with to have their fling at the "mad author." Poor fools! Where lies the madness? In him who puts his trust in the Cross and Him who died thereon for the remission of his sins, or with him who is wilfully blind and obstinate, and still realizing His memorable words, "*Ye will* not come to me that ye may have life"? Poor fools! poor fools! says the "mad author;" 'tis *ye* that are mad, *ye* that are blind, *ye* that are "poor and naked, and blind and miserable," whilst ye are clad in garments of fine raiment, and rolling in riches and in grandeur; but I must not anticipate further, in this prefatory chapter, on that which is to constitute the nature and character of this work. There are two or three other little things, however, I must indulge in and dilate on, if I am so "valiant for the Truth" as I profess to be. I must acknowledge my own shortcomings in this particular, from circumstances I have not been able at present to control, having made promises I have not yet been able to perform; but I know an instance of the father of the first employer I ever had having done the same thing, and he was twenty years before he performed it, but God blessed his exertions, and he did it to the uttermost farthing, principal and interest, and I do not despair of a like eventuality. I know also of another noble instance of the same character which I endeavoured to pleasingly illustrate in my "*Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life*," and which I here allude to from a simple occurrence as it might appear

to him at the time, but which I knew I should have the opportunity given me of stereotyping for all time if not for ever, when elated with what he called success, my adversary on the occasion referred to, viz., a *persecution* for having spoken what I believed to be the truth too boldly, the same individual whom "the people had delighted to honour,"* accompanied this persecutor and his *trumpeter*,† and met me, the persecuted, in the street of my native city, a then present triumphant "*Tria juncta in uno*," hot from the field of battle, in which, for want of means to carry to a higher tribunal, I was temporarily overthrown; the sardonic and contemptuous smile of triumph played around the face of my foe as he said, or seemed to say, "See what becomes of your charge, and how I am honoured in my triumphant march home." It was a strange and singular occurrence certainly, to say the least of it, but I know for why it was so ordered, and I thus dispose of it, they were a "*tria juncta*," but not in "*uno*," had he done what the "honoured of the people" had done? No! It is left undone to this very hour. Where then lies the unity? it may be on earth, but I doubt much whether in the "*mansions of the just*" it will be; for myself I would not leave this world having it in my power to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and meet my Judge for all the wealth there is in the three kingdoms of Great Britain, and so I leave

* Twice Mayor of this City and once Sheriff, and a present subscriber.

† An Editor who stabbed the work he printed for me.

that matter. "*Qui capit ille facit*," and if this little volume falls into the hands of any parties so situate I say to them "Go and do likewise," even as he "the honoured of the people" had done. "Be just and fear not," for an *honest* man is the *noblest* work of God, whether he be rich as Croesus or poor as Job once was.

"I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner," saith the Lord, neither have I any pleasure in writing depreciatingly of any one, but I cannot allow any of my friends or my family to remain in entire ignorance of the causes which have reduced me to such straitened circumstances under which I am obliged to labour, for I have not dared to venture even on this little speculation without first securing the means by which the expenses will be defrayed. Thanks, deep, hearty, and sincere thanks to all who have thus assisted me in my efforts. I owe first of all, however, some explanation to such of my present subscribers who are already in possession of my productions, for a reprint of that they are already acquainted with, forming, as it will do, a considerable portion of this; in the first place this book will circulate where the former ones have never yet made their appearance (that I am aware of), and likewise that as from those "experiences" set forth in detail many of the deductions I make connected with prophecy are based upon those "experiences," it follows as a matter of necessity such persons as are in ignorance of them should be made acquainted with the nature of those "experiences." In the next place, I have a somewhat Scriptural

authority for placing them a third time in a book, viz., Paul the Apostle did the same thing, or rather it was done for him by the Evangelist LUKE in his "Acts of the Apostles"—three times in the narrative of the New Testament he gave his version of his "visitation" when before his accusers and the authorities; and, as I maintain mine to have been of a similar nature, I am the less scrupulous in occupying space that might be appropriated to more original matter, and to the consideration of less controversial questions. There is another reason also, which has great weight with me, and that is in the examination of a "movement" which has, as an under-current, gained great ground in this country as well as in America, whether it would be fair in me to attack its pretensions or dispute its authority without setting before those interested in this "movement" the circumstances in which I have been placed, and from which I make my own deductions; for this reason,—this work, I believe, will circulate amongst some of the professed members of that body—small, as compared with the other isms the religious world is at present distracted with, but increasing in numbers, wealth, and power—I mean SPIRITUALISM. My wish, therefore, in what I may say of it, is to give its supporters and defenders the fair opportunity of discussing, if they will, my reasons for declining to be of their number, and the opinions I may give expression to of its tendency and operations on society in general. For these few and short reasons I have to request my old friends to pass over that portion of the

work with which they are already acquainted, and examine carefully and diligently the new matter they will find on further perusal. Notwithstanding, I have in the reprint introduced a few remarks in addition to those contained in "The Dream," substantiatory of that which immediately precedes it, and with which I hope they may be sufficiently interested as to pass it without the wholesale condemnation, "Oh, all this we have had before! Why foist this upon us again?" In this respect I must throw myself upon your charitable feelings towards me, my old friends; and for my new ones I have only this to offer them as an inducement to proceed in the perusal of the work, that, knowing the nature of what I had previously written, almost all my old friends on whom I have had the opportunity of calling have given me cheerfully their names, some for more and some for less copies of my work, as they did on former occasions, and for which I again say I am heartily thankful, but in a most especial manner to those who in the higher walk of society have given the sanction of their powerful names and influence, a selection from which would be invidious, and perhaps offensive to many, to print. I have, therefore, not put them into type, as on the former occasion of the "Dream." Without that aid I should not have attempted the task; but, having made a successful beginning, I went on, and in London was put in possession of that which I certainly should not have otherwise been made acquainted with, and which clearly proved to me this work was to be issued, let the cost to me be what it might. To this end

I have pursued the even tenor of my way, *mens sibi conscia recti*, "becoming all things to all men," if thereby I could obtain a votary, actuated, I trust, by a *far higher motive* than gain, or deterred, from the fear of loss by anticipating failure; for, if that is not the case, my labour will have been indeed in vain, and I shall expect no good results from it; but I have higher expectations and higher faith than to sit down quietly under the impression I have finished the work I have had given me to do. With these few prefatory, and, I trust, not misplaced remarks, let us proceed to the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

“MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

“No man in England can prove that I have had six minutes (at one time) of unoccupied time for the last three months. No day has been long enough; and those six minutes at a time snatched would not do for what I had to say to you. I could think it, but never had an opportunity to pen it, except at twelve o'clock at night, and then *power* was gone. I am sure you have got into comfortable quarters for your work, quietude in perfection. I often sigh for a *bit* of it, and I suppose many in it sigh to be *out* of it. One reason for delay was, I could not say a word about the shake down until a *fitting* had taken place. We are now all clear for you, and shall be happy to see you, and very much there will be to be talked over.

“‘Re Book.’

“You have asked for my opinion or I should follow the instruction to ‘judge no man;’ and I am bound in all candour to say I feel yours is a most unhappy title, more particularly the ‘play or pun’ upon Dr. Cumming’s name. He has written what he believes to be the

truth, and spoken of events which you and I and many others believe are coming upon the world. Now, it does seem to me too solemn a subject in the slightest degree to write or say a joke about. The world has handled his (Dr. C.'s) views of Scripture roughly and sceptically enough, saying, 'Where is the promise?' &c., &c. Now I know your answer, '*See the inside*'—but I say the blasphemer will rejoice too much with the *outside*—title. It is a most dangerous doctrine to do evil that good may come. I cannot for my life see how the 'Cross of the Christian Life' or the 'Cross of Christ' can become more attractive by being allied with the folly of horse racing or even *the touch of it with your little finger*. I know that to have been the great fault in your other books.

"You allure by worldly phraseology a worldly man to take up your book; he throws it down in disgust, saying (in *present terms*), 'It's a regular sell.' The Christian man takes it up, and he says there is a jumble of things I have *done with*, such things I *now long for*, that I can't see what the man is driving at. In vain have I looked at page 55 of your 'Midsummer Mornings' Dream' to justify the flippant connexion of things sacred with things foolish. Those who in folly designated you 'Voltigeur,' merely the name of a popular horse just at that time, are not worth quoting. The circumstance of a man *dreaming* anything seems a foolish foundation to *build upon*. You are aware as well as I that all who read that part of the book jumped at the conclusion this poor man is labouring under some delusion.

"The theme of the 'Cross' is a beautiful one, and hundreds of volumes may yet be written on its glorious adaptation to men. The Master said, 'If I be *exalted*,' 'Will draw all men unto me.' Let us, therefore, be careful that all we do and say shall be in the direction of exaltation. The world has always been ready enough to play upon things sacred. '*John Cumming's having his coals in by the sack only*,' for instance, and my great fear is, that they will 'take the book by the cover' and exult that in you they have found a seconder. Now, my dear old friend, I have written you in a rough way my sincere feelings, and the consequences I leave, and when I have the great pleasure of seeing you we can *talk* over what I have written.

"I think 'the Cross by one who has carried it' would have been a better identity of yourself.

" Believe me,

" Yours very truly,

" ———.

"I don't grudge your *Church repast* of to-morrow, rather like 'chopped straw.' Lots of the *law*, get him to let you read the Lessons for him in the afternoon, *he* will be pleased to do it."

There! that's what my *Calvinistic* friend and artist, identified with the classics, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," would call a regular "closer," *sole* and *body*, and such it

would have proved to me, only that I knew my dear old friend was himself labouring under the "delusion" that that which I had written, under the title of "Midsummer Mornings' Dream," was indeed a *dream*, and not a *REALITY*,—so far as anything may be called real which we *see* and *hear* with both eyes and ears open, though, perhaps, not clearly understanding at the time the why and the wherefore of such things, so totally foreign to all pre-conceived notions or ideas. Hence the letter produced no angry or vexatious feelings in me. I knew very well there would be many persons who would use and speak of the book, exactly as he says they will do of this; but I knew also there would be *some* who would both read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the matter contained in it, and I have had confirmation of it from many quarters; nay, more—I had so declared and anticipated such a reception for it, as will be seen on reference to pp. 3 and 4 of that work; so that, in his ratification of my own judgment upon it, I had literally cut away all ground for a display of my spleen, even if I had had any after the perusal of his epistle; but I had none, nor have I now. I knew the opinion was an honest one, and for that reason send it down to posterity, to let him see, and others also, that I have no fear whatever of criticism, from either friend or foe. Strange delusion! is it not? But "*Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*" And suppose only *one* soul be saved, through its instrumentality, and God's blessing on it, is not that worth all the trouble, anxiety, and vexatious opposition I have met with? I think it is, for what says

the Word of life? "But they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.) God be praised for it! many have acknowledged to me that these books of mine, so full of "delusions," have made them more pleased with the study of the Bible than they were before they read them; and hence it is that I have become so persevering and untired in my efforts to get out the present edition, let the result be whatever it may.

Moreover, my dear old friend had not, perhaps, taken into full consideration the words of the Apostle of old to the Corinthians: "The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men." "For ye see your calling, brethren; how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble *are called*; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." And, besides all this, he knows, as well as I do, to talk or write to some men (and women, too, mind you,) on such subjects as the "Trinity," or the "new birth," or "predestination," or "sovereign grace" (call it which you will), with which so many *theological* works (so called) are filled, interspersed with original Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and expect that work should be read or that lecture listened to

because of the profundity of its learning, is just as reasonable as to expect beneficial effects from giving lavender water to a rhinoceros; or, if you don't like that *simile*, take one of his friend, Dr. Cumming's—"measure the sky with a two-foot rule"—a simile he used upon an occasion when addressing his hearers on quite as solemn a subject as I am addressing my readers, and which, by-the-by, I remember I pirated in my "Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life;" and I daresay many thought it was my own wit, and that I was very clever, but "'tis never too late to mend," or restore property not your own, and as, in this case, I am somewhat conscience-stricken, I give back what did not belong to *me*, and I never now think of a "two-foot rule" but that incident comes uppermost in my mind, coupled with another of a more melancholy nature one of my readers will perfectly remember to the day of his death, viz., a two-foot rule given given him as a *reward* for services of *unequalled magnitude and unrivalled Christian charity* (*pauvre* Rupert le bon Dieu tu pardon)—a passage I remember now, when under great excitement, I left behind me in the books so "beautifully kept" at the date of the stock-taking, &c. Ah, well-a-day, I must think no more on that sad, sad event: "may he rest in peace."

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

But I cannot proceed in my labour of love without giving all my friends full credit for the sincerity of their suggestions, and a firm belief in their sympathy for what they know to have been my sufferings. Whether they

have been brought upon me by my own mismanagement or not must be left to time to discover, but neither the one nor the other will deter me in the course I have laid down to myself to pursue for the full development of what I consider in my mature judgment to be as remarkable a manifestation of Divine interposition as ever marked the Christian era; therefore, with thanks to my worthy old friend for the opportunity he has given me to speak of him as he deserves to be spoken of, we will proceed to our *next* chapter.

CHAPTER III.

MILLENNIAL HYMN.

RIDE ON ! ride on in Majesty !
Triumphant never more to die.
O Christ ! thy vict'ry now begins
O'er captive death and mortal sins.

RIDE ON ! ride on in Majesty !
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look on with glad and wond'ring ken
To see thy reign on earth with men.

RIDE ON ! ride on in Majesty !
Thy sceptre grandly won is nigh ;
Thy Father on His sapphire throne
Beholds His own anointed Son.

RIDE ON ! ride on in Majesty !
Triumphant never more to die.
O Christ ! thy reign will now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Altered from the original "Lent" hymn.

THIS hymn I have commenced this chapter with more for the purpose of introducing a young aspirant for musical

fame and honours, in the person of a Mr. Charles Henry Hewett, of No. 2, William-street, Heigham, in the City of Norwich, organist, tunist, and teacher of music, the pianoforte, cornet-a-piston, &c., who has composed for this hymn one of the most magnificent and appropriate tunes I think I ever heard in my life, and I shall be very greatly mistaken in my judgment of church music if it does not prove itself as valuable an addition to the worship of God as the brave "Old Hundred," when he has published it with others he is now composing. It is, when sung in all its parts, certainly one of the best tunes extant.

I don't know how far I am guilty of piracy in taking this liberty with the hymn itself, not knowing its author, but it occurred to me, and often had before I ever thought of thus appropriating property certainly not my own, the words "Ride on" have no relative application to the *Crucifixion* of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; He certainly did not ride to that now hallowed spot in "lowly pomp," for the only occasion that we have any record of that He ever *did* ride was on the occasion of His entry into Jerusalem, as every parish-taught child knows as well as the Archbishop of Canterbury; so that I think the burthen of the glorious song of victory is far more applicable to the time when He shall come again to judge the world in righteousness and equity, and in answer to a rather rough correspondent of mine as to "what has a race-horse to do with the kingdom of heaven? for heaven's sake change your *nom de plume*,"

let us turn to the only book that can give us reliable information thereon (unless, forsooth, we are to take the writings of Swedenborg, and writers of that genus), and see what is said there upon this subject.

Rev. vi. 2.—“And I saw, and behold a white *horse* : and he that sat on him had a bow ; and a crown was given unto him : and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.”

Ver. 4.—“And there went out another *horse* that was red : and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another : and there was given unto him a great sword.”

Ver. 5.—“And I beheld, and lo a black *horse* : and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand.”

Ver. 8.—“And I looked, and behold a pale *horse* : and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.”

And again :—

Rev. xix. 11 :—“And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white *horse* : and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True ; and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns ; and he had a name written that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood : and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white *horses*, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.”

And if this is not sufficient evidence, turn to 2 Kings ii. 11 :—"And it came to pass, as they still went on (Elijah and Elisha), and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder ; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

If this is not enough, my unread friend, to prove that heaven has to do with horses, then is the Word of God of no avail with you. You will read this I feel sure ; but I am not so sure you will read and search for yourself, as the noble Bereans did of old, to see if these things be true ; therefore have I done my duty in bringing to your notice at least a part of the Word of God ; and I hope and trust it may lead you to make further inquiry for yourself (for He hath said, "My Word shall not return unto me void"), as I do not wish, like many bookmakers of the present day, to fill mine with quotations a very large number of my readers are better acquainted with than myself. Only this I say to you, don't prejudge any man, and especially upon a subject you know very little about. You know, I am well aware, much more about racehorses than I do, and are well posted in the art and mystery of bookmaking ; but your books and mine are of a widely different character. You make yours for money ; and I make mine, you will say, for the same end. It is very little use contradicting you I know, so I may as well admit that. I hope my judge may not think me unworthy of some reward, perhaps a *crown* (very little, you will say, for the trouble and cost of making a book) ; but

it is further written in that same volume I have so largely quoted from to prove my right to the use of the name of a horse, "They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Don't be angry with me if I have hit you too hard ; but I can tell you the name of "*Voltigeur*" has caught many a one, as the "Twenty Years' of a Traveller's Life" caught many another, who little thought where I was going to take them, or what *end* I had in view when, now sixteen years ago, I began to write. May God bless you, old fellow, and turn your heart from bookmaking to book reading ; and take care they are books of the right sort. I should recommend you to begin with old John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and then I think, when I next have the pleasure of seeing you, I shall be able to call you Christian ; for I can't now, with this stingy letter of yours before me, ordering "one" "to see what it is all about ;" as many another has done when he would freely have squandered over me, to prove and show his friendship for me, double the cost. You can have no idea how strange and unaccountable this has seemed to me, yet has it occurred in a great number of instances, whilst I felt all the while how much rather I would have gone on my way rejoicing in the conviction my work had been purchased for the work's sake rather than that of the author.

Two instances of this nature I will here record. They were in the persons of two most respectable gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion, who *knew* I had written against their profession of faith ; but I will not give their

names, neither shall I publish this long list of names lying by my side, two yards long and upwards, as I did of my "Twenty Years'" subscribers, for the simple reason that it in a measure endorses all I say, whereas they may have many objections to my inferences and interpretations ; but it is a great temptation, for there are many of "the upper ten thousand" amongst them, I can assure you. But let me ask you, Suppose I had been of the Roman Catholic faith, do you think two of our High Church or Low Church would have done the same thing ? Charitable as I am in this respect, I candidly believe they would not.

Oh, my dear old friend, do let me entreat of you to be advised by me. Give over these "strong temptations;" for bookmaking is indeed a great evil, and especially with those who really have not the money to lose, independently of its taking the matter away from the consideration of that great day now so near at hand. What and if I, and those holy men of God, who have so freely allowed me to reprint their interpretations of prophecy, should, after all, be *right*, where will you stand in that terrible day of wrath, when He shall judge the earth with righteousness and *equity* ? Do you feel sure that you are *safe* ? I *know* you do not ; let me, then, before I close this hastily-written chapter, entreat of you to flee from the wrath to come. Lay hold on "the Cross," aye, even on such a feeble representative of it as this volume I feel too keenly is, and be numbered amongst the *SAVED*. There may be many I know nothing at all of who will read this, and think it intended for them ; but avowedly it is

intended for you, my dear old chum, for you will well remember what passed between us when we last met. "The fact is," said you, "you are mad; there's no doubt about that;" but it was said in such a way it was impossible to take offence at it, any more than a person has when he receives a letter from a lady, telling him he is "a naughty man," and then goes on to compliment him very highly for the honour he intended her. But don't you remember one of your own name—the celebrated George Fox,* of Lichfield—how mad they thought him, as he ran about the streets, bare-foot and bare-headed, crying, "Woe! woe! to the bloody city!" yet, notwithstanding, mad as they thought him, established a religious sect, which became an important body of Christians, and from which body, one, if not more, are part of the body of representatives in our legislative assembly? Sudden conversions produce these anomalies, and show themselves in various costumes, but all tending to a general good. Mine shows itself in the *cacoethes scribendi*; and you say, *Cui bono?* what good has it done you or anybody else? Let us wait patiently, and see, for *it is written*, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto thee after many days." I should have felt myself a deal more offended if you had put your hand into your pocket and pulled out one of those bright representatives of yours that you have accumulated by perseverance and honest industry, "thick as leaves in Vallambrossa," and said, "Here, take this, and let every one you ask do the

* Not my old friend of that name in Lincoln's famous city.

same, and it will do you more good than if you were to write till doomsday." I thank God you did not, but had respect unto mine infirmity, and "paid the homage that is rendered to a writing," although confined to a single copy. But should it prove to be so, and good comes of it, then let us both bless and praise God that it is you and you alone that has caused me thus to write. Throw your "free-thinking" to the winds, but let it not blow on you; lay hold upon the hope that is set before you in the Gospel, and take Him for your Counsel, your Guardian, and your Guide, and the "odds" then will indeed be on the right side. Farewell. May He direct your path, for His loving-kindness and for His mercy's sake, and bring us both to glory everlasting!

CHAPTER IV.

“But when ye pray, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the corners of the streets and in the synagogues, that they may be seen of men. Use not vain repetitions as the heathen do; for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye: enter into thy closet and shut thy door, for thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.”

“Our Father who art in Heaven,” &c.

THIS is not the literal transcript from the 6th chapter of Matthew, but it is near enough for my purpose to recommend short prayers, and I would that our own service in the Church of England, beautiful as it unquestionably is, were either shortened or divided; for if all the wandering thoughts and unholy impulses which pass through the mind and arise in the heart of each individual, ostensibly engaged in the worship of God, could be stereotyped and presented to the view of each person when his devotions were ended, we should be horrified to read the unseemly interpolations wherewith the flesh and the devil had disfigured the petitions which we present to the high and

Holy One. We should indeed have reason to exclaim with the prophet, "Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips."

We might well abandon every attempt to serve God acceptably did we not know that *our services* as well as our persons are accepted in "Christ our great High Priest, who ever liveth to make intercession for us." I remember reading somewhere the late Mrs. Fry or Mrs. Opie, I cannot now say which it was, perhaps it was Hannah More, I know it was one of those three eminent ladies, declaring that she had to repeat the Lord's Prayer exactly one hundred times ere she could be satisfied she had said it free from wandering thoughts and unholy impulses, and I am quite certain I never in my life, although trying with my utmost strength, followed a minister all through a morning's service without coming to the same convictions, that what I had offered was but solemn mockery and unworthy the slightest notice at the throne of grace. Sometimes I have looked round to see if I could discover a like solemnity in others, and it was too apparent they, like myself, had become weary in well doing—my own experiences too often reproach me with attempting to do too much. I remember well, although now sixteen years since, when under the influence of the teaching, I have made so public "*the voice*," frequently interpolated the words with the instruction "*speak quicker*," and I have since found that the more rapidly I give utterance to the words of that all-sufficient prayer, "Our Father," &c.,

the more free am I from "wandering thoughts and unholy impulses," and I say this much, that others may not feel they are going through their devotions with indecent haste if they adopt the same means of dispelling the arts of the devil; for if he can only disfigure our petitions, a greater victory he can hardly gain; for when the weakest saint is upon his knees, he is said to tremble. Notwithstanding, I should be sorry to ignore the Apostle's injunction, "Pray without ceasing;" "but in *everything*, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." It is, I know, a tender subject with our ecclesiastical rulers to alter the Book of Common Prayer, but I cannot help thinking it would be much to the advantage of the true worship of God if our morning service was considerably curtailed. I know many persons who stay away because it is so long, and because, also, they confess their inability to keep their minds and hearts from wandering. This would not be so much the case if the prayers were extemporaneous; but when they are read, and *read*, as they sometimes are, with a *nasal twang* and conventional delivery, and almost every one knows what is coming next, the under-current of thought is allowed to have full sway; and whilst the lips are intuitively following the reader, in all probability the worshipper is calculating in his or her mind whether the cook they have left at home, to pray as she best can, is likely to overdo the salmon, or let the leg of mutton boil to a rag or burn to a cinder; but cooks have no other *soles* to think about but those

they are hired to *fry*; so, whether they pray or not, so that the dinner is but well done, and put on the table to the minute, is a matter of the smallest possible consequence; and yet *it is written*, "They compass sea and land to make one proselyte." How inconsistent this does appear to me; but I, alas! am but a poor half-witted creature, and don't know how to reason properly; for "lips, though blooming, must yet be fed; and not even *love* can *live* on *prayers*." That's not exactly the word, though, in the old song; but I can't bear to hear people talk of their *love* to Christ, and their willingness to do all they can in His cause, when, if they would look at home a little more, they would see how at variance they are with the Fourth Commandment, in commanding service that, in my humble opinion, should be otherwise rendered. "If ye love *me*," Jesus says, "ye will keep my commandments." And He says, on this day of rest, "Ye shall do no manner of work; thou, nor thy *servant*," &c., &c. But I have said thus much on the subject of prayer, more for the purpose of introducing another of the "signs of the times" in the person of George Müller, of Bristol, and the efficacy of prayer. I am indebted for the following account of him to one of, if not the most earnest, eloquent, and impressive Evangelical preachers of the Word of God this city of mine boasts of; and, in thus acknowledging his courtesy, I beg of him to receive my most sincere thanks:—

"In the year 1826, forty years ago, there resided in Saxony a youth named George Müller. He has since

become extensively known in Great Britain as a man whose prayers prevail with God; and no Christian can carefully consider his life without being refreshed, strengthened, stimulated, and, it may be, reproved by it. It is a life consecrated by the noblest of aims, sustained by a strong, unwavering faith in God, and successful to an extent that may well be considered marvellous. The great secret of his high-toned Christianity and of his successful labours lies in the strength of his confidence in God, manifested by a spirit of believing prayer. He was born in Prussia, in 1805. The fact that he was his father's favourite exerted an injurious influence on his mind and on that of his brother. He considers himself to have been a very wicked boy. As he grew up, he was placed at different seminaries of learning, under professors of varied character, and made considerable progress in history, Latin, French, and also a little in Hebrew, Greek, and mathematics. It had long been his father's desire that he should become a clergyman, and that was his own desire also, although he had then but little love for a clergyman's proper work. When about twenty years of age, he was, for the first time, brought in contact with real Christians. They were poor in this life, but they held a Meeting every Saturday evening for prayer and reading the Sacred Scriptures. Up to that time, notwithstanding all his studies, he knew almost nothing about the best of all books. He had no Bible of his own, and had not read one for years. He had never, up to this time, heard the Gospel preached, and had no reason to believe that any

one sincerely tried to live the holy life which the Bible enjoins. Neither did he know anything of the ways of God's people, or of their joy at seeing others come to their Meetings, and showing any concern about their souls. Hence he made an apology for intruding upon them. The kind answer, however, soon put him right upon that point. The answer was, 'Come as often as you please; house and heart are open to you.' He was now very much struck by the earnestness of the humble people whom he found at this Meeting. He had never before seen any one kneel at prayer, nor had he ever done so himself. After prayer, a chapter and a printed sermon were read. Then another hymn was sung, and the master of the house prayed. Whilst he was praying, George Müller thought to himself, 'I could not pray as well as this man, though I am much more learned than he.' The whole proceedings made a deep impression upon him. The next day, the Monday following, and once or twice during the week, he went to the brother, in whose house they had met, and read the Scriptures with him and another, for he could not be satisfied to wait until another Saturday should come. It pleased God, he says, at that time to teach him something of those precious words, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John iii. 16.) And what all the exhortations of his father and others could not effect, and what his own good resolutions could not bring about—the renouncing

of his former wicked life, he was enabled to do under the influence of the love of Jesus. When between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age he came to London as a missionary to the Jews. (There are more Jews in London than in Palestine.) He was then led to believe that God frequently answered his prayers in a remarkable manner. In fact, he had begun to believe God, and take Him at His word, as Abraham did; and every one who does the same will have, like George Müller, the fullest proofs that praying breath is never spent in vain. He believes that it was in answer to prayer that God led him from London to Bristol.

“It was on the morning of May 28, 1833, that the distress of some poor brethren and sisters was brought to his mind and led him to pray, ‘Oh that it might please the Lord to give me means to help them!’ Soon after he received 60*l.* from a brother whom he had never seen, and who then lived at a distance of several thousand miles from Bristol. Thus commenced his *special* and *prayerful* efforts for the bodies and souls of others. He afterwards formed plans for feeding and instructing the poor of all ages, and for missionary operations at home and abroad. He resolved that he would not *contract debts*, but in secret prayer would carry before the Lord the wants of his ‘Scripture Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad,’ and would act according to the means He should give him. On April 23, 1834, he writes, ‘Yesterday and to-day I had asked the Lord to send us 20*l.* that we might be able to procure a larger stock of Bibles and

Testaments than our small funds of the Institution would allow us to purchase ; and this evening a sister, unasked, promised to give us that sum.' November 21 he writes, 'To-day I had it very much impressed on my heart, not merely to think about the establishment of an orphan house, but actually to set about it ; and I have been very much in prayer respecting it, in order to ascertain the Lord's mind.'

"Two days afterwards he says:—'To-day I had 10*l.* sent from Ireland for our Institution. Thus the Lord, in answer to prayer, has given me in a few days about 50*l.* I had asked only for 40*l.* This has been a great encouragement to me, and has still more stirred me up to think and pray about the establishment of an Orphan-house.' At the end of another two days he writes:—'I have been again much in prayer yesterday and to-day about the Orphan-house, and am more and more convinced that it is of God. May He in mercy guide me! The three chief reasons for establishing an Orphan-house are:—1. That God may be glorified, should He be pleased to furnish me with the means, in its being seen that it is no vain thing to trust in Him, and that thus the faith of His children may be strengthened ; 2. The spiritual welfare of fatherless and motherless children ; 3. Their temporal welfare.'

"In April, 1836, after having circulated a printed statement of what he proposed, he opened his first Orphan-house, with accommodation for thirty children ; *but no individual was applied to for money.* Prayer and the circulation of information were the only means used by

him. In 1837 he also opened an Infant Orphan-house. At the end of two years he had seventy-five orphans under his care. During 1837 his expenses for orphans had been 740*l.*, and his receipts 840*l.*, in addition to 400*l.* he had received and expended upon schools, the circulation of the Scriptures, and in aiding missionary operations. On December 31, 1837, he writes:—‘Ninety daily sit down to table. Lord, look down on the necessities of thy servant! Lord, thy servant is a poor man, but he has trusted in thee before the sons of men; therefore let him not be confounded! Let it not be said, All this was enthusiasm, and therefore it has come to nought!’ That prayer was heard of the Lord. Mr. Müller has never been confounded. From that time to the present the work has been rapidly increasing in importance and magnitude. ‘I look out,’ said he, ‘for answers to my prayers. I believe God hears me.’ ‘Without any one having been personally applied to for anything,’ . . . ‘as the result of prayer to God,’ he received, from the commencement of the work in 1834, to May 26, 1858, no less than 147,667*l.* He has erected on Ashley-down, near Bristol, houses capable of receiving 1,000 orphans. During the thirty years he has had under instruction in his schools more than 2,807 adults, 6,440 day-scholars, 3,068 Sunday-scholars, making a total of 12,315 scholars. He has assisted in the support of 82 missionaries, 26 of whom were labouring abroad, and 56 in Great Britain and Ireland. From November, 1840, he thus aided the finances of the missionary cause to the extent of 25,325*l.*

During *the year* ending May 26, 1858, he expended 1,231*l.* in Bible, tract, and small book circulation. Thus God has fulfilled the promises of His grace in hearing and abundantly answering prayer."

If, after this, the reader cannot be induced to *pray*, argument or entreaty is lost on him or her, and, I fear to add, they are also ; for " we enter heaven by *prayer*."

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CHAPTER V.

"THESE our actors,
As I foretold you, were all *spirits*, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And like the baseless fabric of this VISION,
The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*
Leave not a rack † behind."

—SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*, Act IV.

BUT why, I think I hear many people say, why bring in the quotation from a profane poet and an unholy man to support a doctrine that is holy and professedly taken from the book that is holy—query, was Shakespeare the unholy man some of these stiffly-starched muslin-sleeved bipeds of this "mundane imponderable" consider him to have been? Who is to say he did not come to the conclusion the words quoted above evidently set forth from the same

* Vanished.

† A body of clouds in motion; but it is most probable the author wrote *track*.

source—a priesthood having for its basis ritual observances and a farago of ceremonial vestments, who cannot bear a brother near the throne because, forsooth, he has not the power to boast a college education, and can quote Greek and Hebrew by the yard, “Aut Cæsar aut nullus” —who is to say that the immortal bard had not as much of the “abiding spirit” in him as the Lord Primate of all England? Here’s a “little bit” (as my quondam friend *the predestinarian Calvinistic artist* would say) that satisfies *me* on that point, and they must be straitlaced controversialists who would argue to the contrary,—

“Let never day nor night unhallow’d pass
But still remember what the Lord hath done.”

—*Second Part of Henry VI., Act II.*

I think that passage quite enough to prove he was no “*heathen*,” but, on the contrary, an *inspired* writer, and when he penned that sublime passage at the head of this chapter, coupled with the “little bit,” was under its holy influence; for “no man knoweth the Father but the Son and *he* to whom He hath revealed him;” but be that as it may, I think it a passage as illustrative of the time of the end as any prophet or interpreter of Scripture have ever prognosticated, save and except, for instance, such an one as this which follows, for there, *if he is right* in his chronology, the “time of the end” is indeed, as Dr. Cumming says, “at our very doors;” but I think ere I have *done* I shall show they are both out of their calculations.

