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THE SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." | "The life that now is shapes the life that is to be."

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

MOUNTEBANKISM IN THE PULPIT.

We like bold, free speaking, whether in or out of the pulpit, providing the speaker aims to be truthful. A stump talker like the Rev. Arthur Mursell may descend rather low for the choice of words even, providing he does not *quite* shock the sensibilities of the common-place refined. We place that to the account of his education, and trouble ourselves more about the matter than the manner of presenting it. But we are horrified at Mountebankism in the name of Christ. To sit under a preacher given to jokes may be endured, providing they are neither numerous nor coarse; but to listen to a defence of brute violence and theft in one breath, and a peroration on the beauties of Christianity in another, is too much for us. We can overlook much in the way of pulpit "trash," but a direct eulogium on the conduct of mobites and thieves we cannot applaud.

The preacher should preach peace, not strife. If his taste is antagonistic to this, he is most certainly a man in the wrong place. A follower of Christ running after popularity by dishing up the last sensational viand to sate the appetites of his flock looks very like Mountebanism; but when he seasons the dish with rank prejudice and all sorts of hot condiments, and after serving up the whole, talks of Christ in a tone of sanctimonious Simon Pureism, it becomes a question which is the greater mountebank, the saint or the sinner.

We have just read a lecture delivered some time back at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, by the Rev. Arthur Mursell. After an introduction, which, on the score of coarseness, does neither Mr. Mursell nor his publisher credit, he proceeds most discreditably to dish up the "Liverpool outrage" in a strongly seasoned manner. We had no idea of having anything further to say in defence of the Davenport Brothers just at present, but since Mr. Mursell's bantam-like crowing strikes us as a specimen of pulpit Mountebankism, we will give our readers a few items taken from the lecture. "Liverpool," Mr. Mursell says, "is the great wharf where all such transatlantic rubbish (the Davenports) is first shot." Pray, Mr. Mursell, think of yourself on the shores of America, and imagine yourself shot down as "rubbish," would you not feel indignant? But you, doubtless, in your self-righteousness, think the application of your remark not exactly appropriate because you are a minister, and the Davenports, you say, are "Mountebanks," which you cannot prove. Let us see to whom the term Mountebankism applies. The Brothers Davenport have, under conditions excluding the possibility of trickery, hundreds of times, before men and women, not of the Tom Noddy kind only, but sterling, thinking, truly noble people, whose testimonies have been given to the brothers, (not without hazard of reputation) established the *bona fide* character of their manifestations. You have *not* been able to comprehend the nature of the phenomena even, much less to establish your claim to slander the mediums. Is there no "Mountebankism," think you, in defaming others without the slightest justification for so doing; without a Liverpool mob stimulated, like yourself, by popular prejudice, justifies you? After calling the Davenports "rubbish," you say, "We rejoice most heartily in the break up of the Davenport cabinet by an indignant and insulted people." Suppose a fanatical indignant mob, feeling insulted by your teaching, should break up your pulpit, Mr. Mursell, what would you think of the man who should publicly assert that he rejoiced most heartily at the outrage? "Ah!" but you are ready to repeat, "they (the Davenports) came before us under false, but profane pretensions." But the error, unfortunately, not only lies in this assertion being "*false*," but in your "*pretensions*" at exposing charlatanism where it does not exist. Let us allow, for argument's sake, that the Davenports were charlatans; if so, shall a minister of Christ rejoice over brute violence, and elevate it into heroism? Shall a minister who professes peace preach war? —who believes that charity is the crowning virtue in a Christian's life, exult over violence not perpetrated by five men against five men, but by a thousand men in the heat of excitement against five men? If such a course be sanctioned in a minister, all we can say is, that the pulpit might cause such a desolation of homes, and such a demolition or property as the world has never seen, even in its days of Clarkson and Priestly assailings, and its Peterloos. Whose lives and properties are safe if the suspicion that persons are tricksters justifies mobbing and plundering?

But, Mr. Mursell, suppose you have mistaken the case by assuming the idea of charlatanism in connexion with the Davenports, what a "sensation" another discourse from you would cause were you to make a clean breast of it by going against the "disappointed and agitated mob!"

"What spirit, save a very idle one, would condescend to aid and abet two Yankee charlatans in throwing fiddles at people's heads, ringing muffin-bells in the dark, and tying their legs together in a cupboard?" continues Mr. Mursell. Had we no philosophic reasons to assign, we should not hesitate to ask whether there is anything more absurd in a disembodied spirit doing all this, than in a minister of religion talking twaddle in the pulpit about "Mrs. Smith borrowing Mrs. Jenkins's tea-kettle"—"the Middlesex dumplin and the Suffolk bantam"—"the quart pewter from the split lips of some gladiatorial publican" —or, to do the grand in true style, mimicing the tones of some Dundreary saying—"Spiwitualism" for Spiritualism, and "extwordinary" for extraordinary—and what far outbalances these puerilities, to praise mobbing and exalt theft? Strange, is it not, while there are so many silly things said by spirits in the flesh, that sensible things should be said by them sometimes? Strange, is it not, that materialised minds cannot appreciate the spiritualised?—that ten thousand Mursells could not influence their faith in spirit-life, in a life-time, so much as one satisfactory proof

that "fiddles flew about, and muffin-bells were rung," and even ropes tied and untied in their presence without mortal agency? If this be a truth, then what becomes of the one-sided twaddle of the minister who grows grandiloquent in defence of cabinet-smashing? &c.

The Davenport manifestations, are they produced by spirit-power? We say their whole experiences before the public are in favour of the hypothesis that they are. Even the mobs at Liverpool and other towns had the useful effect of proving to the public that the secret of their wonderful *séances* was not concealed in the cabinet. In our courts of law we give the prisoner the benefit of a doubt. This preacher is less charitable than the lawyer. If the Davenport manifestations are the results of spirit-power, it is quite right to decide upon the quality of the spirits operating. Suppose we say they are *low*, then there are high spirits, for the one presupposes the other. But Mr. Mursell believes in high spirits, which will be seen beautifully expressed in the following—

The spirit-world! Oh, how many of us have sweet and close connection with it now! Bright threads of endearment are being woven every day between men and women here and happy spirits yonder. As fast as the scythe of the destroyer cuts the silver cord of union below, it is made fast and strong by heavenly hands above. The mother from whose breast the little child is riven, has but to lift the pant a little higher, and waft the fond kiss upwards towards a starry forehead in the skies, which she ere-while pressed downward on the face which looked into her own on earth, for the cord is not broken, but only transferred that she may have a firmer link with the spirit-world. The husband has but to kindle the vision of faith's straining eye at the throne of grace, and the presence which he thought had vanished is a presence still, and he knows by anticipation something already of the rapture of re-union. The spirit-world. We may connect ourselves with it even now by faith. We are surrounded by it, environed, watched, and guarded by its inhabitants, and only this frail filament of flesh holds us back from it. And soon that filament will snap like flax, and you and I shall verily be in the spirit-world.

