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HEALING MEDIUMS.—PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

As the French Zouave has of late revived the subject of healing mediums, and with it the invariable cry of the press of "Quack and Humbug," it may be useful to notice passingly this most useful class of God's benefactors. History in its most continuous and most varied pages bears testimony to their existence. The present age does not believe in them; but then, in what does it believe? It does not believe any longer in the Bible, the most ancient and most thoroughly authentic history in the world. It does not believe in history in general because Comte has taught it not to believe in anything but what it can prove by its five senses. To this generation all other generations and all other men are liars and are not worthy of credit. The Positivists have taken up their stand on the narrowest bit of ground they can find, and refuse to admit that any people but themselves are worthy of credit. The immense mass of historic evidence, the results of the observations of the greatest minds that have existed in any former age is rejected by them, on the simple plea that nothing is to be depended on which they have not seen, felt, smelled and tasted themselves. Still it is in vain that they deny that they utterly exclude historical evidence, because, if they do admit it, they cannot arbitrarily shut out this or that piece of evidence at pleasure. If they admit historical evidence at all they must submit to the rules of evidence, and the dictates of sound common sense will on such evidence prove everything that they are anxious to shut out from proof. There is plenty of evidence of the truth of the main facts of the Bible; of its prophecies, of their fulfilment, of revelation, and therefore, of a spiritual world and spiritual life. Abundant proof of the

same kind stands prominently in profane history, and if the Positivists, as they profess, adhere only to common sense, they are bound to take a common sense view of history, and at once their narrow bit of standing room is swept away by the flood of rational evidence. The most inconsistent thing in Comte's philosophy, is, that in order to exclude history, he employed it to trace all the various stages of human advancement. Without history and the evidences of successive ages he had no light at all to guide him in the formation of his theory. He could not draw his evidence, singularly enough employed to destroy all but present, formal evidence, from revelation, for he denied its existence; not from spiritual communication, for he had not proved spiritual life by his only admitted means, his physical senses. Thus Comte actually committed suicide on his own theory; for without evidences of the past, he could not prove the necessity of depending only on the perceptions of the present. He used evidence to destroy evidence; he employed it to teach his followers that it did not exist, and could not exist for them. Such a philosophy, libelling as base and untrustworthy all past human evidence, is necessarily the meanest and most ungenerous of all philosophies, because it treats as liars the noblest and most sincerely enlightened of the race. By confining its sources to the senses, it rejects all that the greatest and the wisest have learned through those sources, and every day perpetrates the gross inconsistency of libelling the senses themselves. When Spiritualists invite them to witness striking physical facts proving a spiritual basis, they are the first to denounce these senses, their sole standing point, as delusive in the extreme. In short, when put to the test, they believe in nothing, not even the senses, to whose operations they profess to confine themselves. If the Positivists frankly and honestly followed out their creed, they must speedily, by following facts, come into Spiritualism, which is based on facts and on the evidence of the senses. Refusing to follow these proofs, now everyday things, they utterly stultify themselves; deny their own premises, which, carried out honestly, are suicidal, and thus reduce their creed to a mere crotchet, having no human or superhuman basis, support or principle of existence, a fallacious shadow and nothing more.

The spirit and reasoning of the Positivists more or less predominate in the sceptical of all classes in the present age; and the French Zouave has only the same treatment as that which the numerous *terræ filii* of to-day deal out to the same class of benefactors in all ages. Many indeed profess to admit of the miraculous cures of the Old and New Testaments; but to regard them as an exceptional order of facts, given for evidence which was to serve for all future times. Without stopping to

shew the utter want of proofs of such limitation of healing miracle to the times of the Bible, we may simply assume that the truth of these cures is, by a large body of modern cavillers, admitted. To say nothing either of the cures of a like kind recorded amongst the ancient Greeks, or other ancient nations, especially of India and Egypt, we see amongst the pagan Romans the admission of such facts by the most sceptical of their historians—Tacitus—in the case of the Emperor Vespasian. The Roman Catholic Church has in all ages been firm in its maintenance of this miraculous power. Let us concede that some, and even many, of such reputed miraculous cures were not genuine, yet there are hundreds of others attested by as sound and sufficient evidence as can be demanded by human reason. The names of St. Catherine, St. Theresa, St. Hildegarde, of our own historian Bede, of St. Columban, of the learned Pascal, Nicole, Arnauld, Racine, &c., amongst the acute Port-Royalists, of all the leading authorities in France, in the case of the cures at the tomb of the Abbé Paris; of equally unquestionable authority, that of the almost numberless cures by the Pastor Gasner, in the time of Lavater; of Madame de l'Amour; and of the Curé d'Ars, in our own time, present a guarantee for the reality of what occurred through their mediumship which would be absolute in any other kind of evidence. Of the same unquestionable character are the cures, and are the attestations of them, as performed by Valentine Greateorex before the physicians of the United Kingdom and the Court of England. The cures of the Emir Bechir in Palestine a few years ago, and of Dr. Newton before thousands and tens of thousands in America at the present time, shew that the fact of such cures in all parts of the world cannot rationally be denied by any except such as can at the same time credit the assumption that we are the descendants of monkeys, and ought to sport in our family arms the smug and smutty faces and pliant tails of our grinning progenitors.

There is a Catholic thaumaturgist who, soon after the great Napoleonic war, made a far greater and more extensive sensation by his cures, through prayer and laying on of hands, than the Zouave Jacob, and who has not received a proper degree of attention from Spiritualists. This is Alexander Leopold Franz Emmerich, Prince of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst, Archbishop and Grand Provost of Grosswardein in Hungary, and Abbot of St. Michael's at Gaborjan. This eminent man, of a princely house of various German branches, and great churchman as he was, having discovered through a peasant the power of healing diseases in the name and through the power of Christ, had no fear of injuring his respectability, or making his name and character the sport of unbelievers, but at once boldly

devoted himself in the openest manner, and in various parts of the German empire, to abate human suffering by this divine agency. Prince Hohenlohe was born in 1794, at Kupferzell, in Waldenburg, and was educated at the Universities of Bern and Vienna, Tyrnau and Elwangen. In the course of his clerical career, he officiated as priest in Olmütz, in Munich and Bamberg. In 1820, when he was twenty-six years of age, he fell in with the peasant Martin Michel at Unterwittighausen, a bathing-place on the frontiers of Bavaria and Franconia, but in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and from this moment devoted himself with unwavering zeal, through good report and evil, through his whole life, to this noble office of a physician of Christ. He himself tells us of this first acquaintance with his future coadjutor, the peasant Michel:—

“ In the frequent visits which I made to Herr Brachtold, the worthy pastor of the small village of Hapfort, I became acquainted with his brother-in-law, Martin Michel, the pious peasant of Unterwittighausen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, a man who had a decisive influence on the rest of my life. His spirit calm and religious; his faith firm and ardent; the tranquillity of his soul; his unchangeable equanimity of temper; his devotion, devoid of all bigotry, and his profound knowledge of the New Testament, fixed my attention on that man at whose feet I seated myself without blushing.” In company with Michel, the Prince, in the following year, accomplished one of his earliest and most famous cures. He thus relates it:—

“ At the commencement of June, 1826, I proceeded to Hapfort to pay a visit to his Royal Highness Prince Louis, the heir to the crown of Bavaria. There finding Martin Michel, I offered him my carriage, that we might make the journey together to Würzburg, knowing that his intention was to pass through that city on his return home. He accepted my proposal. Having arrived at Würzburg, we alit at the house of the pastor, Herr Deppisch, who received us with much goodness and affection. On the morrow I paid a visit to Baron von Reinach, who invited me to dinner. As we were at table, his domestics carried in the young Princess Mathilda of Schwarzenburg, who for eight years had lost the power of walking through paralysis. She was placed at my side. Touched with compassion, I recollected that my good Martin Michel had by his prayer cured me of a violent sore throat. I then said within myself, that probably he could also obtain the same favour for the Princess, if she had a firm confidence in the help of the Saviour.

“ On the 21st of June, after performing mass, I perceived myself greatly moved and impelled to hasten to the Princess, to tell her that she would have help from Jesus Christ, if she had

a firm reliance on His divine words:—‘ Verily I say unto you, whatever ye ask me in the name of my Father, He will give it you.’ Entering into the sacristy, I endeavoured to rid myself of that idea as proceeding from an excited imagination. My efforts were useless; I continued impressed to go to the Princess, accompanied by Martin Michel. I went; and leaving Michel in the ante-chamber, I proceeded alone into the apartment of the Princess, whom I found reclining on her bed, and, as it were, enveloped in machinery.

“ After the ordinary salutations on the one part and the other, I said to her without preamble, ‘ My dear cousin, God is able to help you through Jesus Christ, His Son, in the holy name in which we address our prayers to the eternal Father.’ ‘ Yes, undoubtedly,’ she replied, ‘ I believe it.’ I then said to her, ‘ I have brought with me a pious peasant, at whose prayer Almighty God has already succoured the afflicted; if you are willing, I will call him that he may pray for you.’ ‘ With all my heart,’ replied the Princess. Whereupon I caused Martin Michel to enter.

“ After some words addressed to the invalid, Martin, joining his hands, commenced praying. But it is necessary to have seen it, in order to have a just idea of the depth and fervour with which he prayed. I appeal to all who have seen him in that attitude. All would agree with me that his prayer issued from the fulness of a heart penetrated by the most living faith. I avow for myself that I threw myself on the ground in prayer. The prayer ended,—I could not tell the reason, but I felt a secret power which commanded me in a loud voice to say to the Princess, ‘ In the name of Jesus Christ, arise and walk!’ I pronounced these words, for ever memorable to me, and the Princess, released from the bandages of her machines, was able not only to rise to her feet, which she had not done for eight years, but to walk. Thou knowest, my God, what then were the sentiments of my heart. I felt my tears flowing, but I was only able to utter the exclamation, ‘ My God, my God! is it possible?’

“ The rumour of this memorable event was quickly spread, and I was surrounded by invalids. I say nothing of the number of such facts, which then and since took place, for it is not for me to judge of them.”—*Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe*, p. 18.

The Princess, on Sunday, the 24th, walked to church, to the astonishment of all who knew her and had seen her for so many years reclining only in a carriage in a most helpless condition. From that moment she retained the full use of her limbs.

Immediately afterwards, another equally surprising cure was performed on a still more exalted personage, namely, Louis, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, still living in a hale old age as ex-king

Louis, the great patron of art and embellisher of Munich. We have here his own declaration of the fact in a letter which has been printed many times:—"To the Count von Sinsheim. My dear Count,—There are still miracles. The ten last days of the last month the people of Würzburg might believe themselves in the times of the apostles. The deaf heard, the blind saw, the lame freely walked, not by the aid of art, but by means of a few short prayers, and by the invocation of the name of Jesus. The Prince of Hohenlohe demanded faith in Jesus Christ, faith in His power to heal the sick if it were His will. This faith was an indispensable condition. On the evening of the 28th, the number of persons cured, of both sexes and of every age, amounted to more than seventy. These were of all classes of people, from the humblest to a prince of the blood, who, without any exterior means, recovered, on the 27th at noon, the hearing which he had lost from his infancy. This cure was effected by a prayer made for him during some minutes by a priest who is scarcely more than twenty-seven years of age, the Prince Hohenlohe. Although I do not hear so well as the majority of the persons who are about me, there is no comparison between my actual state and that which it was before. Besides, I perceive daily that I hear more clearly.

"In my ante-chamber, and in the presence of Madame Grasvrensreuth, the Prince twice unsuccessfully pronounced his prayer for a woman who for twenty-five years has been blind. He did not wish to repeat it, but at the pressing solicitations of the woman he prayed a third time, and she recovered her sight. Another person received the same blessing in the presence of Herr Lichtenthaler, my librarian. I cite these two cases, selected from a great number of others, all as striking and as well attested.

"My hearing at present is very sensitive. Last Friday the music of the troop which defiled in the square in front of the palace, struck my tympanum so strongly that for the first time I was obliged to close the window of my cabinet.

"The inhabitants of Würzburg have testified by the most lively and sincere acclamations, the pleasure which my cure has given them. You are at liberty to communicate my letter, and to allow any one who wishes it to take a copy of it.—Louis, Prince Royal. Bruckenuau, July 3, 1822."

What are we to say to these things? The spirit of true piety and benevolence in which Prince Hohenlohe relates the wonders performed through him, is utterly at variance with any idea of what is so brusquely and pertly termed "Humbug" now-a-days by our newspaper scribes and correspondents. The frank and honest tone of the ex-King of Bavaria, who asserts

that these marvels were done in the presence of numbers of people, and the Court, and in the city, and wishes any one who pleases to take a copy of his letter, stating his own remarkable cure, is not that of a dupe or a charlatan. The characters of both these distinguished men, the Prince Hohenlohe and Louis of Bavaria, and their position, are ample guarantees for the truth of their statements. We have no doubt, however, that the *Times*, the *Star*, and the rest of our journals would, on hearing these recitals, glibly cry, "Humbug!" In fact, there is no deposition however sacred, or attested by a whole people as witnesses, as were the people of Würzburg on these occasions, but our newspapers would, if it clashed with their narrow theories, impudently pronounce "Humbug." Nothing, indeed, saves the miracles of our Saviour from their arrogant contempt, but a sense, not of reverence, but of policy. Let the Zouave Jacob be content.

