

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

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CRYSTAL PALACE LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.*

By THE EDITOR.

I.

LORD BACON very justly observes, "The true end, scope, or office of knowledge, I have set down to consist, not in any plausible, delectable, reverend or admired discourse, or any satisfactory arguments, but in effecting and working, and in discovery of particulars not revealed before, for the better endowment and help of Man's life." There is always a large amount of prejudice against new facts in connection with any branch of knowledge, and a still larger amount of opposition when any novel theory is suggested as an explanation of facts which can be no longer disputed. It is perhaps wrong to quarrel with that conservative tendency in the human mind which causes us to cling so tenaciously to the institutions and opinions of the past, because although it not unfrequently retards the growth and development of a new truth, yet it often saves us from falling into error. There is no discovery, so far as I know, that has ever been made in connection with any known science or established art, but what has had at first to contend with violent opposition. And this opposition is due to a variety of causes. Old interests are at stake, prejudices run high against change, and established customs largely govern mankind. One of the wisest sayings ever uttered by Mr. Disraeli was a statement put into the mouth of Contarini Fleming, to the effect that, "Institutions ever survive their purpose, and customs govern us

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when their cause is extinct." We talk very glibly about our deliberate investigation, our freedom from prejudice, unbiassed opinion, and impartial judgment, but this is in truth in the case of most of us little more than tall talk, and an assumption of virtues which we do not possess. It is exceedingly difficult—perhaps impossible—to free ourselves altogether from a prejudice in favour of preconceived opinions. The influence of early training, education, surroundings, custom, and a hundred other circumstances, must all tend to give a particular bias to the mind which the wisest and most dispassionate of us cannot altogether control. Both Herodotus and Pindar call custom the "Queen of the World," and the same idea is expressed by the Latin adage, "*Mundus regitur opinionibus.*" New doctrines are always unpalatable to the great mass of mankind; and novel truths never fail to be vehemently opposed. "Almost every opinion we have," remarks Charron, "we have but by authority. We believe, judge, act, live and die on trust, as custom teaches us;" the correctness of which statement, when applied to the great mass of mankind, few will attempt to dispute. "An ounce of custom," says Hommel, "outweighs a ton of reason;" and Luther admirably remarks, *Oh doxa! doxa! quam es communis noxa.* When one looks back at the opposition that discoveries and inventions, which are now recognised as being invaluable, had at first to contend with, the prejudice then manifested against them appears to us inexplicable; but the men of that day who fought with determination against the innovation, were no less conscientious in their antagonism than are those to-day who oppose new truths, for no other reason than because they are new.

The inventor of the printing press was charged with being in league with the devil, and of multiplying books by Satanic agency, and consequently was persecuted by the people and anathematised by the priests. The stocking loom, the riband loom, and other similar inventions, were, on their first introduction, publicly burned, and their inventors denounced as enemies of mankind. Even the introduction, in the 17th century, into England of so useful and apparently indispensable an article as table forks, was treated with supreme ridicule and contempt. The glazing of pottery was denounced to such an extent that some of the persons engaged in it had to close their works; and the pendulum, although invented by Galileo, was not introduced into this country as a standard of measure until the 17th century, when it was treated with ridicule and nicknamed "Swing-Swang." In surgery the introduction of the ligature, by Ambrose Pare, in place of the boiling pitch which had been previously employed to stop bleeding after amputa-

tions, was for a time violently opposed on the ground that it was hanging human life on a thread.

Almost every rank of science can reckon its martyrs among the men who, in advocating its claims, had to contend with the prejudices of the age in which they lived. The fate of Galileo is so well known that I need but to mention it in illustration of my position. Geology, even in the present century, and in the recollection of some present, was vehemently denounced throughout the length and breadth of the land. The statement that the earth was more than six thousand years old, when first put forth, met with the most violent opposition, and those who defended it were denounced as infidels, and frequently mobbed in the streets. The investigations into the nature of electricity were deemed impious, and the production of imitation thunder and lightning considered blasphemous in the extreme. Chemical discoveries were opposed, and steam power vehemently denounced.

One important fact is to be noticed in connection with this matter, which deserves more attention than is usually bestowed upon it, which is that the opposition did not come exclusively from the common people and from the churches, but was largely contributed to by scientific men themselves. Hardly any discovery has been made by one man of science, without being vehemently opposed by a number of others; and new truths appear to have had almost as much antagonism to contend with from scientific men as from other people. The prejudice which belongs to a great extent to our common humanity, philosophers of course are not exempt from, and a knowledge of the laws of nature, a life devoted to experiment, and even a sceptical turn of mind instead of proving antidotes to it are frequently made the very basis of its existence.

The violent opposition which Spiritualism has to contend with to-day is of precisely the same character as that which attempted to arrest the progress of astronomy, and to crush out geology in the past. The spiritual facts are novel, the phenomena to a certain extent uncommon, and the theory both new and strange. Is it therefore to be wondered at that prejudice should run high against its acceptance, and that the very mention of its name should be met by sneers and scorn from those who ought to know better. Such a reception of a new truth, the more especially one, the acceptance of which would render it necessary for many a man to unlearn that which he had spent years in acquiring, should surprise no one who is at all acquainted with the history of the past. When Harvey taught the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, his grand discovery was treated with universal scorn, and it is said that there was not a physician

over forty years of age who would consent to bestow one moment's thought upon the subject. The discoverer himself was denounced as a quack, nicknamed in ridicule the "Circulator," and treated with general contempt by those whose business it was especially to investigate with a view to ascertain whether there was any truth in the new theory. Such investigation, however, would have been a tacit admission that there was a possibility of the investigators having been previously in error, and as a result, they might have to unlearn much that they had been years in learning. The same cause operates to-day to prevent men from investigating Spiritualism in that spirit of dispassionate inquiry which the subject demands. The scientific men have made up their minds regarding nature and her laws, and do not care to run the risk of engaging in an inquiry which might end by showing them that they had fallen into errors of no small magnitude. I think it was the Rev. Baden Powell who objected to Spiritualism, that if true, it would upset all his previous philosophy; a consequence which might after all not have been so serious a matter as he seemed to imagine. Sir Humphrey Davy somewhere remarks that new facts "are more useful perhaps even when they contradict than when they support received doctrines," an opinion with which I must say I thoroughly agree. The facts of Spiritualism are indisputable, and the theory a necessary consequence arising from them. For my own part, and I speak after many years of most careful investigation, I say of Spiritualism as Dr. Gall said of phrenology—"This is truth, though opposed to the philosophy of ages;" which fact I hope to be able to prove to the entire satisfaction of many who may now hear of the subject for the first time.

It is often said by our opponents that we ought to leave the facts to speak for themselves and to tell their own tale, and allow other persons to form their conclusions regarding the theory by which they are to be explained. "If the facts be genuine," say they, "just state them, and there leave the matter, and do not attempt to follow them up by a wild hypothesis that is so extravagant as to be calculated to prejudice the minds of persons against the very facts themselves upon which it is professed to be based." To this we answer, that the dry facts are by themselves valueless; it is the theory that gives them life and vitality; without it they would be of little worth to society. In every branch of science, the man who invents a hypothesis that explains facts is a far superior man to him who simply accumulates the facts and huddles them together in a state of inextricable confusion. Learned associations are often greatly at fault in this matter. "Run your memory,"

says a modern author, "over the records of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and what do you find? Is it not exactly the same as that which the witty author of *Hudibras* castigated two hundred years ago, in his satire on the Royal Society—a mere chronicle of the feats of butterfly-hunters and fly-catchers? Is there to be found in the many years' *Transactions* of the hundreds of scientific men, whose combined knowledge is many hundred times more extensive than that of the *savans* of any past age, a single attempt at a generalisation of their immense field of facts? Is there any effort at what Solomon calls the 'interpretation of things?'—at gathering the 'fruits' of the Baconian system? Are they not only a barren addition to the mountain of facts already accumulated? Alas! it is too true." These men shrink from the task of theorising—that is, of philosophising—upon facts, and are content to add to a stock already so large as to be almost unmanageable. Like the unfortunate Psyche, doomed by Venus to arrange and sort the respective grain from a heap consisting of a confused mass of wheat, millet, barley, rye, &c., they sit down in despair before their accumulated facts. The greatness of Lord Bacon consisted in the mode in which he dealt with facts, not in the piling one upon another until a mere description of them would have filled a dozen volumes. His *Novum Organum*—one of the greatest productions that the human mind has ever given birth to—contains but very few facts, and those of a most simple character; but the mode in which these are dealt with—the generalisation from them—it is that marks the wonderful genius of the man. In our own day, Mr. Darwin is immeasurably superior to all his contemporaries in natural history for the very reason that he has infused life into a number of dry facts, which, in the hands of other men, were unmanageable, and therefore useless, and only existed in the minds of those who knew them best like so much mental lumber. I say nothing of whether his theory is true, because it in no way affects the question that I am discussing. In any case, the hypothesis is a splendid illustration of the philosophy of natural science such as only a man of genius could display. To store the mind with facts is to make a granary of it, in which a great accumulation of very useful matter may be stored, but which, while it remains there, is of little value; whereas the mind should really be a sort of intellectual stomach, in which digestion and assimilation should go on upon that which had been previously taken in—a process by which mere knowledge is converted into wisdom. By this means alone can life and vitality be infused into dry and otherwise barren facts. The spirit-hypothesis is the philosophy arising out of the

innumerable facts which have been witnessed in connection with this subject, and that alone it is that renders them of any value.

In classifying the spiritual phenomena, I shall divide them roughly into two great classes: I. Physical; II. Psychical. In the former division I include such manifestations as knockings, rappings, tilting of tables, moving of articles of furniture, with or without a palpable manifestation of an intelligence controlling the phenomena; direct spirit-action as it is termed, such as writing or painting on papers untouched by the medium; the palpable appearance of spirit-forms, &c.; and in the latter, those phenomena which are probably of a higher character, but on the whole less convincing to sceptics, where the manifestations take place through the mediumship of some person still in the flesh. These classes will require to be again sub-divided, but that arrangement I leave until I come to speak of the details.

Facts in abundance exist by which each of these classes of phenomena can be demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt. There is no science known that is supported by a larger number of facts than that of Spiritualism. On every hand evidence of an overwhelming character can be produced in its favour. In arriving at the conclusion that the spirits of those who have passed away do communicate with us, we have been guided by the very strictest principles of scientific investigation and philosophical reasoning. Those who complain of the wildness of our views are generally persons who persistently refuse either to become eye-witnesses of our facts or to allow us to adopt the same means of arriving at a theory to explain them that is resorted to in every other branch of science. I am content to take my stand on Spiritualism as a science, to have its laws investigated in the spirit of scientific enquiry, and its conclusions tested by the very strictest induction. I ask no more than this, which is conceded to every other discovery, and am perfectly willing to abide by the result. There are large numbers of facts which I in common with thousands of other people have seen again and again, which we maintain admit of no explanation, but that which recognises in them the operation of spiritual law. If the theory of Spiritualism were nothing more than an hypothesis, invented for the purpose of explaining the phenomena, seeing that it covers the ground occupied by all the facts, and is the only theory that does so, its truth would be as legitimate an induction as any other scientific theory at present considered thoroughly established. But it is more than this. The agency by which the phenomena are produced is not reached by philosophical reasoning alone, of however perfect a character, but

by demonstration which no amount of sophistry can set aside. Our ears, our eyes, and our senses in general, testify as certainly and as accurately to the operation of spiritual agents as to the action of material organisations. Nor does it avail for an objector to say, "I have not seen the facts to which you refer and cannot therefore be expected to give credence to your statements respecting them." We reply, that the circumstance of your not having been an eye-witness of the phenomena is clearly no fault of ours, but the result of your own negligence in not having sought for opportunities of making yourself practically acquainted with the matter. But the very fact that you have not seen the phenomena places you beyond the pale of those competent to form an opinion on the subject. By your own confession you know nothing of the matter, and your opinion is, therefore, worthless. That any one who has not seen the facts, however, must necessarily be a disbeliever in the whole thing is a most unwarrantable position to take. How many people among the public at large know anything whatever from practical experience of the facts of electricity, magnetism, chemistry, biology, or any other branch of science? Not one in five thousand. And yet those who are utterly ignorant of scientific phenomena never dream of rejecting the theories which men of science have invented to explain the facts with which they have had continually to deal. It is usually considered sufficient that certain men, who have devoted a large portion of their lives to the investigation of the various branches of science, should have satisfied themselves of the genuineness of the facts they have investigated, and the legitimate character of the theory considered necessary to explain them. In Spiritualism we claim the same liberty. We have seen the phenomena, and have thoroughly and critically examined the facts, and we are the proper persons to judge of the nature of the agency by which they have been produced. The safeguard against deception or imposition in the latter case is the same as in the former, *viz.*, the opportunity which every one has, if the inclination be present, of thoroughly examining the matter for himself.