And he thinks these two kinds of spirits—"the lost and the happy—the one "deathless in their misery," the other "deathless in their happiness." It is very gratifying, no doubt, to a self-righteous man, to believe that the Almighty Father will torture any spirit, however estranged from heaven, for eternity. But to the man who sees his own shortcomings, the shortcomings of his fellows are only in degree greater or less than his own, and if he can hope for redemption, by what authority does he deny it to the worst of sinners?

But we must spare space for one or two more precious items. "The public has, at length, given its verdict, and the agency is decided to be legerdemain, and not 'spirits' at all." Well, Mr. Mursell, suppose that portion of the public who disavow your modicum of orthodoxy were to give a verdict as to your usefulness in Christianising the people, would they be likely to give one in your favour? and would you be willing to accept their decision as just to your views? Even so with the Davenports. The public were prejudiced, and their verdict is no more evidence of truth than a pig's tail is proof of the existence of the moon. As a thinking man, you ought to know that popular feeling can never settle questions of science or religion. You say further—"Each fragment of that broken cabinet is a trophy of common sense over humbug." A little *uncommon* sense is what is wanted if breaking cabinets and plundering the pieces are evidences of common sense, which we believe are not. But apart from this, seeing that you, Mr. Mursell, assume the position that the Davenports are "humbugs," do you not think it would be better if you were first to assure yourself that your assumption is well grounded? It is, we doubt not, gratifying enough for you to season your remarks upon the Davenports with "confederate mountebanks"—"impudent sham"—"blasphemous practice," and so on. But all such extravagancies, which might pass current in Billingsgate, can scarcely elevate the pulpit. "A true man will always be careful to make his appearance in true colours, and will hasten to remove any wrong impression about himself;" and others too, we say. If, therefore, it should happen that you see the error of your ways, all we can say is, appear in "true colours," Mr. Mursell. The Davenports have not appeared in false ones. How is it with you? You have undertaken to preach the religion of Christ. Have you done so whilst you have said that which is false of the Brothers, and eulogised ruffianism and plunder? Have you done so whilst pronouncing a reality a "sham," and pandering to popular prejudice? Surely, you need to remember your own words, "But the man who obtrudes himself before the world with a lie, however specious, in his right hand, shall fall into deserved opprobrium and disgrace." Are there none to whom this applies save the Davenports? We do not charge you with having "a lie in your right hand;" your own lecture rebukes you more than we do. When you learn to "judge not any man lest you be judged," and to preach peace instead of strife, and to learn, above all things, charity, you will cease to parrot forth insult and misconception by the yard; then, at least, the common sense of Englishmen will be saved from the shock of Mountebankism in your pulpit.

MR. HOWITT'S LITERARY SERVICES ACKNOWLEDGED.

We are glad to see a public acknowledgement of Mr. Howitt's long literary services amongst the grants on the Civil List. Though small in itself, and somewhat late, it will, we are sure, be observed by the public with satisfaction, as well deserved. Mr. Howitt and his amiable partner have done too much in the way of literature to cause any surprise that they should receive a grant from the Civil List. We congratulate them heartily, trusting they may have lengthened days to enjoy their well-earned prize. When it is remembered that Mr. Howitt is the author of *The History of Priestcraft*, and one of the sturdiest leaders of the spiritual movement in England, we think our Government is learning a lesson, though late—viz., that a man's sterling literary merits are not to be ignored because of his creed, or want of creed.

JEAN HILLAIRE.

(Continued from Page 148.)

In the year 1863, new ideas penetrated the minds of those residing at Sonnac. A copy of Allan Kardec's *Livre des Esprits* was received by a M. Berthelot. The originality of the title attracted general notice, and five or six of the most incredulous inhabitants rejoiced at the amusement they were likely to derive from the new book. But as they read, far from laughing at the revelations contained in the volume, their minds expanded, and they drank in the full force of the new philosophy, which reminds Christians firstly, of their faith in a Supreme God, Creator, and Originator of space—an All-powerful Deity, equally just and good; secondly, of the practice of love and charity, the universal bond which God, the Father of all, has placed in men's hearts, in order that, by aiding one another, each may perfect individuality, until they are pure enough to be admitted into the glorious mansions prepared for them from the beginning.

The volume was hardly finished before its perusers were eager to test the theory which they felt to be both beneficial and true. They believed and wished to see; they organised sittings, and soon manifestations of mediumship appeared. Among the most sceptical was Jean Hillaire, who had entirely forgotten the visions of his childhood. On the 10th of Feb. he heard there was to be a meeting of investigators at Renaud's house, which he had not been asked to join, at which he felt annoyed, and, impelled by some interior force, determined to go to this meeting, from which he was excluded. Was it curiosity or pique? He knew not; but a voice seemed crying, "Go—brave the tempest; go to Métairie," and, in spite of his wife's dissuasions, regardless of the rain falling in torrents, of the howling wind and intense cold, he started, and soon made his way into the midst of the *seance*. Jean's arrival surprised everyone, but the sitting was speedily resumed, and Jean invited to take a place and test his power. Hardly had he seated himself and taken a pencil, when his hand was moved convulsively and rapidly. By degrees his agitation abated, and after many scratches and lines without meaning, letters appeared, then words and sentences. When he had stopped, Hillaire no longer laughed; he knew he was a medium. After this he perused the works of Kardec, and from that time became one of the most assiduous of the society, proclaiming aloud what had occurred to him. His conversion caused a great sensation in the village.

In the early part of May, Hillaire and Berthelot were walking together, talking of different things, when suddenly Hillaire said to his companion, "Let us overtake that man in front of us." "What man?" replied Berthelot. Hillaire pointed to a spot on the road where his companion saw nothing. They advanced; Hillaire called to the stranger, who stopped for a moment, then proceeded on his way. A very animated dialogue then ensued between the two companions. Hillaire, somewhat annoyed that his friend could see nothing, hastened his pace; but notwithstanding every effort to overtake the stranger, the distance between them remained the same. At that moment he remembered the visions of his childhood, forgotten during the last ten years, and recognised the figure as a spirit. His friend begged him to describe what he saw. There could be no mistaking the identity of J. Bonnet, who had given a direct communication only a few days before. One thing which struck M. Berthelot most forcibly was, that he was perfectly certain Hillaire had never seen J. Bonnet, who had never lived in that part of the country since his birth. Some of deceased's clothes had passed into the possession of his daughter, and were kept as family relics; Hillaire described the figure as dressed in the identical clothes.