Amongst the numerous recorded cures by Prince Hohenlohe, we will select a few of the most striking. During this memorable visit to Würzburg, besides the cures of the Crown Prince and the Princess Schwarzenburg, Professor Onymus of the University of Würzburg, and Herr Scharold, Counsellor of Legation of Würzburg, have left us relations of many others, of which they were eye-witnesses. Professor Onymus says, "Prince Hohenlohe cures the sick and afflicted by his prayers. The crowd is great before his door. From all sides they bring the sick, the blind, the lame, the paralytic, the deaf, the dumb. The victims of the evils that afflict our unhappy humanity surround the house where he is staying from morning till night. At ten o'clock at night the square before the house is not empty. It is not without great trouble, and by the assistance of the police, that you are able to get to him. When you penetrate into the most retired of his apartments, you will scarcely find a chair unoccupied. Notwithstanding, he never seems fatigued. He never refuses his aid to any one, to the poor or even to mendicants with the most disgusting complaints. When he quits the house, it is not merely to carry alleviation to the palaces of the great or the houses of the rich; he goes in preference to the cabins of the poor. When he prays, we see that the prayer comes from the bottom of his heart, and he prays with so much fervour that sometimes he seems ready to sink from exhaustion. This trait is characteristic.

"On the 20th of June, Elizabeth Laner, a woman of about fifty years of age, who from her twenty-fifth year had been in the city hospital, completely disabled by a rheumatic affection of the nerves, asked permission to seek the help of the Prince. This was readily accorded, as all the skill of the physicians had

failed to touch her ailment. One of the porters of the establishment carried her to the house of Herr von Greifrancau, where the Prince was staying. The Prince prayed over her, but without apparent effect; but as the porter was carrying her away again, she felt her health restored, desired him to set her down, and walked to the hospital with ease, though she had not walked for twenty-one years. All at the hospital saw her enter in full vigour and freedom with astonishment. The cure remained permanent, and the doctors gave her certificates of her previous condition.

“ Captain Ruthlein, an old gentleman of Thundorf, seventy years of age, who had long been pronounced incurable of paralysis which kept his hands clenched, and who had not left his room for many years, has been perfectly cured. Eight days after his cure he paid me a visit, rejoicing in the happiness of being able to walk freely. A like cure was performed on Fraülein Fegelein, an old lady of seventy, suffering under general paralysis. Yesterday she went to church to return thanks to God, accompanied by her friends and acquaintances. Michel Dinsenbacher, aged twenty-four, had for about three years suffered horrible agonies from an abscess in the chest producing caries of the bones. I have seen two splinters of five which were extracted. His legs were also in the most pitiable condition. He was incapable of any kind of labour. On the spot he recovered the use of his limbs, and in a few days he was at work in the fields. A lame man in the house of Aulic-Counsellor Martin, who went on crutches, was cured instantly, flung away his crutches, and raising his hands to heaven, thanked God for his restoration. A man of about fifty, named Bramdel, caused himself to be carried by six men from Carlstadt to the Court at Stauffenburg. His arms and legs were utterly paralyzed, hanging like those of a dead man, and his face was of a corpse-like pallor. On the prayer of the Prince, he was instantly cured, rose to his feet, and walked perfectly, to the profound astonishment of all present; who, struck with a religious terror, threw themselves on their knees in prayer. A student of Burglaner, near Murmerstadt, had lost for two years the use of his legs; he was brought in a carriage, and though he was only partially relieved by a first and second prayer of the Prince, at the third he found himself perfectly well. The daughter of Herr Mentz had suffered nine months from acute pains in one foot. The bone became carious, and the medical men pronounced amputation necessary. By the prayers of the Prince she was quite cured. All these cures,” says Professor Onymus, “ I saw myself. They are real, and they are permanent. If any one would excite doubts of the genuineness of the cures operated by Prince Hohenlohe, it is

only necessary to come hither and consult a thousand other eye and ear-witnesses like myself. Every one is ready to give all possible information about them."

The testimony of Legation-Counsellor Scharold is equally substantial and decided from his own observation. He cites other cases, of the blind receiving sight, as the widow Balzano, blind for many years, and a woman of Narstadt, paralytic and blind for twenty-five years; of various cases of cure of paralysis, &c., amid the jubilant joy of the spectators.

Prince Charles Hohenlohe, of Bartenstein, cousin of the Prince, in a letter to his father, dated August 18, 1821, expresses his astonishment at the cures which he himself had witnessed in the chapel at Bruckenau, where he says, four hundred blind, deaf, dumb, paralytic people, and people afflicted with incurable diseases were instantly and completely cured. Sixty crutches, he adds, were left in the chapel, and the Prince had then already cured seventy other people at Würzburg, where he was still operating.

With these letters, many others, written by persons of distinction in Germany and France, testify to the reality of these extraordinary cures. These have been collected, and were printed in German and French in 1825. As in the case of the Zouave, and of every other spiritual healer, pressure was put by the doctors on the Government, which interfered to stop him, and he retired to Austria, where he continued his operations. He died in 1849, aged only 55, at Böslau, near Vienna. But the cures of Prince Hohenlohe were not confined to Germany; they took place in Hungary, and often in various parts of Europe, and even in America. Mrs. Mattingly, the sister of Mr. Thomas Carbery, the Mayor of Washington, who had been pronounced incurably ill with cancer in the stomach from 1817, applied to the Prince Hohenlohe through M. Dubuisson, French missionary in the United States, and soon after received through M. Tessier, the grand vicar of the diocese of Baltimore, a letter from the Prince, informing her that on the 10th of each month he offered up prayer for persons living out of Europe, and wished her to unite in them. This was done; a fast of nine days was ordered her, which commenced on the 1st of March, 1824. On the ninth day she became so ill that she was expected every moment to expire. M. Dubuisson gave her the last consolations of the church, when suddenly she cried out, "What have you done to me? I am quite well!" rose up, returned thanks to God, breakfasted with a good appetite, and received the visits of numerous persons who were drawn thither by the rumour of this wonderful cure. Depositions of the nature of the malady, and of its perfect cure, were made by Mrs. Mattingly herself;

by her brother, Captain Carbery; Mr. Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States; many members of congress and magistrates; by five doctors, of whom two were Protestants, &c. All these were sworn before a justice of peace, and were printed and published. The *Washington Gazette* said that the whole city was in the greatest state of excitement on the occasion.

Circumstances so public, and attested by such a number and variety of witnesses, from princes down to citizens and peasants, including learned and medical men, it is in vain for the sceptical to attempt to set aside. They are not only indisputable in themselves, but are, as we have observed, part of a great and general system, which is confined to no country and no age. Doubtless, nevertheless, there were people who did not and could not believe them, even when they saw them with their own eyes. "Faith," said Prince Hohenlohe, "is indispensable to a cure." It is equally indispensable to the admission of a cure; and if a man has no faith, he is, of course, incapable of admitting the fact of such a cure. It is proverbial that you cannot wet a duck by pouring any quantity of water on its back. The oil on the hone which sharpens your razor is lost to the hone itself; the iron is welded on the anvil, but the anvil itself is totally insensible of it. Every one acquainted with country life knows there are, occasionally, lambs that come into the world with necks twisted to one side. These so-called wrynecks permanently carry their heads sideways; they see only on that side, unless they turn their whole bodies round, which is a trouble. Consequently, they are continually tumbling into a ditch, or blundering into some thicket. The born wrynecks of the human race, or morally thus distorted by education, turn philosophers. As they see only on one side, they imagine they see better on that side than anybody else, and that there is no other side. Hence the hopeless spectacle which they exhibit of incurable unconsciousness of the most striking spiritual phenomena around them and of the heaven above them.

It is the peculiar habit of this class of men, to listen out for a failure in the wonders related; to fasten on that voraciously and tenaciously, and pronounce all along with it, "Humbug." The Zouave did not cure Marshal Forey. So much the worse for the Marshal. But on the clearest evidence, he has cured some hundreds of others. Yet, because he fails in one instance, he is denounced as a humbug and a quack in all. But does, or did, any thaumaturgist or theurgist ever pretend to cure all cases without exception that came before him? Certainly not. From Jesus Christ to our own time, no such pretence has been set up. Christ himself required faith in the recipient to insure success; and all healers by divine power since, have cured, as

Prince Hohenlohe expressed it, "only such as God wills," such as have the life-germ of faith within them. But the newspaper correspondents must have all cured, or the curer of thousands, who has effected wonders in those thousands far beyond the reach of art is pertly styled a quack.

Let us apply this wry-neck rule to the regular doctors. Do they never fail? Obviously, continually and admittedly. Are they, therefore, quacks and humbugs? Why, the doctors, of course, fail, at one time or other, in the case of every individual, or no man would die. Are they, therefore, quacks? Oh! shallow wry-necks, and able editors, and special correspondents, make your rule equal and universal, or hold your peace; for with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again. And the day of such retribution is fast approaching. The elements of mind are all in motion. The spirit of the age is in a ferment. The leaven of the unseen is already leavening the lump of society. The very extravagances and eccentricities of opinion in religion and philosophy are signs of the life that is stirring beneath. The Ritualists are seeking life in dead forms, substance in the empty vanities of vestments; they are seeking outwardly whilst the Spiritualists are seeking inwardly. The Colensoists are importing German theologic screws as the only things to penetrate through the husks of ages to the literal truth. The Positivists and Secularists are catching like drowning men at what they conceive to be palpable proof. The Faber and Cummingists are hanging on by the old cord of prophecy for salvation. The Darwinianists are poring for truth in the ditches amongst infusoria, seeking an ancestry there and in oysters, or amongst the monkeys who ungratefully don't recognize in them their progeny. All, even when they proudly ignore faith, are stimulated by an inextinguishable faith in something, even if it be in a development rejected by all history, and invisible to the eye of keenest scrutiny; even if it be in annihilation, or the solution into original elements of our conscious being. All are fevered, tossing, and uneasy, and are struggling towards the light as well as they can, though it be in very odd and anomalous wriggings. There is a universal tension of the fibres of existence, an ominous orgasm, which, even when they do not know it, is life, incipient, embryo life, slowly, though grotesquely expanding.

Look back into the past century, and this motion becomes the more visible. All then was dead. Church, state, philosophy, art, taste, all were dead. The pulse of the social system was low, the topics of the time were cold and threadbare. It was a period of spiritual atrophy, a reign of dead formalism and animalism, There was no speculation, no enquiry, no conscious-

ness of beauty or deformity in man's inner or outer environments, either intellectual or physical. Bishops slumbered on their minster thrones, canons in their stalls, fat incumbents in their parsonages, and professors in their chairs. The people ate and drank when they could get food, and worked always, and died "as the fool dieth," as unschooled and dark as the beasts around them. The stir of morning life amongst these dry bones began in literature, and giants appeared in the land. The shaking has gone on into the churches, and the seats of learning, and into parliaments. Schools are now as plentiful as daisies on the uplands. There have been reforms, or aimings at reform, in states and laws and philosophies, and the shaking is going on and must go on. The old neglected fallows of the soul have been torn up by the plough of busy enquiry, and what if only rank weeds and poisonous have sprung up in the furrow—no matter, the wheat will follow. And while the earth beneath and the roofs above us are tottering, let no man fear for what is sound and true—it cannot perish. Only, let us stand clear of old walls and time-rifted towers, for whatever is rotten must crumble and come down; and the eternal facts and principles, wherever they are, however they may now be grinned and gibed at, must stand forth and remain. The hands that shaped the world are in the midst of the cataclasm; the single and unsealed eye of faith can see the sublime power regnant in the convulsed gloom, and knows that amidst the throes of such a chaos the fairer world of promise, the new earth with its new heaven, must be born.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" ON THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.

"THE use of a National Church is to teach, to guide, to lead its nation in all high and holy things, to set religion and morals on their true basis, and to point out their true practical application. To teach poor children to read and to visit poor people when they are sick is well; but they are not the great things, the weightier matters of the law. If the fundamental doctrines of the Church are refuted and exploded, if educated men cease to be Christians, and in many cases cease even to be Theists, the Church of England will not continue to receive several millions a year for purposes of minor philanthropy; and when 77 bishops from various parts of the world can do nothing but cant, and that in the most commonplace manner, when they are "gathered by the good providence of God for prayer and conference," it must be owned that things do not look well for the main positions in the great battle."

MR. LINCOLN'S DREAM OF WARNING.

