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NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY

# THE DANCERS, SHAKERS, AND JUMPERS.

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PART II.


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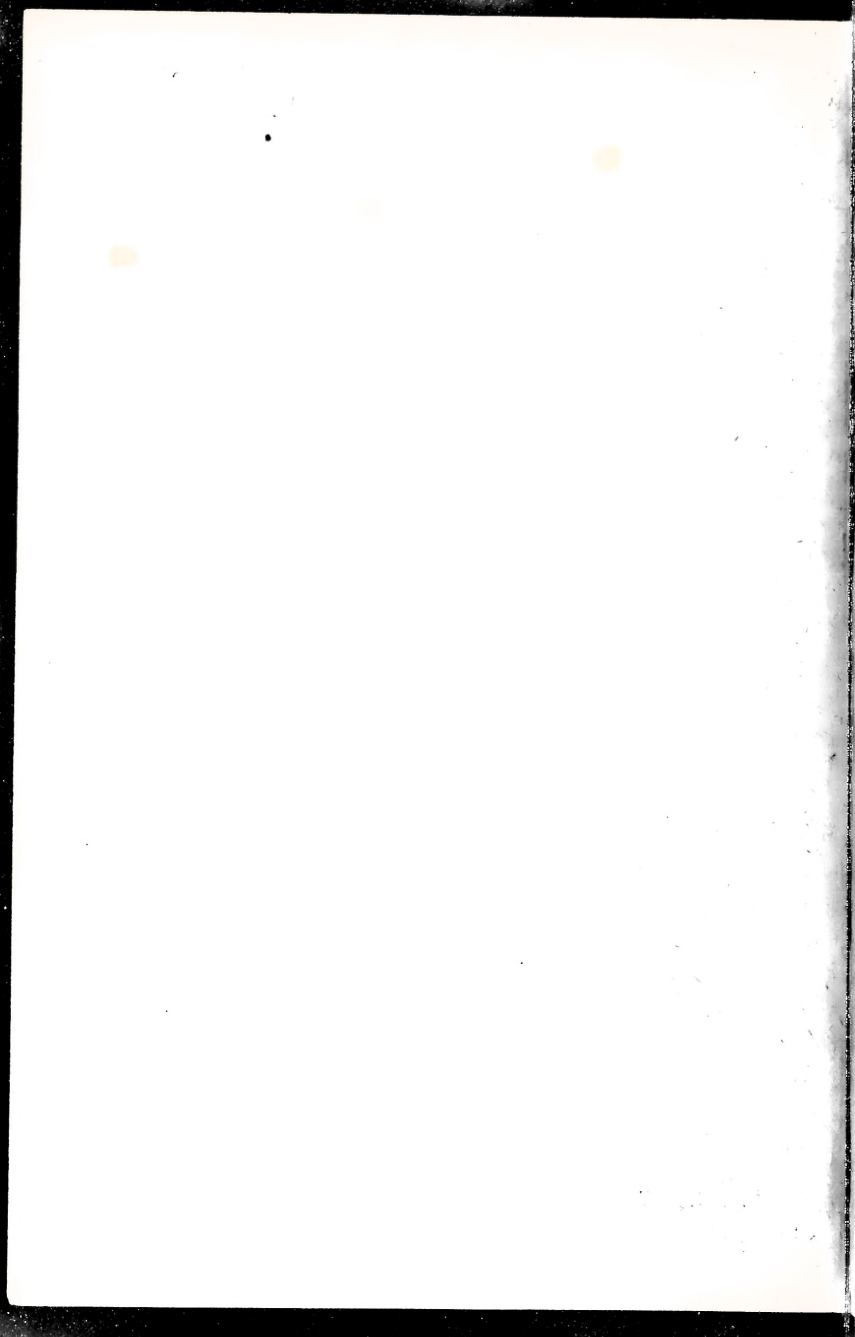
BY  
SALADIN.

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# THE DANCERS, SHAKERS, AND JUMPERS.

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## PART II.

THE best jumping for God's sake that modern times has produced has been found among the mountains of Wales. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, about the year 1760, became so elated at their prospects of being taken into Abraham's bosom, or Sarah's, that they adopted the practice of "jumping, accompanied by loud exclamations of praise, during the solemnisation of public worship." From their adoption of this practice, the Welsh Methodists earned and bore the soubriquet of *Fumpers*. He who jumped highest and screeched most frantically was, of course, he upon whom the "holy spirit" had been most liberally poured. What a saintly Taffy he must have been who could utter a roof-rending yell and leap over the head of his Beetle, cracking his heels together in the air as he did so!