Our opponents comprise two distinct classes of persons—first, those who will not take the trouble to investigate the subject, or listen to what may be said in its favour, who tell you candidly that they take no interest in the matter, and that nothing in the world shall convince them of the truth of the theory that we propound; and, secondly, those who, having seen some of the facts upon which Spiritualism is based, are prepared to admit the truth of certain of the phenomena, but hold that they can all be accounted for by some material law,

and that therefore the spirit-hypothesis is uncalled for, to say the least of it. The conduct of this latter class is, of course, more commendable than that of the former, although their reasoning, as I shall endeavour to show, is very defective. Those who will not take the trouble to examine the matter are, of course, not likely to be convinced, but then they are, judging by their conduct, a class of persons not calculated to be of much service to any movement. Those who, having seen some of the phenomena, are prepared to explain it all by a theory of their own, are in a fair way to become Spiritualists. If they will only push their investigations further, they will not be long in discovering that phenomena take place in abundance that can be explained upon no other principle than that of spirit agency.

THE ALMIGHTY MARY AND HER FRENCH DISPLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

IN the present number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, my friend Dr. Nichols is rather annoyed at my pointing out the blasphemous extravagance of the modern Papists, in setting up the Virgin Mary over the head of the Almighty, and making her the modern Almighty. The book which I quoted, Dr. Nichols should remember, was one under the especial patronage of the Pope, the Infallible—bearing not only his sanction but his blessing, in a letter expressly written to recommend the work to the whole Catholic world. Well, what have I done amiss? I disclosed no secrets. I only stated what all Catholics now profess to believe, because the Pope believes it, and asserts it, and which all his spiritual subjects, under the dogmas of the infallibility and of implicit obedience must believe, or are no longer Catholics. The blasphemous titles given to Mary in the book in question were, therefore, given by the unerring Pope speaking *ex-cathedra*, that is, as Pontiff, and in public act of teaching. She was declared to be Almighty; that her Son *must* do all she commanded Him, and that her God does all that she commands. I find this doctrine still more boldly put in a book lately published by a priest, in which he thus renders the text of the New Testament:—"Mary so loved the world that she gave her only-begotten Son, that whosoever believed on Him might be saved!"

These are not my words, they are publicly and in print

used by a minister of the Roman Church, and so far from being condemned by the Vatican, are fully sanctioned by all that I quoted, issued under the express sanction and blessing of the Pope. Well, if I venture to call such language blasphemous and impiously absurd, comparing it with the text and teaching of the New Testament, whose is the fault if the Catholics feel themselves offended? "Offences," says our Saviour, "will come; but woe unto him by whom the offence cometh." But to stand by the Gospel truth, and to denounce such flagrant abuses of it, says my friend Nichols, is "to insult six millions of our fellow-countrymen, and more millions of our fellow-subjects."

But will a pasteboard barrier repel the shot of a sixty-pounder? Can any man imagine that so flimsy a plea as insult will ward off the eternal artillery of Divine truth? On the subject of insult, there is something to say on both sides. Will any one pretend to say that the Catholics don't, in the same mode, insult the Protestant world, and, in fact, the universal world? Have they ever, through all the ages, ceased to force on the world their opinions at all costs, and not only by hard words but by harder deeds? Are we not in their mouths and their books, in the bulls and encyclicals of the Popes, in the acts of their Councils infamous and hopeless heretics, lost to all hope of salvation—given over to the devil and his legions? Is there a term of reproach and infamy that has not been heaped by Catholic writers on us? Was not Luther represented as the most infamous of wretches, worse than the lowest devil of the lowest hells? Are not all who disagree with the dogmas of Rome shut out from Catholic baptism, Catholic marriage, Catholic burial, and pronounced as shut out from heaven—hopelessly damned to all eternity—at this very day, and under our very eyes and ears, in Italy, at this very moment? Are these no insults on the part of Roman Catholics, if to pronounce such proceedings a "Papal hoax," and "the most ancient and permanent of superstitions," be insults? Is it no insult to Protestants, who, with the New Testament in their hands, hold by its great and glorious truths, to be told continually that this corrupted and distorted system of Pagan doctrine and "mountebank" practice is *the only true Church*?

Has not this apostate Church, ever since Popery was engrafted on the Catholic Church, gone even further from the standard of the Gospel, and insulted every description of people who dared to differ from it, not simply by words but by the most diabolical of deeds, murdering and destroying every one who dared to avow liberty of thought and conscience? Did it not, under the so-called *Saint Dominic*, massacre five hundred

thousand Albigenses, and make a burnt-up desert of their country? Did not the Church of Rome for ages endeavour to tread out the Waldenses, pursuing them with fire and sword, smothering them with their wives and children with faggots and blazing straw in the caves of their mountains, to the amount of another half million? Did it not, by the Inquisition in Spain, in the course of 129 years, destroy by the sword and the fiery gibbet three millions of the people, and send out the Spanish and Portuguese hell-hounds, made so by the Dominics and the Torquemados, worse devils than ever issued from below, to massacre and enslave the innocent people of the New World? Did it not in France, commencing with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and a first batch of three hundred victims, root out the Huguenots as vermin? Did it not in Germany, during the Thirty Years' War, which was incited by Rome to crush the new Reformation, depopulate the whole of Bohemia, and destroy ten millions of people in the whole of Germany, leaving it a frightful desert for many years? And then as to the burnings, and imprisonments, and banishments of Bloody Mary, and the Popish Massacre in Ireland, in 1641? Is it not rather too late for Catholics to complain of the mere recital of their deeds being insults to them? Why, any words that we may apply to the Romish doctrines of universal dominance and spiritual despotism are mere flea-bites to these horrors and outrages on humanity, and on free mind, through a thousand years.

And yet, if the present rulers and dogma makers of the Roman Church had abjured these atrocities of their predecessors, and denounced them, as every true Christian must, as abominable barbarities of the past, who would now ever whisper of them? But have they done this? Not a whit, but quite the contrary, as we shall see a little further on. Well then, if people will put themselves in the wrong at the bidding of Infallibles and *soi-disant* Vicars of Christ; if they will quit the plain text of the New Testament, and bow down to all sorts of Pagan anti-Christian dogmas, who, are to blame but themselves if they have a little of it in this day of a free press, and of animated discussion of every possible thing? It is very amusing in the late controversy in the *Times* on Gladstone's pamphlet, to hear Catholics saying that they had hoped that the past deeds of the Church had been suffered to rest. How amusing! That any one should be so simple as to believe that out of mere social courtesy, History would blot out all the evidences of the crimes and martyrdoms of the past—especially as those crimes are not only not repented of, but gloried in;—would voluntarily surrender up and raze from her pages, all the evidences of the age-long

corrupter and destroyer of men, whilst the souls of the victims, we are told in the Apocalypse, are for ever crying out beneath the throne of God for the avengement of their blood!

But again, as to these alleged insults. Will truth and progress cease their march and hush their voices, at the demands of the oppressors to spare their feelings? Are truth and progress childish imbecilities, or are they immortal and unappeasable forces pressing on for ever towards the great day of universal light and universal retribution? Can the insane forgeries of the ages of ignorance bear the light of advancing day? Has the suppression of crime ever been the custom of any Church? Can it possibly be the custom of any institution that has in it the irrepressible elements of evolution. Has this custom of stifling your opinions of institutions ever been that of any Church, Pagan, Roman or Protestant? Christ and his apostles spared the feelings of neither Jews nor Gentiles in the propagation of their faith. They cut abruptly through the dearest motives and deeds of kings and philosophers, of scribes and teachers, declaring that the whole world lay sunk in error and crime, and wholly without hope of salvation except it repented and returned and lived. St. Paul heaped the most insulting epithets in his epistles on the very highest class of Gentiles, Greeks, and Romans, declaring them for their wickedness to be given up to God to work all manner of uncleanness. The Apostles went all over the world sowing what our friend calls insults—that is, blaming plainly its corruption and idolatry; that idolatry which the Roman Church has again fully restored in the worship of the Virgin, and the saints, and is so conscious of it that it has extirpated from its catechism in Catholic countries the Second Commandment, forbidding to make any graven image, or the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth, or to bow down to them or worship them: and to complete the Ten Commandments has split another into two.

Do not the Roman Catholic missionaries yet go into all the countries to which they can obtain access, and “insult” the people by telling them that they are all subjects of damnation, unless they put their faith in Italian priests? And why in Italian priests, any more than priests of any other creed? If the Bishop of Jerusalem had set himself up as the head of Christendom, seeing that Christ and his religion originated in Israel, and that “salvation came by the Jews,” the assumption would not have appeared unreasonable; but why should an Italian priest assume to be the only true head of the only true Church? History tells us exactly how it was done. That it was only the old Roman spirit of arrogant domination assuming an ecclesiastic form. The debate in Rome, in 1872, on the question of St. Peter

ever having been in Rome, much less ever having been Bishop there, exploded that figment for ever.

But, says our friend, why import the question of Mariolatry into the *Spiritual Magazine*? Precisely because the Church of Rome has made it a phenomenon of Spiritualism. It is, then, our direct and legitimate business to deal with it as such. To sound its claims to spiritualistic reality. To warn genuine Protestant Spiritualists against allowing the priests, by their specious wiles and pretences, attempting to overbear the genuine by the false and spurious, and, in fact, for the same reasons that all Christendom is now rising by voice and by law against the daring frauds and boundless arrogance of Rome. It is because the Vatican is using Spiritualism to maintain the Virgin in the lofty post to which they have advanced her, not merely as the great goddess of Rome, but as the very head and Juno of the universe. That was the reason for my paper appearing in this Magazine, and unquestionably a sound and just reason.

But my friend Nichols appeals to our sympathies for the Roman Catholics as Spiritualists. A fellow-feeling on that head is to make us not only kind but blind. Spiritualists; well, but what sort of Spiritualists? In this, as in anything else, tyrannically intolerant. Here it is they who do the insulting by declaring that all spirits outside the pale of their Church are devils and nothing else. They, the only true Church, monopolize all the angels; we have only the fiends. They make no exceptions. Not an angel is to be allowed to a heretic. When Mr. Home was in Rome, studying the art of sculpture, the Pope banished him out of both city and territory because he would not renounce Spiritualism. Charming Spiritualists those of Rome! How tenderly we must sympathize with Rome! But, at all events, if our communicating spirits are devils, they are better on the whole than the angels of Rome. They have never yet advised us to set up the Inquisition or the stake; to regulate faith by the rack; to convert heretics by the musket and dragoon. We have no furnaces to show, in which they have led us to roast alive unbelievers, as the Inquisition in Rome still shows, with the charred bones of these unhappy ones yet remaining in them.

But perhaps our friends the Catholics will say I am maligning the modern Romanists; but they do not now burn and destroy. No, for the best of reasons—they cannot. The spirit of reason and pure religion, that of Christ and not of Moloch, has arrested the gory hands of Pope and Pagan, that, like Siamese twins, made such wild work for a thousand years. But the change is only of force, not of conviction or mercy. The Syllabus of the present Pope is in our hands, and its Eighty Articles denounce all

possibility of change in the Church. It never did wrong! All these murders and tortures of the past which make the realms of hell assume a paradisaical look compared to the Romish earth, are declared by Syllabus and Encyclical as legitimate and holy now as they were when perpetrated. M. Veillot, the editor of that great organ of the Church, the *Univers*, says that those horrors were all quite right and proper. He only regrets that the Church did not burn Luther and Calvin, and all the Protestant leaders, as well as Huss and Jerome of Prague. And has the Vatican—which suppresses the Bible, and in the closing article of the Syllabus denounces all modern science and civilization, and declares that the Pope never will be reconciled to them—has this Vatican condemned Veillot for this atrocious avowal? The Pope has there received him since with high honour, and given him his benediction as a faithful son and servant of the Church. Thus any allusion as to the more merciful or more liberal character of Romanism vanishes into thin air.

Well, what then? My friend, Dr. Nichols, may think I insult him by declaring the goddess Mary is no goddess except she be Cybele or Ceres arrayed in modern costume; that she is no mother of God who has no mother or father, but simply the Mother of the humanity of Christ, not the mother of His spiritual divinity, which was with God before the world or Mary were. He may think I insult him when I admit Mary to all the veneration ascribed to her in the Gospels as “the most blessed of women,” but still only a woman and a creature which we are forbidden to worship with every other created thing. He may think I insult his Church when its perversion of language in styling Mary the mother of God is defined by me merely as a piece of priestcraft to cover the base idolatry of the system, but he cannot imagine at any moment that I would like to burn him. But how am I to be sure that he or any other good Catholic would not like to burn my body for the good of my soul? Catholics are now bound, by the double bond of infallibility in the reigning Pope and by the law of implicit obedience to their spiritual superiors, to do just what the Pope or lesser persons command. As it has been fully shown in the late Gladstone controversy, that if at any time the Pope should command his English votaries, as he is now commanding his German ones, to resist the civil laws of their country, he would put them into this cleft—that they must be good Catholics and bad subjects, or bad Catholics and good subjects. There is no possible alternative. “Absurd!” says the doctor; “nothing would induce me to burn or desire to burn a friend!” Let him not be so sure. Scores of bishops at the Vatican Council protested that nothing should ever induce them to accept the doctrine of Infallibility. They

argued, they harangued, they denounced the dogma as most irrational, mischievous, and un-Christian. It passed by violence and menaces, and, as good sons of the Church, they all to two or three swallowed the odious dose! Will any good Catholic aver that he has more firmness than these bishops, than Gratry or Dupanloup, or that under the orders of his superiors he can call his soul his own?