On the 20th of May, Hillaire was at work in his vineyard. Fatigued and heated, he sat down to rest, when a sound, as of a stone falling on his spade, startled him. He gazed around, but saw nothing; when a second blow, more violent than the first, struck his ear. The sky was now darkening; a storm was now imminent, so Hillaire returned home and related what had occurred. The next day on approaching the same spot, Hillaire perceived his father advancing with a smile upon his countenance. He saw him stoop down, pick up a stone, and with it knock several times upon the spade, in order to explain clearly that he had caused the sounds on the previous day. A long conversation then ensued between the father and son; the latter speaking in a loud voice, as though his companion had still been in the flesh, and it seemed to him as though his father answered in the same manner. The spirit of his father explained to him, as well as was in his power, that by the combination of the fluids of which all surrounding bodies are composed, with a special fluid which emanates from the bodies of mediums, spirits are able to produce material manifestations, cause a hand to move, a pencil, a pen, a table—in fact anything, and thus communicate with those of earth; that by the same combination they can render themselves visible—tangible—apparently clothe themselves in garments similar to those they were in the habit of wearing upon earth—imitate the sounds of their former voices, and occasionally, though very rarely, manifest themselves visibly to a number of persons. During this long and interesting conversation, the visions of Hillaire's youth were spoken of; the father regretted his incredulity, owned his wrongs, begged his son to forgive him, gave him some good advice, and implored of him ever to follow the rugged path of virtue. He left him at last, pressing his hand with fervour, and promising to watch over him. Hillaire saw him depart, becoming by degrees shadowy and vapourous, and finally vanishing altogether.

The next day Hillaire received a visit from two of his old companions, Godet and François Begeon des Tonches, who having heard of the marvellous things he did, came to ask him, as a friend, to perform a few miracles for their benefit. Hillaire, knowing well how perfectly incredulous they were—how prepared to mock at, rather than study, Spiritualism, refused to enter upon the subject, and taking a basket, climbed into a cherry tree to gather the fruit. Soon he heard his father's voice saying these words, "Do you know what they say of you at their friend B.'s? Get down and prepare to write." Having no paper near, he held a penknife over a smooth stone, and these words were traced for him, "They say that you have entered into an agreement with the devil, and that before three months are over you will be eternally lost." On returning to the village, Hillaire met his neighbour, B. who told him how angry his two friends were with him. He replied, "Do you think it is worth while to try and convert people who pretend I have made an agreement with the devil, and that before three months are over I shall be eternally lost" "How do you know they said that?" replied the other, uneasily. Hillaire then related what had happened, and showed him the stone on which the communication had been made. B., much surprised, confessed those were the words which had been used, but being persuaded that all Spiritualism emanated from the devil, remained unconvinced, and the incident had no immediate consequences.

A GROUP OF GHOST STORIES.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—If each person interested in tales of apparitions would simply write down the more or less well-authenticated ghost histories which they have heard related by their friends and acquaintances as having happened within their own knowledge, the mass of evidence thus gained would astonish themselves. I herewith send you a few gleaned within the last few months.

In the first place I will introduce a narrative copied from a manuscript, yellow with age, and the writing of which has faded into a pale brown. It was given us by a friend who found it amongst the papers of a deceased relative.

"When Sir William Younge was Governor of Martinique" commences this narration, "I was a Lieutenant in the —— Regiment. A gentleman of the name of Blomberg was a subaltern in the same corps with myself. He was of German extraction, and had married a Miss L., by whom he had one child, of whom he was extravagantly fond. Mrs. Blomberg, soon after the birth of this child, died. My friend, who was a man of uncommon sensibility, mourned the death of his amiable wife with the greatest sincerity, and transferred all his affection for the departed to the living child of his care. When his boy had reached his second year, Mr. Blomberg was ordered to this island, and unwilling to leave the pledge of his Caroline's love to the care of strangers, he hired a nurse for the infant, and resolved they should accompany him on his voyage. My friend, who doated on his child, and whose whole happiness centered in its little prattle, was never easy but when the little Edward was with him. If he rode out you were certain of seeing his blooming son seated before him. In short, he existed but in the innocent smiles of his boy.

About nine months after he had been stationed here, business carried him to the windward of this island. At the time the Government House happened to be exceedingly crowded, for barracks not yet being built, most of the officers were obliged to take up their abode in the mansion, and double beds were placed in the chambers. A few nights after Mr. Blomberg had been absent, I had not been in bed a quarter of an hour before I heard a person enter my apartment, advance to my bed, and undraw my curtains. I found that it was Blomberg. I inquired when he had arrived in town. In reply he informed me "He had died that night," and then in the most pathetic words recommended his son to my protection, and disappeared. Struck with astonishment, I rubbed my eyes, and fain would have persuaded myself that it was the vision of a dream; but calling to Mr. M., a gentleman who slept in the same room as myself, I inquired of him if he had heard anybody enter the chamber? He replied, "Yes; I thought it was Blomberg; what brought him here at so late an hour?" "Did you here him speak?" said I. He answered in the affirmative, but observed that he could not distinguish what he said. I then related the particulars, and the next morning mentioned it at the breakfast table, where I was most severely bantered. In the evening, however, news was received of my poor friend's death. He had fallen a victim to a bilious fever which attacked him the very day of his arrival at the place of his destination. This confirmed what I had related. I instantly took the little orphan under my protection. Looking into my friend's papers I found forty pounds, and traced by some letters that the mother and sisters of Mrs. Blomberg were living in ———street, Hanover-square. I found also that though they were people of family, they were in indifferent circumstances, and received a pension of forty pounds a-year from her Majesty. Therefore, considering it necessary to inform them of the circumstance, I determined, in case no person should take pity upon his youth, never to abondon him; and though a lieutenant's pay is too trifling to mention, it was all the fortune I could boast, yet resolved he should partake of my scanty pittance. I embarked the child and his nurse for England, and gave the woman a letter to the grandmother, in which I mentioned the above particulars, and ordered her to carry him to ———street; but strange to tell, both grandmother and aunt refused to receive him. However, they mentioned the circumstance to a person of fashion distantly related to them, who thought the story so extraordinary that she related it to our gracious Queen. Her Majesty pitied the helpless babe, desired to see him, and nobly had him reared and educated with the young prince.

A German lady about the Court took a particular fancy to the child, and treated him in every respect with the tenderness of a mother. Between three and four years ago a gentleman died of the name of Blomberg, leaving an estate from fifteen hundred to two thousand a-year. No heir appeared, and the lady had the generosity to stand forth the friend of young Edward. He being of the same name as the deceased, a distant relationship was traced, and through the assiduty and liberality of the beforementioned lady, he has gained the fortune, and is now at the University persuing his studies. This amiable benefactress, anxious to be near him, has taken a house in this neighbourhood, and it is imagined at her death will leave him all she is possessed of."

[Whilst writing this letter to the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*, I have received the March number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and am interested in observing in one of Thomas Brevior's excellent articles, a version of the foregoing story, as extracted from *Blackwood*. It is curious to observe the variations of the narrative. The present version, as containing the name and fuller particulars, is worthy of preservation.]