IN Judge Pierpont's address to the jury at the Surratt trial, he related the following singular incident:—

“Mr. Pierpont resumed his remarks, and said he now came to a strange act in this dark drama—strange though not new—so wonderful that it seems to come from beyond the veil that separates us from death. It is not new, but it is strange. All governments are of God, and for some wise purpose the Great Ruler of all, by presentiments, portents, bodings, and by dreams, sends some shadowy warning of a coming dawn when a great disaster is to befall a nation. So was it in the days of Saul—when Cæsar was killed—when Brutus died at Philippi—so was it when Christ was crucified—so was it when Harold fell at the battle of Hastings—so was it when the Czar was assassinated—so was it before the bloody death of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. In the life of Cæsar, by De Quincy, in the life of Pompey, by Plutarch, is given the portents that came to warn Pompey. Here it is we find how Cæsar was warned. . . . On the morning of April 14, Mr. Lincoln called his cabinet together. He had reason to be joyful, but he was anxious to hear from Sherman. Grant was here, and he said ‘Sherman was all right;’ but Mr. Lincoln feared, and related a dream which he had the night before—a dream which he had had previous to Chancellorsville and Stone River, and whenever a disaster had happened. The members of the cabinet who heard that relation will never forget it. A few hours afterward Sherman was not heard from—but the dream was fulfilled. A disaster had befallen the Government, and Mr. Lincoln's spirit returned to the God who gave it. The dream was fulfilled. It was to this purport: He seemed to be at sea in a vessel, that was swept along by an irresistible current toward a maelstrom, from which it seemed no power could save her. Faster and faster the whirling waters swept the fated ship toward the vortex, until, looking down into the black abyss, amid the deafening roar of the waves, and with the sensation of sinking down, down, down an unfathomable depth, the terrified dreamer awoke. The same terrible dream Mr. Lincoln had four times; first before the first battle of Bull Run, again before the second disastrous defeat at the same place, again before the battle of Murfreesboro', and finally, as above mentioned, on the night before his own assassination. Mr. Lincoln had at last come to recognize the dream as a portent of some great disaster.”

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

SEANCES WITH MISS NICHOLL.

THE readers of this Magazine are now tolerably well informed of the general character of the manifestations which Miss Nicholl obtains, the spontaneous production of fresh flowers and fruits predominate, being their most distinguishing feature.

On the evening of the 21st of September last I was one of a party of seven who assembled at Mrs. Houghton's residence, namely,—Mrs. and Miss Houghton, Miss Nicholl, Mr. and Mrs. Tawse, Mrs. Matthew Pearson, and myself. The *séances* previously held at Mrs. Houghton's have been conducted in a formal routine. After the light is extinguished the party sit, I was told, in perfect quiet, and await, without making any request, whatever manifestations may follow. Judging by the very marvellous results obtained by the chosen party who have usually formed these circles and who are confirmed believers, a deviation from the usual practice would not be thought by them an advantage. They are satisfied of the genuineness of all that takes place, and they are perfectly indifferent to the opinions of the outside world. I, however, am not. I do not go to such meetings for the mere purpose of satisfying my curiosity, but of obtaining something worth carrying away for the consideration and instruction of others. Knowing as I do the sceptical character of the human mind, and how extremely difficult it is to realize such facts as I am called upon to record in this Magazine, I always try to lead the investigation in a practical way, and by narrowing the ground of opposition, to leave the doubter no reasonable opening to drive a shaft through. On the evening in question I requested that I might be allowed to depart from their usual method of conducting their sittings, and I suggested to the invisible operators that as we had all had flowers brought to us at other meetings we would if they pleased dispense with them upon this occasion, and I begged that we might each have the privilege of selecting something of our own choice. This being assented to, I at once asked for French plums, which was the first thought presented to my mind; within a minute two fine preserved greengage plums were given to me! Mr. Tawse asked for almonds, and instantly two

almonds were put before him. One of the ladies asked for dates, and they were brought; another for raisins, and two small bunches of new fruit were given to her. Some bread cut in exact squares quite fresh was given to another, and an apple to a sixth. The only request which was not complied with was made by Mrs. Tawse, who asked for the Indian fruit, mango; but her husband reminded her that mangoes were not in season.

Encouraged by the success of this experiment I asked the spirits if they could bring us perfumes, four were named; Violet, Ess. Bouquet, Lavender, and Verbena. The three first were brought and sprinkled over us as if coming from a jet held above our heads; my handkerchief retained the scent for several days after.

I then suggested that we should lay our handkerchiefs upon the table; I requested that they might be tied in knots, and especially that one of them should be made to represent as closely as could be the human figure.

Two of the handkerchiefs were tied up at the corners, one having a deep laced border was put upon Mrs. Tawse's head, and presented the appearance of a lady's cap, and one was actually folded and tied up, as I had requested, in a most ingenious manner, representing something like a Turkish figure, seated,* these operations being accomplished in an instant.

I have the handkerchief in my possession, and I also retain the plums, raisins, and a piece of the bread, which should be sufficient evidence to the most sceptical that we were at least not under hallucination, and that the medium, Miss Nicholl, under the circumstances I have described, must have been a passive agent in the production of the phenomena.

At a subsequent *séance*, held at Miss Nicholl's residence, there was the unusual number of eighteen ladies and gentlemen present, and I am informed that the manifestations were more wonderful than upon any preceding occasion.

The invisibles did not wait for suggestions, but told each person to ask for what he wished, and in compliance with their requests eighteen different fruits and vegetables were instantly brought, among them were black and white grapes, a bunch of raisins (which had never been pressed), almonds, currants, a fine fresh peach, banana, pomegranate, orange, lemon, apple, onion, and potato.

With such facts we may realise some of the extraordinary statements made in America, as that on one occasion the spirits

* Mr. Henry Dixon, of 112, Albany Street, Regent's Park, has photographed this curiously folded handkerchief, and will no doubt be glad to supply it to those who desire to possess a copy.

produced (at request) a large shell from the ocean filled with sea water.

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

About three years ago "some 16 gentlemen," residing in Glasgow, determined to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, and they engaged "a Mr. Conklin, a medium of 13 years' standing, warranted to be highly favoured in spiritual matters," with whom they held several *séances*, and concluded by denouncing him as a charlatan.

A pamphlet, entitled *Spirit-Rapping in Glasgow: a True Narrative*, was written by Mr. John W. Paterson, one of the 16 whose "object was to arrive at the truth; they had read much and heard more, were not unwilling to believe, but had never had any personal contact with mediums," and as Mr. Conklin, in their opinion, was an impostor, they had "strong suspicion that Mr. Conklin's more famous brethren differ from him but in degree; that, tracked with a like patience, and met with, of course, a subtlety proportionate to their own, their inflated pretensions would collapse, even as this man's did, and vanish amidst a like laughter."

This "true narrative," though supported by an influential journal, the *Glasgow Herald*, produced an effect the very reverse of the author's intention. In the first place,—it called forth an admirable letter from Mr. Howitt, which met with a rejoinder, and a general controversy ensued. The *Glasgow Herald*, with great fairness, and sound discretion, since no subject could be more interesting to its readers, opened its columns to both sides, and it eventuated in the "collapse" of Mr. Paterson and his followers, and the triumph of Spiritualism. A few intelligent men of the middle class, stimulated by the facts and reasoning of the supporters of Spiritualism, (who did not condescend to imitate their opponents by writing vulgar abuse under the cover of the anonymous,) took up the investigation in earnest, and the result was that an association was formed which has steadily increased its numbers, and is now in the third year of its existence. The hall in which it holds its meetings was filled on the third anniversary to overflowing, and the *Glasgow Herald* of October 5, reports their proceedings in full, under the head of—

A NIGHT WITH GLASGOW SPIRITUALISTS.

"The third annual *soirée* in connection with the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists was held on Thursday evening, in Ansell's Rooms, under the Trades' Hall, Glasford Street. The attendance was numerous and respectable, Mr. James Marshall

(President of the Association) occupied the chair, and amongst other gentlemen present were—Messrs. James Nicholson, Hay Nisbet, James Walker, Alexander Simpson, and William Larmont. After tea, the company joined in singing the first two verses of the Hundredth Psalm. Thereafter, the chairman delivered the usual introductory address. In the course of his remarks, he said the object of the Association was to encourage members and inquirers in their investigation of the facts and teachings of Spiritualism; and secondly, to spread a knowledge of its truths, with the view of opposing the Materialism of the age, and of confirming the mind in the belief of a future state. . . . They were all practical men, who wished to use their own eyes and ears—who wished to use the senses that God had given them, leaving every one of course to deduce his own theory from the facts which were presented. The Association possessed no religious element, but was, in short, composed of a band of investigators who wished at their own fire-side to study the science of psychology.”

Want of space necessarily precludes my giving fuller details, which occupy two columns of the *Glasgow Herald*, but I may briefly state, that Mr. Andrew Cross, the Honorary Secretary, supplemented the report, which he read, by some sensible remarks, and Mr. Hay Nisbet gave an interesting account of the “Progress of Trance Painting.” The *Herald* says, “The story Mr. Nisbet had to tell related to the wonderful trance painting of a working cabinet maker in this city,” (of which the readers of *Passing Events* have already had an account in this Magazine). The medium performed all the operations of the painter, not excepting the mixing and arranging of his colours, with his eyes shut, and sometimes he worked in a room made perfectly dark.”

Miss Chapman, a young lady from Huddersfield, who I am told is a very interesting speaking and singing trance medium, was present, and took a prominent part in the evening’s proceedings. The *Herald*, giving a lengthy report of Miss Chapman’s address and singing, says, “To a stranger, it was no slight novelty to see a young woman, with closed eyes and a pale face, led in by the hand to sing while in what Spiritualists call a trance, before 300 or 400 persons.”

I congratulate the Spiritualists of Glasgow upon their advanced position. I respect the editor of the *Glasgow Herald* for the example he sets to all others of his craft, and I hope Mr. J. W. Paterson, who is really the founder of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, has at length arrived at the truth.

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY.

Charles Dickens has published in "*All the Year Round*," (May 18th, 1867) a story called "The Botathen Ghost," which is no doubt true, or at least believed by Mr. Dickens, or he would not have adopted it.—Parson Rudall was asked by Mr. Bligh, of Botathen (a place in Cornwall), to visit his son, a youth of fourteen, who had become much changed in his manners and appearance. The parson elicited from the boy the secret of his moody habits and depressed state of mind. The boy, it appears, whenever he passed a particular field in the neighbourhood of his father's house, met a woman, who lived at one time near them, but who had been dead three years, and whom he had seen buried. The parson verified the boy's statement, by accompanying him, and saw the ghost as she had been described. He spoke to her, and asked her the cause of her appearance. She said she had committed a certain sin, and explained it to him. He went to his Bishop, and obtained leave to exorcise and relieve her; and accordingly he met her again on January 12th, 1665.

Parson Rudall asked her for a sign that she was a true spirit, and not a false fiend.

She replied—"Before next Yule-tide, a fearful pestilence would lay waste the land, and myriads of souls would be loosened from their flesh; our valleys would be full." Six months after—July, 1665—the plague was raging in London, which was taken as a fulfilment of her prophecy. The parson went through the ceremony of incantation, and the ghost was never seen again.

This ghost story, which it is said was well recognised throughout Cornwall, at that period, as true, concludes with these words:—"What pleasure and improvements do such deny themselves, who scorn and avoid all opportunity of intercourse with souls separate, and the spirits glad and sorrowful, which inhabit the unseen world."

 PROFESSOR GUNNING UPON SPIRITUAL EVIDENCES.

In the last number of this Magazine, I gave some interesting facts communicated to me by Professor Gunning, of Boston, since which I have received the following letter from him, containing reflections, which I especially commend to his compeers in the scientific world:—

"My dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the pleasure

'and' the profit I have gained from the few numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine* which have reached me. I do not believe you can serve your race and your age more nobly than by labouring as you do to bring the doctrine of immortality from the realm of faith into that of knowledge. I like your method. We need *facts*. I do not see how we can learn anything of an after life except as that life reports itself. At best our faith assures us only of the *fact* that life reaches on beyond the tomb—nothing of the modes of spirit-life. Many minds trained in scientific methods, know nothing of faith, take nothing on trust. To such the facts you have to report come like sunlight on the clouds. I would give up everything I have except faith in God and hope for men, rather than the treasured words which have come to me from the higher life. You want facts. Has it never occurred to our sceptical friends that the greatest fact of all is the belief of some ten millions of men and women? Are these men demented? Many of them on my own side of the water I know well. They are men who know how to weigh evidence. They are in the senate chamber, on the bench, in the universities, on scientific surveys. One of them is a poet whose books are the delight of every cultivated mind in England. Another is a bishop whose eloquence was surpassed by no preacher who met with him in the Pan-Anglican Synod. Is it not safe to assume that facts which have convinced such men, deserve at least, a decent hearing?

