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THE THREEFOLD DEVELOPMENT  
OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

HARRIS AS POET.

THE stirring orations of T. L. Harris, during his appearances last spring and the recent winter in London, the articles in the *Spiritual Magazine*, the onslaught of the *Morning Advertiser*, circulating through the exulting press, and the refutations of the *Advertiser* in the *Critic*, also circulated, but reluctantly, through the newspapers, have to some extent made known the extraordinary character of Mr. Harris's preaching. Yet the awakening to the reality of this ministry in its fulness, and its depth, and its greatness, has been by no means commensurate with its importance. Some four or five hundred persons have weekly assembled at the *Marylebone Institution* to listen in wonder to the gorgeous outpourings of this great Medium, to thrill under the quick contagion of his spiritual life, to breathe the intoxication of his poetry, to bathe in the mingled aromas of love and tenderness, and touching sympathies with the outcast, the suffering and down-trodden which saturate his spiritual atmosphere, and to electrify or to be confounded by the startling dogmas of his faith; but how far they have been convinced, much less conformed, remains yet to be discovered. For the rest, great London, with its millions of population, with all its statesmen, and state affairs embracing the world in their arena, with all its archbishops and bishops and clergy of every degree, representing the theology and faith of the nation, with all its legislators discussing daily the interests not only of this but of every country to the remotest seas and climes, with all its learned and literate, with all its philosophers, its journalists, its poets, its novelists, its metaphysicians—with all its merchant princes and traders, myriad in their types—with all its great artists and mechanists in matter and in mind—with all its

theorists, and essayists, and speculators in intellectual regions, in every possible direction, and with all their monster train of worshippers making up the great, quivering, restless, impulsive and many-headed multitude; all those who are in impassioned quest of novelties and marvels, and those who have such to offer—all have rolled on their way as if no Jonah were in the model Nineveh. Some few stragglers from the camp of letters, from the regions of the pulpit, or the high places of society, have occasionally wandered into the Marylebone Institution, but the great Mammoth of London life has remained unmovedly grazing in its usual haunts.

The secret of this strange apathy amongst a population which sends its ten thousand to listen to the homely commonplace sprinkled with some few jokes and stinging ideas of a Spurgeon is palpable enough. The press has a most salutary and well-founded fear of Spiritualism. It has been taught caution by the utter failure of its combined efforts in America. There, thinking only to trample down a "reed shaken by the wind," it has run its head against a rock. Here, it has affected to laugh and sneer, but has sagaciously stood at a safe distance; the *Advertiser's* assault only resulted in damaging reaction; the Dickens' escapade only introduced, on the part of its originator, a most expressive silence. Had Mr. Harris not been a Spiritualist—and there had been a vigorous effort to strip him of that character—all the world would have run after him. The open-mouthed throng, always belted for a race after the extraordinary, would have poured breathlessly into his lecture-room, and Exeter Hall alone would have been capable of containing a tolerable tithe of his hearers. But the press, whose first energetic trumpet-note would have stirred the whole giant camp of London wonder-hunters, on that great modern route of Athenians who spend their time in hearing, and telling, and making news, has been sagely cunning. It has neither sounded its *reveillé* or its warning. It has found it best to ignore, where it cannot grapple, and keeps a wise silence as to the monthly statements and facts of the *Spiritual Magazine*, though many of its copies are extensively and dutifully furnished to the leaders of the press and the pulpit.

The least wary and clear-sighted of journalists only have ventured to break a jest on what they call those "foolish physical manifestations," those raisings and speaking through and shaking of tables, such as were recounted by a Dr. Blank, M.R.C., in the last *Spiritual Magazine*. They venture on this because they do not see that these physical manifestations are inseparably linked to the higher and more spiritual ones—yes, to the very highest. They no more see that the "foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of man," than the Jews did at the a ve

of Christ. That God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. That the first movements of the Deity in all ages and all dispensations are pronounced foolish, because they stand alone in the vision of these wise ones, the second and subsequent stages of the development of the divine plan being yet below or above the human horizon. It is thus that God's foolishness is again exciting the contempt of the wise of the earth, as it did when this same divine folly swathed omnipotence in the swaddling clothes of infancy, and laid it in a manger in Bethlehem. Which nailed the Saviour of the world to the accursed tree, after having spat in the face of the Eternal Majesty, instead of receiving the Messiah and making him a king, as the self-wise and ambitious Jews wanted to do with him, had they known him. The Jews could not tolerate God's foolishness, nor can our Scribes and Pharisees of to-day. They cannot see that the development of Spiritualism is *three-fold*. First comes this wave of foolish physical manifestations from the secret but illimitable ocean of the divine economy—comes as the auray and absolutely necessary harbinger of the higher developments, the Intellectual, and, finally, the Spiritual. They cannot see that the Holy Ghost, in its great work of the ages, is bringing every man to judgment, and that before the judgment there must be LIFE. God cannot judge a stone or a clod, because they have neither life, consciousness, nor responsibility, and the mind sunk into the death of materialism is but a clod or a stone so long as it is in that state. The great realm and condition of materialism must be first broken up, its stony deadness dashed to pieces, its dormant life excited by that other stone which is cut out of the mountain without hands, which is already on its way crushing and grinding to powder the whole inert mass of materialism, and evoking in agony and astonishment the souls compressed and embedded in it. Not only the materialism which denies all soul and spirit, all Creator and created life beyond the mechanical life which it supposes is the physical organisation, but that other materialism which pervades all churches and religions. A materialism which rejects the real life of the divine, the real presence of Christ in his immediate healing, restoring, and wonder-working potency. A materialism which boasts of its faith, but of faith only in the past. Whose religion is not a living form but a tradition, which, like the church of Sardis, "Has a name that it lives, yet is dead." All this vast and varied mass of materialism must be first shattered and destroyed, and it can be destroyed only by material manifestations. No higher or psychical or ethical operation can touch it, for it is incapable of perceiving it. It must be plucked naked from its material petrification, from its dead, dark, and deaf incrustations, and raised to life

before the living spirit can become apparent to it and operative upon it.

This is the work of "those foolish physical manifestations," low and undignified as they seem to the yet unsealed vision; they are God's physical hammer pounding and pulverizing the material crusts which eighteen centuries of a failing faith—of an ever accumulative secular residuum of selfishness and grossness—of death-exhaling philosophies, have wrapped about the souls of men. *Similia similibus curantur* in this case as in pharmacy. The material element must be destroyed by the material; but that material ensouled and actuated by the power of God acting directly, or by his host of ministering angels; and if the devil shall intrude himself with all his angels into this great work, as he undoubtedly will do, he shall be compelled to work the will of God, and affect those ends which he most abhors.

First comes this great wave of physical manifestation, destroying physical death, rousing up the deadened souls of men, whether they will or not, dissolving the cements of skepticism and compelling them to stand in their ranks, living and conscious entities, knowing that there is a spirit-world, and a spirit-life, and a spirit-God, and thus prepared for judgment. When this first development shall have done its appointed work, and materialism is dead indeed, and the soul of humanity stands thrillingly conscious—believing, per force, the dread realities of time and of eternity, then will come the second wave of life, entering into the intellectual portion of man; and after that the third, entering into, occupying, vivifying, and glorifying the spiritual nature, and perfecting the divine scheme of the complete restoration of humanity—for the threefold nature of man must receive the influences of the threefold dispensation of the triune God.

They shall come, do we say? In fact all these developments have arrived already. There are men in whom the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual transformations have already taken place—and amongst these stands pre-eminently T. L. Harris. Mr. Harris is no full-blown medium, bursting at one creative bound into his present condition. He has passed through the metamorphoses of spiritual progress from the first and physical to the last and spiritual. We have his history as given by his own friends and countrymen, and reproduced in the *Spiritual Magazine* of last month; we have it in his own works. In the introduction to the *Lyric of the Golden Age*, we find his publisher Mr. Brittan, stating various instances of his being the medium of those physical manifestations on which he has lately cast so much suspicion. These, says Mr. Brittan, then acting as his amanuensis were produced "by invisible beings, who lift the veil from the universe, and thus reveal scenes of immortal life." By the

agency of these spirits, he possessed the power of thought-reading, that is, reading the minds of those around him, was "employed by spirits in the transmission of a healing power," was led by them, not by the immediate and undelegated agency of God, into other worlds; was enabled to give to a sorrowing widow news of her husband in the other world, to convince the most sceptical by the statement of the most startling facts, known before only to themselves; was led by a spirit to New Orleans, and shown the approach of the yellow fever which in 1853 desolated that city, carrying off upwards of 10,000 people; was enabled to prevent the premature burial of a gentleman by such agency. And on one occasion had diffused through him aromatic odours to such an extent as to fill the large three-storied room of a Mr. Robbins, of New Orleans—a proof of the actuality of the odour of sanctity believed in by the Roman Catholic Church, which we ourselves have frequently witnessed in a person now living.

From this physical mediumship, Mr. Harris has passed up through the other. Of his wonderful intellectual manifestations it is the ultimate object of this paper to speak; from that, but without losing that intellectual afflatus, he has ascended into the spiritual and apostolic state in which the splendour and trenchant force of his sacred oratory have so much charmed and astonished his hearers in this country.

But not only have the blind scoffers at the "foolish physical manifestations" failed to perceive the present status of Harris as the direct sequence of them, but they have not discerned the equally remarkable fact, that all these grades of development are simultaneously at work in this country, not only in hundreds and thousands of families, but in the most prominent public examples of the different mediumships.

It is a singular and significant fact, that three of the greatest mediums all proceeding from that country in which the new wave of Spiritualism eventuated—the United States of America, are all actively exercising the powers conferred on them in England at this moment. Mr. Home and Mr. Squire, as physical media, are carrying the knowledge of the spirituo-physical phenomena far and wide amongst the ranks of the aristocracy, the literary, and the middle class. Mr. Harris is demonstrating the other two grades of the new dispensation in his marvellous extempore preaching.\*

Does the public perceive the real meaning of these facts? Does it perceive that the prophets of a new era are abroad?

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\* Mr. Harris and Mr. Squire are born Americans. Mr. Home, though not born there, spent his early youth there, and there received his spiritual investiture.

That the men who turn the world upside down are come hither, as they went in the first days of Christianity to Thessalonica? That the word has gone out as clearly as that which came to Jonah—"Go to London, that great city, and cry against it, for its wickedness is come up before me?" That is the actual cry of Harris. Suddenly he stands in the midst of this great and luxurious metropolis, not like a simple fact, but as a phenomenon. It is not simply a preacher from the New World who stands there, but it is SPIRITUALISM in his person, which stands and lifts the clarion voice of denunciation, and rudely pulls the Lamia mask of *soi-disant* Christianity from the easy, self-indulgent, unregenerate form that has so long worn it, and reveals the hideous impostor beneath. Never was there man, not even Knox or Fox, who made us feel how immense is the gulf betwixt the great, stern truths of the gospel on which he takes his stand, and the present civilized world which clothes itself with the name of Christianity! A Christianity in all European lands, crying Lord! Lord! to the Prince of Peace, and yet armed to the teeth, and ready to deluge the world with blood. A Christianity—even in this country, the most Christian of them all, in every vein and artery, and bone and muscle of its moral constitution, corrupt to its core. Corrupt in state and church, in law and literature, in commerce, and general society. A Christianity which is but another name for as much selfish paganism, when measured by the genuine principles of Christ, as the world pleases to indulge in under that sacred name. A Christianity which, finding the cross of Christ too heavy for it, has cut little shaving-crosses from it, which it may carry without any inconvenience. It is Spiritualism, which in the name of Harris is stripping naked this foul and thoroughly corrupt pseudo-christianity, just as Home and Squire and others are knocking to pieces its petrified materialism with its own material mallets.

But it is not merely as a preacher that Harris is thus making war to the death on the old wolf in sheep's clothing, which has so long usurped the name of Christianity: it is equally as a poet that he wields the weapons of remorseless extermination against the blasphemous sham. Whether in the pulpit or out of it Harris is essentially the poet. His sermons are prose poems, and his poems are the most eloquent and uncompromising of sermons. No one can have heard him without feeling that his whole soul and intellectual constitution are absolutely and throughout poetical. Independently of the poetical imagery that irradiates his language, his flights of imagination are those of the poet rather than the preacher, and we perceive that he arrives at his conclusion by flashes of intuition rather than by the muscular and laborious processes of the reasoning faculties. His truths are thrown forth

by inspiration not elaborated by strenuous induction. But as a poet, perhaps Mr. Harris occupies a more *sui-generis* and extraordinary position than as a preacher. It is wonderful to pronounce such sermons as his, without the slightest preparation, as from processes conducted by spiritual power though our own minds, we are satisfied that he does; but how much more wonderful to pour forth epic poems in the same way, and epics which may challenge the most triumphant comparison with any productions of our own time.

The history of these poems is most curious. When Harris had passed through the spirituo-physical phase, and the inspiration had invaded and permeated his intellectual system, he was occasionally seized with trance, and in his trance he dictated these poems, a volume at a time, or fast as his amanuensis, generally his publisher, could write it.

The chief of these poems are "The Epic of the Starry Heavens," "The Lyric of the Morning Land," "The Lyric of the Golden Age," and "Regina, a Song of Many Days." The whole of these poems, though they contain from 200 to 381 pages each, have been thrown off within the last ten years, the bulk of them within much less time. "The Lyric of the Golden Age" was published in 1855; "Regina" last year, during the author's residence in this country. But the apparent fecundity of this spiritual muse is a mere trifle compared with the rapidity with which the individual works were thrown off. Mr. Harris has himself informed us from his platform that "The Lyric of the Morning Land" was dictated in *thirty-six* hours, though it would have done honour to any first-rate poet to have elaborated it in twelve months. "The Lyric of the Golden Age," Mr. Brittan, the editor and one of the publishers of it, and by whose hand the greater part was written from the dictation of the medium, was completed in *ninety-four* hours, though it consists of 381 pages; that is, these were the number of hours actually employed in the dictations, though the space of time during which this dictation went on at intervals amounted to some months.

When we regard well the quantity and the quality of the matter produced, and the time and mode of its production, we may well say with Mr. Brittan—"It must be admitted by every intelligent reader, that the 'Lyric of the Golden Age,' is a splendid triumph of the ideal. The sublime heights of the ancient Parnassus are lost beneath the heaven of the imagination, from which the poet

Stoops to touch the loftiest thought.