THE SIX THOUSAND YEARS

Traced in the Bible from Adam to the Millennium in 1872-3.

Anno Mundi.	Before Christ.		
0	4128	(1) The Creation of Man to the close of the Deluge. (Gen. v. and viii. 13, 14.) ...	1656
1656	2472	(2) The close of the Deluge to the birth of Terah. (Gen. xi. 10 to 24.)	222
1878	2250	(3) Terah's birth to his son Abraham's removal to Canaan. (Acts vii. 6; Gen. xi. 32, xii. 1-5.)	205
2083	2045	(4) Abraham's removal to the date of the Exodus. (Ex. xii. 40; Gal. iii. 8, 17.)	430
2513	1615	(5) The Exodus to the Distribution of the Land. (1 year, Num. x. 11 to xiii. 25; and 45 years, Josh. xiv.)	46
2559	1569	(6) The Dividing of the Land to the end of Samuel's Judgeship. (Acts. xiii. 20.)	450
3009	1119	(7) Reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon (40 years each). (Acts xiii. 21; 2 Sam. v. 4; 1 Kings xi. 42.)	120
3129	999	(8) End of Solomon's to the end of Jehoiachin's Reign. (1 Kings xi. 43 to 2 Kings xxv.)	393
		[Reckoning 11 years' interregnum from Amaziah to Azariah. 2 Kings xiv. 2, 23; xv. 1.]	
3522	606	(9) The 70 years' captivity from Jehoiachin's capture until Cyrus' 1st year. (2 Kings xxiv. 8 to 16; Ez. i.; Jer. xxv. 12.)...	70
3592	536	(10) Cyrus' 1st year to the midst of Artaxerxes Longimanus' 7th year (by the common chronology)	79
		[Cyrus' 7 years, Ahasuerus and Artaxerxes' (Ez. iv. 6, 7) 8 years, Darius' (Ez. vi. 1) 36 1-2 years, Xerxes' 21 years, Artaxerxes Longimanus' 6 1-2 years.]	
3671	457	(11) The midst of Artaxerxes Longimanus' 7th year to the birth of Christ. (Dan. ix. 24-26; Ez. vii.)	457
		[Daniel's 70 weeks are generally held to begin about A.D. 457, in Artaxerxes' 7th year.]	
4128	0	Total, from the creation of Adam to the birth of Christ	4128
		Add (for the period of the Christian dispensation)	1872
		Total, from the creation of Adam to the Millennium	6000

Note.—The above is extracted from the Rev. W. Baxter's work, "Napoleon the Destined Monarch of the World."

The reader, if he has patience to read this and examine it closely, will see the end of the world is to be in 1872, and why I am so particular in drawing earnest, and, if you will, solemn, attention to this table of figures is because I was constrained to write in 1854, under an influence I could not at the time nor can I even now account for satisfactorily (being only a "guess," as Dr. C. says), the following passage in my work, "The VISION of Midsummer Morning's Dream," pp. 178, 179 (for I do not remember seeing it till it was in print, sometimes writing with closed eyes):—"And as I have elsewhere written when the light of *truth* had not broken in upon my understanding, LET THE MULTITUDE LIVE IF IT BE ATTENDED WITH INDIVIDUAL SACRIFICE. So now do I say, LET NOT THE YEAR 1872 FIND YOU, READER, UNABLE TO SAY, I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

"It is the utmost stretch of limitation I can take, to write, or to speak, for those asterisks in page 50 * * * * speak terrible things to me, whether it be *imagination* or not; and will continue to do so, let me be wheresoever I may, no matter what the nature of the *excitement* is which may be going forward.

"I would still add that *not for all there is in the world* would I have *that period* arrive and not have the *knowledge* that *my* Saviour lived, to make intercession for me, *were I the READER*. If this, therefore, is not speaking loud enough and clear enough *I have done*."

That is what I wrote in 1854, what do I write now in 1866? Well, I am not like Dr. Cumming in this respect,

at all events, for he says in p. 173 of his "Apocalyptic Sketches":—"Some time ago, when I knew less, and probably felt less—for I grow in grace and in light too as well as you—I published a volume of sermons; in this volume there is one on the 'Two Witnesses.' The 'Two Witnesses' I then said were the Old and New Testaments. *I have changed my opinion. I am satisfied my arguments were unsound—my reasons inconclusive.*

"We must not hesitate to cast what is popularly understood as consistency behind us, if taught something better, and to emit truth as God teaches us. I cannot and will not be arrested in my preaching by looking over my shoulder to see if what I say now be consistent with something I have said before. Truth is always consistent with truth. It is human to err; it is heavenly to forgive. The two witnesses, I am satisfied, are not books, but *persons*: my reasons for believing so are, I think, most satisfactory. First, the word *μαρτυρς* occurs in the Bible exactly thirty-four times. In thirty-three of these it means a person; why change its meaning in the thirty-fourth? Now, this alone seems to me conclusive; it is never once applied to a *book*, but in every case to a *person*."

The learned Doctor is very candid, we must admit, and ignores what he had formerly written; he may do the same thing with respect to his other interpretations; *not so I*. I adhere to every word and figure I have penned, and I go further still. So far from putting off till 1872 the acquirement of that "knowledge" I would not for all the world be without in 1872, were I the reader without that

"knowledge," I would not let a day or even an hour pass from the very moment this writing falls into his hands without seeking at the throne of grace in humble faith and earnestness for that certainty without which the world is a blank, and the heart an aching void.

The popular delusion of Dr. Cumming's prophesying (for, as he says in the same page, "To prophesy is equivalent to preach") is, that he has declared the present year to be the end of this dispensation. I cannot find it in his writings (and they are legion, and would take half a life-time to read), but, on the contrary, find him saying, "No man knoweth the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh." Others, however, go further in the interpretation of prophecy, and say they do—and as in this table I have just referred to—give you the precise year, if not the "day or the hour." Now suppose Dr. Cumming to be right in his second judgment that the two "witnesses" are persons and not books, and suppose the reviewer of Dr. Newman's work in the "Times" newspaper* be right when he says he expects it to be either the one or the other, what is there to prevent me, like some other wild fanatics who are blazing about this city of mine, in shaved heads, and dirty, naked feet, all cold and

* "Nay, there remains at least one other possible alternative. Our anticipations of a revelation (which is the thing in question) will not have failed; our probability will not have been falsified, if the revelation should be made, though not through any *Church*, through a *person*, and a *book*."—*The "Times,"* Sept. 4, 1851.—*Review of "Dr. Newman's Discourses."*

shivery, under the firm of Ignatius, Brothers, and Co., to get up in our market-place, for instance, and say, "Behold here am I—one, at least, of these 'two witnesses;' take me which way you like, 'by book' or 'off book.'" Should not I become the laughing-stock of the whole populace and the jeer of the whole country? I think so; therefore am I exceedingly careful in all I do or say upon this point, but earnest in my endeavours to indoctrinate the belief there is a good time coming; but, before its advent, we shall have to go through great tribulation, aye, even **THE** great tribulation of all, the thin end of its wedge—the cattle plague—being even now working its onward way, notwithstanding the whole nation is on its bended knee, weekly, nay, daily, imploring a God of love and mercy to avert the judgment. In the 9th chapter of Exodus it is written the plague first fell on Pharaoh's *cattle* and then on man, "upon thy servants and upon thy people." There are many interpreters of Scripture who say the plagues of Egypt are types of that which is to characterize the latter days of this dispensation; and, if so, Dr. Cumming may well say, "It is at our very doors."

But let us go on to the conclusion; and what is to be gathered from this most singular coincidence—for mine is *no prophecy*—that 1872 is to see the end of this dispensation? I have a great horror of prophesying, lest I should prove in the end to be *the* false prophet, who, with Anti-christ, is to be cast into the lake of fire; but, taken synchronically, with the Rev. — Baxter's calculation (if it is his, by-the-bye, for he may be, something like me, a bit

of a pirate, after all), it has upon the face of it a strange, almost unaccountable accuracy. I don't know hardly what to think of it myself.

So fearfully accurate have been all my interpretations of those signs I witnessed during the period of my "visitation," and set forth minutely in detail in my work "Midsummer Mornings' Dream," which I do not think it necessary to quote here, for it would occupy too large a space and weary my old friends and subscribers, who have read them long, long ago, but set forth previous to my incarceration in the dungeons of Bethel, which revelation I once more reprint in order that my *new* acquaintances may gather my reasons for the course I have taken upon me; and so unlike my worthy brother in the faith of a "Second Coming," I *will* look over *my* shoulder and see what reason I could possibly have had for forming such a conclusion, and I find it in the remarkable and singular "signs" I have set forth in that work, which, as so many of my present subscribers are in possession of, it may serve them at a leisure hour a source of amusement to search for their solution, as many a one I have no doubt have done before in the table of letters and figures at the end of all my works, wherein are prophecies, one of which now stands forth a reality, the rest run on to their fulfilment, which can now be easily discovered by the same rule, the fulfilled one is explained, which will be found further on in this work. But how about the Rev. Baxter and his calculation of the 6,000 years, how are we to dispose of that, it is so very exact, the interstices of time are so

wonderfully filled up and accounted for that he *must* be right certainly you will say; doctors differ, and so do laymen and divines. There is a considerable *hiatus* of time to be accounted for between the first verse and the third in the book, "Genesis," will puzzle the most learned pundit that ever breathed, so say many interpretators and commentators, and so say geologists, the readers of Confucius, and those who have studied *the stars* in their endeavour to account for the phenomenon of the sun standing still at the command of Joshua!—a science I have no desire to attain to, it being enough for me to know "it is" (so) "written." Consequently I believe it in spite of all the philosophers and science-mongers living. But without going into the matter of "endless genealogies which minister questions, rather than godly edifying which is in faith," let us content ourselves with this passage of Scripture, "And when he (Jesus Christ) had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And, while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts i. 9—11.) That passage I take to be conclusive on the question of a personal advent and reign, and for the *when* he shall come. "Thus saith the Lord, the high and mighty one who inhabiteth eternity." He who rideth

upon the white horse, who is called "Faithful and True," "whose eyes are as a flame of fire," and "on his head many crowns," and "vesture dipped in blood," "AND THIS GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM SHALL BE PREACHED IN ALL THE WORLD FOR A WITNESS UNTO ALL NATIONS; AND THEN SHALL THE END COME." And so saith he that is called *Voltigeur*, and it will not come before that act is accomplished—then, and not till then, shall the end come—and if this is prophesying "the time" to a certainty I know not the meaning of the word prophecy: prophecy must be first fulfilled, and the prophecy of Jesus Christ himself is the only reliable one. Humanly speaking, therefore, one might say it is dependent upon the exertions of mankind, upon the "princes of the earth," who have amongst them the means whereby this Gospel may be preached in all the world for a "*witness*," not necessarily for conversion, which seems to be the aim and object of all missionary endeavours, for they "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," "and when ye have made him (saith the Holy One) ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves," for what do the Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries but teach their several converts to hate each other and denounce each other as heretics for whom is reserved the damnation of hell? "Blind guides are ye which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," be warned by what the Spirit saith to the Churches. Be not surprised if the words applied to the Laodiceans become realized, in their double sense, in these "latter

days":—"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would that thou wert cold or hot. So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:" . . . "Be zealous, therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me." . . . "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." And what says the Spirit? It says, "Ye are neither cold nor hot," save in one thing: ye are hot enough in quarrelling about forms and ceremonies, decorations and altar ornaments; building edifices on which ye are squandering thousands and thousands of pounds to obtain architectural beauty, whilst the "witness" to bring about the end ye are prophesying of is left to crawl its way with snail-like pace to poor suffering humanity, and souls hourly falling into the vast abyss of eternity, ignorant of the blessed Gospel ye are the chosen of the Lord to disseminate. How much of the millions to my Lord Bishops, of every place ye can elevate into a 'rick, have been appropriated to this especial service? How many pounds of the millionaire who died the other day have been left to "the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," "the Conversion of the Jews," or "the Foreign Missionary Society," "the Bible Society," and many others that could be named? Is it not notorious

they are struggling to exist on the "mite of the widow" and the contributions of the poor and needy? Oh, be not surprised if this Scripture be realized in these last days: "I will *spue* thee out of my mouth," and bring in righteousness by my Spirit: "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord;" and that Spirit is already abroad: it is permeating all countries; it is accomplishing that which was committed to you, and which ye have neglected; and ye call it demoniacal, because it comes not by wealth and by learning; neither hath it entered the halls of your venerable structures of Oxford and of Cambridge, but it walks abroad in the majesty of its strength, and is bringing from darkness to light Pentecostian numbers that will soon take from you the feeble power ye now bring to bear upon the Lord's command, "Go ye forth, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Therefore, let us not be off our guard, and solace ourselves with the reflection that if "the end" depends upon our own exertions—judging by what has already been accomplished in 1860 years and upwards—it is sufficiently far off for us to be "at ease in our possessions." The world will last our time. We need not be looking for the end. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry;" let us marry and give in marriage. This beautiful world of ours will last our time; and let us leave to posterity the development of the dark and uncertain horoscope of the future. Rather, let us not despise prophesyings, coming to us even in the questionable shapes they certainly do. Let us keep our lamps burning, *watching* for the hour when the

Son of man cometh, believing the time is near at hand "when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," and that, too, not by missionary labours so much as by His Spirit; for, although admitting as I do the vast amount of good that has resulted from missionary labours within the last few years, I cannot help thinking how much more might have been accomplished had the same energies been put forth long ago to send forward the "Witness," rather than expend thousands at home, where the "Witness" has been preached for hundreds of years, and increasingly continues. Rather, let us obey the commands of our coming Master: "Go ye forth into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." There are plenty to do it at home; and if they will *not* come to hear, when they have the opportunity, upon their own heads be the awful consequences!

CHAPTER VI.

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd ;
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell ;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable ;
Thou comest in such a questionable * shape,
That I will speak to thee."

—SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*, Act I.

AMONGST the numerous and portentous "signs of the times," none come to us in a more questionable shape than does modern "spiritualism ;" and I must beg the young lady of whom I am about to speak (or converse, as the interpreter of Shakespeare's word, "questionable," gives it,) to pardon me in the selection I have made from the works of the immortal bard to herald in this chapter. I could find none more adapted in "Dodd's Beauties," and have, therefore, thus appropriated it ; for, certainly, in person, manners, and appearance, she looked more like "an angel of light" than a fiend from *hades*, yet, for all that, there is a mystery about her I cannot at present fathom, and, the better to enable my readers to judge for themselves, I will endeavour to lay before them what I saw and heard, on two separate occa-

* Conversable.

sions. Through the courtesy of a gentleman living in a style of splendour and independence at Bayswater, I was favoured with a card of admission for myself and friend to a *soirée* to be held on the following Monday, Feb. 12, 1866, at a mansion in Harley-street, Cavendish-square, to hear an extemporaneous address from a Miss Emma Hardinge, a professed spirit-medium, of considerable beauty and commanding deportment, lately imported from America; which address is called by the admirers of the young lady by another name—*inspiration*, viz., the communication or communion of the Spirit, which I speak of with all due reverence, and not in a flippant or unholy character, whatever impression I may convey to the minds of my readers, or they may form of me. I hate equally irreverent remarks on holy subjects, as I abominate hypocritical cant in those who make religion a stalking-horse for gain. Self-love, people may say, is not a fault of mine, perhaps. I can't help it if they do, for I certainly have taken all possible pains to secure myself from loss by this publication, and therefore am not free of the imputation. Those who know all the mysteries of publishing on one's own account, however, will perfectly understand this, and so I leave it, and return to my subject. Although conversant with this "*movement*" from the very first, I have studiously kept aloof from all participation in it, not because I have formed any decided opinion upon it, but because I have no desire to increase my spiritual knowledge from such sources; besides which, I freely confess I was not without a feeling allied to fear, if I attended any of those "*séances*,"

as they are called, where I have read of accounts in which tables and chairs have been knocked about the room, and, falling on some unlucky wight, have left such an indelible impression on him of *their* reality that it has required medical aid to restore the injured party to a sound body again ; and, as I knew my attendance would proceed from nothing else but sheer curiosity, I was not without a fear that an impression of the same kind would be left upon me. But, ascertaining no such exhibition would take place in this instance, I screwed up my courage to the sticking place, and, with my friend (a perfect enemy to all such exhibitions), went, on the evening named on the card : in fact, it was a stipulation, if he would accompany me I would go, or otherwise stay away altogether, thus showing the "white feather" alluded to in my work, "*Midsummer Mornings' Dream*," p. 115. However, we very soon found ourselves in a large room, elegantly furnished with mirrors and splendidly-covered and gilded chairs—amongst upwards of two hundred ladies and gentlemen fashionably attired in "evening dress" (as per card), and evidently belonging to that class ycleped "the upper ten thousand." The *arbiter elegantiarum* opened the proceedings of the evening by requesting a show of hands as to whether the subject on which the lady was to speak should be selected by a majority of the audience, or whether it should be left to the medium to select her own (all very fair, I thought, to start with) ; therefore, after a little discussion, it was decided a question should be put from one of the audience, viz., "Whether the soul psychologically left the body when under spirit influence and communion with other spirits or

spirit, or whether it remained (I suppose) *in statu quo* ?"—for I certainly did not profess to understand the question perfectly, neither could I exactly comprehend the jumble that was made of the word "psychology," which word, by the way, I in vain look for in the ponderous lexicons of "Richardson" and "Johnson"—two blundering *ignorami*, we must henceforth consider them, when so many other *ologies* are treated of ; but in "Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary" I find the word "Psyche," from the Greek, signifying "the soul," and then a long story about Cupid and the young princess (being one of three daughters of a king), illustrated, if I remember rightly, on the walls of Northumberland House, in Trafalgar-square, and where my readers may learn more about it than I can tell them, by permission of its noble owner ; but whether that has anything to do with *Psychology* or not, I must leave. Dr. Smith finishes his dissertation on the word *Psyche* thus :—"It is not difficult to recognise, in this lovely story, the idea, of which it is merely the mythical embodiment ; for Psyche is evidently the human soul, which is purified by passions and misfortunes, and is thus prepared for the enjoyment of love and pure happiness ;" and that is all the insight I can get into *Psychology*, saving that which I gathered from the lady medium herself, who, being shortly after introduced, dressed most elegantly, and looking most lovely, took her position on the platform, where she was hailed with most enthusiastic rapture. The question having been proposed, she threw herself into a most imposing attitude, and, after a seemingly mental prayer, called upon her Saviour to support "His

child," in a strain of impassioned eloquence, quite refreshing and delightful. This concluded, she commenced her oration in a style that reminded me very forcibly of some of our most eminent tragediennes—especially that of Helen Faucit—somewhat formal, and not a little pompous, but so grammatical and eloquent that for a time I listened with a considerable degree of pleasure and excitement. When, however, to illustrate her argument *psychologically*, she brought forth the life and history of Joan of Arc*—a tale as old as the hills, and one I remember to have seen represented on the stage when quite a boy—I, and my friend too, began to smile, and fidget about on our chairs, I wondering, all the while, what it had to do with the inspiration so contended for by her admirers and supporters. The exordium was all very well, and the prayer very beautiful; but when it came to be merely a finely-delivered reading of the "French witch's" history, I began to laugh inwardly, and in the same way exclaimed (inwardly), "Inspiration! Surely, Lord, this is not *thy* inspiration!" And, at the *very moment* I had thus expressed the thought, the young lady suddenly paused, staggered, and I looked for what we partially were favoured with, viz., a *scene*; for, seeing such an unusual occurrence, in fact, such a thing as had

* I was not a little surprised hearing from the pulpit the other evening from the lips of one of our most eloquent Evangelical preachers a eulogy of this French maiden,—“that beautiful Christian, Joan of Arc, who, being asked if she felt herself a child of grace, answered, ‘If I am *not*, I pray to be made one; and if I *am*, I pray that I may never fall away from it.’ ”

never occurred before (so they all afterwards said), the *arbiter elegantiarum* stepped forward with a handkerchief (whether chloroformed or lavender-watered I do not pretend to know), to offer his assistance to the lady; but, with arm extended and uplifted, she exclaimed, "Do not touch me!" in such a strain that, had it been really a part of the performance, it would have brought down thunders of applause from the gallery and boxes, and the pit would have risen *en masse*. It was "*noli me tangere*" in sock and buskin. But that certainly was not the *intended* effect to be produced, for the whole audience looked sheepish and unaccountable. One lady fainted away; and, amidst the cry for water (not deigning to stipulate whether it was to be hot or cold), the medium so far recovered as to be able to say in her natural tone of voice, and without any bombastic furioso eloquence, "I cannot go on; the stream of communication is cut off" (albeit she said afterwards, when it was all over, she was the more surprised at it, for it was a story she had often recited before in America, and on one occasion before a whole regiment of soldiers); so that what reason she could have had for saying, "The stream of communication is cut off; there are uncongenial spirits in the room," must be left in the womb of the future to explain. Certain it is the curtain fell on that part of the performance; and, after a few speeches apologetic from different gentlemen in the room, another subject was proposed, on which the lady seemed more at home, but out of which I could make neither ends, or sides, or middle; nor could my worthy old friend beside me, who, in murmurings "not loud, but deep," indulged in un-

harmonious invectives at the whole affair; and I confess I was right glad when it came to an end. The latter part of the performance, which I consider to be the farce of the evening, seemed to give great satisfaction, however, to everybody else, for, on a proposition that a mark of *homage*, altogether different from the usual mode of expressing approbation, should be paid to the lady, seeing, as he said, they could not do so pecuniarily, the whole assembly rose simultaneously, and the lady curtsied her most ladylike curtsey—thanks, for the honour they had paid her; and, afterwards, in very beautiful language, did the same thing, concluding an extemporaneous exordium with a highly-coloured exaltation of *spiritualism*, and the great benefits it was to confer on suffering humanity, with the declaration of her love and devotedness to it; and so ended *séance* No. 1. A gentleman afterwards got up, and, in a prosy, hesitating delivery, offered to explain the reason of the “break-down,” for such it evidently was, by a cock-and-bull story about a ring, and a stone in it possessing some *charm*, that, in mercy to spiritualism, I will not record further than say “the hottest friends of a cause are sometimes its bitterest enemies.” *Truth*, to wit. It was then announced from the platform the performance (*séance*—I beg pardon) would be continued the following Monday evening, and the company were invited to partake of refreshments they would find set out in the adjoining room, to which all seemed willing enough to adjourn, and to which very handsome and liberal supper and wine ample justice, I have no doubt, was done, myself and friend

arriving at the conclusion it was by far the best part of the performance. I took, however, the opportunity of returning to the *theatre*, and made my way up to the platform amongst the crinolines and muslin that were crowding round the worshipped one, and, introducing myself, somewhat rudely, I admit, asked her if she would condescend to accept and read a little work I had written, entitled, "The Coming Millennium," to which she very graciously replied she would; and, in answer to my question why she did not *preach* "Jesus Christ, and him crucified," as well as *pray* to Him, she answered, she did not know what she was going to say till she got on to the platform and it was communicated to her; but further questioning in the crowd was impossible, and would have been rude, to a lady especially, as there were so many "ladies waiting to be presented;" besides which, knowing that I should have the opportunity of making record of the whole affair, I rejoined my friend, who all the way home absolutely laughed aloud in his profanity of the word psychological:—"Psychological! Oh, oh! The witch and that old humdrum, with his ring and his stone! And for 'the upper ten thousand' to set and listen to such stuff!" And so he went on till he went to bed, as great an infidel as ever in spiritualism, waking up in the night to bawl out "Psychological! Oh, oh!"

On the following day I sent a copy of the little work I had offered to Miss Hardinge, with a letter to her friend and supporter, to which I received a reply declining my offer to read my work to the spiritualists, on the ground of "prior

arrangements," and inviting me to the *séance* of the following Monday, to which I went; but on this occasion I went alone, having gained a little courage, and did not think, after all, that it was *the* "delusion" that was to "deceive the very elect," for any person of common sense could see through it; and, as I like to do everything on the fair and square where I have the opportunity, I will be as faithful in my description of it as I think my friend will admit I have been in the case of *séance* No. 1. I dare say, though, he would rather I had stopped short, and many others also, but I cannot do so in a spirit of justice or of truth; and I love TRUTH as ardently as Miss Hardinge loves "*spiritualism*," that being the conclusion of her address, most emphatically spoken — "And I LOVE spiritualism;" which peroration obtained for the speaker another thundering "rap" of applause; the lady intimating, in her apologetic address, that one of the accessories to her "inspiration," and to which she had been accustomed in America, was *music*, the absence of which, in a professedly *religious* assembly, I could not but consider as a vacuum *devoutly* to be avoided; but what kind of music she had "been accustomed" to, as an accompaniment to her devotions, did not transpire. I was, therefore, left in a state of happy ignorance as to whether it were to the inspiring strains of Handel or Mendelssohn, "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "Old Dan Tucker," or "Somebody Knockin' at de Door," the maiden was indebted for the specimen she had given us in her lucubrations of the "French witch," *Joan of Arc*. At the same time, I could

but be feelingly alive to the idea that "Weippert's Band" would have been an excellent addenda to the evening's *finale*, in a terpsichorean *galop*, or wind-up, and for which I must certainly say the whole assembly, after supper, seemed far more inclined to, and would be more consistent with the expression of their feelings, in the exuberant joy they manifested, and with which they greeted their beautiful "goddess."

After all, this is very uncharitable in me; I must confess, for the sweet singer of Israel tells us "there is a time to dance" as well as "a time to sing;" the question simple enough in itself only suggesting, was that "the time?" Verily 'tis an enticing *religion* is this Spiritualism, and might be characterized by another name—"Heaven made easy," instead of the "old paths" "through much tribulation," to enter into the kingdom of God.

On the Monday evening following I presented myself in the hall of audience, and was very politely received by "le maitre des ceremonies," and shortly after joined the crowd of ladies and gentlemen in the avenue leading to the theatre of exhibition of their "mysteries." Punctually at eight the doors were thrown open, and every available seat was immediately occupied. I fortunately got in the centre of the room between *two clergymen of the Church of England* attended by their ladies, most fashionably attired, and with whom I in vain endeavoured to open conversation, for being a stranger to them they treated me as such, and as I considered it with much hauteur and nonchalance; probably they thought I was a spy or some

informer come to make known the secrets of the prison house—*currente calamo et imprimatur*—if they did they were not very far out in their calculations as the sequel proves. We had not to wait long, for punctuality with them seemed to be the very *psyche* of their business, and the ball was opened by the same gentleman who had before officiated, and who being duly greeted with a general clapping of hands and other *demon-strations* of a religious assembly (quite Evangelical, I thought, and so like our own observances on entering a place of *worship* that I *almost* joined in the clamour, only I didn't), in a very few moments order being restored he announced to the audience he had received a long letter from Miss Hardinge, which, with their permission, he would read to them. *Silence* here gave assent, and he proceeded to read from a very long MS., the purport of which was to the effect that the break-down of the previous evening was attributable solely to the presence of uncongenial spirits who were in the room, and that unless she were allowed to select her own subject on which to speak she could place no reliance on the communications that would be made to her by the communicator's spirit, neither could she deliver them, as it was to be inferred the subject proposed by any indifferent person would be from one that was antagonistic in *spirit* whatever the words might be supposed to convey. I immediately concluded that in such case it would proceed from one of those vulgar followers of the Apostle Paul, who says somewhere, "Try the spirits whether they be of God." Be that as it may,

the lady in her letter frankly stated that what she did deliver from that platform was not her own language but that of a spirit, with whom she was in constant communication. This being the state of affairs it was evident if the lady was not allowed to have her own way there would be "no song," and, *per se*, "no supper," in all probability, therefore, after a few remarks from one or two aged prose-lytes, with "long white beards that wanted shaving," it was conceded the lady should make her own selection, whereupon the *maitre des ceremonies* left the room and shortly after ushered in the lady arrayed in right "royal apparel," after the fashion of another orator I shall have occasion to allude to before I conclude this chapter. Her *entrée* was hailed with a general burst of applause, which increased as she was gracefully handed along the passage crowded with fashionables of both sexes, who seemed anxious to touch the hem of her garment, like the would-be healed woman of old, but whether they were tainted with the same disease or not did not appear; however, with a little giving way of the press (as I trust "the press" will for me) she reached the platform, and gracefully curtsied her acknowledgments of the perfect *furore* of acclamations which greeted her appearance.

She was arrayed in royal satin, but whether of Norwich manufacture I was not near enough to discover, or I might have ascertained whether my generous friend of satin notoriety had contributed to her queenly appearance, as I had something to do in elevating that functionary to the position of a manufacturer of that class of our city's pro-

ductions from the more humble pretensions of a cotton bobbin winder of "Brook's celebrated." Be that as it may, there the lady stood in spotless white, closely fitting a shape of exquisite proportions, gold chain and bracelets corresponding, tall and graceful as one of "the three," and as she smiled her acknowledgments displayed her well-set dentals, white as ivory, large and faultless in their shape; her auburn air, in short and clustering curls, added a charm to her beauteous features, and to be worshipped as a "goddess" seemed to be the natural result. On it being announced to her she would be at liberty to select her own subject she slightly bowed, and, turning sideways to the audience, lifted her folded hands, and, with eyes seemingly entranced, delivered the most beautiful prayer it ever was my lot to listen to, calling upon Jesus to support "his child" throughout the trial of that night in language which, if not inspiration itself, was so near an approach to it if it *were* possible, *would* have deceived the very elect, but we are taught to believe that will never be the case, or our Saviour would not have said, "if it were possible"; "there is much virtue in an if," and the little words of the Bible are in many cases more important than the larger and more high-sounding ones. The prayer being concluded I looked round to see what effect it had had upon the audience, and if I speak or write the truth (and that I must do, for a *liar* shall not so much as tarry in the sight of God) the effect seemed to have been very great, for although I had just arrived from Chelsea, and during my stay at my dear old friend's house had become

familiarly acquainted with its water works, it had nothing at all to do with what I then saw—beautiful ladies, young and old, some of them Duchesses, for aught I know to the contrary, actually sobbing, for when in her prayer she bewailed in most pathetic terms her own sinful nature, conscience might have whispered to some of these, and they had become “pricked to the heart.” Suffice it to say, if outward signs of penitence were to be depended on it was manifested there, for even the old men (I beg their pardons, gentlemen I should have said), clergy and laity, exhibited themselves much in the same way by blowing their noses and slightly coughing out their sympathies, were some little time composing themselves for that which was to follow; for myself I was as cold as marble, and my eyes as dry as a marl-pit, but covering my face with my hand, as much to show I wasn’t altogether the hardened sinner they would otherwise have taken me for, I said in mental prayer, “Lord, what am I to say to *this*?” But I heard no “still small voice,” nor was there “sign” given me, but I remembered what I *once had heard*, and I do not now want or wish to have it repeated, for it is recorded in all I have as yet written and published. “It will occur to thee hereafter how thou mayst best serve ME;” it flashed across my almost ever teeming brain like lightning, and I lifted up my head to “witness” further of this most extraordinary scene.