“ Let us take a fact. Mr. Simonds, a member of the United States Senate, from Rhode Island, a grave and careful man, published to the world over his own name, a statement like this. He was in the presence of a woman who was called ‘a medium.’ On the table, before him, lay a pencil and sheet of paper. The pencil moved—no visible hand touching it—and wrote ‘P. T. Simonds. ‘ After writing the name it moved back and dotted the *i*. The handwriting, the senator says, was that of his son, living then, as he thought, in California. The agent that moved the pencil went on to write a communication, claiming to be young Simonds, and giving an account of his death in San Francisco, a few days before. Now, the senator affirms that the next Californian mail brought tidings of his son’s death, corroborating in all respects the account he had received in presence of the medium. What shall we say? That the grave senator uttered a falsehood? Who will say that? A lady, well known in literary circles, was present at the sitting and puts herself in print, re-affirming the senator’s statement. Did they both falsify? No one who knows them will say that. Were they mistaken? The case does not admit of mistake. Either these things are true, or no truth outside the dull routine of life can be established by

testimony. Will the writers who finish the *Zouave Jacob* and put down Spiritualism in the daily press of London, sneer at men just as intelligent as they, for believing that young Simonds was still a living, conscious being—a *man* whose love and memory did not die with the body—and that under certain conditions he was able to lift the veil, and make his presence known to his father? Then let them at least treat the facts with common decency, and give us a more rational conclusion. Meantime they may do well to remember that thirty years ago these same papers were sneering at the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Thirty years hence it may not be pleasant for editors to look over their files of sixty-seven.

“Facts similar to these are of everyday occurrence. Take one of a different type. Very wonderful things, I was told, were done in the presence of a lady who lives in Charlestown Mass. Mrs. Cushman, (of whom you have made mention) is not before the public as a medium, but she gives sittings occasionally to those who wish to investigate. I visited her house in company with a Boston clergyman. A guitar was laid on my knees, and after a few minutes lifted up, held in the air and played upon by unseen hands. This was in full daylight. The concert lasted an hour. It was utterly impossible for the lady to touch the strings. No mortal, under the circumstances could have made the music. Of this we were both satisfied. We did not decide hastily, but only after the fullest investigation. Now the agent that played the guitar, whatever it was, acted wonderfully like a human being. We requested a particular tune—it was played: then another, that was also played, and so on for an hour. How could we resist the conviction that here, unseen by us, was a spiritual being, a man, or woman, knowing the music that we knew, hearing our words or reading our thoughts, and able, under conditions we may not understand, to move material things? ‘We are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses.’ We need to return to the early faith, the faith of the founders of Christianity, the faith of all great poets of all ages. This age is steeped in materialism, but re-action has begun. Men are crying out for the knowledge of Eternal Life. With the eloquent Bishop of Rhode Island I hail this influx from the spirit-world as a gift of the Father, sent in his own good time, to His children to wean them from doubt, to confirm them in faith, to take away the sting of death by the knowledge that immortality means no gauzy abstraction, but *real human* life.

B. Coleman, Esq., London.”

W. D. GUNNING.

SPIRIT-VOICES.

I have made several visits to the Marshall mediums since my last account was written, and I have conferred with many intelligent friends who have also heard the spirit-voices in their presence; all are satisfied that there is no delusion nor trickery in the case.

I am not disturbed by the character of these manifestations as some of my friends appear to be; I may not admire and would not select such spirits as companions, either in or out of the flesh; but I find in this case a marvellous fact, disbelieved until now, even by the majority of Spiritualists; and I am content, after having established the fact to a certainty, that spirits can speak to us in a perfectly natural tone of voice, to await further developments of a similar, but probably much higher character, which I feel sure will follow in the order in which these revelations are doubtless intended to do.

The intelligence which these invisible entities, calling themselves John King and Kate, exhibit upon all subjects is, to me, very curious and interesting.

They frequently discourse upon matters, as I have before said, with which neither the mediums nor the majority of those present are acquainted; for instance—one evening, when 17 ladies and gentlemen were present, John addressed one gentleman, and said,—“You, Mr. S——, understand astronomy and astrology, don't you?” “Yes,” he replied, “I know something of these sciences.” “The eighth house is the house of death, is it not?” Mr. S—— replied in the affirmative “The seventh house is the house of marriage, and the second house the property of the person; the ascendant describes the person.” “Quite right,” replied Mr. S.

A lady then asked John what planet she was born under, when he replied as quickly as an expert astrologer; though, according to Mr. S——, not with the same accurate knowledge of astrology shewn in his previous observations.

I have heard John King ask a question from the Bible which none present could correctly answer, even two clergymen could not,—and John gave them the chapter and verse to refer to. He or his companion invariably give the names of the visitors, and appear to know that which most concerns or interests them individually.

Kate shews that she possesses moderate intelligence, she always speaks quietly, and exhibits no mischievous habits; whilst John is full of power, speaks in a loud tone, which, however, he can moderate, even to effeminacy, bangs the table with great force, turns from grave to gay almost in the same breath, is very shrewd and quick at repartee, talks upon the most

common-place worldly matters, and as I have said, exhibits a smattering, if not a profound knowledge, of almost every subject.

John's voice, though generally loud and rough, is sometimes quite natural in tone, and this I have noticed more particularly when I have talked to him alone, with no one present but Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. At a recent interview, after an absence of three weeks, the natural tone and character of the voice were especially marked. After some complimentary remarks, John went on talking in the most free and easy way, and in a sort of confidential manner, said, "Oh, I've become very serious lately! I've been preaching sermons to some of the sceptics! You know —, don't you?" "No," I said, "I don't know him." "He's a bill discounter in the City, charges 40 per cent., very rich, and never was known to give a penny to anyone; I told him he could not carry his money away, he'd better reform, riches were no use in the other world, and I think I did him some good, for when he came again, he was very civil and very nervous. He said, 'How do you do, John?' (here John imitated the bill-broker's voice, which the Marshalls said was very like). I said, 'Very well, how do *you* do, Tom?' and then I talked to him in the same way till he was all of a tremble. I said, 'I find my sermon has done you good, Tom; you only charged 10 per cent. on that bill you discounted to-day, and I saw you give 7*d.* to those crossing-sweepers, who ran after you.' He said it was quite true. He's coming again on Tuesday; just come and meet him, and you'll hear how I'll talk to him." In this way John ran on until I could hardly persuade myself that I was not in the presence of a living man in the flesh.

On this occasion a new incident occurred which is worth mentioning. Whilst John was speaking, the voice as usual being close to my face, Kate spoke from beneath the table; I stooped to answer her and John joined in; so that at one time both voices spoke to me under the table, and John to give an idea of his ubiquitous power spoke first at my feet, then over my head several times, changing his position with the quickness of thought.

I repeat that I am not disturbed by such exhibitions of spirit power. It is imperative that such phenomena as may be now witnessed in the presence of the Marshalls and Miss Nicholl, should be carefully studied and recorded. Their reality being proved, they present problems of such vast importance, that we need not wonder that many men desire to ignore rather than to grapple with them, leaving their solution to men less time-serving, more earnest and courageous, and who, braving prejudice, will seek and follow truth wherever it may lead them.

ROMANISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

The *Dublin Review*, a Roman Catholic organ, of October, has an article on "*Spiritualism and Modern Devil Worship*," which is intended to prove that all the alleged facts of Spiritualism are the work of the devil, and his angels.

If this be true then the Roman Catholic faith is "devil worship," for it abounds in miracles, so called, of precisely similar character to the manifestations witnessed in modern Spiritualism. This "modern devil worship," has, however, to my knowledge, brought some who were unbelievers, into the Church of Rome, and a much larger number into the fold of Protestant Christianity. One instance of the former I will relate. It is sufficiently marked and interesting and in itself is a stern protest against the bigotry and folly exhibited by the writer in the *Dublin Review*, whose opinions we know were not adopted by such enlightened prelates as the late Cardinal Wiseman, who authorized two Romanists with whom I am acquainted to pursue the study of Spiritualism and said—"I fully believe in Spiritualism myself; I could not be a true member of the Church if I had any doubt of it." I know too, one highly intelligent priest, and I have reason to believe there are many in the Church of Rome, who not only accepts Spiritualism, but is likely to uphold it from the pulpit. The story I allude to is that of a lady being—

CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY BY A SPIRIT.

This lady, whom I have known from girlhood, was nominally, a Protestant, and went occasionally to church with her husband and daughters; but, in reality, as she confesses, she had no religious faith whatever. Very attractive in manners and person, and an accomplished musician, she was sought after, and spent much time in fashionable society.

Three or four years ago, whilst still in the prime of life, this lady's course was suddenly arrested by a spirit, who desired to reclaim her, and make her a Christian woman.

He taught her to look upon him as her "angel spirit-guide," by which title she reverently speaks of him. The teachings of this "messenger" speedily brought her from her previous state of infidelity into the Romish faith, in which she is now a confirmed and devout believer. A portion of every day is devoted to receiving religious instruction from this invisible guide, which, with her questions, and his replies, she records; and from several volumes now accumulated, she has read passages to me which assure me at least that he is an intelligent being, though in my view of this intercourse he would be no guide for me. This

lady, however, places implicit confidence in the advice she thus receives, and declares that she is supremely happy in her new-born condition, and ready at any moment to embrace death in perfect trust and resignation. At the same time, she is not a recluse; she mixes in society, and is charitable and liberal in sentiment to other religionists; in proof of which I may mention, that the last time I had the pleasure of listening to her brilliant performances on the piano, was at a concert given for the benefit of a Protestant school at a watering place where she was then sojourning.

Some little time ago she was urged by her spirit-guide to seek an interview with Father G——, a high authority in the Romish Church, but a stranger to her. She accordingly wrote to him, and explained her whole spiritual history, and asked his advice.

Father G—— sent for her; and, after questioning her upon her experiences, she left for his perusal the books in which she had made a record of them, and the messages she had from time to time received from her "angel guide." At a subsequent interview Father G—— said to her, "You know this is Spiritualism, which is forbidden by our church," "How," she replied, "am I to reconcile that with the fact that this same Spiritualism brought me into the church from Atheism?" "Yes, that is so far well, but the church forbids its practice: you are not a saint." "How do *you* know, Father G——, that I am not a saint? What are the special virtues which constitute a saint?" "Well," he replied, "I may not argue these matters with you. It is sufficient to say that what the church forbids *I* cannot sanction. I will not say you shall not practise it; but I say I think you are deluded." "If, indeed, I have been deluded, then do you say I must retrace my steps and go back again to the dark abyss of Atheism?" "Oh, no, my daughter, you will not do that." "No, Father G——, I will not do that, nor will I give up that intercourse which has brought me from infidelity—which constitutes my chief happiness on earth, and which is preparing me with perfect trust and resignation to meet my God and Saviour." With this earnest protest and logical conclusion against the priest's advice the interview ended, and the lady continues a devout Romanist, and an equally sincere Spiritualist.

HONOURED GUESTS.

There are two distinguished Americans in this country at the present moment, whom the press and the people delight to honour. The *Saturday Review* has taken one under its patronage, the *Morning Star* the other.

"In their complimentary reception of Admiral Farragut," says the *Saturday Review*, "the Board of Admiralty have for once represented the feeling of the country Throughout the war the name of Farragut was scarcely less honoured in England than Lee or Stonewall Jackson."

The *Star* gives prominence to all the public meetings and banquets given to "the distinguished philanthropist Lloyd Garrison," in which his "coadjutor George Thompson shares the compliments paid to the venerable anti-slavery advocate."

Mr. Robert Dale Owen too has written a letter on the subject of Mexican affairs which the *Star* thinks is "marked by singular wisdom."

It is not out of place, therefore, to remind the two distinguished opponents of our cherished belief, that the honoured Admiral Farragut, the venerable philanthropist Lloyd Garrison, his eloquent coadjutor George Thompson, and the respected diplomatist and man of letters, Robert Dale Owen, are all earnest and avowed Spiritualists.

Perhaps with the knowledge that these men of mark are believers in the facts recorded from time to time in this Magazine, the editors of the *Saturday Review* and the *Morning Star* may be disposed to take Professor Gunning's advice, and for the future "treat the facts with common decency, and give us more rational conclusions" than they have hitherto been accustomed to do.

NOTES ON SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITUALISTS IN THE UNITED STATES, IN 1866.

No. V.

I WAS only four days in Chicago, but the time was crowded with interesting experiences. The mere outside appearance of a city so famous for the enterprise of its inhabitants, its uplifted streets, its great works planned and already largely realized in obedience to sanitary, educational, and artistic wants, had much attraction for me. From the top of the lofty dome of its City Hall, I surveyed its vast expanse with wonder and delight. My object was to get (so to speak) a mental photograph of its grand outlines before traversing its long avenues, or attempting to reach the first object of my curiosity, the celebrated Artesian Well, whose notable history had been made familiar to the readers of the previous January number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in which

was reproduced the greater part of the pamphlet devoted to its description by Mr. George A. Schufeldt, junior. I had introductions to gentlemen connected with the Chamber of Commerce, where the stupendous trade of this wondrous mart is regulated and recorded;—to others, chiefs of railways whose traffic facilities and management I had to observe;—to others, proprietors of provision factories, as they may be called, where, during the killing season, hogs enter alive by the thousand per diem at one end and come out cured pork at the other;—to others, owners of corn elevators, where bins containing fifty tons are weighed at one cast of the machine and emptied into the ship's hold, within the time almost that it takes our old fashioned labourers to get ready their tackle;—and, last not least, to the City engineer, whose great project of the tunnel two miles out below Lake Michigan for supplying the community with pure water in quantity commensurate with its growing wants I had especially to see. But all these had to stand aside until my pilgrimage to the Artesian Well was accomplished, and to this surpassing attraction my first forenoon was devoted.