There is a startling reach and boldness in many flights, while the ideas look like stars that rise in heaven to illuminate the world. The elements of ethereal beauty, of exquisite pathos, and almost

unapproachable grandeur here mingle in sublime accord, while the spirit that pervades the whole is pure, lofty, and sublimely just. The moral influence of the poem must be good, and in all respects worthy of the high estate of its immortal authors. Error, vice, crime, every species of tyranny and slavery, and all forms of evil are condemned and spurned. Truth and love are crowned with divine honour, while personal virtue, practical justice, and universal holiness, are hymned as the appropriate graces and accomplishments of purified and perfected humanity. In all respects, and in whatever else is most essential to true poetic excellence, this 'Golden Age' may be measured with any poem of ancient or modern times."

To me this language appears by no means exaggerated, nay, I can subscribe freely to what follows:—"This lyric has scarcely less than Miltonic grandeur, while in parts, at least, it has more than Miltonic splendour. The descriptive parts are wonderful as illustrations of the compass of our language. It would severely tax the capabilities of the most gifted mind to coin its phraseology alone, which, however, is neither strained nor far-fetched, but natural, flowing, and melodious as a valley brook. The poem contains many passages which are not surpassed in exquisite delicacy and beauty by anything in the whole range of English poetry.

In fact, the mode in which these poems have been produced, taken in connection with their surprising character, has no parallel in the annals of literature; and the opinion of Mr. Brittan can scarcely be deemed an exaggeration, that "the wonderful gift of improvisation in Mr. Harris so far excels the unaided powers and normal operations of the human mind, that he may, perhaps, be destined to stand alone in the literary annals of our time" in this respect. The poems contained in this particular volume are given expressly as dictations from Rousseau, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Pollok, &c. These spirits are represented as purified and evangelized in the spirit world. Pollok has renounced his hard and damnatory Calvinism. Their presence is represented as having been sensible to the spirits of those in *rapport* with Harris; the very sound of their voices, and the hymnings of attendant choirs of angels heard. I presume Harris would now doubt the express identity of these fame-crowned poets, since he has in his late sermons expressed his belief that devils assume the shape of angels of light, and deceive even tender mothers in the guise of their departed children. But whatever the form, the product proves it to be a great and good one. These strains could come only from mighty poets, or the Creator of them. Numerous persons attended these *séances* during their delivery.

I propose in a second paper to bring the most popular poetry of the present age into comparison with this, and to shew the wonderful difference of the planes whence they arise, of their scope, and grasp. For the present it is enough to state that they have a most extraordinary vigour and elasticity; that they take their stand, not on the partial arena of earth and its interests alone, however elevated and majestic; they assume the platform of time linked to eternity; they take into their substance the whole being and duration of man, and range through the imperishable splendours and realities of the infinite. *The Golden Age* opens in this noble style:—

“As many ages as it took to form  
The world, it takes to form the human race.  
Humanity was injured at its birth,  
And its existence in the past has been  
That of a suffering infant. God through Christ  
Appearing, healed that sickness, pouring down  
Interior life: so Christ our Lord became  
The second Adam, through whom all shall live.  
This is our faith. The world shall yet become  
The home of that great second Adam's seed;  
Christ-forms, both male and female, who from Him  
Derive their ever-growing perfectness,  
Eventually shall possess the earth,  
And speak the rhythmic language of the skies,  
And mightier miracles than His perform;  
They shall remove all sickness from the race,  
Cast out all devils from the church and state,  
And hurl into oblivion's hollow sea  
The mountains of depravity. Then earth,  
From the Antarctic to the Arctic Pole,  
Shall blush with flowers; the isles and continents  
Teem with harmonic forms of bird and beast  
And fruit, and glorious shapes of art more fair  
Than man's imagination yet conceived,  
Adorn the stately temples of a new  
Divine religion. Every human soul  
A second Adam, and a second Eve,  
Shall dwell with its pure counterpart, conjoined  
In sacramental marriage of the heart.  
God shall be everywhere, and not, as now,  
Guessed at, but apprehended, felt and known.”—p. 1.

I will take, as a fair specimen of the poetry and broad Christian philosophy of this spiritual epic, the recipe for writing a poem. In this we see how far the requirements of Spiritualism are beyond the standard of the requirements of the world in poetry. They include the widest gatherings of knowledge, and still wider and loftier virtues and sympathies.

“To write a poem, man should be as pure  
As frost-flowers; every thought should be in tune  
To heavenly truth, and Nature's perfect law,  
Bathing the soul in beauty, joy, and peace.  
His heart should ripen like the purple grape;  
His country should be all the universe;

His friends the best and wisest of all time.  
 He should be universal as the light,  
 And rich as summer in ripe-fruited love.  
 He should have power to draw from common things  
 Essential truth!—and, rising o'er all fear  
 Of papal devils and of pagan gods,  
 Of ancient Satans, and of modern ghosts,  
 Should recognize all spirits as his friends,  
 And see the worst but harps of golden strings  
 Discordant now, but destined at the last  
 To thrill, inspired with God's own harmony,  
 And make sweet music with the heavenly host.  
 He should forget his private preference  
 Of country or religion, and should see  
 All parties and all creeds with equal eye;  
 His the religion of true harmony;  
 Christ the ideal of his lofty aim;  
 The viewless Friend, the Comforter, and Guide,  
 The joy in grief, whose every element  
 Of life received in childlike faith,  
 Becomes a part of impulse, feeling, thought—  
 The central fire that lights his being's sun.  
 He should not limit Nature by the known;  
 Nor limit God by what is known of him;  
 Nor limit man by present states and moods;  
 But see mankind at liberty to draw  
 Into their lives all Nature's wealth, and all  
 Harmonious essences of life from God,  
 And so, becoming godlike in their souls,  
 And universal in their faculties,  
 Informing all their age, enriching time,  
 And building up the temple of the world  
 With massive structures of eternity.  
 He should not fail to see how infinite  
 God is above humanity, nor yet  
 That God is throned in universal man,  
 The greater mind of pure intelligence,  
 Unlimited by states, moods, periods, creeds,  
 Self-adequate, self-balanced in his love,  
 And needing nothing and conferring all,  
 And asking nothing and receiving all,  
 Akin by love to every loving heart,  
 By nobleness to every noble mind,  
 By truth to all who look through natural forms,  
 And feel the throbbing arteries of law  
 In every pulse of nature and of man."

But this vast panorama of the accomplishments of the great  
 Christian poet is too far-stretching for our limits. We must  
 refer the reader to the volumes themselves, where they will find  
 every form of poetic beauty, both epic and lyric, as rich in  
 harmonies as they are affluent in moral and celestial truths. I  
 could select whole pages of gems, any one of which would stamp  
 the poet and the philosopher. So this very description of the  
 poet's needful endowments—

" He should hold,  
 His gift is reverence. He should mould his life  
 In beauty's perfect fashion, holding on

Columbus-like through floods of thought unknown,  
Till tropic archipelagoes of song,  
Till virgin continents of stately verse,  
And undiscovered worlds of harmony  
Repay the bold adventure."

What a profound truth, and how poetically expressed is this on creeds:—

"Creeds are the leaden weights dead corpse-men wear  
When they are buried from lone ships at sea,  
Freighted wherewith they never rise again!"

Such thoughts are sown through these poems, thick as glow-worms on a summer-heath; and ever and anon come snatches of rhythmic beauty, like those which Shakspeare plants in the shades of his great dramas, like primroses in the early spring woods.

"When swelling buds their sheaths forsake—  
Sing, cuckoo, sing, in flowering tree—  
And yellow daffodils awake,  
The virgin Spring is fair to see.

"When streams through banks of daisies run—  
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
And skylarks hymn the rising sun,  
Spring holds her courts in grove and lea.

"When cowslips load with sweets the air—  
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
Spring braids with flowers her golden hair,  
And bids the mating birds agree."

Such are slight indications of the noble poetry of these extraordinary volumes; the most extraordinary circumstance connected with them being, that the poet through whom they have issued to the world, renounces all merit and authorship in them! Mr. Harris says freely and positively—"These are not mine. They are the works of mighty poets in their glory above." Can a man be a poet and not estimate the vast sacrifice of such a renunciation? There is nothing like it in the history of literature: the nearest approaches to it are, when Macpherson renounced the poems of Ossian, and Chatterton those of Thomas Rowley. They were actual and great mediums, and stripped sturdily far more resplendent laurels from their brows than they won in their own names. Thomas Harris throws down at the feet of departed masters of song far nobler lays. Now if there required one evidence of the reality of Spiritualism greater than another, it seems to me to be this, that a man alive to all the thrilling charms of poetic fame, voluntarily discrowns himself, and gives the glory to another. Here is a system which lays prostrate all the pride of intellect. Which takes the most precious gifts and talents and lays them on the thresholds of other minds, or at the sublime footstool of Deity. If this be not a self-renunciation embodying

the height of our Saviour's command—"When ye have done all this, say we are but unprofitable servants"—we know not where to look for it.

Yet who reads these unique poems? Certainly not the critics. In America, Mr. Harris's poems were received with the utmost applause, till he announced them as spiritual productions: then the critics became dumb. Yet, so numerous are Spiritualists in America, that most of these volumes have gone into several editions. In this country, the press observes the same instinctive caution. The members of it feel that to acknowledge the real greatness of this poetry would be to acknowledge an outburst of Christianity which, in its power and its truth,—would render pale and hideous the pride of genius, the absence of justice in criticism, of love and sympathy, and magnanimous conduct towards unfriended genius, which now so cruelly abound amid equally shameless cliqueism and favouritism.

It is now more than two years since I endeavoured to induce the editor of the *Westminster Review* to notice these poems as they deserved. I read to him many passages from them, and he exclaimed, "Very extraordinary! very remarkable." I urged him to notice them, simply on their basis as poetry, which he might do without any reference to their origin; and mark!—soon after he gave an article on Spiritualism, in which he raked together everything he could render ridiculous. He gave not the slightest sign of his knowledge of the existence even of Harris's poems, but quoted some wretched doggrel as a specimen of the average poetry of Spiritualism! And such dishonest and wilful perversion of truth and fact is what, in this country, dares to plume itself as—Criticism!

In conclusion, I would not imply that these poems are faultless. They have their imperfections, as they have their beauties; and in my next paper I shall notice them. This, however, is certain, that Harris is at present the representative of the poetry and the preaching of Spiritualism. To what heights he may yet be led the future alone can disclose. It was well observed in the opening article of the *Spiritual Magazine* of the last month, that "it is nothing to say that Spiritualism has not put forth its greatest man. Mediumship is in its very germ—its infancy, just born into the world, and now observed and scanned for the first hour." If it be the divine power which we believe it to be, it has before it greater men and greater glories than the world has yet seen. In Harris's own words:

" Each nation shall unfold  
A separate type of mind,  
Of separate Seers,  
Of Sages vast in thought,  
And Prophets inly wise,

And Heroes nobly strong,  
 And Hierophants ablaze  
 In Soul with Deity,  
 And princely Kings of Space,  
 Religion, Art, and Song,  
 Building the second Thebes  
 Of myriad-gated truth ;  
 Building the second Rome  
 Of universal power,  
 Rearing anew to heaven  
 Sweet Poetry's divine  
 God-animated sphere."

*Golden Age*, p. 95.

This is the grand truth which Mr. Harris is continually insuring upon. That we have only to open up our souls to the infinite Master of the Universe, and the plastic powers and the colours of the highest regions of the universe, and the Pæans of the innermost empyrean will descend upon science, literature, and art.

"Open thy soul to God, O Man, and talk  
 Through thine unfolded faculties with Him  
 Who never, save through faculties of mind,  
 Spake to the Fathers."

*Golden Age*, p. 116.

NITON, ISLE OF WIGHT,  
 April 5th.

## THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS, A SPIRITUALIST.

THE late Duchess of St. Albans (Harriett Mellon) sent for the gaol chaplain to enquire into the character of a young woman, whose mother had befriended Harriett when they were actresses, and the following conversation is reported by the chaplain to have taken place between the Duchess and himself:—

"My interference hardly cancels the debt I owe her mother's memory—that mother, my early, kind, and firm protectress. Alas; alas! that she herself should be for ever beyond the reach of my gratitude.

*Chaplain.*—"But she may possibly be conscious of your kindness to her child.

"Hah! said she, starting—now, we meet on common ground. You believe then, that the departed take cognizance of what is passing in this world of care and sorrow? That has long been my conviction. But, think you further, that they are ever permitted to revisit this fallen scene—that the veil which shrouds the invisible from the visible world is ever withdrawn—and that they who have long since departed from amongst us return to those whom they have loved, to admonish and to warn them? I fully believe they do. Your looks say No! Oh, yes! I am aware it is a creed which is ridiculed, despised, and scouted by the million, but nevertheless it is mine."

"It is a debatable subject, and I would rather not moot it, &c."—*The Gaol Chaplain*, p. 104.

## REMARKABLE SPIRIT MANIFESTATION.\*

By MR. S. C. HALL.

AT Worcester, a few weeks since, I accidentally met, at the house of a banker in that city, a lady whom I had not previously known; and from her lips I heard a story of a character so extraordinary that no commonplace voucher for the veracity of the narrator would suffice, in the eyes of most people, to establish its authenticity.

Nor was it an ordinary testimonial which, on applying to our host, he furnished to me. He had known the lady, he said for more than thirty years. "So great is her truth," he added "so easily proved is her uprightness, that I cannot entertain a doubt that she herself believes whatever she says." Blameless in her walk and conversation, he regarded it as an incredibility that she should *seek* to deceive. Of strong mind, and intelligent upon all subjects, it seemed almost as difficult for him to imagine that in the narrative he had himself frequently heard from her lips—clear and circumstantial as it was—she should have been a self-deceiver. And thus he was in a dilemma. For the facts were of a character which he was extremely reluctant to admit; while the evidence was of a stamp which it seemed impossible to question.

My own observation of the lady, stranger as she was to me, confirmed everything which her friend the banker had told me in her favor. There was in her face and manner, even in the tones of her voice, that nameless something, rarely deceptive, which carries conviction of truth. As she repeated the story, I could not choose but trust to her sincerity; and this the rather because she spoke with evident reluctance. "It was rarely," the banker said, "that she could be prevailed on to relate the circumstances,—her hearers being usually skeptics, more disposed to laugh than to sympathize with her."

Add to this, that neither the lady nor the banker were believers in Spiritualism,—having heard, as they told me, "next to nothing" on the subject.

I commit no breach of confidence in the following communication. "If you speak of this matter," said the lady to me, "I will ask you to suppress the name of the place in France where the occurrences took place." This I have accordingly done. I may add that the incidents here related had been the frequent subject of conversation and comment between the lady and her friends.