Welsh Jumperism was jumping on its last legs when a sudden and unexpected accession to the power and longevity of Jumperism appeared in the person of Mary Ann Girling. This saint and hierarch belongs to the same class and has shared the same educational advantages as did her predecessor, "Ann the Word."

It is now about a quarter of a century since Mary Ann ran away from her lawful husband, Girling, and committed sanctified bigamy with the person who had his feet wiped with Mary Magdalene's hair. Mary Ann does not now know where her lawful husband is; she does not even know whether he is dead or alive. One of her sons by this husband, a devout yokel of about

thirty, still hangs on by the holy petticoats of his mamma; and how many sons and daughters she has borne to her second husband, the Lord, I know not; for the Girlingite Jumpers are a queer community, who have all things in common. Numbers of the younger saints are sceptics as to who was their mamma, and are absolute agnostics as to who was their daddy; but I have my doubts as to whether Mary Ann Girling's second husband, J. Christ, formerly of Bethlehem, is daddy to any of them.

Mary Ann Girling is believed by herself and her followers to be the bride of Christ; and it is further believed that she will never die, but that Christ will come down from heaven for her with considerable fuss and take her up to live with him on his seat at his father's right hand. How the father will get along with his astonishing daughter-in-law I will not presume to conjecture.

If Christ really does mean to come and take Girling's runaway wife home to his celestial lodgings, I should venture to suggest that he lose no time in doing so. It is a shame to keep the affianced bride of a personage so illustrious living under the wet and flapping canvas of a tent in the New Forest, while in his father's house there are so many mansions. I have thirteen of the letters of Lady Christ before me on the table as I write, all written with her own heavenly hand and spelt with her own heavenly spelling; and the burden of them all is that she is "The Lamb's Wife," and that she is mortally hard up for a five-pound note. I do not think it is right of the Lamb—he must be an obdurate old tup—to keep his wife in such a state of illiteracy and indigence. A specimen of the thirteen letters I will quote before I have done with this subject, and I will not presume to alter a single orthographical mannerism in the epistles of a lady so distinguished as "the Lamb's Wife," but give them "just as they are without one plea." One reason why I should urge upon "the Lamb" that he pull the briars out of his wool, polish up his incipient horns, flourish his tail, and frisk down to Tiptoe, Hordle, for his bride, is that brides, at her time of life, do not improve in appearance. For all marital

purposes, the Lamb's Mary Ann is already a tough morsel, and a few years more at Tiptoe, Hordle, is likely to make her tougher still. Even so, Lord Jesus ; come quickly. The nearest railway station is Lymington. If you have your angelic wings, you may use them ; if not, being a Lamb, you can come by cattle-truck for next to nothing.

The Girlingite Jumpers jumped with more or less success at Walworth and elsewhere before they finally settled down at Hordle, in the New Forest. Their welcome to Hordle by the inhabitants thereof was not by any means cordial, and it is doubtful if they would have been able to have settled down at all but for the protection afforded to them by one or two liberal-minded gentlemen of the neighbourhood, most conspicuous among whom was the Hon. Auberon Herbert, brother of the Earl of Carnarvon, and whose residence of Arnwood is in the vicinity of Lymington and Hordle. It must not be for a moment understood that Auberon Herbert had a particle of sympathy with the doctrines of Mrs. Girling and her following of ignorant enthusiasts ; but it seemed to him unjust that, in a land teeming with unspeakable absurdities in the Black-Beetle line, the youngest and least-befriended of these absurdities should not have fair play.

The following, which I reproduce from a small printed pamphlet, is the manifesto of the Girlingite Jumpers, and from it the reader will be able to discern the outlines of the creed which still holds together a number of devotees and puts in its claim among the thousands of religious sects which have each their band of adherents in the world of to-day :—

#### THE CLOSE OF THE DISPENSATION.

##### *The Last Message to the Church and the World.*

Children, hear your Mother's call—

There was a time in the history of the world when God, the Great Spirit, took a woman's body and formed out of her flesh and blood a male child. He grew up to manhood, and God, the great Father-and-Mother Spirit, dwelt in Him on earth. From His childhood he was acknowledged to be the Son of God, and He was also the son of woman ; so that he was both male and female, but

only the male form was seen. Yet he was God-father and God-mother, or, in other words, Lord God.