And here let me correct my friend in one particular. He seems to think that I am following in the wake of Bismarck, Gladstone, Whalley and Co. in my strictures on the Roman Church. He should rather say that they are following in my wake. It is now nearly half a century since (45 years), in my "History of Priestcraft," I denounced the errors, crimes and impostures of the Roman Church. My views of it are sown wide over the world in that book in thousands and tens of thousands of copies. My views on the subject have only changed by deeper intensification of my convictions. Luther went to Rome, and the monstrous revelations of the Spiritual Babylon burst forth into the Reformation. Every man of much thought has been similarly impressed by a visit to Italy. Addison, in his travels in Italy in 1701-2-3, was struck with a melancholy fact. What could cause, in a land so endowed by nature with beauty and fertility, with an extraordinary extent of coast, splendid harbours, and all the facilities for commerce and prosperity, such a moral and social blight in a people naturally bright and clever—such poverty, ignorance and vice? After long consideration the only and the true conclusion to which he could come was that "it lies in the very genius of the Roman Catholic religion, which here shows itself in its perfection." I rejoice to see Bismarck, Gladstone and the governments not only of Germany, Switzerland and Italy but of almost every South American country, nurtured entirely in Catholicism, now throwing off its intolerable yoke and reducing this theological hydra to a just subjection to the civil laws. They are doing the same good work which Queen Elizabeth did for this nation. It is not necessary to discuss at large the question of Romanism; it would require volumes, and stands written in whole libraries. Its very historians—Cardinals Bellarmine and Baronius, Paul Sarpi, Muratori, Dante, Petrarch, Machiavelli, and lastly Desanctis of our day, who for 17 years was confessor, inquisitor and parish priest in Rome, beloved of the Pope and the Cardinals—have written such things of the Romish Babylon that would horrify and drive from her all who are not bewitched by the great glamour of her sorcery,—the verdict of Desanctis being that "the system could not exist for a single day were it not sustained by all the power of Satan."

And here let me note a fact which struck me in Horace the other day. Everyone knows that the gross farce, amongst a thousand other such solemn humbugs, is yet annually and publicly played off at Naples. Horace says it was practised at Gnatia, in the district of Naples, in his day :—

Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
 Tratis extracta dedit risusque jocosque,
 Dum flammâ sinè, thura liquescere limine Sacro
 Persuadere cupit; credat Judæus apella,
 Non ego. *Lib. 1, Sat. 5, v. 97.*

At Gnatia arrived, we laughed to see
 The superstitious crowd's simplicity,
 That in the sacred temple needs must try
 Without a fire unheated gums to fry.
 Believe who will the solemn cheat, not I.

Like nearly all the priestly miracles, this is then but a theft from the ancient Pagans, who hoaxed with the blood of some god now christened St. Januarius.

My friend the doctor is scandalized at my charging the Roman Church with avarice. Does he deny the shining of the sun? Why the whole body is a body of avarice. Everything that it calls sacred it sells, and always has done, masses, confessions, absolutions, dispensations, indulgences, every species of church rites, baptism, marriage, burial. Its agents and executors, its legates, dignified ambassadors to enforce contributions, were all over the world before the Reformation, and drew from England, Germany, France, Spain, all Europe, more money annually than maintained the civil governments of the respective countries. England was compelled to pass the law of mortmain, to restrain the hands of the holy death-bed robbers. Italy found, on putting down the Roman rule, three-fourths of the lands in the hands of the Church. Still, wherever you go, you find the splendid palaces and vast estates which the successive Popes have settled on their families, many of them like the Borgheses, obtained by murder, poison, and rapine. Such is the notorious avarice of the priests, that you can scarcely mention them, but the people rub their thumb and finger together, expressive of their lust of fingering money. The people of Rome despise the priests, the people of Naples hate them, and bluntly call them the "devil." Not avaricious! Why Elwes and Dance were angels of disinterestedness to a genuine Romish priest.

And my worthy friend would have us to believe that the Church of Rome does not suppress the Bible! If I were at Rome, amongst my books, I would quote him Acts of Councils from that of Tolosa downwards, and papal bulls and encyclicals without number, which denounce and make it a matter of utter excommunication to circulate the Bible in the vulgar tongue. One

example is enough—that of Leo XII., so late as 1824, who declared the Bible “poisonous pasturage,” a most wicked and impious book, and sternly barred its circulation. This encyclical was published in Ireland, and the Roman Catholic Bishops declared that they fully concurred in the opinion of the Pope. Every Pope, indeed, on assuming the tiara repeats this command to forbid the reading of the Scriptures by the people.

If Dr. Nichols had come to Rome when we did, soon after the entry of the Italians, and the proclamation of freedom of opinion, he would have seen some edifying sights. Bible women and *colporteurs* having Bibles and Testaments snatched from their hands, torn up, thrown into the dirt, and trampled on. This was a daily spectacle, in which not merely ordinary priests, but Monsignori in their purple stockings figured. These exhibitions the police have pretty well finished in the cities, but we continually hear from the country of *colporteurs* driven out of villages by the priests, and the Bibles they have sold carefully collected and burnt. Is this the work of a Church that tolerates the Bible?

Nor must Dr. Nichols tell us that the present doctrines of Rome have been so from the first, nor that the Church does not change. No Church ever changed so much as that of Rome. From the time that the Pagan priests rushed in after Constantine it has been constantly trending away farther and farther from the Gospel standard. The first four or five centuries knew nothing of the gross idolatry of to-day. It knew nothing of Popes, Cardinals, Monsignori, Confessors, Inquisitors, or forced celibacy, with all its moral ruin of families and unnatural crimes. Does our friend read the criminal trials of this country? If he does he sees priest after priest convicted of unnatural offences; the great Ceresa case perhaps the most monstrous of all. The early Church knew nothing of war on the Bible. The fathers were zealous to translate and urge its readings in all languages. The early Church knew nothing of the mass, and the declared daily sacrifices of Christ by Christian priests, who might have left that to the Jews. It knew nothing of all the clumsy frauds of rotten relics, winking Virgins, and the like, invented in the ages of brutish ignorance for the laughter of this. It knew nothing of the rampant Jesuitism which has made a last attempt to tread under its feet kings, peoples, mind and knowledge—but a little too late.

I am afraid that my friend Dr. Nichols must give me up as an incurable Protestant, as I have long given up Romanism as an incurable anachronism. But we won't quarrel about systems. I don't spare his theological system, nor need he spare mine, but we won't take up stones against each other or against any-

body for their beliefs. He asks whether all the great and learned men who have been Catholics were fools? I won't venture to say with Carlyle that men are "mostly fools," but nothing is clearer than that neither natural talents nor learning are capable of protecting the cleverest men from the most amazing foolishness. All the great Pagan philosophers were in our light great fools, and from Solomon downwards the world has never wanted abundance of very wise fools. What can be more moonstruck folly than to believe in the supremacy of the Pope's bulls, as the very Roman Catholic doctors now confess, in the clumsy forgeries of Isidore, Gratian, Anselm, and the rest of them? What greater folly than to believe the race of popes inspired by the Holy Ghost, whilst they exceeded all that ever has been written of kings for beastly obscenity, profligacy, violence, mutual murder, mutual poisonings, and even avowed Atheism, and these things proved by the pens of Roman Catholic historians? Surely there is no occasion to ask whether those who put faith in such monsters of ambition as Gregory VII., and of wickedness as Alexander VI., and many others of the pretended Vicars of Christ, were fools or not.

Are men wise who put faith in the Infallible, who has allowed his priests to declare that Rome is Babylon? Yet, in the controversy of 1872, allowed by the Pope betwixt three priests and three Protestant ministers, the priests, driven by direct Gospel and historic proof from the pretence that Peter ever was in Rome, clutched at the red-hot bar of Rome being Babylon, because Peter wrote his first epistle from Babylon. One would have thought they must dreadfully have burnt their hands. Yet the Infallible himself, but the other day, in an allocution on the coming of Garibaldi to Rome, exulted in the fact that he could yet write from Rome, which he said "is really Babylon!"

Rome, the Babylon of the Apocalypse! What an admission! What inevitable consequences! namely that all that is said of Babylon is true and will be fulfilled! Babylon, on whose front is written, "Mystery, Babylon, the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth. She who is full of the blood of the saints and the martyrs of Jesus Christ, and by whose sorceries all nations have been deceived. She in whom sits the man of sin, who sets himself in the temple of God, showing himself as God—that is, as infallible, which none but God can be. With a mouth speaking great things and blasphemy," namely, that the woman Mary is the Queen of Heaven, born immaculate, and enthroned above both God and his Christ.

Truly, after this, my friend Nichols cannot think any

sayings of mine hard or insulting to the Roman Church. Never were such calumnies pronounced in the name of Rome, and as the oracular utterances of the Infallible Head of the only true Church.

The doctor cannot hold in more sincere regard me and my family than I do himself and his. His belief in such a Church, as well as that of so many other able men, can only be accounted for by the eccentricity of the human mind, which itself cannot be accounted for. But as sure as Rome is Babylon and the infallible Pio Nono now assures us that it is, it is doomed by prophecy to fall and "to be found no more at all." At the period of that happy event I trust we shall, with many others now of antagonist faiths, find ourselves in some more happy world, clear of the fogs of the Seven Hills, and shall see into the very heart of the paradises of earth. We shall then, as I do every day of my life, thank God for the Bible—the pure, unstained, and uncorrupted Bible—and the Reformation by which we shall be enfranchised from the wonderful glamour of Babylon, and love each other not, as the followers of the belligerent Loyola, or even of the pacific Wickliffe, but of the only Prince of Peace.

Castelammare, near Naples,
March 7, 1875.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALITY?

BY WILLIAM HITCHMAN, LL.D.

SPIRITUALITY is the quality or *state* of being spiritual, I presume, etymologically and otherwise. In the language of Virgil—*DUM MEMOR IPSE MEI, DUM SPIRITUS HOS REGIT ARTUS, &c.* Quite so! Spirituality in no wise belongs exclusively to a *religious* "Establishment"—neither is it the property of an ecclesiastic, nor righteously *opposed* to the temporalities of life! Spiritual beings, moreover, do not always walk the earth "*unseen*," either when mortals wake, or when they sleep, in 1875. That which exists imperceptibly to the organs of human sense—not corporeal, but immaterial and ghost-like—is by no means a true and correct definition of those intelligent materialised substances, with whom I have conversed, and communed for many years. In fact, our sage lexicographers are all at sea, like mariners, as it were, without a chart or compass, on the words Spirit, Spiritism, Spiritualist, and Spiritualism.

Spirit is a term which no longer denotes a being of air, breath, or wind, without a material tangible body, on earth or in heaven. Mind or soul, I say, is *incorporated* spirit, albeit, there are doubtless spirits innumerable, in divers spheres of existence, so exquisitely pure and full of spirituality, in their nature, essence, and composition, as never to have known aught of *this* planet, its matter, attraction, affinity, gravitation, cohesion, position, weight, or principles of physics, and the properties of atoms, germs, and molecules, of which this our material world, animate and inanimate, is composed. The form of attraction, for example, which unites together the particles of any given monad, mountain, man, monkey, &c., and which is principally exhibited to us by solids, less by liquids, and not at all by aeriform bodies, may elsewhere be unknown. Since the especial study of the scientific chemist, and natural philosopher, were wholly subverted *here*, did not "heaviness" or the reverse, to wit, signify the force with which a specific quantity of simple, or compound matter, is drawn towards the earth's centre. Spiritist is now held to signify a believer in the doctrines of Reincarnation, rather than the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, or spiritual manifestations, generally. Spiriting, considered in the language of Shakespeare, as the work and business of a spirit proper, has intellectual exercises, as well as faculty of volition, within the sphere of its own independent operation, as the following response would seem to indicate,—

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Spirit has always been regarded, in every religion of the world, as the synonym of that *something* which is apparent to sight; not less so in Hebrew and Christian records, than in the Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahmin, Zoroastrian, or Pagan forms of faith. Job tells us, for example, "A spirit passed before my face. . . . There was silence, and I heard a voice saying, 'Shall mortal man be more just than God?'" Spiritualism, when aided by spirituality of soul, in the religion of daily life, will speedily make a spirit of building succeed a "science" of pulling down. Among recent philosophers, in Germany, a distinction is taken, everywhere, between ψυχή (Seele) and πνεῦμα (Geist), or, in our mother tongue, soul and spirit. The soul of man, or animal, is that ethereal portion of organic intellectual nature, which shows itself in dreaming, spiritual vision, distant sight, &c., and is intimately associated with the protoplasm of brain, and the quality of nervous structure. The spirit is that part of human nature which lives in flesh and blood, or out of it; competent to influence mortal and immortal beings, and tends to the purely rational, lofty,

and divine things of the *higher* Spiritualism—which the term Spirituality implies, in goodness and greatness of those thoughts, words and deeds, which constitute ANGELS. Reverend are they in spiritual function and spiritual life whom God and Nature love as spiritual children, and these latter love Him and her, as their spiritual Father and mother. All that is really permanent is the spirituality of self; the external world, as it is called, being compounded, *for us*, of a succession of ideas, impressed on the mind by Deity, and scarcely less, perhaps, the true educt of each individual soul—in fact, the Spiritualism of Berkeley and that of Fichte are perfectly compatible with the well-attested doctrine, that departed spirits hold communication with all sorts and conditions of men—Australoid, Negroid, Xanthocroid, or Blond.