The following three ghost tales were given me by an old friend of mine, Mrs. O., residing near Stroud. The first was copied by her for me out of a common-place book, left to her by a near relative, who was herself the subject of much supernatural experience. The narrator, Dr. L., was related to this last-named lady:—

"Dr. L. of Staffordshire, was a man of talent, learning, and fortune, and, what is more, he was a *Christian*. He was considered one of the best readers of his day, both in prose and verse. He was a father to his flock and a friend to the poor, who, for his amiable qualities, generally styled him 'the Good Old Doctor!' It was a well-known fact that he had many wonderful visions and revelations from the other world, two of which I shall mention.

"When at school at Eton, he dreamed that his father's head servant came to him, dressed in deep mourning, and presenting a letter sealed with black, said to him, 'Sir, your father is dead.' He awoke, and whilst relating the circumstance at breakfast next morning, the identical person entered, dressed as he described, and giving him a black-sealed letter, made use of the very words he had dreamed.

"His father was indeed dead, and he, being a minor, was left under the guardianship of an uncle, who was a worthless, extravagant man, and through him he lost several very valuable estates, situated in Ireland, which he never afterwards regained. It was several years after the death of his father that one beautiful, moonlight night he was awakened out of his sleep by a noise resembling the clanking of chains. It seemed to approach nearer until it entered his room; he rose up in bed, and throwing aside the curtains, beheld with astonishment his uncle stand before him! He inquired what had brought him there, and why he came in that manner? His uncle, with the greatest sorrow depicted in his countenance, replied—"Pity, pity, pity me! as I in some sort pity thee!" and then smiting on his breast, left the room. A few days after this he received a letter, informing

him that his uncle died on such a night, at such an hour, which proved to be the very time the apparition came to him."

The following was related by the Mr. W. mentioned in the narrative to Mrs. O. herself:—

"When Mr. and Mrs. W. lived at Clifton, near Bristol they had for next door neighbours a family of the name of S. Mr. S. was a feeble, elderly man, a paralytic, who was frequently wheeled about in a Bath chair. One morning, finding Mrs. W.'s garden door open, he desired the man to wheel him in, saying he would call on Mrs. W., her garden looked so pleasant, &c. Mrs. W. was much surprised to see him, as the two families were not on terms of intimacy; but she politely asked him into the house, and placed him a chair in the dining-room, where she had been busy picking gooseberries. 'You are very industrious, I see, ma'am,' was his observation, on observing the tray of fruit. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'industrious and idle, for you see I have had the gooseberries brought upstairs to me.' 'May I help you,' he asked; and to humour him, for he was almost childish, she found him a pair of scissors, and allowed him to assist her. Some other civilities passed between them, and it seems when he arrived at home that he talked much of Mrs. W.'s kindness, and even sent for the recipe of some medicine which Mrs. W. was taking at the time. Mrs. W. thought no more of these circumstances; but it appeared afterwards that Mrs. S. was displeased and entertained an absurd feeling of jealousy against Mrs. W.

"A month or two had passed, and one night Mr. W. had sate up later than usual reading. It struck twelve as he and his wife went upstairs, and Mrs. W. said, jokingly, 'It is just ghost time!' While they were undressing, Mrs. W. heard a deep groan, as of some one dying. 'Do you hear that?' she asked of her husband. He listened, and soon the sound was repeated. Then Mrs. W. became aware of a figure standing on the other side of the bed—the figure of a woman, completely drest, and looking at her earnestly, with one finger raised and pointed toward her, as if in warning. She did not feel alarmed, but said to her husband, 'Look round this way, there is some one in the room.' He looked, but saw nothing. For some time the figure stood in the same attitude, Mrs. W. repeatedly exclaiming, 'Oh, I wish I knew who this is! The figure is like somebody I know, but I cannot remember who.' She knelt down to say her prayers, but lying down in bed, saw it still there. Shutting her eyes, and drawing the clothes round her, in awhile she fell asleep, and saw and heard nothing more.

"In the morning her husband joked her about the ghost and her nervous fancies. As they went down stairs, the servant man, who was carrying in breakfast, asked Mrs. W. whether they had heard the news? 'What news?' 'The sad news next door, ma'am.' 'What? Is Mr. S. dead?' 'No, ma'am, *Mrs S.* She died last night, a little before one o'clock. Mr. S. was taken in a fit, and the servant ran into her mistress's room, telling her the master was dying. Mrs. S. was so alarmed that she died immediately.'

"At once Mrs. W. remembered that the figure which had appeared to her the night before resembled Mrs. S. But wherefore she should visit her in dying she could not imagine, until some months afterwards, when she was told by one of the servants of the unaccountable jealousy which the deceased lady had entertained towards her ever since her husband's *impromptu* visit."

The following incident occurred to a friend of Mrs. O's husband, and was either related to Mrs. G., the lady herself, or by their mutual friend, Mr. Samuel Jackson, the translator of *Stilling's Life, &c.*:—

"Miss O. was residing at Hamburg, with her brother and sister, about the year 1820. She and her sister were one day seated in a first floor drawing-room, sewing and talking together, when the sister rose up suddenly, put her hand to her head, saying, 'Oh! my head, my head!' and directly afterwards, as if in a fit of delirium, threw herself out of the window, fell upon the flags beneath, and was killed.

"Miss O. was much distressed at her sudden and sad death, and was for some time afterwards almost constantly weeping. One day as she was fretting thus alone, the door opened, and her sister walked in. The apparition was of a grey colour, and approaching her, told her that she had seen her crying herself to sleep the other night, and was now come to comfort her; that she was not unhappy, and that therefore her sister ought not to weep. Then she went away. A short time afterwards she again appeared—this time being of a brighter hue—and assured Miss O. that she was now truly happy, and that she had passed from her former state to a higher one. At a third and last interview she appeared beautifully bright and radiant. Miss O. was much comforted by these appearances of her sister."

So much for ghost-stories given me in manuscript by friends. I will now write down a singular narrative or two, which I have heard within the last few weeks, from acquaintances upon whose statements I can rely. The other evening, conversing with the wife of a barrister about the Davenport Brothers, this lady observed that both she and her husband were the more ready inclined to believe that the marvels exhibited by these young men proceeded from a spiritual source, owing to their knowledge of the spiritual experiences of a young woman, a nurse living in their service, and in whom they had every reason to place reliance. This young woman, whom I have seen, is evidently a remarkable seeress, and not only perceives spirits with her wide open eyes, but possesses the gift of "second sight," examples of which the lady related to me. A younger sister of this young woman also for a short time lived in the service of our friend, the barrister, and his lady. Unlike her sister, she appeared to possess no occult peculiarities. Both sisters are active, lively, and cheerful, but the death of their mother preyed greatly upon the mind of the younger one. Returning home to her father, who is a tailor living in a county town in one of the midland counties, no sooner had this young woman seated herself in the train which was to carry her homeward, than all the other passengers who had entered with her appeared to vanish, and seated in the carriage, she beheld her mother, dressed as during her life upon earth—even her shawl, the daughter noticed, was pinned in exactly the same precise manner which had always characterised her mother when in the flesh. To all appearance she was exactly as she had been before her death. The spirit conversed with her daughter in an affectionate and lively manner regarding family affairs, and appeared especially desirous to impress upon her daughter the necessity of their ceasing to grieve over her removal to another world, assuring her that it was the best possible thing, not only for herself, but also for her whole family, as they all would in due time confess—even her younger daughter; and which, indeed, has proved to be the case. The apparition of the mother remained in conversation with the daughter until the train stopped at the town of L., the daughter's destination; when suddenly her mother's spirit vanished, and the earthly passengers by the train reappeared to the young woman,s astonished gaze. She was greatly and joyfully excited by what she had witnessed, and her father remarked that she talked to him about what she had seen, without intermission, for two or three hours—a very unusual circumstance for her. After the occurrence, she ceased to mourn so bitterly as hitherto the loss of her mother.