Shall I confess that observation and inquiry there did not wholly confirm the glowing account which had fired my imagination? It is one of the disadvantages of exaggerated claims, that they are apt to beget a reaction proportionately disadvantageous to their subject when the reality is ascertained. Finding some parts painted extravagantly *couleur de rose*, we are likely to think all other parts, not susceptible of similar verification, are the same; and our general conclusion may thus be influenced to quite an undue extent, in spite of the friendly bias with which we may have commenced the investigation. If, therefore, my remarks are not enthusiastic enough to suit the taste of the gentlemen devoted to the development of that (after all deductions are made) remarkable work, I pray them to find the reason in the too extravagant pretensions which have been set up for it.

At the time I visited the Artesian Well, the medium, Mr. James, and Mr. Schufeldt; were absent in New England, endeavouring, as I understood, to obtain subscriptions of new capital, to enable them to carry out plans for the utilization of the water which was then running to waste. A pelt factory was on the ground, but not then in work, from inadequacy of means. Whatever may be justly said in abatement of the sanguine statements in relation to the well itself; which I fear sometimes present mere guesses so as to look like ascertained facts, there can, in my judgment, be little doubt of the commercial value of the enterprise these gentlemen and their coadjutors have in hand. The

mere possession of forty acres of land in the outskirts of so rapidly extending a city as Chicago is itself a security for any capital which may be invested in the undertaking; but the water, and its power as a mechanical agency, at present running to waste, afford unquestionable sources of wealth, which it would simply be a disgrace to monied Spiritualists to let remain undeveloped. The flow of the water may be insufficient to supply the immense wants of a population of upwards of 200,000 souls rapidly increasing; but it is amply sufficient to supply paper mills, and other works, besides the factory standing silent at the time of my visit; and I cannot but suppose that, after due effort, capital will be found to turn these means to profitable and beneficent account. The money in the hands of capitalists here at present—for which it is difficult in the open market at call to get more than one per cent. per annum—might be invested there with entire security, so as to produce almost as much per month. But this by the way.

Of the quality of the water I have to say that, instead of finding it as “clear as crystal, as pure as the diamond,” and “better adapted for drinking purposes than any other water known,” I found it less clear to the eye, and far less pure to the taste, than the old red sandstone water which we used to have in Liverpool before the Rivington catchment water was mixed with our supply. Of its quantity, that 600,000 gallons per day for the first well, and 1,200,000 for the joint product of both wells, is a far too high estimate: that the fact of the flow of the second well affecting that of the first, so as to diminish its force, proves a connection between the sources of the wells, and renders doubtful the anticipation that the volume of water would increase in anything like the proportion predicated upon the widening of the bores; that therefore the idea of supplying the city reservoirs and dispensing with the present waterworks—a proposition gravely set down as indicated by the spirits—has little chance of realization, and justified the contemptuous but kindly smile of the City Engineer when the topic was mentioned to him; that the height of the column of water from the first well, though *estimated* to reach 80 feet above the surface, has never been *proved* to approach this level, and until proof is given it seems quite premature to speak of its reaching the top of the highest buildings in Chicago, or indeed predicating anything upon such an assumption; and that, therefore, so far as these points qualify the prophecies and anticipations put forth in Mr. Schufeldt's pamphlet, they invalidate the pretensions of the spiritual agency believed to have inspired them, and by so much diminish the value of the discovery as a “great practical demonstration of spirit power.”

As to the drawings, I have only to express regret that similar extravagance has been employed in their characterization. Not content with the really wonderful, though by no means unparalleled circumstance, that these pencil drawings were produced through the medium of an entirely uncultivated artist, who worked the same in the dark, as in the light, sometimes with more than one pencil in each hand; the author speaks of them as "some of the most elaborate and beautiful pencil drawings in the world;" which simply forces comparisons upon the observer, and creates surprise that any one could be found to urge a claim, that so conclusively frustrates its own object. Such laudation as this is very apt to excite a hyper-criticism, disadvantageous to a just estimate of the works before us, and is not unlikely to drive an unbalanced observer to the opposite extreme. That the drawings are minutely elaborate is true; they are in this respect intensely Pre-Raphaelite; but they are also Pre-pre-Raphaelite in their disregard of the laws of perspective—a peculiarity which utterly defeats their claims to the extreme of beauty and "perfection," which has been so unwisely put in for them. The marvel surely is enough, when the severest truth is spoken of them. Any excess is not only thrown away; it is injurious.

Although the medium and the biographer were away, I was most kindly received and entertained by Mr. W. T. B. Read, the General Superintendent of the Works, whose candour, manliness, and large practical experience, made a most favourable impression upon me. I felt, after leaving the company of this gentleman, that any plans sanctioned and undertaken by him, must have reality at their bottom, and would in all probability issue in success.

But now, leaving this very notable manifestation of occult agency, which, after all deductions, is, in my view, a marvel well worth the candid investigation of every enquirer; the necessity under which I have felt myself, to moderate the roseate tints in which it has been painted, brings me, by natural association, to remark upon that very prominent tendency of our Transatlantic cousins to exaggeration, which, with characteristic shrewdness and wit, they have themselves denominated "hifalutin;" a tendency by no means confined to Spiritualists, but running through the entire body politic, and cropping out everywhere, but especially in their newspaper press.

Now let it not be presupposed that I am at all prudish on this subject. Contrariwise, I have a genuine sympathy with the enthusiasm which follows clear perceptions of far-off issues, and does not measure its terms by the footrule of cool mediocrity. It is only the abuse of a fine quality which I deprecate. I do

not even object to a little spicy exaggeration where the matter is well understood and the required discount capable of being made by every reader of common sense. When kept within due limits and indulged in with discrimination and good nature, nothing gives a keener edge to literary enjoyment. But it is a dangerous weapon to play with, and skill in its use is undoubtedly required, if we would escape backhanded blows, which by frequent repetition, may paralyze the conscience, and so warp the judgment that at length we cannot, when we would, represent things exactly as they are. This point when reached is patent to everybody's censure; but the gradual approach to it is less generally marked, and an atmosphere of unreality envelopes many ere they are aware; exaggeration becomes their ordinary form of speech; truth veils herself from their perception; veracity, upon which the normal human heart delights to rest, grows well nigh impossible to them; and, unless some sharp trial beneficently restore them to contrite simplicity, they are left to their simulations and self-deceptions, and the further mournful issues unwise indulgence in this treacherous habit entails.

One obvious disadvantage of this high-pressure system, too, is, that, having exhausted the language of panegyric or its opposite on comparatively trivial things, nothing stronger is left to say when the occasion really demands it. Think of an editor commencing a perfectly serious leader in these words, "Hear, O Israel! Give ear ye nations of the earth! Listen all creation!" What followed this tremendous exordium think you? "The Des Moines Valley Railroad is finished! The first train of cars has reached the metropolis of the State," &c., &c. Every one would imagine that this was mere burlesque. But it was no such thing; it was given in perfect earnest, and the glorious consequences to the State were depicted in equally appropriate verbiage.

Take another illustration from a quarter more akin to this magazine—*The Spiritual Republic*. I feel the more free to comment upon anything occurring in the pages of that journal, because I have already delivered an opinion upon the paper as a whole, which ought at least to free me from the imputation of any prejudice against it; albeit, had I that opinion to re-state, I might feel constrained by subsequent experience considerably to modify the judgment then expressed. The illustration I select is but the advertisement of a book, which appeared in weekly insertions during the first six months of the paper, and which formed indeed one of the strongest grounds for the too ardent approval I then gave. What I reprehend so much is not the terms in which the work is spoken of, as the way in which these terms are manipulated, so as to give an air of bombast and

unreality to what might otherwise pass as only a warmly coloured and generous characterization. But imagine how the sensitive authoress must shrink from the following blare :—

Just Issued.

A WOMAN'S SECRET,

By MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

The best book on the Woman's Question yet written.

As a Novel it is

STRIKING,
ORIGINAL,
HUMOUROUS,
PROFOUND.

Ignoring the crude and superficial views concerning the position and claims of Woman which have been so widely disseminated, it aims to strike at the root of social evils, and thoroughly to expose the

IGNORANCE,
TYRANNY, and
LICENTIOUSNESS

of Men, while it fearlessly rebukes the evils which a state of subordination and slavery have induced in Woman. At the same time its prevailing spirit is not iconoclastic, but generously and genially progressive. A

TENDER,
RELIGIOUS,
WOMANLY
INFLUENCE

breathes from every page of it. The characters are nobly and skilfully drawn, some of them strikingly original, others exquisitely beautiful, and the whole tone of the book is thoroughly pure and elevating.

It advocates Woman's Suffrage from the very highest grounds, and demolishes the historical and (so-called) biblical arguments against it.

* * * * *

"It is a book that every man and woman, every boy and girl approaching maturity, should read," &c., &c.

Now it may be said that this is only a bit of advertising clap-trap which no sensible person can be taken in by. Granted. But that is one good reason why so glaring a breach of good taste should not appear in a journal devoted to the reform of abuses, and whose influence through every department should surely be given to the harmonial development of its readers, and not even in its advertising columns—certainly least of all in the advertisements of its own concerns, and therefore strictly under its own control—to encouraging the mental extravagance out of which such glaring violations of good taste come. Puffery such as this is based apparently on the supposition that the public is idiotic enough to be gulled thereby into purchasing things which it would otherwise eschew. Surely its concoctors must entertain a contemptible idea of the intelligence of their readers.

Another and more serious form in which this tendency to exaggeration appears among our friends across the water, and

eke among some of ourselves at home, is to be observed in the notions freely ventilated, that society, as at present constituted, is all wrong, and must be re-organized *de novo*, from bottom to top; that, in particular, business is a mere scramble of selfishness, and needs re-constituting on an entirely different basis; and forthwith, with high-flown notions of equity and brotherly love, all present ties must be broken; the attainments of the race as seen in the vast and complex *growths* of industry and commerce ignorantly flouted, and a set of well-meaning but wofully short-sighted persons be induced to try their hand at a new organization which is to inaugurate the millenium.

Now, I have no intention to dissuade from efforts to reform abuses, eradicate errors, and improve defects in any direction. I have no wish even to moderate enthusiasm in devotion to such objects. Far rather would I see errors committed in the excess of generous sentiments accomplishing something, than the avoidance of mistakes by the cool and easy method of attempting nothing. All I seek is to question the wisdom of proposing too much, to dispute the soundness of the views of those who are for an entire disintegration of the present form of society and a reorganization *de novo*, and to indicate, if I may, what seems to me a "more excellent way."

The unwisdom of proposing too much is, that it excites alarm and opposition, attracts chiefly those who have nothing to lose, all hair-brained, hopeful, impulsive, inexperienced people, many incompetent self-seekers, and only a small per centage of self-sacrificing able persons whose better judgment is overborne by the disproportionate influence of the former, while the prudent, cautious, ripely experienced are repelled. Schemes so supported beget their own discomfiture. Even were the principles on which they are based indisputably sound, the fact of being out of relation to the intellectual and moral powers and attainments of the individuals who have to work them out is fatal to their success.

But they proceed in general upon invalid assumptions. The proposal, for instance, put forward by certain Spiritualists, for a reorganization of society from bottom to top because of the light thrown upon human relations by Spiritualism, tacitly assumes that society as at present constituted is not a spiritual growth—is not, and has not been, governed by spiritual laws. It seems by the way in which it is set forth, to imply, moreover, that society is a mechanism, which may be taken to pieces and reconstructed with new adaptations of parts to the manifest improvement of the whole, and not a living growth which may indeed be pruned and carefully trained in various ways, but cannot be disintegrated without destruction. The schemes of

this kind which I have seen imply in their pretensions a lamentable ignorance of what has already been accomplished in various relations which they design to improve. The best methods of industry and commerce already in existence should surely be known and thoroughly understood before attempts are made to inaugurate what aims to improve them; yet some of these well-meaning world-betterers gravely propound things as novelties, which are already being accomplished by means incomparably superior to any which they could control. When their plans come to be tried, therefore, in competition with existing agencies, failure and disappointment are inevitable. The undesigned, but not less real co-operation, which takes place under the present system of individual interests (though I am far from saying it cannot be improved) beats hollow, for even practical beneficence, the achievements of benevolent schemers, who have no other aim in view, but who, from ignorance of what is already done, and from deficiency of knowledge otherwise, pursue their end by unsuitable means.