The science of physical organisation has its limits—the brain of man, or monkey, is not a mere molecular fusion of cephalic ganglions, or nerve-tissue, situated before the œsophagus of a sphinx-butterfly; neither are the laws of the human spirit, touching spirituality of existence, to be adequately disposed of in the exclusive section of mathematics and physics, however learned the Association, for the advancement of knowledge, at home or abroad. Humboldt and Schultze confirmed the observations of Spallanzani, more than forty years ago, to the effect that dust may float in our atmosphere, as dried monads, and, when moistened, these germs become the source of infusorial animalcules; and, what is much more, they admitted the conversion of certain lifeless substances into unequivocal Protozoa, or the first outlines of that same animality of which man is the ultimate. Without spirituality, or the quality of being spiritual, however, our plastic universe of material nature is but a transient mirror of mortality—nay, miserable metamorphosis of merciless *murder*; and, thanks alone to Spiritualism, we have now the “proof palpable,” and invincibly conclusive, that spirituality of soul, and puritanism of body, can alone reflect the brightness and beauty of Divine exaltation, in the coming blessedness of a Paradise of humanity. And without spirituality, fully realised in the habits and intelligence of modern society, of what use is Spiritualism? Resuscitation *without* regeneration. Spirituality should henceforth distinguish each Spiritualist with a form of life so noble, so sublime, so majestic, containing so many faculties of greatness and goodness, so many kinds of virtue, so many degrees of brightness and beauty, so many powers of outward and visible action, that “Satan” will have become surpassing lovely to behold, and all his sable angels most excellent, and praiseworthy saints of light, whose spirits are made holy, wise and just—in a word—PERFECT, for

ever and ever. There is, in fine, such a thing as the *poetry* of Spiritualism. Even in the commonest of phenomena, there is greatness in smallness—in the tiniest of raps, there is beautiful significance—if the observer lack not the spiritual eye; and surely it is the peculiar function of each Catholic Scientist to discover THE TRUTH, wherever it exists, and to worship at its shrine;—in the science of Geology, for example, it is the scattered fragment of some dingy stratum—the fossil and the rock—that tell us the wondrous story of our globe; in like manner, the humblest physical incident, in the world of matter, may reveal the presence of an angel from the world of spirit, evoking thereby marvellous associations of heaven and earth. The nature and *continuity* of life, with all the richest and most blessed memories of the past, joyous aspirations for the present, and eternal happiness for beings that deserve it, in the coming future.

“Through the circles, high and holy,
Of an everlasting change,
Now more swiftly, now more slowly,
Form must pass and function range.
Nothing in the world can perish,
Death is life, and life is death;
All we love and all we cherish
Die to breathe a nobler breath.

“From the dark and troubled surges
Of the roaring sea of time
Evermore a world emerges,
Solemn, beautiful, sublime.
So of old, from Grecian water,
Mid the music and the balm,
Rose the dread Olympian's daughter
Floating on the azure calm.”

SPIRITUALITY is an established law of Nature, conformably to which humanity is either exalted or degraded, individually and collectively—an exact knowledge of which constitutes the SCIENCE OF SOUL; and may virtuous efforts to promote it be crowned with success, since Spiritualism is the last and best gift of God to the children of men.

Things material are not what they seem to the eyes of mortal sense—matter is a mere phenomenon of mind, philosophically. If Spiritualism has now demonstrated the *continuity* of life, and that this body of flesh and blood is only the outer covering of the spirit within, which is the everlasting being, destined to live in happiness or misery, according to the culture or neglect of true spirituality of soul, in time and eternity—in other words, as regards the world of matter and that of spirit, EACH SPECIMEN OF HUMANITY IS NOW A LIVING TESTIMONY, OR PROPHECY INCARNATE, OF WHAT IS THE INDIVIDUAL FUTURE DESTINY OF MAN, then is Spiritualism its own glorious

justification—the most stupendous fact that ever was revealed or discovered, in the history of all the mental and physical sciences. Having discovered *that* knowledge—demonstratively—we need ask no more! The teachings of spirits and mediums may be truly eclectic, and therefore somewhat uncertain or indefinite, as all eclecticism in Philosophy “must” be, nevertheless eminently practical—full of the greatest of all realities—not alone the dream, the reverie, the phantasia of unknowable Theology, but the most soul-satisfying, and sweetly harmonious of all the systems of nature, or plans of Divine government, hitherto unfolded in the religion of being good and doing good, unselfishly—all spirit teachings, however apparently diverse, thus form one tremendous whole truth;—one scheme of thought universal—the highest achievement of human progress, in the facts and phenomena of existence—past, present, or future, and the most splendid triumph in the philosophy of celestial and atomic dynamics.

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

BY THOMAS BREVIER.

VICTOR HUGO A SPIRITUALIST.

IN relating some of his incidents of travel at the Spiritual Institute, Mr. Peebles (late U. S. Consul), told of his having met Victor Hugo at a spiritual *séance* in Paris, who was deeply affected by a communication he had just received. From his various writings, and especially from his great work, *The Toilers of the Sea*, many passages might be cited in illustration of the spiritual philosophy. I need, however, only quote the following passage from his funeral oration over M. Hennett de Hesler, his companion in exile, and a prominent member of the Republican party:—

Behold him here at last, asleep. Asleep! No. I withdraw that word. Death does not sleep. Death lives. Death is a splendid realisation. Death touches man in two ways, it freezes him, then it resuscitates him. His breath is extinct. Yes, but it again revives. We see the eyes which it closes; we do not see those which it opens. Adieu, my old companion! Thou art going now to live in the true life. Thou art going to find justice, truth, brotherhood, harmony, and love in the sphere of immense serenity. Behold! thou art taking wing to the light. Thou art going to live the sacred and eternal life of the stars. Thou art going where live all the bright spirits which have enlightened and lived—where dwell thinkers, martyrs, apostles, prophets, and liberators. Thou art going to see all these great souls shining in the radiant form which death has given them.

Nor is his favourable disposition to Spiritualism of recent origin, as will be seen by the following extract from him, which I quote from the *Daily News* of October 24th, 1864 :—

Table-turning, or speaking, has been greatly ridiculed: the ridicule is groundless. To substitute jeering for examination is convenient, but it is not very philosophical. As for me, I regard it as the duty of science to fathom all phenomena. Science is ignorant, and has not the right to laugh. A *savant* who laughs at the possible is not far from an idiot.

We take the following from the *Swansea Daily News* of January 6th, 1874 :—

To the Editor.—Sir,—About seven years ago, I assisted in introducing the spiritual phenomena to Victor Hugo. He witnessed in silence what took place, and at the conclusion expressed himself satisfied of the reality of the manifestations, remarking that he should not have supposed such things possible. What effect it may have had on his mind I do not pretend to say, neither do I know anything of his subsequent experience; but it appeared to me a significant circumstance when I read in the papers the other day the account of the grand old man following his son to the grave, and there proclaiming to the world his faith in God and immortality, and his want of it in priests and their pretensions—the exact creed of the Spiritualist!

The late Emperor also, at the conclusion of a similar *séance*, expressed his belief in the reality of what he had witnessed, adding that he himself possessed mediumistic powers. Such being the sentiments of these great men, and others I could name, what matters it that a few petty cavillers, in their ignorance, denounce Spiritualism as a delusion, and its advocates dupes and knaves?

I remain, &c.,

ROBERT COOPER.

Our friend Mr. Gledstones lately visited Victor Hugo, and in the course of conversation related some of the wonderful facts of spirit-materialization he had witnessed. Victor Hugo was much interested; and in reply to some of his sceptical countrymen who were present, remarked,—“Well, if some one had gone to Voltaire at Ferney, and told him that men would ride in the air, he would have laughed at what he would have considered the dream of a madman!” Just so! The madness of one age is often the familiar experience of the next.

DR. JOHN DONNE.

Between 1573 and 1631 lived John Donne, the well-known theologian and poet—the “poet of metaphysics,” as Johnson called him. For some time he lived, together with his wife, in the house and under the patronage of Sir Robert Drury, at Drury House, in the street which took its name from the owner of the house. Sir Robert being about to depart on an embassy to France, in the suite of Lord Hay, requested the poet’s company; but he, at the solicitation of his wife, then near her confinement, and who said her divining soul boded her some ill

in his absence, begged to be excused. Sir Robert still pressed the matter earnestly, and Donne again sought his wife's consent and obtained it. Some of the poet's first verses commemorate the parting. Speaking in them of his own and his wife's soul, he says—

If they be two, they are two so
As still twin compasses are two.
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move; but doth if the other do.
And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect when that comes home.

Whilst in Paris his fears were verified, and Izaak Walton, his friend, thus relates the event. "Donne was left a short time after dinner one day, in the dining room alone. Sir Robert returned within half-an-hour, and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone, but in such ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but after a long and perplexed pause did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders and a dead child in her arms; this I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which Mr. Donne's reply was: 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure that, at her second appearing, she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished.' A servant was immediately sent off to England to satisfy Donne, who returned on the twelfth day with the intelligence that Mrs. Donne had been delivered of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labour, on the same day and about the same hour of the appearance of the apparition.

When in the last hours of his devout and most holy life, Donne composed verses which he called "Hymn to God, my God in my sickness;" here is one of the verses:—

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with the choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy music; as I come
I tune my instrument at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

The following touching story has been often quoted, but it

may be new to some readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and cannot fail to interest them.

VISION OF THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME," AND
ORIGIN OF THE SONG.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of the beautiful and most popular of all our English ballads, was a most unfortunate man; he was not only poor, but a homeless wanderer. In conversation with a friend, he once gave the following sad recital:—

"How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons playing "Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread."

He had given the most exact and beautiful expression of the heart's emotion regarding home, and yet personally he was a stranger to all its tender and loving influences. A wanderer and sometimes a vagabond, he had moved the human heart to its very depths by his exquisite lines.

Disgusted with his treatment in his own country, and still impelled by his disposition to roam, his only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. He obtained an appointment as United States Consul at Tunis, where he died.

We now return to a period antecedent to the composition of his song. At times he was greatly depressed, and seemed to feel most acutely his utter loneliness. One day a friend called to see him, and, on entering, said:—

"How are you to-day, Payne?"

"Downhearted enough," was the reply; "but last night I had one of the most glorious visions in a dream that ever met mortal eye."

"Ah, indeed, what was it?"

"Well, I will tell you. I suppose you think it was a scene of vast wealth, of a palace, or something else of that kind that man's desires are most set upon. It was nothing of the sort. I don't often have dreams, but when I do they impress me greatly. In this dream I saw a scene of most transcendent rural peacefulness and beauty. It was all that poet and painter could imagine. The landscape was composed of gently rolling hills, and sweet still valleys, and meandering streams. There were flowers and birds, crops, flocks, and herds. In the midst of all this stood various habitations of man, where I saw happy

men, women, and children, and heard pleasant voices, laughter, music, and song."

"Truly a beautiful picture of human domestic contentment," said the friend.

"The life-long imagery of my brain," cried the poet, "of 'Home, sweet Home.' Ah! how my soul revelled in the picture! But gradually it faded from my sight. I was transfixed. I strained my vision to catch its outlines as they grew fainter and fainter; but at last it had faded entirely away. I then looked up, and saw a great cloud gathering, which grew dark and terrible. 'Ah!' said I, 'that cloud is significant of my own lot.' As I said these words, I saw traced upon it, in burning letters, those words of the Almighty to another miserable man:—

A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth!

In terror I recognised my doom, and awoke to find it both a dream and a reality."

The unhappy man buried his face in his hands, and seemed in the deepest misery.

"A very wonderful dream," said his companion.

"Well, do you know what I intend to do?" said Payne, looking up. "I'll tell you. I've been thinking a great deal over this matter, and I intend to write a song called and about 'Home, sweet Home.' The picture of my dream shall be my aspiration for the task, and my lonely heart can well give touching pathos to my words."

Not long after, the song of "Home, sweet Home" was given to the world by John Howard Payne. The dream is more especially recalled by the closing verse:—

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain;
Ah! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.
The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call—
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all!
Home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!"

PROPHETIC DREAM OF THE DUC DE BERRI.

We give another remarkable and prophetic dream; one which connects itself with French history. We quote it from *Fraser's Magazine*.