Now for my second narration. We have a near neighbour, a great invalid, upon whom we occasionally call. As he is a believer in Spiritualism, our conversation naturally turns very frequently upon spiritual experiences. This gentleman has always been not only what is termed a "professing Christian," but an active and consistent one—a much rarer character. Many years ago, in a season of deep affliction, he became, through the appearance of the spirit of his first wife, convinced of the palpable and beneficent proximity of the spirits of the departed.

During the progress of his present painful illness, he has experienced various noteworthy spiritual manifestations. It is usually through the combination of the senses of sight and hearing that he becomes cognizant of the presence of his spiritual friends. He has again recognised the presence of the spirit of his wife. He describes her as always appearing in a flowing robe of white, of an exquisite shining texture. He compares the material of her garments to satin, but infinitely more brilliant and beautiful. The spirit also of a brother, some years previously removed to the spiritual world, he occasionally sees. He, also, wears a peculiar flowing robe of a brilliant texture, but its colour is crimson, and its brilliancy less striking. Our friend, in attempting to describe these spirit-robes—well-known to all spirit-seers, and denoting the removal of the spirit who wears them into a more interior or higher condition than those spirits who still appear clothed in their earthly garments—appeared to find it difficult to convey to me an idea of their character. The next day I showed him several drawings in colour of spirits and angels, surrounded by their brilliant aureoles, which had been drawn spiritually through my hand. He recognised in them instantly a character identical with that of the spirits whom he had seen. He pointed out one especial robe which resembled the one worn by his brother. Nor was this the first time that these drawings had been recognised by a seer as being an exact resemblance to spiritual beings beheld by him. Nothing is more interesting than the testimony which one branch of mediumship bears to the truth of some other branch.

But to return. Our friend says that he perceives the spirits with him in the room as palpably as though they were human beings. Frequently they appear dressed as when upon earth. Occasionally he beholds spirits entirely unknown to him. Sometimes they appear as though they did not observe him. Sometimes they will address him; sometimes they will not do so. He appears to prefer those who converse with him.

Not unfrequently does he perceive—as is the case with most seers—the spirits of persons still upon earth. Two striking instances of this occurred lately to him. Twice in the middle of the night, being perfectly awake and mentally composed, although enduring his ceaseless bodily anguish, he perceived the presence of a person in the room, and aroused his son, who was sleeping in the same chamber, in order that he also might see the figure. In the first instance, the figure beheld was that of a son living at some miles' distance. The father believed—and could scarcely be convinced to the contrary—that his son, being anxious about him, had suddenly come over to see him. And so,

unquestionably, *in thought* he had done. Upon subsequent inquiry, it was found that at that precise time the son was lying awake, thinking about his father with extreme anxiety. The father particularly noted the exceedingly anxious expression of his son's countenance.

The other figure perceived upon the second occasion was that of a daughter away on the south coast for the benefit of her health, she being also an invalid. Upon inquiry as to what she was doing or thinking of at that particular hour, when thus beheld by her father, she could give no account of herself, beyond the impression that she had been asleep at the time specified. She could not even recollect whether she had dreamed of seeing her father. Most probably, however, she had been dreaming of him—possibly in so interior a condition of sleep as to preclude upon waking the recollection of her experiences in dream-land or spirit-land, as is the case invariably when a person wakes up into the external life out of the mesmeric-trance. The young lady being in delicate health, and also a highly developed spirit-medium, doubtless presented conditions peculiarly conducive to the power of projection of the spirit into distant places.

I must now conclude with a reference to a vision of a celestial character, beheld by this same gentleman, in an earlier stage of his illness, and which has left behind it an unusual sense of joy and consolation. The spirit already referred to of his brother, appeared one day to our friend, and, after conversing some time with him, told him that if he would go into the adjoining apartment he would behold a glorious sight. Thus advised, he entered the room, which appeared to him very large, formed in the shape of a cross, and filled with the seats of an orchestra, where he beheld and heard various quires of glorified spirits, practising a grand anthem, all being led by one commanding spirit, who waved his baton aloft above the assembly. Their blended voices, although very low at first, were so exquisitely attuned that they sounded like one vast, harmonious whisper. Suddenly the various quires burst forth with strains so grand that mortal ears could scarcely endure their glorious sweetness and melody. All the Spiritual beings present were clothed in the most exquisitly shining robes. Our friend knew that he beheld a company of the Blessed. He has ever since recollected this vision with a deep sense of peace and consolation.—I remain, sir, yours sincerely, A. M. H. W.

SPIRITUALISM—ITS EARTH-WORK, OR THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

"Nature is Life." GARIBALDI.

"Earnest men are never offended, that others who differ from them the widest in opinion should be earnest; but they are offended that the earnestness of others should treat their earnestness as folly and guilt."
WM. MACCALL.

"And the question that will then arise with Government, with Commons, with lyceums, perchance in a year, if not sooner, will be, how may I (whoever that *I* may be) have the free exercise of my inborn right to think, feel, and receive the evidence of divinity, and not trespass upon the right of my brother?" REV. DR. FERGUSON.

(To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.)

Sir,—The grand entrance-door of all tyrannies hath been, and is, in placing a man's destiny in the hands of his fellow-men rather than allowing it to follow the course or law of his own development. Society, had it a precise knowledge of all the occurrences which have ever taken place up to this hour, it would not suffice to enable it to make a law which would be applicable in all respects to the very next occurrence which will take place, nor to any one of the infinite millions of events which shall hereafter occur. This diversity reigns throughout every kingdom of nature, and mocks at all human attempts to make laws or regulations or Governmental institutions, which shall work justly and harmoniously amidst the ever-changing variety of the present, and still lies in the unforseen contingencies of the future. And how absurd and vain the attempt at making laws for such purposes, when the very laws we need are already made to our hand by the only capable power, the only competent authority!

Individualities exist everywhere and in everything, but less apparent in minerals than in vegetables, less in vegetables than in animals, as an object is more complicated its individualities are more strongly marked. In proportion as the object is more complicated, it embodies a greater number of elements, and each element has its own individualities, diversities, pecularities, in every new combination into which it enters. Consequently the diversities are multiplied into each other in the infinite augmentation of geometrical progression.