But now of the "more excellent way?" Ah, I fear it is not possible for me to do it justice. I dread to fail in commending it; I dread my poor words may even become new barriers to its clear apprehension, especially to the secret attraction which, by vivid perceptions of its infinitely varied and perfect adaptation to the end in view, would with other treatment be begotten. For the plan is not new. Nay, it is as old as human nature; our very familiarity with it deadens our appreciation and sense of the need of its ever new statement and reiteration and setting in new lights. It is simply that all who would improve society *should individually commence with what is immediately under their own control—THEMSELVES*; and work from the centre outwards. Oh, World-betterer! it is a hard doctrine, perhaps, but it is rigorously true, that the first requisite to success is the practical realization in yourself of the doctrine you teach. Be cleanly, orderly, pure, honest, affectionate, upright, diligent, steadfast, temperate, truthful, zealous in the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom, in the practical realization of their dictates within your own sphere, seeking, through obedience to natural law, health of mind and health of body, remembering that perfect health is wholeness, holiness,—and you can no more prevent your influence radiating improvement all around than you can arrest the power of sunshine. Vain, on the other hand, will be all your preaching, backed by ever so much galvanic enthusiasm, if, extolling cleanliness, you yourself be unclean; temperance, and you be given to gluttony and drunkenness, or even less manifest excesses; veracity, and you be insincere; uprightness, and you be given to chicanery. You

may succeed in teaching lying and hypocrisy, but can do little or nothing else until you "live the psalm you sing."

I put the case rudely, for the sake of eliciting, first, a sharp appreciation of the principle. It will be easy afterwards to follow it into the finer sinuosities of human relations with tenderer consideration and sympathy. At Dodworth's Hall, in New York, I was called upon to address a pretty large audience one Sunday evening, and made this the text of my remarks. I am afraid the doctrine was not greatly liked. It did not flatter the vanity of my hearers. It was a confession of, and apology for, my own shortcomings; but it likewise involved an exposure of theirs, and made a call upon them, which I fear was less agreeable than many which they hear from the same rostrum. But I thought, and still think, it to be "the one thing needful" for them, and for all Spiritualists there or elsewhere. It was suggested by the vague aims which appeared to prevail in the minds of many of the moving spirits of the National Convention of Spiritualists held at Providence, Rhode Island; one of the speakers at which had used these helpless words,—“As an individual, then, I announce myself ready to work; and I hope the men and women here will come forward and shew me something to do.”

Had the fair speaker (for it was a lady who occupied the stand) done all that was within her own power, and now came there seeking new worlds to conquer? In the previous part of her speech she had exhibited fine sympathies, an admirable modesty and docility, a strong dissatisfaction with the want of real substantial progress among her fellow Spiritualists, and a desire that they should give up mere talking and set to productive labour. “It is very nice,” said she, “to talk philosophically, and enlarge upon our discoveries with regard to the other world, but for my part I want to see men and women who are ready to work. I am tired of talk, but I am ready to work with any man or woman, or any community that will shew me the first practical step, by virtue of which we shall be laying the foundation of a higher morality, a stricter integrity, a better government, and finally, a higher destiny for the whole human race.”

Every one will appreciate aspirations of this nature; but who can help the ungallant query arising, whether the inability to see large practical duties involving corporate action does not arise from the non-fulfilment of prior duties wholly within the powers of the individual? Has it really come to this, that you have done everything within your power, and that it has not led you to see something else capable of being accomplished in which your neighbour or neighbours could help you? Has faithfulness in small things not begotten the power to reach forth with

practical efficiency into large? Oh, my friend, you and I, if we cannot of ourselves see what is our highest duty, have little chance of getting practical instructions from those who cannot know our natures and their surroundings as we ourselves know them. In vain shall we ask them to shew us what we can do. That is precisely what we ought to know better than any one else; and if we have not discovered it, and are at loose ends, anxious to do *something* but doubtful of *what*, let us turn our thought inward and see whether we have not neglected the very things which would have landed us in some larger sphere of usefulness in which all our finest aspirations were at least *in the way* of realization. If inwardly we are pure and orderly and upright and loving, shall not our first duty be to make our immediate outward manifestations the same? Shall not our body and its attire, by thorough obedience to the laws of health, correspond? Shall we not resolve that *every* influence which passes from us shall be healthy? that to this end, and in order to the fulfilment of our every duty, we shall attain for ourselves, and preserve the highest possible condition of bodily and mental health? That done, or put in the way of doing, for by ancestral or other defects we may not be able to start in this condition, is it not our next duty to bring our immediate environments physical and social into harmony therewith? And does not this involve a clean well-ordered house, a true *home*, where heart and mind and taste harmoniously rejoice? And to accomplish this is it not imperative that we do something for the community in which we are placed? First of all, that we engage in some productive employment, which, while serving the commonwealth, brings in the means wherewith we achieve the other results? Next, is it not clear that we cannot have a healthy home while that of our neighbour suffers from ignorance, filth and disease, and while the locality in which we live presents the spectacle of habitual neglect and violation of sanitary laws? And must we not be impelled therefore to go forth, after the fulfilment of our own nearest duties, to help, educate, and influence our neighbours to the fulfilment of theirs and to the devotion of their energy and means to co-operative action for the general good? From a single centre improvements of all kinds may thus proceed. But in any community it will be found that there are many centres ready to coalesce as soon as the first motion towards it is made; and from one community it shall spread to another over an entire country, until universal social and political justice becomes the aim, and "a higher destiny for the whole human race" upon this planet comes into view as an absolute certainty of the far off, though ever nearing, future.

But the essential preliminary to efficient action for large social and political ends such as fire our imagination, is it not the rigid fulfilment of our nearest duties? Alas! that we should fail to see the beautiful concatenation, and, in our "haste to be rich" with those more dazzling glories, neglect the steps whereby alone they can be surely reached.

Wouldst thou find
Thy heart's elected work, pass through, not round,
The task that even error has made thine."

The first duty of every Spiritualist clearly is, to illustrate in his own personal habits and life the principles he would see prevail. His next is to set his own house in order. If he be an employer of labour, he should reduce the theory of short hours of work, and a just participation in the fruits thereof to practice, by making his concern an industrial co-partnership. This is *his* best way to demonstrate the practicability of honest co-operation. One practical illustration is worth a hundred abstract essays in its favour. His voice and influence would be weighty in inducing others to go and do likewise, and thus would the capital-and-labour question—the true organization of industry—be advanced towards a general solution. If he be only a workman he can still use his spare time in the public service in many ways. In the interlacing relations of society already indicated there is room for a beautiful sub-division of labour, in which every individual may find a congenial field of action. The highest practical efficiency as a true reformer, however, cannot be reached in any relation of human service except by antecedent thoroughness in the discharge of nearest duties. In no other way can the confidence of our fellow-men be attained. It is the one demonstrative proof of ability to serve the general interest. And—this for the solace of all whose generous sentiments impel them to "make the world better yet"—it cannot be pursued without *necessarily* leading all whose conscience rigorously exacts fulfilment of duties to give the very best aid in *their* power to the universal reformation. The one lesson this for Spiritualists as for all men; all the more suitable for Spiritualists that it is not more incumbent on them than upon others. But if they would distinguish themselves for signal service to the race, this is assuredly the direction in which their most strenuous efforts should be made. Alas! that it should need to be enforced, and that the grand reach of the doctrine is so little apprehended.

A King was prophesied, surpassing all
Earth's former Kings in glory. When He came,
No one believed the meek and lowly man
Of Nazareth, in very truth was He.
So when we seek high missions, and are told
They wait us in the drudgery despised,
Who is it has the faith to find them there?

In the next continuation of these Notes I purpose to give some account of what seems to me the finest practical issue as yet of the Spiritualistic movement in the United States, the Children's Lyceums.

A. L.

MANX SUPERSTITIONS.

IN Waldron's *Description of the Isle of Man*, 1731, we meet with the following curious extracts:—

“At my first coming into the Island,” says Waldron, “I imputed the giving credit to (the accounts of fairies) to the simplicity of the poor creatures who related them, but was strangely surprised when I heard other narratives of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attested by men who passed for persons of sound judgment. Amongst this number was a gentleman, my near neighbour, who affirmed with the most solemn asseverations that having been entirely adverse to the belief, he had been at last convinced by the appearance of several little figures playing and leaping over stones in a field, which he at first thought to be schoolboys; when, he approaching within twenty paces, they all suddenly disappeared, though he had never taken his eyes off them; nor was there any place where they could so suddenly have retreated, besides its being broad day.

“An English gentleman, and my very particular friend,” pursues our author, “told me that he was passing over Douglas Bridge (before it was broken down); but the tide being high he was obliged to take the river. Having an excellent horse under him, and one accustomed to swim, when he was in the midst of it, he heard—or he imagined he heard—the finest symphony, I will not say in the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The horse was no less sensible of the harmony than himself, and kept in an inconceivable posture all the time it lasted, which, he said, could not have been less than a quarter of an hour, according to the most exact calculation he could make when he came to the end of his little journey, and found how long he had been coming. He, who before laughed at all the stories told about fairies, now became a convert and believed as much as a Manx man.”

He gives some apparently authenticated instances of persons being led away out of their road by the “Good People;” of others who have had dealings with them in various ways; of *changelings* also, one of whom he had seen himself—a most extraordinary child. One little girl was beaten by the fairies.

The fairies, he states, are said to enact christenings before a child is born, and it is known by the name then given whether the expected infant will be male or female.

“The natives tell you also, that before any person dies, the procession of the funeral is acted by a sort of beings which for that purpose render themselves visible. I know several who have offered to make oath, that as they have been passing along a road, one of these funerals has come behind them, and even laid the bier on their shoulders, as though to assist the bearers. One person told me, that the flesh of his shoulders had been very much bruised, and was black for many weeks after. There are few, or none of them that pretend not to have seen or heard these imaginary obsequies (for they sing psalms) which so little differ from real ones, that they are not to be known till both coffin and mourners are seen to vanish at the church doors. These they take to be a kind of friendly demons, whose business it is to warn people of what is to befall them. Accordingly they give also notice of any stranger’s approach by the trampling of horses at the gate of the house where they are to arrive. I have frequently (difficult as I feel it to give any faith to this) been very much surprised when, on visiting a friend, I have found the table ready spread, and everything set in order to receive me, and been told by the person to whom I went, that he had knowledge of my coming or that of some other guest, through these good-natured intelligences. Nay, when obliged to be absent for some time from home, my own servants have assured me that they were informed by these means of my return, and expected me the very hour I came, though, perhaps it was some days before I hoped it myself, at my going abroad. That this is fact, I am positively convinced by many proofs.

“An apparition, they say, haunts Castle Russin in the form of a woman, some years ago executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons confined there for debt, but also the soldiers of the garrison affirm they have seen it various times. The following is the report of a gentleman of whose good understanding, as well as veracity I have a very great opinion. Late one night, in an excessive storm of rain and wind, he saw a woman stand before the castle gate, and was much surprised that any one, especially of that sex, should remain out in such a dreadful tempest, when shelter was to be had. Drawing nearer out of curiosity, he perceived that she retreated on his approach, and at last he thought went into the castle though the gates were shut. Thinking he had seen a spirit he went home very much terrified; and the next day relating his adventure to some people who lived in the castle, and describing the gait and stature of the apparition, they told him it was the woman above

mentioned, who had been frequently seen by the soldiers on guard to pass in and out through the gates and to walk through the rooms, though there was no visible means to enter. Though so familiar, no person had yet had courage to speak to it.

“Another story of like nature, I have heard concerning an apparition frequently seen on a wild common near Kirk Yarungen Mountains, which assumes the shape of a wolf and fills the air with most terrible howlings.”

Notices of Books.

THE LORD THE SPIRIT.*

As the author of this work defends a view of Christianity which unsparingly condemns as evil every form of spirit seeing and manifestation which from the earliest historical times has been the experience of mankind, in compliance with our principle to attend to whatever may be reasonably said against us, we will endeavour to place the reader in the point of view from which he has constructed his argument.