Standing erect, after the lowly and submissive attitude she had assumed at the end of her prayer, she advanced to

the elegantly-carved pulpit desk with which the platform was furnished, and, in the most commanding attitude, laid her right hand upon it, her left arm extended, and finger pointing to the sky (rather ceiling). She looked the very personification of a heathen deity; or, to come down to our own times, and not indulge in mythical Melpomenes or Thalias, she reminded me very forcibly of Meg Merrilies talking to Dominie Sampson—I mean so far as the attitude went, when personated by some of our celebrated tragediennes; but, in so far as dress and appearance went, more like Lady Macbeth or Queen Caroline, as we see them represented by Mrs. Siddons in *paint* and print (for I could not but observe the lady *painted* for the occasion). Standing thus erect, without a single word of introduction or book of any sort, she gave out in a clear and ringing tone of voice the following text,—“And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus,” which, having delivered with strong emphasis on the word MYSTERY, she went on with a rapidity of expression which would have baffled all the shorthand writers of the House of Commons to have taken down correctly. Not a word was uttered during a whole hour and a-half by my watch; the audience from first to last were rapt in silent, admiring attention to the most marvellous outbreak of eloquence that ever fell from the lips of gifted mortal being. I

was led completely away by it, but not captive, for I thought I saw through it all, notwithstanding. "Christ and Him crucified," "atonement by His blood and sacrifice," "His SECOND COMING," to be preceded by "the great tribulation,"—that should try their faith to the utmost. A wholesale upbraiding of the clergy for making "MYSTERY" of the required simple, child-like faith in Jesus, and a crushing denunciation of the Pope, the Man of Sin (as she said), and much more, would more than fill this volume. Still, thought I, there is something in the background I think I can discover through all this "deceivableness" and "wonder;" for at its conclusion the excitement of the audience came to its culminating point, and shouts of "Wonderful!" and other extravagant expressions of approval, with clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, greeted the maiden, as she gracefully resumed her seat, apparently as free from fatigue as when she first entered the room. My clerical friends right and left of me looked triumphantly at me, and one of them condescended to speak to me; the other, evidently "High Church," for he looked on me as a little too low to interchange a word; so, turning to the speaker, I answered his query if I did not "think her a goddess," by saying, as quaintly as I could, "Well, perhaps she is, and I shouldn't be surprised if she is 'eaten of worms' directly." "Worms!" said he; "why of worms? Doubtless she will be in due course of time, but why *now*?" "Why, because she didn't give God the glory, but took it all to herself." "Oh, ah! you mean in the case of Herod, but

he wasn't a *medium*; besides, did she not in her beautiful prayer at first offer praise and glory?" "Yes," I said, "she did, for what she *asked* for, but she hasn't for what she got, but has taken it all to herself; and you and the rest of these deluded people are giving it to her *ad nauseam*. Poor thing! I pity her, from the very bottom of my heart; but if I can open her eyes a little wider than they now are, depend on't I will, and this is the way I'll do it;"—so I showed him one of my canvassing-papers for "The Cross," and thought he would follow some of the great names I had already obtained for it; but he was so wrapped up in his lady by his side, and the lady on the platform, that he returned it to me without condescending to give me a word, hardly a look; so I pocketed the affront, vowing in my heart I would let him know what I thought of him and his lady medium too. It would have been very rude in me to destroy so much harmony as evidently prevailed; I therefore, with the company, joined in the *invite* to the banquet which afterwards followed—"the bread and the wine" (the *Lady's* Supper). How emblematical, I thought, and how closely, does Satan imitate! how difficult to discover the deception! But I did; at least, I thought I did, for the gentleman I have alluded to—I suppose to make the *amende honorable* for his slight of me—challenged me to "wine," which, having accepted, he asked me what I thought of their *finale*? "Well," I said, "'the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;' and I don't think this is the proper

way of ending what may be considered a meeting with a religious tendency. I may be wrong, but we shall see how it will end." I shortly afterwards left, but said not a word about it to my hospitable friend and entertainer, only thought the more.

There! Mademoiselle Emma Hardinge, if that is not giving you a fair and candid report, I am at a loss to know how to place on record proceedings of this nature; as I was going to say, I am equally at a loss to characterize them, but I am not so deficient in perspicacity or judgment as to admit that, for I am conceited enough to know that I could give it a name very different from that which is adopted by your admirers. In that respect I feel I should be uncharitable; I will therefore leave my readers to form their own judgment upon the matter. I have shown, as I think, very fairly, both sides of the shield with which you defend yourself in your attack on infidelity of the supernatural, or the more deprecatory absence of faith in the doctrines of Christianity. You, in these two remarkable displays of the power that is within you, or with which you are for the time being invested, exhibited the psychological faith and the simple faith "as it is in Jesus;" at the same time, you have, as in your letter read at the commencement of this *séance*, declared that all your communications are from the spirits of the departed, with whom we are *commanded* in Holy Scripture to hold no communication whatever, which I do not here quote in full, but you will find them in both the Old and the New Testaments, if you have any desire for full

information on the point, and ignore what I say, by referring to Exod. vii. 11—22; viii. 7—18; Lev. xix. 26—31; xx. 6; Deut. xviii. 10—14; 1 Sam. xxvii. 7, &c.; 2 Kings xvii. 17; xxi. 8; 1 Chron. x. 13, 14; Isa. viii. 12; Mal. iii. 5; Acts vii. 9; xvi. 16; Gal. v. 20; Rev. xxi. 8; xii. 15; and, by the time you have made yourself acquainted with these texts, if you are not of my opinion, you will be a thousand to one on the safer side to avoid all such communications; (whether they corrupt your “good manners” or not I cannot say, having seen you only when the best are brought out, like our fine Sunday clothes, otherwise I would be able to tell more about it, if they are “evil,” for more lady-like deportment I never witnessed in my life;) then my exhortations to you will be in vain, and my proposition which I now make will come to nought. I propose, therefore (and offer to do it for myself, so far as lies in my power), that you should leave all these waifs and strays, this hazarding a dependence on such communications, which, by your own showing, are not to be depended on, and subjecting you to a most painful position, as was the case when the “uncongenial spirit” interfered with your “stream,” and you suddenly *broke down*. (Luckily for you, there should have been so few of that *genus* present, or they would have made a bear-garden of your “select circle,” you may depend upon it.)—I say, leave all such communications as these, with all the addendas of table-polkaing and accordion-torturing by invisible hands, send them all to the winds, or let the spirits have all the frolic to themselves, if they will

persist in it, and with it consign to the "tomb of the Capulets" your psychological illustrations, and go forth boldly as the champion of your Lord and Master Jesus Christ, acknowledging Him as you do as your "medium" with God the Father, preach "Jesus Christ and him crucified," "the faith as it is in Jesus," and not as it is in psychology, or any other ology; preach these with the atonement made by His blood, and the sanctification of "the soul" by His righteousness in the same style of pathos and eloquence as you did the one I have dilated on, and the "upper ten thousand" you may have to yourself, whilst I, on the other hand, will fulfil my mission by doing the same thing to the lower ten thousand, or rather millions, I might say; the men of horny hands and women of pristine under-garments, amongst whom I shall experience far less difficulty of locomotion than I experienced amongst the be-crinolined and muslin-starched aristocracy of Belgravia and Belvidera and their fashionable neighbours. Get them in the mind to build you a "chapel-of-ease" to "St. George's, Hanover-square," if there isn't one already, and I'll be bound for it you will fill the one if you don't empty the other. But even that I should not be much surprised at, especially if the Incumbent or preacher happens to be one of the same sort of *cobbling* Christianity-mongers I know a city is blessed with. I don't see why you have not as much right in a pulpit as "Aunt Sally," a *black woman*; her who I once heard preach a sermon in a Wesleyan chapel, as *true Gospel* as ever fell from the lips of "Samuel

of Oxford," or the Right Reverend Father in God the Bishop of London, and twice as eloquent.

I would not, however, have you suppose that by this arrangement you are to have all the *proud* to yourself, for I am sorry to admit there is as much *false pride* to be found amongst the *ragged petticoats* as there is amongst the *sons jupes crino-flannelles*. Those

"Whose Sunday suit's their daily wear"

are as much among the "stay-aways" from either church or chapel, through false pride, as many of the better clad sisters of misery. That accursed epthemia, that every day repeated lie, "there is a proper degree of pride for everybody to observe," that fatal bane to domestic happiness, I have been too often a painful witness of, in homes now desolate through its cause, reigns amongst the very lowest. I knew a lady once (who married entirely for a home and "position" as she foolishly called it) through the exercise of this apologetic enforcement of this right to make a "proper appearance," brought her husband to madness. Often had I heard him exclaim, "It will bring me to ruin," "Oh this accursed pride," and then he would quote Scripture more like a maniac than a Christian man, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," till at last he would fall to sobbing like any "Christom child,"* "Oh, I can see it all," "I can see it all coming, it must come sooner or later;" and all

* A child a month old.—(SHAKESPEARE.) The lady alluded to, not finding Norwich *genteel* enough, left the city.

my efforts were vain to stir him up to a sense of duty—pride was triumphant and the master mind fell a sacrifice to its shrine. Let us therefore both of us make this one of our strong fortresses to attack; do not you be led away to pander to the feelings of the *rich*, and I will not fail to show the *poor* the danger they are in from the same false reasoning, and I believe in so doing we should both be then fulfilling our separate missions, rather than in pandering to the appetite for the marvellous, whether it is to be found in sensational books or contributed to by the mad dances of a few elaborate specimens of French-polished mahogany. Do this, and in His name you so beautifully invoked, I bid you “God speed;” go on in your present “questionable” career and I prognosticate for you a dismal future that will end in mockery, delusion, and a snare. I have watched the “movement” from 1850, and can come to no other conclusion respecting it highly controversial, as I admit my own “visitation” to be, but you have to bear in mind my “experience” is not of my own *seeking*, it came upon me in the providence of God, and whether or not I have exhibited a want of discernment in making them so public as I have done we shall not know perhaps till hereafter, or, it may be, at that “second coming” of our Master, preceded by that terrible tribulation in which our faith will be so fearfully tried, so ably set forth by you, and which I have just attempted to give an outline of. I cannot conclude this chapter without urging this consideration upon you, don’t give Satan a chance, he can

personate your cousin * as easily as he can cozen you or me if we do not hold by "the Cross," and Him who died thereon for the remission of our sins. May He watch and guard you from all evil, and especially evil spirits. Farewell.

And now for another leading "spirit" of the day and supporter of these "manifestations," a bold writer, and one who knows well how to put his thoughts on paper, whose political writings made him for a time a lion of the day; but he shall speak for himself, as I asked his permission to reprint his letter, and told him I should do so if he did not request me otherwise; not having heard from him to that effect I conclude his "silence" to be "assent."

"Highgate, July 2, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. BARKAS,—I assure you that it would give me the greatest pleasure to take up a spiritual rifle and range myself alongside of you brave volunteers in the 'Controversialist,' but it is just now impossible. I have some extraordinary engagements to complete within two months, which will take more time than prudence would allot to intellectual labour, if prudence could have a voice in the matter. If you look at the 'Spiritual Magazine,' you will see that I have done very little there for some time: it is for the same cause. . . .

"Have you heard the last exploit of Faraday? He had engaged, I hear, to attend a *séance* at Mr. Home's, on the 24th ult., where he was to meet a small but distinguished party. The

* The spirit communicating says he is her cousin *Tom*—a very good sort of a fellow when in the flesh I dare say, but *Tom* or not *Tom* he is not to be depended on.

engagement was of some standing ; but on the very day on which the *séance* was to be held, he wrote to say that he could not come unless he had beforehand a PROGRAMME of the proceedings!!

"This is, perhaps, the most exquisite piece of moral cowardice, or of a more astounding ignorance of what has so long been going on all around him in this and many other countries, that ever was heard of. Imagine some ancient rabbi sending to one of the prophets for a programme of his next manifestations ; or some great sophist of Athens sending to Delphi for a programme of the priestess's next vaticination ! The repeated assertions of Mr. Home, and of every medium, hundreds of them in number, including those of America, and many of them people of as high moral character, and some of them of equal scientific attainments with Faraday, that these manifestations do not depend on them, but on supernatural agency, being so totally lost on this man of chemical tests and galvanic batteries, that he treats Home as a conjuror, who can pre-arrange his tricks.

"If it be cowardice, that of Bob Acres was audacity to it ; if it be ignorance, what crass ignorance, what Egyptian darkness in a Sandemanian preacher ! 'Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?' . . . Oh, leave him alone amid his pots and pans, his crucibles and electrical jars, for he will never get beyond them ! People fondly imagine that *science* is to unravel this mystery. Yes ; but not physical science. Physical science must deal with mere physics ; it is but knowledge in the caterpillar state. It is physical science—knowledge with its spiritual eyes open, endowed with its spiritual wings—that must learn and teach it. Science—not like a broken weapon, of which only the wooden handle is left ; but science, complete, compact, unfractured, while the spiritual blade is yet in the handle, keen to pierce through bone and marrow to the spiritual substance. It is not Balaam summoned by the pagan Balak, going up to curse the Israel of truth, that will do it, but Balaam inspired by the God of truth,

and made to see the camp of the blessed spread broadly before him in its serene greatness, and to bless and not curse. Those who will learn Spiritualism must have 'the vision and the faculty divine' given them, as Balaam had ; no probes, nor lancets, nor stethoscopes, no machinery of jars, and batteries, and chemical tests, will ever touch the spiritual : as well may a fish attempt to breathe with the eagle the air of the mountain top. ' Balaam the son of Beor hath said, and *the man whose eyes are open* hath said : he hath said, which hath the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, *falling into a trance*, but having his eyes open.' Till the Faradays are put into Balaam's condition, they are better in their own laboratories. They are useful there, and utterly useless anywhere else.

" When Christ came to display His miracles, He did not ask for scientific men to come and explain them. He knew better. He knew that there is a place for everything, and that everything must be in its place. He thanked God that He had hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes and sucklings. He chose men of plain sense and healthy observation, enslaved to no theories, blinded by no prejudices, to witness and record a series of plain though astonishing facts. And His great Gospel to us Gentiles added His testimony that 'not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble,' were amongst those who could see and admit these matters of fact. And it never will be otherwise to the end of time. The pioneers of knowledge, those who will go before the multitude and clear the way of truth, will not be the heavy dragoons of physical science, with all their *impedimenta*, their baggage waggons crammed with ponderous theories ; nor the still more heavy infantry, laden with unnecessary trousers and many rounds of ball cartridges. It does not need *Æsop* to tell us that the dunghill cock of mere physics will always turn over with a contemptuous beak, and spurn with its spurred heel, the

diamond of spiritual truth. Lactantius, in his writings, is continually denouncing Cicero as the great moral coward of his age, because, knowing that there was only one true God, he had not the courage to say so, but wrote a whole book, 'De Naturâ Deorum.' After-ages will point out the great moral cowards of this ; amongst whom two of our scientific men in particular, like that celebrated King of Israel who made a long search after asses that he could not find, will stand the tallest of all by the whole head and shoulders.

"I wish some of your negatives could have seen what I and Mrs. Howitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson saw at the house of a lady in Regent's Park, about three months ago, and the like of which some of our most distinguished nobility have seen there repeatedly of late. There were, besides us, Mr. and Mrs. Home, and a Russian Count Steinbock. We had beautiful music played on the accordion when held in one hand by Mr. Home, who cannot play a note, and the same when held by Mrs. Wilkinson. We had the clearest and most prompt communications on different subjects through the alphabet, and flowers were taken from a bouquet on a cheffonier at a distance, and brought and handed to each of us. Mrs. Howitt had a sprig of geranium handed to her by an invisible hand, which we have planted, and it is growing ; so that it is no delusion, no fairy money turned into dross or leaves. I saw a spirit hand as distinctly as I ever saw my own. I touched one several times, once when it was handing me the flower. My wife's silk dress was pulled so strongly that she thought it would tear out the gathers, and was rustled so loudly, that it was not only heard by all of us, but might have been heard in another room. My wife's handkerchief was taken from her knee, and brought and whisked against my hand at the opposite side of the table ; I thought, with the intention of my taking it, but the spirit would not allow that, but withdrew it a little, then whisked my hand with it anew,

and then flung it into the middle of the room. The dress and the handkerchief were perfectly visible during these operations, but the motive power was invisible.

"Then the spirits went to a shrine of bronze idols, belonging to the lady of the house, who bought them in India. Some of these are very heavy. They pitched them down on the floor, and with such violence that the clash might have been heard all over the house. The larger of these idols—perhaps all ; of that I am not certain—unscrew, and the screws work exactly the opposite way to our screws ; but the spirits unscrewed them, and pummelled their heads lustily on the floor, saying, through the alphabet, ' You must all do your best to destroy idolatry, both in India and in England, where it prevails in numerous ways. Idolatry of rank, idolatry of wealth, idolatry of self, idolatry of mere intellect and learning,' &c., &c. The different parts were thrown under the table, that you might tread them under foot ; and two parts of the idol Mahadeo, of heavy bronze, were placed on the table by a visible hand. The head of the idol felt to me to weigh four or five pounds.

"Mr. Home was lifted about a foot from the ground, but did not float, as he frequently does, in the strongest light. The table, a very heavy loo table, was also several times lifted a foot or more from the ground, and you were invited to look under it and see that there was no visible cause. To us, who have seen so much of these things, to whom they are as familiar as the sight of a bird flying, and far more familiar than the present comet, this was not necessary.

"A few evenings afterwards a lady desiring that the ' Last Rose of Summer ' might be played by a spirit on the accordion, the wish was complied with, but in so wretched a style that the company begged that it might be discontinued. This was done ; but soon after, evidently by another spirit, the accordion was carried and suspended over the lady's head, and there, without any visible support or action on the instrument, the air was

played through most admirably, in the view and hearing of all.

"Do your negatives think that we are all fools and blind?—there are now some four or five millions of fools in the world who don't know a hawk from a hand-saw. That we are dumb because we won't gratify their stolidity by saying that we don't see things when we do? For heaven's sake let them sit as long as they please in their darkness; I shall not put out my light to keep them company. None of the stupid successors of Galileo's walking thumbscrews shall ever compel me to say that the world does not turn round, or that spirits don't exist and come palpably amongst us, when they come every day; or that there are not thousands so dense that they can neither see them nor feel them, any more than they can see or feel the electricity of the atmosphere and of their own system, until it is concentrated into the thunderbolt; nor shall they force me to deny that there will be such shallow heads and shallow ponds to the end of time, in which not a single spiritual entity, nor a decent carp, can live, much less swim.

"Mr. Penrose, a distinguished member of the Church of England, years ago, in a 'Treatise on the Evidence of the Scriptural Miracles,' said justly,—'There may be many minds too much imbruted in sense—many too much vitiated by pleasure, and others too conceited and overweening, to be able to perceive or adopt any proposition contrary to the common opinion.' And he logically adds, that 'persons who are capable of resisting a clear display of superhuman power must be persons nearly beyond the reach of argument or evidence. They are not of sound mind; and unless their mental obliquity be first rectified, the causes of right reasoning will be unfit for any application to their faculties.'

"These observations have been admirably endorsed by the Rev. L. W. Le Bas, now, I believe, the Principal of Heytesbury College, who treats the prevailing scepticism as a disease. 'There

is a certain class of diseases—tetanus, &c.—incident to the human frame, by which the muscles are brought into such a state of inflexible stiffness and contraction, as to resist any violence that can be employed to overcome it. The bodily fabric, while in that morbid condition, would be destroyed before it would yield to the application of force. And I believe that, in the opinion of medical men, this diseased strength and tone, strange as it may appear, is the result of some debility in the general constitution of the patient. Now this deplorable malady appears to furnish no inapt illustration of that rigidity of mind which sometimes holds out against proofs too strong to be resisted by intellects in an ordinary state of sanity. The obstinacy displayed in such instances is often quite prodigious; and yet it might be reasonably surmised that it is connected with some weakness of intellectual fibre, some irregularity of mental action, quite inconsistent with healthy vigour. But, however this may be, the existence of such instances is but too notorious. There are persons, unhappily, who have the power of setting their face like a flint against the proof of any proposition that offends their prejudices, or that stimulates into active resistance certain peculiar elements in their mental composition. With individuals of this class, mathematical demonstration itself would probably be unavailing. As Cudworth has said,—“It is credible that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite or passion, against the truth of even geometrical theorems—as of a triangle having its three angles equal to two right angles—whereby men’s judgments might be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all demonstration of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them.”—*Cudworth’s Preface.*

“And adds Le Bas,—‘If the Pythagorean proposition, for instance (Euclid, L. 47), were to impose on mathematicians the *Pythagorean* maxim of a strict vegetable diet, what carnivorous student of geometry would ever get to the end of the first book of Euclid? Or, if we could conceive that the doctrine of

fluxions had, somehow or other, been combined with an obligation to abstain from the use of wine, does any one believe that it would have gained its present undisputed establishment throughout the scientific world? Should we not, at this very day, have many a thirsty analyst protesting that he was under an absolute inability to comprehend or credit the system?'

"The disease of scepticism pointed out by Penrose is peculiarly a Protestant disease. There is no Church or people, Christian or Pagan, which does not believe in the agency of the spiritual, or the physical, or, in common *parlance*, in the supernatural. It abounded in every ancient country, however learned or civilized. Confucius and Boodha, Zoroaster and Plato, alike agreed on that point. The myriad peoples of the East, the cradle of creation and of salvation, all to this day retain the firmest conviction of it. Like nations who have lived near the sun, those whose ancestors lived near the Divine Sun of all knowledge, spirit, and power, retain the undying tints of it in their spiritual complexions. The Catholic and the Greek Churches have never for a moment abandoned the belief in the whole vital principle and process of Christianity being supernatural; that the operation of Divine grace on the heart is a perpetual miracle, is a supernatural action, and that the Church still possesses, as an inalienable heritage, the power to work miracles. This is why the Catholic Church has always denied to Protestantism the title of a true Church of Christ. 'You have no miracles,' say they, 'and therefore are only a dead form or empty shell, and a mere empty pretence.' To cut up root and branch the *lying* miracles of Rome, our reformers cut up the whole principle of the miraculous in the Church. They forgot the warning of our Saviour to let the tares, which the devil had sown, grow with the wheat which God had sown, till the harvest, lest they should pull up the wheat too. They pulled up both wheat and tares; the tares of false, the wheat of true miracle. And what is the consequence? The assertion of the Catholics, that 'Pro-

testantism is but a slippery highway to Deism,' is fast coming true. We have already got to 'Essays and Reviews,' and a great deal further. The author of 'Tom Brown' says that the working classes are fearfully infidelized. I could have told him that twenty years ago, when I went much amongst them. I could have pointed him to a still more terrible destruction of the principle of faith amongst the young, and learned Protestants abroad. Bishop Hall tells us that, in his youth, the celebrated Father Coster 'charged the Anglican Church with not possessing one miracle.' But he says,—'I answered that in our Church we had manifest proofs of the ejection of devils by fasting and prayer.' Where is the Anglican Bishop who would dare to say so much now? In two centuries and a-half, the period since Bishop Hall was thus twitted by Coster, the English Church and English Protestantism have made a great march downwards towards Saduceeism. They *must* go that way so long as they spurn at the plainest principle of Christ's Church—faith in the constant and indestructible connexion and communion with the spiritual world, and a participation in its life. They are trees without roots; 'broken cisterns that can hold no water:' and the consequence is, that the so-called Christian world is nothing more, after nearly two thousand years, than the old Paganism, in a mask—and most impudent mask. Which of the sins, and the follies, and the corruptions of the Pagans have we, as a nation, renounced? Which of the virtues of Christ have we put on? Are we become the followers of the Prince of *Peace*, or of *War*? Do men know us as Christ's disciples, because we love one another? Are we not armed to the teeth, we so-called Christians? Are we not deafened with rifles, and ready to bless our enemies with ball cartridge, and do good to those who hate us by sending them to heaven by Armstrong guns? Is the 'Social Evil' a proof that we have abandoned foolish and hurtful lust? Are the continual defalcations in the mercantile world formerly called awindling, proofs

of our progress in the Gospel of truth and probity? If any one thinks that our aristocracy, numbers of them living in open adultery with their 'Pretty Horse-breakers'—not merely single men keeping single women—are any better than the pagans of Rome were in the days of Nero and Domitian, he must have strangely forgotten his Juvenal. In fact so long as the root of all spiritual life is plucked out of the heart-soil of the age by the Church, and the learned sneer at the presence of the supernatural, the Church is a dead machine, which can produce only deadness, and our so-called Christianity is a desperate sham. It would be well for such negatives that are not quite hopeless to ponder a little on this peculiar feature of Protestantism—its isolation from all other Churches on the question of spirit-life, and its manifestations among men.

"But, my dear Mr. Barkas, if your negatives are so catalepted by their intellectual tetanus as not to be able to admit the reality of the familiar and wide-spread phenomena hitherto brought forward, what is to become of them? How are they to swallow, much less digest, the marvels brought by Mr. Coleman from America? Drawings done, and testified to be done, by the signatures of Judge Edmonds, Coleman himself, and numbers of others, without the intervention of any human hand,—done in the presence of these witnesses, time after time, and in the most astonishing fraction of a single minute. I have seen these specimens of direct spirit-drawings, beautifully done in water-colours, the brushes, colours, and paper being laid for them away from all contact, and the active operation of the pencils heard while at work. One of these had a well painted camellia, with several violets in natural colours, and an open book held up by a hand, the extent of the two open pages being, I think, about two inches square, and yet containing two hundred words of the 14th chapter of St. John, beautifully written, and the whole begun and finished in *twelve seconds*! These drawings, done under the observation of the most credible witnesses, and

numbers of similar things, which will be duly reported, from month to month, in the 'Spiritual Magazine,' will require the Know-nothings to open their shoulders wide in order to get them down. Every day their difficulties are growing and multiplying upon them; the number of sane and practical witnesses is accumulating, and they will soon be obliged to admit their existence, or to sit by the highways of life like those congeners of theirs, with a placard broadly emblazoned on their fronts,—PITY THE POOR BLIND!

"I remain, dear Mr. Barkas,

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM HOWITT."

The perusal of this letter will, I should think, convince the reader the writer of it is a leviathan in his way, and would influence many who will not take the trouble to think for themselves, and therefore I should be cautious how I grapple with such literary monsters, but mine, unfortunately, is a kind of electro-biological pen which writes of itself sometimes, when I am as blind as those the gentleman above would *pity*, therefore

"I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind

To blow on him I please; for so fools have,

And they that are most galled with my folly,

They most must laugh."

SHAKESPEARE'S *As you Like It*.

and sometimes by setting my calmer reason at defiance

gets me into all sorts of messes. The Court of Queen's Bench to wit, from which slough of hypocrisy, deceit, and *perjury*, oft times committed in it, my friends have had no little difficulty to extricate me; however, God be praised, it never proved a "slough of *despond*" to me, for whilst weeping relatives and despairing friends were bewailing my certain approaching fate (one very beneficent gentleman having written me a kind consoling letter to say he should be happy to subscribe to a fund for the maintenance of my wife and family during the period I should be incarcerated in prison! *Credat Judæus*, for writing the truth! A kind-hearted gentleman was that, and from whom I have experienced such substantial proofs of his sympathy, that I am positively ashamed of myself that I have never had the chance of repaying him in any shape or way, for he won't let me mention his name in a public manner, although there is scarcely a charity in the City wherein the name does not head the list in amount and influence. Well, the day is not now far distant (so say all the prophets) when the secret of all hearts will be known, and that which now is hidden will be revealed); but as I have said, so far from any despondency about me at the time, I was calmly smoking my meerschaum when my friendly solicitor called upon me to tell me that which I had known from the beginning, viz., that my adversary was overthrown and had all his expenses to pay himself! But in this attack on *spiritism* (not spiritualism) I don't think I run any such risk, therefore, to show this gentleman my view of the matter,

I ask him "cui bono" in all that which he relates as having seen, admitting it to be true, and that there are no mechanical agencies in the matter, does it produce in the heart that love towards Him whose love for us was so great that "He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him should not perish but have everlasting life,"? it rather leads that heart in a contrary direction, I think; from the unseen and eternal to the seen and evanescent and worshipping of idols in the guise of "spirits from the vasty deep," besides, what are we to gather from these spirit drawings, so wonderfully executed, a perfect marvel, even supposing it possible for them to have been executed by *mortal* beings, which I cannot bring myself to believe to be possible; if instead of a drawing of flowers emblematic of Cain's offering, which God refused to accept, they had set forth "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world, the sacrifice for sin and for all uncleanness," typical of Abel's offering, acceptable unto the Lord, it would have puzzled me far more than it does to account for the agency of this necromancy, and I wonder it has not so appeared to him with his knowledge, perspicacity, and judgment. I tried all I could to bring him to this point, but he would not listen to "the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," so I gave it up, and having had my say give up this ism as the *height of folly to pursue any further*.

Hear, also, what *Martin F. Tupper* says in his "Proverbial Philosophy" on this tampering with the

spirits of the departed in his chapter of "Truth in things False," pp. 9, 10:—

"The sinner, toying with witchcraft, thinketh to delude his fellows,

But there be very spirits of evil, and what if they come at his bidding?

He is a bold, bad man who dareth to tamper with the dead;
For their whereabouts lieth in a mystery—that vestibule leading to Eternity,

The waiting-room for unelad ghosts, before the presence-chamber of their King."

CHAPTER VII.

“And it shall come to pass, afterwards, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream DREAMS, your young men shall see VISIONS.”

—*Joel* II, 28.

THERE is nothing in this life I am so great an advocate for as a spirit of fair dealing, whether in relation to matters of business or matters of controversy; and controversial in the strictest sense of the word, all that I have either said or written is certainly the characteristic. In pursuance of that same spirit, I place before my readers my “experiences” in the following pages, in order that such of them as are unacquainted with these facts, and consider I have not dealt fairly with the subject of spiritualism, may have the opportunity at least, if they have not the will, to question the inferences I have drawn of that “movement.” They will probably meet me with the all-comprehensive and conclusive argument of “*Tu quoque.*” Let them, if they can; I am content to abide the issue. The late Rev. John Wesley was a believer in like communications from the unseen world, and I have a legion of correspondents by me, offering proofs of similar testi-

mony. The late Colonel Gardiner was one, and became, as is well known to our Church, an eminent servant of God. In fact, I could give endless instances, were it necessary, that mine is not by any means a "singular" visitation. It is in the application of these evidences of the supernatural their usefulness is to be tested. "The Roman Catholic Church abounds with them ; but, as is well known, they are made a marketable commodity, and hence they are ignored and repudiated. On the occasion of my visit to London, for the purpose of obtaining subscribers to this work, it was my lot to be introduced to a much higher walk in society than I had hitherto been, albeit I felt no *mauvaise honte* on the occasion, for I felt myself as much at home in the presence of some of the "upper ten thousand" as I did in the commercial room of an hotel where my companions were, as principals, as much above me in every sense of the word, as the ladies and gentlemen to whom I became thus unexpectedly introduced. They treated me in the same way my brother travellers always did—as a gentleman. As I had nothing to conceal, I readily acquiesced to the suggestion I should read from a portion of my works, and I must give them credit by saying they were listened to with most respectful attention. One gentleman—a professed spiritualist—gave it as his decided opinion I was one of their number ; whilst a Roman Catholic lady contended, on the other hand, it was clearly evident I was "called" to their Church ; and on our way home (having politely offered me a seat in her carriage) endeavoured with most praiseworthy earnestness

to convince me of that fact, promising to send me some books of her persuasion, and also to correspond with me. I heard all she had to say, and told her to read the little work I would send her, which I did on the morrow, and very shortly after received, as I expected, a short but polite note, intimating the work had caused a change to come over the spirit of her dream, and, in consequence, she could not subscribe to "The Cross." Alas, the day! alack and well-a-day, poor me! what is to become of me? The Roman Catholic Church won't have me; the spiritualists want me, but I won't go to them; and the Evangelical Church of England, in which I am *commanded to worship*, look upon me with suspicious eye because I will not endorse all their errors and superstitious rites and ceremonies. Like Mohammed's coffin, I must hang, I suppose, 'tween heaven and earth, or set up a "sect" of my own, and thereby add to the number of the blasphemers whose only trade is to make a mockery of all religion and all outward observances. Well, I must bide my time, thankful to know there is One on whom my strength is laid, and through whom alone I can hope for salvation. In pursuance, therefore, of that spirit of fairness in which I wish to act, I once more set forth the causes of my activity on a subject respecting which the whole religious world is at present making lively inquiry, from "The Coming Millennium," a pamphlet published in 1856 by F. Starr, Norwich, but never circulated to any extent.

It would be a waste of time and space here to enter into

the consideration of the various accounts that have been sent me, by different correspondents, from different quarters—I will select one only for my present purpose ; it was sent me by the editor of a publication which enjoys most extensive popularity, and who, on the occasion of my publishing my own book, “Midsummer Mornings’ Dream,” reviewed it very slightly, and indulged in some very flippant remarks respecting it, calculated in fact not only to repudiate it, but to convey the impression he did not believe what I had written. I entered into a correspondence with him, succeeded in disabusing his mind of doubt (if he had any) of my sincerity, and no longer ago than in June, 1855, received a letter from him, of which the following is an extract :—

“We have got three American mediums in London, or, rather, one of them is a Scotchman, who found his mediumship in America ; with him the spirits become visible and tangible, and they play on musical instruments. I have heard them play several tunes. They have touched me, and patted me on the knee, as if I were a child ; they have taken things from my hands, and carried them to those I have named. I have got indubitable evidence of the solidity of the spiritual body ; but it is a great mystery how it can incorporate and decorporate itself so suddenly. But it is a delightful sensation ; it will make a great impression in London this summer, but it will probably be an under-current. Materialism, however, is besieged, and cannot stand before it ; its earth defences, like those of Sebastopol, must at last give way.”