It was now the month of February in the year 1820, and the Carnival was going on. The young duchess enjoyed the humours of the *bœuf gras*, went out and mixed with the crowd, and, as Moore was told, was pelted with sausages at the Champs Elysées. Still it was remarked that the duke could not shake off his presentiments, which now began to take the shape of forebodings of coming danger. It was lately remembered that a rumour had actually been current in London that he had thus met his fate. The Duke of Guiche, who was attached

to his household, told Dr. Raikes that the duke had a fixed idea that he would meet this fate—a fate, too, that he looked on as so unavoidable that he believed it useless to take any precautions. “The object of the Revolutionary party,” he said one day in his carriage to his brother, “is to cut off our race. Your destruction would not answer their purpose, but I have a daughter and may have a son. I feel that the blow is inevitable, and am resigned to my fate.” A few weeks before his death he told of a remarkable dream which he had, which was repeated in society—a fact which was confirmed to Mr. Raikes by the Duke of Guiche. He dreamed that one night he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries, which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, and while he was admiring the beauties of the prospect, his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing, by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession, followed by a train of carriages, evidently indicating the last tribute paid to some deceased man of fortune and consequence. He turned round to one of the bystanders, and inquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made that it was that of M. Greffulhe. In a short time, after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance as coming from the chateau. This far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty—the carriages, the guards, the servants, were such as could only be marshalled in honour of one of his own family. On putting the same question, he was told that it was his own funeral! In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by M. Greffulhe at his hotel in the Rue d’Artois; it was a very cold night, and M. Greffulhe, who was not in a good state of health, attended his royal highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck with a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever, and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed the remaining incident in the dream was consummated.

HUMAN PROBATION AND THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.*

BY FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,
Minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon.

No intelligent and careful student of the “signs of the times” can avoid seeing that there is a growing disposition in all sections of society, and of the religious world, to re-consider the common doctrines of the future life, with a view, perhaps, to a large modification of them; while it is a significant fact that men are continually asking themselves whether it is, after all, really true that the sufferings of the finally impenitent are to be strictly and literally eternal; whether, also, the present life is the only time and scene of probation; and, generally, whether it may not be possible for a man to be a devout believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, submitting himself absolutely to His

* *Son, Remember. An Essay on the Discipline of the Soul beyond the Grave.* By the Rev. JOHN PAUL, B.A. London: H. K. LEWIS, 136, Gower Street, W.C.

authority, and at the same time doubt or even deny certain doctrines taught in His name, and supposed to have received the seal of His sanction? Of course, if it be a fact that the retributions of the future are in any sense of the term unending, and if it be equally a fact that our present chance is our first and only one, then let us know it, and we must do our best to submit; but we shall certainly not submit simply because divines of any school have told us it is our duty to believe such things; on the contrary we shall do our best to ascertain the mind of God on the question of our destiny and the laws which govern it, and shall not be frightened by grave appeals to learned authorities and eminent names. We have no sympathy with that vulgar repudiation of authority which is too often made by ignorant men in the interests of their own self-will and self-importance, and we quite understand that the principle of authority, equally with the principle of private judgment, has its place in the economy of the world; but when we are told that after the present life, however short that life may be and exceptional its circumstances, there is and can be no second chance given us in the life beyond death; when we are moreover assured that the penal inflictions of God are not disciplinary but simply penal, and will last "for ever and for ever," so that throughout eternity there will always be wandering prodigal and rebellious children of the Eternal Father whom he has been unable to subdue except by force; when we are told these things and such as these, we may well pause and ask ourselves if they are true, and if so, where the proofs are of their truth, and what the nature of those proofs is.

We have been led to make these general introductory remarks by a little volume which has reached us, and the title of which will be found at the foot of the page. We understand that its author is now the Rector of St. Alban's, in the City of Worcester, but was formerly Curate of Westport, Malmesbury, and Chaplain of the Malmesbury Union Workhouse. Mr. Paul states in his prefatory remarks that it is the object of his essay to show "that the everlasting destiny of the soul is not determined by its condition at the hour of death." This position he maintains by the Scriptural statement that angels are instructed "by the Church in the manifold wisdom of God," which instruction our author says would be incomplete if the soul out of the flesh were not open to the unchanging influences which operate upon it while in the flesh. Mr. Paul sees evidence for the truth of his position in the growth, development, and continuity stamped on all creation, and to which man's spiritual nature is no exception; in the direct words of Holy Scripture concerning the intermediate state; in the very passages

which are ordinarily quoted in proof that death is the close of our state of probation; and in the impulses affecting the disembodied spirit. We are very glad to recognise a spirit of kindness, fairness and openness in the pages of this essay. Evidently, Mr. Paul has been troubled for years with doubts of the common doctrine, but with that conservative feeling, which, after all, has its honourable as well as its base side. He kept much of his thoughts to himself until "the fire burned" so fiercely that he was at last obliged to speak. We cannot help feeling that some of the author's scriptural quotations are painfully indiscriminate, while he has quoted, 3 Ephesians 9, and 1, Timothy iii. 16, in the forms in which they are found in our English version, but without giving the least hint of any inaccuracy of translation. These are small blemishes, however. Mr. Paul deserves our sincere thanks for giving to the world his thoughts on the great questions to which his book refers; and although as Spiritualists we know, of course, that his treatment of them is not only not exhaustive, but oftentimes very defective, yet all such discussions as these are so many helps towards the emancipation of the mind of man from the errors of patristic and mediæval theologies, preparatory to an acceptance of the religion of Christ, which is one of hope and not of fear, one of progress and not of finality, one of universal love and not of partial arbitrary sovereignty, and one to which all the highest feelings and instincts of our nature can say "Amen," because the better it is known, and the more entirely its spirit is cherished, the more it is found to be not merely the "power," but also the manifold "wisdom of God." We may just add that those who are "weak in the faith" may read Mr. Paul's work without running the risk of being shocked, while even those who are "strong" may pick up, here and there, hints which may be serviceable to them. Meanwhile, we most earnestly recommend Mr. Paul to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" Mr. Alger's *Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, published by Trübner & Co., of London. It is often said in book notices that "no library can be considered complete without this volume," which, to say the least of it, is often an amazing proposition when applied to the book to which it refers. It happens, however, to be strictly true in the case of Alger. The day will come when it will be seen that *Alger on the Future Life* is as great a book as *Anselm's Cur Deus Homo*.

Obituary.

MR. SAMUEL GUPPY, MR. SAMUEL OWEN,
MR. STEELE, MRS. MARSHALL.

THE sickle of the great harvester is never allowed to rust by hanging on the wall; but this winter it has been plied with more than wonted activity, and many of the best known friends of Spiritualism in the Metropolis have been gathered into the great garner of eternity who should not be suffered to pass from our visible presence without some word of grateful acknowledgment. The memory of those who have done service to humanity, who have been faithful to the truth as far as it was known to them, and who have laboured earnestly for its extension, especially when that truth brought only reproach on its adherents, should be ever dear to us, and cherished among our most sacred recollections.

Prominent among the most active promoters of Spiritualism in London was the late Mr. Samuel Guppy. The readers of this Magazine will remember that in 1863 he published a work under the somewhat singular title of *Mary Jane; or Spiritualism Chemically Explained*; and which was noticed in these pages at considerable length with copious extracts. Its author, however, had rare opportunities for the investigation of the subject, both in his domestic relations and with the Davenport Brothers when they visited England, who were long his guests, and whom he accompanied on their tour through the provinces, and afterwards on the Continent of Europe. He was with them at Liverpool when their cabinet was smashed by an infuriated mob, but without discovering any means for producing the manifestations as they expected; and he himself narrowly escaped personal violence as a supposed confederate. The astounding manifestations witnessed by him with the Davenports, both in public and in private, and in his own house, and with Mrs. Guppy, as reported from time to time in these pages, and in the *Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society*, soon satisfied him that Spiritualism went far beyond any explanation that chemistry could offer. From that time his house was freely open to all honest investigators, who were received with the most cordial hospitality, and to whom opportunity was afforded for witnessing and testing the manifestations that occurred through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy, and occasionally of other mediums who were present. Notwithstanding his advanced age, his mind was clear and vigorous to the last. He died in

his 85th year, when on a visit to his friend Dr. Barter, of Cork. It will be remembered that the first spirit photograph obtained by Mr. Hudson was in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Mr. Guppy had put on a wreath of flowers he found in Mr. Hudson's studio, and he so appears in the photograph. A few days after his decease, at a *séance* with Messrs. Bastien and Taylor, at their rooms, 2, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, his materialised spirit-form appeared with this ornament, as in the photograph, doubtless for more complete identification; and a more effective means could hardly have been employed. Subsequently, at the studio of M. Buguet, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, his form appears on the photographic plate. It is said to be a good likeness, and in his hand is a scroll, on which is written "*Samuel Guppy, to his friend Gledstones. Persevere and you will succeed in getting all you wish.*" It is intended to have this photograph enlarged. Its great value as an evidence of Spiritualism is too obvious to need comment.

Mr. Samuel Owen has also passed from earth. He was one of the earliest advocates of Spiritualism, first in America and then in England, lecturing and speaking, both in public rooms and in the open air—especially in the public parks—as long as he was permitted to do so; and was rather proud of the name thence given him of "The Hyde Park Orator."

Mr. Steele was one of the founders of the St. John's Association of Spiritualists; and it was chiefly through his exertions and those of Mr. Pearce, its secretary, that its useful labours were so long continued. Before this Association was founded, enquirers into Spiritualism, in Clerkenwell and its neighbourhood, for a long time held regular weekly meetings at Mr. Steele's house. At one of the earliest anniversaries of the St. John's Association, Mr. Steele gave an account of the experiences which led him to become a Spiritualist, and which was published in this Magazine at the time in a report of the meeting.

Perhaps the name of no public medium in England was for a long time so much before the public as that of the late Mrs. Marshall. From her childhood she seems to have had the gift of spiritual vision, and to have held communion with the dwellers in the spirit-world. Among the disciples of Joanna Southcott she was well known as a "visited person." The Rev. James Smith, of the *Family Herald*, author of *The Divine Drama of History and Civilization*, often visited her in this capacity many years before the advent of Modern Spiritualism; and in his posthumous work, *The Coming Man*, he gives a lively sketch of her as Mrs. Ferriar. With none of the advantages of education, fortune, or social position, she was a simple-

mindful religious woman, who, in the words of the Catechism, did her duty in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call her. Faithful in the exercise of her gifts, she encountered, with great good humour, the obliquy, ridicule and abuse often heaped upon her by the ignorant and unthinking, especially by flippant conceited writers in the public journals. Many, who were once sceptics and unbelievers in a spiritual world and an immortal life, have acknowledged that, under God and his ministering angels, it was to her they were indebted for the presentation of facts which brought home to them a conviction of those great truths which changed the current of their life; which have become their hope and joy, and strength; the sunshine of their souls—a clear, constant light in the dark places of their earthly pilgrimage; and many—very many more—who have not made this open testimony, know full well how deep are their obligations to her in this respect.

Mrs. Marshall had her full share of earthly trial and affliction, but through all Spiritualism was her strength and stay and enduring consolation to the end. She had a simple, abiding trust in the care and fatherhood of God, and she knew of those things most surely believed among us. It were to be wished that a biography of her, with a full account of her remarkable experiences, could be written; but as no diary, or record of her *séances*, was kept, I fear that little data for such a work exists, other than is to be found in the scattered notices of her in this and other Spiritualist journals. As nearly as can be ascertained, she was at the time of her decease in her seventy-fifth year. It was the intention of a few friends to have placed a memorial stone over the place where her mortal remains are laid, but the shortness of time in which the necessary arrangements had to be made, combined with some misunderstanding, made this impossible. For the sake of any who may wish to see the spot, it may be mentioned that the grave is numbered 4,004 in the Paddington Cemetery, near the Edgware Road Station of the North London Railway. But there could be no memorial of her who has gone like the ever-fragrant memory of her useful life and of the services she has rendered. Her best memorial is in the hearts of those to whom she has brought the assurance and the comfort which the faith and knowledge of Spiritualism must bring to all who live up to the light of its revelation. As must necessarily be the case, the early workers in our ranks are year by year becoming fewer, but let us for our encouragement remember the words of John Wesley, "God buries His workmen, but He carries on the work."

T. S.

Notices of New Books.