To every attentive reader of the New Testament it is well known, that in many places, and (as if to preclude the possibility of doubt) in almost every possible variation of terms, the coming of Christ in glory, the resurrection and judgment of the quick and dead, the communion of saints, and the end and dissolution of all things, are declared to be then immediately impending events, to be completely accomplished coterminously with the fall of Jerusalem, and the overthrow of the Jewish nationality and the Mosaic economy. Now the author maintains that Christ's words, “When the Son of Man cometh will He find faith on the earth,” were a prophetic declaration, that on the fall of Jerusalem the Christian world would not believe that the above prophecies had been fulfilled. As matter of fact there is reason to think that few, if any, did believe it, thus fulfilling the prophecy. The Church, or nominal Christian world, as the author calls it, jogged on in an easy “sleeping at church” sort of way, taking for granted that the parsons must know, who said that it was all an unintelligible mystery and type of some future far distant destruction of the

* *The Lord the Spirit*, Part I., republished from the *Middlesex County Times*; second edition, revised, Shewing the Error of expecting any Second Personal Coming of Christ. Also Part II.; Shewing how these things can be in the Testimony of Jesus the Spirit of Prophecy. KENT & Co., London.

visible universe. Things went on thus quietly till about the end of the last century. At that time Gibbon, Paine, and others, rose up, and boldly stated that such New Testament prophecies had failed, that Christ and His Apostles never dreamed of their words being typical, and that their patent mistake proved them to be either impostors or mad. Bishop Watson thought it necessary to reply to this in his *Apology for Christianity*, by the following assertion:— “The Apostles knew but in part; and concerning this particular point (to wit, the coming of Christ to judge the world), Jesus himself had told them, that it was not for them to know the times and seasons which the Father had put in His own power.” This was just what Gibbon and Paine had said, adding that the Master of the Apostles was himself just as ignorant of the matter as they themselves were. Here matters remained for some time. But somewhere about forty years ago the German Rationalists commenced with fresh vigour and greater skill to defend the views of Gibbon and Paine. About the same time the Swedenborgians appeared upon the scene, and again tried to split the difference by maintaining that Christ was not mistaken though His Apostles were, and that their Master had predicted, not the destruction of the world, but the establishment of Swedenborgianism on the ruins of Popery and Protestantism! But the tide of Rationalism continued, and in some quarters continues, to rise. It is against this Rationalism that the author of *The Lord the Spirit* has endeavoured to lift up a standard. His argument leads him to equally condemn Ritualism, Millenarianism, and indeed all the isms which go to make up the total of the Church or nominal Christian world. Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism he regards as insanities arising out of man’s resistance to the kingdom of God, or the Divine Spirit within him, which would restore him “without ecstasies and apparitions” to the communion with the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven.

The author endeavours to uphold the infallibility of the Bible by an appeal to texts, and by an interpretation of them which shall shew that all prophecy was fulfilled in the apostolic age, and that Christ and His Apostles were not mistaken, but that their language is fully justified against all kind of Rationalist and Swedenborgian objections. He maintains that if Christ and His Apostles were right they taught the whole counsel of God, and any further spirit manifestations are unnecessary, and should be regarded as signs of a diseased mind, not of the perfect man which was revealed when all outward dispensations were declared to have no longer any Divine sanction.

There is nothing abstruse in this, but the argument is of

slight texture and very loosely knit together; and such assertions as that Spiritualism arises out of man's resistance to the Divine Spirit within him, is not only utterly unfounded, but the direct converse of the truth. Spiritualism in its highest sense is God in the soul, and has been so defined again and again; and all manifestations from the spirit-world must be by His appointment or permission, and can take place only according to the laws He has established.

HUMAN PROGRESS IN RESPECT TO RELIGION.*

THIS is a Tract for the Times, specially addressed to the Progressive party in America, but in spirit it is equally applicable to the same class of minds everywhere. Adin Ballou is well known as a veteran and active reformer, sympathising and personally identified with the Peace, Freedom, Temperance, Co-operative and other great movements of the age; he has therefore a strong claim to be heard, and to have his words well considered, by the "progressive minds" to whom they are more particularly addressed. Convinced of the truth and value of Spiritualism, he was one of its earliest and most earnest advocates at a time when such advocacy was far more unpopular in the United States than it is now. His work on *Spirit Manifestations*, though written many years since, is still a text-book amongst us; and of its kind there is none better. He still holds fast to the faith and knowledge he has received in respect to Spiritualism; and in these Discourses he has a word to the Spiritualists, which we hope they (and those who claim to be "Progressive Spiritualists" in particular), will lay to heart and profit by. Here it is:—

I am a Spiritualist. I sincerely believe that all human beings are essentially spirits, that they all have a conscious existence after death in suitable spiritual bodies, and that many of them, in ancient and modern times, have communicated with mankind in the flesh. The facts and ideas necessarily connected with this doctrine are of great importance to me; but my Spiritualism does not make me the less of a Christian Religionist. It seems to have this effect on some others, and to be regarded as a New Dispensation, as much above Christ and His Dispensation, as He and His were above Moses and his. But what I am coming to is this:—Suppose (which is very remotely possible,) that every human being were fully converted to Spiritualism, and even that every one were a medium, who could daily see and converse with departed spirits as distinctly as with people in the flesh; what then? Would all this necessarily render them wise, virtuous, and happy? Would this alone do it? Would it not depend largely on what class of spirits they chose to be familiar with—on the good or bad use they made of spirit converse, and above all on the positive religious principles by which they governed their tempers, passions, faculties and actions in the intercourse of life? Such I must believe would be the case.

* *Human Progress in Respect to Religion; Two Discourses, I. On the Tendency of the Age to Dispense with the Specialities and Personal Responsibilities of Religion. II. On the Ultimate Connexion of Progressive Minds in favour of the Pure Christian Religion and Church.*

These positive religious principles constitute the one grand thing needful to true happiness, without which the possession of all other good things must be insufficient. This is not saying that the ten thousand physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, social and political good things, which the progressive classes are chiefly interested in, are of no importance; or that they are of little importance; or that they should be at all neglected; but simply that they are insufficient to true human happiness, and that positive, absolute religion, with its suitable specialties and personal responsibilities, is still more important—yea, indispensable. Just here is the issue. The Progressives are not convinced of this. They do not see it. It is even repulsive to many of them. They are confident that if anything like religion is necessary, it is involved in their various movements, as a sort of latent element which will develop itself in its own way, without any special elaboration or culture. Nothing else will take care of itself, but Religion will. Set to rights the more external things, say they, and the internal ones will take care of themselves. Rectify circumstances, and the centerstance must come into order. If they are right, I am wrong.

I have said that nothing but sore experience will convince them of their error, that this *will* at last convince them, and that when convinced, they will have to come to the pure, positive, absolute Religion taught and exemplified by Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ, with its prescribed specialties, and so enter into the true church universal. Some of them say that they accept, in their own way, the essential Christ principles—only they are tired of His name, and of being bound to His personal authority and specialties.—But the Person, Christ Jesus, is the embodiment,—and in His specialties of teaching, method and life He is the perfect exemplification of everything that can be truly called Christ-principles. I hold this assertion to be beyond successful contradiction. Therefore there is really no such thing as discarding the Christ-man, and accepting the Christ-principles. Aversion to the Christ-person, as our religious Model and Master, is really aversion to His principles and spirit, in so far as they cross our own dominant inclinations. It is to set up our own self-sufficiency as Christ, and to frame our own principles to suit ourselves.

But I am asked, What is there in Christ or His religion so very important and indispensable to human happiness? I answer, A true and perfect righteousness—Godward, manward, soulward, earthward and heavenward. He was righteous in all these directions; righteous in His ruling motives, His principles, His spirit, His conduct, and His character. Every human being has got to become righteous in all these respects somehow, or be unhappy to the extent he falls short of the pattern. Christ's religion governs man internally. It presides in a region which no human law, power, or system of arrangements can reach. It deals with the inmost springs of human thought, desire, feeling and action—with the loves, affections, passions and sentimental emotions from which issue forth all the external manifestations of life. Its business is to purify, regulate and reduce to true order the heart, its will, its motives and ruling principles—in a word, to render the soul internally wise and good, and so the outward life. Thus it promotes and ensures, what nothing else without it can—absolute happiness.

A SIGNIFICANT INSCRIPTION.

SOME few years ago, C. C. Felton, Professor of Greek at Harvard University, Boston, was one of the most conspicuous and inveterate opponents of Spiritualism in the United States. He has recently departed this life; his body is interred in the Cemetery at Mount Auburn, and upon the stone over the grave is inscribed, in Greek, from the first verse of the fourth chapter of the Book of Revelations of St. John the Divine:—

“AFTER this I looked, and behold, a door *was* opened in Heaven.”

Correspondence.

[The writer of the following letter is an earnest German Spiritualist. He has translated several articles from the *Spiritual Magazine* for the local journals, and has made enquiries as to the cost of publication of a small spiritual paper, with the view of starting one, which we hope he will soon be enabled to do.]

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

Boppard, near Coblenz, Aug. 29, 1867.

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

SIR,—My friend Mr. William Tebb told me a short time ago, on his journey to Switzerland, that you might like to hear something of Spiritualism here. I therefore take the liberty of writing you these lines, although I have not much to say. Mr. Tebb has had the great kindness of sending me the *Spiritual Magazine*, and has thereby done me the greatest service. The *Spiritual Magazine* is a continual source of delight to me; it is like a light in darkness. Almost everything that one reads here has a materialistic taint; that is what the philosophers have brought about. In fact, the ignorance in spiritual things here is incredible, but God has given us what we want. Many times have the invisibles manifested their presence to me and others by raps, and in other ways. Lavater foretold the time of Atheism would come, and God would then do such extraordinary things as to make an end of it in a short time. What the Universities have taught has favoured Materialism. "They get very stupid by it," said Bettina von Arnim; and they have got stupid by it. The state of Germany has been most faithfully and truly described by Mr. William Howitt, in the *Spiritual Magazine*.

I must tell you how the invisibles have manifested themselves to me. I made some time ago the acquaintance of a gentleman who did not believe much. One evening we were speaking of the Bible, when he spoke in his sceptical way there were slight raps at a window close to which we were sitting; the invisibles were warning us, I was sure. At another time we spoke again of the Bible, and when he spoke in the same unbelieving way, there were three such loud knocks at a window behind us that he turned round in a fright. I venture to say he felt there was some spiritual presence there.

I once told a friend a story out of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and was heartily laughed at, for which I did not care, as I am used to it. My friend said he would wish to live in a haunted house. I believe his wish was fulfilled the following night. Nevertheless, when I was once in his room, some time afterwards, he said again he did not believe in hauntings. He had no sooner said so, than the raps were heard. He says his name has been called during the day by some unseen presence.

I was once in company with some people, and there was some talk about Second-Sight; I said it was true, and it might also be explained. I did not say much, as I felt the company was not such that an explanation would have been in place. However, I was pressed so much by one gentleman, that I began to speak further about it: all at once there were such tremendous knocks at the three windows of the room, that is, at one window after another, and then again at the middle window, that we were quite alarmed.

A great many people have told me of manifestations they have had, but I prefer giving only the facts within my own experience.

Yours respectfully,
D. B.

SPIRITUALISM IN BRISTOL.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mr. Coleman in a paper on "Passing Events," speaking of an investigator in India, has the following passage:—"To make his investigations more satisfactory to himself, he made a practice of asking questions mentally, and of concealing the printed alphabet * * * and in this way he satisfied himself that the mind of the medium had nothing to do with the intelligence he obtained." An experience of my own is of so similar a character that I venture to trouble you with a few of the details, in the hope that, should you consider them worthy of insertion, they may, in some small degree, tend to strengthen the faith of sincere enquirers, and also because I consider it the duty of every person who has satisfied himself of the facts of Spiritualism to add his testimony, however humble, to a truth which is assailed by such reckless and dishonourable means as are too frequently resorted to.

On the 1st October, 1865, I attended a *séance* at 13, Victoria Place, Clifton, where the younger Mrs. Marshall, the well-known medium, from London, was staying. I had previously prepared, as a test, a series of written questions inserted in a book and numbered consecutively; my wife, who was present, was, by the usual method, put in communication with the spirit of her mother, and the following are a few of the results; it is important to observe that no clue was given to the medium, or to others present, as to the nature of the answers required, the questions being put in the following form:—"Will you answer the question number 33?" &c., and as the answers were occasionally given in a different form from what was anticipated, though still quite correctly, these two facts taken together, conclusively prove, as it appears to me, that the answers were neither the result of any knowledge on the part of the medium, nor any "reflex action" from the mind of the interrogator.

The spirit having been requested to answer the question numbered 33, *viz.*:—"Will you spell the name of the place where we lived when you left this state?" The reply, spelt through the alphabet, was, "Aust."

Question No. 34, having been put in the same manner, *viz.*:—"Where was your body buried?" The reply was, "Saint George's."

No. 35.—"While your body was lying in the coffin was anything put in the hand?"* *Reply*, "Yes."

No. 36.—"What was it?" *Reply*, "A sprig of myrtle."

No. 37.—"By whom was it put there?" *Reply*, "Thomas Bowman."

No. 38.—"Who else were present at the time?" *Reply*, "Ann Tommy and Mary Bowman Bryant."

Many other replies were given, of an equally satisfactory character, but I must not further trespass on your space. I would merely remark that the answers, in each case, were quite correct, and that the events referred to occurred upwards of forty years since. One incident at the *séance* deserves record: at the commencement my wife obtained the replies with some difficulty, and they were somewhat indistinct; she was then requested, through the alphabet, to take off her gloves, which were of silk, and the answers were afterwards given with facility and distinctness; the inference drawn by those present was that the silk interfered with the action of the electric element which the spirit is supposed to make use of in producing the raps.