I am not at liberty to give this gentleman’s name,* nor

* This gentleman being now dead, I feel no hesitation in

the journal his talents are occupied upon, but I can and do pledge myself for his respectability and the very high order of his intellectual acquirements, also my firm belief in his statement. At the same time, I wish it to be understood that I am neither an advocate of nor the apologist for such a species of divination, for to *seek* such information is to my mind both idolatrous and contaminating; synchronically, however, with this "visitation" such occurrences are entitled in some measure to our respect and attention, and especially by me, because they have been the acknowledged means by which *Robert Owen*, the *atheist of seventy years' duration*, has been brought to a knowledge of a future state, and to *declare his belief in the divinity of Christ*; and when it is remembered he is the *same man* who endeavoured to instil into my mind his principle of *atheism* during the whole voyage made with him, from New York to England, in the summer of 1847 (which will be found fully dilated upon in my "Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life"), it will not be so much a matter of wonder they should make the impression upon me they do, or claim notice from my pen. The Bishop of London has himself made a similar declaration, that, "if for nothing else but the inroad they have made on the infidelity of Robert Owen, they claim *attention*." With such an occurrence, then, as this, in 1855, the reader will not, perhaps, be less inclined to receive my testimony of occurrences in 1850, which commenced on Sunday saying it was the Rev. James Smith, M.A., author of "The Divine Drama," and editor of "The Family Herald."

evening, the *2nd of June*, in that year, when having quietly passed the day at Greenwich, in attendance on Divine worship in the morning, perambulating the park in the after part of the day, and at night returned to London ; I was calmly and musingly pursuing my way towards my sister's dwelling at the west-end, when, feeling faint and weary, I entered a house of refreshment, in which I had once before in my life (and only) been introduced. The parties knowing me, let me have what I required, viz., a simple repast of bread and cheese and porter. I sat in a small room by myself:—

“Suddenly, as I sat musing by myself, one came and set himself opposite to me, whom I had seen before, and I spoke to him. Presently, a second, and a third, and a fourth followed, taking precisely the same positions I remembered to have seen them just that day twelvemonths previously, at which I wondered ; and the more so, when the whole number was made up of *twelve*. We sat for a long time conversing upon many different topics, political, commercial, and social, upon which, they said, ‘they wished to have my opinion, as I had been a good deal in the world, and seen much of it.’ I excused myself as well as I could from the task, as I said my observations, for the most part, had been but superficial, and that I had not much learned lore wherewith to make an oration worth listening to. ‘Nevertheless,’ said one, who appeared to be the leader in the debate, ‘you must *speak*,’ and he gradually drew me into a lengthened argument, upon which I expatiated as though a tongue had been *given* me, for I did not cease talking for a whole hour. When, therefore, during this harangue on my part, the room was filled—for it was only a poor-looking spot, and small—and the remaining portion of the assembly had become seated,

the leader, an elderly-looking man, whom they called Lord Brougham, from his great similarity in feature, addressed them in a long speech, on the 'employment of the poor' question, which, having delivered, I was again called upon to reply to; and, notwithstanding in myself I felt as nothing to have to reply to so great an authority, such was the confidence I had already acquired that I did not hesitate, and the words were whispered into my ear whenever I felt at a loss for a position or a simile; at which I wondered, and more so to hear myself speaking to men who were evidently men of great mental capacities; but they said, 'I must take courage,' that they 'knew me,' and 'all about me,' 'what I could do,' and 'what I could not do;' whereupon we became still more familiar and friendly. They said they had often heard me sing, but that being Sunday night they would not ask me then, but on some other occasion they should be happy, &c.; all of which I could not understand, for, excepting that I had seen them all once before, and sitting in exactly the same position, and dressed in the same garbs, they were perfect strangers to me.

"As the conversation afterwards became general, I took occasion to give an outline of some of the circumstances that had happened to me during the week, particularly referring to my old friend, Captain 'Leighton,' whom they said they knew very well, as also the party at whose house we breakfasted, viz., Ginger's Hotel. All of which I told them, but with which they seemed to be acquainted. I also brought before them the subject of the sermon I had that day heard, and I went more into the real sense of it than I had been entertaining during the day; but all they said was, that religion begat love, and not fear. The real words, '*natural* religion,' I left out. So, as I sat wondering in my mind what all this could mean, and the fixed conversational dialogue carried on with such vigour, as though they spoke with other tongues, and not with tongues of men, I ventured to ask their opinion on a project I had formed of

becoming an author, and write a history of my life. Their answer was, 'Yes, by all means write it; for there are many things you can tell of others will read, who would not if written by any one else;' my object being, as I said, to endeavour to 'point a moral,' and, at the same time, 'adorn a tale;' at which they all joined in the same expression of assent, and that it would be successful, notwithstanding, as they said, 'We know you have no money.' Whereupon one of them immediately spoke out, 'He shall have money, but it must be hard worked for.' A very remarkable circumstance I noticed, which was that, amongst the whole *trooles*, they had not a sixpence nor even a penny piece. After this the conversation assumed a much more serious turn, but in so regular and smooth a manner, no party speaking till the other had finished, that I began to fancy myself in a church or conventicle; when he who had spoken out upon the money question suddenly stood up. His face changed from the calm, pleasing, quiet demeanour it wore, to one of fierce contending passions—hair dishevelled, and eyes bloodshot. Stretching forth his hand, which was *small*, and *very white*, he demanded to 'shake hands.' I have always had a most instinctive horror of drunken men. Thinking him as such, I drew back, and refused; his companions immediately interfered and expostulated; notwithstanding, I resolutely refused, exclaiming, 'Not so, Sirs,' drunkards never were *my* companions, neither shall they ever be. I can tolerate enjoyment, and upon occasions have looked upon excess, but 'whoso putteth an enemy into his mouth to steal away his *brains*,' I associate not with, and especially shake not hands with, therefore let me pass. And pressing forward with that intention, he placed his hand again before me, which now was blackened and seemed hard with labour,—'Now will you shake hands?' said he. 'If,' I replied, 'it is to test me, whether I will embrace the hardy sons of *toil*, and take them by the hand, my answer is, *I will*, but in no other sense.' Whereupon, his features resumed their former mild expression, and

smiling, he said, 'Thou hast judged right, it will be thy fate, and thy work will indeed be hard,'—grasping it, therefore, with more than supernatural strength he pressed it till I thought every bone was broken.

"'Well,' I replied, after having released my hand from the more than vice-like pressure it had encountered, 'I shall certainly remember you again wheresoever I may see you;' at which he smiled upon his companions a most significant smile, and said, 'I told you he would when he was tried upon the poor man's question,' and he added, 'you see he says he shall *know me again*.' 'Oh, yes,' was my reply, 'there is no fear on that score whatever.' They then all rose from their seats and essayed to go; but first one, of whom I have not before spoken or alluded to, but who joined in the long and spirit-stirring subjects that were discussed, said, 'Well (calling me by my name), what thinkest thou of thy evening's amusement, for thou seemest as if it had given thee much pleasure?' 'Sir,' I replied, 'I have heard such sentiments this night, and dilated upon in such a way, that were it not for the place in which we are assembled, and the garbs you are arrayed in, I should have thought I had been in the company of angels, rather than of men,'—whereupon they all closed round about me, and with one voice said, 'You have! you have!' and immediately my sight seemed to be gone, and I stood up bowing down my head in humble, holy fear. A conviction that what they said was true flashed through my mind—the extraordinary way in which I had heard myself speak on subjects of which I knew I was, comparatively, ignorant—the deference with which I had received all their observations—and an indescribable sensation that ran through my whole frame, convinced me I stood in the presence of those who were of more than mortal mould. 'Oh! Sirs,' I exclaimed, 'if there is any path laid out for me in which I am to walk, I do not now perceive, set me on it straight, that I may run my course with zeal and fidelity, that I may walk and not faint—and when finished,

let my soul "mount the starry world and triumph over death and hell." This I said with much emphasis and enthusiasm, bowing my head before them; and then I heard these words, 'Come let us anoint him, and set him forth upon his high mission,' and immediately they passed their fingers through my hair, accompanying it with a blessing, and an invocation that the 'gift' they then presented me with might be well employed: * there was then a dead silence, and I looked up, and behold I was alone!

"I cannot at all describe the feeling of awe with which I looked round the small apartment in which I stood, nor the sensation of my whole frame of body; it seemed as though electricity of a most powerful nature had passed through my whole system; but instead of a prostration of either body or mind, I felt elastic and invigorated. The hour was nearly twelve o'clock, and after remaining lost as it were in contemplation for a few minutes, I went forth into the air; in my passage out, seeing no one, I was soon pacing rapidly along the Strand towards my lodgings, and ever and anon as my path was attempted to be stopped by the poor creatures who haunt that locality, as from time to time was the case, the night guardians appeared, and in stern command interposed, as though they had received their orders to watch me home. And as I journeyed, my mind was full of thought, 'What may all this mean?' The pamphlet too, I had published, they wished to see it; and the next day I knew I had to be at home, whither they had said I must 'forthwith return'; how to get it to them I knew not, I went to my bedroom (having been favoured with a latch key), obtained the documents and returned with them; but finding the place shut, I left the parcel at another house, to which I was directed by another of these mysterious guardians, who were ever

* In their invocation they called me "Voltigeur," as by that name they should hereafter know me, quoting Isaiah lxii. 2, "and thou shalt be called by a new name."

and anon at my side. I then returned to my lodgings and slept soundly till the morning—rose at a later hour than usual, breakfasted, and borrowed of my landlord ten shillings,—but being desirous to see more of this place I had been in by daylight, I returned to it and saw two of the same men, as I thought them, for I could not bring my mind to think of them in any other character. When they saw me looking at them with wonder, the one said to the other, ‘See, he does not know us this morning.’ ‘You are mistaken, Sirs, I know you again, notwithstanding you are differently habited—there are not so many stars and stripes about you, Sir,’ addressing the one who spoke, ‘as you had last night; but I know you again,’ whereupon they asked me, ‘why I had come back?’ as they had told me I ‘*must not again enter that house.*’ I said I could not find out a house they had recommended me to the previous night, when they said, ‘we will show you.’ And I followed them into the street, but *whilst I looked upon them they vanished* from my sight, were clean gone, and I saw them no more. I felt somewhat bewildered, but, nevertheless, pursued my inquiry, thinking I could gain some information at the house where I had breakfasted with Captain Leighton, as *they* said they knew both him and the landlord of that house. I directed my steps to that quarter, and as I passed down the York Column steps, he who had so *tightly* grasped my hand the previous night stood on the top pavement, habited ready for a journey; I looked twice, but once was sufficient, I could not mistake *that* countenance—his demeanour was such as intimated that he waited to accompany me on my journey home, and his eye was fixed upon me with a serious solemnity, as such I read the sign, for he spoke not—only *looked* what he would say—so I said, ‘I will be ready by the last train, five o’clock,’ and turned again to look, but he was gone—mysteriously vanished, as though he had sunk into the earth; so I went my way towards the house Captain L. and I had breakfasted at, to see if I could in any way fathom this apparent mystery, but *they* knew nothing of him.”

It will be reasonably supposed that a scene like this, and the occurrence of the following morning, would have produced in me an *immediate* feeling of strong mental excitement, if not extravagant bodily acts; but such was not the case. I very quietly the next day finished my business, and returned to my home at Norwich.

It is, notwithstanding, only fair to premise this narrative, by a statement of the fact, that my friends were led to the impression that my mind *was* disordered, and therefore caused me to be placed under the care and superintendence of some "mad doctors" and their satellites; the which, when I discovered, led to such an exhibition of my prowess, that not only considerably alarmed them, but obtained for me a treatment I shall ever characterize as *heartless, brutal, and indefensible*; also, it is as well to observe, that, in the early stage of the visitation, many things were conveyed to me by the attendant "*Voice*," which enabled me to speak or prophesy of things to come, in the volumes already published (particularly the present war, which I was enabled to foretel in 1850, that it would take place)—other matters, also recorded, which, now having become *facts*, entitle the books themselves to a favourable consideration, in the light of their relation to matters which have yet to be established as fact; for the inference is this—if one portion be *true*, told as *about to occur*, why should not the other part be equally reliable on told by the *same medium*, which treats of matters at a more distant period to be accomplished, and which will be found in the following pages? I can only find one answer: Men do not *wish* it to be true. They did not wish "*Noah's*"

prophecy to be true, that the world would be drowned, and, therefore, would not believe it. Human nature is of the same hard, obdurate description now, as it was then. Even those who pray, "Thy kingdom come!" doubt the realization of their prayer, and are like the disciples of old, who, when they prayed for the delivery of "*Peter*" from prison, refused to admit him when he stood at the door a living answer to the prayers they had offered up. "*The signs of the times*," of which this Vision is not the least important, are too significant for the most casual and indifferent person to pass by unnoticed, in some way or other; and happy will it be for those who "despise not prophecyings," nor the "day of small things," even when offered on such a testimony as this is (widely controversial as I admit it to be), if they receive this warning in a friendly and admonitory spirit. With these few observations, I proceed to lay before my readers the Vision, as it has appeared to me, and detailed in the two former works alluded to; merely observing that the occurrences in London, seven days previously, and the intermediate time, in Norwich, are not necessary to the development of that which follows, but are to be met with in full (in case the curiosity of the reader may lead to a wish to become the possessor of them) in the two works, "*Midsummer Mornings' Dream*," and "*The Vision of Midsummer Mornings' Dream*."

After a week, therefore, of the utmost delight, I experienced, in the communications that were made to me, by a "*Voice*" I could distinctly hear, without seeing any one,

instructing me what to do and say (for I spoke in blank verse and rhyme, for the most part, although never before in my life having attempted a couplet of any sort),—after a week thus passed, it was on the 10th of June, 1850, that I found myself, with some little consternation, detained by a powerful man, in one of the patients' rooms for the afflicted in mind of our lunatic asylums. Conscious that my mental powers were of that nature, I could as easily have performed *then* what I am now doing, created in me such an irrepressible feeling of indignation, that it found vent at last in an attack upon this "Keeper," which ultimately brought me to the place and position in which everything became clear and perceptible, to my sight, hearing, and understanding; but my feelings can be better *imagined* than described, when I found myself the occupant of a miserable dungeon, lighted with one small iron-grated window, paved below with composite, with a small drain at one corner, a kind of *trough*, about six feet long, elevated on four legs, in which was a sack of coarse hempen and cotton cloth, filled with straw, a pillow of the same class, with a sheet, blanket, and coverlet, of the coarsest materials and filthiest aspect possible, the stench from which was abominable, and into which I was peremptorily ordered to undress and "get," or threatened with further brutal violence, and was also *strapped down* by the left hand and leg.

To give a definite account of my feelings, when I found myself thus stripped and bound, is wholly beyond my capacities; perfectly conscious I had been under the in-

fluence of an unseen power, and that power I believed to be of Divine agency, how to account for it having brought me into such a place, and under such trying circumstances, was entirely beyond me to explain.

"I tried all means to exercise my mind on past events, to reconcile them one with another—what I had taken? how I had been living?—but could find nothing to warrant my being brought to that state. 'What have I done to deserve this fate?' I asked, involuntarily; and then my mind was brought to bear on my invisible attendant, with whom I held a long conversation; for, addressing him, I said,

"'Whatever could these fellows want, by treating me in this brutal manner?'

"*The Voice.*—'Thou shouldst have done as I told thee—been quiet, and then thy fate would not have been so hard as it now will be: but I will not forsake thee; even here I will be with thee, so long as thou stayest; and so long as thou canst see that chimney and cowl before thee, thou mayest be sure I am here, and that no harm can come to thee; there is nothing else thou canst discern as thou now liest, but when thou lovest sight of it, *I am away—GONE from thee.* I verily thought, at one time, thou wouldst have been killed; but thou hast courage, I see, when thou art roused: but be careful how thou ever attemptest it again, for, thou must see, it is not thy own strength that has thus far preserved thee!'

"I promised obedience, for I had now become altogether alarmed at the aspect of things; and in the bitterness of my heart, I cried out, 'Tell me, then, oh thou mysterious being, who and what thou art!'

"*The Voice.*—'Be silent then. Lie still, that thou mayest hear; for the least rustle of the straw that is in thy bed, will drown my voice.'

"Hearing the words, I began to hope for comfort: and

arranging myself in the best position I could, that would be likely to last without disturbance ; (albeit, the leather straps sadly inconvenienced and annoyed me) although in great pain, I lay still, almost as death.

“ ‘ *The Voice* ’ began.—‘ I AM AN INVISIBLE SPIRIT—but stay ; dost thou *believe* in invisible spirits ? I have stood by thy side when thou hast with thy lips given utterance to the words, “ I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things VISIBLE and INVISIBLE ; ” and yet thou didst *not* believe in anything thou didst not see. I have heard thee often thus ; dost thou *now* believe in things *invisible* ? but remain still ; ere I have done, thou wilt believe, I have no doubt.’

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“ ‘ Ah, indeed ! who could have told thee that ? It is the only *secret* I should have gone to the grave with.’

“ *The Voice*.—‘ I know such is thy intention, but thou seest I know it.’

“ It was indeed true—the secret of my heart was known ; so, if I had needed anything else to convince me of an actual unseen presence, that was enough ; for to no living soul had I breathed a syllable respecting it ; I lay therefore almost breathless, but with my heart beating audibly, and in great anxiety.

THE INVISIBLE SPIRIT.

“ ‘ I am an invisible spirit. I have been by thy side ever since thou wert born. I was with thee when thou wert nearly blind from affliction, in thine infancy. I was eyes to thee then ; it was my hand that saved thee, when, a child, thou fell into the deep waters, and thy father plunged in, at the voice of thy

brother's wailing that thou wert drowning. I know thy thoughts now ; thou sayest that thou hast a perfect recollection of thy sensations. So thou hast, but it was I that supported thy father in the watery element ; for it was beyond his depth, and thou knowest he could not swim. Thy life was then well nigh forfeit to thy disobedience ; for thou wert told not to venture near the water. Again ; my hand saved thee from a dreadful and violent death, when thy little arm was broken into shivers, and the coach wheels took part of the skin of thy forehead away. Thou wert near death then ; but in the hardness of thy heart, when thou wert carried to thy poor distracted mother, thou calledst out thou wert not hurt, and 'twould soon be well. Thou didst not join in prayer for that deliverance, as did thy parents, at thy bedside. Again ; I was with thee when sudden death was well nigh the forfeiture of thy disobedience, and thy arm again paid for thy folly. Hadst thou fallen from the horse, thou wert told *not to ride again*, upon thy head, there would have been an end of thee then, but I interposed and saved thee ; though didst not acknowledge me then.

“ I was by thy side when thou rescued from the same spot thy own life had nearly paid the forfeit, thy sister ; thinkest thou, it was of thy own power she was kept so long above the water that *her* life was spared ; and yet thou givest not to *me* the glory ; but took it all to thyself. “ I did it,” saidst thou ; “ it was I.” Have I not been with thee, in all thy numerous accidents ?’ (and here the enumeration went on so fast, I could hardly follow—but so conclusively, that there was not one event in my life, of any consequence, that was not touched upon), ‘and yet thou hast never acknowledged the invisibility and power of the Spirit ; and thou art yet in the gall of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity. Oh ! how many times have I thus spoken to thee ; and yet thou *wouldst* not hear. Dost thou remember, at the very altar, how thou hast acted ? when others, at the name of Jesus, “ bowed the knee,” and gave utterance to

their belief in the name, "*and in Jesus Christ our Lord.*" Dost thou remember, how thou didst haughtily throw back thy head, and say—O, I heard thee say it—aye, *twice* have I heard it, in the *Church*, and in the *Cathedral*—whilst in the *act* only of adoration, thou didst wickedly say "And I do NOT believe in ONE LORD JESUS CHRIST;" and in that spirit of wicked unbelief didst thou continue to the end; and yet thou hast been suffered to live, although thou hast thus tempted the LORD thy GOD. I have been with thee, all throughout thy late trials and afflictions, and thou hast not *once* called upon me; but I am now going, thou wilt be left alone in this terrible dungeon. See! the sign I directed thee to is fading from thy sight; is there none upon whom thou canst call to help thee? *No; thou art SPEECHLESS!* and now I am going, and so art thou; none can save thee; *down, down, down* thou art going, and I—see! I am gone!"

"Then I saw the sign he had given me to look upon was indeed *gone*, and that I trembled from head to foot; great drops of sweat fell from my temples—a dreadful sinking at the heart—an '*astonishment*' I had hitherto been a stranger to. Had an awfully long and loud peal of thunder suddenly burst from heaven, without the slightest previous evidence of its coming, the '*imagination of the heart*' could not have been more *completely 'scattered';* sense of *thought*, for a time, utterly and entirely gone; and all throughout my frame, a terrible sensation of *consuming heat*. The time occupied in the relation of all that I had done (*for he told me of every thing I had done in my life*), had brought on *darkness*, and around me seemed gathering horrible spirits, which howled in mine ears hideous noises; a dreadful evidence of *sinking of the whole floor, into an everlasting depth*, seemed realized,

"And for a season after,
I could not believe but that I was in hell."

Now there are many parties inclined to the opinion,

that this state of feeling, and that which is continued throughout that terrible night, 10th June, 1850, was neither more nor less than "*delirium tremens*," occasioned by my manner of living beforehand. There are parties in existence who are *peculiarly interested* in their endeavours to establish this belief; but a more base, and lying insinuation, cannot possibly be advanced.

It is for this reason I wearied the patience of my readers in the way I did, in the endeavour to account for almost every hour of my time, how it had been employed, &c., for *weeks previously to this visitation*. No man has come forward, or *dares* come forward, to dispute the *truth* of what I have written, or to attack me of being guilty of the least possible excess of any kind beyond that I have myself admitted; neither had my mind nor my feelings been operated upon in any out-of-the-way or extraordinary manner; my business matters had all been transacted highly satisfactory to myself, and *ought* to have been to those who sent me out (such as I had the *management* of), nor had anything whatever occurred to create in me a feeling of "*excitement*;" my system was as cool as it is at this very moment I write; no fever, nor anything whatever different in me that I could discover, till I was made sensible of this terrible evidence of an angry power; a power, however much before I found it useless to attempt to resist, now that I was bound, in the dungeon of a madhouse, would have been *worse* than madness to have endeavoured to elude. I *did* try, positively tried *hard* to make myself believe it to be all *delusion*; but it was all

useless, "*The Voice*" followed me up closely. "It is useless," it said, "thy attempts to employ thy mind on other things; *thy hour is come*, and now thou *must* hear me." The narrative proceeds (and, strange as it may seem to the reader, even *then* I could not divine the purposes for which I had been thus visited):—

"Yet I awoke not from my mental sleep in this great agony, though perfectly sensible of all I felt and heard; so, as I lay communing with mine own heart, which was throbbing convulsively, I heard a voice from heaven, calling me by name, and saying, 'I AM THE LORD THY GOD.'

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'Thou thinkest thou art hardly dealt with, seeing that thou hast done these things of which thou hast spoken (for I had ventured to plead for mercy on the ground of 'good works'); and in that thou hast kept this commandment,* mercy shall be shown thee; but I will reprove thee, and set before thee other things which thou hast done.'

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And then, in terrible array, was set before me the heavy catalogue of my sins, with the rapidity almost of light; then there was adjudged to me the punishment for them. At the same time, that judgment was tempered with *mercy*, by a reference to such good as I had done in my lifetime; the which, of course, I leave out here, merely observing that the evil awfully preponderated; and all I said, or could say, was, 'I am rightly served. The sentence is a just sentence.' So I abandoned all hope, and

* The first Commandment, *with promise*.

gave myself over to despair and an everlasting death. In vain I wiped from my face the great big swelling drops, in vain I moved my limbs about my horrid bed; the same devouring heat possessed me; smoke and vapour, too, encircled my hot bed; fire also seemed to envelope my filthy pallet; loud hysterical laughter, and the shrieking of the *damned spirits*; horrid imprecations and blasphemy unceasing; and yet I was not consumed. 'Surely,' I thought, 'this cannot last long. I must soon be burned up, and shall become extinct ere the term of my punishment is elapsed. The property of fire is to burn.' This was my idea of hell—that no being or spirit could *live* in it; but it was too palpable, too evident to dispute—I *LIVED*, and was *not* consumed. Oh, the horrors of that dismal time! Minutes seemed hours, years, nay, longer; *time seemed interminable*; but *prayer* I not once thought of. I felt *condemned*; that the sentence was *just*, and that I ought *not* to pray, although I had always believed in God (so do devils, and tremble, too). Sleep I could not; my eyes refused to slumber. No forgetfulness there; no *sleep* of death, but life of death; a prospect of an everlasting living death—NO END. 'Here, then,' I exclaimed, 'I shall lie; never more see a creature whom I shall know;' and I writhed in my hot bed of despair. I envied the raving maniacs I had seen during the day. Would that I were as they seemed to be—*without intellect*, dead, annihilated! But to be *thus*, and *know it*! Oh, how insupportable! Nor did self-destruction ever once enter into my mind, to end this horrid reality. My earthly existence, I thought, *was* ended. I had died—*died to live this everlasting death*. No hope—

"*Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell.*"

No use crying, 'what shall I do to be saved' *now*. I involuntarily said, 'I am lost—lost for ever! Woe is me, that I heeded not in time!' In this dreadful state methought years and years, 'ten thousand years' had passed away; when, looking upward

toward the grating, I saw *one ray of light* break in, the smallest possible evidence that the horrid gloom would be dispersed.

“ ‘Perhaps *He* will come again,’ I said. ‘I may once more hear that glad voice.’ And hope seemed lightly to play around the region of my heart, which had been beating heavily all the time I had been in this horrid state. Oh! how anxiously did I watch its increasing, gradually increasing power. *But so slowly* did it come, in comparison to my ardent temperament, that another life seemed almost spent. At length day, *blessed day*, dawned; *but I saw no sign*. I strained my eyes towards the casement. The space was clear; there was no object upon which I could fix my anxious gaze but the blue sky. *He was indeed gone*, and day brought no hope to me. In my writhings I had sunk low in the filthy *trough*; and, in my despair, I raised myself the highest stretch my fetters would permit; when ‘joy! oh, joy again!’ I cried, ‘He will be here. His promise is sure, sure.’ ‘Whilst thou canst see that object, I am with thee’—this he said. ‘I *can* see it; and thou art here, then. Oh! hear me, hear me, thou invisible spirit, and save me from these horrors! In mercy save me!’ *Mournfully and slowly* came

“*The Voice*.—‘I am indeed here, but cannot save thee; thou art yet in the bonds of iniquity. Call on the *keepers* to come and let thee out.’ So I called. ‘Call *louder*, they cannot hear thee.’ Again my voice re-echoed through the building. ‘It is early; they are not yet out of their beds. Call upon thy brother, whom thou lovest so much; he is here, and surely will help thee.’ Then I called, with all my might and strength, “John, my dear brother John, come and help me out of this filthy dungeon.” But no answer was there. Exhausted, panting, and *heartbroken*, I lay in *agony of thought*.

“*The Voice*.—‘He does not hear thee; peradventure he sleepeth. Call on Sir R. Peel and Lord J. Russell, for these have been thy gods. Call on *them* in the day of thy trouble, and they will, without doubt, hear thee.’

"And in this way was I urged to keep on shouting, till I thought my very throat would have cracked. To all of which '*The Voice*' only said, 'Call louder.'* Then I saw that despair was to be my doom by day and by night also; and, in my agony, I turned over on my straw, buried my head in my hand, and would have wept, but no tears would come.

"*The Voice*.—'Thou art sinking again! Down thou art going. Quick, quick! If thou dost not make another effort, thou art lost for ever!'

"And as he said, so it seemed to be. The whole place appeared to be falling; I could *feel* the floor giving way under me as before. The sensation was horrible, but no help was there. I was *fast*, 'fast bound in misery and iron.' I cried out aloud upon all whom I could bring to my recollection, all upon whom I had called before, but of no avail; I was going down faster than ever, and could *feel* it; when I heard, perfectly clear and distinct,

"*The Voice*.—'Call upon the LORD JESUS CHRIST, or thou art lost!'

"Spoken as rapidly as the lightning's flash—in a moment, nay, less—the whole truth flashed upon me like that same lightning; and, in a voice that might have been heard for miles, I shouted, 'Oh, LORD JESUS, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.' It had the effect. In a moment I felt myself returning to earth, and the trough in which I was laid felt firm. I *felt saved*; for as I lay panting for breath, and my heart beating as though it would have *burst* its boundaries, I heard the 'still, small voice' again saying to me, '*Thou art saved*'; but it has been hard work. Lie still for a time, and I will come to thee, and speak with thee; for *I have loved thee* though thou *hast* denied me: and I know *why* thou *hast* done the things my Father hath thus

* "I will also laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."—Prov. i. 26.

chastened thee for. But be of good cheer ; thy faith in this matter hath saved thee.' These words overwhelmed me, and for the first time I wept—*sorely did I weep*. 'Would that I had known this before, oh, Lord!' I said ; 'I would not have done these things.'

"*The Voice*.—'I know thou would'st not. But be comforted ; all will yet be well.'

"Then, although I felt sad and sorrowful that there should have been so great necessity for this severe teaching and *chastening*, I saw that good would eventually come of it, as I should be able to tell of it to others with such sincerity that they *must* believe it, and then they would be saved from the horrors I had escaped. So, as the day advanced, my heart became quieter ; and about the hour of noon, as I judged, the same 'still, small voice' came to me, speaking words of great comfort to me—that as I had not hesitated to go through with all that I had been told to do, and obeyed '*The Voice*' in everything, to my own detriment, therefore would He establish a *sign* with me. This was done immediately, in such a way that I could not mistake it :—'*This shall be the sign between thee and me ; and in this way will I hereafter speak with thee when thou dost address me. Be of good cheer ; thy sins are forgiven thee.*' At which sounds my heart seemed to leap within me, and tears of joy, such as repentant sinners alone *can* shed, came to my relief ; in which state I lay for some considerable period, feeling that I could have wept *rivers* of tears.

"Then I asked in what form of prayer I should address Him ; and He said, 'Let me hear thee repeat the "BELIEF ;"' but my confusion was so great that I could not remember it, and what I did remember was so imperfect that I made a complete jumble of nonsense of it. For instance, I said, 'Born of the Holy Ghost, and conceived by Pontius Pilate ;' and I know not what I did not attempt, in my haste to say some form of prayer or other ; so I addressed myself to an '*extempore*' confessional

prayer, in which I acknowledged my transgressions, and gave thanks for the great mercies I had received ; but, above all, for the great mercy of this revelation ; and prayed for all, through the merits and atonement of the *Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*, in whom now to say I *believed* only seemed on my part an expression of supererogation, inasmuch as that I now *knew* it.

"*The Voice*.—'Yes, that is true enough, and the prayer in itself is very well ; but this shall be thy form of prayer, and what thou shalt do. Every morning, when thou wakest, thy first offering shall be to "MY FATHER." Thou shalt bow thy head *three times*, and each time thou shalt say, "LORD GOD ALMIGHTY ;" and then thou shalt say the "*Lord's Prayer*," which thou knowest ; and in the evening thou shalt do the same thing, and say the "*Apostles' Creed*," commonly called the "*Belief* ;" and this thou shalt do every day so long as thou livest, at six of the clock in the morning, and at eleven of the clock at night ; but thou shalt be allowed three hours' grace either way, and see that thou abusest not this privilege. And now repeat the "*Belief*" after me, slowly, and talk not such nonsense as thou hast just given utterance to—"Born of the Holy Ghost, and conceived by Pontius Pilate !" But I know thou wert confused, and also that it formed no part of thy education when young.' Whereupon, graciously, most graciously did that sweet 'still, small voice' repeat it sentence by sentence, slowly and distinctly, till at last I knew it perfectly. Then I felt overjoyed in my heart, and began to sing again, which was acceptable ; *The Voice* assuring me 'there was much joy in heaven, and that my name was there, and the angels were pronouncing it one to another, and that they were right glad that I had been saved.' *

"'Exceedingly good and gracious hast thou been, O Lord,' I

* "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than in ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

said, 'in teaching me what to say, and how to act! Tell me now, I pray thee, *where* thou wouldst have me worship upon *holy* day and the Sabbath?'

"*The Voice*.—'Thou rememberest having thy attention taken by a little man, in clerical habiliments, coming from a passage nearly opposite the house of business thou hast lately been at. When thou art in London, hear him; his *church* is in that passage, and he is also one of my servants.'

"I became, therefore, quite composed and happy; the bed had no disagreeables for me then, nor did I feel any pain at the uneasy and cramped position in which I had been obliged and must continue to lie. The time was occupied in going over *all* the past, and remarking upon the different circumstances that had happened, both in London and in our walks; and the book that I *supposed* was being written at the time of my versifying propensities, which I asked after.

"*The Voice*.—'Yes, the book is printed and published; but thou wilt not know the language in which it is printed, till thou art up here; then thou wilt see it: but as for books, thou hast written enough in thy lifetime for fifty books; and, as I know thy heart is intent upon writing a book, thou wilt now have enough upon which thou *mayest* write; but that of which my Father hath told thee thou *mayest* not write upon; that thou must keep to thyself. See thou tell no man or woman, not even thy wife; for on the day thou doest, *He will destroy thee with fire and brimstone!* Still, thou wilt see and hear sufficient for thy volume, and thou *mayest* call it

"MIDSUMMER MORNINGS' DREAM."

"So at this my heart was comforted, and I felt happy that I should be able to tell some of my old friends that which I knew to be the truth, and that through it some might be brought into its path. Nevertheless, I felt there was an awful degree of responsibility about it, when I reflected on the terrible anger of

the Lord—"When his anger is kindled, yea but a little;" and that, in my endeavour to point out to others 'The Way, the Truth, and the Life'—even Jesus, whom I now *knew*—I should, in pointing to my own *experience*, run great risk of exceeding the boundary marked out for me, and thus bring into contempt His Holy Word and commandment. So I prayed for strength. in the day that I should attempt to place these things on record, that I might not be led into temptation; and that the craft and assaults of the devil or man, whensoever they might oppress me, might be brought to nought; and I wept tears of joy, and wished only for my family that they might see and know how happy I felt.