MR. PEEBLES' TRAVELS ROUND THE WORLD.*

THE name of Mr. Peebles is probably familiar to every Spiritualist in all parts of the world. His work in connection with the movement has been very great, and he has probably travelled further to advocate the cause than any other living man. He reminds us very much of the early disciples of Christ, who went forth to foreign lands to preach the Gospel, regardless of the reception their teaching might meet with, and devoting no attention whatever to a consideration of their personal comfort, or even physical needs. Mr. Peebles is certainly imbued with the true missionary spirit, and as such is a man admirably calculated to promulgate whatever principles he may adopt. He has also written one or two most excellent books on the subject of Spiritualism. His *Seers of the Ages* we read with great pleasure and much profit many years ago, before we had become convinced that Spiritualism was a great and mighty truth, and we have perused with interest everything from the same pen since that time. Disagreeing as we do entirely with some of the particular views held by Mr. Peebles on religious questions, we yet admire intensely the kind and amiable spirit which pervades everything that he does. He is one of the foremost men in the Spiritual movement, and combines with great talents the simplicity and kindness of a child. Everything that he writes is brimful of interest for Spiritualists, and the book under consideration will be perused, we have no doubt, with pleasure by large numbers of people, both in America and in England. It describes his journey round the world, including his visit to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand, China, India, Arabia, Egypt, Greece, Palestine, and so on back to England, and from England to America. As a book of travels it is of a most interesting character; but it is much more than this, it is a volume of spiritual experiences. It describes *séances* held in mid-ocean, on the Pyramids, and in all sorts of outlandish places, and portrays accurately the spiritual opinions of the peoples inhabiting the various countries through which the author passed. The volume is printed on good paper and handsomely bound. We cordially recommend it to every Spiritualist in the country.

* *Around the World; or Travels in Polynesia, China, India, Arabia, Egypt, Syria, and other "Heathen" Countries.* By J. M. PEEBLES. Boston: COLBY and RICH, 9, Montgomery Place.

DR. NICHOLS ON BEHAVIOUR.*

IN the widest sense of the term "Behaviour" is a most comprehensive word. There is very little in human life which it does not include, and an exhaustive work on the subject would be expected to be met with only in the form of a very large volume. True, there is Emerson's admirable essay of 20 pages only on the subject in his *Conduct of Life*, but that is rather a sketch of the philosophy of behaviour than a set of rules for the guidance of one's conduct under the various circumstances in which he may be placed. Dr. Nichols' book is really a complete manual, and of itself sufficient, if the principles inculcated in it be followed, to make of anyone a thoroughly accomplished gentleman—a gentleman in the true sense of the word, as described by Byron:—

He had that grace so rare in every clime,
Of being without alloy of fop or beau,
A finished gentleman from top to toe.

We do not, of course, say that it is possible for everyone who reads it to so thoroughly put into practice its precepts as to reach this condition at once, but its lessons are of such a character that it is almost impossible to peruse them without some advantage. The true Christian spirit which pervades the book from beginning to end, inculcating lessons of disinterestedness, unselfishness, and a care for the happiness and comfort of others, is such as to make the little volume a valuable addition to any library large or small. Seldom have we been charmed with a book as we have been with this. It is so admirably written that once having commenced reading it is difficult to put it down until it is finished, whilst the spirit that pervades it is such as to render it impossible to peruse it without feeling the kindlier and better for so doing. The little volume is beautifully got up, and issued at the small price of half-a-crown. We say to our readers, procure it by all means.

A SCAMPER ACROSS EUROPE. †

THIS is another little book issued by Dr. Nichols, written on the occasion of his visit to the Great Exhibition at Vienna, and contains graphic sketches of Paris, Lyons, Geneva, Turin, Milan, Vienna, Prague, Nuremberg, Mayence, Cologne, Brussels, &c. It is published at the small price of sixpence, and has already had, we believe, an enormous circulation.

* *Behaviour. A Manual of Manners and Morals.* By T. L. NICHOLS, M.D. London: LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

† *A Scamper Across Europe.* By T. L. NICHOLS, M.D. London, LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN MORAVIA, 1872.

Contributed by Mr. S. CHINNERY, from the Original Manuscript Diary of Mr. Harris, uncle of Mr. Marshall Harris, of London and New York, an intimate friend of the Contributor.

I ARRIVED at Moravia in the evening of October 10th. The next morning I attended a *séance* at Mrs. Andrews' at 9. On entering the room I thoroughly examined the cabinet, which was made of boards painted outside to represent birch, and papered inside. It was about 7 feet long by 2 feet deep, and 7 feet high, with a door at one side and two apertures in the centre covered with a dark curtain. The upper aperture about 30 by 18 inches, and the lower one, directly underneath, about 18 inches. There was no furniture in the room except chairs and a melodian. The circle consisted of myself, Mrs. Cormick, and five others.

The room being made perfectly dark, Mrs. Andrews, the medium, seated herself in a chair in front of the cabinet. We commenced singing, holding each other's hands. Then we all saw lights about the size of a marble, very brilliant. After the lapse of about a minute a voice said close to me, "Please strike a light." This having been done and a lamp lighted, Mrs. Andrews went into the cabinet, sitting on a chair close to the door which was then shut. We continued singing. Soon after hands and faces appeared at the aperture.

October 11th (p.m.)—Present General Patton and son, Judge and Mrs. Mc Cormick, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker and myself. In the dark circle I was touched on the knee. The General's father spoke to him, announcing his name as Benjamin, and calling him Willie, said, "How delightful it is, my son, to be able to make myself known to you, and to converse with you." Hands touched the knees of nearly all present, and a floating light was seen. In the light circle three or four faces appeared at the aperture which we were unable to recognize.

October 11th (7 a.m.)—Present, Judge and Mrs. Mc Cormick. General Patton and Son, Squire and Mrs. Warner, and myself. Floating lights appeared after the room was darkened. A voice close to Judge and Mrs. Mc Cormick, addressed the latter as "mother;" it was the voice of her deceased son. We heard spirit voices near the ceiling joining in the singing. Soon after the melodian, alongside of which I was seated, was struck, while we were singing, and the correct notes sounded. The General then asked if any of his relations were present, and the cabinet was shaken violently as an affirmative reply. The spirit being

that of his son, Willie, a severe shaking was heard in reply to that question. I then asked if my father was present. The moment I spoke the words my knee was struck twice, apparently by a hand; I then asked if my mother and children were present, and the same affirmative reply was given by the cabinet being shaken several times. Then I asked if some of them would endeavour to materialize themselves and appear at the aperture when the lamp was lighted. An affirmative response. Soon after the controlling spirit's voice said, "My friends, if you will give us light, we will endeavour to show ourselves, but I am afraid we shall not succeed, as the conditions this evening are against us; however, we will do what we can." After some time the outline of a face appeared, but very indistinct, and raps were shortly after given to announce that the *séance* was closed.

October 12th (9 a.m.)—Twelve present. Dark circle formed; we all continue singing. Spirit lights appeared. Soon I felt two gentle taps on my knee, and a voice gave the name of "Butler," low, but loud enough for those near me to hear. I heard it distinctly. I then asked if my father was present. No answer. My mother? Floor and cabinet shaken. Spirit voices joined in the singing. One lady was addressed by the voice of her deceased idiot son, which made her burst into tears. The controlling spirit then said, "My dear friends, how happy I am to be with you! Rest assured that before long we shall be able to walk hand in hand with you." Neither the judge or his wife had any manifestations at this sitting. I forgot to state that when Butler gave his name, Mrs. Crocker, *clairvoyante*, told me she distinctly saw him standing by me with his arm round my neck. I merely mention this without laying stress upon it, not having realised the appearance myself. After sitting about an hour in the dark circle, the controlling spirit said: "Please strike a light." When this was done we saw a deformed hand appear. This was recognised by a lady present as her idiot son. Afterwards the lower part of his face formed itself with protruding lips, which certainly looked like those of a person without intelligence. Then six or seven hands appeared at the same moment, most of them moving their fingers. Some of the hands were like those of children. Afterwards a stick was pointed towards me, then a hand holding a stick, then two arms with the hands covered in drapery were thrust out of the aperture, the wrists having frills round them.

October 13th (3 p.m.)—The *séance* this afternoon is mostly a failure, there being no manifestations excepting that a Mr. Crawell, of Brooklyn, was touched once.

October 13th (6 p.m.)—Eleven present. Received no manifestation. A Mr. Jones was struck once on the hand, and

his wife several times. A voice said to her twice the word "Babcock," and afterwards "Kate;" these names she afterwards stated were her maiden and Christian names. The spirit announced himself as that of her father. No one else received any manifestations, except that I saw a floating light which the others did not.

October 14th (9 a.m.)—Dark circle formed. I saw lights as described before, floating and moving about above us; we heard voices, apparently from the ceiling, joining in the singing; we felt something like water being sprinkled over us. Mr. Crawell and I were touched on the knee. During the singing a voice said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you." A dancing tune was played by one of those present, and we heard feet dancing on the floor, keeping time to the music. After sitting in the dark for one hour and three-quarters, a voice said, "My friends, we must close; what has happened this morning is for another purpose."

October 14th (3 p.m.)—Fourteen present. No lights seen. Some were touched on the knee. I was not. When the lamp was lighted, five or six hands appeared, some apparently those of children, but no faces showed themselves. One hand had a ring on one of the fingers, and a lawn sleeve on the arm belonging to the hand. At a private *séance* in the evening, at which I was not present, I was told by those who were, that amongst the faces that appeared was that of the mother of Mr. Clew, which spoke thus: "John, let me beg of you to change your conduct while at home; you are laying up for yourself much unhappiness in the future by your hardness towards your family," or words to that effect. Mr. C. was much affected, and promised he would do as she desired. Another face to Mrs. McCormack said "Julia," and that she herself was "Mary Ann."

October 15th (9 a.m.)—Twelve present. Dark circle formed. I saw two fans of floating light advancing towards each other in opposite directions. Brother Buffman was touched by his mother, the first manifestation he had ever received in all the circles he has attended. After a time, a voice said, "Be satisfied; the Lord has blessed you. The future will show it." After another interval it said, "Be satisfied with the condition in which your birth has placed you. There was no light circle, the conditions being apparently unfavourable."

October 15th (3 p.m.)—*Séance* a failure. One or two persons touched, and voices joined in singing. The word "Thomas" was given.

October 15th (7 p.m.)—Present: Judge McCormack and wife, General Patton and son, Mrs. Warner; and myself. Dark *séance*:—Lights appeared floating. Water was sprinkled

over us—every one patted. The Judge declared some one said to him, "Pap, if you keep on singing, you will in time make a good singer." When Mr. Patton was touched, the name "Eliza" was given; this was the name of his mother. When I was patted, I asked if it was Butler—the cabinet was shaken. Nothing was said to the others. Spirit-voices, apparently from male and female, joined in the singing. Light circle:—Hands shown, and hands with arms to the elbows, covered with white sleeves, apparently of muslin, the hands in the position of prayer. The face of a negro woman then appeared with a white cloth around her head. She said, "Bless the Lord, the good work is going on;" she then withdrew, and again appeared, saying, "God bless your good old soul," naming some one, the word we could not hear distinctly; the same hands were exhibited, one at the small aperture; while these hands appeared, I heard Mrs. Andrews speak from her seat at the door of the cabinet, quite six feet from the end of the aperture, from which a hand and arm protruded. Then the controlling spirit showed his face, that of an old man, and spoke for a quarter of an hour to the following effect:—

"My friends, this is a glorious truth, and a serious truth—one not to be trifled with. This is a sacred place. Your researches in Spiritualism will be of the greatest advantage to you when you pass to the spirit-world. Your spirit-friends are always round you; and, when you feel impressions from them, the seed that is being sown will hereafter produce fruits that will benefit the whole world. The trifling songs that were sung in this room to-day attracted the same class of spirits; and you should be careful to attract harmonious influences; we are able to see the thoughts and motives of those that come here, the same as we can see pure water in a glass. There are those before me who will ere long be in the spirit-world. We should all be contented with the conditions in which we are placed. We carry our heaven with us in our hearts, and our hell also. There is no hell, such as preachers in your life speak of in the churches. Some people say this face is a mask. [Alluding to his face, the lips of which moved all the time he was speaking—everything was heard out of the aperture.] Is this a false face? Does this seem like a mask? [Striking his teeth together—the sound they made being distinctly heard.] Good night; I must go now, and assist others to show themselves, and talk to you."

A female face then appeared at the aperture two or three times; we asked her to point out the person she came for. She lifted a hand, and pointed directly to me. I then said, "Is it my mother?" She moved her head from side to side, in the

negative. I then said, "Is it my grandmother?" The negative motion was given. I then asked if it was my sister; she moved her head distinctly up and down, in replying affirmatively. I then said, "Will you speak to me?" She gave two or three distressing coughs, and shortly withdrew. An old lady then tried to show herself, supposed to be General Patton's mother. A lady, with a cap on, appeared; and, in answer to a question put by Mrs. McCormack, if she was a friend of hers, she held a handkerchief in front of the aperture, and afterwards said: "Thank God, Robert, that the scales have fallen from your eyes." This was said to the Judge, whose Christian name is Robert. Several hands then appeared, one holding the hand of a child. It afterwards appeared at one side of the aperture, the child's being at the other side, and then reached across, and clasped it.