Man—the incipient type perhaps of a higher development—is at present at the head of the universe, the most complex creature in existence—each being a little world in himself—an image or reflection of infinity. Hence the individualities of such a being are utterly immeasurable, and every attempt to adjust the capacities, the adaptations, the wants or the responsibilities of one human being by the capacities, the adaptations, the wants, or the responsibilities of another human being (except in the broadest generalities), is unqualifiedly futile, hopeless, and useless. Hence, every civil or ecclesiastical, governmental or social institution, which is based on the idea of demanding union, conformity or likeness in anything, has ever been, and ever will be frustrated by the operation of this law or method of nature, this subtile and all pervading principle of individuality.

And because that this first principle in social science, this law or method of nature, this law of infinity, has not been properly regarded, but rather disregarded, is one great cause of society having been, and still being, in the turmoil of disorder and revolution, and must so remain until the whole science or true order of society shall be better and more generally understood.

"Spiritual destitution," indeed! whether mouthed forth by bishop or editor, is mental darkness if we do not perceive that in every-day life, without thinking of any principle of action at all, we intuitively adopt the principle of individuality, naturally perceiving it to be the principle of order, of harmony and progress; as when our papers or tools or other things are in confusion we separate them, disconnect them, individualise them; this restores them to order, to harmony, and no other process will do it. When a multitude of ideas crowd at once upon the mind of a speaker or writer, what can he do to prevent confusion but divide his subject, separate with its parts, and give to each a particular or individual time or place. Two persons talking at once, and when there is not sufficient individuality of voice in either to speak one from the other, but both *uniting* together they make nothing but a confused noise. The remedy obviously is to separate, disconnect, individualise them. This is a necessary part of the Divine economy for the government of mankind, as the different notes of a well concerted piece of music are necessary to the harmony of the entire piece.

"It is when the human voice," says Mr. Josiah Warren, "or a musical instrument sounds different notes, one after another, that we obtain melody; and it is only when different notes are sounded together that we produce harmony. The key-note, its fifth, its octave, and its tenth, when sounded together produce a most delightful chord; but these are all different from each other, and they retain their separate individualities, even when thus associated in the closest possible manner, so that, while they are sounding together, the practised ear can distinguish either from the others; they never become combined.

They never unite into one sound, even in the most complicated, or the most enchanted associations! If such were the result—if they were to lose their individualities in association and so unite into one sound—all musical harmony would be unknown, or be suddenly sought from the earth, as social harmony has been, by violations of the natural individualities of man. It is to the indestructible individuality of each note in music that we are indebted for all that we enjoy from this most harmonising art, and it is through a watchful regard to the equally indestructible individualities of man that he is to be indebted for the harmony of society."

"Spiritual destitution"—if it hath meaning—is the lack of individual sovereignty. "If there be anything new in this idea, it is, perhaps, that it is capable of becoming a practical and perpetual regulator of human affairs—an idea to be invested with life and activity—instead of becoming a political abstraction to be admitted as a fundamental truth, as in the American declaration of independence, and then laid upon the shelf to be forgotten and disregarded. If there be anything of discovery relative to it, it is, that this idea kept constantly in mind, in all our intercourse would render all political laws and moral rules as unnecessary as they now are defective and inefficient."

Again, Mr. Warren in his *True Civilisation* says. "Self sovereignty is an instinct of every living organism; and it being an instinct cannot be alienated or seperated from that organism. It is the instinct of self-preservation. The votes of ten thousand men cannot alienate it from a single individual, nor could the bayonets of twenty thousand men neutralise it in any one person anymore than they could put a stop to the instinctive desire for food in a hungry man.

Again, Mr. Warren says in his *Equitable Commerce*, "Individuality thus rising above all prescriptions, all authority, every one, by the necessities of nature, is raised above, instead of being under institutions based on language. Institutions thus become subordinate to our judgment, and subject to our convenience, and the hitherto inverted pyramid of human affairs, thus assumes its true position."

Thus in the universal principles of individuality and the sovereignty of every individual, we recognise the first principles and laws of human nature, or, which is the same thing, the principles and laws of a boundless infinity, whereon the true order of society must necessarily be founded and regulated.

The whole subject may, by some, be deemed difficult to understand, but the difficulty chiefly consists in its extreme simplicity and comprehensiveness; for the words freedom, justice, truth, and love, embrace the whole, and these are of Divine origin, and written in the affections, the heart, and aspirations, of

every human being, and are the source of happiness and honour. Can they be difficult? The difficulty is in the artificial laws, habits, and interested projects of man, which obscure first principles, so that in searching after supposed great things, the simple truth is commonly overlooked. We may hold a thing so close to our eyes that we cannot see it, and those principles which constitute the true order of society are so much a part of ourselves, so closely allied to us that in the constancy of their presence we notice them not, while other things of minor import and the crooked policies of men being constantly obtruded, these sacred principles have been overlooked and disregarded by men who will not trouble themselves to think or understand anything, except as they have been accustomed, or as may serve their selfish worldly purposes.

Those combinations of men called governments, have hitherto been established, and have apologised for the unseemly fact of their existence from the need of protection and the necessity of maintaining order, which, with them, means the keeping things a going as they are. But as to protection, whom and what do they protect but themselves and their minions in their unholy usurpations? Their protection and love of the people are such that they squeeze them to death, and drive them to fratricidal war, to slaughter, and be slaughtered. And as to order, governments have never yet established or even commenced order, much less have they maintained it.

Wars, revolutions, violent outbreaks, have never been ended but rather provoked; public peace and harmony have never yet been secured for the precise reason that in attempting to reduce men to order by coercive means, governments themselves have been the greatest infringers of true order. In proportion as their efforts have been to force men into a certain course, just in that proportion have they become orderly. When the regulating principles of justice and order shall be acted upon, and there shall be positively no external restrictions, there will as positively be no disorder. Perfect freedom or sovereignty can never be realised but by a prior performance of exact justice—"Whose service is perfect freedom."

The real ultimatum of the spiritual or democratic idea is the sovereignty of every individual within the limits, that it is not to be exercised at the cost of other persons, or, so as to throw burdensome consequences on them. The sovereignty of the individual exercised at one's own cost is, therefore, a two edged sword cutting both ways, and defining what one may not do as well as what one may do. It is the sovereignty of the individual, limited by the equal sovereignty of every other individual, and consequently without any encroachment. It is self-government by the aid of, and founded on, a universal principle of human nature, and is the only kind of self-government which has significance or value. Self-government in the vulgar sense of submission to the will of a majority, being a mockery, a delusion, and a cheat.

The science of the (so-called "enlightened") nineteenth century still worships "bulk or power," and when this superstition shall be cleared away, then will man begin to "know himself."

G. E. Harris.

REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF A CLERGYMAN.