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\* From Owen's *Footfalls*.

Thus premising, I proceed to give the narrative as nearly as I can in the lady's words.

"About the year 1820," she said, "we were residing at the seaport town of —, in France, having removed thither from our residence in Suffolk. Our family consisted of my father, mother, sister, a young brother about the age of twelve, and myself, together with an English servant. Our house was in a lonely spot, on the outskirts of the town, with a broad open beach around it, and with no other dwelling, nor any outbuildings, in its vicinity.

"One evening my father saw, seated on a fragment of rock only a few yards from his own door, a figure enveloped in a large cloak. Approaching him, my father bid him 'good evening;' but, receiving no reply, he turned to enter the house. Before doing so, however, he looked back, and, to his very great surprise, could see no one. His astonishment reached its height when, on returning to the rock where the figure had seemed seated, and searching all round it, he could discover no trace whatever of the appearance, although there was not the slightest shelter near where any one could have sought concealment.

"On entering the sitting room, he said 'Children, I have seen a ghost!'—at which, as may be supposed, we all heartily laughed.

"That night, however, and for several succeeding nights, we heard strange noises in various parts of the house,—sometimes resembling moans underneath our window, sometimes sounding like scratches against the window frames, while at other times it seemed as if a number of persons were scrambling over the roof. We opened our window again and again, calling out to know if any one were there, but received no answer.

"After some days, the noises made their way into our bedroom, where my sister and myself (she twenty and I eighteen years of age) slept together. We alarmed the house, but received only reproaches, our parents believing that we were affected by silly fancies. The noises in our room were usually knocks,—sometimes repeated twenty or thirty times in a minute, sometimes with the space perhaps of a minute between each.

"At length our parents also heard both the knockings in our room and the noises outside, and were fain to admit that it was no imagination. Then the incident of the ghost was revived. But none of us were seriously alarmed. We became accustomed to the disturbances.

"One night, during the usual knockings, it occurred to me to say aloud, 'If you are a spirit, knock six times.' Immediately I heard six knocks, very distinctly given, and no more.

"As time passed on, the noises became so familiar as to lose

all terrifying, even all disagreeable, effect ; and so matters passed for several weeks.

“ But the most remarkable part of my story remains to be told. I should hesitate to repeat it to you, were not all the members of my family witnesses of its truth. My brother,—then, it is true, a boy only, now a man in years, and high in his profession—will confirm every particular.

“ Besides the knockings in our bedroom, we began to hear—usually in the parlor—what seemed a human voice. The first time this startling phenomenon occurred, the voice was heard to join in one of the domestic songs of the family while my sister was at the piano. You may imagine our astonishment. But we were not long left in doubt as to whether, in this instance, our imaginations had deceived us. After a time, the voice began to speak to us clearly and intelligibly, joining from time to time in the conversation. The tones were low, slow, and solemn, but quite distinct: the language was uniformly French.

“ The spirit—for such we called it—gave his name as GASPAB, but remained silent whenever we made inquiry touching his history and condition in life. Nor did he ever assign any motive for his communications with us. We received the impression that he was a Spaniard ; but I cannot recall any certain reason, even, for such belief. He always called the family by their Christian names. Occasionally he would repeat to us lines of poetry. He never spoke on subjects of a religious nature or tendency, but constantly inculcated Christian morality, seeming desirous to impress upon us the wisdom of virtue and the beauty of harmony at home. Once, when my sister and myself had some slight dispute, we heard the voice saying ‘ M—— is wrong ; S—— is right.’ From the time he first declared himself he was continually giving us advice, *and always for good.*

“ On one occasion my father was extremely desirous to recover some valuable papers which he feared might have been lost. Gaspar told him exactly where they were, in our old house in Suffolk ; and there, sure enough, in the very place he designated, they were found.

“ The matter went on in this manner *for more than three years.* Every member of the family, including the servants had heard the voice. The presence of the spirit—for we could not help regarding him as present—was always a pleasure to us all. We came to regard him as our companion and protector. One day he said, ‘ I shall not be with you again for some months.’ And accordingly, for several months his visits intermitted. When one evening at the end of that time, we again heard the well-known voice, ‘ I am with you again!’ we hailed his return with joy.

"At the times the voice was heard, we never saw any appearance; but one evening my brother said, 'Gaspar, I should like to see you;' to which the voice replied, 'You shall see me. I will meet you if you go to the farthest side of the square.' He went, and returned presently, saying, 'I have seen Gaspar. He is in a large cloak, with a broad-brimmed hat. I looked under the hat, and he smiled upon me.' 'Yes,' said the voice, joining, 'that was I.'

"But the manner of his final departure was more touching, even than his kindness while he stayed. We returned to Suffolk; and there, as in France, for several weeks after our arrival, Gaspar continued to converse with us, as usual. One day, however, he said, 'I am about to leave you altogether. Harm would come to you if I were to be with you here in this country, where your communications with me would be misunderstood and misinterpreted.'

"From that time," concluded the lady, in that tone of sadness with which one speaks of a dear friend removed by death,—“from that time to this, we never heard the voice of Gaspar again!”

These are the facts as I had them. They made me think; they may make your readers think. Explanation or opinion I pretend not to add, further than this: that of the perfect good faith of the narrator I entertain no doubt whatever. In attestation of the story as she related it, I affix my name.

S. C. HALL.

The following is extracted from *The Memorials of Shelley*, recently published and edited by Lady Shelley.

"One night loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses rushed out of their room in alarm! Mrs. Shelley also endeavoured to reach the door, but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon the Williamses found Shelley lying horribly into the air, and evidently in a trance. They waked him, and he said that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned him; he followed the imaginary (?) figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculated "*siete sodisfatto?*" (are you satisfied?) and vanished."

Another vision appeared to Shelley on the evening of May 6 (1822) when he and Williams were walking on the terrace. The story is thus recorded by the latter in his diary.

"After tea, while walking with Shelley on the terrace, and observing the effect of moonshine on the waters, he complained of being unusually nervous, and, stopping short, he grasped me violently by the hand, and stared steadfastly at the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing him so manifestly affected, I demanded of him if he was in pain, but he only answered, 'see it is again! there!' He recovered after some time, and declared that he saw as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child (Allegra, who had recently been rescued from the sea and clasped its hands, as if in joy smiling at him."

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

By the Author of *Confessions of a Truth-Seeker*.

SPIRITUAL manifestations, we are sometimes told, may be credited by ignorant enthusiasts and visionaries, by idolatrous papists and fanatical sectaries; but sound orthodox Protestantism we are assured, knows nothing of these idle fantasies and of wives' fables. Well, let us see—is it so? You, my orthodox brother, are a sound churchman; you regard our National Church as the bulwark of Protestantism; you subscribe to her creeds, collects, canons, and homilies; and respect the views of her eminent divines. Let us see then what some of these authorized formularies of the Church teach on this matter, and what some of these distinguished divines, usually appealed to as authorities in the Church, have thought about it. I have no intention of conducting you through the whole body of Church-divinity on its relation to this theme, and should be ill fitted for such a task; but I may serve as a finger-post to point the road, and may report what I have myself found in that direction.

That the Church of England (in common, with I think I may say every Christian church) teaches Spiritualism in its most sacred and highest sense—that of the action of the Spirit of God upon the individual human spirit and consciousness; will, I think, not be gainsaid by any who are conversant with the Book of Common Prayer. Probably, however, few who make that admission consider what it implies, even according to the Church's own teaching. Let me then direct attention to the fact that the Church of England recognizes, as a consequence of the operation of God's Holy Spirit indwelling within us, the continuance and permanence of those spiritual gifts promised in connection with the gifts of the Spirit, and manifested so powerfully at its first outpouring on the Christian Church. I cannot do better than quote the demonstration of this point, in the *Morning Watch*, in reply to an attack of the *Edinburgh Review*, on the spiritual manifestations in London at the time of Mr. Irving's preaching.

“The Church of England expressly teaches us to expect and pray for the gifts of the Spirit. The whole Liturgy is full proof that such an expectation was continually present in the minds of those who set it forth. Almost every prayer expresses it: as that for the king—‘endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts:’ that for the royal family—‘endue them with Thy Holy Spirit; enrich them with thy heavenly grace:’ that for the people and clergy—‘Almighty and everlasting God, who al-

workest great marvels, send down upon our bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their charge, the healthful spirit of thy grace.' And that our forefathers made no distinction between the gifts we are instructed to pray for, and those bestowed on the apostles at Pentecost, is manifest from the Collect for Whitsunday:—'God, who as at this time didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people, by sending to them the light of the Holy Spirit, grant us, by the same Spirit, to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort;' and in the Collect for St. Barnabas's day—'O Lord God Almighty, who didst endue thy holy apostle, Barnabas, with singular gifts of the Holy Ghost, leave us not, we beseech thee, destitute of thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them always to thy honour and glory.' And, lest it should be supposed that the gifts thus expected and prayed for were in any respect different from those bestowed upon the Church at the day of Pentecost, we subjoin a passage from the Homily for Whitsunday:—'On the gifts of the Holy Ghost,' one of those homilies mentioned by the thirty-fifth article of the Church of England, and as 'godly and wholesome,' enjoined to be 'read in churches by the ministers diligently and distinctly, that they may be understood of the people.'

Here is now that glass, wherein thou must behold thyself, and discern whether thou have the Holy Ghost within thee, or the spirit of the flesh. If thou see that thy works be virtuous and good, consonant to the prescript rule of God's word, savouring and tasting not of the flesh but of the Spirit, then assure thyself that thou art endued with the Holy Ghost: otherwise, in thinking well of thyself, thou dost nothing else but deceive thyself. The Holy Ghost always declare himself by his fruitful and gracious gifts; namely, by the word of wisdom, by the word of knowledge, which is the understanding of the Scriptures; by faith; in doing of miracles by healing them that are diseased, by prophecy, which is the declaration of God's mysteries; by discerning of spirits; diversities of tongues, and so forth. All which gifts, as they proceed from one Spirit, and are severally given to man according to the measurable distribution of the Holy Ghost; even so do they bring men, and not without good cause, into a wonderful admiration of God's divine power.\*

And in the second part of the same Homily, it is said:—

Our Saviour, Christ, departing out of the world unto his Father, promised his disciples to send down another Comforter, that should continue with them for ever, and direct them into all truth. Which thing to be faithfully and truly understood the Scriptures do sufficiently bear witness. Neither must we think that this Comforter was either promised, or else given, only to the apostles, but to the universal church of Christ, dispersed through the whole world. For, if the Holy Ghost had been always present, governing and preserving the church from the beginning, it could never have sustained so many and great tribulations of affliction and persecution with so little damage and harm as it hath.

\* The *Morning Watch* might also have quoted here the following passage the next page to that above cited. "Much more might here be spoken of the manifold gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost, most excellent and wonderful to our eyes; but to make a long discourse through all, the shortness of time will not serve."

And the words of Christ are most plain in this behalf, saying, that the Spirit of Truth should abide with them for ever; and that he would be with them alway (he meaneth by grace, virtue, and power), even to the world's end.

And so, in the Third Part of the Homily for Rogation Week:—

I promised to you to declare, that all spiritual gifts and graces come specially from God . . . . . God, the Father of all mercy wrought this high benefit unto us, not by his own person, but by a mean, by no less a mean than his only beloved Son . . . . . It is He by whom the Father of Heaven doth bless us with all spiritual and heavenly gifts . . . . . To this, our Saviour and Mediator hath God the Father given the power of heaven and earth, and the whole jurisdiction and authority to distribute the goods and gifts committed to him: for so writeth the apostle (Eph. iv.) 'To every one of us is grace given, according to the measure of Christ's giving. And thereupon, to execute his authority committed, after that he had brought sin and the devil to captivity, to be no more hurtful to his members, he ascended up to his Father again, and from thence sent liberal gifts to his well-beloved servants; and hath still the power to the world's end, to distribute his Father's gifts continually in his church, to the establishment and comfort thereof.'

Again, I do not see how those who assert the doctrine of apostolical succession can consistently deny the succession of those spiritual powers and gifts by which the apostles evidenced their divine commission. The two are conjoined, and they who disclaim the one, forfeit, as it seems to me, all just pretensions to the other. Rogers, an eminent and learned divine, in his work on the Thirty-nine Articles, published 1681, plainly represent what are called miraculous gifts, as still forming part of the qualification for the ministry. He says, "Lastly, we do read that God hath ordained to the Church some to be Apostles, some prophets, some teachers, some to be *workers of miracles*. (1 Cor. xii. 28.)" And, that he speaks this of times present as well as times past, is evident from his telling us "that the church, as it hath been, so it shall, till the end of the world, be provided for. They who are thus called *have power either to work miracles, as the apostles had*, or to preach and minister the sacraments where they will, as the apostles might: but they are tied every man to his charge, which they must faithfully attend upon; except urgent occasion do enforce the contrary." The calling of these men is termed a *general* calling: and it is the *ordinary*, and *these days*, the lawful calling, allowed by the word of God."

The Rev. Thomas Boys remarks:—

The Book of Common Prayer, in its *unabridged* form, contained a distinct recognition of *miraculous gifts*. I refer to the *gift of healing*, said to have been exercised by the kings of England. The reality of this gift thus exercised is a subject which I am not called upon here to discuss though, if any feel disposed to reject the idea at once, as absurd, they will only betray their own ignorance for people are little aware how much has been written on this subject; and perhaps it would surprise them to be told that there yet exists a mass of evidence to the fact, which would be deemed amply sufficient to establish any other fact in English history. The point now to be mentioned is, that the service used on the occasion, when people came to be healed, and the king performed the ord

place of touching, *was formerly a part of our Prayer Book*; and I understand there are editions as late as 1721 or 1723, in which it yet retains its place.

It remains to be added, that the Church recognized this as a spiritual gift in her distinctive Protestant character. That is, that while she expunged from her services the peculiarities of the Romish faith, such as the invocation of the virgin, this recognition of a miraculous gift was deliberately retained. Bishop Bull, (who died 1709-10) speaks of it as "the relique and remainder of the primitive gift of healing:" "the touch of the royal hand being assisted with the prayers of the priests of our church attending," and of the fact of cure thereupon being supported, not only by "the faith of all our ancient writers," but by "the concurrent report of *hundreds of most credible persons in our own age* attesting the same."