"We then fell into converse upon different subjects, especially the formation of the Ministry, and events connected with the Roman Catholic Church; and immediately opposite me, on the wall, at the extremity of the dungeon, as it were in *phosphorescent fire*, stood forth the words, PEEL, RUSSELL, and Co., in letters at least nine inches long."

I did not notice this circumstance in the "Dream," nor some others which appear in the 'Vision,' for several reasons; but the principal one was, because, in spite of the full assurances that were repeatedly given me during the committing the subject to paper, "*not to fear*," I hurried over that portion of the narrative, much after the manner of, and with feelings very much akin to, those of a man who is *skating upon very thin ice*, over a deep and rapid stream; and the quicker I got over it, the safer I felt myself. It is not that the danger is less now that five years have rolled over my head, nor that I am further removed from that *All-seeing eye* I felt every moment conscious of being under, that I enter more into details

now, but the rather that I should give some reasons for having hazarded a *prophecy* upon matters so altogether foreign to my usual topics and habits ; for never as a politician or theologian did I ever make my appearance, either in public or in private.

Now, at the time, June, 1850, that these words appeared before me, as I have stated, in letters of fire, and "*The Voice*" told me that that would be the construction of the Ministry—viz., a coalition Ministry—I had taken no particular share in politics, or cared who was either in or out ; and when, a very few days afterwards, the news arrived (whilst I was in this sweet spot) that Sir Robert Peel had met with an accident, and very shortly after *died*—subsequently Lord Derby came into power—I asked myself the question, "What becomes now of the letters I saw in the dungeon?" Peel dead ; and his sons, nobody knows anything of at present ; and altogether the improbabilities of such actually being the case, as a "Peel" in the *Ministry*, that it required no small amount of faith on my part to *prophesy* such an event : yet, if reference is made to p. 330 of "*Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life*," there it is, in capital letters, a *Prophecy*, and introduced solely and entirely arising from this circumstance of the dungeon. I had no other data whatever to go upon ; and very shortly after that prophecy was written, Frederick Peel was called to the Ministry of Lord John Russell. Is it not strange ?

But you have, in this case, nothing but my word to rely upon, as to the fact of seeing these letters of fire. How

will the scientific account for this? Was this "*automatic cerebral action*"—a thing I had never troubled that portion of my body to think upon?

But to proceed with the Vision:—

"In the abundance of things which were told me, seemingly to amuse and wile away the time, I had great reason to be glad and profoundly grateful; and so the day passed with me, singing psalms, hymns, and sometimes songs; but mostly the '*Portuguese, Mariners' Hymn*,' the '*Venite*,' in Latin, and '*Martin Luther's Anthem*,' which I had by heart. Then I saw that night again approached, and that *Tuesday, the 11th of June, 1850*, had passed away. None of the keepers came to disturb my rest; for it was rest, though I slept not, my eyes being *wide open*; and in this state I fell into a *trance*; and, as the darkness of the night came on, the horrid sounds I had heard the night previous were about to be repeated, after a great confusion of closing doors and locking them had sometime taken place; but, instead of dreadful imprecations and awful denunciations, shrieking and groaning, it was turned into splendid orchestral music, and I heard the sound of stringed instruments, and a large band of choristers, as distinctly as I ever heard any oratorio in my life; now and then a *solo*, sung by a clear, full voice, that kept me as it were in enchantment. Then suddenly there appeared before me a panoramic vision, in which were actors and actresses, beautiful scenery, life-like, and almost close enough to touch. Then it changed: the whole features of the scene assuming one of general devastation; towers dismantled, buildings toppled down, railroads broken up, and the electric telegraph destroyed; broken vestiges of machinery, a scene of misery, desolation, and destruction. This remained, with various changes, till at last succeeded a beautifully placid rural scene, with comfortable farm-houses, surrounded by fields of golden corn ripe for the

sickle, happy groups of men, women, and children, who seemed to have nothing to do but enjoy themselves. Labour had ceased, and man no longer lived by the sweat of his brow. Then again came sweet and pleasing strains of music, soft and swelling on my rapt senses, till daylight again dispersed the vision of the night, bringing with it a continuance of its glories.

"I had not lain long under this inspiration, ere a scene opened which engaged my attention so fixedly that it has never been absent entirely from my thoughts, although not noticed in the 'Dream.'

"Before me was presented a vast field, of glorious aspect, to reach which a deep and wide ravine had to be crossed, and it was intimated that I must 'cross it;' the only path being a narrow bridge or plank, without a hand-rail or protection of any sort, scarce wide enough for two parties to walk abreast; and just midway lay, upon a small abutment, a hideous figure, with arms long enough to reach to the centre of the path, immediately beneath whose vicinity, far down in the deep cavity below, lay *dead men's bones*, and mangled corpses, as of some recently fallen over, to meet at the last passage a dreadful death.

"'Alas!' I said, 'what meaneth this? Must I also traverse this path?'

"*The Voice*.—'Thou must indeed; and thou must go this path alone.'

"'Nay, then, I am indeed lost; for I much question if I reach even so far as those who, it seems, have got midway, ere they have been either frightened or forced over by this hideous figure.'

"*The Voice*.—'What if I take thee by the hand?'

"'Oh, let me but touch the hem of thy garment! it will be enough; I shall then be able to walk steadily.'

"*The Voice*.—'Come, then, follow and fear not!'

"So I followed fearlessly. I held his garment in my right hand

and stood immediately opposite the dreaded enemy as firm and immovable as if I had been a statue. Face to face I confronted him. *I had* even the temerity to let go my hold of the garment, and stand with my arms crossed upon my breast, so thoroughly satisfied was I of the power by my side ; and at length I spoke aloud, emulous at first, more from indignation than fear.

“ ‘Thou hast brought me to bay at last,’ I said ; ‘and now it is my turn to speak. By every art and subtlety hast thou tried to subdue me. Once I feared thee, but why, I know not ; for my object clearly, since thou hast had dominion over me, has been to serve *thee*, and faithfully have I done it, but a *false master* hast thou proved to me. Even now thou wouldst crush me if it were in thy power, but I know *thee* now, wholly and entirely ; and now thou shalt see how I can fight, for I have laid my help upon one that is mighty, *far mightier than thou*, and by his help I will fight against thee all the days of my life. I fear thee not !’

“ His hand covered his face, but I could see his restless eye glowering upon me through his long fingers, and saw the writhing of his frame, as if in terrible anger. At length, he rose and stood erect, tall and well-proportioned ; he seemed to have transformed himself, for I exclaimed, in amazement, ‘Gracious Powers ! what wondrous resemblance ! Why, ’tis ——’

“ *The Voice.*—‘*Hush ! see, he speaks !*’

“ Scowling upon me with such a look as I never had experienced in my life before, he more growled than spoke :—

“ ‘Ever since you have been known to me I have disliked you ; and latterly, in tampering with my servants, you have done me much injury, with your prating, boasting of your powers of speech, and doubtless, if roused, *will speak.*’

“ ‘That will I as certain as I live, *if needful* to twenty thousand people, and they will then see, and know as I do, what value to set upon your promises or your word ; to me, you have been a *liar* from the first, and this, if necessary, I will show.’

“ With this, he turned upon me another most contemptuous

look, and, as he receded from my sight, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'I HATE YOU !'* by which I knew it to be *Satan*.

"*The Voice*.—'Thou hast had great faith all throughout, but thou art safe, quite safe now ; he is very powerful, but he cannot now harm thee. Come, let us be going.'

"So we passed over to the opposite side of the chasm.

"I was no longer in the confines of the dungeon ; but, in the spirit, flying through endless space, accompanied by an angel, who pointed out to me various places over which we flew. China and Peru, Hindostan, America, all seen in one short hour, so rapidly did we seem to traverse the air ; California, with hundreds of ships, *stranded*—'left,' as my guide informed me, 'by the sea, and would eventually perish through the mad search men were making for gold, of which,' he said, 'there were great quantities in the fissures of the rocks.' Over the broad Atlantic again we flew, and back to England, 'THE HOME OF THE WORLD.' Then I was again in my dungeon, and, looking up, beheld the sign, and again '*The Voice*' came to my willing, waiting ear.

"*The Voice*.—'Thou wilt this day be visited by the doctors ; but speak not, neither do thou look that way ; but keep thine eye fixed on what I shall show thee ; if thou movest thy head round it will flee thy sight, but fix thy gaze *stedfastly* on the object before the window, and remove it not.'

"I then saw before me a long procession, in which all the army of heaven joined, angels and archangels, horses and chariots of burnished gold, myriads of souls clad in white garments, others

* There, reader, that's *Satanic* gratitude ; that is what I got for putting THOUSANDS in his way ; for I am sure I am speaking the truth when I say "thousands" followed in my wake during the time I may say I was in his *direct service* ; how many more have gone the same path, since I thus took my leave of him, I cannot tell, for I profess to *serve* another. *Proprium humani ingenii est odiasse quem laeseris.*

marching in gorgeous apparel, and such an overwhelming whole that no pen could do justice to; in the midst of which, the door of my cell was opened; but I neither turned my head nor looked otherwise than as directed; but I heard them *talking*; Mr. Gibson or Mr. Nichols* said, '*Let him alone till to-morrow.*' "

What struck me most forcibly at the time was, that they (the doctors, and those who accompanied them) did not see the same things which I did, being as clear and palpable to my sight as the *mise en scène* of a *tableaux vivans*, although I did not at the time so express myself; but I certainly concluded that they saw something more than myself to look at; but it is very clear they did not, from the remark that was made, "Let him alone till to-morrow."

Now, if I take Paul's account in Acts, the 9th chapter and 7th verse, I find that those who were with him "*heard the voice,*" but "*saw no man;*" nor does it appear even that they saw the light, from that account. The only corroborative evidence, therefore, that he had was in the sound of the voice, causing those who were with him to become "speechless." But if I turn to Daniel's account in the 10th chapter and 7th verse, I find it written, "And I, Daniel, alone saw the vision; for the men that were with me saw not the vision." Here, then, is an evidence that such things as I have attempted to describe, as *present to my sight*, may take place, and yet not be

* Doctors of the Establishment.

“present” to the eye of another looking on at the time ; notwithstanding, in Paul’s case, others did see the light. This reference to Daniel also supplies me with an opportunity of replying to the sarcastic remarks made by some of the outrageously sceptical, who select certain portions of my book only, to have what they call a “fling at,” and do not take it *as a whole*, before they trouble themselves to take it to pieces. Let them read the 10th verse of that chapter, and, in their mind’s eye, look at the *position* in which Daniel was placed, whilst the comforting words of “The Voice” were being addressed to him, “O Daniel, a man greatly beloved,” &c., and he will there find, that, whilst receiving this comfortable intelligence, he was placed “upon his knees, and upon the palms of his hands.” Let the sceptic or infidel read this calmly, thinkingly ; and it may be, that, like “those who came to laugh remained to pray,” they, by God’s good pleasure, may be led to see these things in a different light to that superficial view in which they have first received them.

But we go on with the vision and narrative :—

“So they shut the door, and the glorious vision was continued throughout the day. I had neither hunger nor thirst, having been without food from the previous Monday ; nor did I need any, for my eyes were feasted with such splendid sights, that I had no thought for the body. Seated on clouds, I saw a multitude no man could number ; some with harps in their hands, and others with different instruments of music ; the distance was too great to hear their voices, but I thought they

were praising God. I lay in this state for some time, with my heart uplifted in silent adoration and praise—for it was evident the vision was for a sign—wondering how I should be able to describe it, so rapid was the succession of glorious sights.

“Whilst I lay in this ‘wondering’ state of mind, three figures, dressed in black habiliments, passed before the window, the size of life, as they appeared to me, and I said, ‘Who are these, and what is the meaning of their appearance thus?’

“*The Voice*.—‘They are the Bishops of Norwich, of London, and of Canterbury; they are going over to Rome.’

“‘What!’ I said, ‘going over to the *Church* of Rome?’

“*The Voice*.—‘No; thou misunderstandest. Their object is a mission to the Pope.’

“‘For what purpose? I pray thee let me rightly understand this matter, for thou knowest well what my opinions are upon the absurdities of this same Church, and which I have never considered otherwise than as errors, and as fatal to religion or the formation of proper religious feeling.’

“*The Voice*.—‘And in this thou hast judged rightly. The object of this mission is to do away with all these errors and absurdities; but note what thou seest, and hereafter form thy judgment upon it.’

“So I saw these three figures passed and repassed repeatedly, by which it was conveyed to me that the interviews had been frequent and the communications with England of a numerous and lengthy description; but on the last appearance they were clad in *white*, and I asked why they had changed their garments, and other questions respecting their mission.

“*The Voice*.—‘They are returned triumphant; they have won their cause; there is now no longer a Roman Catholic Church; there is no Pope; but there is one *universal Catholic Church*, in which all the world believes. Lie still; thou wilt see its celebration.’

“And it was so. The celebration, as presented to my vision, was such as baffles every attempt on my part to put it graphically

upon paper. The scene was laid in a vast cathedral, very similar to our own in Norwich. All who officiated were in canonicals, either black or white, but principally white. There were vessels of gold and of silver, but no figures, nor paintings, nor incense, nor host. Above the altar stood the cross, plain and unadorned; and the service was *intoned*. But, oh! the anthems and the hymns of joy, such as I heard, were beyond all that I had ever heard before. All persons, high and low, rich and poor, all joined in holy devotion; and to me it seemed more like heaven than of earth."

Now this portion of the vision I intentionally left out in the "Dream." I confess I did not exactly understand it, neither did I feel myself able at all to cope with the meaning it is intended directly to convey. There is no hesitation whatever about me now in saying that it is intended to convey the "DOWNFALL OF THE PAPACY," "THE FALL OF PAPAL ROME;" then the question arises *how* it is to be accomplished. What are to be the means employed? Is it, as this vision shows, to be done by diplomacy? By argument? Or does it imply a compromise? The latter certainly *not*, because I asked that question distinctly, and the reply was conclusive, "They are returned triumphant," &c.—"THERE IS NO POPE."*

Now I am perfectly willing to admit that one reason for omitting this portion of the vision arose from a fear of *man*, and the criticisms I might cause to be written by such men as are denunciators of this Church, and who are

* "Napoleon has given his Holiness notice to quit in December, 1866; so that he will commence 1867 trusting, as he says, to the providence of God."—*Cumming's Last Warning Cry*.

ever and anon preaching "No compromise with Rome!" comparing her to the Scarlet Whore, and employing that kind of language in a sermon or in a lecture one would be very sorry to hear in a calm and argumentative debate. I fancied I should come under the lash of such men as these, and therefore I thought I would leave this part of the vision unwritten; but I have had such conclusive evidence (*to me*) that I have done *wrong* in this matter, that I have not hesitated to go over the ground, as it were, afresh, and incur all the annoyance consequent upon publishing, so that I might put the whole matter upon record, fairly and as it occurred.

"Then I saw a figure descend from heaven, as described by John, in *the Book of Revelation*, like as the 'Son of man,' in clouds, accompanied by a host of angels clothed in white, and I asked, 'What meaneth this?'

"*The Voice.*—'It is the MILLENNIUM. I am come to judge the earth. Note what thou seest.'

"(What was distinctly meant by the word '*Millennium*' I most assuredly knew nothing of, as I have elsewhere observed; but) immediately I heard the sound of wailing, and lamentation, and woe; the shrieks of women and children, *as I saw them*, rushing from their houses, some frantically precipitating themselves from the top windows of their habitations; men running to and fro, calling on heaven for mercy; others raving mad, tearing their hair; amidst which, Gabriel, the destroying angel, with a bright and flaming sword, was slaying in all directions; the city itself in flames in several parts, and the inhabitants flying away like affrighted deer. In the midst of this desolating scene I cried aloud, 'Oh! my children! my wife and children! where are they?'

"The Voice.—'Thy family are all safe, and most of thy friends; thy walk through the city hath saved it, for the most part; be of good cheer, I will make short work * of it with Gabriel, and will return to thee; but note what thou seest.'

"Then I saw many, whom I knew, led away by the angel Gabriel, into a dark and dismal hell-like looking place, a vast amphitheatre in form, where were many walking in despair, others lying prostrate on what seemed a floor or bed of *hot ashes*, the glare from which was dismally reflected by the red mural precipices that surrounded it, far as the eye could reach. One *female form* was there, on which my eye rested for a long time, as she sat rocking her body to and fro, her head buried in her hands, and her long hair streaming through her fingers, nearly enveloping her lovely form, sufficiently seen to show it was one of exquisite proportions. 'Oh!' said I, 'can it be possible evil should have existed there?' But all I could hear was the low moan 'FOR EVER'—'FOR EVER'—'FOR EVER'—which seemed her never-ending lament. Much more I saw, but will not trust myself with a *present* description; but it ended in '*Satan bound for a THOUSAND YEARS*;' then *the door was shut* with a dreadful clang that rang in my ears for hours after. It was too horrid a scene to dwell upon. 'Is there no mercy for them?' I exclaimed, 'Oh God have mercy upon them;' but I heard no answer. Then suddenly I heard a great tolling of bells. 'What meaneth this?' I said.

"The Voice.—'It is for the dead; the bells will toll for one whole day.'

"Then, after a while, I saw the whole city was in commotion—processions without end—the day of rejoicing was come, and thousands upon thousands were running to and fro half frantic with *joy*—men and women embracing each other—old men and women, young men and maidens, children of both sexes, all

* "*Because a 'short work' will the Lord make upon the earth.*"—Rom. ix. 28.

with their faces lit up with joy and gladness ; there was to be *no more woe, no more pain,—‘the good time’ had come—CHRIST had been acknowledged—‘Satan’ was ‘bound for a thousand years,’* and sorrow and sighing was done away—CHRIST had wiped away all tears from off all faces, and pain and anguish was to be no more.

“Then I saw that I lay upon my bed, lost in wonder, in love and praise, and thinking how I should find words to express all that I felt ; in the midst of which, I heard the ‘still small voice’ saying ‘Commune now with thy own heart ;’ and I did so, trying to form some excuse for my previous *unbelief* in anything that had reference to such a *divine foretold event*. The historical life of Jesus Christ, which had been more impressed upon my mind from pictures and drawings I had seen, than from *reading*, came forcibly to my mind ; and I wondered why it was that I should have so blindly erred, when I could point to so many *good men*, and *clever men* too, who *believed* in all these mysteries ; as also, why I had in the outward expression of these doctrines of faith—or rather, *want of faith*—been such a *rank coward* ; for I never had the courage to advance *my belief* as a *doctrine*, and yet so foolishly acted, when I as *equally foolishly* thought ‘no eye could see it,’ or would know that I had so expressed myself, or *acted secretly*. The ‘Omnipresence of the Deity’ was a thing utterly beyond my comprehension ; ‘*per-vading all space*’—‘*present every where*’—‘*knowing all things,*’ even men’s thoughts ; and then for it all to be recorded in one book, to be referred to in that day, when He shall judge all hearts—what *good* did it do me to think contrary ? Why rather did I not say, ‘It is high, I cannot attain unto it’—‘Lord, help my *unbelief* !’ and so I went on communing with myself, when suddenly a LIGHT FROM HEAVEN SHONE ALL AROUND THE DUNGEON, of so bright a nature, that I *exceedingly feared and trembled* ; and I ‘heard a voice, but I saw no similitude.’ It

was the 'GLORY OF THE LORD'—the same that had appeared unto *Moses* in the burning bush—the same light that had shone about *Paul*, when he was smitten to the earth, and became blind for a time; and I heard 'terrible things,' which may not be spoken again.

"And again I was cautioned how I used the (blessed) privileges that had been given to me in the revelation.—'SEE THOU TELL IT TO NO MAN OR WOMAN; FOR ON THE DAY THOU DOEST IT, I WILL KILL THEE WITH FIRE AND BRIMSTONE,' are words that ring in my ears even now, at this distance of time, and will do so, till all life's portals are become closed, and my spirit is returned to the Great God who gave it. Then I saw that the light changed from the bright silver dazzling light to a beautiful pale gold, and then to fiery red, and then it faded quite away, and I saw it no more, but heard

"*The Voice*.—"Thou hast heard the caution again; that which I have committed to thee, keep sacred, and exercise thy discretion in what thou writest."

"This I promised most faithfully to endeavour to do so soon as I obtained my liberty; and I said surely none will attempt to upset the testimony I shall be able to offer—a book of such materials as all that I have seen and heard I should think would be greatly enquired for.

"*The Voice*.—"Thou art greatly mistaken in this respect, nevertheless, thou wilt find many who will believe thee."

"I observed further, that having been told by *The Voice* to 'note' in my 'book' such occurrences as took place, how did it happen that such great terrors were held out in the performance of it, seeing that it was foreknown that I should so write, for I said, 'It is utterly impossible for me to hear and see these things, and not tell of them to others, especially those for whom I have a feeling of regard, and who are, as I believe, walking in precisely the same path of error that I was.'

"*The Voice*.—"It was necessary thou should'st receive this caution, lest thou should'st be indiscreet in thy communications; "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

" 'Let me but have,' I said, 'thy continual help, and I shall be safe from this evil; but if it be not asking too much, how did it happen that one of so unbelieving a heart as mine has been, so obstinately refusing every evidence of the truth as it is in the Bible, should have been called to such an office as this is? I am not a man of speech, thou knowest how difficult a matter I find it to speak upon even common topics, and to have to speak upon such a theme of mercy, and love, as this message is, my heart would swell, and my tongue would falter, that at last mine eyes would be the only evidence that I could give, that mercy and forgiveness are to be obtained for sins of even as deep a dye as mine have been.'

"*The Voice*.—"We knew this, but as thou hast asked why thou hast been selected, it is because thou wrote and published that small pamphlet "on the distressed condition of the operatives of thy native city." If thou art equally persevering in this matter, as thou hast been all throughout that, thou shalt at last succeed. But thy keepers are coming, and with them, Mr. King; * they are bringing thee food; but as thou dost not require it, send them away; and to do this thou must feign thyself really lunatic. See if thou canst imitate thy favourite "*Macready*" in "*Virginius*." †

"So I saw that they came in, and immediately, I made an

* The Master of the Asylum.

† There seems in this something irreconcilable with the nature of the *characteristic* I give to this work; but if we refer to the career of *David*, who knew and felt himself to be under the immediate care and direction of God, yet notwithstanding, "*changed his behaviour*" when before the KING; he "feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled at the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard."

attempt, and so effectually did I deceive them, that the whole three, bound though I was, turned as pale as ashes, especially poor Mr King, and seemed glad enough to get from my reach. The experiment, however, obtained for me a few *severe blows from the bunch of keys again*, from the wretch No. 2 ; but as I felt I was acting under command, I complained not, and they left me.

“*The Voice*.—‘Well, thou hast indeed done it, and I don’t think Macready himself could have done it better; but it has made thy heart beat high. Turn thyself on thy right side as much as thou canst—thou shalt soon be released ; but I have more to show thee, and tell thee of.’

“So I saw that I lay for the space of about an hour ; and as the day wore on towards evening, I was taken up again in the spirit, and shown wonderful things. I saw the ‘golden streets’ where ‘saints immortal reign,’ so bright and beautiful, the eye could hardly bear to rest upon them ; figures, too, with golden crowns on, walking in the gardens, but at so apparently immeasurable a distance, they were hardly discernible. ‘This,’ said my guide, ‘is the “*seventh heaven* ;” but the “*heaven of heavens*” I cannot show thee.’ Then I saw that we traversed through space beyond the stars ; saw again the countries we had been through the night before ; and as we flew on the wings of the wind, I could see other bright spirits, winging their way on their several missions ; and then I thought on the lines of Milton,

“——Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest.”

“‘These then,’ I said, ‘are they which his inspired pen

Vide, 1 Samuel xxi. 13, 14. I myself was perfectly sensible of all I did and said. David had his *instructions* how to act in his emergency, I have not the slightest doubt.

alluded to !' Then I saw, as we passed through vapoury clouds, we were nearing some great object, and I said, 'What are these sounds I hear ?' and he replied, 'We are now approaching the earth again, for it will soon be day, and my mission with thee is ended.'

"So I saw that I was again in my cell, and that morning dawned, and I began to feel impatient to be released, for I had been confined in the body then from Monday night, and it was now Thursday. But I had much more to be made acquainted with :—rapidly then commenced another panoramic view ; previous to which I heard the sounds of different kinds of carriages, some moving rapidly, others slowly, and I said, 'What mean these sounds ?'

"*The Voice.*—'They are arrivals from all parts of the world, and of the country. It is intended to celebrate the day, to be called the "*Millennial Celebration*." Every house in the city is filled ; many of thy old friends also are here, and waiting for thee ; they know thou wilt be released this day, and are coming to welcome thee.'

"To which I replied—'I had no *desire* to make any appearance among them ; if I could only be from time to time made acquainted with what was going on, and they were assured that I was quite well and had escaped all harm, I would rather remain as I was.' This was promised, and as I lay for seeming hours and days, all the occurrences were conveyed to me, by *description* and by *sight*. One there was, the *representative* or *Apostle of Christ*, carried in procession, which was made up of the hundreds of thousands of people that had congregated to witness the gorgeous spectacle that accompanied him ; bands of music, and the singing of the multitude from time to time, I could hear ; waggons and all kinds of vehicles loaded with fruit and vegetables, coming in, and edibles of all descriptions ; each man vying with his neighbour how he could best promote the universal joy. Then I saw public balls, and rejoicings of all

descriptions ; also numerous assemblies of parties, many amongst whom I knew, and of whom I enquired, arrived from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland ; and my heart exceedingly rejoiced, and I sang 'Glory to God in the highest' with my whole heart and voice. Presently I saw, as it were, spirits ascending in great numbers to heaven, and I said, 'What meaneth this ?'

" *The Voice.*—'These are the spirits of many, whose excess of happiness has been too much for them to bear, and they have died from one cause or other, but they are all saved. The scaffolding that thou sawest fall down, on which were many hundreds of people, had killed a great number, but I have them all with me ; many will die in this way, and others from giving themselves over to tumultuous feelings.'

- " So I saw that shortly I was to be released, and that Mr. King would come to me ; previous to which 'keeper No. 2' had brought me more food, which I declined to eat, requesting him to send his master to me ; to which he humanely replied, that I might 'lay there and rot' before he would take any more notice of me because I would not eat ; and the reason I would not drink was because '*The Voice*' said, '*Do not eat or drink till thou art out of the dungeon ;*' but in this I disobeyed, for after three days and three nights fasting, I fancied that nature required something, although I really did not *feel* any craving ; and therefore, amidst the most rapid whisperings, 'it is poisoned ! do not eat it !' I took it at the hands of the brute, and promised that I would eat it at my leisure, as he threatened to beat me with the keys again if I did not. The meat I hid under the bed (*where I dare say it is now*), and the bread, after eating two or three small pieces, I threw out of the window ; the tea I drank, *but I know I should not have tasted anything* if I had acted all throughout in obedience to what I *knew* to be commandment ; thus showing that the sin of disobedience is so inherent in our nature, that we will sin even in the very face of our Maker. I did not really

want the food, but thought I *must* require it after all the time that I knew had passed without tasting (*natural* reasoning), being quite sensible of the *time* that had *actually* been occupied.

“So I saw that another day had passed, during which many things were communicated to me that should happen, and my vision then I saw was shortly to be brought to an end; but previously to it I was favoured with a sight of all my children and my wife, my brothers and sisters, and several friends, whom I saw as distinctly as ever I saw them in my life; my own family I saw were weeping, for I thought they could also see me as I lay without a vestige of covering upon me but my shirt on the filthy bed, and in the horrid stinking place that it really was. So I waved my hand to them, for they were far off, and could only be seen in the air, round about the only object before the window, and begged that they might be comforted, for I knew that it was for their good that I had been thus ‘*chastened* ;’ so they seemed happy and withdrew. Then I knocked loudly at the boards of my prison house, and called for Mr. King, who at length appeared, and apologizing to him for my rough treatment of him the previous day, begged that I might be released from confinement, and placed in a more comfortable apartment, which he promised should be done, communicating to me circumstances referring to my father, whom, he said, had told him he had ‘*seen the light*’ for which he was sent there; to which I replied, ‘I know it, Sir, I know all; I have *also seen that light*, and all has been accomplished by God’s mercy for which I have been sent here.’”

This is a portion of the narrative upon which I most respectfully entreat a careful and attentive perusal, because I think it proves my case beyond all doubt; and I offer it more particularly to those of my brothers and sisters who think proper to differ from me in the construction I have

put upon this "visitation." They have charitably recognised it as a "judgment" upon me; I consider it to be the "chastening" hand of Providence also; but in that both myself and father have been similarly circumstanced, how they can apply it in his case I know not; for they know as well as I do, that a more exemplary man never existed. He was religious, bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, charitable when he had the means, eloquent in prayer, to which hundreds can even now bear testimony—his society sought after, and was visited by men of high standing and intellectual endowments. I have a letter by me from the *Rev. William Hull* (a man revered by many), wherein he asks after "that excellent man, your father." But the blow he received from the hand he least expected, which brought him from comparative affluence to poverty, so shattered him, that his great mind came toppling down, and despondency supervened; during which, for many, many months, he never so much as was heard to utter a syllable—he was as one struck dumb. I well remember the day, and also the day after, having exhausted medical aid to restore him, he was handed over to the *care* of these "keepers" who spoke of him as I have written elsewhere.

Many times did I visit the asylum, on the days appointed for visitors, although but a boy of twelve or thirteen years; but never once did he give a sign of recognition of me, but turned away when I would have kissed him, and only moaned, and in this state did he continue *till the morning in which he told Mr. King he*

had "*seen the Light*." They were the first words he had spoken since his introduction to the asylum, and I never heard of it till Mr. King himself told me he had *so spoken*. Let that be compared with what I have written as having *seen*, and what I afterwards declared to Mr. King; and then, if a doubt remains, let Mr. King himself be applied to, whether or not I have written the truth. He is living, and is an unimpeachable testimony to the fact; and if my readers, whether relatives or not, cannot see in this God's overruling Providence, that I should have this *corroborating evidence* of the truth of what I have written, and that in his hidden and mysterious ways it was for this *very purpose* we should both be so situated, Father and Son; then have I lamentably erred in the view that I take of it. The thing stands to my mind so clear and comprehensive, that whether spiritually inclined or not, that man's mind must be dull of understanding indeed, who will attempt to account for it in any other way.

"Mr. King then promised I should be removed to another part of the building, and very shortly after my attention was drawn to a figure, habited in a turbaned cap and closely folded garment, fastened round the waist by a cloth band or girdle, which stood before the window; his beard was long and white, the unmistakeable features pronounced at once his genealogy.

" 'I need not ask his country,' I said, 'he is a Jew; what means this sign?'

" *The Voice*.—'Thou art right, but the history of the Jew thou art in ignorance of; thou hast never read of them, not even the "*Juif Errant*" has had any interest for thee; but thou shalt now learn in a few minutes the meaning of the sign.'

"'Oh!' I said, 'I pray thee let me be released from this dreadful confinement, I am sadly weary of this position I am obliged to lie in, and although I have not till now complained, I am in great pain from cramp. I think I understand the meaning—is it not meant to convey to me, the restoration of the Jews to their promised land, that they are to come in and take possession? I have heard of this before, and thou hast so opened my eyes to the wondrous things of thy law that I think I can adapt the representation of this figure to the subject.'

"*The Voice.*—'Well, as thou wilt; I see thou art indeed weary, and I think thou understandest enough for thy purposes, therefore be quick, for thy clothes are being brought to thee, but if thou art more than five minutes in dressing thou shalt not go out.'"

It is needless to add here I was very quick in my movements; I don't think I ever dressed so quickly in all my life, so ardently did I long for water and fresh air.

"I was shortly after released, and for the occurrences of the day I must refer the reader to my first work upon this subject—'Midsummer Mornings' Dream'—I returned to my couch at night, and on Saturday, June 15, the fifth morning of confinement, I heard the following most important words:—

"*The Voice.*—'The time is now come, Francis, when thou must decide whom thou wilt serve, me or ———. Thou hast seen enough, and hast heard enough to satisfy thy belief now, but thou wilt serve but ill: already thou hast forgotten what I told thee should be thy *first* offering: thou hast not bowed thy head, nor said, "LORD GOD ALMIGHTY."'

"I begged hard to be forgiven, and promised future amendment; and in reply urged my present incompetency to serve him as I ought. 'Thou knowest'—and I hesitated.

"*The Voice.*—'Yes, thou mayest in future so address me—

call me "Lord;" I will never leave thee, nor ever forsake thee: and I know what thou wouldest say—thy ignorance of the Scriptures, thou thinkest, ill fits thee to be my servant; but there are other ways in which thou canst serve, and these will occur to thee when thou art quite at liberty. But *bind thyself to no man*; at a fitting time I will call for thee, for I have work for thee to do.'

"At these words I almost *wept* for joy, and would have done so, but that it was 'a subject of regret' that I could not 'speak' without being greatly excited; therefore I was enjoined not to 'speak' upon the subject, but only to make for answer to any *inquiry* that which I had myself adopted, viz., that it was the '*wisdom of God and the power of God.*' Then I saw that another day had commenced, and by the same invisible means I knew that it would be Sunday ere I was removed to another part of the building."