October 16th (9 a.m.)—Circle of eleven. Room darkened, Floating lights appeared twice. I and others felt minute drops of water sprinkled over us. Several were touched, but I was not. Voices from above joined in the singing. The controlling spirit's voice said, "Strike a light," which was done. After sitting in the light the same voice said, "The conditions are becoming more favourable." He then said to Mr. Thomson, "Friend Thomson, you are here for a good purpose, which will help us." Then a female face appeared, and a hand. We asked, "Will the spirit point to the one she comes to?" The hand then appeared again, the finger pointing directly to me. She passed her hands along the aperture, her fingers moving in the most graceful manner. I then said, "Will you tell me your name?" Her lips moved, but I could not catch the word. All the others, however, heard it, and said it was "Dorothy." I then said, "Can you speak to me?" After making several apparent attempts, she said, "The dear ones are not divided." I said, "Do you mean my children?" At that moment several hands appeared at the aperture. She then again moved her hands towards me, with the same graceful motion of the fingers, shaking the curtain gently, and then disappeared. Shortly after other hands were shown, two with drapery to the elbows, appearing outside the aperture. Another female hand with two rings on the wedding finger appeared, and when the question was put, for whom she came, pointed to a gentleman at the other end of the circle. He asked for the name, but no response was given. One or two more hands were exhibited, and the circle closed.

October 16th (3 p.m.)—No manifestations, but touches; I was not touched.

October 16th (7 p.m.)—I was touched gently and quickly

four times. No voice. Two others were touched, and names given, but were not distinguishable.

I may here mention that I examined the room and cabinet several times; the day General Patton left, he and I went up by ourselves and remained fully ten minutes, faithfully inspected the room, and, moving the cabinet from the wall, sounded the walls, floor, and all parts of the room to satisfy ourselves there was no concealed door or openings. We could discover nothing, and I am fully convinced that there is no deception of that kind.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

OUR HOME.

As one by one are called away,
To join the bright immortal throng,
In realms of pure unclouded day,
Where life is one perpetual song:—

The full deep harmony of joy
Not circumscribed by bonds of Time;
Where all their powers find sweet
employ,
As still to loftier heights they climb.

Whether on loving task they speed
To men, or darkened souls in prison;
Or wait that they may better read
That Will which is the law of Heaven.

For these—for all Thy servants lent,
For those departed, those to come,
We praise Thee! When life here is
spent
May we, too, find in Thee our Home!
T. S.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ROBERT DALE OWEN IN DEFENCE OF THE "DEBATABLE LAND" AND SPIRITUALISM IN GENERAL.

THE following letter from Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in defence of Spiritualism against some attacks made upon it by a clergyman, recently appeared in the *Philadelphia Press*. Mr. Owen forwarded the letter to us, thinking it would probably interest—as it most certainly will—the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*:—

SIR,—In studying Spiritualism two distinct questions come up; the first, as to the reality of the phenomena; the second, as to the inferences therefrom. Your correspondent in Monday's *Press* (of whom I am glad to know that he is "a distinguished clergyman of this city") concedes the first, and that is so far satisfactory. Speaking of my work entitled the *Debatable Land*, he says: "Admitting the facts as presented by our author, I join issue with him on the character of spirits alone, believing them to be demons." An old doctrine, this! It was plausibly set out twenty-two years since by the Rev. Charles Beecher, in his *Review of Spiritual Manifestation*; read by him, in 1853, before the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. It was put forth by the Pharisees eighteen hundred years ago, when objecting to Christ's teachings; but, like your correspondent, unable to deny the wonderful phenomena, they said: "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of devils."

The reply to Mr. Beecher and the Pharisees and your correspondent is, that all analogy is opposed to such an explanation of spiritual phenomena. In this world God does not, indeed, shut his creatures away from earthly influences tending to deception and error. But the good is the rule; the evil (often good in disguise) is but the exception. If it enter into God's economy to permit evidences and influences to come over to us from a higher phase of being, are we to believe that he excludes from these all that is true and good, and suffers only deceptions and false teachings of diabolical character to reach us? If such were the Divine plan, then—in the words of a modern poet:

“ Then God would not be what this bright
And glorious universe of His—
This world of wisdom, goodness, light,
And endless love—proclaims He is.”

Your correspondent writes in Jesus' name, and as “His servant.” I remind him that Jesus Himself did not regard the powers and gifts which He possessed as exclusively His, or as restricted to the age in which He lived. In speaking to one of His disciples (John xiv., 11-12) He bids him believe in Him “for the very work's sake;” and as to such a believer He expressly adds: “The works that I do shall he do also, and greater works shall he do, because I go to my Father.” St. Paul tells us (1 Cor. xii., 4-11) that what Jesus prophesied did happen. After Jesus had “gone to His Father,” a “diversity of gifts” (verse 4) remained among His followers—the gifts of healing, of faith, of prophecy, and of tongues; the discerning of spirits, and what was then called the working of miracles. St. Augustin—the greatest name of the Patristic Age—devotes a long chapter (Book 22, ch. viii.) in his celebrated “City of God” to minute details of the spiritual gifts or “miracles” appearing in his day. Jesus sets no limit as to time, nor does St. Paul, nor does St. Augustin.

Now did Jesus promise to His followers works that are to be interpreted as coming only from an infernal source? Were the diverse gifts of St. Paul's day no better than soothsaying, fortune-telling, necromancy? Did the early disciples discern evil spirits only? Your correspondent will protest against so monstrous a supposition. Very well. Then by what authority does he assume to decide what Christ never decided, what St. Paul never ventured to declare—namely, that these “manifestations of the Spirit, given to every man to profit withal” (verse 7), were after a time to cease? Or who informed him at what period of the world, at what age, in what century their character was changed from divine to diabolical? Does he expect us to take his bare word for it that at some undefined epoch or other, they were thus transmuted? Or has he given us *more* than his bare word in proof of such a transmutation? Let us see.

Our spirits, he takes great pains to tell us, “peep and mutter.” If he has heard their peepings and mutterings, I have never had that privilege. But they rap, too. For once he is correct; sometimes they do rap. Is that a Satanic proceeding? If a stranger, approaching a dwelling and seeking communion with its inmates, knocks at the door, is it a fair conclusion that is it the devil who wishes to enter? If the chairman of a meeting, by way of calling the attention of his audience, first raps with his gavel, are we to assume in advance that the communication which will follow will be mere demonology? “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you,” may be an injunction addressed to spirits as well as to men.

But there is the darkness; that is especially insisted on; physical, not mental or moral darkness, of course, being meant. One would suppose, by your correspondent's insistence, that the Spiritualists attended none but dark *séances*; nineteen-twentieths of those I have attended were in the light; I usually avoid those held in the dark. I care nothing about such feats, be they genuine or spurious, as those of the Davenport's. Some dark *séances* I have attended to ascertain, by experiment, what effect earthly light, natural or artificial, has in intensifying the phenomena. Others I sought because some phenomena, especially those of a luminous character, can be best so studied. Baron Reichenbach's wonderful experiments on odic light and odic force, prosecuted throughout ten years, were chiefly made in pitch darkness.

Were Reichenbach and I to blame in this? In God's economy physical

darkness is as necessary as physical light. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer" seeks darkness rather than light; is sleep for that reason, a demoniacal state? The aurora borealis cannot be witnessed except in darkness; are its brilliant lights therefore to be termed infernal? The photographer manipulates his negative in a darkened chamber? is he to be set down as a devil's agent on that account? Or, again, your reverend correspondent anonymously reviews my *Debatable Land*—am I to imagine him an emissary of the evil one, merely because he sees fit modestly to conceal his name under the veil of darkness? Such reasonings are futile. The real objection to dark *séances* is, that they afford facilities for deception.

Your correspondent's strictures as to the character of (alleged) spiritual communications carry more weight. These communications are of every grade from the most trivial to the most elevated; the diversity is as great as that which we find in communion with our fellow-creatures. And just as each human being has his own experience of men, so has each investigator his own experience of spirits. Mine has been favourable. Adopting Christ's excellent rule of judgment, "By their fruits ye shall know them," I find but faint traces of evil character; much less than I have found in this world. Out of many thousand announcements, one only (and that consisting of but five words) was profane. The great majority were either simple messages of affection from deceased relatives or friends, or else earnest asseverations touching the immortality of the soul, the reality of a life to come, and the vast superiority, both as to happiness and character, of that future life as compared with the present.

Of these simple messages I have room here for but a single sample. It purported to come (March 10th, 1864) from an old and valued friend of mine, Dr. A. D. Wilson, a well-known New York physican of large practice, who had died about a year before, and it was spelt out by heavy poundings rather than raps, in these words:—

"I am little changed. My knowledge of the spirit-world is not so great as you would suppose. I am sure of the things I once hoped for. I have found my beloved friends in heaven and I know I live in immortality.

"A. D. WILSON."

Not much, if one will; not much, as a superficial mind may receive it; only a brief, homely message. Yet, if it be true, how immeasurable its importance! How infinitely consoling the simple truths it unveils!

Beyond such utterances as these, the teachings which have come to me are mainly these: that the next world is a supplement to this, a world of activity and of progress, with occupations, duties, enjoyments as varied as those of our own earth; that we enter that world, freed, indeed, from the earth-clog of the body, with its sufferings and infirmities—with new powers, too, of locomotion, of perception, of intelligence—yet substantially the same in mind and spirit as when we lay down on the death-bed; that death neither deprives us of the virtues, nor relieves us of the vices with which he finds us possessed; both go with us. Now this may not square with your idea of the next world, but is there anything diabolical in such a conception of the great Future?

Again, Spiritualism teaches us that man's happiness or misery in the life to come is not settled by an arbitrary fiat of the Creator, but is determined by the operation of changeless laws, similar to those which recompense a well-spent, unselfish life with peace and rational joy, and which repay drunkenness with delirium tremens, and debauchery with disease of body and decadence of mind; that we are the architects of our own future destiny; we inflict our own punishments and select our own rewards; not that we *earn* heaven either by faith or works, but that in the next world we simply gravitate to the position for which by life on earth we have fitted ourselves, and that we occupy that position because we are fitted for it. You may believe that far other agencies decide our future state, chiefly, perhaps, dogmatic beliefs touching the Trinity, vicarious atonement, original sin, election by faith and the like. But will you venture to call it a satanic conception touching our fate in the hereafter, that man's doings, feelings, and habits in this world, the ruling elements in his character, the controlling loves, be they for good or for evil, of his life, shall shape and fashion his state in the world that awaits him?—well-doing here entailing well-being there.

I think such a view of the next world is wholesome and reformatory, tending to good morals and civilization.

A few words in conclusion to the reverend gentleman to whom I am indebted for a review of my book. Do not, I pray you, imagine me as denying that ignorant, or false, or evil communications may come from the denizens of the next world—just as they do from the inhabitants of this. Spirits, like men, must be tested; but, like men, they ought not to be condemned until they are tested, and tested in a fair and reverend spirit, too. If you approach your fellow-creatures with the feeling in your heart that, as a whole, they are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and that the thoughts of their hearts are only evil continually, your intercourse with them will be neither pleasant nor profitable. For similar reasons so long as you are convinced that the devil is a powerful and ever-busy agent, seeking whom he may delude, and that all spiritual powers and gifts, in modern days, are granted by him, not by God—while such remains your belief I advise you to refrain from intermundane seekings or experiments. The Puritans of Salem, two hundred years ago, held just such opinions; and you remember what a mess they made of it. If I, as a stranger, were to call upon you, and you were to address me in words of exorcism or of evil suspicion, I should bid you good morning, not to return. If any one, knowing he would be so received, still entered your house, he would be, not a demon, indeed, but a very poor specimen of humanity.

But if, for these or other reasons, you avoid all spiritual *séances*, is it fair to prejudge what may happen there? A wise man of old (Proverbs, xvii: 13) has told us: "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him."

Philadelphia, Jan. 21st, 1875.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

NEW TEMPERANCE TALE, BY MR. S. C. HALL.

In the course of the summer Mr. S. C. Hall will publish another Temperance Tale, in verse; stimulated, no doubt, by the success of *The Trial of Sir Jasper*. The new poem is entitled, *An Old Story*. The author, in his announcement, states that he has tried to make the book broader and more comprehensive in details than its predecessor, treating, indeed, every phase of the horrible vice; adding prose notes from the authorities by whom he has been principally guided. Every page will be illustrated, and there will be twenty-six full-page engravings, by twenty-six leading artists of the age, drawn expressly for the book.

SECTARIANISM.

Sectarianism is the working of sect to an extreme. Sectarianism is an abuse of the proper purpose of a sect; a perversion of the true spirit that should animate it. Sectarianism, therefore, is marked by distinct characteristics. You will find Sectarianism always busy crystallizing its convictions. It formulates its ideas, and sets them forth in articles and creeds. The truth thus presented is no longer a living force, a flowing stream, a quickening power; it has become a dry, classified statement, like the catalogue of a library or the herbarium of the botanist. The statement thus made is to be accepted as an authoritative and

complete expression of divine truth. Sectarianism, again, is distinguished by its claim of perfected thought. No further advance can be made, no higher reach attained, no more comprehensive grasp secured—thus says Sectarianism. But the real statements of a living sect would be made, as one has humorously said, like the check given to the railway passenger, “good for this day only.” Each day must bring forth its new issue of truth. Each grasp should lead to a larger, each reach to a loftier, each advance be but a stage insuring other and further progress.