Another gift, that of the *casting out of devils*, is also recognized by the Church of England. The Seventy-second Canon directs, somewhat quaintly, that no minister or ministers shall, *without the licence of the bishop of the diocese*, "attempt upon any pretence whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or cosenage, and deposition from the ministry." Here the reality of "possession" and "obsession" by "devils" or evil spirits, and also of dispossession is admitted. The Canon requires only that the latter be not attempted without the authority from the diocesan, in order that irregularities may be suppressed.

This brings us to another stage of the argument. Spiritualists recognize the operation amongst men of separate spiritual intelligencies, both good and evil. What says the Church of England to Spiritualism under both of these divisions? We have seen that it recognises "possession" and "obsession" by wicked spirits; and, the following passage from the Homily, "Against Peril of Idolatry," seems to evidence still further a recognition of their agency. "Neither ought miracles to persuade us to do contrary to God's word. For the Scriptures have for a warning hereof foreshewed, that the kingdom of Antichrist shall be mighty in miracles and wonders, to the strong delusion of all the reprobate."

On the other hand, what means that clause in the Apostles' Creed, recited by minister and congregation ever Sunday—"I believe in the communion of Saints." Communion, according to Webster and Johnson, signifies "mutual intercourse, converse, fellowship." This "mutual intercourse, converse, fellowship," with Saints, or glorified spirits of the departed, is just what Spiritualists affirm. Bishop Pearson, in his "Exposition of the Creed," writes, on this article of it, as follows:—"The Saints of

God, living in the Church of Christ, are *in communion with all the Saints departed out of this life, and admitted to the presence of God*. And in a marginal note to this, he remarks,—“This is that part of the Communion of Saints, which those of the Antients especially insisted upon, who first took notice of it in the Creed.” And, he thus sums up his observations on it:—

To conclude, every one may learn from hence what he is to understand by this part of the Article, in which he professeth to believe *the Communion of Saints*; for thereby he is conceived to express thus much; I am fully persuaded of this *as of a necessary and infallible truth*, that such persons as are truly sanctified in the Church of *Christ*, while they live among the crooked generations of men, and struggle with all the miseries of this world, have fellowship with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as dwelling with them, and taking up their habitations in them: that they *partake of the care and kindness of the blessed Angels*, who take delight in the administration for their benefit: that beside the eternal fellowship which they have in the Word and Sacraments with all the members of the Church, they have an intimate union and conjunction with all the Saints on earth, as the living members of *Christ*; nor is this union separated by the death of any, but as *Christ*, in whom we live, is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, so have they *fellowship with all the Saints, which, from the death of Abel, have ever departed in the true faith and fear of God*, and now enjoy the presence of the Father, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. And thus, I believe *the Communion of Saints*.

Again, what language can be more explicit than that of the *Collect for St. Michael and all Angels*.

O EVERLASTING GOD, who hast ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order; Mercifully grant, that as thy holy Angels alway do thee service in heaven, so by thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen*.

That, is eminently a Spiritualist prayer. I have known it used by Spiritualists at their circles and meetings: it embodies in a devotional form the Spiritualist faith, in so far as it is truly believed, earnestly felt, and sincerely offered by any Church.—that, is a Spiritualist Church. And however the Spiritual faith may have declined in the Anglican Church of our day; it is a standing witness, and protest against that declension, and an evidence of the larger faith and deeper insight of the Church of the Reformation.

Whatever may be thought in other respects of the tendencies of the Tractarian party in the Church, it is gratifying to find that in this they cherish and seek to revive the genial faith of their Church in its earlier time. In their devotional poetry especially, (and here, if anywhere, the deepest faith and feelings of the soul find expression), is this manifested. Perhaps, no work of this kind has been more acceptable to them, or more fully represents their best religious thoughts and aspirations than THE CHRISTIAN YEAR: *Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays throughout the Year*. Its object, as stated in the INTRODUCTION, is, to bring our “Thoughts and feelings into

more entire harmony with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book." As indicating, therefore, the belief of at least a considerable, and influential section of the National Church, I freely quote it. My references are to the *fifty-third* edition, 1858. In the verses, page 343, we read—

If thou hast lov'd in hours of gloom,  
To dream the dead are near,  
And people all the lonely room,  
With guardian spirits dear.

Dream on the soothing dream at will.

and at page 304—

They who nearest stand  
Always to God in Heaven, and see his face,  
Go forth at his command ;  
To wait around our path in weal or woe,  
As erst upon our King.

In the verses on the " Visitation and Communion of the Sick."

O soothe us, haunt us, night and day,  
Ye gentle Spirits far away,  
With whom we shared the cup of grace,  
We to the lonesome world again,  
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain,  
Practis'd with you at Eden's door,  
To be sung on where Angels soar,  
With blended voices evermore.

Again in those on " St. Barnabas,"

O! happy Spirits, marked by God and man,  
Their messages of love to bear ;  
What though long since in Heaven your brows began  
The genial amaranth wreath to wear,  
And in th' eternal leisure of calm love,  
Ye banquet there above ;  
Yet in your sympathetic heart,  
We and our earthly griefs may ask and hope a part.  
Comfort's true sons ! amid the thoughts of down  
That strew your pillow of repose ;  
Sure, 'tis one joy to muse, how ye unknown  
By sweet remembrance soothe our woes !

I am sure I need make no apology for introducing yet one more extract from this delightful volume : it is from the verses on the " Third Sunday after Trinity :"—

In vain : the averted cheek in loneliest dell  
Is conscious of a gaze it cannot bear,  
The leaves that rustle near us seem to tell  
Our heart's sad secret to the silent air !  
Nor is the dream untrue ; for all around  
The heavens are watching with their thousand eyes,  
We cannot pass our guardian angel's bound,  
Resigned or sullen, he will hear our sighs.  
He in the mazes of the budding wood  
Is near, and mourns to see our thankless glance  
Dwell coldly where the fresh green earth is strew'd  
With the first flowers that lead the vernal dance.

In wasteful bounty shower'd they smile unseen—  
 Unseen by man—but what if purer sprights,  
 By moonlight o'er their dewy bosoms lean  
 To adore the Father of all gentle lights.

From the *LYRA APOSTOLICA*, a volume similar in tone to *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*, let it suffice to quote the concluding lines, in which the voice of a spirit is represented as saying—

“ I still am near,  
 Watching the smiles I prized on earth,  
 Your converse mild, your blameless mirth.

Now too I hear,  
 Of whispered sounds the tale complete,  
 Low prayers and musings sweet.”

In the hymns used at All Saints Church, Margaret-street, London, (the model church of high churchmen, recently built at a cost of £70,000) the reader will find verses like these:—

From high angels Thee attending,  
 Thou dost faithful guardians send ;  
 In mysterious ways descending,  
 May they keep us to the end.

All who circling round adore Thee,  
 All who bow before Thy throne,  
 Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,  
 Thy bequests to carry down :  
 To and fro twixt earth and heaven,  
 Speed they each on errand given.

It would, however, be a grave error to suppose that the belief in question attaches to any one section only of the National Church, or that it is held as a sentiment merely, not as a conviction. It has been put forth by Church divines of every shade of opinion ; it has been enforced from the pulpit as well as in the poem, in works addressed to the reason as well as those which appeal chiefly to the imagination and the heart. It is not very long since that the Bishop of London, in a Sunday service at Westminster Abbey, according to the *Times*' report, used the following language:—

“ The especial lesson taught by Jacob's dream was, that God constantly controlled our thoughts, and *that we were constantly in connection with the world of spirits*, whilst we thought we were far away amid earthly things. He entreated those whose thoughts turned heavenward not to check them, for they might be certain that they were enlightened by the same glorious presence which cheered Jacob in the wilderness.”

This “ especial lesson ” requires to be particularly enforced at the present time, for, as remarked by the Rev. E. Bickersteth:—

“ No part of divine truth can be neglected without spiritual loss ; and it is too evident that the deep and mysterious doctrine of revelation respecting evil spirits and good angels has been far too much disregarded in our age.”

Travelling backwards, we find Archbishop Tillotson, in his sermon “ Of the joy which is in heaven at the repentance of a sinner ” (Luke xv. 7), concluding “ that the blessed spirits above

have some knowledge of the affairs of men here below, because they are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner;" and he speaks of "their *ministry* here below for the good of the elect, and their *continual intercourse* between heaven and earth." And in his sermon on "The nature, office and employment of good angels" (Heb. i. 14), he remarks that—

God's wisdom and goodness has thought fit to honour his creatures, especially this higher and more perfect rank of beings, with his commands, and to make them, according to their several degrees and capacities, the ordinary ministers of his affairs in the rule and government of this inferior world. . . . . And that *the angels of God are the great ministers of his providence here in the world, hath not only been the constant tradition of all ages, but is very frequently and plainly asserted in Scripture.* . . . . So that according to the persuasion of these two excellent persons, and of greatest renown for piety in all the Old Testament (Abraham and David), very much of the safety and the success of good men, even in their temporal concerns, is to be ascribed to the vigilant care and protection of good angels. And though this be seldom visible and sensible to us, yet we have great reason, upon so great testimonies, to assent to the truth of it. And there is no reason, I think, to doubt but that God's care extends now to Christians, as well as it did to the Jews; and that the angels live as much kindness for us as they had for the Jews; and there is no reason to think that the angels are now either dead or idle. . . . . Evil spirits are believed by Christians to be as active now, to all purposes of harm and mischief, as ever; and why should any man imagine that good spirits are not as intent and busy to do good? The apostle (I am sure) tells us in the text, that the angels in common (all of them) do employ their service about us, and wait to do good offices to us: *are they not all (says he) ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them that shall be heirs of salvation?*

Again, Bishop Hall, in his treatise on *The Invisible World*, speaks of the relations in which men stand to both good and evil angels and spirits. In the section entitled, *Of the Apparitions and Assumed Shapes of Evil Spirits*, he writes: "I doubt not but there were many frauds intermixed both in the acting, and relating divers of these occurrences; but he that shall detract from the truth of all, may as well deny there were men living in those ages before us." And in speaking of various physical manifestations which they have power to effect, he remarks that "By applying active powers to passive subjects, they can produce wonderful effects," as "were easy to be instanced in whole volumes, if it were needful, out of history and experience." Speaking of good angels, he remarks: "This we know, that so sure as we see men, so sure we are that holy men have seen angels." That he was himself conscious of their presence, and sensible of their services, seems apparent from the following passages:—"O ye blessed spirits ye are ever by me, ever with me, ever about me; I do as good as see you, for I know you to be here; I reverence your glorious persons, I bless God for you; I walk carefully because I am ever in your eyes, I walk confidently because I am ever in your hands." "O ye invisible guardians, it is not sense that shall make the difference, it shall be my desire to be no less careful of displeasing you, than if I

saw you present by me clothed in flesh. Neither shall I rest less assured of your gracious presence and tuition, and the expectation of all spiritual offices from you, which may tend towards my blessedness than I am now sensible of the animation of my own soul." Finally, in treating of *The Employment and Operations of Angels*, he thus speaks of some of the benefits we derive from their ministrations. "Have we been raised up from deadly sicknesses, when all natural helps have given us up? God's angels have been our secret physicians. Have we had instinctive intimations of the death of some absent friends, which no human intelligence hath bidden us to suspect, who but our angels hath wrought it? Have we been preserved from mortal dangers, which we could not tell how by our providence to have evaded, our invisible guardians have done it."

The learned and judicious Hooker observes, that—

Angels are spirits, immaterial and intellectual. In number and order they are large, mighty, and royal armies, desiring good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men; in the countenance of whose nature, looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves; beside which, *the angels have with us that communion* which the Apostle to the Hebrews noteth, and in regard whereof they disdain not to profess themselves our fellow-servants. And from hence there springeth up another law, which bindeth them to works of *ministerial employment*.

Bishop Heber, too, as is evident from a passage in his *Indian Journal*, inclined to the belief that the spirits of the just were sometimes permitted to hover over those they love; and he has also expressed his conviction that there are recorded instances of spiritual apparitions in modern times, "which it would be exceedingly difficult to disprove." Bishop Beveridge thought "that those who are truly pious, have every one his angel always with him, is very probable." No doubt, too, the reader has often admired these simple lines of Bishop Ken:—

O may thy angels while I sleep,  
Around my bed their vigils keep;  
Their love angelical instil;  
Stop every avenue of ill.

May they celestial joys rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse.

Whether, then, we refer to the Church's confession of faith; to her standards of doctrine, devotion, and discipline; to the devotional poetry which finds favour with, and may be presumed to represent, to a great extent at least, the faith and feelings of her worshippers; or, to the views of some of her most distinguished theologians and representative men, we are brought to the same conclusion, that Spiritualism (however it may be ignored or put out of sight by those of her communion who cannot make it square with the philosophy in vogue, and who worship at *that* shrine), is an important constituent element of the Church's

belief; not something externally attached to it, but an integral part of it.

In urging this view I am not anxious to shelter Spiritualism under the robe of orthodoxy; my wish is rather to remind churchmen of some of the principles they profess, and of the duty of being true to those professions and accepting them with all their consequences. I regard Spiritualism as something belonging to all churches, and anterior to all churches:—a golden thread interwoven with the texture of every religious creed: an instinctive belief of humanity, and one warranted by revelation, tradition, universal experience, and the highest reason. Nothing can be more unfair, and no mistake in the consideration of Spiritualism can be more fatal than the common practice of confounding its principles with its accidents, or with particular modes of its manifestation; for, if its principles are true, its present modes of manifestation might all disappear to-morrow, and new modes of manifestation and new phases of the subject be presented. Spiritualism is not that idiotic abortion with which some popular ignorantly-learned men would cheat the public mind. It is THE SCIENCE OF MAN'S RELATIONS TO THE WHOLE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE. It is not the insignificance but the magnitude of the question which prevents our theologians and minute philosophers from taking hold of it. They cannot trace its coast lines: their eyes are blinded with the mere spray that from the oceans of the spirit world beats upon our shores. Man is a *microcosm*. There is in his nature that which corresponds and enables him to stand in relation to whatever is highest or lowest in the realms of spirit. He may sink himself into a companionship with the most degraded spirits of Infernus; or, he may rise to communion with spirits of just men made perfect; with angels who stand before the face of the Eternal Father; nay, have we not authority to declare that he may become the very temple of the Holy Ghost.

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#### DIRECT WRITING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

We find in Mr. Bateman's *Life of Dr. Daniel Wilson, the late Bishop of Calcutta* (vol. i. p. 403), that a curious tradition lingered in Malacca upon the occasion of the Bishop's primary visitation. It was in connection with a ruined church either built by St. Francis Xavier who visited Malacca in 1545, or dedicated to him by the Portuguese after his death in 1552. And it is stated, that on occasion of the signature of St. Francis being required to give validity to an important deed, a hand came from the chapel where he lies buried at Goa, and signed his name.