(*Continued from page* 167.)

Of course we know that where the conditions of spirit-communion are perfect in the organisation of any individual, that both good and bad, developed and undeveloped spirits, can manifest themseves—as when the gate of a city is open, it is the medium for high and low to enter through; and so we are not surprised when both pure and sinful spirits talk with us through the same individual. Individuals calling themselves by the names of departed saints, whether they really were so or not, have oftentimes talked with us Others, again, have come and made fun of us to our faces, cracking jokes and giving us as smart rapartees as any wit of the present time.

One night my wife and myself only were sitting at the table, when a spirit came and asked us the following question—"Mrs. ———, were you married to him in November, 1842?" We said (being at the time rather astonished at such a question being put to us by a spirit). "No, why do you ask?" "Because your son is now listening to you and stands at your side looking at you, and wishes to know if this was his father." This surprised me much, because we were not speaking of him. nor conversing about anything relating to him Mrs. ——— was married in October 1841 to her first husband, this boy was born in November, 1842, and died six months after, shortly after which her husband died also. Some three years afterwards I got married to her. I was a widower and she was a widow. It is not my intention to write a book at this time about myself, but merely to mention facts, so that those who are intelligent among my brethren may have something to consider about upon the subject of Spiritualism, from one of themselves, who would willingly throw as much light upon the subject as he dare, without bringing down upon his own head the thunders of the dignitaries of the church, as he has already had a small taste of what they can do, and he knows what they would do if they could.

One evening my wife and I were invited to spend the evening with a friend, whose son was one of our mediums. There were eight of us altogether. After tea, the eldest son was asked by his father to play us a piece on the piano, to which he immediately sat down, and accompanied by his brother on the violin, gave us three or four pieces which charmed us all, and harmonised our souls; when all at once James's hand began to quiver and shake at a great rate, and there was no stopping it. He then suddenly jumped up from the instrument on which he was playing, and went over to the table, got some paper, pen, and ink, and wrote out "Mr. K., lower the light." I did so, and warned them all to be quiet. It was a paraffin lamp, so I screwed down the wick, leaving just sufficient to keep it alive. We waited quietly for about ten minutes. Again he took up the pen and wrote in the dark, "Mr. K., screen the fire," There was but little fire in the grate, so we put a large cloak on two chairs, and this screened the fire. In three or four minutes more his hand was again agitated, and he took up his pen and wrote, "Mr. K., mark well the medium's forehead," and threw the paper to me. I turned up the light and read it out, and then turned it down again. We all looked in the direction where the medium sat, but could see nothing, as it was quite dark. However, we kept on looking, and at last my wife said, "I see a light"—so did we all—except one, who said, "I really cannot see it." The light was about the size of a goose's egg across his forehead, of a dim nature not at all bright, but there it was. Shortly afterwards the medium was again made to write "pray" We all knelt down, and I prayed aloud, "O Father, grant that we all may be under a good and gracious influence, so that we may receive light and truth, that we may do nothing contrary to Thy holy will. Open our brother's eyes that he may also receive light as well as us, to Thy honour and glory, for Thy name's sake, amen. "We had no sooner risen from our knees and taken our seats, than he said, "I also see the light." The medium then wrote on the paper, "Thank God you have seen the spirit-light, now we shall be able to show ourselves to you." I turned up the light, and read out the paper, and then put it down again. After remaining a little longer quiet, the medium again wrote, "Mr. K., mark well the medium's actions from his head to his waist, and keep very quiet." We all sat very quiet in great expectation, waiting for what was to come. We heard a great rattle like some electrical machine, and the room began to tremble. The medium stood up, we could see him distinctly, he stood erect, his arms stretched out in the form of a cross; then he lifted his hands to his head, slipping his fingers through his hair some half dozen times. Presently he turned to the wall and shook hands apparently with some one, then he turned right round, and appeared to do the same with some one else, then with another also, then he appeared to embrance a fourth, then shook hands with some one else, and so on for a considerable time, as if he had been meeting with a considerable number of friends, who had all met together for some gladsome occasion. Then, after having saluted them all, he again stood quiet. We could now see from his head to his waist quite clearly; the light was clearer. Presently his appearance was changed, and there stood before us a man of about middle age, with a bushy beard of sandy colour, broad face, high cheek bones, broad full forehead, and benevolent countenance.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE FUTURE LIFE.

Think you the notes of holy song,
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think you that Raphael's angel throng,
Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! we live our lives again,
All worthy touched or coldly dim;
The pictures of the past remain,
Man's work shall follow him.

Still shall the soul around it wall
The shadows that it gathered here;
And at the Future's mystic call
The Past shall re-appear.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave in colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap what we have sown.

London, 1865.

A REAL LIVE GHOST.

We are indebted to a gentleman, who desires us to conceal his name for the present, for the following remarkable story, it having been his *bona fide* experience on the night of Tuesday last, during the prevalence of the storm. As he is well known, and respected for sobriety and veracity, it must not be thought that it was a drunken hallucination or a bare-faced mendacity. He had been engaged until a late hour over sundry ledger accounts (he is a commercial man), and it was not until the clock struck one that he was reminded that an anxious wife awaited him, whose invariable and conjugal rule was never to retire until her husband returned. Closing his ledger, he locked the patent safe, and extinguished the light previous to making his exit. He closed the back office, and was in the act of unlocking the front door to leave, when he bethought himself of a memorandum which he had left behind him. Entering the back office again, he stood aghast and transfixed at a sight which appalled every sense, and rendered the strong man as helpless as a child. There, through a dim ethereal phosphorescent haze, seated in the very chair he had just vacated—motionless, ghastly, melancholy—transparent and absorbed, was a figure not of this world, with a face like the face of the dead, and its whole attention seemingly devoted to the ledger, which was open before it. Immediately behind the apparition was the iron safe, which our informant is positive in having locked, and this was also open! He describes his feelings on the occasion to have been horrible in the extreme, and to use his own words, English phraseology does not include language sufficiently impressive to explain the intense torture crowded into the brief space of a few minutes. He essayed to speak—he was dumb. He endeavoured to turn from the apartment but had no power to move; he sought to distract his own attention by closing his eyes and shutting out the fearful vision, but every nerve and muscle seemed paralised and he was no longer a free agent. Gradually the apartment grew intensely luminious, and stars and spangles of exceeding beauty flitted hither and thither, without noise, but with seeming order and regularity. Our friend says that could the scene have been transferred to the boards of the theatre, and introduced in some grand spectacular piece, it would have realised a fortune for the happy manager in a very short time. But the torture of a great fear was upon him, for he knew himself to be face to face with some dread presence which had no affinity with humanity. The light then gradually waned, and the figure, which without an effort rose from the chair to a supernatural height, seemed gradually to become absorbed into the subtile element which formed its atmosphere. Our informant, an athletic man, remembers no more. The exceeding tension of nerve and sense could bear no more, and he sank insensible to the floor. Upon returning consciousness he found the merry morning sunlight flooding the apartment—everything in its place and order as he left it—safe locked and ledger closed, but the clock, an eight-day clock, which had been wound up the previous morning—had stopped at the hour of one! The story is a strange one, and to some of our readers may appear incredible, but we have the fullest reliance in the honour and serious veracity of the narrator. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."—*Rockhampton Argus.*

REVIEW.