For all purposes of religious inquiry, whether doctrinal or instructive, here the "VISION" terminated, and the communications of "THE VOICE," excepting in a few instances for my personal government, have been discontinued; I have been, in a measure, left to the exercise of my own judgment as to how I might *best* serve—in accordance with the words of "THE VOICE," viz.:—"it will occur to thee hereafter how thou may'st best serve me." To say that this is the form in which I have been *commanded* to write, or that it is the plan strictly laid down for me to follow, would be to state an untruth, for it was the occasion of much perplexity of thought, after I had visited my own dwelling again, in what way to deal with the matter I have just set forth. I was perfectly aware

that every man who knew me personally would look with a very suspicious eye upon any production of mine in the shape of a *book*, if it contained nothing but what they could meet with much more ably set forth by acknowledged spiritual *teachers* and *preachers*—that in fact they would look upon me as hypocritically pretending to a *knowledge* of things (which under *all* circumstances is *mysteriously* conveyed) for an unworthy purpose—hence for me to have brought forth a work strictly doctrinal, according to the ritual of the Church of England, or any other denomination of professing Christianity, would hardly have obtained for me a single reader—most assuredly not such a list of subscribers as my works have enabled me to present—and as they have for the most part continued to be my supporters through *three* publications, two of which are wholly confined to a consideration of these mysteries, I may, I think, reasonably entertain the hope that when they can be more extensively and cheaply circulated a far greater number than already believe in them will be found to exist.

It is altogether an *absurdity* to treat these things as mere effusions of my *brain*, that, in fact, it had become worked upon by outward circumstances, and the deep consideration of the subjects I have set forth, for this very reason,—I was never an inquirer into them myself until the night of the 10th June, 1850, and then, as I have narrated the facts, the whole truth of *Bible revelation* was clearly made manifest to me.

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred, three score, and six."—REV. XIII. 18.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE'S

Name contains the fatal number of the Wild Beast,

666,

IN GREEK, HEBREW, AND LATIN,

The three languages of Revelation, and of Daniel, and of the Roman Empire.

In Greek. (I.) *Ναπολεων.* (The Greek dative for *Napoleon.*)

$N + 50 + 1 + \pi 80 + \circ 70 + \lambda 30 + \epsilon 5 + \circ 70 + \nu 50 + \tau 300 + \iota 10 = 666.$

This word, *Ναπολεων*, is clearly the chief solution of the prophecy.

(1) It is the proper name of a man—a most essential point, because 666, the number of the beast, is specially declared in Rev. xiii. 18 to be the number of a Man, and in Rev. xv. 2 to be the number of his name, i. e., the sum total of the letters of his name. Therefore such proposed words as *Δατειος, αποσταης*, or *η λατινη Βασιλεια*, not being proper names of any Antichristian persons, can only be collateral and minor fulfilments. (2) It is a man's name in the requisite dedicatory form of the dative case (Acts xvii. 23), as the inscription to be imprinted on the foreheads and hands of Antichrist's worshippers. (Rev. xiii. 17.) (3) It is a man's name, radically identical with, and the modern form of, *Apollyon*, or, in the aorist participle, *Apoleon*, the predicted name of Satan's last great agent in the literal-day fulfilment of Rev. ix. 11. (4) It is the great dynastic name of the Napoleons—the Seventh and Eighth Heads of the Beast. (Rev. xiii. xvii.)

(II.) *Λοις Ναπολεων.* (Greek nominative for *Louis Napoleon.*)

The Greek diphthong *ou* in *Λοις*, being sometimes written *o*, as in *Λοος*, and thus $\Delta 30 + \circ 70 + \iota 10 + \varsigma 200 + N 50 + \alpha 1 + \pi 80 + \circ 70 + \lambda 30 + \epsilon 5 + \circ 70 + \nu 50 = 666.$

(III.) *Δ. Ν. Καλονμερος.* (Greek nominative for *L. N. Buonaparte.*)

$\Delta 30 + N 50 + K 20 + \alpha 1 + \lambda 30 + \circ 70 + \nu 50 + \mu 40 + \epsilon 5 + \rho 100 + \circ 70 + \varsigma 200 = 666.$

(Also in *N. Βουναπαρτε.*)

In Hebrew.

לויס נפולען בוננפארט

Being the Hebrew for *Louis Napoleon Buonaparte.*

Lamed 30 + vav 6 + yodh 10 + samek 60 + nun 50 + aleph 1 + pe 80 + lamed 30 + nun 50 + beth 2 + vav 6 + nun 50 + aleph 1 + pe 80 + aleph 1 + resh 200 + teth 9 = 666. (The letters *o* and *e* have no numerical value in Hebrew.)

In Latin.

Ludovicus.

(Latin nominative for *Louis.*)

Thus, $L 50 + u 5 + d 500 + o 0 + v 5 + i 1 + c 100 + u 5 + s 0 = 666.$

Or,

Napoleoni tertio, redivivo capiti,

Being the dative Latin for, *To Napoleon the Third, the revived Head.*

In these four Latin words, all the letters are ciphers, except the *l, d, o*, two *v's*, and six *t's*, which amount altogether to 666.

As a subordinate fulfilment, the two-horned second beast, the Roman Pontiff, bears 666 in his title, *Vicarius generalis Dei in terris.*

Copied from the Rev. W. Baxter's work, "Louis Napoleon the Destined Monarch of the World," respecting which see next Chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

"FOR if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle? So likewise ye, except ye utter by the tongue" (*or pen*) "words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken?" (*or written*).
—1 Cor. XIV. 8, 9.

I HAD intended making copious extracts in this work from the Rev. W. Baxter's book, "Louis Napoleon the Destined Monarch of the World," published by W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row, London; but, having read and examined it more closely,—at the same time, having in my mind's eye the prognostic of my old friend, contained in his letter, that mine would prove "a regular sell,"—I have altered my determination, and shall only take such portions of it as I deem necessary to prove the fallacy of his conclusions, in one case, and the uncertainty contained in his interpretations in another,—viz., No. 33 of his "EVIDENCES FROM MORE THAN FIFTY EXPOSITORS, SHOWING THAT DANIEL'S SEVENTIETH WEEK OF SEVEN YEARS WILL BE FULFILLED WITHIN ALMOST EXACTLY THE FINAL SEVEN YEARS OF THIS DISPENSATION, AND WILL COMMENCE WITH A SEVEN YEARS' COVENANT BEING CONFIRMED BETWEEN THE PERSONAL ANTICHRIST AND THE JEWS. THEREFORE,

LOUIS NAPOLEON, IF HE IS THE PERSONAL ANTICHRIST, WILL CONFIRM A SEVEN YEARS' COVENANT WITH THE JEWS ABOUT SEVEN YEARS BEFORE THE END."

There is much virtue in an IF, and here it comes in most opportunely, for *if* the chronological table be correct, showing "the time of the end" of this dispensation—viz., 1872—it follows, as a matter of course, the seven years' covenant by Louis Napoleon with the Jews ought now to be in operation, as we are far advanced in the year of grace 1866; in fact, it should have had a good year and a-half's growth by this time; but the only covenant that I can discover this same "king of fierce countenance," "the Antichrist that is to be," has made, or did make, at or about the time he should, according to prophecy, have been looking after the welfare of the sons of father Abraham, he was (if my memory serves me rightly) closely closeted with one of our own brethren of the road some thirty years ago—one Richard Cobden, M.P., and Plenipotentiary, for the time being, for the welfare of us Gentiles,—and carrying out his glorious free-trade principles (a name I never speak of but it occurs to me the greatest blunder I ever made in my life, was to refuse the offer he made me to be his representative as the successor of our old and worthy friend Bradbury (a pocket edition of humanity, 6ft. 2in. and 18 stone weight), somewhere about the year 1831, but I was young and ambitious at that time, and wanted to be my own master, and by so doing lost a fine opportunity). But to return to this future "*little horn*," "*wilful king*," and "*eighth head of the*

beast," what else do we find him doing preparatory to his invasion of England and dethroning our beloved monarch? Well, I think the Mayor of Portsmouth, and the beautiful ladies of that city of bombardments can best supply an answer. Notwithstanding, I know a lady personally who assured me she heard it from his own lips at a table d'hôte in America, that "if ever he got into power he would be avenged on England for the overthrow of his uncle at Waterloo," but he was young and inexperienced then, and I dare say has thought very differently of it since; but be that as it may, if he comes on the offensive, I have no doubt he will experience a warm reception from our brave Volunteers, should he gain the ascendancy over our iron-plated wooden walls, which I very much question. But I don't anticipate anything of the kind, I believe the man means peace, "*l'empire est la paix.*" But why, I want to know, are we to take the Rev. W. Baxter's interpretation of the number of the beast, 666, to mean Louis Napoleon, more than any other man, when Dr. Cumming, an equally learned man I should think, says it means nothing of the sort, that, in fact, the Greek characters representing the numbers make the words "Latin man," and so he says it means "the Pope," for he goes on to say "His prayers are Latin, his canons Latin, his missal Latin, his breviary Latin, the decrees of his council, his bulls, are all Latin; he worships in Latin, he blames in Latin, he curses in Latin; all is Latin:" and yet for all this, and notwithstanding he says in the same book ("*Apocalyptic Sketches*"), "*All that I say on unfulfilled prophecy*

may be wrong," verily if this is not an "uncertain sound" for these "trumpets" to give, I am miserably out in my calculations, for to assist them here is another "*interpreter*" by my side, "A Country Curate's Biography," published by Smith, Elder, and Co., of Cornhill, a book I remember an old brother traveller gave me some years ago (1846) because it would not sell, and he makes out the number of the beast, 666, to be "the Latin kingdom," and then goes on to reason it must mean "*the Pope*" because "it is the number of a man:" why how should it mean the Pope if it means "the Latin kingdom?" Verily, this book-making age and propensity in men, who have something else to do, is calculated to do a wondrous deal of mischief, I think, and here am I perhaps helping on the same, but my case is different to theirs; they have their "calling," which is to *preach* "Christ and him crucified," I, alas, have none now to boast of, for "Massa's in his cold, cold grave," and I am filling up my time like

"The stars above so gently shining,
Because they've nothing else to do."

Trying, however, as well as I can, to show we must not take everything for granted because it is in print and written by the pen of a professedly inspired Apostle, but at the same time thoroughly convinced in my own mind the end of this dispensation is very near at hand, but *when* I do not pretend to say, and I think any man who does *is wrong*. But I have forgotten my worthy friend Baxter's No. 33, which I shall copy verbatim, premising that I

gave that gentleman the opportunity of making any alterations he might feel inclined to make, but I received no other reply than that he said he adhered to what he had written, and that the Secession of the Southern States of America would be established yet by the influence of Napoleon at Mexico! *Nous verrons.*

"THE COMING BATTLE is a prophetic treatise by the author of the present work,* in which the same views were presented. It was published in 1860, and some of the following remarks, written before the Secession of the Southern States, have already proved correct.

"The fifty million dollars that have been spent by England over the Chinese war had better have been reserved to relieve the poverty that will soon prevail among her operatives. For when the American Union is dissolved by the Secession of the Southern States, the exports of cotton are likely to be diminished by the outbreak of hostilities and servile insurrections. As this disruption may occur speedily,† perhaps even before 1861, England must soon feel the effects, in want of employment among the one-fifth of her population who are engaged in cotton manufactures. In the midst of the riots and disturbances that would necessarily arise, Napoleon might find a good opportunity to attempt an invasion of England. . . . It is probable that unforeseen political complications may arise, and events take such a turn as to bring across the ocean some of Napoleon's 600,000 French soldiers, and give them a foothold on American soil. The interference of France was sought and obtained in the last American war, and the precedent may be followed in the conflagration of intestine warfare which seems likely soon to rage with uncontrollable fury.

* "Napoleon III., the Destined Monarch of the World."

† The Secession of the Southern States began in December, 1860.

“ ‘The atheism which shall signalize the period of the Napoleonic Woe will proceed to the assertion and establishment of the worship of man in the person of the French Emperor. The commencement of this by the Jews receiving him as their Messiah, may be expected very speedily. This would not be inconsistent with the covenant, on his part, to permit them to continue the observance of the Mosaic rites during the seven years.....The seven years to be mentioned in the agreement, will probably be the period for which Napoleon III. will engage to protect all Jews dwelling around Jerusalem, or to assist those who may wish to emigrate there, or to make free grants of lands to settlers. In the midst of the seven years, he will begin to tyrannize over them, setting up his image in their temple, and causing all to be slain who refuse to worship it. Liberty of commerce will also be granted to none but those who have imprinted on their forehead or right hand, the number 666, or one of the words *Louis Napoleon*, or a certain mark which he will appoint. At the close of the three and a half years, during which this will continue, the Emperor will become indescribably exasperated with some acts of insubordination on their part, and will go forth at the head of a vast host, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and resolved, in his fury, to destroy and utterly to make away many.

“ ‘Having concentrated his armed hosts upon Jerusalem, this modern Pharaoh will have already begun, in anticipation, to exult over the victory within his grasp ; when suddenly, without a moment's premonition, a frightful tumult will arise from every quarter of his camp. A confusion more confounding than that of Babel will be heard on every side. The mutual hatreds and jealousies, that have been long fermenting among the various sections of his heterogeneous and ill-assorted host, will have burst forth in a tempest of irrepressible fury. “Every man's sword will be against his brother.” (Ezek. xxxviii. 21.) European, Asian, African, German, Italian, Russian—all will be mingled in one chaotic, fierce, and sanguinary conflict of mutual slaughter.

Simultaneously, great hailstones, and fire and brimstone, will be rained down upon the ill-fated combatants; and to accelerate their destruction, the earth will open her mouth, and engulph thousands, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, in the yawning chasm. In a shorter period than would be occupied by the recital, five-sixths of these proud and heaven-defying warriors will have had their carcasses given as food to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field. Meanwhile the Antichrist, who is gazing upon the scene with feelings akin to those experienced by the first Napoleon, at Waterloo, when the line of the Old Guard wavered and broke, is suddenly seized by the Divine executioners of the "judgment written," and, together with the False Prophet, his intimate associate, is cast alive into the lake of fire."

"THE FIRST FRUITS is a useful prophetic treatise, by Alexander Porter, which was published in Philadelphia, United States, in 1856. It distinctly asserted that Louis Napoleon would be the future Antichrist, who should make the seven years' covenant with the Jews, seven years before the end. (Dan. ix. 27.) The following is an extract from it (page 28) :—

" "Behold, I will make thee know, or explain to thee, what shall be in the *last end* of the indignation; for at the time appointed the end shall be," was the promise of Gabriel. (Dan. viii. 19.) He proceeds in Dan. ix. 26 to fulfil this promise. "The people of the prince that shall come" (the Romans) "shall destroy the city and the sanctuary" (Jerusalem and the temple), "and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the war it shall be cut off by desolations,"—(i. e., Jerusalem shall thenceforth remain trodden down of the Gentiles until *their times* (ver. 27) shall be fully accomplished). "Then he, the Prince that shall come, (in the *last end* of the indignation,) shall confirm or make a covenant with many for one week of years, and in the midst or middle of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the

oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abomination he shall make it desolate *until the consummation*, when that determined shall be poured upon *the desolater*." What is it that is determined upon this desolater? "*He shall be broken without hand.*" (Dan. viii. 25.)

" 'The person here named "The Prince," I believe, is the present Emperor of France, LOUIS NAPOLEON, who possesses in a remarkable degree the characteristics of the king of fierce countenance (who is to appear as the *head* of the ancient Roman Empire), "*when the transgressors are come to the full.*" (See Dan. viii. 23.) The expression, in this verse, "of fierce countenance," would be more truly rendered, "*of obdurate countenance;*" literally, *one whose firmness of features and complexion betray no emotion, and suffer no secret to be read—a man of imperturbable look.* The Jews will fill up their transgression by receiving him as their Messiah or deliverer—as foretold by our Lord Jesus: "If another shall come in his own name, *him ye will receive,*" John v. 45,)—and making a covenant with him for one week of years, he will confer upon them the privilege of restoring their sacrifices and worship at Jerusalem; but after three and a-half years he will break his covenant with them, offer himself to them as the Messiah, and command them to worship him. At this point he will become the *Antichrist* of 2 Thess. ii. 8. "Then shall that *wicked one* be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." Being filled with all the energy of Satan, he will have power to work with signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness. "All that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." (Rev. xiii. 8.) "Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not seen since the beginning of the world to this time; no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved." (Matt. xxiv. 21.) The prophe-

cies of Zechariah xii. and xiv. ; Zeph. iii., 8th to 20th verses ; and Joel ii., will, during his reign, be fulfilled. This will be the time of "Jacob's trouble ; but he shall be delivered out of it" by the appearing of the Lord Jesus and all His saints—in the clouds of heaven coming to Jerusalem. "Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations (led on by the Antichrist), as when he fought in the day of battle." "And his feet shall stand in **THAT DAY** upon the Mount of Olives which is before Jerusalem on the east." (Zech. xiv. 3 to 6.) "But **HE** (the king of impenetrable countenance,) shall be broken without hand." "He shall come to his end, and none shall help him."

"This we believe to be the truth ; and believing we rejoice in hope of the glory. Seeing the wonderful harmony of these prophecies, it seems that the hand of God has indeed guarded them, that the wise **MAY** understand according to the sure promise."

There are **MORE THAN FIFTY EXPOSITORS** entertaining much the same views, but which I do not see it necessary to quote, being at variance with their conclusions. If the reader is desirous to see them the book can be obtained from W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row, London, by whom it is published, price 2s. 6d. post free.

Where have been the "riots and disturbances which would necessarily arise," and where the "good opportunity for Napoleon to attempt an invasion of England"? All this surmising of evil has met with no response or confirmation, not so much as a shadow of discontent in all Lancashire during the terrible trial of privation they had to endure ; and as for *invasion*, my opinion is Napoleon III. knows better than to attempt it, whatever may

be his inward thoughts and desires, which, as I am no Spiritualist, I can't enlighten my reader upon. With these few remarks, therefore, I bid adieu to Messrs. Cumming and Baxter for the present, thanking them at the same time for the opportunity it has given me to open my own battery in this "running commentary" upon what I conceive to be false conclusion and erring interpretation. Notwithstanding, there is much in the two works I have thus referred to of a most interesting character, and which all who like to read on prophecy will do well to make themselves acquainted with ; at the same time I am for short sermons (especially such as for the most part are delivered by our sleeping clergy), and dispose of in a few words that which many expositors elaborately write long lectures on.

"Ne quid nimis."

CHAPTER IX.

"Prophesying serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe."—1 Cor. xiv. 22.

AMONGST the numerous correspondents my "authorship" has brought me since I published the "Dream," was one of the most dogmatic, dictatorial scribes it ever was my lot to be inflicted with. He dates his letters from Gateshead, and signs himself "A. Gardner," but of whom I am in as happy a state of ignorance as I am of Ali Pacha or the Queen's gardener, or any other illustrious potentate. His letters were *packets*, which sometimes came in one day by the three different deliveries our city is blessed with, extending over sixteen folios each of straggling penmanship of very second-class character; and amongst the outward observances he enjoined upon me was that of *baptism by immersion*, which he said was given him by Divine commandment for my guidance; and that I was to do this of myself in the SEA. There was something so exceedingly impressive in his voluminous communications, that I at first gave way to his importunities, amounting almost to command, and requested him to be more concise as to the *modus operandi* in which I was to execute them.

They, however, appearing to my mind to be so frivolous and supererogatory, I thought I would test the origin he claimed for his communications, to which end I asked him to interpret or explain the diagram of letters and figures he would find at the end of the work he rather rudely handled. This was what I considered "trying the spirit;" and I confess if he had done so satisfactorily I should at once have admitted his pretensions; but when, on receipt of his reply, he said they were "nothing but a meaningless number of figures and letters," I at once put down all he had written as worthless, and not to be depended on; for with the explanation I shall give of them (partially) in this chapter, it will be seen they had an object and import, and of which I shall treat more fully in its proper place. Therefore, in answer to his repeated charge to baptize myself "immediately," I wrote him as follows:—

"When Mary, in her love for Christ her Lord,
Early repair'd to where they had Him lain,
In expectation, from His promis'd Word,
The third day from that hour he'd rise again,
She, looking round, *the Gard'ner* espied
(As in her ign'rance then she simply thought),
Till from His lips in words, the thought denied,
Quick to her mind and heart her Saviour brought.
So Francis (call'd a saint by that same voice),
In fervent zeal to do His holy will,
Waits the glad sound will make his heart rejoice,
When, in the sea, His mind he does fulfil.
Oh, let not him in thus complying show
A blind adhesion to a maniac whim,

Or throw contempt on the baptismal vow,
Nor, erring, take 'A Gard'ner' for Him.

(Or, if that line offends, say)

Nor turn his baptism to a *seaside swim*.

"You see my spirit is a witty one, and will have its say sometimes.

"*To A. Gardner, Esq., Gateshead, N. U. T.*"

Now, to show there *is* both meaning and prophecies in these "meaningless letters and figures," I here transcribe them :—

F	L	M	N	L	W	O	L
		8	7	2	1		
		I	D	A	N		
		4	3	1	2		
		2	9	1	8		
		4	3	1	2		
		T	Æ	T	A		
		2	1	4	3		
			5	8			
			2	1			
		2	3	4	1		
7	8	2	1	3	5	4	6

This diagram, it will be seen, is in the *form of a cup*; a circumstance I neither planned nor did I notice it at the time I wrote it in June, 1850; nor did I allude to it in my remarks upon the Office itself, in the first work I published, "Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life;" but, on the contrary, said all I could to recommend the Office to the support of my brother travellers, for this reason,—I had great faith in the office, and knew well the opportu-

nities they had as a body to make it one of the strongest and most important offices in the kingdom. It was at that time also making rapid strides in that direction; for not only had the business satisfactorily progressed, but the profits had so far accumulated that the Directors had decided to pay off the original shareholders in full, at a profit of 100 per cent.; yet, in the face of 'all this, such was my faith in the communications made to me in June of that year (1850), that I published this diagram in the summer of 1852, and it now stands a partially realized prophecy, which the following illustration will show clearly, viz.:—Place the letters at the top of the diagram in the order they would follow the figures at the bottom, and it will read—

N M L O W L F L

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

and it stands thus (letters being the representatives of words), viz.:—

National Mercantile Life Office.

1 2 3 4

W L F L

5 6 7 8

being the shorthand abbreviation of those two words,—*will fall.*

The National Mercantile Life Office no longer exists; * it is merged into the "Eagle," and by the amalgamation is now stronger than ever it was, or ever its warmest supporters could have expected it to have become in the

* It became defunct on the 28th of March, 1866, and its death was confirmed the following 18th of April.

absence of that necessary ingredient, *unanimity of feeling and action*, the commercial body had exhibited respecting it the last few years of its transactions. It is very clear that had I prognosticated this event in a less ambiguous manner it would not only have been prejudicial to its interests, but it would have been libellous. But, as I was perfectly satisfied in my own mind this would be the result, and that in after years I should thus have to explain it, I persisted in the introduction of the diagram in every work I have published. There are other prophecies in it yet remaining to be fulfilled; but, as they are of a private nature, it is matter of little consequence whether they are ever explained or not. I have very little doubt, however, that some of the curious who have asked me oftentimes for an explanation, now that they have the "Key" will be able to decipher them.

It will occur to many persons who read this narrative, I dare say, why so comparatively insignificant a matter should be embodied with subjects of such vast import as the "second coming of Christ," and "the end of the present dispensation." So might I, with an equal parity of reasoning, say, Why should the comparatively insignificant attendant "signs" all throughout that visitation of June, 1850, enable me to foretell such matters of importance as the several *wars** which afterwards followed, but which no one believed at the time would take place, although I frequently told my friends and acquaintances would be

* Even to Austria and Prussia (*vide* "The Vision," p. 36); but, so far as my memory now serves me, the flags of America, France, and England interfered between the Lilliputian belligerents.

certain to follow, to say nothing of local matters, all of which, though never before even so much as mooted in our town councils, have become *facts*. The only conclusion that I can draw from it is, that they all tend to strengthen the *whole prophetic character* of not only this work, but all that have preceded it. All, therefore, I can do or say is to urge upon the reader to take them *duly* into his calm consideration, and lay them to heart, so that that day comes not and find him unprepared; for although I write of these things, it makes no difference in me with reference to worldly affairs; I act in business matters precisely as I should do were I convinced in my own mind the *Millennium* were as far off as the day when I was born. That, of course, cannot be, because every day brings us nearer to it, and each of us to our graves; but I mean by it as though it were not likely to happen in *my* time,—still prepared, as far as human frailties will admit. Hence, amongst the things of this life, I would advocate as strongly as I possibly could *Life Assurance* as one of the most important, for who can tell what *a day* may bring forth? Take our poor dear old friend Jenkin Jones' case, late Actuary of the N.M.L.O. Scarcely two days before he would have appeared before us all to satisfactorily explain the gigantic efforts he must have put forth to bring about the highly advantageous arrangement his skill and judgment had promoted, and he was summoned to appear before another tribunal! I had been talking with him only a few days previously, and rallying him on his looks, really seeing nothing but what

I thought a little relaxation from the anxiety of business would restore, yet, on entering the room when these affairs were brought before us, I was startled with the announcement, "HE IS DEAD." I had enjoyed his friendship and confidence for many years, and had often long correspondence with him on the affairs of the office, but never so much as intimated a suspicion on my part in reference to its internal management, or referred to my prognostic. I would often, however, notice his expressions of regret, "the commercials" did not support it as at first, and "that since Cuffley had died" the "falling away" had been of a very marked character. I know he felt this very acutely, and when he told me in the last conversation I had with him we were about to amalgamate with a stronger office, it struck me his would be a very onerous position to explain matters so as to satisfy *all*, knowing as he did "the commercials" had stuck to him through every trial he had encountered. In this respect he was spared all pain, and I could not but help feeling thankful such was the case, however grieved I felt at the loss of so able an actuary, so kind-hearted a friend and honourable man as I had always found him; peace to his ashes, and may the retiring Directors take due care the widow and the fatherless suffer not in consequence of his sudden removal. Let it be a lesson to all to provide for those we leave behind by timely attention to their claims on us whilst it is in our power to make provision for them.

I had intended rescuing from oblivion the very interest-

ing proceedings of the "Extraordinary General Meeting," to which they would have been inevitably consigned in the very meagre and condensed report I saw of them in a local paper, circulating only amongst a few professional people in London, but finding the Directors afterwards had issued a full report of them mine need be only a "running commentary" upon them, having made it my business to be present on that occasion as an "Honourable Proprietor"; and I must confess with feelings of unfeigned regret that I considered it would be the *wisest* and *best* course to pursue to part with our individuality. Nevertheless, I could see on the part of the Directors themselves, and especially the worthy Chairman, Robert Wilcoxon, Esq. (*whose urbanity and forbearance on the occasion was beyond all praise*), it was not without a hidden desire it should be otherwise, as W. F. Dela Rue, Esq., gracefully manifested in his manly speech after the struggle had been made to maintain that individuality—*manly in manner, matter, and delivery*. "We propose," said he, "to sacrifice our positions as Directors, and the many pleasant associations you must be fully aware are connected with them." What else could they do as men of business, and whose sole object was the welfare and safety of the policy holders? But when my old friend Mr. Warren commenced his categorical inquiry I began to hope there was still sufficient left of that fire and *verve* that had saved the office on previous occasions to warrant the supposition she might still weather the storm, and ride triumphantly on the waves of competition. Our old friend threw into his speech many very forcible re-

marks, which was followed by others of the brotherhood, *but* they were all governed by that awful little word *IF*, "if the travellers were but united," &c. Mr. Holt followed, and in the same spirit resolved to take the sense of the meeting by an amendment, which if it had been carried would perhaps have annihilated the whole of the proceedings. He was perfectly justified in so doing, and I was glad to see that he and others were aware they were parting with a very valuable commodity, but it was then too late. Twenty-five years and upwards have the commercial body had the opportunity, the golden opportunity, of making one of the most powerful offices of the kind in the whole world, but somehow or other they would not avail themselves of it. I remember well the difficulties we met with in its formation, for I was amongst the "happy few" who joined it without much thought, notwithstanding I did not do so without some rough calculation, and when I thought of a body of men 20,000 strong traversing the country in all directions, what they might do if they laid their shoulders to the wheel, I did not hesitate to join my old friend "steam engine Cuffley" and went into the matter with him *intus et in cute*. Others did the same intuitively, but somehow they did not *act*. I remember well the occasion on which it was found expedient to amalgamate with the "National Endowment;" we went into figures, and between myself and my old friend, we had introduced business in one year amounting to 90,000*l.*, his being by far the larger proportion, the premiums on which was about 1,200*l.* per annum. Well, now suppose out of a body of

20,000 only 100 men had done the same thing, which is but a moderate expectation that they would, that of itself would have produced a nucleus in *one year* of upwards of 120,000/. per annum. Was it too much for the directors to expect some such support as this from so large a body? Of course it was upon the basis of some such calculation as this the Society was originally formed. I think they had a right to expect as much, and it was a matter of deep regret to me when, from circumstances I had no control over, I left "the road," I learnt from time to time the "Commercials" were not giving the Society the support they expected from them. I remember reading a speech of George Moore's (I trust he will pardon the familiarity, for it is a name requiring no embellishment, and will go down to posterity without any fulsome emblazoning of mine, honoured and respected above his compeers, whether they have a handle or not to theirs or he either beyond the common title of an esquire) he speaking on behalf of "*The Commercial Travellers' Schools*," felt it almost necessary to be severe in his remarks, for in substance he said, "they (the Commercials) had not done what they ought to have done." Then again in that matter of "the schools," who has done what that extraordinary man in his way did (John Robert Cuffley) in his unceasing and untiring energy? in season and out of season, breakfast, dinner, tea, and lunch, and in the evening o'er his punch, his cry was on behalf of the widow and the orphan—on whose shoulders has his mantle fallen, or where such active canvassers

as Walsh, Stockdale, and Stokes; and yet amongst the 20,000 strong, thousands I am sure of are as earnest in disposition as they were, but somehow or other, as a body, they don't *act*. Now all this kind of seeming indifference the late directors of our office could not help but witness, and at the same time deplore; and what were they to do as men of business, when they found new blood but slowly coming in, and the day of trial for an office looming in the distance? For who could look around upon that large meeting and fail to contemplate that in a very few short years the majority of them would be no more, and all were in the position to become claimants, through their executors, sooner or later, some for larger and some for smaller amounts; that was a question that placed itself very forcibly before me, an old grey beard, and there were a great number my seniors I know. Oh, my friends and brother travellers, don't carp at the arrangement, don't throw cold water on the advantages *your* directors have *secured* for you, both existing and progressive, but join issue with me in one unanimous vote of heartfelt thanks to them and to your late actuary, Jenkin Jones, for the able management they have evinced all throughout the progress of your existence as an office, and not only so, but throw your energies into the new management, for in nothing else but a name are you losers, and "What's in a name? Call a rose by any other name, and it will smell as sweet." All the advantages gained for you by the old office are secured to you by the Amalgamation; and that which before was *contingent*,

now is rendered *permanent* and binding on a rich proprietary, so that, as Mr. Chadwick, of Manchester, said, in his masterly speech, you stand "in the position of Preferential Shareholders of a Railway Company." *Work, then, for the "EAGLE" with the unanimity you might have done for the "National Mercantile,"* and her wings will carry you aloft to honour, safety, and *profit*, beyond any office in existence. Such results may be accomplished by *UNITY*; and, now that there is not the shadow of an excuse for withholding your utmost confidence in the direction of its affairs, the *onus* will remain with you if such results are not attained. Under the act of amalgamation, the *Annual Revenue will exceed Half-a-Million, and the Assets TWO MILLIONS AND A-HALF!*—an income of itself sufficient to establish the most perfect assurance; but when you take into consideration the power you have within yourselves, as a continually moving body, amongst your customers and friends, might very speedily be doubled or trebled: only think what a body of 20,000 strong is capable of accomplishing, when only *two* of your number produced the results I have stated in this chapter, and that against every disadvantage! It is a simple rule-of-three sum, easily calculated, and, from my experience, I say, can be as easily worked and carried out: an independent travelling agency, free of expense, for it may be done in your every-day course of business, a very few minutes fills up a proposal, and need not at all interfere with your usual employment. The Office does all the rest of the work, and you secure to yourselves the

usual commission, so long as the parties live and continue to pay, as the amalgamated office recognises the same terms the National Mercantile conducted that portion of their business on, if you choose to avail yourselves of the present pecuniary advantages it offers. I only wish I were so situated I could again enter into this arena, but every effort I have made to obtain an appointment *Commerciale* is met with an ominous shake of the head, or rather, in the way Sir Lucius O'Trigger declines the honour of the hand of the antiquated Miss Lucretia M'Tabb:—"Odds, wrinkles! no!" Well, I have dwelt longer on this subject than I had intended; for certainly, when I began to write, I had no idea whatever my prophetic diagram would be so soon realized, neither had I any knowledge of the existence of such a book as the Rev. M. Baxter's work. Both these circumstances were brought to my notice through coming to London in the early part of February last, and even that not contemplated, but eventuated through my determination not to remain in the society of *blaspheming insolence, conceit, and ignorance*, combined with the exercise of an *impudent authority* I never did nor ever will recognise or submit to so long as I breathe. It has got me into a bit of a mess, I am told, as I am threatened with an action in consequence; but I only laugh at such attempts to frighten *me*. I feel rather it was in the order of God's providence I should have had my seat rendered so intolerable and unbearable, that I might the more fully carry forward His designs respecting me; and, although it has brought the coming year of 1872,

in connexion with that passage in my former work and the Rev. M. Baxter's prognostic respecting it, prominently and somewhat prophetically forward, I would not, *therefore*, relax *one iota* in making provision for the future, were I the reader; and I urge upon him to do this, if he has not already done so elsewhere—viz., insure his life in the "EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY," and press the same duty on all his friends and connexions. By such united action, instead of having "fallen," the N. M. L. O. will have mounted high on eagles' wings, and triumphed over death and difficulty—given new life and vigour to her old supporters, encouraged her new advocates, and stand a LASTING MONUMENT OF PERSEVERING ENERGY AND PRUDENCE in her DIRECTORS, and her deeply lamented, talented and intelligent Actuary,

JENKIN JONES, ESQ.