THE FORCE OF A FACT.

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DURING the visit of Mr. Home to London in 1855, I was privileged to witness some wonderful spirit manifestations, such as raps on the table, on the floor, walls, and ceiling, the table moved, a bell carried round the room in the air ringing, and a concertina played without earthly hands. I also felt the hands of spirits laid upon me, and more, I saw a spirit-hand manifest in the air. In relating these wonders I usually have to tell my hearer that I know he must believe me to be deluded, albeit they took place in the company of some dozen gentlemen known to me, and strangers to Mr. Home, in a friend's house, in clear candle light, and in a room which Mr. Home until that evening had never entered. Were he to have told me a like story I should have been incredulous. Nothing I expect can convince of the reality of such marvellous phenomena but a similar personal experience. Doubt does not offend me, for I know that were I to change places with my listener, I should be even as he is.

I speak thus, because towards the fact of true revelations, at times, made by clairvoyants I was sceptical until an incident in connection with myself changed my mood. One Sunday in the Autumn of 1858, I was dining with some friends at a house not far from Windsor. Towards eight o'clock I had to leave the table and make my way to the Wraysbury Railway Station, in the dark, alone. I knew the road, and would have no lantern nor guide. The night was pitch dark. There had been heavy rain, and the streams with which the country abound were flooded. I walked rapidly, and met no one. Suddenly I thought I heard footsteps behind me, and paused to listen. In the silence I discovered it was only the noise of a swollen river. Re-assured, I resumed my walk, and soon reached the railway station.

Some days after a friend I had left at the dinner table called to see me. "Well," said he, "how did you get to the station on Sunday night?" "O, quite easily," I answered. "With no trouble!" "None?" "No, none." "Think a little," he said, "do you really mean none? Did you not once come to a stand still, thinking some one was behind you, and then press on, saying, "all right?" "Yes," I replied, so I did, "but how on earth did you get to know?" "Don't you know," said he, "that Miss Snow, who was with us, is a clairvoyant? When you left, I put her into the sleep, and asked her to follow you to the station. She did so, described your quick walk, then said, he stands still in some fear; now he says, "all right," walks again, and soon after that you had reached the station."

Of the truth of this relation I have no doubt. It gave me a sense of the fact of clairvoyance, no second-hand testimony could. Such hardness of faith I know is weak, but it is human nature.

W. W.

SUGGESTED BY LINES IN "PUNCH" ON MACAULAY  
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Oh, say not that from life and ease  
He is gone down, whom England weeps;  
Say not that our Macaulay sleeps:  
False are drear phrases such as these.

With those in life, who star-like shone,  
Say not he doth in silence lie;  
But that he now holds converse high  
With those whose genius fired his own.

That, while friends laid his coffin low,  
Mid ashes of the illustrious dead,  
While all round mourned the spirit fled,  
And some fond breasts were wrung with woe.

He then, in form more grand and bright,  
Was drinking in new life, new power;  
Feeling in that to us, sad hour,  
Glad influx of supernal light.

No more to us shall he recount  
The steps by which our country rose,  
In language which resplendent flows,  
As some great stream from charmed fount.

No more to life shall seem to start,  
Evoked by magic of his pen,  
The actors of past times—the men  
Who bore, in stirring scenes, a part.

No more bright pages, richly fraught  
With noblest wisdom from that mind,  
Formed to instruct and charm mankind,  
For us shall studiously be wrought.

But gone from us, in loftier land,  
Where glorious truths around unroll,  
Macaulay lives, and bends his soul  
To tasks, than those of earth more grand.

H. D.

## M. LOUIS BLANC ON THE MARVELLOUS.

AMONG the noticable events of the present time should be mentioned the fact of the delivery of a lecture, on the 3rd April, at the Assembly Room, St. John's Wood, before some of the most eminent personages of our day, by M. Louis Blanc, late member of the Provisional Government of France, upon the "Mysterious Personages and Agencies in France towards the end of the Eighteenth Century." M. Louis Blanc enlarged upon the love of the marvellous innate in our being, and pointed out, in eloquent language, how near a sceptical age will ever be found to its contrary; that, in fact, the encyclopædists, with their negations of all things, produced the affirmation of occult science in such instances as those of St. Germain and Cagliostro. The lecturer passed in rapid review the phenomena of the "Convulsionnaires," and in word-pictures painted the mystic tub of Mesmer and the magic chamber of the Count Cagliostro. The latter he affirmed to have been an emissary of the Illuminati supplied by that secret body with the funds which he so lavishly spent. The object of the society was presumed to be the spread of revolutionary doctrines, communicated to the initiated in the lodges of Egyptian masonry. Such a view, although eloquently and forcibly advocated, needs no refutation. The very fact that Cagliostro affirmed his mission to be curative, and nothing more, being sufficient to disprove it.

M. Louis Blanc then recounted to his audience the prophecy of Cazotte relative to the future revolution—a prophecy which he considered to have been shaped after the fact—and in a peroration of great brilliancy the lecturer pointed out that the combined efforts of the sceptical philosophers and of the occult associations of those days, culminated and burst forth into the fearful revolutions which convulsed all Europe.

The strong relief into which the lecturer brought his theme will do much towards raising reflection in many minds, and may help to shake the sceptical stronghold. The hall was crowded, nearly eight hundred persons being present. Among the company we observed Hepworth Dixon, Esq., W. M. Thackeray, Esq., O. Delepierre, Esq., the Belgian Consul, Mrs. Milner Gibson, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, D. D. Home, Esq., the well-known spiritualist, Dr. Ashburner, Colonel Addison, R. Bell, Esq., Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, Esq., Mrs. Longman, the Rev. J. W. Bellew, Mr. and Mrs. Bensussan, Dr. Nelson, Mr. Church, &c. &c.

## CAN FORCE CREATE MATTER?

By DR. ASHBURNER.

This question is the stumbling-block of the Materialist. The question of the positive philosopher must be in the negative. Why not in the negative? Because it is a question of power. The positive philosopher can allow only of limited power. To what power is limited by the capacity of man to comprehend. A philosopher once started the proposition that there could be no atmospheric pressure. All the arguments deduced from the force of gravitation had no influence on his mind. He would, after all efforts to abstract his mind, confess that he could not comprehend the idea suggested to him, that the atmosphere necessarily weighed with a force equivalent to a certain number of pounds to the square inch. His friends charitably gave to his weakness the name of monomania, for he was for years engaged, at no small expense, and repeatedly becoming salivated with the quantities of quicksilver necessarily handled during his experiments, without being able to convince himself of the correctness of the suggested ideas. Notwithstanding the excellence of our friend's logic, this twist in his perceptive power became occasionally a serious bore.

The positive philosopher will never consent to acknowledge that any amount of false reasoning, in a circle, out of the limits of which he refuses to entertain a proposition, can constitute a bore or an impertinence in philosophy. He insists that his perceptive faculties are not limited. Answer me the question, he says, how can force create matter? Then he must have you define what is force? and what is matter? *A la bonne heure*—now, if he be rational, we have him.

We do not ask others to define our meaning for us. We perceive objects around us in all directions. All objects are relative to ourselves. If we had no perceptive powers, we should be ignorant of the existence of surrounding objects. Those objects would, nevertheless, not be non-existent because we were deprived of all our powers of perceiving them. It is idle to discuss the various characteristics of the forms of the objects surrounding us. Those who have the necessary faculties are quite aware that all the objects in nature are resolvable into certain forms known as solid, liquid, and gaseous or aëiform. We have, on a previous occasion, illustrated a portion of our present subject by selecting the lightest substance known as material—hydrogen gas, in order to express our meaning of infinitely attenuated matter, when a repulsive force operates to

keep its particles asunder so as to prevent its combining with any other form of matter. The force of repulsion, then, obliges hydrogen to remain in a state of negative polarity, for unless its particles can be approximated, it cannot alter its state or its conditions. Nor can any matter without the intervention of force, for all matter is known to be inert or passive. If man be operating on matter, in any course of experiments, it would be idle to say that he was not exerting his will to fashion those experiments. It has been shewn that the will of man is a force, attractive or repulsive, according to circumstances. (See my *Essays in the fourth volume of the Zoist*). Man can cause matter to be dissolved. It can be dissolved as a salt in water, which is itself a form of matter, capable of expansion and attenuation in the form of vapour or gas. But in order to effect this change in water, the introduction of a repulsive force is necessary. Under all circumstances, matter is subject to force. Cannot force dissolve matter? What do we mean by electro-metallurgy? Does not in this case electricity dissolve metal? In the formation of vapour in the atmosphere, does not force dissolve water? Is not all attenuation of matter more or less a solution in force?

This idea, expanded, takes us on to that of infinite space. We can suppose all matter to be so far attenuated as to form universal gas; to be dissolved by force in infinite space; resolved into such minute particles, as to be no longer subject to attraction. This the positive philosopher will not allow to be positive destruction. We do not say it is; for we contend, that a power exists superior to the attenuating power of all the repulsive agencies in nature. That power must determine the balance of polarities. Creation of matter must require a power analogous to that of the human will. If a will-power can direct force, so to operate upon matter as to dissolve it in space, in such wise that human perception is not able to distinguish between infinite attenuation and non-existence, what is to prevent that will from using those forces to annihilate and then to re-create matter in forms perfectly different from all that the past and present experience of man would suggest.\* One is now met with the plausible objection that the experience of man knows not of *nothing*.

It is very true that man's capacities are limited. His life in period, is but a span; and if there be, about some individuals of this kind, an idea approaching to illimitable faculty, it is that *pride, vanity, and obstinacy*, which, in combination, repel all the light of truth! An impermeable blackness, defying the entrance of exalted thought, or high aspiration! A blackness opposed to

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\* *Proust's Bridgewater Treatise*, 3rd edition.

the attractions of light and truth, tending to the lethal abyss of that bourn whence no traveller returns.

All nature is *relative*; and when the positive philosopher insists that, with our limited powers, we cannot by that force which we call mind, create *any form* of matter, he forgets that poets create poems; that engineers create new forms of machines; that positive vanity creates material obstructions in various ways to the progress of knowledge. He will call these ideas, confusions between matter and in-matter—between something and nothing.

Such confusions have formerly occupied my mind; but it was when I did not see, *clearly*, that there must be a great distinction between inert matter and active force. Yes and no are not more distinct. Positive and negative are not more clearly defined.

The positive philosopher thinks he has the advantage of a stand-point. How full of arrogant vanity is his idea! Time carries his idea into the eternal abyss of forgotten vanities, and the ridiculous old Poz himself will soon be merged into the flux of change, no longer able to pirouette on his stand-point, and has not even an ideal imaginative existence.

The objective creations of old Poz, as well as his subjective theories, are buried deeper than the unfathomable abyss.

That the *force* of God's *will* has created all matter, is too good a proposition to be gainsaid by those who have not studied metaphysics. The realities of creation are as objective in dreams and clairvoyance, as that which old Poz would call matter, can possibly be to himself. It is quite unnecessary to assert that in every dream, matter is created by the force of mind. If so, is the power of an Almighty mind to be called in question by a materialist?

On Monday evening, April 9th, the friends who had attended and sympathised with the recent ministrations in London of the Rev. T. L. Harris, took tea with him at St. James's Hall, Regent Street; about 300 were present. After tea, the choir was taken by Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, who, on behalf of the meeting, joyfully expressed their sympathy with Mr. Harris, and their thankfulness for the teachings he had imparted; to which Mr. Harris replied in feeling and eloquent terms. An address, written by a lady on behalf of the ladies of his congregation, was then presented, and the meeting was subsequently addressed by Mr. Wallis, Mr. Brotherton of Manchester, Dr. Gardiner, and other gentlemen. At the close of the proceedings a liberal collection was made to defray the expenses of Mr. Harris's labours, and the publication of his works.

Mr. Harris intends resuming his ministrations at the Marylebone Literary Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, for a few Sundays, commencing on the 17th, at 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M. His temporary retirement is to enable him to write a work in development of the celestial sense of the Apocalypse, to be the Second Part of his *Arcana of Christianity*.

## LIGHT AND COLORS.

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LIGHT is the magic brush which the Divine Author uses to paint all the beautiful and varied shades and tints that please the eye, and beautify and adorn the landscape; and until we know *more* of this subtle element, we shall not be able fully to solve the problem of the causes of color. The immediate cause of color is the reflection of one or more rays, which gives the color, and the absorption of the remainder, or, in the case of black (which is the absence of all color), the absorption of all the rays, leaving the object visible only by contrast with surrounding objects. White, on the other hand, has been proved to be the reflection of all the rays. A simple experiment will illustrate this: Take a circular plate and arrange it so that it may be made to revolve very rapidly, paint upon its surface the seven primary colors in their order, set this to revolving, and it will soon change from a varied hue to a perfectly *white* color! In this experiment the light from each of the primary colors reaches the eye so nearly at the same time that they make an impression which gives the color of the *whole* of the rays of the spectrum, which is white. The law of differentiation, which is simply a higher play of affinities—in which each particular organ acquires the power of selecting elements of a particular kind and character, and appropriating them to building itself up—will explain the reason why different parts of plants vary in color.

Light is food for plants and animals, and each one of the primary colors furnishes a peculiar kind of food. Most of the organs of plants require and absorb all but the green ray, and this is the color which is presented to the eye; and this is a beautiful display of the wisdom of the Creator, in making the ray which is most grateful and pleasing to the eye, the one which is rejected and thrown off from the carpet which is spread over the earth. In the case of the flower, the law of differentiation causes it to absorb portions of the spectrum; thus, a red flower absorbs all except the red ray, and so of other colors; a black flower absorbs all the rays; the white flower, which is an emblem of purity, reflects all the rays equally, presenting a harmonious blending, which is very significant.

We have spoken of life as the lever for raising matter to a higher plane—a more progressed condition. But it may be well, before proceeding in our consideration of vegetable life, to refer to a phenomena called *Isomerism*, a term which signifies the same elements, having different propensities. The law of progress is moving through all grades of matter, and an eloquent writer has said: "In the drama of the universe, each actor performs his part, whether leading or obscure, and though he may retire from the scenes, the play goes forward to its catastrophe. Whether it be an individual or a race, each, by the actions of its life, has given some turn to the general course of events. In the undulations that circle on a quiet lake, each particle alternately rises up or sinks into repose; but that particle, minute as it was—that motion, small as it might be—was absolutely necessary to keep up the onward motion of the waves. Under this point of view, the destiny of each individual is connected with the destiny of the world."