At a previous *séance*, where the two Mrs. Marshall's were present, my wife had a handkerchief taken from her hand under the table, and she distinctly felt

* The reader who has not been in the habit of attending *séances* should be informed that the peculiar phraseology of some of the questions is rendered necessary by the fact that if you ask the spirits "Where did *you* die?" or "Where were *you* buried?" They will sometimes tell you that it was not *they* who died and were buried, but merely the external shell or material covering of the real man.

the touch of a hand; the alphabet card was also violently snatched from her, and in each case all the corporeal hands present were visibly resting on the top of the table.

The visit of Mrs. Marshall and her niece to Bristol has had the effect of awakening the attention of numbers who had not previously seen any of the spiritual manifestations; and it has led to the more satisfactory result of eliciting these phenomena in the private circle of many families, when no professional medium has been present, and where, consequently, there has been no shadow of an excuse for attributing the results to jugglery or deception from interested motives.

Brandon House,
Brandon Hill, Bristol.

Yours respectfully,
GEORGE TOMMY.

[By some accident this letter had got mislaid, or it should have appeared long since.—ED.]

24, Templar Road,
College Avenue, Hackney, N.E.

A MEDIUM'S EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I send you a brief account of my experience in the hope that it may not be without interest to your readers.

On Sunday, the 3rd of March, 1864, I was sitting with my brother, engaged in writing, when suddenly a strange feeling, which I cannot describe, except as a faintness, came over me, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "Arthur, mother is here!" (she having died the preceding September) and sank back in my chair. As soon as I came to, I was surprised to see my mother's name, "Mary Williams," legibly written upon the paper. My brother told me that as soon as I sank back, my hand moved rapidly across the paper. From this time, whenever I sat down to write, the same power came over me, which I resisted, but sometimes my hand would move rapidly across the paper; I said to myself "I will not write again, and will have no more of it;" but I was doomed to disappointment, the small articles in the room would move about in my presence, and there were loud single knocks, and when in bed a weight as if several blankets were thrown on would be felt; and to be sure that I was not deluding myself, I would ask my brother if he observed anything, and found he had the same sensation. Matters now got worse, the whole house seemed in a state of confusion, chairs and tables moved, footsteps were heard in the room, noises were heard as if small peas were shot about, and feeling something striking me, I have looked, and though it has continued, I could not see anything.

One night I saw 17 persons, strangers apparently, in ordinary attire, come and stand in the air one after another, and then disappear. Sometimes I have felt as if I were about to be lifted up, and my chair has gone gradually round with me sitting on it; this would mostly occur when I was alone, and once when I attempted to make my exit the door closed before me. It was nearly three months before these manifestations abated at all. I had some manifestations prior to these. Single knocks have always followed me; but for the first time, about a fortnight ago, I received a regular volley of them all round the room, at my feet, and on the ceiling; but the remarkable thing was that they were all raps of three knocks. A few days preceding this *I began to address and censure myself*, and then began praying; the prayer was not orthodox, yet I could not restrain myself. I, a Protestant, was actually praying *as if I were dead*, or for the dead.

Not wishing to further occupy your space, I conclude, and remain,

Yours, &c.,

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

EXPERIENCES OF AN INQUIRER.

7, Guildford Road,
Brighton, August 28th, 1867.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—When I was at the Marshall's last summer, a circumstance, unknown to any one present save myself, was made known to me by unaccountable means. The name of a young lady who suffered and died from spinal complaint in the year 1843 was correctly spelled out, and the date of her death given. I was most intimately acquainted with her. She was good, pious, and highly intellectual. To her I owe my knowledge of the French language, and my love of its literature. I was not thinking of her at the time; in fact, she was furthest from my thoughts; yet her name—a very uncommon one, you will admit,—was given correctly, "Aletta V——." Now, I am honest enough to confess that a million guesses would not have guessed that name. I was astounded and affected; for it brought back to my mind a rush of thoughts, happy and sad, of those evenings when I sat by her bedside listening to her sweet voice, and imbibing the original thoughts which sprang, not only from a well-stored mind, but one instinct with genius. Twenty-three years had elapsed from the time of her death; she had often promised to communicate with me from the spirit world, if it was possible; and now that promise was fulfilled, even in the presence of others.

I paid a visit, Monday, July 2nd, to Mrs. Parks, of Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, then staying at 7, Bedford Square. Miss Purcell, the medium, went with me; and we three had some strong and wonderful manifestations. The table turned about merrily, and once whirled round in mid-air. It became as animated as a living being; it even ran about when not a single being touched it. Knockings were heard all over the room, in chairs, upon tables, under the floor, and along the wainscot. We had great trouble to keep the tables from being smashed. During the evening, the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and "Marlbro's *en-va-t-en guerre*," were knocked out on the table in a beautiful and correct manner: the table beating and dancing admirable time to each tune. At a previous *séance*, a well-known tune was knocked out, and my wife was requested to dance, the spirits stating the table should accompany her; but as we could not induce her to do so, we lost the promised *pas de deux* between a human being and a table. At my request the table also gave a series of knocks, *viz.*, the footman's the postman's, the tax gatherer's, and the countryman's, which were perfect, and caused us much amusement. In one part of the room there appeared a silvery, blueish star, shining brilliantly. Mrs. Parks, strange to say, could not see it; but to the medium and myself it was clearly visible, at the same time too; and a brilliant member of the stellar creation it was, coming and going like those of the sky when for a moment a veil of clouds passes over them.

Yours truly,
JAMES HOWELL.

THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

Lord Mayor's Walk,
York, 14th Oct., 1867.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The following copy of a genuine letter from M. Jacob (the Zouave), will, I have no doubt, be interesting to the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*:—
J. B. LISTER.

"80, Rue de la Roquette,
Paris, Sept. 17, 1867.

"SIR,—M. Jacob, not understanding English, has begged me to answer your letter of Sept. 9, and to tell you that, owing to difficulties thrown in his way by his officers, who do not like the publicity given to a private soldier by the wonderful cures God has enabled him to make, and also by the police, who

objected to the crowding of the street whenever it was known that he would hold a reception of the sick, he is obliged, for the present, to suspend his receptions.

He hopes to resume them before long, and will let you know when this occurs. In regard to his healing powers, he wishes me to tell you that he has cured all sorts of diseases, but *not* all the cases of any sort. Sometimes he is successful; sometimes not.

He has no idea why he succeeds better in some cases than in others, and supposes that it must be a result of the Divine appointment, which permits some to be healed, while, in the cases of others, a continuance of suffering is appointed for their ultimate good. He also wishes you to know that he can do nothing for patients at a distance. Sometimes his looking at a sick person produces a cure; at others, he is obliged to touch the patient, making a succession of slight pressures on the parts affected. In some cases the cure is immediate; in others, he is obliged to see the patient four or five times. It will be necessary for you to come to Paris, if you desire to try what he can do for you; but it would be premature for you to come at present. He never accepts a fee or gift of any kind, saying that he dare not sell what God had given him; but if he leaves the army, as his friends wish him to do, it will be necessary for him to live; and it is probable that in such a case, persons benefitted by him, and desirous of showing their gratitude, would be allowed to send anonymous offerings, according to their means and wish, as was permitted by the Great Teacher and Healer, whom M. Jacob tries to imitate in the work which he believes that God has appointed to him; but he will certainly never take a fee, nor allow the question of gain in any way to enter into his plans of action.

I give you, as above, the Paris address of M. Jacob, where his father lives, and where he is whenever he gets a day's furlough.

With best wishes for your ultimate recovery,

I am, Sir, yours truly,
A FRIEND.

SPIRIT-POETRY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—A friend of mine, a minister, lately commenced "sittings" in his own house, having gathered a few like-minded friends to form a circle. The result was, a speedy development of two or three good writing and drawing mediums. One of these is a young lady, who, beside being beyond all suspicion, has written some admirable test verses. The other day, these words were written in the form I write them now:—

Love
Might
Grace
Heaven
Humility.
Pride
Conquer
Saved.

This was the work of a very few moments. She then at once began to fill up the lines, and the result was the following verses:—

"Love thou the right, the right must conquer:
Might is right, the right is true;
Grace is needed love to strengthen,
Heaven the home for all of you.
Humility and grace united,
Pride will extirpate in time;
Conquer ye the earthly passions,
Saved by Him, the Great Sublime."

Of course no one knew what the column of words meant, and no one anticipated what at once followed.

At another time, the following verses were written with great rapidity:—

“ When spirits guide your trembling souls,
And love flows down incessantly ;
Though loud on earth the thunder rolls,
In heaven you'll rest eternally.
Doubt, love, and faith, and godly fear,
Together wall this earthly sphere ;
The goal attained, doubt stays behind,
Weak attribute of earthly mind.
When, freed from earth, the heaven-born gem,
To its Great Original returns ;
How awfully sublime it burns,
Weaved in a sparkling diadem.

Fear not little flock, your Father is near,
Surrounded by those whom your hearts esteem dear ;
Guarded by such a bright heavenly band,
Leading you onwards to heaven's blest land :
You merely are treading the path that they trod,
The path which is leading to them and to God.”

The peculiarity of these verses is, that they are all in different metres, and radically unlike in form; and yet they were all written at one time, unexpectedly, and with great rapidity. At another time, the following came.

“ Far above the realms of sorrow,
Dwells our God enthroned on high ;
He but takes you to dwell with him,
When you mortals say you die.
Murmur not then, be it early,
Be it late, he calls you home ;
When he bids you, without murmur,
Gladly leave this earth and come.
Sure you may be, He will leave you
Here while you have work to do ;
Strive then onwards, fear no danger,
God upholds the good and true.
Neither wish to leave your duty,
Though at times so sorely tried ;
Fight ! and by the fire of sorrow,
You shall all be purified.”

I should like to ask any of your readers who may deny the reality of spirit communion (if you have any such), whence these verses came? The lady through whom they were written, has sometimes held her pencil for a whole morning without result; and when the influence came, it was sudden and decided, and with such results as I have here stated. Unless we are all cheating one another in a way inconceivably stupid, wicked, and absurd, I see not how we can resist the conclusion that an intelligence not our own is at work in these things.

Heartily yours,
THE AUTHOR OF “SIX MONTHS' EXPERIENCE
AT HOME OF SPIRIT COMMUNION.”

SPIRIT LEAVING THE BODY DURING A DREAM.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

SIR,—A lady, whom I will call L—, a Spiritualist, and some of whose experiences as a medium have been lately published in your columns, and who, I may add, -by the way, is susceptible to both my mesmeric and electro-

psychological operations, during a visit at my house, expressed her regret at hearing that my wife was suffering from rheumatism in the legs, which almost prevented her from getting up and down stairs. Upon returning, home, L— dreamt that she was carrying my wife up to bed, and in her dream experienced some difficulty in getting her upstairs; as indeed we might expect, they both being about the same size and age. During the same night my wife awoke by hearing footsteps distinctly coming upstairs towards our room, and from the clumsy way in which that being seemed to be making its way, she concluded that it was carrying a rather heavy as well as awkward weight, the stairs creaking loudly at every step. She was furthermore convinced that it wore slippers trodden down at the heels, from the well-known slipshod noise that they always make and which was in this case peculiarly audible. As it approached our room she became alarmed and awoke me. After hearing sufficient to satisfy myself that it was no dream on our part, I spoke, demanding who was there; upon which the footsteps almost entirely ceased and although rather disposed to commence again, I found by an exercise of the will I could silence it.

Looking upon this as a spiritual manifestation of some sort or other, we mentioned the affair to L—, who then told us of her dream and acknowledged that in the house she did wear such slippers, which generally made the noise described by us! This latter incident confirmed our idea, that her spirit in reality left the body during her dream and visited us. The fact, that she is susceptible to my magnetic treatment, explains for itself why my will stopped her spirit from ascending further up the stairs, or perhaps even entering our room.

Yours faithfully,

Hayward's Heath.

DR. WILLIAMS, M.A.

A PRESENTIMENT.

THE *Boston Daily Press* relates the following case:—

“A most touching and singular circumstance occurred at the State Prison in Charlestown a few days since, which goes to shew that there may be something in presentiments. Some three weeks ago, the only son of one of the inmates serving a life sentence was drowned near the ferry slip, on the East Boston side, and his body was found floating in the water a few days afterwards. After the burial, the mother visited the prison, and requested the warden to announce the fact of the son's death to the father, also requesting that he would not inform him that he was drowned, but leave him with the impression that he died a natural death. Mr. Haynes visited the prisoner in one of the workshops, and announced to him that he had some sad news for him; but, before he could proceed further, the prisoner exclaimed, ‘Oh, my son is drowned.’ On being asked why he thought so, he replied that, two or three days before (mentioning the exact day the body was removed), he was impressed with the fact that his son had been drowned, and it weighed heavily upon his mind ever since. The facts were then told to him, and it appeared that the presentiment of his son's death was correct in every particular.”