Sectarianism is also distinguished by its perpetually limiting truth to itself. It confines the truth within one denomination, one class of sects, or one religion, Christian or other. For Sectarianism may be predicated of a religion as well as of the sects into which it is subdivided. Beyond the sect, outside the religious system, it sees only error. It claims the possession of all truth within its own body. The more rigid that claim may be the stronger the tendency, you will find, in that body to profitless disputation over empty words and names. No sect or system has any right to say of its opinion, “This is the truth,” but only to say, “It is so much of truth as I can see and show;” as no body of men under heaven is justified in the claim of being *the* church, but can only affirm itself *a* church—a fragment or section of the whole. Each and all sects, each and all religions that God has given men, or caused to be evolved or developed out of men’s conceptions, are necessary to a full and harmonious utterance of the divine thought.—*From a recent Sermon by Rev. Frederic Hinckley, of Washington.*

ELIZABETH SQUIRRELL.

Those who have read the *Autobiography of Elizabeth Squirell* will remember the frequent mysterious injury of a glass, which occurred without visible agency.

The Rev. W. A. Norton, M.A., rector of Alderton and Eyke, in Suffolk, published a pamphlet at the time in vindication of Elizabeth Squirell. Speaking of the glass, she said to him:—“It is sacred to me in answer to prayer. It has pleased the Lord from the commencement of my affliction, to manifest Himself by immediate and very striking answers to prayer. . . I believe the glass to be an answer to my prayer, for it was first heard to ring when I was earnestly pleading for inlets of light. The glass has rung many times, signally, during times of prayer, and it has never been known to ring but when the mind has been engaged on the most sacred subjects, or when I have been describing the most joyous radiance of what I saw, or when conversing on heaven. . . I have not the slightest power in

causing its manifestation. It is altogether a matter of uncertainty. It has rung thus in answer to any earnest petition offered up by me, or my parents, or friends, touching such points as the following:—A petition that I might be supported has been answered in that manner; and my parents have informed me that when praying for support, comfort, direction, and guidance, it has repeatedly been heard to sound or ring. I ask none to credit it. . . It deeply distresses me that what I *know* is a supernatural and heavenly sign, or approval of prayer, should be considered as bordering on the absurd." Of the sceptics, she pertinently asks:—"Are you prepared to believe what the Word of God says, that the angels of God *encamp* around those that fear Him? What can be more expressive?" Reverting to the glass, she says:—"I feel it to be so nearly connected with myself and eternity, that I cannot possibly talk of it in a trivial manner, nor answer trivial and unmeaning questions regarding it. I am not bound to be accountable for it. I know not whether it will ever ring again. . . It is during moments of retirement and devotion, when there has been little to excite the mind, when the whole soul has been attracted to God by the multiplicity of its wants and sorrows, it is *then* that this manifestation has come. It is not as a regular occurrence, or as a casual and vulgar incident, that it comes, but in peculiar exigencies and moments of solicitude."

Correspondence.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS AND THEIR CIRCLES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I am sorry to find that Mrs. Berry, from the use she has made of a quotation from my letter published in your January number, has entirely failed to understand the position I there assumed, and having so failed, has brought against me a charge which, if it were well-founded, would be a very serious one indeed.

I could not, even if I would, emulate Mrs. Berry in the long list of her exploits in the Spiritualistic arena; there is only one Mrs. Berry; but I will remind that lady that, about the time that she was obliged, unfortunately through ill-health, to retire from her public though self-imposed labours, I was one of those who, in conjunction with my aunt, Mrs. Edmiston, first started the Saturday Evening *Séances* for Spiritualists, which have since become so famous, at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, and that we helped to support them by our presence and by the introduction of numerous friends, for the greater part of the time that Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams remained in partnership.

With regard to my position towards mediums, and my "attempt to defame" their character, I will simply refer Mrs. Berry to all the chief mediums in London, the greater number of whom I count among my personal friends. It is true that I do not now often attend their *séances*, because I am called to work in another direction, and I cannot afford the time even for that kind of relaxa-

tion, but I have not found that any medium has doubted my good-will on that account.

In discussing the question of the desirability of promoting circles which should be open to *all* enquirers, I spoke from the stand-point of the outside public, who, in their ignorance of professional mediums and their manifestations, entertain a degree of prejudice against them which no amount of reasoning or persuasion will overcome. The necessity of providing the public with a guarantee of good faith, as in the circles held some four years ago by Mrs. Berry, but which now no longer exist, is exactly the point insisted upon in my letter, and I cannot help thinking that Spiritualists will some day feel it their duty to "go out and teach this people," not only by lectures and services, but by supplying them with the means of practical investigation, on some more extended scale than that at present furnished by the local societies.

A motion to this effect, then before the Council of the British National Association, led to the correspondence with Mr. Newton Crosland, and to a powerful remonstrance in the *Spiritualist* newspaper, which was responded to by many of our most experienced leaders, and the consideration of the subject by the Council was in consequence postponed *sine die*.

Whether the motion was only premature, or altogether a mistake, I am not at present prepared to say. If the want continues to be felt and to grow more and more, no doubt the supply will spring up. In the meantime we must watch the signs of the times; it is better to err on the side of caution than on that of over-hastiness; above all, we must endeavour to avoid bringing disrepute on the sacred name of Spiritualism, whether by quarrels among ourselves, by ill-timed zeal in proselytising, by ill-conducted circles, or by a too blind confidence in those who, however wonderfully gifted, are subject to error like other mortals, and have power to raise or to injure, in proportion to the greatness of their powers, the cause in which, consciously or unconsciously, they are called to labour.

Yours faithfully,

EMILY KISLINGBURY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I am sure when the mediums read Mrs. Berry's "defence" of them in your last number, they must have cried "Save us from our friend." Mrs. Berry beats the air. No one has attempted to "defame the character of mediums"—has made any "charge," or in any way spoken against them. Mrs. Berry has ridiculously misunderstood Miss Kislingbury, and, unintentionally I am sure, done her very great injustice.

It is not to be expected that anything Miss Kislingbury or anyone else may write will produce any effect on Mrs. Berry: yet it seems desirable that some one should reply, in order to correct the possible evil effects of her aberrations on some few of your readers. I therefore beg you to allow me a few words.

Mrs. Berry's flat contradiction, as to the fact that without the observance of certain conditions, you will get no manifestations at an ordinary *séance*, however good the medium, must go for what it is worth. No Spiritualist requires to be informed that she is entirely in the wrong.

It is well known that when Mrs. Berry is present at a *séance* it is quite unnecessary for the medium to "ask for conditions;" but Mrs. Berry may yet be aware that at *séances* for inexperienced enquirers, the medium, or some Spiritualist present, invariably states certain conditions as necessary to be observed. Mrs. Berry has been so long a Spiritualist that these have become to her mere axioms, so that she religiously observes them herself, and enforces them on others, without remembering that they *are* conditions. If at the remarkable *séance* she records she had put the mediums in a strong light, with all the doors and windows open, in full view of all the sitters, and held by three or four of them, I think they *would* have "asked for conditions," or else the manifestations which took place would not have done so. I should have thought that anybody would have understood that this was what Miss Kislingbury meant; as it was clearly all that was necessary for her argument. As to inviting mediums to one's own

house and paying them their (very heavy) fees, many earnest enquirers are not in a position to do either the one or the other, as Miss Kislingbury, indeed, mentioned in her letter. These seemed to her sufficient reasons for proposing what, after all, is, in principle, precisely what Mrs. Berry herself did in conducting public *séances* at 15, Southampton Row.

Mrs. Berry professes to know little of Miss Kislingbury. She has evidently forgotten a good deal of what she did know; and if she *wants* to know anything about her she has only to enquire of the mediums of London, and she will find that Miss Kislingbury is almost as well known to them, and perhaps quite as much loved by them as herself—and this not without good cause.

Mrs. Berry's back-hander at the National Association, and her implication that the honorary secretaries thereof are in the habit of inviting, of their own motion, persons to join the Council, are not worthy of her, and do not, I think, call for further notice.

Yours faithfully,

ALGERNON JOY.

38, James Street, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.
21st March, 1875.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I am sure you will permit me to put Mr. Crossland right as to my meaning. It was not I, but Socrates, who declared that all he knew was that he knew nothing; and it was for this that he supposed the Oracle pronounced him to be the wisest of men. But it is not clear what Socrates did really mean by this assertion; he could not surely refer to any knowledge but that of causation? as when I say to Mr. Crossland that nature *fundamentally* considered is profoundly mystical and incomprehensible, and to the human understanding, as it were, miraculous, and that we can have no *a priori* knowledge of nature, but only judge of it by what it does; which is very different from what Mr. C. misrepresents me as having affirmed. And what I have said is what all profound thinkers have asserted in all times, down to Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and the rest, in our own day, and what is affirmed by Bacon in his first aphorism, that "Man knows no more than he has observed of the order of nature and of the mind, and that more he neither knows nor can know." Tyndall said "the matter at bottom is essentially mystical and transcendental;" and if Nature was miraculously created it is altogether miraculous, and there is no need of the distinction, and Mr. Crossland's "supposed guardian angel" delivering his letter would not be essentially different from the postman delivering the letter, and the spirit out of the body would be as natural as when it was in the body. Anyhow, since we are profoundly ignorant as to what may or may not belong to Nature, it must be almost impossible to prove a miracle. Now in Mr. Brevior's Essay, to which he refers me, what can he mean by "a mechanical arrangement of atoms?" Surely the power arranging the atoms, and the principle on which they are arranged, is not mechanism? and Professor Owen said with Newton, that whatever the power in Nature may be, at any rate it is not mechanical; and if mind is not the function of the brain, but of a spiritual body, the same obscurity is present to us of the conscious phenomena coming from a body which is not consciousness; in fact, in either case, it must be automatically produced, as Sir William Hamilton pointed out. For consciousness is not a thing or substance in itself, nor is it self-created, but appears after a process of organisation as a consequence, just as the light and heat of our fire comes of the black lumps of coal. I appeal, as Bacon would, to the *order* of development, and Spiritualism will gain nothing by confounding fact.

Mr. Crossland wants me to utilize the facts of Spiritualism to some special purpose; to which I reply, that the facts still accumulate, and we are not yet in a position for scientific inductions. The rainbow was a "tremendous fact," and supposed for ages to be miraculous, and it was only the other day that it

was analyzed and explained; and why such greedy haste? It would only be kind in Mr. Crosland to leave a little for those to discover who shall come after him, as Kepler left his observations for Newton to generalise; but I refer to the matter purely from a scientific point of view, reserving the facts for "a special scientific purpose." Yes, the rainbow is an instance in point. "There was an awful rainbow once in heaven," sang the poet Keats, and lamented that it was now reduced to a natural phenomenon;—that "philosophy would clip an angel's wings;" but we must investigate the nature of spirits, said Bacon, in the same way that we investigate the nature of anything else; and hence there will be a science of spirits, as well as of religion; and Max Muller, we know, has lectured, at the Royal Institution, on the science of religion; and these men will come to an agreement as to the essence and true meaning of religion; and, I think, we shall find that the spirit out of the body is no more "a link" than the spirit in the body—that the religious sentiment towards a beneficent, wise, just and Supreme Being is the same in both cases.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

EVIL POSSESSION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—A recent number of your journal, second series, detailed a curious instance of supposed demoniacal possession, witnessed by Mr. W. Howitt, when Mr. D. Home was present. The volume in the British Museum Library, which contains Mr. Howitt's poem on the funeral of Lord Byron, A.D., 1824, marked T. 1060, also contains a singular paper upon a presumed case of similar "possession." A man named George Lukins, of Yatton, was the subject, and "who was exorcised by seven ministers in Temple Church, Bristol, and by eight other serious persons." The verity of this case is certified by a priest who signed his name as W. R. Wild, of Wrington. This curious case occurred in the month of June, 1788, and is described in the said volume. Mr. Robert Chambers has stated that the final case of alleged evil possession in Scotland, was that of a daughter of George, second and final Lord Ross. A person living A.D., 1824, asserted that he had seen this girl clamber up to the top of a four-post bed like a cat. During her fits it was difficult to restrain her violence. About the same time Lord Kinnaird's daughter had the faculty of second-sight. One day during divine service in Glasgow High Church, she fainted, and on her recovery she declared that when Lady Janet Dundas, a daughter of Lord Lauderdale, entered the pew with Miss Dundas, she saw the latter, "as it were in a shroud gathered at her neck and upon her head." This Miss Dundas so alleged to be seen died shortly afterwards.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Swalcliffe, Oxon, 18th Jan., 1875.

CHR. COOKE.

TO C. L. V. T.

NATURE, Art, Inspiration, all combine
 In thy clear utterance of truth divine:
 So simple, eloquent, with native grace
 Evolving thought from thought, yet with no trace
 Of tawdry rhetoric; as in a brook,
 Making low music, wherein as we look,
 We see reflected moon and stars and sky;
 And almost touch them with our hand, so nigh.
 Yet not the brook, but the deep booming sea,
 Embracing heaven and earth, like great Eternity,
 Best images thy ever wondrous theme—
 The soul of man and the Great Soul Supreme.
 Ah me! the faith once dear is dying out:
 God prosper thee in this our age of doubt! T. S.