Recent discoveries in the science of chemistry have revealed to us the singular and important fact, that similar elements, when combined under different circumstances and conditions, present substances having very different characters. The endless variety of forms, of which we have spoken, results not alone from varied combinations of different elements, but also from a change in the order of arrangement of *similar* elements and primates. Thus, what could be more striking than the contrast between that dull and lustreless substance known as charcoal, and that magnificent jewel that is chosen to adorn the brow of humanity—the diamond? and yet the chemist finds that *each* is carbon!

A friend asked why the Seers who described the spirits in the inner life spoke of some of them as being bright and others as dark! The response was "Brother, why is charcoal dark and the diamond bright? Because, in the *first*

the elements are thrown together in apparent disorder and confusion, whilst in the latter (the diamond) they are all arranged in beautiful symmetry, according to heaven's first law, 'ORDER!' Know then, oh man, that as thou comest more and more under this perfect law, thy soul will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."—DR. H. T. CHILD, *Herald of Progress*.

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EVENING MUSIC OF THE ANGELS.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,  
 Were heard among the angels, touched and tuned  
 As to an evening hymn, prelude soft  
 To cherub voices. Louder as they swelled,  
 Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,  
 Mixed with clear silver sounds, till concord rose  
 Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;  
 Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies  
 To some worn Pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes,  
 Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds  
 Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,  
 The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,  
 The dash of waters, reed or rustic pipe,  
 Blent with the dulcet distance-mellowed bell,  
 Come like the echo of his early joys.  
 In every pause, from spirits in mid air,  
 Responsive still were golden viols heard,  
 And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

HILLHOUSE.

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We are indebted to K. R. H. Mackenzie for some curious extracts from an unpublished MS. in the British Museum, formerly belonging to Sir Hans Sloane. Mr. M. says:—"It is described as *Journals of Magical Processes, Appearances of Angels, Spirits, &c., and Conferences with them, from July 24, 1671, to December 18, 1693*. It is in five volumes, and there are not less than two thousand and fifteen pages, and, from its abrupt commencement, it is evidently but a portion of what originally existed. Probably, not any spiritual MS., equal in extent to this, if we except those of Dr. Dee, has remained to our times. Dr. Dee's *Journal* extends from 1583 to 1607. If we had therefore wished for a link between the times of Dee and our own, this anonymous MS. very happily fills up the interval. No doubt, in course of time, other records will be discovered, so as to show an uninterrupted series. If any reader knows of such we beg that he will communicate with us, and aid in the completion of this chain of evidence respecting spirit-intercourse by contemporary documents." The intercourse seems, as in the case of Dr. Dee, to have been carried on chiefly by visions and communications seen in the mirror. We have not space for the extracts sent, but any of our readers who have admission to the library of the Museum may consult the MS. at their leisure. The press mark is 102 d.

## Correspondence.

In order to make intelligible to our readers, who are not acquainted with the Planchette, the following letter of Mr. Kyd, it may be useful to reprint a short description of the instrument given in the last April number of the *Telegraph*:—

“THE PLANCHETTE.—We have had several opportunities of late of seeing this in action, and have noted some remarkable phenomena resulting from it. We gave a short description of it in a former number, it having then been just brought to this country from Paris, where it has been for some time extensively used. The name is French, signifying “a thin board.” It is formed of a thin piece of mahogany or cardboard, cut in some convenient shape for holding a pencil at one end, with two moveable castors at the other, the whole thus forming a tripod, and easily moving with rapidity in any direction on the slightest pressure. Our readers are acquainted with the mode and phenomena of ordinary automatic, or “involuntary” writing, and the Planchette appears to be but an extension and experimental proof of the truth of this, for instead of being the involuntary writing of one person only, the best use of the Planchette is when two persons or even more place their hands upon it and thus produce movements which are formed into writing by the pencil. Of course those who use it should be mediums more or less developed, (our theory is that every person is a medium), and like every thing else in this world, the results flow best and purest through willing hearts, and practice and use are necessary in most cases, to produce great results, though occasionally it moves readily even at a first trial.

“The intermediate cause, which Philosophers would, if they believed in it at all, from their very nature, place as the first cause, appears to be some magnetic emanation or force which is communicated to and through the instrument, and as corroboration of this we are told by a Clairvoyante on whose perceptions we deservedly rely, that some woods are better than others to attract and hold this force—for instance, that Sandal wood is the best, then Acacia, which is nearly as good, and then Pine, Oak, and Mahogany; which are about equal. An additional circumstance leading to the same conclusion of magnetic emanation, is the fact known to us that after using earnestly these Planchettes, they have on several occasions been seen in the act of moving by themselves, and at other times in drawers have been found to have made marks on the paper on which they were placed.

“Certainly there appears in them to be some receptive power through which intelligence of a high order flows upon the paper in writing and drawing, quite independent of and above the intelligence of any of the persons whose hands may be upon them. Only a few days ago, we saw one write several lines in the following extraordinary manner:—After writing several lines with great rapidity, backwards, and which we had to read from the back of the paper, by holding it against the lamp, it commenced with equal rapidity the first letter of the line, and then jumped to the other end of the line, and wrote the last letter, and then back and wrote the second letter, and then to the end and wrote the last but one, and so on backwards and forwards until words were formed at each end and until they met in the middle, and the sentence was completed. This was repeated several times.

“There is much to excite wonder in watching the rapid evolutions of the pencil, not less than at the surprising continuity and newness of what is written through those who are accustomed to the use of it, and it appears to us in our simplicity, that it would be impossible for any one to try it without being impressed with the fact of some new form of intelligence being at work.

“Again, however, as these lines may be read by some who may not have had much experience in Spiritualism, we would add the caution that nothing proceeding from the Planchette, or from any Spirit, should be received as absolute truth without careful inquiry, and the exercise of calm reason. Let intrinsic merits

alone be the ground on which we receive anything into our lives. A disregard of this main rule has led to much trouble, and many bad effects to our holy cause, and is the rock on which many short-sighted but worthy mediums, have wrecked themselves.

"The Planchette may be purchased price 7s. each, at Mr. Welton's, Surgical Instrument maker, No. 29, New Compton Street, Soho. W."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Carlsruhe, 158, Lange Strasse,  
10th February, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—I am only now able to send you a continuation of my last letter, and shall be well repaid if I can give light on the subject of Spiritual Phenomena, but more especially on the phenomena, as it has now declared itself, of the "Light of the Soul in Communion," which I regard by our own daily experience to be the keystone, or rather organ, of elucidation of the Bible miracles and the wonders of the present, as of preceding ages. The soul being an essence of God's spirit in us, becomes naturally, when quickened, the direct principle of action, and then acquires force from communion with spirits in and out of the flesh of the same category, as also from God's messengers on high, or from the powers of darkness, according to the moral medianimic influence. In an analogical point of view with the Trinity in unity, so is man composed virtually of three distinct spirits, individualised collectively in communion, viz: 1st, the universal spirit; 2nd, the incorporated spirit or soul; and 3rd, the temporal spirit or mind. It is this last earthly spiritual power, with the bad propensities of the heart to work upon, that checks the inspirations of the soul, led into good or evil, through medianimic influence. Thus it is when God's word and glory are rejected for worldly display and egoism, that the spiritual medium so often falls into the region of darkness, and becomes identified with witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, &c., all which, notwithstanding, is subservient to God's purposes, for man's progression and regeneration. Judges, v. "Then God sent an evil spirit between Abimelech and the men of Sechim;" &c. Pharaoh's heart was repeatedly hardened by God, to answer His own inscrutable purposes. "As many as I love, I rebuke, and chasten." "I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." Isaiah and Rev. "For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God." Romans, xiii. 1. As in material life, there is no end of grievous trials; so in the spirit, there are shoals and quicksands, with the principle of evil to overcome. "To him that overcometh will I (saith the Son of God) grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame (in the flesh) and am set down with my Father in His throne." Rev. iii. 21. The spiritualist therefore is not exempt from his share of trials to endure, and must pray for "the gift of discerning of spirits," according to St. Paul, who tells the Galatians in ch. v. verses 22, 23, what the fruit of the spirit is, and how to distinguish between a good and a bad one. The medianimic power of the light of the soul in communion, based on Christian principles, and properly developed into action, cannot fail, as our own experience tells us, to be productive of the highest benefit to mankind. To all those who object to seek new light through a material instrument, (and who cry out "*cui bono* spiritualism through a planchette?) they would do well to point out the essential difference (as one of several examples only,) between Aaron's material rod that swallowed up all the other rods opposed to it, and the planchette, in respect to God's miraculous dealings so often manifested with material effect, and to consider that God's ways are not man's ways, and that the Supreme Deity "confounds the wise of this world by the foolish and base things of the world." 1 Cor. i. 26, 28. I am glad to hear that there are several planchettes in use in London, but sorry there should be no wonders or miracles. The fault may be either in the doctrine—a want of sufficient faith, or an erroneous way of developing the spiritual power. I will endeavour to give some practical hints or rules on this subject for all those desirous of progressing in this intellectual and scriptural phase of the phenomena. 1st. The mediums must keep their eyes steadily fixed on the top part of the pencil, and not on the paper, and still less

on the writing, while the planchette manifests itself. 2nd. The object being to obtain a pure spiritual effect, the minds of the mediums must necessarily be altogether dormant. 3rd. Weeks and months may pass away without any substantial progress, during which period drawbacks and discouragements innumerable of a spiritual nature are sure to spring up, often the work of foreign spirits hovering about the earth. These are but trials to the Christian spiritualist, who ought not to falter and lose heart, but go on, inch by inch, to certain victory. He must bring to his aid the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and offer up to Him daily prayers to assist the soul's lucidity, and to drive away the powers of darkness. In all serious *séances*, the thoughts of the mediums, as well as those in communion, should be concentrated in faith on the Divine omnipotence, and on the power of the Spirit "to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." 4th. As soon as the miraculous power is sufficiently developed on a substantial Christian basis, and foreign hostile spirits, or interlopers, fairly put to the rout, a modification of this severe ordeal may be admitted to a certain degree, to be acquired by experience, or practical knowledge alone. The spiritual economy is but the reflection of the material; for there exists, in this world of sense, according to our instruction, no matter without spirit, and no spirit without matter. The link between God and man, through the redemption, is in a measure proof of this fact.\* The Planchette-Communion supposed then, with the spirit practitioner, to be fairly established on a rocky foundation; the light intellectual and conversational *séances* or family and friendly communions, may be introduced with profitable enjoyment and edification. The soul and the temporal mind or reason, will progress with mutual support and satisfaction, under the omnipotent direction and quickening powers of the universal spirit "poured out upon all flesh." In this wise I can see no limit to miracles and supernatural wonders of providence, as in the days of the Patriarchs, this medianimic power being but the organ or instrument of God in one of its brightest phases of the reigning phenomena.

When Captain Bernard was with us in August last, he was miraculously cured, through the planchette, of a bad leg, and myself equally of gum boils that gave me excessive pain, of which he was witness. Both these cures were performed during the night while asleep. We were told before going to bed, by Luos,† that he would magnetise us. The following morning we found ourselves perfectly well; and on going to the planchette, this spirit in communion wrote, "You see I kept my word, and that your faith enabled me to make you well." It was the will of the Holy Ghost exemplified through the direct agency of the soul in communion, and that Will is exercised by the spirit of God in us, "according to the power that worketh in us by faith in Christ Jesus." Eph. iii. 20. These sort of little cures are not uncommon with us, which alone, without other reason, is a substantial answer to all those who cry out, "*cui bono* spiritualism?" Amongst this class of opponents, or disbelievers, I regret to find clergymen of the Church of England with whom I am acquainted. In the "gifts of healing by the same spirit," we have not yet reached the high miraculous power of Emáh Tirpsé (Mr. Bertolacci,) nor is this a matter of human calculation, being a divine gift, for "there are diversities of gifts, but only one and the self-same spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will." 1 Cor. xii. Whatever the gift be then, great or small, to each of us individually, it is a talent not to be despised, neglected, buried, or allowed to perish in the earth, but must be made use of with profit, and thankfulness to the Divine giver. The spirit having been "poured out upon all flesh" through Redemption; we are consequently all and each of us mediums of the spirit. In our own family circle, for instance, we know the quality of each medianimic "gift." There should be in the Planchette-Communion no jealous feeling, no egotistical disunion or discontent, for no one can add or take away from individual talent, God's free gift, thus meted out to fructify to the best advantage. Amongst our deductions spiritual progression after death is a most important doctrine to know, as well as its mysteries, so far as the medianimic power is capable of unveiling. How far this doctrine is literally correct with Scripture

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\* The periphery of the spirit's body is material. † The soul.

is yet questionable. The soul is not infallible, nor are the angels. I must therefore wait patiently until passages be met with in the Bible to clear up this point of such vital importance to humanity. I may at any rate, on some other occasion, communicate what Luos has written in regard to spiritual purification, punishments, and extreme exceptional cases of re-incarnation of the soul into animal nature. The doctrine of the "Light of the Soul in Communion" corresponds with St. Paul's sentiments as to the co-operation of man with the spirit of God, when he tells the Romans, "If ye, through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Rom. viii. 13. And speaking of himself, he says, "Whereunto I also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily." Col. i. 29. The same Apostle prays for the "Communion of the Holy Ghost." 2 Cor. xiii. 14. And both the English and Greek word imply the most intimate co-operation, and signify that the graces and virtues, on which salvation depends, are the joint Holy Ghost, or common operation of the supernatural power of the Holy Ghost, and of the natural power of man; that the Holy Ghost acts with men in such manner, that their separate or respective parts cannot be perceived or distinguished. David, as well as most of the prophets or Jews of old, were in constant communication with their souls,—an evident superiority of the soul over the mind, the one being immortal and the other temporal. Man's fall in connection with the Redemption, however, necessitates a co-operation of the powers of the soul and the temporal reason, hence are entailed personal responsibility, free-will, and the conscientious principle of good and evil. The soul, notwithstanding its superiority to the mind, is nevertheless fallible,\* as equally so all human prophecy. It follows, therefore, in the attainment of religious and intellectual fruit, there must be a communion of action between the soul and the mind comprehending the regenerate heart, so full naturally of evil. No doubt such communion is a difficult task, in consideration of the heart being the sink of iniquity of the temporal spirit of man. God, however, independent of general laws and economy, employs direct spiritual messengers, in which exceptional cases, the soul participates indirectly with the mind. We have had two examples of this sort, which I may refer to another time.