CHAPTER X.

“And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him.”—Acts xxvi. 24—26.

THESE memorable words were spoken on the occasion when he who gave utterance to them had *twice* before related the same occurrence. I have twice before in two *books*, related the same tale I told at the beginning—a period of fourteen years has elapsed since it first appeared in print—at the time I write a period of fifteen years and eleven months have passed over my head since it actually took place, and I swerve not from the truthfulness of my statement, “for this thing was not done in a corner;” and I am now old and grey-headed, prematurely in appearance, but—so far as health, vigour, intellect, and strength are concerned, God be thanked, not one iota abated—should have been otherwise employed at this moment but for the reasons I have set forth; and as I do

not attribute anything in this life to accident or chance now, whatever I might have done in 1850, I fully endorse the words *a very kind lady friend of mine once wrote to me* when I was complaining of the nature of my occupation, "Depend upon it you are in the right place, or you would not be where you are;" for I had been making her acquainted with the method I employed to fill up time I found it otherwise impossible to occupy, namely, by writing to such ministers of the Gospel as I thought most likely to pay attention to my remarks, urging upon them to make the subject of "the Second Coming of Christ" a more prominent feature in their sermons than they were accustomed to do, and not to leave it until "Advent," because, as I said, "people would come away at such a time from such a discourse with the same ideas they went with, and very probably with the flippant remark, 'Oh, of course, it is "Advent," and we expect such sermons at that time,' but no more believed in its actuality or nearness of approach than thousands and tens of thousands believe in it now." They, perhaps, will say of me as Festus said of Paul, "Thou art mad," but I will defy them to say it arises from "too much *learning*," whatever they may say is the result of *thinking*. But as I intend before concluding this chapter to bring before my readers "two witnesses," I shall leave it for them to decide which of the twain is the *madder*, or whether they will come to the decision we are all three "tarred with the same stick," and are a fanatical "*Tria juncta in uno*." In the quotation at the head of this chapter it is said,

"The king knoweth of these things." Whether our Gracious Queen (God bless her!) is acquainted with them as "*Bernice*" was, sitting on the throne of judgment, I cannot of course say, but I believe "Louis Napoleon" is, and if he is not, it shall be my study to make him so, for he shall have the very first volume of this book that is put into my hands, if those who are in authority and about him will permit it to be delivered to him, so that he may know there is *one* man in her British Majesty's dominions at least who disbelieves him to be 666—for that matter his age is not more than 60 I am told—be that as it may, he is not "the" six hundred and sixty-six as one of these "two witnesses" try to make him out to be, as I will show by bringing forward the evidence of the other "witness" to confute it. Here is Dr. Cumming's "*Last Warning Cry*," which I have managed to get hold of before the "*Second Edition*" is disposed of. I have read it, as I have several others of the Doctor's works on the same subjects, and they are all pretty much alike (the Scotch are called "canny men") choke full of the same quotations from Scripture, about three-fifths, so that it is speedily got through, and relieves an anxious parent of any difficulty to answer his enquiring child, "Papa, dear, which of Dr. Cumming's works shall I read to know about 'the Second Coming of Christ,' out of the fifty in our library?" I fancy I can hear him somewhat pettishly exclaim, "Oh any one will do; the first is as good as the last. They are pretty nearly all the same thing over again." And a very good

thing, I dare say, he has made of them, from what *I* know of *bookmaking*. However, I don't complain; I never *bought* but one; the others that I have read have all been lent to me by kind friends; and, if no other good has been effected by their publication, he has certainly kept the question alive more than any other man living. But when it comes to the question, "Thou shalt love thy *neighbour* as thyself"—and I think "Louis Napoleon" is our neighbour—then I think it is about time to step in and prevent a quarrel or a fight if possible. "Blessed are the peacemakers." (Matt. v. 9.)

Now, I don't know exactly whether the "Emperor" is a spiritualist or not. Some say he is, and that he, and the "Empress," and "Mr. Home," take a sail in the air occasionally; and many other silly things he is accused of; all of which he *may* do, although I doubt it very much; but when it comes to making him out to be "the Antichrist," "the King of terrible countenance," and the veritable 666, let us see what these "witnesses" do severally say. But I won't take Dr. Cumming's interpretation of it from his "Last Warning Cry," because he will say, perhaps, "Oh! it is not *my* version; it is one of the early fathers—Irenæus, a most calm, reflecting, loving, and Christian writer; and he only says that, in *his day*, it was always *understood* that the word *Lateino* [*λατεινος*] was the word that corresponded to the 666," &c. I will, therefore, make the extract from his "Apocalyptic Sketches," where he describes the "wild

beast" as "faithfully and succinctly" as he "could," he says. Thus—

$$\lambda = 30$$

$$\alpha = 1$$

$$\tau = 300$$

$$\epsilon = 5$$

$$\iota = 10$$

$$\nu = 50$$

$$\sigma = 70$$

$$\varsigma = 200$$

$$\lambda\alpha\tau\epsilon\iota\nu\sigma = 666$$

Forming the word *Latinus*, or Latin Man.

Put that against the interpretation of the Rev. M. Baxter, at page 141 of this work, and you then have the interpretation of the "Two Witnesses" of the same Greek characters. All I can say about it is, they may both be right or they may both be wrong. I think they are both of them egregiously wrong on this point; but as you, my readers and subscribers, have "paid your money," as the man says, at Vanity Fair, to the little children, you can "take your choice;" for when two such powerfully clever and learned men, as these "two witnesses" most unquestionably are, agree to differ upon such a vital point as this, it is setting the whole religious world by the ears. I do not profess to say which you are to believe. *I don't believe either of them.* I don't believe "the Pope" is "the Antichrist," and I feel quite certain "Louis Napoleon"

isn't; although the former I believe to be very near his end. But as for the latter being all that these reverend gentlemen say he is, why it is as absurd a conclusion to come to as—well, I won't indulge in the simile I was going to make use of—but this I will say, if I were worth millions I would stake it on the event; and, as a bet decides an argument (of course), there is an end of that matter. Judge ye, my readers, for yourselves; *let no man deceive you*. But here is another version of the mystic number, which, perhaps, may better fall in with the views of *some* of my readers; and as I do not like to father anything that temporises with the mystical beyond what I have already done, I may as well quote my authority. It is from the "Family Herald," which I have heard ministers of the Church of England denounce as heartily as they did "Voltaire" or "Tom Payne"—very uncharitably, as I have told them. But let it speak for itself. Here it is:—

"SCRIPTURAL FORTUNE-TELLING.—Whenever the subject of scriptural fortune-telling came up in Lord Macaulay's presence, he was pretty sure to relate an anecdote of his sojourn in India. He arrived one night late and tired at the house of the chaplain of a somewhat unfrequented district, and desired to get to bed as soon as possible. But his host was not going to throw away the rare opportunity of eliciting some valuable information from a guest of such rare ability and scholarship. 'Mr. Macaulay,' said he, 'I positively cannot let you retire till you state your opinion as to the number of the Beast.' 'I was driven into a corner,' said the statesman rather than theologian, 'and I answered on the spot, "I have no doubt as to what was fore-

shadowed by the mystical number — the British House of Commons !

The Members elected	658
The three Clerks at the table	3
The Serjeant-at-Arms	1
The Deputy-Serjeant	1
The Librarian	1
The Doorkeepers	2
<hr/>	
Making	666

And I rushed to my couch."

I think it quite as good as the other two I have set forth, but if you ask *me* to designate "The Beast," I think I can tell you of one that fits in to a hair, but that I must leave to my "last cry."

And here I would willingly lay down my pen in further consideration of the conclusions of these "two witnesses" on Daniel's "time, times, and half a time," but I cannot, *must* not, nay, DARE not; that which these "two witnesses," and thousands, who are no witnesses at all either for *Christ* or His "coming kingdom," call "*delusion*," is ever before me, otherwise there is sufficient already written in this volume to enable me to dispute their calculations; and were it *not* so, the "Last Warning Cry" furnishes material enough to declare it to be fallacious. I quote from pp. 45 and 46, where speaking of the power that is to arise about the present time, 1866, "a mouth speaking great things against the Most High," which power one says means "The Pope," and the other (witness) says

means "Napoleon." Dr. C. goes on to ask the question, "*Can we find its beginning? Here the uncertainty begins.*" And further on, "If, then" (mind the *if*), "the 1260 years began at this time, which was the year 606, they would end, and the Papacy would be destroyed in 1866; add 1260 to 606 and it brings us down to 1866." Of course it does, but who is to calculate upon an *if*? I would ask any reasonable man whether a VISION is not more reliable than an *if*?—neither he would say are to be trusted to implicitly, yet strange as it may appear, "the Vision" in one particular fully concurs and corroborates this testimony of the Papacy, "THERE IS NO POPE," *vide* page 126 of this work.

Presuming the reader has already acquainted himself with what I have written on the year 1872, I shall not reprint it as Dr. Cumming has Lord Carlisle's opinion (the late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland); for not thinking it sufficient in one part of his book, p. 261, it occurs in pretty nearly the same words in another part of his book, viz., "A statesman of cultivated mind, eminently thoughtful and cautious, the last upon earth to commit himself rashly to what would be politically a blunder, or morally an offence, tells us in his preface to a little book upon the Prophet Daniel, 'If the book of Daniel' and the 'Apocalypse' 'be inspired, then we are on the eve of the most stupendous events, and in all probability drawing near to the close of "this present Christian dispensation."' If the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse be inspired? Need I say another word? they *are* BOTH *inspired books*;

but neither "Daniel" himself, nor "John" either, could interpret them, and all who have made the attempt hitherto, so far as I have been able to read, have only made "confusion worse confounded" in their endeavours to fix a date or define a period.

I have done no such thing, am not professedly a prophet, nor do I come before the world in that character, consequently am not "the man" Dr. C. so flippantly alludes to in his work and chapter, "Despise not Prophecysings," p. 219. I relate an occurrence or "*visitation*;" he and others may believe it or not, as they please, belief or disbelief in it won't *establish the fact* either one way or the other; in the relation it turns out there are prophecies of the future which have become *realised*, but because it is unaccompanied by a *miracle* the Doctor won't believe it; very well, I don't believe a word he says about "the Pope," notwithstanding I wrote against what I consider the errors of that Church boldly; so we are even on that score, and I trust he is no more offended with me than I am with him. As to a miracle, it is a miracle to me how I have managed to get into print and Paternoster-row *

* The *sanctum sanctorum* of the clergy, and where,—

. . . . unless you're orthodox,
You'll get such apostolic knocks,
Will make you ever rue the day,
"Cost what it might," you'd had your say.

Respecting which "body" I had many opportunities of observing character, when they were "off book" and "on book," during

as I have done, and wrote ever so many books, and *sell them, too*, without, I may say, one sovereign to rub against another, although God be thanked never without *one*, and

my bondage on "The Cross;" for every third customer we had was a clergyman of some denomination or other. I have a lot of such *curious* memoranda respecting them, it would be quite refreshing to see them in print; but I must leave that alone for the present, and reserve it for my "last warning cry" or *kick*, "*as the case may be*," to "*wak-ken 'em up*," as they say in Yorkshire. But there is one so rich and *racy*, "*Voltigeur*" can't for the life of him avoid having a run with, 'tis so touching. The gentleman can hardly be called a *Reverend*, by-the-bye, although he does occasionally officiate, for by *trade* he is a brickmaker; at all events, he has the credit for being such; and, as his church is in ruins, and declared untenable and dangerous, he has full latitude for the employment of his intellects in that direction. One merit his sermons possess certainly; they are the shortest I ever *did* hear or read of (Rowland Hill's "Down with the dust" sermon excepted, exactly twenty words, text and sermon). On one occasion I heard him (quite *unintentionally*, for I went expecting to hear another gentleman—justly *celebrated* in our city); and, by my watch, it lasted exactly *seven minutes*, but it was quite long enough; besides, it was "*sacrament morning*," which fully accounted for its shortness—a word a horrid little dictionary I have by my side interprets "*want of memory*," "*imperfection*," "*defect*;" but I don't say so, for I dare say the gentleman could have gone on till the dinner was cold (*as some do*) with his platitudes and *whining* common-place observations. However, to make a long story short, this same gentleman one day came bouncing into the warehouse whilst I happened to be "*pacing the quarterdeck*," and, seeing me, asked in the most peremptory tone if we had such a thing as a *cat* about (so I

means to raise all I ever required for existence and carry on the war ; but the Lord has been my helper, He has

understood him). I was very shabbily dressed, and looked, I dare say, very little better than the rest of our ragged staff, and was *therefore* treated very often most contumeliously ; for, although *I always wore a gold ring*, I would never appear much above my fellows in dress (I have a rare tale about that gold ring, too—will come in for the “last cry”), being confined entirely to the counting-room, and never interfered in the *weightier* matters of the concern. “‘*Cat* about,’ Sir!” said I, as innocently as I could ; “we don’t keep cats here.” “Oh, you are a ——” (what he was going to say I don’t know for certain, but *guessed*, for he very abruptly asked, “Where is your man who acts when Mr. S—— is out ?” “Oh, he is out too, Sir, *as usual*, in the corner ; but as I shall not go to fetch him from his haunt (within a stone’s throw), perhaps I can answer your question.” “Well, then,” said he, “have you such a thing as a cat-a-poot ?” “Oh,” said I, “you mean a *catapult* !” “Yes, yes,” said the worthy gentleman of the “cloth ;” “can’t you understand ?” “Of course I know very well what a catapult is—an engine formerly used to throw stones by the ancients in their wars.” “Nonsense !” said the humble follower of his Master, in a great passion ; “I want an engine to water plants with.” “Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir ; you mean a *HYDRO-pult*. No, we have no such instrument in our stock.” But he didn’t wait a moment ; out he bounced, and banged the door after him, that I thought every pane of glass in it was broken. I dare say I showed him my thoughts by my looks, for he once condescended to tell me he would give me some information on the doctrine of a “second coming,” and “put” me “right,” as he had seen some of my *writings*, he said. I wonder whether he will put *this* right, but it is true as Gospel.

opened the hearts of all to whom I have applied for help, and whether it be inspiration or delusion that I have written under, that same Lord will now very soon convince not only *me* but every soul who has been my helper. What I have said relative to the year 1872, I again repeat. I made the calculation from the SIGNS shown me, by which I made statements that have proved FEARFULLY CORRECT. It is useless repeating them here ; they are all in the other book I wrote—"Midsummer Mornings' Dream ;" and, on that ground and on that ground alone, I look for 1872 to be a year of more than common occurrence.

If you ask me candidly, "What do you look for, then ? What is to be the occurrence ?" my answer is, "I do not *know* : I only think ; and when I think, I inwardly pray, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom,' as did the *thief upon the cross*."

Mine is only a warning voice, or rather, pen, for it speaks for me for the present. What I shall do after I have laid my pen down, I know not for certain ; I may say, like Dr. Cumming, in the Preface to his "Last Warning Cry,"—"This work exhausts all I have to say or write on the fulfilment of prophecy." One of my subscribers says, he is very glad of it, but which he meant I don't know ;—not very complimentary to either of us ; for it is not at all unlikely I may, to fill up time, find reason to have my last "Cry," and, in that case, shall probably call it, "The Last Gallop," or "Kick,"—something of that sort, perhaps, more to amuse than instruct, for, as a writer, that appears

to me to be more my *forte* than such subjects as bewilder even the wisest of our scholars. Dr. Cumming says he is "an interpreter, not a prophet." I do not profess to be either. If I did, somebody or other would be sure to go counter to my interpretation, as I have, in trying to interpret Greek, a language I know very little of beyond the alphabet, but clearly showing another interpreter is at variance with him, whose knowledge is beyond mine, and, as I think, quite as much to be relied on as the worthy Doctor's. Each, doubtless, will have their advocates, and each will have made money by their speculations. On such subjects I do not wish to merchandize, or become rich; therefore, if I *write* for a living or for fame, I don't think I should choose religion for the topic. The lily does not require to be painted, nor does the rose require adornment. I shall, therefore, take my Bible and make it my enjoyment and my meal, when, perhaps, I may have no other to *enjoy*—for very few authors get riches; and, if I do venture again on the pleasures of authorship, or "the flowery path of literature," as one of my kind-hearted friends calls it, I shall select for the exercise of my pen, subjects that require less intensity of thought, as, for such matters, "the surface thought is best." Having, therefore, in this respect, finished the duty I have felt bound to discharge, I hasten on to perform the last act of this drama, which consigns me to the mercy of the critic, the praise or condemnation of my friends, or, worse than all, the *pity* of those who, to defend me from the conse-

quences of blurting out the truth in rather too strong language, have said, "Poor fellow ! he's not exactly right in his mind." *Nous verrons ; je suis prêt.* For, were such lamentably really the case, I might say, with my friend Wrightson,—

"The music of that mind is gone ;
 Loose discords tremble on his tongue.
 The harp of life, when played upon,
 Betrayed that it was falsely strung ;
 Yet that poor *Maniac's* soul is pure,
 And will eternally endure."*

— From "*Weeds and Wild Flowers*," by
 Wm. Wrightson, York.

NOTE.—A lady correspondent complimented me, some short time since, with the epithet "brave." How that may be, I don't pretend to say. *Bold*, I *know* I am, but not half so bold as Dr. Cumming, for I find from his work he has taken a turn at table-tipping—a thing I would not touch, "no, not so much as with my little finger." He, however, discovers it to be a "fact," and a very "foolish" and ridiculous one, too. I wonder he had the temerity to go into the vicinity of such demonology and witchcraft, having "seen the very best that actors through tables could do ;" but he evidently does not think it of the devil, for he says, "When the devil does his best he will not fall into such palpable blunders." I would recommend

* From a Poem, "The Idiot Boy."

him to go and see and hear Miss Emma Hardinge, and say what he thinks of that; and, to do this, shall have to charge 6*d.* a copy more for the book, whether I obtain it or not.

But I must shorten sail, and take in canvas, I find, as I cannot, in this "stitching," afford more paper, having several little "tit-bits" I must introduce, so as to finish my work to my own liking, if I fail to do so to my reader's, for I am a strange compound of egoism and vanity, many times reading my own works over, while alternately I laugh and cry; so much so, that I almost doubt whether they are my own productions or that of another. It may be classically characterized as under, for I never do it in company:—

Desipere in loco,

as David did; vide 1 *Samuel* xxi. 13, 14.

CHAPTER XI.

"OUR remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven ; the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull."

SHAKESPEARE. *All's Well that Ends Well.*

IN writing the last few pages, that horrid temper of mine, justifying itself with words from the same poet,

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,"
got a little the better of my judgment ; and I have found it difficult to "whip the offending Adam" out of me, notwithstanding I put on my "consideration" cap. As it is written somewhere,

"Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him ;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits."

Otherwise I had intended to commence my chapter with another quotation from the same play, and leave the principal for the subordinate ; and, in that case, should most likely have stumbled on a libel that would have given me *another trot* in the Court of Queen's Bench ; therefore, as

the words are not my own, I may as well let the courteous reader into the secret, and here it is :—

“ I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way a fool, solely a coward ; *
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.”

But it is too late to alter the manuscript. It is down ; recorded for or against me here or hereafter ; and must, therefore, stand. But, referring to the quotation that heads this chapter, how true the poet writes. How much of blame do I accuse myself, of that which I attempt to remedy. All the disagreeables of the last ten or twelve years of my life might have been avoided ; even the companionship I endured for three long months, of which I so bitterly complain, was my own doing, because I saw the interests of others was involved in it. They counselled otherwise ; and that which was known to be repulsive to me in the extreme was proposed to be removed ; but, seeing the *future* as others saw not, I overruled their objections, and thus became inflicted with an incubus all my philosophy and all my professing Christianity could no longer bear. That which in the lifetime of its erring but kind-hearted master had been preserved to me a *sanctuary*, when the ruling spirit fled to worlds unknown became *desolated*, and, in place of calm and quiet contemplation,

* What greater coward is there breathing than the wretch who treats a woman—and that poor thing—
when I meet another such

rude, unmannerly jests, and ribald converse, reigned triumphant. 'Twas Satan's jubilee; and, as I would not participate in it, I abruptly left, without a chart or compass to direct me in the "wide, wide world," or "remedy" at hand, having previously written a letter to the inheritor of all the *dearly bought* wealth my poor friend had left behind him, stating my reasons, and at the same time recommending her to sell off everything, and wash her hands of the whole concern as speedily and profitably as could be done. Whether that had been already decided on I know not (for I was not consulted, but treated as a menial, which I confess I felt very acutely after the confidential way in which I had been trusted by my friend, even to the advising and making of his will); that is the course of action being carried on at the time I write; and all that remains to be said of the once celebrated "18, Charing-cross," is contained in the three words, *sic transit gloria*. My letter was taken no notice of, but handed over to the solicitor to the estate, and the lady's confidential adviser, to be made, as I was told, evidence against me in an action for libel! because, forsooth, I did not choose to sit in the company of the scorner. And other things I could say if I chose; but it is enough for me to know that I am known by the company I keep. Therefore, I say,

"Lay on, Macduff,

And (*scorned*) be he who first cries, 'Hold; enough!'"

I was not long, however, in deciding, and this infliction is the consequence. If, therefore, it was Satan's doing, may

God, in His infinite mercy, grant it may turn to his discomfiture. It gives me, however, the opportunity of turning from man to master, now no more—in his “cold, cold grave” he lies—and with him bury all that was the reverse of good in him, but let that good remain. He was truly my friend, and, had he lived, mine would have been a quiet ending of a weary life of trouble and anxiety, for he never once said “nay” to any proposition that I made to him. His chief fault was *procrastination*; and, through that failing, unless matters assume a different complexion to the present, those he has left behind will suffer greatly; for no one but myself knows about the affairs that, the last few hours he possessed his mental faculties, formed the subject of discussion and instruction. I am, however, quite ready at any time to take them in hand, and arrange them properly, if unmolested and left to myself. The most remarkable circumstance of that period was the concise account he gave from memory of all these transactions, involving as they did a large amount of money due from parties of high standing and unblemished reputation, who would scorn to take advantage thereof* (unless I am much mistaken in my men), to wrong the widow and the fatherless. It would be painful to me in the extreme to have to exercise my judgment and powers of writing upon any such, and shall therefore keep my eye upon this part of the business I have left, for had I remained doubtless I should have set all on its proper footing. Notwithstanding, I had

* *Statute of Limitations.*

often urged upon him the necessity of going into these confused accounts, but somehow he was afraid to encounter them; in fact, it required total cessation from all other kind of business, and this he never found time to do, but always deferred it. I proposed to sit up with him three consecutive nights after business was over, and did so on one occasion, thereby securing one large account, but he found it too laborious, and the rest remained as they now are, in a state of utter confusion to a stranger. to me they are A.B.C., but for some unaccountable reason my proffer of service has been refused. In the few remarks I wish to make respecting him, my object is to do justice to his memory, and for my reason in returning to his service when I had the offer and opportunity of a *far more honourable and remunerative position*, I refer to my work, "Midsummer Mornings' Dream," p. 129,—“Most assuredly I shall not in my present convictions seek this (*authorship*) as a channel for obtaining a livelihood for myself and family. I know what my natural sphere is, and *that I shall resume the first opportunity that offers itself.*” Singularly enough when my wife took to him the two copies of the work he had subscribed to, and ascertaining from her that I had then no occupation, and was wholly depending on the income from another arrangement I had made (instead of commission *I was to have received* with another party without service), he offered me the seat in his counting-house I had two years before left very much against his wishes. Having written what I had, I without any ado whatever went to him the

following week, and there remained more as his friend and adviser than a paid servant—in fact, I give his own words on the occasion, “I don’t look on you, Frank, as a servant, but as a brother,” and so he remained to the last hour of his existence; for when his mind toppled over from the immense taxation he imposed upon it, I looked upon him as dead, for I *knew* he would not recover. I cannot, however, allow the unpleasant position in which his want of system has left me with the executive and legal adviser to the estate (a gentleman he was induced to employ through my representations) to interfere with me in the tribute I wish to do to his memory. There were few persons who understood him thoroughly; none unless shut up with him in private as I was so often, knew anything of the largeness of his heart; in business he “would cavil to the ninth part of a hair,” and thereby made himself many enemies; impetuous in manner, many thought him imperious, but at bottom sound as an acorn in the friendships that he formed, and they were very few, for he doubted the world greatly (especially travellers, who were his best friends); liberal in many cases to a fault, but with such a hatred of *pride* and hypocrisy that in speaking against them sometimes went beyond the line of demarcation to ears polite; in business he was the most indefatigable and energetic man that ever lived for buying and selling, but for counting-house transactions the very worst I ever knew; the difficulty I had to contend with can be much more easily imagined by men of figures, when I state, that he trusted to his memory entirely for everything,

but as he was *sole cashier* it did not otherwise concern me than having to watch every account, as a cat does a mouse, to see that nobody paid *twice*; for his greatly besetting sin was in having so many cross accounts, no matter what it was, his notion seemed to be if he paid in goods he never missed the money; but as for a settlement! and a straight line in the ledger it seemed to be his very abomination, and so they ran on to seed with "tinkers and tailors" and "soldiers and sailors," I was going to add, but though not so, "butchers, and bakers, and candlestickmakers," by numbers all figured away, and there numbers of them remain to this very hour unsettled, yea, from the very *diamond ring* to the horse's iron-bound foot, all in that blessed state of ignorance of the balance owing or due, "as the case may be," as they were when in the hands of those who supplied them. His very *firstborn* (a youth of *considerable precocity and promise* of some sixteen years' experience of this world, of whom if all he told me was true knew more at fifteen than I did at fifty, and by consequence destined to be a *shining character in some capacity or other*), even he and all that came after him still unsettled for; albeit, 'tis the worthy Doctor's own fault if he is not considerably on the right side, inasmuch as he could have had whatsoever he chose for his beautifully furnished mansion, had he been so disposed. But I suppose he thought he had bled him sufficiently, for I think I speak within bounds when I say he cupped him from first to last fifty times! However that may be, I know he used to think very lightly of the operation; for I remember well, on one occasion, when his

poor head he taxed so much was giving him much pain, and he was undergoing the operation, I, ignorant of the fact, sent down a messenger to the house, to say an important customer had just come into the warehouse, which very imprudently was communicated to him just after some twenty ounces of blood had been taken from him. He made no more ado about the matter, huddled on his clothes, came up puffing and panting, just in time to prevent the gentleman leaving, which he was about to do, because he must be served by nobody else; and, all dripping as he was from the operation, though not outwardly visible, worked like any slave for three mortal hours, lifting heavy carpets, flying upstairs and down, occasionally with a heavy table on his head, and finally concluded as splendid a sale as he ever made in his life, and went home again to dine about eight o'clock in the evening (which was his custom), just as though nothing had happened, and he as young, healthy, and active as ever he was in his life. Verily, he was indeed a most extraordinary man, and deserves in some way to be handed down to posterity beyond the simple carving of a tombstone. If I could but have got him to be equally active in the counting-house, he would have been as great a marvel as our city ever produced; but there he failed. Even my own immediate affairs I could never get an insight into, under a friendly deed of assignment I had made to him, not so much from necessity as to enable him to get in monies that were due to me at the time; and I only now refer to it (more in sorrow than in anger) that it may more

satisfactorily explain that "Enigmatical Chapter" I wrote in "Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life;" but there it is, unsettled to this very hour, notwithstanding there is enough and to spare for every soul in the document. I dare say I shall have trouble enough to get a settlement, especially if the *bruti fulmen* I have been favoured with are carried into effect; in that case this will have to be my counsel's *brief*—brief summary as it is of one who, "with all his faults, I loved him still," and so did every soul he had about him, for at heart he was a kind master, although sometimes a *leetle* too emphatic in his reproofs.

Not a little singular circumstance connected with his death was the fact of his diamond ring, &c. merchant having departed this life on the day before he *died*, and was *buried* the day before *he* was buried, and his effects *sold off* the month before *his* effects began to come to the hammer—a rather peculiar fact for Messrs. *Mediums, Emmanuel Swedenborg, Hardinge, and Co.*, to illustrate whether in the world of spirits they would have the opportunity of settling their differences, or whether, in the cold, cold grave their bodies lie contiguous to each other till the great trump shall sound, and declare "time shall be no longer"—a time heralded in by "Cumming's Last Warning Cry" and "Baxter's Napoleon," which I have endeavoured to dispose of in previous chapters, and require no further comment; therefore, to conclude this somewhat elaborate testimony "to the memory of one so dear," I must resume the thread of my remarks, for I *must* clear myself from the imputation of being a bad book-keeper,

whatever I may be considered as a book-maker. Often have I been met by one or other of these representatives of cross accounts, and implored to send in their liabilities, but my invariable answer has been, "I am not master; when I am, there shall be no cause for complaint on this score. I am merely an automaton, and do only what I am bidden"—which was the fact, for if "*pauvre Rupert*" could have dotted all the i's and crossed all the t's I verily believe he would have done it. Nevertheless, when I told him the effect all this unnecessary system would have, and the difficulty that would follow if he were unable to work, his invariable answer was, "Oh my memory is so clear I can remember everything if it is twenty years ago;" and when these parties themselves applied for the same thing, he was so "immensely busy," and "the difference between them was so trifling," they were put off from day to day, till the day arrived I had been so anxiously and earnestly preparing him for; and whenever I showed him the consequences likely to follow, he sometimes would laughingly reply, "You see I'm like Paddy Power in the Irish Tutor, 'tis part of my system;" and when I *remonstrated* with him his simple reply was, "Well, you are no doubt a clever fellow at figures, and have had thousands of pounds through your hands and your books, and what's the result? *This is my system, and this is what I have done,*" looking round at the same time on a warehouse crammed to suffocation no house in England that I know of could equal. His fact demolished my argument, and I found it

useless to try to lead him into *my* system, although convinced in my own mind had he done so he would have been richer by thousands.

With respect to the reproach conveyed in the words relative to myself, I met it as I always meet any such implied charge. If *agreements* I had entered into had been *honourably* carried out, and not evaded because not reduced to "black and white," I should have been as independent a man as he was, and that he *knew* as well as I did, and offered the means to enable me to recover, but as a court of *law* could not entertain it, there was nothing but a court of *equity* left for me, and to that expense he would not go; therefore the claims I make on the "*honourable man*" remain in abeyance, but I do not despair of making them the subject of enquiry yet before that righteous judge Sir Page Wood (his old acquaintance) or one equally so. It, however, only serves to show to what extent my poor lamented friend would have gone to serve me, and when I remember the universal respect and kindness with which he treated *me*, I am tempted almost to say more in his praise than others would think him deserving of, for I am sure *I* may say of him,

"Take him for all in all
I shall not look upon his like again."