Tangles and Tales. Being the Record of a Twelvemonth's Imbroglio. By Edward Charles Mogridge. London: Saunders and Otley. 10s. 6d.

We have read *Tangles and Tales*, and sit musing like some pilgrim looking far back into the dim Past. Now and again a thought of the days of the heroine breaks like sunlight on our memory, even whilst we are vainly striving to comprehend the "why and wherefore" of this turn in the plot or the introduction of that tale. We have read *Tangles and Tales*, and a woman has shown us how frail the best of men are—not frail in the common sense, but in the exalted sense. Melanie we have seen in life—she is the impersonation of nature, not of art. Yet she looks upon us from these pages "till we fancy her living still." Our interest is so much excited by the heroine, we fear we are not likely to do justice to the other characters—not even to the hero, Paul Meredith. But he must forgive us, since he is embodied in the flesh. First, let us say our excuse for introducing a work of fiction to the notice of our readers, apart from a certain love we bear Antonia, is, that *Tangles and Tales* is above the ordinary sensational stories, and contains here and there touches of the *spiritual*, which serve to show the influence of modern manifestations on the author. As an illustration of this, take the following:—

> At this moment the old clock slowly struck the hour, and the wind rising, began to moan from the hills, white clouds obscured the moon, a gust came sounding through the thick branches of the solitary yew, moving them towards us like huge arms against the darkening sky.
>
> It was midnight.
>
> "Have you no superstitious fears, Melanie?"
>
> The word came almost trembling from my tongue. It was the first time I dared to use it; but before that ancient churchyard, with my thoughts strung up to an exalted pitch, it was no time to take offence.
>
> "Why should I fear?" my companion replied; "we have only evil spirits to dread, and they are shut up in the hearts of the living, not of the dead."
>
> "Do you not believe in the reappearance of our friends again, at rare intervals, perhaps, and seldom to be seen; do you not, at least, think it possible?"
>
> This time Melanie's voice was low and hesitating.
>
> "It is not permitted to me to behold my guardian angel," she said; "but if in some terrible hour of doubt and trial I beheld, hanging over me pityingly, the well-remembered face of my lost mother, would not a sense of love beyond the grave sustain me? Why should I shrink to have the darkness of my life lighted up by some few slight glimpses of those whose endurance is over—who have entered into their rest? There are needs of all kinds in that great world, to which we are travelling, and to some who cannot lean much upon usual friendly sympathy, and whose way is far from being clear before them, heaven, in its tender mercy, may perhaps grant encouragement of this kind, glances of compassion from the eyes so dear, so revered, so confided in while they were yet with us on earth; shadowy welcome, and strange calm and strength from those whom we know we shall meet again when the term of our patient waiting, and all our distresses and fears are over! Let us thank God for all His mercies, and doubt not that these, too, are of them, though seldom known, though such visits may be few and far between."

Apart from all considerations of plot, there runs through *Tangles and Tales* a beautiful trust in Providence, and such a sweet philosophy as to make the book a treasure. Mr. Mogridge's prose is exceedingly chaste. We could wish he had given us more of Melanie, who is no mere fictitious creature, but a woman in every sense. When our writers of fiction shall learn to be natural instead of sensational, their heros and heroines, like Mr. Mogridge's, will make an enduring impression on the reader, which will serve for stimulous to moral heroism. We hail *Tangles and Tales* as an illustration, to some degree, of the effects of the spiritual teaching of this age.

Mr. Mogridge is the son of "Old Humphrey," a name familiar to the religious world. We trust the author of *Tangles and Tales* may not regret the venture he has made upon the troubled sea of criticisim. Whatever the critics may say, we feel he has only to regret giving us so little of Melanie. We so rarely meet a true woman in a novel, that we feel more deeply than we can express the hinderance of some of the other characters. As a fair specimen of Mr. Mogridge's prose, we present the following:—

> As I wandered over the fields towards Pelvershaw, marked for many a mile on the horizon by the huge shadow lines that rose in the west, a strange, wild feeling came by fits and starts over my mind—an expectancy, as it were, of some great event. I was not, or am I, superstitious, but the presentiment could not be shaken off, and my inquiring glance around could detect neither warrant nor explanation for it. Nearer and nearer, as I saw with a sigh, stretched the old eternal hills, and in their bosom nestled the little village as before. Busy gangs of men were employed quickly passing to and fro in the neighbourhood. Ever and anon volleys as of musketry saluted the ear, or rolled with their echoes along the valley like dull salvos of artillery, and they told me the thick-ribbed rocks were being blasted with gunpowder.
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> We heap another trial and another trouble on the unhappy when we blame them for their frozen coldness of manner and action, and expect them, with their hands tied, to work as unremittingly as before—to make bricks without straw—to laugh and be merry at the pleasant little trifles which amuse their more fortunate brothers and sisters—they whose hearts are heavy with depression; when we wonder why they do not scheme joyously for the future, and grasp with interest the events of the hour—they whose thoughts are full of lonely regret for the past days, full of fear of the unknown to come, and agony at the unjust and terrible Present. Surely the pity and the patience which we may give to these, the abstaining from useless reproach, at least, the kind of passive help which we can afford them by sympathy and cheerfulness, if no other be possible—surely this cup of cold water given to those little ones will have an exceeding great reward in life, and after it.
>
> Ah, if fairy tales were true! ah, if it were only necessary to find the talking bird, and enchanted fountain—to slay the necromancer in the castle halls—to defy the wizard's spells and sorcerer's arts! Action! action! that is what the young, impetuous spirit prays and craves for, fearing no danger, and staying for no peril.
>
> The severest trial of all—that which eats into the soul, like rust into the tempered steel, is weary waiting, dull biding for opportunity, poisoned Delay! Oh, terrible Endurance! slow and deadly, which arrests the young pulses in their generous play, and makes their beat sluggish and uncertain—which causes the strong, noble heart to sicken and die down, week by week, year by year, till its full tension ceases, and Doubt chills its ardour and its desires—which robs the frame of the elasticity with which it started to meet and breast the storms of Fate, and brings in its stead the melancholy, expectant gaze, and that mournful sign, the bowed head. Oh, dreary Delay! oh, fell and baleful wrecker on the coast of Destiny, whose prey is human hopes, whose victims are human hearts!—who would join with thee and assist thee in thy cruel mockeries and terrible deceptions?—who shall record the righteous retribution that dogs the feet of those who dare to do so? Even suffering Patience spreads her snowy wings to depart, and Heavenly Charity veils her face and turns away from the spectacle.

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