In concluding this as the latter part only of my letter of the 2nd January, in continuation, I ought not to omit mentioning that Captain Bernard came to us from Paris, ill and dejected, that he was restored to health and strength of mind through the Planchette-Communion, the miraculous effects of which spiritually, intellectually, and physically, though inferior as to the last, to Mr. Home and Comte d'Ourches, he daily witnessed for three successive months. He is himself progressing as a writing medium, and has the merit of true devotion to the investigation of the phenomena. He has a large collection of facts that might be of use to the "Magazine." He is a thorough Spiritualist at heart, and consequently added force to our Spiritual-Communion. He is gone to Nice and will probably be in London next spring.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A. KYD.

11th Wednesday.—My wife, on saying her prayers last evening, had the most remarkable spiritual manifestations with the table andappings everywhere, as equally answers to questions, quite equal to those of Mr. Home. My daughter heard quite distinctly the noises in her own adjoining room, and on opening the door, saw a part of the wonders exhibited.—A. K.

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

DEAR SIR,—Believing that, even small facts cannot but be helpful in the establishment of great general truths, provided, of course, that they have some evident bearing upon these truths, I send you a short account of a little incident relating to the well-known process of mediumistic drawing and writing, which, if you should consider it of sufficient interest, you are very welcome to insert in the *Spiritual Magazine*. Sitting, the other evening, at the table, and watching the operations of our little ones, I perceived that one of

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\* We have particular *séances* from Luos on this subject.

them (a boy of five years of age) "let his hand go," as he calls it, to draw something. He is very fond of drawing, and being myself a medium, I put my hand on his in order to steady it.

He immediately began to make with his pencil the usual gyrations and zig-zag movements, till at length his hand became more settled, and he drew what turned out to be a butterfly on the wing. This being finished, the pencil descended, and began to work what seemed likely to turn out another butterfly. But no, the wings would not come, and finally it was finished in the form of a crawling caterpillar. Now the pencil went up again, and drew close to the caterpillar a mass of sedgy grass or reeds. The back-ground was now formed by a kind of low embankment, and I thought the drawing was completed. I was mistaken. The pencil stuck to the paper, right under the grass or reeds, and began again to work horizontally, as if to blot out some lines which were there. But this was not the case, for very soon it became evident that the object was to represent the dark surface of a pond, shaded by the reeds. Now, the drawing was done, roughly of course, but not without a good effect.

The explanation I got of it, was as follows:—A caterpillar was crawling along his lonely way over a barren field, in search of fresh food, for where he had hitherto been, all foliage was consumed. At length he came near a verdant spot where he expected to find a plentiful supply. But, arriving at the place, he found that he had been deceived in his expectation, for what had looked so green were only sedges and reeds, which were growing on the margin of a pool, and not at all suited for food for a caterpillar. Bitterly disappointed, he lay still on the ground, giving himself up to grief and despondency. Suddenly, however, a butterfly came near which settled upon some reeds, and seemed to look down with compassion upon the poor caterpillar. For a while neither of these spoke, but the very sight of a sympathizing being so near him, seemed to inspire the caterpillar with fresh courage. What then was his joy when the butterfly at length spoke as follows?—"Do not despond, my brother, you think you are forsaken by God, but this is wrong of you. Though you feel lonely now, yet, He has a thousand winged servants whom He can send to instruct and guide you when you err. Follow me, and I will show you where there is plenty of food for you, only have faith!"

The caterpillar followed the guiding butterfly, and they soon reached a delightful bush, full of green foliage, which he had been prevented by the rushes from seeing.

When he had eaten some of the fresh young leaves, in the presence of the butterfly, who watched him with evident pleasure, he was going to thank his benefactor for his kind and welcome aid; but, the butterfly replied, "I am a worm like you, only I have now wings, which render me less dependant on the earth in my movements, and ere long, you will enjoy the same privileges. Meanwhile, thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift, who sent me hither to help you in your need." I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, X.

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

April 20, 1860.

SIR,—Your correspondent, C. gave a correct account in the last number of your interesting Journal of my sudden and unexpected conversion to a belief in spiritual intercourse.

My surprise is only exceeded by my regret that I should have so long remained in darkness—that so great and so important a truth should have been hidden from my sight. Would that all men could see as I now see. It gives new life and interest to everything around me.

Since my first introduction to the subject, now only some three or four months since, I have lost no opportunity of investigating the phenomena; and apart from the previously-hidden fact alluded to by C., of having in my own house one who has the higher faculty of "discerning spirits," I have recently witnessed some astonishing "manifestations" through the mediumship of Mr. Squire and Mr. Home, whose manifestations are now well known throughout the leading circles of London society; and I propose, with your permission, to

make my contribution to your pages, by briefly relating the facts, witnessed by me a few days since, at the residence of the last-named gentleman, to whom I was introduced by a friend for the first time.

We called merely to make a complimentary visit, and without, on my part, the expectation of witnessing any of his marvellous powers; but, in the most affable and agreeable manner, Mr. Home proposed to have "a sitting," and in a short time various and most surprising physical manifestations took place.

The apartment was large, and a sofa, in a distant part of the room, walked, as it were, from its place without any visible agency—no one being near it. A massive drawing-room table, on which our hands were reposing, rose gradually and remained for a short time suspended a foot or more from the floor—*certainly by no human means*. We then lowered the gas, which had been burning brightly until that moment, and the table, being placed near the window, we sat around in a semi-circle, leaving the other side nearest to the window vacant. Two hand-bells having been put on that part of the table; *a spirit-hand and part of the arm presented itself, and with a natural muscular movement reached and carried away, in the visible sight of all present, first one bell and then the other, placing them in our hands, just as if the act had been done by a natural human hand*.

I need hardly say my surprise was great—my belief in the reality of these wondrous phenomena complete! The hardened sceptic mind, which, I am free to confess, was, until recently, my own state, need not trouble itself with the too common suggestions of an optical illusion or a well-contrived piece of jugglery. It is, they may be assured, a veritable reality, and one which I should have hesitated to record, but that I know there are many of your readers who have witnessed similar phenomena during the few weeks of Mr. Home's residence here, as well as at the period of his first visit to London; and marvellous and "impossible" as it may appear to many, *it is true!* J. J. S.

#### SPIRITUALIST MEETING AT HOXTON.

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

Bedford Row, April, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—In one of the oldest and largest houses in the High-street of Hoxton, have for two years past assembled a company of Spiritualists, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Jennesson, well known in the ranks of the disciples of Robert Owen. To the last periodical meeting of these friends, I among others, was attracted to give a farewell greeting to Mr. Wilks, their secretary, about to leave to settle in Worcester. During tea, which sociably precedes formal business among our Hoxton friends, there were arrivals of visitors from various distances, and by the time the tables were cleared there were fifty in the room. I happened to sit by the side of Mrs. Jennesson and thus had the advantage of her conversation.

Mrs. J. is a trance-speaking medium; she told me that, since she had been used as a medium, she had thought it remarkable that she had not been prevented by her engagements (those of an *accoucheuse*) from attending the circle, except on one or two occasions. A lady, Mrs. Ridley, who sat at the same table here remarked that, on one of these occasions it appeared to her that she saw Mrs. Jennesson enter the room in which the circle met, and withdraw again after standing near the piano for several minutes. Mrs. Ridley said, she remarked to others, how strange it was that Mrs. Jennesson should not have joined the circle. Several others, three of whom were now present, had also seen her enter and leave the room, as they supposed, to change her dress.

The formation of the circle had been already delayed, in the hope that she might join them; and now there was a further delay in the expectation of her returning to the room. At length, Mr. Wilks said, he would wait no longer; and proceeded. Mr. W. was one who had seen her come and go. Mrs. Jennesson, continued Mrs. Ridley, made her re-appearance before the circle broke up, and to the observations of the friends as to her deranging proceedings by coming in and out in an irregular manner, declared that she had not left her patient from the time of her being called to her, some hours before. She said that, she

had been hoping to get away in time to be present at the opening of the circle, and had, in a sort of slumber (probably magnetic), imagined herself to be with them. Can any of your critical correspondents explain this? Is it a case of *döppel gänger*, or *simulacrum*?

The president having introduced the special business of the evening,—the approaching departure of their friend the secretary,—Mrs. Jenneson, in the trance state, was spoken through. Her exhortation was to the effect that all should follow, according to their gifts, the example of their brother, anticipating a blessing upon the work, which he would find in the new field opening to him.

Mr. J. Jones, of Peckham, moved “the acknowledgments of the friends present to Mr. Wilks, and their earnest desires for a continuance of his ability to work in the cause of Spiritualism, wherever he might be called in the order of Providence.” Mr. Jones adverted to his experience. He said that, the *fact* of spiritual existence had been demonstrated to him through phenomena, which he first witnessed through the mediumship of his esteemed friend Mr. Home, then present. He related the circumstances, well remembered by the readers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, which occurred at Sandgate.

The motion seconded, and feelingly spoken to, by several members of the circle, was cordially agreed to.

Mr. Wilks replied in affectionate terms. He thought men and women will act on earth worthily as brothers and sisters, when they *know* that life here is but the commencement of an existence which is immortal.

The president then said that it was customary with them, at their meetings, to listen to those who might be in possession of interesting facts, and invited Mr. Jones, of Clerkenwell, to repeat one which he had already stated to him.

Mr. Jones said, that he thought it the duty of Spiritualists to put the faculties, which they received from God, to use for the good of their brethren. As soon as he knew the truth of Spiritualism, he prayed to know how he might best apply this knowledge. He was told, through the mediums of the circle where he had acquired this blessed knowledge, that it would be imparted to him in due time. After some months, he was instructed through the same channels, that he was a medium for healing, and he had had several opportunities for using this gift. As an instance, a short time since, during the past winter, he was informed that a young man, the only son of a friend of his wife, was dangerously ill. He went to see him, and found him with a swelling in the angle of his jaw, and his jaw fixed so that he could take no food; but finding that a surgeon had been called in, and that the young man's father was averse to magnetism, he returned without doing anything. But, after finishing his day's work, he received a spiritual intimation that he should go again, and that he would be the medium for saving the young man. Although the night was stormy, and the distance great, he went at once. He found the young man worse; the father, in tears, now entreated him if he thought he could do any good to do it; the surgeon had, he said, done all he could, and had then gone to see if he could get him into an hospital. Mr. Jones, yielding to spiritual influence, placed the points of his fingers at the angles of the jaw, making occasional passes to the chin: in twenty minutes the swelling began to subside and the rigidity of the muscles to relax; in ten minutes more the young man partook of some cocoa and bread and butter. Mr. Jones not being able of himself to advise as to what further should be done, invited the mother to accompany him to his friend, Mr. Childs, at Islington, where his niece was then staying, this niece being a medium through whom he often received directions from spirit-friends. On her passing into the trance state, it was said, through her, that the locking of the jaw was the effect of a blow; that it was the spirit-friend then speaking through her, who had urged her uncle to go, that they had passed their magnetism through him; that all that remained to complete the case was to continue the magnetic action. The medium then asked for the mother's handkerchief, and breathed on it for some time, made passes over the mother's hand, wrapped the handkerchief round it, told her to keep it thus until she got home, and then to tie it round her son's face. This was done. The young man was cured. Mr. Jones, in conclusion, said that he considered this a striking instance of the beneficent action of spirits under Divine Providence.

One of the friends present said that he was able to verify the narrative of Mr. Jones and to complete it. He knew the young man's family, was present when Mr. Jones operated, and went the next morning to make enquiries as to the result: he found him sitting up eating some meat. Almost at the same moment the doctor walked in; the gentleman stood looking at the patient in astonishment, said something indistinctly about the hospital and eating things without sanction, put on his hat again and stalked out of the room, saying that he would interest himself no further about the case. From that time the young man was well, and resumed his work,—that of a lighterman; and has kept at it without interruption since.

With respect to what the medium has said as to the lock-jaw being caused by a blow—that was true: the young man had told him that he had received an accidental blow on the jaw, after which it began to get rigid until it was perfectly immovable.

Mr. Home said, such meetings as these were good for confirmation of each other in the knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism. Of its truth, and its blessings, no one could be more convinced than himself. He thought few had had more extensive opportunities of witnessing its blessings. A young and humble individual, he left America about eight years ago, had visited many parts of Europe, and, as a medium, had been received into circles of every grade in society. Nothing gave him more happiness than being the means of extending a knowledge of the truth that the soul is immortal, and that as we live in this life so we are prepared for the next. Upon this subject he was happy to mix with any—rich or poor; but his preference, he confessed, was with the latter, because he found among them a greater freedom to accept the truth for its own sake, and to act in harmony with it: the poor have less to look to here; are less bound by conventionalities, and less interested in withholding from others the knowledge they may have of these truths. He hoped still to be a medium for extending a knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism, and was glad to have had the opportunity of thus meeting friends in the same cause.

Presently after this a circle of seven or eight was formed, among whom were Mrs. Marshall and her daughter-in-law—the well-known mediums. There was a general desire that Mr. Home would take a place at the table; but an engagement required that he should leave early. Mrs. Jennesson was entranced again, and delivered an appropriate address upon the subject of the harmonious and passive conditions requisite in a circle. Thereupon,—and while arrangements were being made by those who like to witness “physical phenomena,”—I respectfully withdrew, having an appointment, and being desirous also of making a memorandum of what I had seen and heard, which I thought interesting in many particulars.

J. D.

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

Alresford, 11th April, 1860.

SIR.—About a week since, William Webb, a labourer, a honest and hard-working man, at Alresford, Hants, was passing through a gateway close to a blacksmith's shop, and suddenly saw his brother John Webb, a very skilful butcher, with two buckets in his hands. He spoke to him, but, strange to say, received no reply. He spoke again, and again, and received no answer, which greatly excited his astonishment! but observing his brother receding from him, he watched him till all at once the apparition vanished or disappeared from his sight. He related this to many, and shortly afterwards heard of his brother's death, which took place about six miles from Alresford, at a place called the Milbaries. He had committed suicide by hanging himself in a yard or cart-house, at the Milbaries public house, about half-past ten that night. Strange to say, another relation, a labouring man of the name of West, of Spring Cottage, Alresford, also had a token of the death of John Webb. His front door and window were so violently shaken that he hastened to the door to see what it was, but nothing was to be seen. The countenances of these men, in making their statements, would lead no one to question their statements.

I am, &c.

B.