I do not mean by this he was the "acmé of human perfection," but in his relative capacities as master, friend, husband, and father. As a salesman no one that ever I knew (and mine was an extensive acquaintance that way)

could ever touch him, no matter whether it were a kitchen mangle, or a drawing-room suite, a peer of the realm, or one of the gipsy tribe, who would sometimes honour the establishment with patronage, a lady of title, or a common fish-wife, one and all intermediately he was perfectly at home with. Many a time have I placed myself where I could hear without being seen and experienced a rich treat in the manner he handled his various subjects; but his greatest delight was amongst the fine arts and articles of *vertu*, for which he was celebrated far and wide. He had a fine eye for a painting, and to hear him expatiate on the *chef d'oeuvre* of a Raphael or Domenichino, the chiselling of a Nollekens, or the chaste moulding of a Parian Venus, would be to all who heard him such an entertainment, they almost regretted when the bargain was brought to a close, for he seldom, if ever, failed in his object in this respect. But the chiefest amongst my pleasurable recollections of my departed friend, and by far the most important, was the gradual inroad I made upon his *Socinianism*. In early youth he had been captivated by the eloquence of a Unitarian minister we had in Norwich, I myself had frequently heard (a *Mr. Madge*), and in spite of all I had written, and all I could say upon the subject, he adhered to that erratic form of faith, the "modern heresy" of the present day; many times did we hold conversation together on the subject, I bringing forward my own "experiences" to support my views, as recorded in my "Midsummer Mornings' Dream," but he would not be

convinced for a long time. "It is what you have called it," he used to say, "a dream; what reliance can there be placed on a dream?" and many other objections he put forth; but it pleased God to second my efforts by afflicting him with a painful disease, which he bore with more *Stoicism* than Christian resignation, till at last the barrier of infidelity fell, never more to raise itself up again; for, after a very earnest solicitation on my part, and intense suffering on his, he said to me the following morning, "I have been thinking seriously on what you told me to *do*, and I have done it." This was to *pray*, and to pray *earnestly*—to throw all his doubts to the winds, and embrace "the faith as it is in Jesus." From that day he was an altered man—an altogether "*new creature*," and I never, excepting upon occasions when insufferable insolence on the part of an ignorant and self-sufficient servant threw him off his guard, heard anything deeply to regret. I did, however, not only at *such* times, but always seized the opportunity to show him how much he imperilled his own soul by such outbreaks. He was always sorry and penitent for it afterwards, and put a strong curb on rising temper on all occasions. Very shortly after this, in the order of God's providence, the Rev. George F. Price accepted the Rectorship of St. John's de Maddermarket, to whose preaching my attention was drawn (singularly enough by a Socinian lady), whom, having heard, in the room over the Free Library, I prevailed on my friend to accompany me one Sunday, and I had the extreme happiness of learning from him the

following day "he never was so pleased in all his life." From that day he never absented himself from attending his ministration, and I had abundant opportunities of witnessing the gradual effect the preaching of that Rev. Gentleman had upon him. The Bible on Sundays became his study, and the "Dictionary of Painters" (of which he knew more than I did of the 103d Psalm) was laid aside, no more to be referred to on that day of sacred rest. He became a communicant, and so remained till he *died*, I firmly believe, a *truly penitent man*.

His contributions towards the Restoration Fund of the church of St. John de Maddermarket were characterized by unusual liberality, and for a time he heartily co-operated in the labour attending the collection of the necessary amount, and, when the exterior of the building was completed, added to his already liberal subscription, gifts considerably exceeding in value, the moneys he had contributed—altogether not less in value, than 130*l.*; in fact, he threw himself into the work heart and soul, and would have done more so, but for an unhappy *contretemps* with one or two leading parties; but, as it was, *individually* he did more than any other, and *all* (he said) "for the worship of God."

I am not amongst the number of reasoners and thinkers who classically say,

"Quem Deus vult perdere dementat."

for even were I, to admit the hypothesis of a jury, and ignore my antithesis to their verdict, I should hold to the

opinion I have formed ; and, so believing and so thinking, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, I believe it may be said of him,

“ His soul immortal mounts the starry world,
And triumphs over death and hell ; ”

in which belief and hope all who *knew* him, I trust, will charitably join.

“ REQUIESCAT IN PACE.”

NOTE.—I wish with all my heart I could have portrayed these remembrances in the same way my valued and esteemed friend, William Wrightson, of York, has done to the memory of *his* employer, in his beautiful little work, “ *Weeds and Wild Flowers*.” But I am not a poet of so high an order of intellect as he has proved himself to be in the little “ *Gem* ” he has produced ; but I recommend to all my brother travellers into whose hands this *brochure* of mine may fall to apply to him for a copy of his work. It will well repay perusal ; and, as he is now retired from the road, he will, I have no doubt, gladly comply with such application to keep him in remembrance with those whom he formerly associated with, and amongst whom he shone a *STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE*. His address is No. 2, Peckett-street, York, where I have no

doubt he will be pleased to receive some of his old "companions of the road," and talk of old adventures o'er a cup of beverage that cheers without inebriating. I have a *carte blanche* invitation, and shall avail myself of it the first opportunity that offers itself.

CHAPTER XII.

“COME now, let us reason together, saith the LORD ; Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”
—*Isaiah* I. 18.

It was my privilege, on one occasion, to be present when a most eloquent extemporaneous sermon was delivered from the above text—such an one as was calculated to convey great comfort to many who heard it ; but I am sorry and pained to add, it gave *false* hopes to others who were listeners at the same time, for the highly talented preacher had so lengthened his remarks he was under the necessity of coming to an abrupt conclusion, and, as he acknowledged, left it an unfinished discourse ; for, dwelling as he did *wholly* on the efficacy and power of the atoning blood of our Redeemer, he entirely omitted the conditions the Master Himself had accompanied His own remarks with, on the occasion of healing the impotent man at the Pool of Bethesda, which he brought forward as an illustration of his otherwise beautiful and impressive sermon, which the reader

will find in the fifth chapter of John, from the first to the fifteenth verses.

This sermon, together with the circumstances attending it, was brought before me this morning under such an irrepressible influence I have felt it impossible to withstand, and have left my couch earlier by an hour than I otherwise should have done, to make record of it, because I know there are parties whom it will immediately concern who are sure to read it; for I know what were the false impressions made when the preacher concluded his discourse of upwards of seventy minutes with the emphatic peroration, "Only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and, *whatsoever* thy sins, thou shalt be saved. Though they be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool;" but the words, so conclusive of the whole, "GO AND SIN NO MORE," were unhappily left out, nor even once alluded to. Imagine a man listening to that sermon, *steeped* to the very eyes in open, unblushing adultery; nay, worse than that, *incestuous*, openly defiant adultery, laying that flattering unction to his guilty soul, and continuing in his sin; triumphantly walk the streets of his native city, saying, "I am safe;" "I am a believer;" "I fully and firmly believe all the preacher has said;" "Wherefore need I alter my course?" "It is not good for man to be alone."

Oh, fatal doctrine! when preached in such a way, too, if unaccompanied by the conditions required, "GO AND SIN NO MORE." I could bring forward innumerable instances

of this kind were it my province to do so ; but I am not desirous of individualizing, because I have it in my power so to do, nor should I be justified in so doing, any more than a minister of the Gospel would be in making pointed allusions from the pulpit. He is not to make that a shelter for personalities, any more than the author of a book has to cover his remarks with pasteboard, and consider himself protected ; but there are certain duties he has to perform, however stinging they may be to the consciences of those whom he addresses, that must not be left undone, whether he be “ called ” to the work, whether it be thrust upon him through his necessities, or whether he fanatically assumes an authority a majority of his friends will perhaps repudiate, deprecate, and despise.

Such things as these, however, have come under my observation. I saw the ill effects produced by them, and how boastingly such teaching was applied ; most unfortunately, the ‘ *amende*, ’ which was made the following Sunday by another Reverend Gentleman, from the same pulpit, came too late, for the parties were not then present, or they would have learned much more of the “ unfinished discourse ” of the previous Sunday evening ; for the by far more spiritually enlightened “ *brother* in the faith ” supplied the deficiency, from the very words I have quoted,—

“ GO AND SIN NO MORE.”

But the bane had so far preceded the antidote that it will never reach it, I fear, unless this (perhaps unkind) allusion reaches it. God grant it may, and produce the

effect it is intended ; for the main object for which I write, or may hereafter speak, is to win souls, if by God's blessing such distinction may be awarded me, if so be I am not found too latitudinarian in my views ; for I cannot agree with this same preacher, who, on a subsequent occasion, dealt out some very "spiritual knocks" upon that "stumbling-block" to the young and inquiring Christian, "predestination" and "election ;" for, quoting an ancient writer, "Gotto," he intimated we had not yet got so far as the "Romans," whereas the impression on my mind is we have got far beyond that epistle, yea, even to the last chapter of Revelation ; otherwise, *if*—if we are living in the last days of this dispensation, we shall be found sadly behind in our theology when we have to undergo the last examination at the great assize ; and that we are upon the eve of it, I, for one, cannot, try how I will, disabuse my mind. Such, however, may not be the case with the reader ; but he will not be able, after the perusal of these and the foregoing remarks in this work, to say he was neither forewarned nor entreated carefully and prayerfully to consider the subject. As a subject it is by no means a popular one with a ministry of whom, to speak as a body, it seems to have been their province to keep their hearers in leading-strings, or the less worthy occupation of their minds in the distraction of isms ; both altogether unfitted to the present advanced condition of society and the age in which we live, and which, if anything, has had a tendency to provoke inquiry by the uninitiated—has been the occasion of God's working in the mysterious manner

so many surrounding circumstances testify, thereby creating a power which otherwise might not have been brought so prominently forward. "Man's adversity is God's opportunity," I have often heard quoted from the pulpit. I incline to the opinion, it may be said in these "last days" God has made His "*opportunity*" in place of the pulpit; for to be a "*Millennarian*" is only to subject oneself to the sneers of the vulgar, and the flippant jestings of the worldly, self-sufficient, and *learned* men of the present day.

Setting, therefore, all such attacks upon me as I do utterly at defiance, ere I lay down my pen I once more earnestly entreat of the reader to think seriously upon the contents of this book, take into his consideration all its peculiarities, and weighing well its conclusions, ask himself the question, Am I prepared for the events predicted by them; are the words of Cowper, writing of the era of the French Revolution, about to be realized in my day and generation?

"The world appears
To toll the death-knell of its own decease;
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the general doom. . . .
And nature seems, with dim and sickly eye,
To wait the close of all."

"For behold, the LORD cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity."—*Apocalyptic Sketches.*

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORFOLK NEWS.

SIR,—“Churchill,” the mad poet, said or rather wrote,—

“Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town.”

So may I say; and in some such fashion, under my *nom de plume*, “set down” some “rapid thoughts” connected with the above “two single gentlemen,” and leave it to your discretion to “discharge them on the town;” and this I do, because it has struck me, from the perusal of your remarks in your account of the *séance* of these gentlemen at the residence of *M. Dion Boucicault*, and in the presence of such men of mark as Lord Bury and others, you are not indisposed to ventilate this question somewhat in your columns; and although I do not give my name, it is not from any fear I have of its being associated with what the world calls “Spiritualism” (but which I call spirit-ism, between which terms I hold there to be a wide

difference), because I have been an inquirer into it for many years past, and have not scrupled to lend what little aid I could to give it in what I consider a right direction ; for whilst clergymen of almost all denominations have stood aloof from it, as they almost invariably do when anything of the *marvellous* makes its appearance, I have endeavoured to make the use of it for which it appears to me it is sent. There is nothing *new* in the idea that spirits walk the earth and fill the air, but hitherto it has been the province of poets to make property of, as when "John Milton" wrote

"Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest."

Thousands and tens of thousands who have read that passage in "Milton's" works never, I dare say, gave it a thought that he really believed in what he had written. They themselves did not, but took it doubtless only as a figure, and what is called "poetical licence;" but it should seem by the account published in the "Standard" and copied by you, that they have actually obtained "a local habitation and a name," and the drawing-rooms of Belvidera and Belgravia are soon to become the theatres for the exhibition of these "manifestations." Well, I agree with what the Rev. Charles Beecher says in his "Review of Spiritual Manifestations":—"They are to be met with respect and Christian consideration;" and that they are not to be ignored, and treated with ridicule, because we cannot at present fathom the mystery in which

it is for a time shrouded. I am no *enthusiast* on this question, I assure you, but I am thoroughly impregnated with the *inquisitive*; and, like old Booth the tragedian, in the character of the crooked-back tyrant, bursting into a strong expression at Stanley's absence from the field of battle, cries out vehemently,

"T' the north !

What does he i' the north,

When he should be serving his Sovereign in the south ?"

so I sometimes am tempted to ask myself the question, If these be *good* spirits, what do they here on earth, when they should be praising God in heaven? Well, we are bound to institute the inquiry, I think; and if you, Mr. Editor, feel inclined to go into the question, I will endeavour to assist you all I can; and, by way of commencement, send you herewith the copy of some *spirit-drawings*, which, if true, are, to my mind, far more "*germane to the matter*," and more *marvellous*, than all the melodies the inhabitants of the cabinet have yet produced, far more appropriate to the vicinity, and eyes and ears of the company, than the phantom hands and boisterous noises the "Davenport Brothers" produce through their mediumship.

That the world is on the eve of a great change I have been of opinion a long time, and have "stood upon my watchtower," looking into the future as far as it is in my power to do; and have for some little time permitted myself to inquire whether this "movement" is the thin

end of the wedge, and an inauguration of the period spoken of by the prophet of old, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," and whether by such agencies the knowledge of Him is to "cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

VOLTIGEUR.*

* This letter would have appeared in the paper but for "press of other matter," being promised the following week ; but it so happened, in the *interregnum*, the fatal "Tom Fool's knot" exploded the bubble, and it was returned to me. The Davenport Brothers, however, nothing daunted, are at their work again, with what end we shall see.

THE following impromptu, containing the names of all the churches in Norwich, was thrown off on the occasion of building the new church in Heigham, and being asked by what name it should be called :—

What *name* for "Heigham's" new church bells,
 When sweet their chimes shall fill its dells ?
 Arous'd, the minstrel cries with joy,
 "What's in a name" our theme t' employ ?
 Of martyr'd saints our city's full ;
 Nay, one small church contains the *whole*.*
 And, as for "Peter's," we have *four* ;
 No Romish priest could wish for more ;
 Nor "John's," for, by my memory,
 To that good saint we number *three*.
 There's "Andrew," "Etheldred," and "Giles,"
 With three, for shortness, cycleped "Miles."†
 Then "Matthew," "Mark," and "Luke," and "Jude ;"
 Two "Mary's," and a "Margaret" prude ;
 "Saint Edmund," "Clement," "Simon," "James."
 And (just as tho' they wanted names,
 Of which there's ground for some complaint)
 They've turned our "Saviour" to a Saint.
 There's "Lawrence," "Stephen," "Swithin," "Paul,"
 Saint "Austin," and the "*Cathedral*,"
 With "Gregory," "Helen," twice "St. George,"
 And "Martin's" two (the rhythm to forge).
 "Christ Church" completes ; a name till now
 I'd thought of in my morning vow.
 But that, too, 's ta'en, or sweeter sound
 Can't in the catalogue be found.
 What, then, by name, shall fill the rhythm,
 When we shall hear thy pleasing chime ?

We're told to dwell in unity,
 And this we'll do in "TRINITY."

The church was afterwards called "Holy Trinity," but the chimes are still wanting, and "Heigham" dells are silent from their sound.

* All Saints'.

† St. Michael's.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came :
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop ; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer ;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fix'd his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated upon the tide ;
And no one ask'd, in that blissful spot,
If he belong'd to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker stray'd,
His dress of a sober hue was made :
" My coat and hat must be all of gray ;
I cannot go any other way."

Then he button'd his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in ;
And his broad-brimm'd hat he pull'd down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat ;
A moment he silently sigh'd over that ;
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipp'd off, and was seen no more.

As he enter'd heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms ;
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, " all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And look'd rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness ;
But he cried, " Dear me, what shall I do ?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide ;
And the saint astonish'd, pass'd through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came ;
But as they stopp'd at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end ?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But *I* have been dipp'd, as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you ;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they enter'd in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down.
Of women there seem'd a wondrous throng,
But the men I could count as they pass'd along.

And, concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *Old* or the *New* way, which it should be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
 Came ever up from the moving crowd,
 " You're in the Old way, and I'm in the New ;
 That is the false, and this is the true ;"
 Or, " I'm in the Old way, and you're in the New.
This is the false, and that is the true."

But the *brethren* only seem'd to speak ;
 Modest the sisters walk'd, and meek ;
 And if ever one of them chanced to say
 What troubles she met with on the way,
 How she long'd to pass to the other side,
 Nor fear'd to cross over the swelling tide,
 A voice arose from the brethren then,—
 " Let no one speak but the ' holy men ;'
 For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
 ' Oh, let the women keep silence all ! ' "

I watch'd them long in my curious dream,
 Till they stood by the borders of the stream ;
 Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
 But all the brethren were talking yet,
 And would talk on, till the heaving tide
 Carried them over, side by side ;
 Side by side, for the way was one,
 The toilsome journey of life was done,
 And Priest and Quaker, and all who died,
 Came on alike on the other side.
 No form or " crosses," or books had they,
 No gowns of silk, nor suits of gray,
 No creeds to guide them, nor MSS.,
 For all had put on CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.

This *petite brochure* I am permitted to republish by Mr.
 A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without, from whom

it may be had at 4*d.* per dozen. The author desires to remain *incog.*, from which circumstance I conclude him to be one of the class he so cleverly describes; perhaps a "*Bishop*," or may be, "*John Bright*" himself. Any way it so entirely fits in with my idea, that to have it bound up with my own lucubrations I was fully determined, cost what it might; and in so doing I know one at least very kind good lady subscriber I am pleasing, although when she gave it me, she had no idea to what purpose I should apply it: in fact, she was in as complete ignorance of my intention, as she was, and still is, of my application of her dear husband's "*lavender water*." But why withhold its paternity? Why not, as my friend the "*unfrocks*"—bawling out to me this very morning in the public street loud enough for everybody within twenty yards to hear him:—"Well, *Mr. Voltigeur*, where is your book? Why don't you give us your proper name, and then *we* should respect both you and it, and buy it?" "I beg your pardon, Mr.— What shall I call *you*?" "Oh, call me by my name, —. *We* are not ashamed of our names, and *we* always suspect there's something *sinister* in the motive for withholding it. Give your own name, Frank Starr,* and then *we* should buy the book." "I beg your

* The worthy son of the cloth had forgotten to take into consideration that whereas I know of only *one* of my name in the kingdom, I should think there are hundreds of his, if not thousands, so that he might escape identity, but for myself *never*; nor do I wish. *I* have done nothing to be *ashamed* of since *I* have been connected with the Church.

pardon again, Sir," said I. "'WE' never *buy* books; they are always *given* to 'WE,' and a precious hash 'WE' sometimes make of the *gift*, as I daresay 'WE' will do with mine: but 'WE' won't either deter or frighten me, I can tell you, nor you either, and that you will see when you read what I have written; and what is more, I don't think you will again accost me in this unclergymanlike manner, *Mister* ——." And so he left me, doubtless under the impression he had given me a very suitable lecture, and sent *Voltigeur* into the Land of *Nod* (*query*?)

I SELECT these from a bundle of Acrostics I once wrote to pass away the time, which may, perhaps, amuse some of my readers; but that "to the Editor of the 'Times' paper" I call most attention to:—

"Nay, there remains at least one other possible alternative. Our anticipations of a revelation (which is the thing in question) will not have failed; our probability will not have been falsified, if the revelation should be made, though not through any *Church*, through a *person* and a *book*."—*The Times*, September 4th, 1851. *Review of Dr. Newman's Discourses.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES" PAPER.

TELL me, mysterious man, if tell thou canst,
Of *whom*? what "*Book*" it was, thou thus didst write?
To me it read prophetic, as next day it danc'd
High in my sight of that I did indite.

Each word I read, and read again to doubt,
 Ere to *my* "Vision" I could them apply,
 Determining one day I would find out
 In whom, or where, this "expectation" lay.
The volume I had written none had seen
Or heard of (touching its contents);
 Rehears'd e'en to myself, it scarce had been,
 Or else, these words had shown *me*, what they meant,
 Futile the efforts that I make to sift,
 The mysteries of that awful pronoun, "WE;"
 Hedg'd in the secret chamber, none can lift
 E'en veil or curtain, the great "Him" to see.
 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, that this review,
 In language should "*anticipation*" speak,
 (Much as it *seems* to show 'twixt me and you)
 Engages not a line, harsh, strong, nor meek.
 Such is my "*Book*" a "*revelation*" clear;
Personified in one, scarce known before;
 And still you're silent,—not one word to cheer;
 Perchance this *third* attempt, will move you more.
 E'en "*Mormon*" "*Smith*" and "*Roman*" "*La Salette*"
 Receive your notice—why then *me* forget?

 TO HARRIS FORD.

How few their number who know "*how* to read,"
 As thou my friend didst bravely once declare,
 Rejecting evidence of ghostly creed,
 Radiant through "*mystery*" written there;
 I know to them full well "*The Dream*" is naught,
 So 'twas with "*Joseph's*" brethren long ago,
 Foreign to them, their minds with mischief fraught,
 Obey'd the dictates, which led them to woe.

Reject thou those, whose irreligion tell
Deciduous, steer their downward course to Hell.

TO THE REV. JOHN CUMMING.

"THE SECOND COMING OF OUR LORD AND KING,"
Has daily, yearly, still thy subject been,
Emphatic taught, from Holy Writ to some,
Rehears'd in secret prayer, "THY KINGDOM COME."
E'en "at our very doors," thou'rt heard to say,
Valiant as he of old, who in his day
Implor'd the people they would meekly hear
Of threat'nings dreadful; but *ungodly* fear
Had got possession of each worldly mind,
Nor was there one that he in faith could find
Consociate, to form that living freight
Upborne of drowning floods, souls numb'ring eight;
Millions then fell before God's awful power,
Millions on Millions now, think not the hour
Is coming *fast*, that firm their fate shall seal,
Not even *some* who *preach* it, truly feel
God's words in this event—Man's coming woe or weal. }

TO JOHN HURSTWAITE LEETE, CHELSEA.

JUDICIOUS friend, to thee a verse I'll pen,
Obedient to the dictates of a grateful heart,
Here write, in few short lines, the how, and when,
New light, desires, and thoughts, first claimed their part:

How in the hidden myst'ry of his word of truth,
 Un-numbered his commands, his truth to tell,
 (Regardless of the scoffers' idle mirth)
 Speak in "due season," words of comfort well;
 This 'twas thy lot to do, when least thou thought,
 What impress *then* upon the mind was made,
 A lesson for thy future here is taught,
Isaiah's * spirit strong foundation laid:
 There thou may'st read, who 'tis that gives "the tongue"
 Each word, "to season" to th' enquiring mind,
 Let not a chance escape, when placed among,
 Erst as thou wast with me, when I was "*blind*," †
 Evolve the blessed TRUTH—God wakes the ear
 To music so divine, of him who "weary walks;"
 Evince that error (made by sophist *clear*)
 Consigns its vot'ries, where gaunt mis'ry stalks;
 Hadst thou not *spoken*, chances are that I
 "Enthusiastic error" still had kept my guide,
 Looking for truth—but not *beyond* the sky,
 Sad evidence of worldly minded pride.
 Employ thy *talent* thus, thy God hath given,
 And through thy SAVIOUR, point the way to Heaven. }

* *Isaiah* l. 4.

† *Vide* "*Midsummer Mornings' Dream*," p. 40.

POSTSCRIPT.

Whit Tuesday, 5.30, 1866.

THERE are very few of my readers, I should think, wholly unacquainted with the works of the celebrated Sir Walter Scott. I had read them nearly all before I was ten years of age, and could read them all again now if my library did but furnish them. "The Castle of Tillietudlem," the loves of "Edith Bellenden" and "Henry Morton," with "*that devil Claver'se*" and "Cuddie" the valorous, I dare say they are all more or less familiar with, in which case they will see the application of this *Postscript*; for to save her lover's life the beautiful maiden of the Castle left the most important part of her communication to that (not very infrequent *weighty* and *momentous*) portion of her letter. It may be so in this instance, and should it prove to be so ultimately, there is nothing to be alarmed at to those who are in the faith of Christ Jesus, for the world will still go on for "a thousand years" "in peace," but how it will be governed it is hard to say: certain it is that *I* consider it of importance, or I should not write it.

It was about ten days since, on the 10th or 11th of

this month, as I lay upon my bed it occurred to me, and I relate it for Dr. Cumming and his admirers and followers to receive, as they may think proper; I have no other feeling towards that worthy gentleman than one of the greatest respect for his abilities and untiring "zeal" in his Master's service. I was musing, and my thoughts involuntarily led to *prayer*, and I said, "O Lord God Almighty, thou hast been very merciful and gracious to thy servant in many wondrous ways; show him now, I beseech thee, in the same way thou didst aforetime, when thou enaolest him to stand against that heartless persecution of 1856, and *to know beforehand what the result would be*, what *really* is to be gathered from the writings of these thy servants, I have so freely dealt with in this my work, for thy Holy name's sake, thy blessed, Son our Saviour. Amen." *Immediately*, as it appeared to me, I fell asleep, and in a most remarkable *dream*, of precisely the same character to the one I have alluded—vivid, clear, and distinct—no ambiguity or confusion about it whatever, I saw a mighty angel clothed in a pure white garment, with a silver trumpet in his right hand, and as he flew with distended wings across the heavens he cried with a loud voice, "CUMMING IS RIGHT, 1866 WILL SEE THE END OF THIS DISPENSATION," not another word was uttered, and I awoke, *but it was only a DREAM*. That which occupies the space in Chapter VII. of this work was a *VISION*; I was then *awake* and saw everything as distinctly as I see this paper I now write upon, and *HEARD* every word I have there recorded as clearly as I hear the scratching of this

wretched pen I make this *last* communication with. May the Lord grant it prove a "LAST WARNING CRY," in the "seven months' grace" yet remaining.

"IT IS FINISHED."

NOTE.—At the twelfth hour almost, I have the disagreeable fact to announce that I have found it necessary to change my publisher, a circumstance, perhaps, of no very great moment, otherwise than that, to meet his views, I changed my name from the euphonious but profane *Voltigeur*, to the more practical and plain-dealing name that figures in the title-page; upon which, having had my say, and it is beyond revocation now, I need not further dilate. But this last decision has come upon me somewhat unexpectedly, inasmuch as I have been all throughout the correction of the proofs under the impression they had been previously *viséd* by that gentleman himself, but he tells me he had not read *all*. It is no use mincing matters at the present stage of our proceedings, I therefore unhesitatingly state the cause for this "falling away." I have been too hard upon the *clergy*, and as the publisher I had intended for this work, and had so announced, is so closely connected with that most *effète* body, I cannot do otherwise than pay respect to his scruples; for at heart there cannot possibly be, I think, a more Christian-like minded man breathing, and feeling this to be the case, however detrimental it may be to my individual interest in the circulation of the book itself, I waive altogether any advantage I may or may not possess in the matter, legally or morally. The book must speak for itself, till I can speak for

it, which I shall neither be afraid or ashamed to do, if I am but physically capacitated for the task.

Professedly belonging to the "Church of England," as I have been writing, I have had ever and anon before me, in mental vision, that celebrated picture, "*Melancthon's first discovery of the errors of the Roman Catholic Church*," but where I saw it, or when, or who was the painter, or where it now is, I can neither recollect nor have I time now to make out; but, as I have said in another part of this work, the peculiarity of my position the last eighteen years of my life brought me into contact with so many of that body of men (clergymen of the Church of England) I have felt it impossible to refrain altogether from giving occasional *brusque* remarks respecting them—and when I painfully remember how instrumental they were in destroying all the effects of my argumentative philosophy on my poor lamented friend, now dead and gone, it is a wonder there has not been more acerbity in my remarks, for many a time, after a wordy warfare between him and one of these "sons of the clergy" in the settlement of a long overdue account, contracted on an understanding it was for "ready money," and after repeated applications, couched sometimes in most disagreeable terms, has he come to me boiling over with anger, "There! that's one of your '*Christian* ministers!' one of the lot you want me to go and listen to; do you think it possible I could hear such a man from a pulpit and forget such a scene as this has been? Is it not hypocrisy of the deepest dye? Oh no, don't tell me about Christianity, if that (and you know I have hundreds of them on my books) is a sample of it, I would far rather turn a Roman Catholic, but it would not be to my interest, and that is what I believe in my heart *nineteen* out of *twenty* of them think about more than the souls of men." The difficulty I had to combat with such foes to the Establishment, and to the soul's welfare of my poor dear old friend, no man can conjecture, therefore, if I have been hard upon them, it is

not a matter of much wonder, for with a few, very few bright exceptions, I have been treated by them with a supercilious, dogmatic, overbearing pride, I have found it more than I could stand against, and for that very reason adhere to my text, and shall not consent either to abbreviate or alter one word I have written, whether by so doing I give offence or not.

"FIAT JUSTITIAE RUAT CÆLUM."

This little difficulty—*typical of Austria and Prussia at the twelfth hour*—being, however, satisfactorily arranged by a little giving way on each part, and allowing the *first blow* to be struck, I shall now stand upon the defensive, in *propria personæ* I hope; for doubtless it will injure the *sale* of the work. Not that I either care or am *careless* about that event; for I think it only due to myself to add, I have by me, in writing, the offer from an equally conscientious publisher, thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my writings, to "do the best that he can for" my "bold adventure" (as he calls it), without the slightest mental reservation or condition whatever. Hence this slight *contretemps* MIGHT have been avoided; but I think it better as it is. I rather prefer a brisk wind to a dead calm; but as mortally HATE a *quarrel* as I detest *dogmatism*—the worst "ISM" the religious world is afflicted with.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

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REVIEWS.

"A Star of no common brilliancy, whose anecdotes and humour, and indefatigable jollity, will amply reward perusal. The genuine adventures of a Commercial Gentleman, told by one of the craft, are something

'Unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,'

and lose nothing in the hands of the present chronicler. The unceasing flow of his animal spirits, and the infinite variety of situations, and incidents evidently real, which give life and vitality to every page, make the book a MOST ADMIRABLE RAIL OR STEAM COMPANION.

"He is not without his serious and sober moments, which give a charm to the individual man; and when we say that his book is published with a charitable object, we have said enough to recommend the worthy laureate of the road."—*Globe*, Sept. 13, 1851.

"There is a good deal of amusing *badinage*—'bagman' anecdotes, &c., &c.—to be found in its pages. The objects of its publication are for so praiseworthy a purpose, we can only hope that it may fulfil the wishes of the author, two creditable purposes being served at one and the same time.

"The following is a pretty bit of picturing, '*The Swale (Richmond) Yorkshire.*' [Here follows quotation.]—*Weekly Dispatch*, Oct. 12, 1851.

"Commercial travellers are always lively; and among the whole of that remarkable body, Mr. Frank Starr is unquestionably one of the most animated. From first to last, in the original, and, in many respects, extraordinary volume before us, his abounding animal spirits hold him in good stead, and impart a most exhilarating plesantry to each of his agreeable and very life-like descriptions. The entire narrative is the result of a long and close scrutiny of the manners of commercial travellers, viewed through the medium of a commercial traveller's habits and peculiarities. Hence it will come to many readers most welcome, and to none more so than those to whom it is particularly addressed. We accept it as the genuine expression of the feelings of the author.

"From the very outset of his excursions to the close of them, we recognise the *verve* and enthusiasm of temperament peculiar to the class to which he belongs, and we feel assured that his volume will at once command for itself the popularity to which a perusal of it satisfies us that it is entitled.

"He passes under review the most striking scenes that he has witnessed, the most remarkable events that have occurred to him, and the different people worthy of a reminiscence whom he has met with in the course of his wanderings; and as each representative of his race passes before his imagination, he criticizes them with a voluble rhetoric, a good-humoured railery, and a hearty facetiousness, which irresistibly carry you onward. . . ."—*Weekly Times*, Oct. 19, 1851.

The "Daily News," of October 22d, 1851, after some very happy remarks on commercial travellers, observes:—

"Hence we could scarce believe our eyes when we opened Mr. Starr's book. Our first amazement gave vent in the verse—

'Did ever bagman write a book before!'

Disraeli and Watts say nothing of it. For a while, indeed, we feared Mr. Frank Starr was nothing but a sham. But, as we read on, we soon came to the conviction that none but a veritable bagman could have written a book so free and easy, desultory, intensely anecdotic, and racily idiomatic—choke full of story—as the volume printed and got up with metropolitan elegance just issued from the press at Norwich. The land-lubber has too often, perhaps, since the days of Dibdin and Dr. Moore, personated the literary sailor. But we defy any man who is not a member of the craft, and initiated in that vast freemasonry, to produce anything so rich in the *vernacular*, as these lucubrations of Master Frank Starr, of Norwich. In this point of view, quite independently of its other merits, Mr. Starr's is a most remarkable book. It contains a larger amount of genuine provincial idiom than almost any book we could name. And it is perfectly astounding to see how nine-tenths of it, not merely in words, but in modes of thought and expression, is identical with what we are so much disposed to ridicule in the Yankees and other Americans. (*Here follow some extracts.*) We like and respect the man who is what he is, intensely; and this merit Mr. Starr possesses in the highest degree. He is in soul and body, speech and demeanour, gig, box-coat, and bag, *intus et in cute*—a bagman, and nothing but a bagman, and his 30,000 brethren of the craft will fail in their duty, and forfeit much amusement of the kind most congenial to them, if they do not extensively patronize him."

From the "York Herald," November 15th, 1851:—

"We have little doubt '*Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life*' will meet with a very extensive circulation, for it is something out of the common way, differing from any work that has ever come under our notice. It may fairly be termed a *literary curiosity*.

"That portion of the public who love light reading will also do well to

peruse it, for in it they will find no lack of *amusement in every sense of the word.*"

From the "Sunday Times," November 23d, 1851 :—

"This is an agreeable, gossiping work, upon all sorts of subjects. It is made up of extracts from the journal of the author, who is 'everything by turns, and nothing long,' and dashes on—

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,'

with all the heartiness of a man desirous of 'getting over the ground' in a manner to please himself and gratify his readers. The work will repay perusal, and it has a special recommendation to the 'craft' as half the profits are to be appropriated to that excellent Institution, THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOL."