

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JUNE, 1871.

READINGS IN "THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY :"
SPIRITUALISM EVERYWHERE.

It seems to me impossible to pursue a course of reading in any direction in which you are not certain to come upon Spiritualistic facts. I have lately been amusing, and, I may say, greatly instructing myself, by the perusal of a series of the American journal, *The Atlantic Monthly*. I have been extremely pleased with the sound moral tone of this miscellany, so different to that of the general run of our English popular magazines, which are at once so flashy, sophisticated in spirit, and so pretentious. The vast amount of substantial knowledge contained in this leading American journal, and the healthy, genial character of the whole, speaks volumes for the moral and intellectual stamina of the educated population of the United States. But what I am immediately intending is to say, that I have come across a number of spiritual facts and narratives, given without any hesitation or apology, which I have not seen mentioned in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and which I therefore transcribe. In the second part of an article called "The Carpet-bagger in Pennsylvania," in the number for June, 1869, p. 738, there is this account of Mr. James, who at spiritual instigation put down the celebrated artesian well at Chicago. It is well known that Mr. Abraham James bored this well in the very face of the most positive assertions of the geologists that it was a useless attempt, and that he drew no profit whatever from that most successful experiment. The spirits then advised him to go to the oil-fields of Pennsylvania. Here, then, we find him :—

ABRAHAM JAMES AT THE OIL FIELDS.

"Pleasantville was the quietest of villages a few months ago, and now the liveliest oil-pumping place in the State. Whence this change? Early in the days of speculation in oil-lands,
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much of the country about here was bought up and held at high prices, until experience seemed to have demonstrated that accessible oil-veins were confined to the low lands and the banks of streams. Pleasantville is high and hilly; so the farms thus secured soon slipped out of the hands of speculators, and fell back to their old prices. There they remained, till a man named Abraham James, a Spiritualist and a medium, passed this way. Here is what he says happened to him, as he was for the first time (October, 1866) riding through Pleasantville with some friends:—

“‘I was violently influenced and controlled by a power outside myself. Forced from the buggy over the fence, and becoming entirely unconscious, I was moved some distance across the fields, and made to stop upon a certain location, where my controlling influence said to those present, pointing towards the earth, ‘Here is an immense amount of petroleum.’”

“This assertion seems to have been corroborated by abundant dreams and visions; and in August, 1867, amidst the scoffs of unbelievers, work was commenced by the faithful on the spot indicated. In December, a depth of 700 feet had been reached, and the third sand rock passed through—still no oil. The faithful began to falter, and stock in the ‘Harmonial Well’—for so it had been named, in honour of the spiritual philosophy—became a laughing-stock throughout the oil region. Still James and a small band of believers kept the drills going; and people who reviled their creed began to admire their pluck. This certainly was real, whatever might be said of their powers of prophecy. In January, the tools had gone down 100 feet farther, and still there was ‘no show.’ When compared with Drake’s well, which struck oil at 96½ feet, this 800-ft. well of the Harmonials was certainly an enterprise deserving of respect. When compared with the deepest wells that had yet found oil—beginning at Drake’s depth—they had finally got down to 600 feet in Pithole Creek—it looked, to secular eyes, like that most abhorred and derided thing, a “dry hole.”

“It was not ‘Crazy Drake’ now who was the subject of derisive comment; it was ‘Crazy James.’ People laughed louder than ever when he proceeded to build tanks for his oil—a folly of which no sane man in testing new territory had ever yet been guilty. But James was so sure of his bird, that he was determined to have his cage ready; and, truth to say, it was not long before the cage came into use. On the last day of January the tools were well down in the fourth sand rock, at a depth of 835 feet, and on the morning of the 1st of February the little world of Pleasantville was astounded by the news that oil had been struck. The pumping apparatus was adjusted, and

the amazed citizens saw a stream of black oil spout into the tanks. Everybody was in high glee; not the Harmonials alone, who were of course rejoiced at an event which seemed to justify their large outlay of faith and money; but the grim farmers of the neighbourhood, who, though they did not believe in spiritual gifts, did believe most firmly in a flow of oil, rubbed their rough hands with satisfaction, well aware how this lucky chance, as they called it, would affect the value of their lands.

“This happened only nine months ago, and now witness the result. James’s ‘Harmonial Well, No. 1,’ made known to all comers by the conspicuous sign nailed aloft on the derrick—all the wells are named and labelled in this way—is surrounded by a community of derricks thick as trees on a Southern deadening.

“I hardly know what effect this practical argument of the Spiritualists may have on the minds of unbelievers. I talk with some of these who smile at it, saying that, although James’s enterprise succeeded, many similar attempts to find oil or treasure through spirit agencies have failed, and that, consequently, nothing is proved. Still, I perceive that they speak of James with respect. There is one good thing—success; everybody appreciates that; and I find a number of Spiritualists of the practical sort at Pleasantville, and a still larger crop of persons who do not believe in spiritual agency, but who yet have faith in the location of wells through the indications of the hazel switch in sensitive hands. A goodly proportion of the wells now drilling are going down on spots where mediums have stuck their sticks or the hazel-rod has turned.”

SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE TAE-PINGS.

In an article on China in the September number of the same journal in 1869, we find spiritual manifestations common in the army of the rebels called ‘Tae-pings—a sort of Christians.’ Various striking phenomena occurred amongst them. Men fell into a state of ecstasy, and delivered exhortations. Sick persons were cured by the power of prayer. The teachings of these ecstasies were tested by Scripture; if found to agree therewith, they were accepted—if not, rejected.”

A CHAPTER OF MODERN ASTROLOGY.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1871, we have the following narrative, signed by the writer:—

“The hero of the startling occurrences about to be narrated was the late Dr. Noah Stone, of Guildford, Connecticut, father of David M. Stone, the editor and proprietor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*. The facts themselves—which, by the

way, need no embellishment—are distinctly remembered by a few persons yet living—and may well make one pause before answering the question, Whether the astrologers of the Middle Ages were wholly empirical?

“When Dr. Stone was in his twelfth year he obtained by chance some old volumes on astrology, written by Alberbaten, Jason Pratensis, and Paracelsus, and being studious and a somewhat reticent and pensive lad, he spent much of his time in poring over those works after the family had retired, frequently seeking his pillow only when the dawn had issued in the morning. Nor was it long before he had become quite an adept in the ‘black art,’ having among other things discovered that his pensiveness had arisen from the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Libra at the time of his birth; while his melancholy was occasioned by the meeting of Saturn and the moon in Scorpio. At this time also his little chamber was filled with various figures—imperfect and somewhat rudely drawn, it is true—with phrases and scraps of writing, such as ‘Lord of the Geniture,’ ‘The Quartile aspects of Saturn and Mars,’ the one culminating and the other in the fourth house,—‘eclipses and earthquakes,’—‘the present conjunction or opposition in Sagittarius or Pisces, of the sun and moon,’—‘if the moon be in conjunction or opposition at the birth-time with the sun, Saturn or Mars, many diseases follow,’ &c. In short, however few the pupil’s years or limited the number of his books and his times and chances of study, it was quite apparent that the curious boy had been in good earnest looking upon the heavens as a great book, whose letters are the stars, wherein are written many strange things for such as can read.

“It happened about this time that a neighbour of his father, a very worthy man in humble circumstances, by the name of Crowfoot, had the misfortune to lose his cow, a remarkably fine animal, which, by a bountiful supply of milk, contributed largely towards the support of a numerous family of children. Having been turned out to graze upon the extensive common lands between the Tunxis and Sinisburg mines, Crummie had strayed away and disappeared, to the no small concern of the owner, and the still greater inconvenience of the dependant children. Isaac Crowfoot was himself as meek as Moses; and his wife was a sort of Job’s comforter, and this circumstance had no tendency to mitigate the domestic calamity. Several days of fruitless search had been spent, and no tidings obtained of the cow, which had never before failed of coming home at sunset. And at each successive luckless return of the husband, he was fated to encounter the sharp reproof of the spouse for the faithfulness of his search after the absconding quadruped. One evening

as uncle Isaac—for thus he was familiarly called, was returning in a gloomy and desponding mood from a fruitless search, in passing the house of young Stone, the latter accosted him as follows:—
‘Why, uncle Isaac, haven’t you found old Brindle yet?’

“‘No, I guess not,’ replied Uncle Isaac, ‘I’ve been a-hunting all day, and haive walked afoot clean from here down to Pog-nommick, and then up to the Turkey Hills and back agin, and hain’t heard nothing on the plaguy varmint.’

“‘Have you been up the river to Farmington and over the mountain to West Hartford, Uncle Isaac?’

“‘Why I calculate I haive. I went eenymost round the mountain on Thursday, and I reckon he’s bin stole. It’s a desprut loss to a poor man like me, though if I was as rich as your daddy, I shouldn’t think nothing on’t for’t I know. The old woman will take on so when she sees me to-night without the cow, for the children has bin crying their eyes out for milk ever sin’ Sabbaday.’

“Young Stone was a compassionate lad; and the reference of Uncle Isaac to the wants of the children, instantly enlisted his sympathies on their behalf. Accordingly, as Uncle Isaac was departing from the gate, the boy caught his sleeve quickly, as though a thought had suddenly struck him, and said; ‘I say, Uncle Isaac, I’ll cast a figure to-night, and tell you where old Brindle has been hiding herself, if you will come along this way in the morning.’

“Uncle Isaac knew little of what was meant by ‘casting a figure,’ yet he said he should be terrible glad if he could find out where the darned critter was, for he’d be blamed if he hadn’t tramprosed about until his shoes looked an awful sight worse than those of them e’re sinful Gibeonites when they played such a cute trick upon Jin’ral Joshua. This was an unwonted attempt at pleasantry on the part of Uncle Isaac, and he therefore got himself to his own house.

“It was remarked the next morning by the family, when young Stone came down to prayers, that his countenance was exceedingly pale, and he appeared like one who had been deprived of his sleep. His manner was disturbed and restless, and his mother with much solicitude made divers inquiries respecting his health, which he satisfied as best he could.

“Shortly after breakfast, Uncle Isaac appeared trudging up the road, and was met by the young man with ‘I’m afraid I’ve done something wrong; but I can tell you where old Brindle is; that is, if I have worked it—I mean, if I have guessed right.’

“‘You haven’t seen her, I conclude, have you?’ replied Crowfoot, his features lighting up with joy. ‘No,’ replied the youth; ‘but if I can guess right, old Brindle is seven miles

off, about in the middle of the oak plains yonder. She has caught her horns in the bushes, close to the ledge of rocks on the west side of the round hill, and can't get away; and what's more, she's nearly starved.' 'Like enough,' said Uncle Isaac; 'but I guess you're a'most a witch to find all that out, if somebody ain't tell'd ye on't. I shall be awfully glad, and no mistake, to find her again. I'll go off straight. Let's see—the road up toward Nurgate 'll be the nighest, I reckon. I was plaguey 'feared that some some of them 'ere fellows jest out of the mines there had stolen her. The gov'ner pardoned tew many of them consarned rascals.'

"'Now don't be too certain,' responded the youth, as Uncle Isaac moved forward with renewed energy and confidence; 'it's guess-work after all, and I shall be glad if it don't come to pass,' he added in an undertone. 'I'd rather give him 'pa's best cow than—but never mind; I don't believe a word of it myself.'

"Old Isaac, however, nothing doubting, pursued his way, and penetrated the thick underbush of shrub oaks, until he reached the place that had been indicated by the lad. Sure enough Crummie was there, entangled by the horns, and in the sorry, half-starved condition which the boy had foretold.

"The youthful diviner awaited the return of Isaac, with more anxiety than he had ever felt before; and a shuddering sensation crept over him when, towards evening, he saw the old brindled favourite, in emaciated and pitiful plight, wending her way slowly homeward, followed by Crowfoot in person. Joining the poor man as quickly as possible, Stone learnt all the circumstances of the finding, and at the end of the conference implored Isaac to say nothing about the matter, protesting that it was all guess-work, a mere accident, as he felt confident in his own mind it must be. But if the good man could have kept the secret, his spouse could do no such thing; and the incident was confidently noised abroad, greatly to the annoyance of the lad, and without being diminished by the repetition, until shortly reports of no slight magnitude and equivocal complexion found their way to his parents.

"The investigation that grew out of this incident brought to light his midnight vigils, in which the parents readily discovered the cause of their son's ill-health; for by this time his constitution, never vigorous, had begun apparently to yield. His cheeks had become unusually pale, and his flesh seemed to be wasting by degrees away. Indeed, the lad admitted that, whether it was the want of sleep, or 'that virtue had gone out of him,' he never passed a night in 'casting a figure,' without experiencing a prostration and loss of nervous force—the same loss of vital

force, undoubtedly, that modern trance mediums feel after one of their *séances*. Accordingly, he was requested by his parents to discontinue his astrological studies; while at the same time, in the hope that a change of air would be beneficial, he was sent to the parish of Applebury, a beautiful country town on the Long Island coast, where he was to continue his classical studies under the direction of the late reverend and venerable Dr. Elliott, a clergyman distinguished alike for his scholarly attainments and his piety.

“ But the story of Isaac Crowfoot, and the singular finding of his truant cow, followed the lad to Applebury; and before he had reached his sixteenth year, he had occasion to make additional trials of his skill, the extreme reluctance to do which was overcome only by the most persevering entreaties.

“ It happened that in the regular course of his business as a West India trader, Captain David Hoyt, an old friend and relative of the father of the writer, purchased a cargo of mules (an animal formerly of extensive exportation from Connecticut to those islands), and sailed in a vessel of his own, bound to St. Domingo. A step-son of Captain Hoyt, of about the age of young Stone, accompanied him. He was the only son of his mother, and greatly beloved, and was until his death a few years since a respectable farmer in Applebury. The vessel was a long time absent, and no intelligence from her was received. A brig which sailed from Applebury in company with Captain Hoyt had made a prosperous voyage and returned. His friends consequently became exceedingly anxious about his fate, and the wife of the absent captain, greatly alarmed for the safety of her husband and son, having heard the gossip touching the wonderful finding of the long-lost brindled cow, came to our young hero, beseeching him to inform her of the fate of the absent schooner and those on board. There was no affectation in the youth, and he was truly reluctant to renew the experiment. But after much persuasion he consented to gratify the feelings of an anxious wife and mother, as far as in his power, although he admonished the good woman against reposing any confidence in his reputed skill. In sober honesty, he had no confidence in it himself; for in respect to the previous affair, he regarded it only in the light of one of those coincidences frequently occurring in the course of human events, but which are not exactly susceptible of explanation upon any known principles of mental philosophy.

“ Contrary, however to his expectations, and even to his own wishes, during a night of laborious application, the results of his figures enabled him to return a full answer on the following morning, the correctness of which would be tested in a few days.

This answer was, that the absent schooner, after having parted company with the before-mentioned brig, had been for a long time becalmed. The captain and all hands were all well, but their provisions had become short, their provender and water exhausted, and the greater part of the mules had died of starvation. The vessel, according to the 'figure,' would certainly put back in distress, and arrive within Sandy Hook on the following Tuesday, after having, on the preceding day, thrown the last of the mules overboard, and would reach Applebury the next Thursday. It proved to be even so. On the Thursday following, Captain Hoyt and his step-son arrived in Applebury from New York, and in relating the events of the disastrous voyage, confirmed all that young Stone had divined to the minutest particular, even to the hour at which they ran past the Sandy Hook lighthouse, and entered the harbour of New York.

“The fulfilment of the prediction, if such it might be called, was yet a matter of greater surprise to the young astrologer, than in the former instance. He was conscious of having intentionally done or attempted nothing wrong on either occasion, but the success which attended his calculations was a subject utterly inexplicable even to himself, and he was half induced to believe that there must have been an evil superintending agency in the premises. He shuddered at the idea; for although not at that time a communing member of the Church his mind was deeply imbued with religious feelings. From his earliest infancy, his young thoughts had been directed heavenward; the habits and all the regulations of his father's house were religious; the observance of all the outward forms of devotion were strict and unremitted on the part of the father, whilst all its sweetest and most attractive influences were beautifully illustrated in the quiet and unobtrusive yet active examples of the mother. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him of the groundlessness of his apprehension. In the exercise of his supposed power of divination, he had only followed rules laid down in printed books of, as he insisted in believing, *pretended* magic. These books directed the construction of questions germane to the matter in hand, and then by going through certain arithmetical problems in connection with the heavenly bodies, the answer was to be read in the result by affirmatives and negatives. His “art,” as it seemed to him, had this extent and no more. In his juvenile days he had looked into the books with curiosity; now in the greater maturity of his youth he had tried his skill as an interesting experiment only; and, as he supposed, any other individual who would assume the same labour, could play the magician in the same way. The fulfilment of his predictions

he yet attributed to coincidences only ; and in any event he was quite certain, for in this he could not be mistaken, that he had invoked the aid of no evil genius ; and he had no reason to suppose that messengers of that character ever went abroad upon such errands uninvited or unbidden. He therefore allowed his mind to go to rest upon the subject, mentally resolving to avoid in future even the appearance of evil, and to essay no more experiments of the kind.

“ But the tears and importunities of woman who can withstand ? Hearts of sterner stuff than was that of our youthful hero, and of more experience, have often been subdued by such appeals ; and that he should have been induced to swerve from his determination can, therefore, be no matter of surprise. In temporarily changing his residence from the valley of the Tunxis for the shades of Applebury he had vainly imagined that the little unwelcome notoriety of his first achievement would have been left behind. But he was mistaken in that supposition ; he had in consequence of his first experiment been forced into a second, the fame of which was widely bruited about, to his still greater annoyance, and he was soon involved in a third trial, the result of which was still more astounding.

“ General Carlos Wilcox, a respectable merchant residing in a neighbouring town, and a man of no inconsiderable importance in that community, had fitted out and freighted for the West India market a ship with a cargo of unusual value. The supercargo had instructions, in certain contingencies, to attempt sundry speculations, by trading from island to island over the wide American Archipelago. In the lading of this vessel the owner had incurred heavy responsibilities, which her return from a prosperous voyage would alone enable him to discharge. But, although he had received early information of the ship's safe arrival, and of her departure from the first port of destination, yet for a long period there was no further intelligence from her. As time passed on, demands for heavy payments came upon him which he was unable to meet, and he was consequently obliged to entreat for delay. Still there were no tidings from the ship, and his situation was daily becoming more critical, while his mind was full of embarrassment and perplexity.

“ While matters were in this situation, the merchant, almost driven to distraction by the difficulties accumulating in his path, was persuaded, against his better judgment, to seek the assistance of the young student of Dr. Elliott, at Applebury, now universally considered the smartest young man of those parts. It was believed he could solve almost any mystery short of the origin of evil, and discover every hidden thing except Kidd's money. Indeed, the latter was hardly an exception, since some

of the knowing ones had begun to think of obtaining his assistance in searching for those numerous pots of treasure which the great freetooter was supposed to have imbedded in the island coves and along the indented coasts of the Sound. To the application of General Wilcox himself, however, the young student respectfully but firmly refused his assent, labouring earnestly to convince him that he had no particular skill of the description which a good-natured though gossipping world had attributed to him, assuring him that the facts cited to disprove this avowal were merely circumstances of time and chance which happen to all.

“The wife of the merchant, however, would not be put off in this manner. The affairs of her husband were approaching a crisis, and the return of the ship could only save him from ruin. Should the vessel be already lost, they might as well yield at once to the importunities of their creditors, who were becoming more clamorous with every hour’s delay, each being eager, in the event of bankruptcy, to be foremost in seizing upon the property of the insolvent. The lady, therefore, rode over to Applebury, and renewed the application with so much energy, and such persuasive eloquence, as to wring a reluctant consent from the young astrologer to make another attempt to read the unknown.

“Accordingly, during the ensuing night, it being starlight, he resorted to his slate and his rules as before; and, after labouring through a great number of ‘figures,’ the results enabled him to frame a history of the voyage, which promised golden returns to the harassed owner. Punctual to her engagement, and eager for an answer, which she had the fullest belief would end her suspense, however painful might be their destiny, the lady returned to Applebury on the following morning. Our hero thereupon very reluctantly informed her of the result of his midnight vigil, but cautioned her at the same time not to place the least reliance upon the prediction. ‘Your ship,’ said he, ‘according to my poor figures, is perfectly safe, and now on her homeward voyage. She touched at several places in the West India Islands’—specifying their names—‘prospered in all her speculations, and in the exchange of her commodities. She then ran down upon the coast of the Spanish Main, and has been successfully engaged in trade, and is now returning with twenty-two thousand dollars in doubloons, besides other merchandise of great value. On Tuesday next, at two o’clock post meridian, the *Killingworth* will enter the harbour whose name she bears in safety. But the supercargo is dead of the yellow fever, and two more will return fatally sick of the same disease.’

“With this reply, which she believed would be fulfilled to

the letter, the lady returned with feelings mingled with melancholy and gladness. The supercargo was a young man of enterprise and high promise, and her kinsman; but the fortunes of her husband would be restored. The period intervening between the prediction and the time assigned for its fulfilment was one of intense anxiety, not only to the distressed and doubting merchant and his wife, but to young Stone. If the fortunes of the former hung upon the fate of the ship, the feelings of the latter were deeply interested in the result of this third and most important experiment, for he now felt a strong presentiment that his calculations would be realised. He began to doubt whether he had not been engaged in matters of unlawful and fearful import, and he reproached himself that feelings of shame and diffidence had prevented him taking counsel of his friend and guide, Dr. Elliott.

“The day—for time under such circumstances of uncertainty and anxiety seems to fly with leaden wings—appeared long in coming; but it arrived at length, and was truly one of bright and sunny promise. The merchant was early at an upper window with his glass, intently examining every sail that whitened the placid bosom of the Sound, and eagerly watching every additional vessel that could be descried heaving in sight. Soon after twelve, his heart bounded high, as he perceived the well-known signal of his own proud ship, which was borne easily onward by a gentle breeze, until at length, exactly at the hour foretold, she entered the harbour, discharged a gun, and ran alongside the wharf. The remaining part of the calculation, even to the minutest detail, was true to the letter. The whole voyage had been prosecuted as already described; the exact sum of specie was received; two of the seamen were ill of the yellow fever, beyond hope of recovery; and the supercargo was no more—the waves his winding-sheet, the ocean his grave!

“The untoward aspect of the merchant’s fortunes was, of course, immediately changed, and the decencies of grief having been observed, joy once more beamed upon the countenances which for weeks had been shaded by the gloom of despondency and anticipated ruin. Not so, however, with the young astrologer. On hearing the intelligence in the gray of the evening, he was astonished at the accurate verification of his calculations, and greatly agitated at what he had done. On the two former occasions, as we have seen, he had attributed his success to fortuitous coincidences; but with this third, more complicated, and momentous trial, the results amazed him. From this moment it became his settled conviction that some evil agency had been exerted in these efforts, which he had been persuading

himself were very innocent calculations, though withal not a little interesting. The result was that he at once burned his works on necromancy, and registered a solemn vow—ever afterwards sacredly kept—never more to engage in such questionable experiments.

“ We attempt no explanation of the foregoing. The facts have been presented nakedly, and with no attempt at colour; but in view of them, it would seem as though the marvellous stories which came down to us from the olden times, of the fulfilment of the predictions made by the astrologers of the middle ages—and further back, the Chaldean soothsayers of the Babylonian empire—contained at least a few grains of truth. Of this nature was the prophecy, which is well authenticated, made by an astrologer to Nell Gwynne in her days of mendicancy, that she should at a future day be possessed of wealth, and be influential with a powerful monarch; not to mention the also well-authenticated predictions and fulfilments of the celebrated Doctor Dee, whose portraiture has been so vividly drawn by the great wizard novelist of Scotland. The Chaldean soothsayers could never have maintained their ascendancy for so long a period, had it not been that many of their predictions were fulfilled, some of which were so remarkable as to make it hard to explain them on the ground of a superior knowledge of the sciences.

“ WILLIAM L. STONE.”

The doubts and queries with which Mr. Stone concludes this very interesting narrative, unquestionably occurring to one of his own family, have all been thoroughly dissipated by the present light, and the voluminous evidences of Spiritualism. The ancient soothsayers and astrologers, and the middle age ones too, had to the fullest certainty not merely “a few grains of truth” in their possession, but a great, entire and eternal truth, which they themselves, however, but partially understood. Whilst they were working out in good faith this stella-diagram, spirits at their elbow were whispering to them the truth. The planets had nothing to do with their revelations further than being the occasion of their sitting down to inquire of the hidden knowledge. The spirits that surround and have surrounded from all time the race of man, are always ready to speak when applied to, and to unfold matters interesting to flesh-enveloped souls. The planets and the “figures” cast by the astrologers, are but as the tables and indicators through which mediums seek to open their conferences with the inner world. Had young Stone understood this, he need not have tormented

himself with fears of dealing with the unholy, any more than Joseph did in Egypt, when drawing oracles of truth for human good from his divining-cap. A little reflection might have convinced the young astrologer, that as "any tree is known by its fruits," so there was no evil in his tree of inquiry for *all* its fruits were good. He sought the truth for the good of his fellows; to relieve their anxieties and prevent their ruin, especially in the last experiment; and the results were good, unmingled good! No lies, no subterfuges, no mischief, no trace of evil came forth from his revelations; the answers were true, because the spirits which dictated them were true and benevolent. Had not this youth been under the educational prejudices of the age regarding magic and the "black art," he might have done immense and continual service to his neighbours by acting as their medium—for a medium he was, nothing more and nothing less. We see the character of the medium upon him in his nervous temperament, in the effect which his vigils and nocturnal researches had on his sensitive frame, in "the virtue that was continually going out of him," through his intercourse with the invisible beings who seized on his vital forces to enable them to communicate through him. It was not, however, to be expected that under the circumstances this conscientious youth could free himself from the trammels of the doctrines and defective knowledge of this time. We honour his strict obedience to the dictates of his conscience, and are obliged to his relative for the simple story of the developments which so greatly surprised him.

In other numbers of this journal we have articles of other kinds, with a spiritual tinge, such as apparitions and bell-rings in old houses, such as we have had plenty of in Europe. In the *Galaxy* of October, 1868, we have also a very curious paper, called, "Whose Hand?" I leave these, however, because they are more or less mixed up with romance, or at least the shape of romance. Still, it must be said of the paper, "Whose Hand?" that it is written with a full knowledge of spirit statistics. In an old dilapidated mansion at York Town, in Virginia, a hand is seen by different persons sleeping at different periods in that old house, endeavouring to turn the handle of a particular chamber door, which it never succeeded in doing; and when some adventurous guest, who becomes a spectator of the phenomenon, has boldly advanced and set open the door, some invisible personage has rushed past, as evidently eager to escape. The hand was that of a lady—the rushing, rustling dress that of a lady. The wrist of the hand was

enveloped as in a cloud of gauzy drapery, the hand itself well-defined and luminous—these being features in strict keeping with the mediumistic experiences; and the story received its solution from a lady in that room having poisoned her own great benefactor.

Rome, May 12, 1871.

W. H.

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

By the Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

IF all poor tempest-tossed souls could once believe in that sweetest of all the promises of the Bible—“*God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes*”—there would soon be no tears left to wipe away. To believe that, is to be in heaven long before we see the shining angels there. What old words these are! and yet how new! It is said they were written by one of the disciples of Jesus,—the one who loved him best,—the one who lived nearest to his gracious heart,—the son of thunder, but, like all true sons of thunder, the son also of heavenly love. And the legend runs that the words were written when the tears of the early Christians were falling thick and fast,—when brave men and women suffered for the name of Jesus as men and women have suffered for nothing else, when to be a Christian, was to invite the sword, the torture chamber, or the flame,—when, to follow Christ, meant following him even unto death. If this be so, the words are inexpressibly touching and suggestive. The aged apostle, crushed with the weight of his own sorrows and of the sorrows of his fellow-believers, lifts up his head to the new Jerusalem—the holy city, bright and beautiful as a summer bride, wherein were the glorious angels, whose faces shone with dazzling light, and who stand before the throne of the great King, day and night. In that city there was no need of candle or of sun; for the face of God did lighten it, and the presence of Jesus and his followers was the glory of it. There were the streets of pure gold, lustrous as clear glass; there ran the river of the water for life, flowing from the throne of God; there grew the tree of life, whose very leaves were for the healing of the nations; there the throne of God was established for ever, and His happy servants served Him; there they see His face and have His name written in their foreheads; and

there God wipes away all tears from their eyes. We do not look upon this as all a dream; we accept the hopes, the instincts, the confidences of the human heart, as natural revelations of facts in nature; and we believe that God is not betraying us in these deepest yearnings of the soul.

What a beautifully simple and truly human religion the religion of Jesus is! Of course I do not mean the religion of Jesus as it has been transformed by the Churches, but that religion as it came from himself. It has in it every element of universality; for it deals simply with human nature, and with desires, necessities, and emotions that are common to us all.

We find that Jesus himself wept, and that He offered the very tenderest of all consolations to the weary and the heavy laden. To these He offered a Heavenly Father's protection; to these He offered rest. And what rest is there like hope?—like the knowledge that the dark night will end, and that we are all going forward out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage, into the true Holy Land, whence God's people shall no more go into captivity? It is, perhaps, not a healthy thing to dwell upon the unseen and the unknown—to think of heaven when we ought to be striving on earth: but it *is* a healthy thing for us to derive from our faith such consolations, encouragements, and hopes as it is able to offer us: it *is* a healthy thing to let the light break through into this land of shadows, and to hear, amid these discords, strains of music that reach us from afar: it *is* a healthy thing to think of our dear ones as those who are with the loving God: it *is* a healthy thing to turn from the silence, the sorrow, and the pain of death, to think of them as having gone to Him whose desire is to take away tears from all eyes: it *is* a healthy thing to remember that here we have no continuing city, that this is not our lasting home, and that as yet we have not really entered upon our true life: it *is* a healthy thing to let the bright star break now and then through the clouds, or to let the thick clouds part to show it still shining there: in a word, it *is* a healthy thing to think now and then of the time when the rough march and the sharp conflict will be over, and when the best friend we have ever had will “wipe away all tears from our eyes.”

Tears are the symbol of sorrow, and “all tears” may stand for all misery. There are the tears of memory, the tears of suffering, the tears of foreboding; tears for the past, tears for the present, and tears for the future: and the promise is that our good Father will take them all away. There are the tears of *remembrance*—tears for the *past*.

We look before and after, and sigh for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught.

Every one of us has, behind him, some spot which memory can never revisit without tears. It may be that a little mound of earth is there, or a few dead leaves; all that is left of what once seemed a very "garden of the Lord." There are some things of which we dare not and do not speak; but these things enter into our very souls, and the tears of memory are too sacred for another's eye. Our gracious God promises that these shall be done away;—though they cannot be unless we are either cursed with forgetfulness or have a glorious resurrection of dead things. There have been those who held that God would wipe away all tears by erasing from the memory all the sad story of the past: but He might as well destroy us altogether: for, if all memory goes, we shall be new creatures; and the poor traveller, who did the long day's march and bore the heat and burden of the day, will not be the refreshed and rewarded guest, but some other being created out of him, like a butterfly from the poor homely chrysalis. I will not believe it. God has not so bungled in the creation of man that He will need to blot out from man's brain all the records of the experience of a whole life,—all the memories associated with a world. No: He will wipe away all tears from our eyes, only by increasing our light, and not by plunging us into darkness. Depend upon it, memory will be intensified, and not at all destroyed; depend upon it, we shall revisit the old ways, where the monuments of our sorrow stand, where the cold shadows now creep, and the dead leaves rustle in the bleak wind; and there we shall see meanings, interpretations, and reasons, that will lead us to turn up our faces to the great light of God's presence, and bless Him for all,—to turn our sighing to songs, and to find in memory itself the care for memory's tears.

It is told of one saintly soul, that he once dreamed he had passed through the great change, and that, finding himself in a chamber with innumerable pictures round the walls, he looked, and saw with amazement that they told the whole story of his life, and with such blessed explanations, as to make him as happy as he had been sorrowful. The dream was perhaps truer than many waking thoughts. The chamber of the interpreter does await us; and the time is coming when the grave shall give up its dead, and when God the Great Restorer, shall come to memory, and wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Then there are also the tears of *suffering*—the tears of the *present* sorrow. These also our God will take away; and, once more, not by making us unconscious—not by giving us that dreary gift, so strangely clung to by a form of Christianity which is little better than a baptized paganism, the gift, I mean, of a long sleep in the grave, where indeed the wicked cease from

troubling and the weary are at rest, but where there is no place for a loving God who shall take tears from long sorrowing eyes. No: God loves us too well to lose us; and when we have shut our eyes here, we shall open them there—there, where so many of these evil conditions will be removed, and where so many unimagined aids will be discovered. Of course, to a very great extent, we have to walk by faith in this; but so we do for many other of the truths of religion. The very existence of God is itself one of the conceptions of the higher reason, where sight as yet avails not. But it does not follow from this that we have no ground for our trust; for we may have the highest proofs of all, and yet be without sight. So here. The words find an echo in reason and in our hearts, when the promise comes, “God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes;” “for,” says the revelation, “there shall be no more death, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away;” and with the passing away of the former things, or the former evil conditions, of course the old pain passes. Pain is a physical condition; and even what we call mental pain—a pained heart, pained feelings—may have causes that lie more in the body than in the mind, the soul, or the spirit. The words do not imply that all labour, or striving, or change will cease; they only imply that there will be sufficient light upon all things, and such a harmony between ourselves and the surrounding conditions of our being, that weariness, pain, and sorrow will indeed all flee away. It seems to me that this is perfectly reasonable, even apart from the Bible; and that if we live again, under the care of a wise and benevolent God, our new life must be an advance upon this; and it is no large assumption that we shall commit to earth with the body all the bodily conditions that ever made the present a darkness, a weariness, and a pain, and that God will indeed “wipe away all tears from our eyes.” Of course I speak only of the pure in heart, of whom Christ said, “they shall see God.” What gross clingings of earth to earth there may be with the *impure* I know not; but to these it is not promised that they shall be changed in a moment. All evil conditions of the soul must be laboriously worked out of it, till it can rise to the sight of God, and to the touch of the hand which will one day take away tears from all eyes.

Then there are the tears of *foreboding*, or tears for the *future*. These God will take away. Now we look “before” as well as “after,” and so “pine for what is not;” and it is this looking before that oftentimes causes the most bitter tears. And yet how often in life do we distress ourselves with what never comes to pass, or with that which proves to be not half so

painful as we forebode! A good mother looks round upon her little brood, and often, perhaps, spends a heavy hour in thinking what they would do without her; and, in life as in death, it is often the sharpest pain of all that their young heads can never brave life's storm alone. It is all want of light. None of us are able to forecast the coming years; none of us can tell what a day may bring forth; and it is this uncertainty that makes a heavy heart. But in that high world our knowledge will be vastly increased, the light will be brighter, and our trust in the Great King will be deeper and stronger; and it is not at all unlikely that, with the removal of these earthly barriers, the future will be no longer hidden, the wise and loving purposes of God being seen to the very end.

But what a thought is suggested by the promise that "God" will do this! Think what that means! what it reveals concerning Him—what it suggests concerning us! It makes all the difference who does a thing. All hands are not the same. The little suffering child is only satisfied with the hand of its mother; and to sick heads or sorrowing hearts, only some hands can bring soothing. All have heard the story of the soldier in the hospital during the Crimean war, who in common with so many of his comrades, was overcome with the kindness of the nurses, who left their homes in England to minister to their needs, within sight of the battle-field. Passing along the corridor, one of these good women softly went at night with a lamp, and her shadow fell upon the wall. Many sleepless eyes followed her, and many hearts blest her as she went; and one waited till the shadow passed him, and, as it fell upon the place where he lay wounded, he kissed it on the wall! If he had been sorrowful, or if the damps of sickness lay upon his forehead, would it have made no difference if *this* hand had come to soothe and heal?

How God will take all tears away we know not. Perhaps we shall never know Him, except as we know Him now,—through what he does, and by His children; but the light of His presence may be so glorious, that no sorrow may be able to live in it; and, in *some* way, we shall be nearer the throbbing of that Mighty Heart, "in whom we all live, and move, and have our being." And, besides, what glorious company we shall have, if we be found worthy of entering into life! There shall we be near the multitude which no man can number, of the noble, the pure, the beautiful, the unselfish, the masters of mind, the true kings of the earth, the kings also of heaven, who bring their glory and their honour into it. But, better than all, think of those we shall *meet again!* It is almost too much even to think of. Strange, then, that death is dreaded so much as

our enemy! We can only bow the head with grateful hope and quiet joy, and wait patiently for the gracious hands that shall one day be stretched out to lead us from the battle-field on earth to the ever-blessed home in heaven!

MR. HOME AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

MR. HOME has returned from St. Petersburg, where he has had many successful *séances*, and one that was unsuccessful, he being at the time in ill health. Our newspapers, animated by that spirit, usually manifested by them on this subject, have trumpeted forth the one failure, and have kept silence about the many successful. Thanks to Alexander Aksakoff, of St. Petersburg, whose letters have already appeared in the *Spiritualist*, we are able to present that other side of the shield which they so studiously covered.

PROFESSOR BOUTLEROW'S EXPERIMENTS AND TESTIMONY.

M. Aksakoff writes:—"At the same time that your eminent chemist, Mr. Crookes, began to inquire into the subject of Spiritualism, our eminent chemist, Mr. Boutlerow,* began to inquire into it on our side. During the winter he attended our *séances* regularly, also those we had with Mr. Home, and the result is that he is fully convinced of the reality of the phenomena which form the base of the study of Spiritualism. Having witnessed at one of the meetings the phenomenon of the table being made heavy or light at the request of the observers, he constructed for the next *séance* a dynamometer, and attached it to the table. The normal tension, the table being raised on one side, was 100 pounds; when the manifestations began, the weight diminished to nearly thirty pounds, and increased to about 150 pounds, showing a variation of 120 pounds. If it be objected that the hands upon the table might, even involuntarily, *augment* its weight, this explanation will not account for the *diminution* of the weight, for it is plain that in the latter case the imposition of the hands must be a hindrance, rather than an assistance. On another occasion, in order to reverse

* Professor of Chemistry at the University, and member of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg; author of a work on chemistry which has been translated into German, under the title of *Lehrbuch der Organischen Chemie*, Leipzig, 1868.

the physical conditions under which the last experiment was made, when the table was made heavy, we put the hands underneath, and the result was equally satisfactory.

“The other experiment of which I wish to inform you is that the augmentation and diminution of temperature so common at circles has been made visible in degrees by means of a thermometer. This phenomenon was also verified by Professor Boutlerow, at one of Mr. Home’s *séances*; the temperature of the thermometer, while resting on the table, was 19 degrees Reaumur (77 degrees Fahrenheit); when it was placed under the table on the floor, after the lapse of several minutes, the table by tilting signalled for the alphabet, and it then spelt out ‘*Augmenté*,’ at the same instant the thermometer was, by an invisible power, carried under the table to Mr. Home, and showed decidedly an augmentation of temperature of three degrees. The thermometer was then placed once more upon the floor, with the request that its temperature should be lowered; it then fell to nearly 18 degrees Reaumur. The experiment was repeated, the thermometer in this instance not being touched by anybody but Professor Boutlerow, and the total variation of temperature observed was 4 degrees Reaumur. It is scarcely necessary, I think, to say that during the time the changes of temperature were going on, all the persons present had their hands upon the table. It would be well if you would repeat experiments of this kind, so that the facts may be further demonstrated under the same test conditions.”

These facts were publicly attested by Professor Boutlerow, at a lecture delivered by Mr. Home, in the mansion of a distinguished Spiritualist, before the *élite* of the society of St. Petersburg, M. Aksakoff says:—“You may imagine the profound sensation which this made among the listeners, even among the most incredulous. It was the word of honour of a man whose scientific reputation is well known even throughout Europe, of a man of the noblest personal character.”

TESTIMONY OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

We give one other passage from M. Aksakoff’s letter:—“Mr. Home gave four *séances* to the Emperor at the Winter Palace, where everything passed off very satisfactorily, and the Emperor himself makes not the slightest scruple in testifying to others that he several times saw a spirit hand. As a sign of recognition he presented Mr. Home with a magnificent sapphire ring, the sapphire being set in diamonds.”

MR. WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.

Has written to the *Standard* in reply to an attack on Mr. Home which appeared in that journal. Mr. Home has also himself corrected the misrepresentations of its anonymous correspondent at St. Petersburg. Of course, the newspapers which copied and circulated the libel have *not* copied the refutation of it.

The following has also since appeared in the *Standard*:—

“ MR. HOME AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

“ *To the Editor of the Standard.*

“ SIR,—I must request you to publish the following extract from the *Journal of St. Petersburg*, dated 4th May.

“ Yours truly,

“ 20, North Audley Street,

“ Grosvenor Square, W.,

“ May 22nd.”

“ D. D. HOME.

“ St. Petersburg, March 26, 1871.

“ *L’Avoix* publishes the following protest:—

“ ‘ SIR,—It has been published in No. 80 of *L’Avoix*, in No. 82 of the *Gazette (Russe) de l’Académie*, and in several other newspapers, copying from a correspondent from St. Petersburg to the *Gazette Russe*, that during his visit to St. Petersburg ‘ Mr. Home thought it necessary before his *séances* to make preparations in the apartments of the persons who invited him, and that he was paid in bank notes and emeralds,’ and consequently ‘ he gained money by charlatanism.’

“ ‘ The undersigned, at whose houses Mr. Home gave his *séances*, consider it due to the truth to declare that they received Mr. Home as a guest and a friend, and that he received from none of them payment for his *séances*, either in money or in emeralds, and that in none of their houses did he make any previous preparations.

(Signed) “ ‘ Théodore Levschine, Baron Théodore de Meyendorff; Elisabeth Levschine, wife of M. le Conseiller Privé actuel Levschine; the Prince A. Kourakine; the Prince P. Volkonsky; the Count Alexander Sollohub; the Count M. Platow; the Baron Alexander de Meyendorff; the Princess S. Schakovskoi, née Countess de Modénes; le Conseiller d’Etat actuel Prince Alexander Schakovskoi; the Baroness M. de Lieven; the General Melnikoff; Alexander Tazykoff; the Prince Constantin Souvoroff; Alexander Aksakoff.

“ ‘ It must be further added,’ writes M. Aksakoff to *L’Avoix*, ‘ that Mr. Home gave *séances* in St. Petersburg at twenty different houses in all. Some of these ladies and gentlemen are now absent—others have been unable to sign on account of their social positions.’ ”

On the very day in which this appeared in the *Standard*, the *Daily News* had a violent leading article upon Mr. Home, in which it deliberately accused him of “ having been found out at Rome,” of having lost his social position in England, and that it was now proved that no phenomena ever occur in his presence, unless he has had the previous arrangement of the room. It is assumed that he is an impostor and a charlatan, and that this may be publicly stated of him whenever a newspaper wants a showy article for its readers. We do not know any other British subject of Her Majesty, respecting whom such a license as this is afforded, and we very strongly hope that on the next occasion on which a newspaper takes this liberty, Mr. Home will bring the question to the test of an action for libel. The *Daily News* article is a tissue of falsehood, both as to the facts stated in it, and the assumptions it draws; and having no doubt seen the above letter in the *Standard* on the very day of its article, it makes no reference to it afterwards, but conceals it from its readers. It would be interesting to meet one of these writers, and just to ask him for an explanation of such conduct, and get him to say how and why it is that the phenomena of Spiritualism can be so flippantly and falsely denied, when they are known to and proved by thousands of intelligent persons; indeed, why this class of natural phenomena is to be treated in a different manner to all others, and why persons who have happened to witness them, and say publicly what they have seen, are to be called either fools or impostors. The whole gist of the text preached from by the *Daily News* was, that on one occasion at St. Petersburg, under certain stated conditions, no phenomena appeared. There is nothing more than this in the facts stated. By what logical process is this any proof of fraud, or that the phenomena have never appeared before or since? Does a negative disprove an affirmative? and if so, since when? We repeat, however, that we hope Mr. Home will improve the logic of the newspapers, by bringing an action for libel the next time a personal charge of dishonesty in producing the phenomena is made against him.

A PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

A PUBLIC EXHIBITION of one hundred and fifty-five avowedly "Spirit Drawings in Water Colours" in the metropolis, and that, too, in so fashionable a place as the New British Gallery, Old Bond Street, is certainly, so far as we know, something new under the sun—and something not a little surprising in this enlightened, matter-of-fact, prosy nineteenth century. Yet so it is; and if in these days (when it is thought the height of wisdom to discredit testimony, and trust only to the senses and our own experience) any should be incredulous of the fact, we can only repeat the advice of Mr. Weller, senior—"Wal, Samivel, go and see." We confess, however, not to have followed our own good advice in this particular, having by absence from town been precluded from doing so; and as we have not the advantage of belonging to that gifted class of critics whose judgment is formed on *à priori* grounds, but are compelled to resort to the vulgar method of careful examination, we can express no opinion as to the merits of these spirit drawings.

Leaving then art critics and journalists to say their say, or to practise total abstinence, as they may deem advisable, we shall confine ourselves to the annotated Catalogue before us; and however sceptical the reader may be as to the spiritual origin claimed for these drawings, or whatever opinion he may entertain of the state of mind of the lady "through whose mediumship they have been executed," we can scarcely peruse this Catalogue with any degree of care, without at least coming to the conclusion that

If this be madness there is method in it.

Without, however, indulging in any comment of our own, we propose to lay before the reader Miss Houghton's Introduction, and such portion of her Notes as may be of general interest apart from the Exhibition itself, and which will perhaps enable him to form some judgment as to whether these Drawings are likely to be worthy of his careful inspection. The Introduction presents a slight sketch of

HOW THE POWER CAME TO MISS HOUGHTON.

We give her own statement *verbatim*, which is as follows:—

"To make the character and design of this Exhibition understood, I must explain that in the execution of the Drawings my hand has been entirely guided by Spirits—no idea being formed in my own mind as to what was going to be produced, nor did I know, when a stroke was commenced, whether it would be

carried upwards or downwards. I will give a slight sketch of the manner in which the power came to myself, so as to aid others in their endeavours to be similarly successful.

“ In the summer of 1859 I first heard of the possibility of communion with the spirits of those who had passed away from the mortal form ; and having received proofs that it was indeed a reality, I was anxious to obtain the gift of mediumship, to be thus re-united to the many dear ones whom I had lost and still bewailed. For three months mamma and I sat for about half an hour each evening at a small table, with our hands resting lightly upon it, and at the expiration of that period, we were rewarded for our patience by the table being gently tipped towards me, and having messages thus given to us by means of the alphabet. We were then told by the communicating spirits that we must not rush headlong into this new joy, but must use it soberly, and that we were only to have our *séance* once a week, Sunday evening being the best, as we should then be less disturbed by evil influences. I was also always to ‘ try the spirits,’ according to the directions given 1 John iv., 1, 2, 3:—

“ Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God : because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God : every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God ; but every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God.”

Which text receives additional strength by being compared with 1 Corinthians xii., 3:—

“ And no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.”

“ I adhered closely to all these directions, and we thus went on quietly for about a year, when I got a planchette, and our messages were then written with that aid. In July, 1861, I heard of another lady’s Spirit Drawings ; so, on the evening of the 20th, I asked whether my sister Zilla, who had been an accomplished artist while upon earth, could guide my hand for spiritual work, but neither she nor my brother Cecil (whom I asked, as he was about the age of this lady’s young son, who was her guiding spirit) could be permitted to do it ; but Cecil then brought Henry Lenny, who had been a deaf and dumb artist, and he immediately controlled my hand, which was resting on the planchette, to form various curved lines, after which I was impressed to remove the black lead pencil, and replace it with a blue one, with which he worked upon the same piece of paper No. 1, and I obtained leave to sit every evening for the purpose of drawing. When the first three sheets had been filled, I asked my guide to do a flower, which he did, and then wrote the name of it on another piece of paper. After a few days’ work, I was desired to take the pencil in my hand,

instead of using the planchette; thus another step was gained, and on the 6th of August I began with colours, having on the previous day been told to put a sheet of paper into the drawing-board in readiness, and from that time I have continued to do them in water colours, without any kind of preliminary pencil sketch.

"I earnestly hope that some of the visitors to this Gallery, who have leisure to devote themselves to it, will go home, and try to obtain this delightful gift, but they must bear in mind that extreme patience and perseverance are needed for all spiritual work. In my own case, the drawing power would appear to have come with very great rapidity, but they must remember that I had already been a medium for upward of a year and a half, after having steadily striven for it during three months. For the drawing phase I was also prepared by my own earthly training, having devoted the chief part of my life to that accomplishment, until Zilla's death, in 1851, so crushed me, that I felt as if I should never again use pencil or brush. The spirits say that when once the fact is acknowledged that they can work through a mortal hand, it is not really more surprising when they draw through a medium who has not learned than through one who has; they can of course better guide the trained hand, and make a more speedy progress if they are thus relieved from all the elementary part, which must be gone through, for no person can spring, at one bound, to a pinnacle of art perfection, any more than an acorn can in one season become a widely-spreading oak.

"I have numbered the drawings chronologically for a double purpose. In the first place the character of the work is so totally unlike all mortal experience, that the eye, even of an artist, will better appreciate the latter ones by being led up to them by the gradual changes of style; and secondly because the spiritual significance deepened in proportion with my own development. The early ones are but very faint shadows of what they are intended to represent, because my own spirit was still too much clogged with earthliness to grasp the hidden mysteries beyond the veil, or even to have them pourtrayed through my mediumship."

In a Note, Miss Houghton adds:--

"When the water-colour drawings were commenced, I gradually gained faint glimmerings of their meaning, but nothing detailed except the positive fact that they were representations of real objects growing in spirit regions, and not simply allegorical, as I had thought probable. After the lapse of a few months, I began to receive the interpretations inspirationally, and I will by degrees present the leading thoughts."

Miss Houghton gives us the following explanations:—

SPIRIT FLOWERS.

“ Simultaneously with the birth of a child into the earth life, a flower springs up in spirit realms, which grows day by day in conformity with the infant’s awakening powers, expressing them by colour and form, until by degrees the character and life stand revealed in the floral emblem; each tint, whether strong or delicate, being clearly understood by spirit beholders; each petal, floret, fibre, and filament, shewing forth like an open book the sentiments and motives, however complicated, of the human prototype. But to dwellers upon earth the pictured representations require interpreting, but we can only faintly shadow forth either in colours or words, these drawings being but miniatures of the realities, which far exceed them in their glorious hues, and have a speech transcending mortal language. Yellow filaments issue from the heart of the flower, recording each action of the life, such as are good rising as a sweet incense to heaven, the faulty, or evil, going downwards. The leaves express the temper.”

SPIRIT FRUITS.

“ The fruit, which corresponds to the earthly term of the heart, represents the inner life, with its passions, sentiments, and affections, and is covered with minute fibres, indicating the thoughts; but those cannot have any expression in a drawing. The red lines are filaments which spring forth as the individual makes any new acquaintance, also those of their relatives and friends. These take their rise and their course according to the degree of connection between them, either of relationship or of spiritual affinities. Only a small proportion are traced out on any of the fruits, but in the originals they rise away from them, forming a kind of transparent external net-work, which gives a warm glow to the whole.

“ I then learned that for each person there arose a plant of such flowers expressing their proportion of Faith, Hope, and Charity, as well as other particulars; but, in the few representations they have given me of those plants, they have illustrated another phase of the spiritual teachings, that of after progression, as each coloured sphere typifies a certain state, and if we had perfect clairvoyance we should see that each spirit (whether in or out of the flesh) is surrounded by an atmosphere more or less luminous, and I will give the interpretation as I then received it.

“ The spirits dwell in various regions. The unhappy spirits in places of darkness and misery, beyond the power of man’s

imagination to conceive. There they remain until repentance for sin begins to awaken; they then desire light, which is immediately vouchsafed to them, and the blackness by which they are surrounded becomes rather less dense. Spirits of a higher grade may then be listened to when they strive by teaching to strengthen the repentant feelings; but alas! their companions in misery are often unwilling to witness an improvement in which they are not inclined to share, and endeavour to detain them from an upward progress. Many are the trials to which they must be subjected as they rise through the different degrees into the next sphere, there being seven spheres and seven degrees in each. I am anxious to impress upon mortals how much more difficult it is there, than even upon earth, to resist the evil influences around, even although the sufferings are so intense, but all appears so hopeless. Thus the unhappy spirits may remain in such a state even for centuries, especially as it is repentance, not remorse, which must be awakened; grief for their sins, not anger at the penalty incurred. A little progress, however, being made, they thirst for more, and thus, by degrees, they may reach the next sphere. But again and again a kind of apathy seems to take possession of them, and sometimes they even retrograde, so that the progress through the lower spheres is generally very lengthened. Those spirits who still remain in the lower spheres have but little power of locomotion, but in the higher ones they can travel through infinite space, the limits being only according to their own onward progress, for as they become more etherealised by their own ever-increasing sense of happiness in their advance through the various degrees of the different spheres, they can rise to more rarefied regions, so as ever to be approaching nearer to the perfect light of Heaven itself. A radiance surrounds each spirit, of more or less brilliancy, according to the sphere they have reached. This radiance is of certain hues for each sphere, gradually increasing in size, and altering somewhat in form for each degree. Spirits in the two lower spheres have no radiance, the only difference being in rather less of blackness. In the third and fourth it may scarcely be called such, but it is, at any rate, a kind of light; thus, in the third it is brown, gradually becoming lighter, and in the fourth it is grey. In the fifth the green hue of hope is seen, in the sixth violet; and in the entrance to the seventh a bright blue light, gradually acquiring vivid rainbow tints, which then fade off to a light so vivid that scarcely any colour is to be seen, all being so gloriously mingled."

Omitting the explanations of "sacred symbols" as exposi-

tions of theological doctrine, we come to what is said of the meaning of

SPIRITUAL CROWNS AND MONOGRAMS.

“The spiritual crown, the crown of glory, the crown of good works – literally as well as figuratively. Every thought, word, and deed bears spiritual fruit; and while emanating from the human being, is accompanied by a radiant line of colour, if good, and by a line of darkness or even of blackness, if bad. The radiant lines are gathered up by the guardian spirits of the individual, and by them woven into a crown; but often it is a case of difficulty, for the glittering threads are so fine, that very many are required before the smallest morsel can be woven, and the dark or black threads frequently obliterate the work altogether, so that they whose life is habitually evil can have no crown until the evil habits are overcome. Think of it, ye who give way to evil passions or violent tempers! every unkind word undoes a portion of the work of those loving ones, who would strive to aid you in overcoming the temptations of your own nature and of evil influences. Every unholy thought tarnishes the fabric, and they are thus often compelled to repeat their labours, perhaps again to be demolished. Remember also, that the virtues must not lie dormant, like brightly coloured stars reposing in the heart; they must come forth and work, or the bright thread does not issue forth. As the radiant material accumulates, they gradually form it into a gossamer-like texture, brocaded as it were with lovely patterns, which they shape into a kind of turban, and the numerous transparent folds shew through one another with marvellous brilliancy; or sometimes they condense the threads, and form of them gems of varied hues.

“These crowns can only be formed during the mortal life, and while the individual is yet upon the earthly battlefield, waging war against his own passions and weaknesses, or suffering them to gain the mastery over him; the crown of life being large or small, glorious or contemptible, according to the uses to which he will have applied the term of existence granted to him, and thus to all eternity it will be seen whether the talent bestowed upon him has expanded into the ten talents, or remained hidden and inert. In this fact also we have another illustration of the grandeur of the promise of length of days, given in the fifth commandment, to those who act up to the injunction contained in it; for a long pilgrimage gives, of course, more scope for the growth of the crown; and although by God’s will many infants are withdrawn from the probationary ground ere a crown can have been formed, to them

He grants a compensating glory, but those who die young from their own wilfulness in disregarding moral and physical laws, may find themselves in the hereafter entirely destitute of any aureole of radiance.

“In the multiplicity of lines working out the monograms, the whole interior and exterior life is written in spiritual cypher; but in the interpretations we never unfold the histories contained in the drawings, for our purpose is not to reveal to others the lives of their fellow-men, but simply to assure each one that every thought, word, and deed is registered, and that to spirit-eyes the massive volume written in each picture, is as clear as if lengthened out into the numberless words that would be needed to bring it down to mortal comprehension.”

In the Note to the drawing called “The Flower of Consolation,” we have the following remark on

OUR FUTURE HOMES.

“These flowers are not a mere emanation of will or fancy, as some persons seem to suppose, *created*, as they dare venture to say, by the wish of the spirits themselves, forgetting that there is but ONE CREATOR. They are real, tangible substances, as completely so to spirit-hands as chairs and tables are to the mortal touch; but we must endeavour to give an idea of the method whereby they are formed.

“Every human emotion is a spiritual substance. If good, gloriously coloured, and transparent as light, but dense and opaque if the reverse. They contribute to the adornment of the home of the future, the beauty of which will depend entirely upon the emotions *called forth from others*. Those, therefore, who live only to themselves, never seeking to develop the virtues of those whom they may influence, nor striving to amend their condition, either morally or materially, with no care for the happiness of others, will find their home bare and desolate, with nothing to delight either the eye or the heart; whereas those, on the contrary, who live for others will rejoice in a magnificent mansion, beautifully embellished, surrounded by a lovely garden, filled with splendid trees and gorgeous flowers, all being in exact harmony with the individual tastes of the intended inhabitant.

“Thus to prepare this abode is a labour of love, but still it is work; and, in the same way that many toilers upon earth are required to build and adorn the houses of clay and stone, so numberless spirits contribute their efforts to erect and complete the eternal edifice, collecting each emotion as it emanates, and bearing it away to the regions of light and life, to be employed as appears most advantageous, according to the decision of the directing spirits, for in that again is an analogy to the things of

earth, where the master builder directs the inferior labourers, employing likewise a foreman to superintend the progress, so the guardian spirits, whether one or many, appoint the various uses for which it will be most suitable, whether by accretion to become trees and flowers, or to grace the different chambers in forms of art or science.

“A tenderly-written letter to one in a distant land calls forth the tear of sympathy; that tear, or the feeling that formed that tear, is borne aloft by some spirit friend, who has accompanied the letter to its destination, and is, perhaps, incorporated in some touching picture. Or some struggler with the ills of poverty may receive pecuniary aid, thus brightening his earthly hopes; from him the loving spirit, who has in the same way been present at the reception of the gift, bears off a mass of tender green, which may take form as velvety moss on which to tread, or added stateliness to the surrounding trees.

“We have mentioned in our interpretations of the crowns that they can only be formed during the mortal life, and can afterwards have no additional development, but the spirit-homes may ever be increasing in beauty; for those who have passed away from earth are still by the side of the dwellers thereon, influencing them for good or for ill, and thus exciting the emotions which may add to the glory of their own dwelling-place. It will, therefore, be evident that loving thoughts of those who are “gone before,” and, when they have been good and noble, a desire to emulate their actions, and make the loftiness of their dealings an incentive to a higher standard of life, will tend to enhance the charms of their new abode. It is difficult to express this idea in its fulness, so as to enable the mind to grasp the conception of the wondrous loveliness amidst which those dwell who, in past ages, have left remembrances of holiness and purity, and whose written words, as well as spiritual presence, are ever leading the souls of mortals to bask in the light of the Lord God—to seek Him only.

“So, too, those who have but lately put on immortality would fain beautify their houses, hoping to be there joined by those whom they have left to grieve for their loss, whose help they will need; and if the thought of them at any moment checks an ignoble action, or a hasty word, they will at once carry off the little fragment to blend with what they have already obtained. Surely this is a happy knowledge for the mourners, and the flower of consolation may well bear that name, not only to its possessor, but to all who may learn what it comes to teach.”

This Public Exhibition of Spirit Drawings is a bold experi-

ment, we hope it may prove successful. Possibly, it may prepare the way for one of a more extended kind in which Spirit Drawings through many different mediums may be represented. These might be selected and arranged under the superintendence of a Committee chosen by the mediums themselves, and in whose judgments Spiritualists generally would have confidence. We hope that those principally concerned will consider the suggestion.

T. S.

A VOLUME OF POEMS BY WILLIAM HOWITT.*

THE first Poem in the Volume, one in blank-verse, is an earnest and solemn protest against the horrors of War. By its author it is inscribed: "To the only two Bodies of Full-length Christians; to those who follow our Lord to the Judgment Hall and the Cross, and do not, like Peter, abandon Him when His principles are on trial;—to the consistent and sturdy Denouncers of War as utterly Un-Christian:—The Society of Friends and the Peace Society."

"Amid the peace of Nature," writes William Howitt, in his preface "in those glorious lands (Switzerland and Italy), the continual tidings of the incredible barbarities of war inflicted on each other by peoples calling themselves civilized and Christian, have stimulated me to make solemn protest against such prodigious madness and crime, in this period of pretended enlightenment, which ought to be uttered by every man and woman who claim to be in their senses." Our author continues: "I wish it to be distinctly understood that the theory of this poem is not put forth by me as a mere poetical one, but as a most sorrowful psychological fact, palpable on the face of all history. I hold that the Fall of Man was not simply a fall from innocence, but a plunge into the Satanic sphere, which, inasmuch as it is a separation from God, the centre of all truth and perception and measure of truth, and the source of all soundness of intellect as well as goodness, is a condition of the loss of these, and, therefore, necessarily of aberration and confusion—or, in other words, of absolute and perpetual insanity. This insanity in the fallen hosts is demonstrated by the vain and incessant attempts to overthrow the order and happiness of the universe. The insanity of the human race, the consequence of its submergence into the Satanic or abnormal sphere, is too indisputably and sorrowfully demonstrated by six thousand years of incessant

* *The Mad War Planet, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. London: LONGMAN, GREEN, READER & DYER, 1871.

bloodshed in every quarter of the globe, which no advance in knowledge or civilisation diminishes, but which, on the contrary, seems to increase in horror and atrocity with the increase of intelligence. The only escape from this terrible condition of things is by an acceptance of Christianity in the fulness of its power and principle, but which no Church or body, except that of the Friends, has dared to assume and to rely upon. The experiment of Penn in founding Pennsylvania was a complete proof of the soundness of their doctrine, that the consequence of literally accepted Christianity is the utter supersedence of war."

The poem opens with a charming piece of "word-painting," descriptive of sylvan and pastoral beauty, amidst which the poet found himself upon the Lake of Zurich, when the tidings reached him of the commencement of the horrors of the Franco-Prussian struggle; scenes of repose, beauty and prosperity, which he graphically contrasts with the hideous results of war. The poem is in thirteen chapters of varied interest, interspersed with descriptive passages, full of a terrible picturesqueness as delineating the horrors of warfare;—see specially a passage, p. 113 in the chapter entitled "The Battle Field."

There comes a strange wild sound!—they stand and gaze,
And see thick dust whirl up from the white roads;
And hear the crack of thongs; and through the cloud
See peasant-wagons driving furiously;
See cattle run and hear the piteous wail
Of women and children: On and on they come,
From many quarters. Wave their hands and shout,
"The foe! the foe!" and every cheek turns pale
And every heart beats thick, &c., &c.

The poem treats of "Man's Fall into the Satanic madness;" of the "working of the curse;" of the baneful effects of Pagan literature upon the minds of youth from generation to generation, instilling into it the corruption of Pagan ideas, amidst which the glory of war may be said to stand pre-eminent, and is in entirest opposition to the injunctions of Jesus Christ, that "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and that "If a man smite thee on the one cheek, thou shalt turn to him the other;" and above all to His example, especially in His death, that Divine culmination of the wisdom and sublimity of non-resistance. The poem discusses—

The mystery of evil! of all themes
The earliest, most discussed, most intricate,
Hoariest of all enigmas;

hymns the Advent of Christ; in a short chapter entitled "Lunatics," with a Crabbe-like pen, sketches the inmates of a lunatic asylum, with their various delirious fancies and inordi-

nate ambitions, comparing their comparatively innocent delusions with the acts, and words, and thoughts of the infinitely more insane men who instigate wars, and are the hideous actors in them;—

Ah! what is this to the stupendous madness
Of real kings and ministers of state,
Who send forth men in shoals to butchery
Mutual and causeless? What to that of those
The brutish mobs, who at their bidden word
Go forth like sheep in will, but tiger-like
In deadly fury,—howl, and curse and hew
Each other into mangled poison-heaps,
And groan and perish in their venomous gore?

Demonstrates with vigorous and unflinching words, how nations, if their acts be judged by the words of Him whom they pretend to worship as their God and their Ruler, are utterly unworthy to bear the name of Christian; and in fact never—except in name—have been anything more than Pagan in their hearts and acts, however they may seek to mask themselves behind the name of Christian. The author, however, makes exception in all nations of individuals, whose deeds of self-sacrifice and mercy and truly Christian service to suffering humanity he honours, by devoting a chapter to their praise, entitling it, “Workers amidst the Ruins.” These are the soothers of pain and of grief, the binders-up and the healers—so far as binding up and healing may be effected—of the wounds, ruin and desolation of life and limb, so ruthlessly and hideously caused by war. Two chapters are also devoted to the celebration of the noble lives and deeds of George Fox and William Penn, the apostles of the Gospel of Non-resistance. The poem—which we warmly commend to the perusal of every feeling heart—winds up with the following impassioned prophetic vision of a regenerated earth—and, from its spiritual nature, is especially adapted for our pages.

For Christ the Healer shall have purged the curse
From men and nature, and the ancient times
Shall be again. And God shall walk once more
Not visible, but felt through all His works.

And ever in His path shall blessings spring—
Beauty, abundance and divinest grace.
The husbandman shall sow and reap his harvest,
And fear no maniac host of soldiery
Led by some bloody king in name of God,
To lay his plenty waste. And wonder great
Shall fill the souls of all the toiling tribes
Of agricultural life, at the vast yields
And richest quality of fruit and corn.

The herdsmen, and the shepherds on broad plains,
Or in the airy fields 'mid Alpine clouds,
Shall catch once more entrancing cadences
Of unimagined songs; and heavenly shapes
Glimpsing from woods; or in the clear night air
As in the days of the primeval world.

And everywhere in field and pathway side
Familiar, the glad eye shall pause on tints-
Of wondrous beauty in the homeliest flowers,
And wonder at the magic which each leaf
Puts on, as from volition of its own:
And at the odorous life that morn and eve
Steals like a spirit on the twilight air.

The atmosphere shall wear a richer blue,
The stars burn kinglier, and the very clouds
Take shapes and lines of heaven's most mystic glories.

Far on the measureless, waste and weltering seas,
A Presence Divine shall meet the lonely ships,
The pilgrims of the ocean, journeying sedate,
From day to day, cut off from sight of man,
And yet for men with precious freights in charge.
And there shall breathe a blessing in the winds,
And every heart shall praise the passing God.
And in all cities, ever-springing arts
Shall as by miracle evolve, with means
Of marvellous transit, and the exchange of mind:
And happier modes, and ornaments of life
Shall, in inventive, vivid intellects,
Burgeon and blossom to exuberant wealth.
Genius shall march with a sublimer step,
And strike its fires of coruscating life
Into new models of supremest beauty,
Fresh as young planets from the vast unknown.

Nor shall the human heart lag on its course
Behind the vigorous spirit. It shall beat
With more magnanimous and generous pulse,
And every thought shall be a glad embrace
For brother men. Its tendencies shall be
As broad and cordial as they once were mean
And base and selfish. It shall be baptized
With dews of heaven, and heaven itself shall draw
Nearer and clearer to its consciousness,
So that the worlds of spirit and of sense
Shall mingle; and the two shall be as one,
But for the veil of matter, which itself,
As the interior being grows more pure,
Shall melt, and show diaphanous, and scarce
Shut out the view of God's more wondrous realms."

Prose notes, illustrating various passages in the poem, are interspersed with the chapters. The note to chapter v., upon the evil influence of Pagan literature in the education of youth, would, if printed separately, make a valuable tract for general circulation. We recognize with pleasure that under a slightly different form, these valuable observations, drawing public attention to one of the crying evils of the age—and of many past ages—first appeared in the pages of this Magazine, Vol. II, First Series.

The lyrical poems which conclude the volume—only too few in number—are outbursts from the *sanctum* of the poet's heart; they are combinations of a child-like purity and tenderness of

spirit with the indignant protest of an aged seer against the blindness and hardness of the human heart in its dealings with its Lord, and with its brother man; of pathetic sympathy with suffering in man, and with beauty in nature, mingling with fervent spiritual aspiration and religious assurance.

These poems flow on with a lyrical cadence, reminding one of the impetuous, translucent, rushing Alpine waters, amongst which their author tells us in his preface they had their origin. A pure and heavenly atmosphere, as of the "hill-country" (external and internal) permeates them and floats around them, as one sees bright and golden clouds hanging like aureoles around the Alpine peaks. Of these poems we would specially mention "The Hymn of Nicholas of the Rock," "The Great Dishonoured Name," "The Telbin Stone," and "Longings for Rest." "The Telbin Stone" we are told is a monumental stone erected on the highest point of the Axenstrasse, near Brunnen, on the Lake of the Four Cantons, to record the death of a young and promising English artist, Henry Telbin, aged five-and-twenty, who, falling from the lofty precipice, was lost in the lake below. Knowing that William Howitt himself, some years since, lost, at the same age, an equally promising son by drowning in a lake, one reads the poem with a peculiar sympathy, and in the confession of spiritual faith which concludes these beautiful lines, one recognizes the staff of comfort which supported the poet in his own sad hour of bereavement. Thus bearing the seal of experience, these words are rendered of three-fold value, being in truth gold tried in the furnace of affliction, and not found wanting.

The Dead? Who calls him dead who never died?
 Who only passed unto the other side.
 Life has no pause, the soul no rifted chain,—
 So ancient seers and modern truths maintain.
 To other lands the artist's gifts belong:
 To other lands the poet hymns his song.
 And on far loftier themes, with nobler fire
 Than Raphael knew or Milton did inspire.

To the dead, leave the dead—'tis ours to climb
 Through heights of life, to life yet more sublime.
 The sons of God no chance or change surprise;
 Onward they march through kingdoms of the skies.
 Great pilgrims of the ages—radiant bands
 Before whose feet the eternal still expands!
 For ever and for ever!—Hark! they call—
 On to Life's source—where Love is All in All.

"The Great Dishonoured Name" we are inclined to regard as the finest poem of the series, and venture unhesitatingly to predict for it a high and permanent place in our poetical literature. We regret that want of space precludes our giving the

whole of this noble poem, and so artistically is it woven together, that to give an extract would give but a very imperfect idea of its beauty. To the book itself therefore we would cordially direct the attention of our readers. We will conclude with an extract from the "Hymn of Nicholas of the Rock" our remarks upon this highly suggestive volume. For further knowledge of the celebrated Swiss Hermit, Nicholas von der Flüe, or Nicholas of the Rock, we refer our readers to No. 62, New Series, of this Magazine for this year. The Hermit soliloquising, thus exclaims:—

Hark! a soft voice suspends my will—
I sit, and wonder, and am still;
And hear a speech so low yet strong,
Say "Man finds not who seeketh wrong."

Ah! now my scales of darkness fall!
'Tis God who lives and moves in all!
That life which streams from stars and suns;
That life which through all nature runs;
Which climbs where man has never trod,
Is God—the all-pervading God!

'Tis God whose potency underlies
This scheme of wondrous mysteries:
Through central depths, in seas and hills,
With pulse eternal beats and thrills.
Who wakes the winds, and rolls the spheres,
And speaks when none but Nature hears.
Who flutters in the wild bird's wings,
And is the Voice of mutest things,
Who in a monad finds a place,
And fills and overflows all space.
Who through deep fire-realms holds His march;
And sits upon the rainbow's arch.
Who in the awful and the vast
Is the dread Presence of the Past.
Oh! God of holiest love and fear!
I feel Thee near and ever near;
*Within me, through me, round me spread,
With all thine armies of the dead;
With all thine hosts from empires far,
Who were, and are not, and yet are.*

*How near they flit! how hushed they stand!
They crowd and press on every hand.
Upon my cheek I feel the breath
Of unseen conquerors of death;
The dwellers in the viewless day
Who bring us strength to keep the way
Which Christ, His saints and martyrs trod,
To life with God—the living God!
Oh! ministers of tenderest grace!
Oh! comforters of time and space!
Ye warrior-troops of God below
Who know no check and fear no foe;
For us your watch immortal set—
With God and you we travel yet!
Then blow, ye winds, ye tempests sweep,
'Tis God who guides us through the deep;*

Whose banners blaze in folds sublime
O'er all the hosts of unborn Time;
Whose tides of quenchless being roll
Through every pore of Nature's soul,
And make of us a conscious part
Of His immortal, boundless heart.
Oh! Father God, in wonders known,
I dwell with Thee, and not alone!

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE.

ALL have read with horror of the barbarous murder committed on a young and extremely well-favoured girl—a child, one might say—nigh on seventeen years old, at Eltham, in Kent. The painful subject is referred to in consequence of a very extraordinary circumstance connected with the girl's death. The girl expired at Guy's Hospital at nine o'clock on Sunday night. A doctor, a nurse, and a detective policeman were in the room at the time, and they all concur in stating that at the very moment of her decease the face of a man appeared at the window close to the bed on which the murdered girl lay. This mysterious apparition disappeared as soon the policeman approached the window, which by the way, is about fifty feet from the ground. Of course there was no one there. There were no means by which the windows could be reached from the street save by a ladder, and ladder there was none. The story must be taken for what it is worth.

There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt in your philosophy.

Court Journal.

UNCLE BILLY MADDEN.

The following statement was received from a Cornish naval officer who knew all the parties concerned. A fisherman living in the Scilly Isles, who had married a young woman from Newlyn, near Penzance, asked his wife one morning if she knew a young man whom he named. "Yes," she replied; "but he is dead." "Were his father and mother so and so?" "Yes." "Well, he appeared to me to-night, and said, 'Uncle Billy Madden has walked over the cliff near Newlyn, and is killed.'" The wife was, of course, very much concerned at this statement; and her husband, the fisherman, went down every morning to see if the packet boat from Penzance was

come in. This used to arrive only once in four or five days, and in stormy weather was often much longer in making its appearance. At length it arrived, and the fisherman asked the captain, "What news from Penzance?" He replied, "Nothing particular." "Any news from Newlyn?" "Oh yes! Uncle Billy Madden has walked over the cliff, and is killed." On further inquiry this fatal accident was found to have taken place in the same night in which the news of it was brought by the apparition.

W. H.

THE POOR WOMAN AND THE SPIRIT OF THE PRINCESS
BORGHESI.

In the splendid church of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome, is the magnificent chapel of the Borghese family. In the vault beneath was buried the remains of the late Princess Gwendoline Talbot Borghese, amongst the ancestors of her husband. This lady was one of the two daughters of the late Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury, who each married Roman princes;—this the Borghese, the other the Parafle Doria. The Princess Gwendoline was distinguished for her extensive charities, loved for her virtues, and remembered with veneration by all who ever knew her. In *Roba di Roma*, the clever and exhaustive work on Rome by Mr. Story, the justly celebrated American sculptor, we find this statement:—

"Of this beautiful and accomplished woman, a remarkable story is privately told, which shows that her charities did not end with her life. One summer evening, when the dusky shadows were deepening in the church, an aged woman was observed to enter and prostrate herself in a dim corner near the Borghese chapel. There, as if overcome by some great emotion, she hid her face, and prayed and wept. As she looked up from her prayer, she saw beside her a female figure clothed in black, who, looking at her with a sad and sympathizing gaze, asked her why she was weeping so bitterly? She answered that she was very poor and very wretched, that all her family were dead, and unless the Madonna took pity on her, she knew not what would become of her. Thereupon the figure in black said—'Be of good comfort; you shall be taken care of. Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto you.' As she said these words, she drew from her finger a ring with a large stone in it, gave it to the woman, and disappeared. The next morning the poor old woman carried the ring to a jeweller to sell it. The jeweller was struck with its peculiar appearance; and perceiving that the stone was a very large and valuable diamond, which he suspected must have come into her hands by

some unfair means, assured her, in order to obtain time, that he could not trust his own judgment as to its value, and wished to consult some other jeweller before fixing the price he would pay for it. Meantime he advanced her a small sum on account, and told her to call again the next day. What was her surprise on returning to find some gendarmes in the shop, who arrested her at once on a charge of stealing, and carried her to prison. It seemed that one of the friends to whom the jeweller had shown the ring had recognised it as one belonging to the Borghese family, and insisted that the prince should at once be informed of the facts. This was accordingly done, and the prince, on seeing it, is said to have been greatly overcome. On recovering, he declared that it was an old family ring, which he himself had placed on the finger of his wife in her coffin, and that it was buried with her in the chapel of Sta. Maggoire. That it could have been stolen from the tomb was impossible, as the chapel was locked and guarded day and night; and not only that the tomb could not have been rifled without its being at once known, but that even the chapel could not have been entered. The only solution that remained was, that the figure in black was the princess herself. Under these circumstances the old woman was at once released, and provided for by the prince."—Vol. ii., p. 233.

In this story, if it be in all respects correct, and it is believed to be so, we have an instance of the perfect facility with which spirits pass solid matter through other matter however dense. The statistics of modern Spiritualism present almost numberless instances of this phenomena which have been witnessed in *séances* by scores of people now living and of unquestionable veracity.

W. H.

LIVING WITHOUT FOOD.

"A few days ago, while some men were working in a pit owned by Messrs. Capewell and Skidmore, at Russell's Hall, they came upon a toad, which was imbedded in the solid coal. The pit had been sunk 22 yards from the surface, before the coal was reached, and a further depth of 2 ft. 6 in. in the vein was sunk, when one of the workmen, striking the block, separated a large portion, out of which sprang a large toad. What makes the case still more strange is that *it has no mouth, or any opening, with which it could partake of food during its long entombment*, even if any could be available, neither was there any crevice through which it could have got to its dormitory. It is a full-grown toad of a dark brown colour, and eyes of a

brilliant yellow. *Any person desirous of seeing the toad, which is yet living, may do so by applying at 28, Wellington-road.*—*Dudley Herald.*

If the facts be as here stated, they are conclusive on this important question, the possibility of which is still denied by the leading men of science. We should be glad to have further evidence from any friend who has seen the toad.—[ED.]

MORE STONES THROWN. WHENCE COME THEY?

In 1849, the *Gazette des Tribunaux* (Paris) reported some marvellous doings in a street near the Pantheon. Its own words were:—"One of the most singular facts—a fact reproducing itself every night for the last three weeks, and baffling all imaginable plans that have been adopted to discover the cause of it—sets in commotion the whole of the populous quarter of the Montagne-Sainte-Genievie, the Sorbonne, and the Place Saint-Michel. The double inquiry, judicial and administrative, which has been going on for some days past, verifies, in accord with public clamour, the following statement:—

"In brief, an old house standing a short distance from the street, and separated from the adjoining buildings by the large excavations of the old enclosure wall of Paris, constructed under Philippe Augustus, 'is every evening and all night assailed by a shower of projectiles, which, from their size, and the violence with which they are hurled, produce such havoc that the windows are smashed, the doors broken open,' &c. Whence came they? The *Journal* says:—'Huge blocks which, considering their weight and the distance they come from, evidently could not be hurled by the hand of man, reached their object with a precision in some sort mathematical.' Agents of the police, persons stationed on the tops of the houses, watch-dogs in the surrounding enclosures, all failed to throw any light upon the mystery."

The *Revue Spirite*, in a recent number, says:—"The manifestations at Poitiers, at Marseilles, at Fines, and at Equihern, find parallelism at Bruges (Belgium) and at Talence (Gironde); and we must avow that the mystificators have marvellous ability, for nowhere have the researches of the police, those persons directly interested, or, still more, the adversaries of Spiritualism, been able to discover the cause of the disturbance."

The *Independence Belge* says of the affair, that in the street Neuve de Gand, crowds of people stop before a certain house, and, not content to hear and see the spirits, are disposed to drive them out. The police interfere, but the windows in the dwelling are broken, and its façade covered with mud.

The *Guienne*, published at Bordeaux, states that a building at Talence has for eight days been the theatre of such singular feats, the people have been much excited over them. All the windows of the house have been broken by stones thrown by hands unknown, invisible, and undiscoverable. A *commissaire* has made the most thorough and minute inspection of the surroundings of the disturbed premises, but without any satisfactory result. After the windows and doors were boarded up or otherwise secured by the proprietor of the house, the stones all took a new turn, and descended the chimney. "It is by the chimney they now rain down," says the writer, "while the crockery is broken as by enchantment."

CENTENARY OF ROBERT OWEN.

The centenary of this great and good man has just been celebrated in London. Robert Owen was a practical philanthropist and earnest social reformer, whose whole energies were devoted to the improvement of society. He was the founder of Infant Schools, and one of the earliest advocates of the limitation of the hours of labour, especially of factory children. The co-operative movement, which has now attained such vast dimensions, owes to him its impulse and inspiration. Towards the close of life his attention was directed to Spiritualism by his friend and fellow-worker in the cause of social reform, the Rev. Adin Ballou (whose work on *Spirit Manifestations* is still one of the best); and when, shortly after, Mrs. Haydon came to England, Mr. Owen several times visited her, and received evidence which satisfied him of the truth of Spiritualism. With that simple straightforward adherence to truth which always characterised him, Mr. Owen at once avowed his new conviction, and issued a "Manifesto" on the subject. Having from his youth battled with the prejudices of the world, he now—with a courage so rare as to be almost unique—turned round and did battle with the prejudices of his own followers. It was the noble crowning act of a long and honourable life. Why was it not mentioned at his centenary celebration? If his followers are ashamed of it, he has more need to be ashamed of them. We are aware that in general they regard it as an evidence of his weakness, but the better informed rightly view it as an evidence of his strength of character and fidelity to truth; while the prejudices and voluntary ignorance on this subject which still prevail among his followers is a sad manifestation of weakness to be pitied, and, where possible, corrected. On this point, as on many others, Robert Owen was far in advance of those who

claim to be his disciples. If they should attribute Robert Owen's conviction to imbecility arising from age, how do they account for the similar conviction of his eminent son, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen?

“THE MAD WAR PLANET;” AND OTHER POEMS.*

We desire to draw attention to the above, and to give the following extracts of some of the notices of the Press:—

“It treats in an admirable spirit the military frenzy which has burst out so terribly in the past year. It is a solemn protest against such prodigious madness and crime. The work is one which we have much pleasure in recommending to our readers, and especially to those to whom it is dedicated—the members of the Society of Friends and the Peace Society.”—*The Herald of Peace*, March 1.

“Sooner or later the principles here advanced will be recognised and accepted by all reasonable beings. As a Poem the work is of a high order.”—*City Press*, March 18.

“This poem pleads vehemently, eloquently for peace. Would to God that its voice could be heard! It ought to call the Christian Church to do her duty as to war, and that duty plainly is to denounce it utterly and without reserve.”—*The Sword and the Trowel*: edited by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.

The eloquent author of this grand poem has never produced aught so well-timed, or so likely to achieve the high and holy purpose to which he has devoted his life.”—*The Art Journal*, May 1.

“We rejoice that there are still some to speak stern and emphatic but necessary words as to the wickedness to which the world seems given up. We give honour to the man who thus boldly tells the world, in this remarkable poem, that war is a display of Satanic madness, and exposes some of its frightful atrocities.”—*British Independent*.

“These poems and prose pieces strike us as the wail and the indignant cry of a noble nature which has been outraged and agonised. Mr. Howitt declares us essentially wrong in basing the education of our children on Pagan literature, the spirit of which Christ came to overthrow; and in this, in our opinion, he is substantially right.”—*The Literary World*, March 3.

A REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT.

An old number of the *Annual Monitor* for 1826 contains the following notice of Mary Fowler, of Bristol (the wife of Henry Fowler, an ironmonger of that city), who died, aged seventy, on the 15th of 10th month, 1824.

“Her close was attended by a very remarkable circumstance—that of pointing out the day and hour of her departure several days before the event took place, respecting which she expressed herself in the following manner:—

“‘My husband and daughter Hannah are coming to meet me on sixth day morning at ten o'clock.’ Her husband and daughter had been dead more than twenty years. On the following day she said, as if to correct herself, ‘It will be six

* By WILLIAM HOWITT. LONGMANS & Co., and sold by all Booksellers.

hours before ten o'clock, which brought the time to four in the morning. Her presentiment respecting the time of her departure was communicated by her daughter-in-law, Mary Ann Fowler, to her sister then in the country, before the event had justified the prediction, and *precisely* at the time last fixed her spirit took its flight from its earthly tenement, there is reason to believe to the joyful society of those she had loved on earth." *Bristol Friend*, May 3rd, 1871.

Obituary.

REV. THOMAS T. LYNCH.

EARLY in the morning of the 9th of May, our friend Mr. Lynch passed from earth to heaven, his last words being, "Now I begin to live." A powerful spirit, ardent, patient, cheerful, was then mercifully delivered from the bondage of a body wherein three-and-fifty years of weakness, weariness, and suffering had with rare intermissions been spent. "I am so glad!" was the exclamation of a lady, to whom the other world is a living reality, when told of his release. In reason we ought all to rejoice "in the resurrection unto life eternal," but natural feelings are strong, and we cannot without sorrow reflect that no more shall we listen to those wonderful discourses, ever fluent and ever fresh, with which year after year he enlightened, invigorated, and enlarged us. Preaching was Lynch's business and delight; the free utterance of his meditations on things spiritual and divine was as natural and as necessary as song to the lark. We who with pain often saw him enter the pulpit when it was obvious he was seriously ill, had this reflection for relief, that it did him good to speak, and that if by any mischance he was doomed to silence it would be as his doom to death. We have to think of Richard Baxter and of Pascal for examples of persistent intellectual energy in persistent physical misery to match with Lynch. For twenty years, with only an interruption in 1858-59, he preached and lectured without cessation, and with what variety and affluence of ideas only those who heard him constantly, and who never heard him repeat himself, can form an adequate conception.

Why was not Lynch's popularity greater? is a common question, and one easily answered. He never rightly understood how slow and dull, not to say stupid, his fellow-creatures were.

He imputed to them intelligence profound and alert as his own, and imagined that the organic procession of his thoughts was as clear to them as to himself. It was a serious misapprehension, for thus many of his passages of oratory were soliloquies rather than instructions. His thoughts required diffusion for popular apprehension and enjoyment. The people never heard him so gladly as when he dealt with matters objective—with men and women, with places and events. His faculty for description was exquisite. To hear him speak of Abraham, Moses or David, Elijah or Ezekiel, Peter, Thomas or Paul, was to make their acquaintance as if you had known them for the first time in the flesh. But, with the ordinary perversity of genius, he held this singular faculty in indifference, and preferred to luxuriate in delicacies of moral and intellectual analyses for which average mortals had no power of appreciation.

About Lynch's orthodoxy the Evangelical world was much concerned, and in 1856 the mob, led by the rowdies who are ever ready for such brawls, got up what was styled the "Rivulet Controversy." A controversy in any rational sense it never was, but a violent outburst of ignorance, vulgarity, and malignity. Lynch met his adversaries with reason and with wit, but of what avail are the rarest reason and wit against a mob? The mischief was that Lynch, sensitive with all the sensitiveness of a poet, was hurt by the outrage, and was for years subject to petty persecutions, which a rougher nature would have laughed at and scorned the *canaille* who devised them. As for his orthodoxy, everybody with any theological perception knew that he was orthodox as Bishop Butler himself, and a Christian to the very marrow. He had his own way of dealing with theology, his faith being no matter of hearsay, but wrought out in wide studies and earnest spiritual conflicts. Few men ever passed so easily through words and phrases to substance, or discerned essential agreement beneath superficial difference. By neither conventional Christians nor by conventional unbelievers was he therefore much liked. Indeed, if he ever showed impatience it was when platitudes sceptical or platitudes credulous were solemnly pronounced before him. The current objections to Christianity he either disregarded as frivolous, or disposed of as misapprehensions with good sense at the bottom, capable of transformation by instruction into faith; and many of the current apologies for Christianity he in like manner treated as frivolous, or even perverse as the unbelief they were designed to neutralise.

It is premature to speak of Lynch's place in the world of letters. From his Sermons, Essays and Lectures it would be easy to compile a volume of sayings as brilliant as wise, as simple

as profound. Some of his Hymns are likely to be sung as long as hymns in English are sung. Already they have found a place, spite of prejudice, in all sorts of collections. And it is to be hoped that in due season we shall have a volume or two of his Correspondence. He was a charming letter writer. He could scarcely write a note without saying something quite out of the ordinary rut of observation; and his longer epistles of sympathy and counsel are, in our opinion, unique in literature. In fine, Lynch was a man of genius, original without a trace of affectation, of consummate independence without self-will.

He was never anything but a Spiritualist. He had far too much common-sense to relegate the supernatural experiences of past generations to illusion or delusion, or, on the other hand, to suppose that what was possible in the past was impossible in the present. For contemporary Spiritualism he had an always open ear and lively interest. Among his friends and acquaintance were several mediums. He visited Mr. Home, and was satisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations witnessed in his presence. Nor did he keep, as too many do, his convictions on this head in reserve. Alike in public and private, whenever there was occasion, he spoke out frankly confessing his faith; indeed, Lynch's courage was perfect. What he thought he said, with all courtesy, with precision, and without fear or favour.

MR. ALFRED ROFFE.

MR. ROFFE died in April last. He was an eminent and excellent steel engraver, and was besides for many years a student of, and deep believer in, the works of Emanuel Swedenborg. It was from this belief that, unlike some of the followers of the great Swedish Seer and Prophet, he saw how intimately the possibility of Swedenborg's seership was a part of and bound up with an enlarged view of Spiritualism. Accordingly he engaged himself also on the phenomenal and deeper aspects of Spiritualism, and in the course of this he contributed several essays and articles to our pages. In particular, we would refer to his essay "On the Ghost-belief of Shakespeare," which is at once a philosophical review of the leading passages in Shakespeare bearing upon his spiritual knowledge and belief, and a masterly analysis of the mental state of Shakespeare on the subject. At this moment we have also an article from his pen as yet unpublished, but for which we hope to find room in our next number, on the phenomena in the family of Wesley. Its title is "Hetty Wesley Defended."

To those who knew Mr. Alfred Roffe, and his genial, manly and healthy tone of mind, and his exact and critical knowledge of the Bible, of Swedenborg's writings, and of the highest and best forms of Spiritualism, it is not necessary to say how deeply will be felt the loss of such a man from amongst us.

Notices of Books.

PROFESSOR OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON THE PHYSICS OF THOUGHT.*

THIS little Essay, of which we give the title below, is marked by the original observation, racy humour, and good sense which we are accustomed to expect from the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table. The Address is certainly not exhaustive in any sense, but it is highly suggestive on an important subject, which is all it aims to be.

In a second edition, which we suppose may be confidently anticipated for it, the Essay, we think, might be usefully extended and re-cast, incorporating the numerous foot notes and Afterthoughts with the text. The object of the author is to elucidate some of the physiological conditions of habit and of mental action. He is, however, careful to guard his readers against the too common error of confounding concomitants with causes, as may be seen in the following extract:—

The vast amount of blood sent to the brain implies a corresponding amount of material activity in the organ. In point of fact, numerous experiments have shown (and I may refer particularly to those of our own countrymen, Professors Flint, Hammond, and Lombard), that the brain is the seat of constant nutritive changes, which are greatly increased by mental exertion.

The mechanical co-efficient of mental action may be therefore considered a molecular movement in the nervous centres, attended with waste of material conveyed thither in the form of blood—not a mere quiver like the tremor of a bell, but a process more like combustion; the blood carrying off the oxidated particles, and bringing in fresh matter to take their place.

This part of the complex process must, of course, enter into the category of the correlated forces. The brain must be fed in order to work; and according to the amount of waste of material, will be that of the food required to repair the losses. So much logic, so much beef; so much poetry, so much pudding; and, as we all know that all growing things are but sponges soaked full of old sunshine, Apollo becomes as important in the world of letters as ever.

But the intellectual product does not belong to the category of force at all, as defined by physicists. It does not answer their definition as "that which is

* *Mechanism in Thought and Morals: an Address, with Notes and Afterthoughts.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. London: SAMPSON LOW, SON, and MARSTON, 1871.

expended in producing or resisting motion." It is not re-convertible into other forms of force. One cannot lift a weight with a logical demonstration, or make a tea-kettle boil by writing an ode to it. A given amount of molecular action in two brains represents a certain equivalent of food, but by no means an equivalent of intellectual product. Bavius and Mævius were very probably as good feeders as Virgil and Horace, and wasted as much brain-tissue in producing their *carmina* as the two great masters wasted in producing theirs.

It may be doubted whether the present Laureate of England consumed more oxidable material in the shape of nourishment for every page of *Maud* or of *Memoriam* than his predecessor, Nahum Tate, whose masterpiece gets no better eulogy than that it is "the least miserable of his productions," in eliminating an equal amount of verse.

As mental labour, in distinction from the passive flow of thought, implies an exercise of will, and as mental labour is shown to be attended by an increased waste, the presumption is that this waste is in some degree referable to the material requirements of the acts of volition. We see why the latter should be attended by a sense of effort, and followed by a feeling of fatigue.

A question is suggested by the definition of the physicists. What is that which changes the form of force? Electricity leaves what we call magnetism in iron, after passing through it. What name shall we give to that virtue in iron which causes the force we know as electricity thus to manifest itself by a precipitate, so to speak, of new properties? Why may we not speak of a *vis ferrea* as causing the change, in consequence of which a bar through which an electrical current has flowed becomes capable of attracting iron and of magnetising a million other bars? And so why may not a particular brain, through which certain nutritious currents have flowed, fix a force derived from these currents in virtue of a *vis Platonica* or a *vis Baconica*, and thus become a magnet in the universe of thought, exercising and imparting an influence which is not expended, in addition to that accounted for by the series of molecular changes in the thinking organ?

We must not forget that force-equivalent is one thing, and quality of force-product is quite a different thing.

Correspondence.

A REMARKABLE VISION RELATING TO MR. J. M. SPEAR.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mrs. Tebb came to me on the 3rd of February. I mesmerised her, and she became completely entranced; but seemed unable to speak, and pointed to her throat, which I mesmerised for some time, when with difficulty she said, "It is like—it is like my breath going! It is like a prayer said over and over. 'O Lord, let me depart in peace if my work here is done. Thy will, not mine, be done, O Lord. Let me depart in peace, if my work is finished. Thy will, not mine, be done. The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth,'—(she gasped as if for breath)—there's such a silence now." I inquired what it was. "It is a bed—and it is poor Mr. Spear, and there are

many spirits round him. His wife is begging his life all the time. She can't say 'Thy will be done.' She is praying for help to nurse him back into life—praying, oh so earnestly! She says, 'All my friends everywhere think of me, and help me to beg for this one life.' There's such a silence. The bed is so low. She throws herself on it with her arms up."

Her voice and manner of speaking now changed, and she said, "His work is *not* done yet; but that good woman must learn the lesson, to submit to the will of the Lord." Mrs. Tebb now opened her eyes, and said, "I hear talking, but I cannot distinguish the words, only the sound of a voice. I have a feeling as though I had seen poor Mr. Spear die and come to life again. He will still carry on his work. There is some one repeating constantly, 'Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.'"

Some little time after this vision had occurred, I had a letter from Mrs. Spear, giving some details of Mr. Spear's illness. I then sent her a copy of the above, and on the 26th of this month I heard from Mr. Spear himself, who says, after writing upon subjects personal to myself:—

The main purpose of this epistle is to speak with some particularity of dear Mrs. Tebb's vision, which you kindly sent over the great sea to us. She saw me lying "on a low bed." That was a just description of the couch on which I was laid. All the time I was supposed to be dying, I was saying "Not my will, but Thine, be done;" and "If my work is finished, let me depart in peace." My attending physician had said to the friends about me that he could do no more. They had asked my last words, and inquired my wishes in respect to the disposal of my body. My dear wife had been telegraphed to come to me in haste. In three days she arrived by steamer, the distance being 500 miles. She came, and seemed to give me the strength, harmony, comfort, and quiet I needed; and I rallied, though to myself I seemed to die, and when I got up I felt that I was but as a little child, and I now feel that I have attained unto a higher life than ever before, and hope I have been spared to work a little longer on the earth. Had she not come to me, I do not think I should have rallied.

I am not able to write much yet; but my mind is clear, my heart full of gratitude to God and my friends, and my faith is unshaken. Farewell.

J. MURRAY SPEAR.

Mr. Spear is in Southern California, and I fear there is no likelihood of his return to England.

Believe me yours sincerely,

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.,
April 29th, 1871.

ERRATUM in last number: At page 225, second line from bottom, instead of "a *poor* exposition of the argument on that side of the question," read "a *good* exposition of the argument on that side of the question."