## DIRECT WRITING.

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

SIR,—I willingly comply with your request to record in a letter the instances of direct writing, which I have witnessed (some of them in your presence) through the mediumship of Mr. Squire. I am simply a student of science, and I am neither a partisan of Spiritualism nor, I thank the Church of my baptism, are my theological tenets or inner Spiritual life in any way dependant on, or to be influenced by what the unseen agents, be they demons, as I believe, or spirits of the departed, as Mr. Squire holds, may choose to communicate. In the written Word of God, and in the living teaching of the Church of England, I have the only guides, which I either desire or should choose to accept in all that relates to the unseen mysteries of God. I neither expect nor desire any further Revelation or new light, and utterly hold in ridicule as the productions of a mystic the pretended Revelations of the spirit-world, by the late Emanuel Swedenborg. The old paths of the Church of England, in which my fathers trod suffice for all my spiritual desires and requirements, and it is simply as a problem in physical science that I consent to examine or discuss the phenomena of Spiritualism.

In my former communication, *Facts, by Dr. ———*, in your last number, I gave an outline of the physical phenomena which, through the mediumship of Mr. Squire, were produced in my house. I stated my belief that these phenomena were not the result of fraud, nor the doings of a conjuror, but, were really produced by some unseen agency, and to this opinion, despite the doubting warning letters of kind friends who have read the communication, I still adhere. It is a question of scientific evidence, of which I am surely capable of judging, and as a candid witness I am constrained to state that, despite the suspicious fact of some of the principal manifestations occurring in the dark, I believe that it was utterly out of Mr. Squire's power to produce the phenomena I have recorded, by either fraud or artifice.

The following is the brief summary I gave in the paper in question of the direct writing I then witnessed:—

"3. *Writing by an unseen Agent.*—Mr. Squire held a pencil on a sheet of paper with one hand under the table. It was rapidly and audibly written on, and then pulled forcibly out of his hand and thrown across the room. On one sheet was written the surname of the writer, and on the other, '*O tarry thou.*' (On the chimney-piece in the dining-room is an illuminated card with the verse from the Psalm, *O tarry thou, the Lord's leisure, &c.*)

"Farther, the writer placed below the dining table, on two occasions, a piece of blank paper and a cedar pencil. The fire, partly wood, was burning brightly. The four persons present formed a circle with their hands on the table. Writing was distinctly heard on the paper. On examining the paper, the word '*God*' was three times written in a cramped hand, and on the other occasion the writer's surname."

I shall now give these facts more in detail, together with one or two others, which I have since witnessed:—

1. On the evening of the 25th February, a piece of paper laid on a stiff MSS. book, and a pencil, with the point turned towards his hand, were held under my dining-table by Mr. Squire in one hand, the other forming a circle with ours round the table. The fire was burning brightly; the gas turned on low. The pencil was distinctly heard to move, and on the paper was written my surname. The experiment was repeated thrice. On the second occasion the words '*O tarry thou*' were written. On each occasion the book was forcibly drawn out of Mr. Squire's hand, and was thrown across the room. The words '*O tarry thou*' are portion of a text on an illuminated card on the chimney-piece.

2. On the evening of the 26th February, we had, as I have recorded, stronger physical manifestations. We also placed a sheet of paper on the floor, under the centre of the dining-table, laying a pencil on it. The hands of all present were formed in a circle on the table. The pencil was distinctly heard to move, and after a time the paper was thrown across the room. On the paper was

written, in a cramped awkward hand, the word 'God' three times. On a repetition of this experiment my surname was written. It is a wide, scrawling writing, filling the whole sheet of paper.

3. On the 16th of April I received through your hands the following message, written in your presence by Mr. Squire, under that influence known as medium writing. "*Will you be kind enough to ask the gentleman of whom you speak to look in a little case on his library shelf, and he will find a paper written backwards with the words, 'God bless you, Dr. —.'*" I looked in the case accordingly, and there found written on an envelope, in ink, in the same cramped hand, the message in question.

As a piece of scientific or exhaustive evidence, this message is of no value whatever, as, while I would not for a moment suspect Mr. Squire or yourself of so foolish and impertinent a trick, it is, nevertheless, open to any objector to assert that you or he placed this writing in the case when you did me the honour of a visit on the 25th and 26th of February.

4. On the evening of the 16th of April, in the chamber of a friend of mine in the Temple, we had an illustration of direct writing under similar circumstances to that I have above recorded, *i. e.*:—On a sheet of paper laid under the table with a pencil on it, a writing was heard and afterwards found on the paper. It was again a surname, that of the owner of the rooms, and the word "God." The paper was afterwards placed in a very curious way under the sofa cushion, the leg of the sofa being placed on the cushion. At the end of the evening, just as we were leaving, my friend suggested that Mr. Squire might have some steel spring in his sleeve by which the writing could be performed. Mr. Squire kindly bared his arm, and then kneeling on the floor so that he could have no support for the paper, held it with his bared arm under the table. The words, '*Good night*' were immediately written. The gas was then burning, and my friend was observing Mr. Squire, but could detect no movement of his body or arm to account in any way for the writing being produced by his agency.

5. On the evening of the 4th of April, at a *séance* in Russell Square, the phenomenon of direct writing was again repeated on a piece of paper placed with a pencil under the table. Several friends having, with reference to my former experiences, suggested that the writing might be produced by Mr. Squire with the agency of his feet, I procured his consent, at the commencement of this experiment, to fasten them to the chair. Immediately his hand began to write in the usual manner of medium writing, and he wrote "*Untie the medium's feet: If this evidence will not satisfy you we cannot help you,*" or words to this effect. I did not preserve the paper. On this being done, the writing began, and the words, '*Lionel David,*' were written in the same cramped hand as on former occasions. By rapping and the alphabet, it afterwards was stated that this name and spirit (?) was the brother of one of the company present who was killed at Inkermann.

These are the five instances in which I have witnessed direct writing by an unseen agent. I do not class the phenomena among the most convincing of those which I have seen. The *possibility* of the writing being done by a trick by means of the feet of the medium, although, personally, I do not for a moment suppose that that is the case, materially weakens the value of this direct writing as narrative evidence. So also does the trashy commonplace nature of the communication when made, which is only equalled by the final suggestion in the editorial note appended to my former communication, that the cause of this wild rubbish being communicated to me was the condescension of some high angel to the requirements of my mind. I wish, Mr. Editor, you would manage to convey to the spirits that I feel equal to a little stronger food!

Before bringing this letter to a conclusion, I would desire to record the other striking physical phenomena which, on the evening of the 4th of April, I witnessed at the *séance* in Russell Square. Mr. Squire twice lifted a large, heavy, square table on to the bed, he sitting on a chair, his feet tied, and one hand held by one of the company. He also twice, in a manner similar to what occurred in my own house, lifted the same table on to his head, and that of a person standing beside him, both holding the table at one point only. The raps, also, were loud and frequent, the table-cloth was twisted round my head; and, again, while I and one

of the company held Mr. Squire's hand in a circle, one of the chairs was without effort or noise placed upon the table.

There is a strange sameness in all these phenomena, and, what is so vexing, they appear to tend to nothing. Neither Mr. Squire nor I are a bit wiser than we were. I believed in the spirit-world—the communion of saints—long before I ever heard of *Spiritualism*, and this science or art has added actually nothing to my knowledge on the subject.

Still, the undoubted physical phenomena which I have recorded in my former paper already referred to, are wonderful facts, and should as such command a diligent investigation. My narrative, I am glad to know, has attracted the notice of one or two eminent in science.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,  
M. R. C. P.

[We cannot agree with the Doctor's modest statement that he is not a bit wiser than he was, for we think he is wiser than when he denied the phenomena; but he has an awkward habit of thinking that he knows at once all the length and breadth of a subject which is as wide as the universe of God, and this only by observing its lowest phases. This habit prevents his being as much wiser as he would have been had he maintained a child-like attitude instead of a dogmatic one.

When he has had further time to pursue his investigations, he will find how entirely all written revelation, and "the Church of his baptism" are dependant on a true spiritual basis for their existence. An article in this number on "Spiritualism in the Church of England" will certainly be interesting in this connexion to him, as well as to our other readers.

Even this direct writing, which he finds such a "trashy common-place," gives more living evidence of the truth of the direct writing which so discomposed Belshazzar, than all that theologians have ever told us on the subject. It furnishes, in fact, a demonstration to the millions who do not believe in the Bible, because of these very seeming impossibilities and absurdities, that they must seek other grounds for their scepticism.—*Ed.*]

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#### A F A C T.

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

Mrs. A., a friend of mine who had recently developed as a medium, joined my family circle, and, through her, some very interesting messages were being received when another lady, Madam B—, entered the room.

I explained to Madam B— the nature of our occupation at that moment, and asked her if she knew anything of the subject. "I do not," she said, "believe in it, but my husband does, and I have always thought he was mad."

"Well Madam," I said, "take a seat and let us see what the spirits have to say to *you* on that head."

She accordingly came, and the first question I asked was: "Is Madam B— a medium?" Answer: Yes! I then requested all but Madam B— to remove their hands, and we left the table alone to her.

She asked several questions in French: the responses were steady and very remarkable, until at length, much affected, she burst into a flood of tears.

Recovering herself, she explained that she had asked among other questions one or two—*mentally*—of a family nature; and the answers satisfied her that the spirit of her mother, for whom she was then in mourning, had communed with her; and she acknowledged at once that there was a reality for which she had not been prepared.

I then asked her to take a pencil and a sheet of paper, and giving a sheet and pencil to Mrs. A——, the other medium, I requested the spirits to guide their hands, and write, if they could, the *same sentence*, through each at the same moment.

Mrs. A—— wrote in an instant, "God is good." Madam B—— at the same time commenced writing *backwards*; and on looking at the paper we found the words: "Dooq si doo," which, it will be observed, is the same sentence.

A gentleman present, who is an earnest investigator, said, "That is the most remarkable test of an independent power which I have yet witnessed."

I have other equally curious facts to communicate, but I forbear for the present from further trespassing on your space. B.

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

Sir.—It is rather more than a year since the following occurrence took place at the temporary residence of an acquaintance of mine. Colonel H——, with his wife and daughters, had taken a house at the Isle of Wight. One morning, during the absence of the Colonel, who was not expected home till the evening, Mrs. H—— was reading aloud to her daughters, when they were alarmed at hearing her shriek, which impelled them to look up from their employment, when one of them beheld exactly the same apparition, or apparitions which had so terrified their mother. It was that of a young man lying on the ground, and over him two men were standing, as if in the act of murdering him. The other daughter beheld only two men in a bending posture, as the intervention of a table prevented her seeing the figure on the ground. I need not tell you the alarm and consternation these appearances caused; but after some two or three hours, Mrs. H—— resolved on continuing her reading as the best method of calming their minds. In about half an hour she felt irresistibly impelled to look up again in the same direction, when she again beheld the same vision. She became quite ill, and was obliged to be carried to bed, where she was on the return of the Colonel, who heard with amazement what had happened during his absence. He then informed them that in returning home from the friends at whose house he had been, although he had often come after dark, and never felt the smallest idea of danger, he had suffered this evening from an unaccountable suspicion that some one was following him with the intention of murdering him, and had kept on his guard from being surprised during the whole of his walk. This feeling in Col. H—— was indeed peculiar, for he is a brave and fearless man. After a great deal of conversation on the matter, they considered that the vision might relate to a son who was abroad, and that in all probability they should hear of his having been murdered. During the interval of suspense which elapsed ere they received news from abroad, they removed not only from the house, but from the island. I rejoice to add that the vision had no reference to the son, who came to England alive and well. This is the only instance within my knowledge of three apparitions visible at the same time, and to the same number of persons. The singularity of the interrupted view of one of them, which would have been the case, in the position in which she sat, had it been a living representation, strikes me also as not the least singular feature in the case.

Yours truly,

H. O. S.

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## Notices of New Books.

*Is 1867 the Year of the Crisis?* By ? Partridge, Paternoster Row.

There is no doubt that Elliott's and Cumming's pretended interpretation of prophecy are utterly false, and no interpretations at all: and it may be freely admitted that fair proof of such falseness is offered in this pamphlet. But, notwithstanding this difference, both of these opposing parties are agreed, and, like Herod and Pontius Pilate, are "gathered together against" the plain literal meaning of the following words of Christ and His Apostles. "Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of Man be come." "There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom." "This generation shall not pass, till all these things be." "Henceforth (or from now) shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." "If he (John) tarry till I come, what is that to thee." "When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies . . . . . these be the days of vengeance, that all things written may be fulfilled." "Behold, I come quickly." "For the time is at hand." "The judge standeth at the door." "The end of all things is at hand." "There came a sound from the sky as of a rushing mighty wind . . . . . and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit." "Now the Lord is that Spirit." The pamphleteer agrees with Dr. Cumming that, "this generation" does not mean "this generation," that "ye" does not mean the person to whom Christ was speaking, that "quickly" does not mean quickly; and yet he is offended with Dr. Cumming for saying that, 1260 days means 1260 years. Well, if "henceforth" means only after many years have first elapsed, if a "short time" means a long time, surely, it will not be very difficult also to imagine (and the one imagination is as good as the other) that 1260 days means 1260 years. The pamphleteer is quite right in saying that Elliott's and Cumming's "interpretations are nuts for infidels to crack;" but the same may be said of himself and the Futurists. If Christ's words are true, not a single prophecy remained to be fulfilled when, A.D. 70, Jerusalem fell to "rise no more." If that did not constitute "the end of the world," the "end of prophetic time," and "the end of all things written," the Bible has but an ordinary claim to our regard. If the advent of Christ in glory, the resurrection and judgment of the last day, were there and then made manifest, then was Christ's last will and testament duly proved, administered to, and executed by His twelve executors, and His written Word has become the Magna Charta, the unutterable title deed of the Christian's everlasting inheritance. But "when the Son of Man cometh, will He find faith (of such coming as well as of other things) upon the earth?" Eighteen centuries have proved that He will not find it. Dr. Cumming has grossly tried to add to the things written in the Book. The pamphleteer has both subtracted from and added thereto. For when Christ said, "Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things," He also said, "But I say unto you that Elias is come already." With strange infatuation the pamphleteer subtracts these latter words, and most unwarrantably adds his own thus:—"Elijah, therefore, is to come."

But it is useless to argue with self-styled reverends, whether the Reverend Pope, the Reverend Cumming, or the Reverend T. L. Harris. The occupation of reverend priests (so called) is gone; if by the Babylon of the Apocalypse was meant the old Jerusalem. For in the New Jerusalem, as good George Fox said, Christ is come Himself to be the teacher of His people.