When He grew up to man's estate He declared Himself to be the Father, plainly telling He was the Lord God dwelling among them. But they only saw Him as a man, with a few exceptions, and they were afraid to tell who he was for fear of the people; for when He told them who He was they sought to destroy Him, because He said He was God; which at last was accomplished, and they crucified that body which was made of a woman; they could not crucify the Spirit, that not being a substance. After they had crucified His body God the Spirit raised it up again and glorified it by Himself, so it looked more beautiful than before.

Then He revealed Himself to some who had seen Him crucified, and they recognised Him and knew that it was the same body which had been crucified, now glorified, and in His glorification see him both male and female, or, as declared, both Lord and God in one; but yet, only the shape of man was seen.

After he had so clearly revealed himself unto many he took that same body up to heaven with him, exactly as it had been crucified and afterwards raised up by the Spirit.

From the time he took that body into heaven until now he has only revealed himself to the people by his own spiritual presence and his power, as he had done before he took upon himself a body of flesh and blood; or, at least, there have been but a few who have ever seen him. His body remained in heaven from the time he ascended until about twenty-three years ago, when the fulness of his time had come for the same Jesus, the God-father and the God-mother (which had remained both in one until then) to give out of himself the mother part of that which was once a body of flesh and blood and had been crucified. When he gave out of himself the God-mother life it was celestial, and was then called the Bride, the great city of light coming out of heaven from God; and it was God come out from the Lord God. It was the celestial God-mother, Life, the female part, or the *love life*, that which once was woman life.

This life was brilliantly adorned as a bride for her husband; yet it had no form or substance, being only the celestial life, the God love, the female part.

The male part retained his celestial and terrestrial body complete, even after he gave out of himself the life as a bride, but his celestial and terrestrial body were one. The celestial had changed the terrestrial into celestial before he gave out of himself the God-mother life.

Now, when the God love came as a bride she must have a terrestrial body of flesh and blood, in woman's form, so that she might be complete as God-mother in shape, as the male part was complete as God-father.

It pleased the Lord God, called Jesus, the Father supreme, to take the body of the woman called by name Mary Ann Girling to be the terrestrial habitation for the celestial God-mother love life to dwell in, the same life that Jesus gave out of himself, and to make the terrestrial body of the woman the perfect form of his

bride. Her body contains the celestial life which came out of God from heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, may I ask the whole human family, as my children, if they have any pleasure in my suffering for them any longer? This may reach the whole world, and as each one lays it before God in prayer He will bear witness to it by giving each the divine evidence of its truth, even in their true and holy relationship with him, even he, the God-father and God-mother, known by name as

JESUS FIRST AND LAST  
(*Mary Ann Girling*).

Tiptoe, Hordle,  
Near Lymington, Hants, 1883.

Mary Ann Girling claims that she writes to the dictation of the Holy Spirit. If that be true, the Holy Ghost does not possess much of the literary faculty, and is not likely to distinguish himself as an author. Albeit, in the foregoing, somebody has helped the Ghost very considerably with his spelling, as will be observed on comparing the manifesto with an autograph letter which will follow. What deep cavern in Tophet will await him who had the presumption to correct the spelling of Omniscience?

And now I have to deal with the lady who signs herself "Jesus First and Last, Mary Ann Girling." The visionary phase of mental aberration which has originated all formulated religions is not extinct; and I make bold to say that no better type of the founder of a religious sect could be found in the whole range of history than the seer of visions and dreamer of dreams who writes her puerile rhapsodies from Tiptoe, Hordle, which, if Mrs. Girling had only lived a few centuries earlier, instead of being a hamlet that nobody has ever heard of, would have been one of history's hierarchical centres, like Jerusalem, Mecca, or Benares.

The handwriting of Mrs. Girling (we have thirteen of her autograph letters before us) is exactly of the order of that of the Cat-and-Ladleites who, when I first began to lay my hand upon the helm of this journalistic Argosy, were wont to write to me to give me gratuitous instructions as to how to edit, and who used to emphasise their advice by the minatory clause that they would cease to subscribe if I did not follow their directions. In short, the handwriting of Mrs. Girling, the female part of

Jehovah Nissi, is the handwriting of Sarah the maid-servant; and, as all the world knows, the handwriting of Sarah the maid-servant is that of a drunken spider who has tumbled into the ink and staggered across the foolscap, leaving his awful cryptographs behind him. If Mrs. Girling be really "the female part of God," as she asserts—and with quite as much warranty as the carpenter of Nazareth asserted that he was the son of God—bad handwriting may possibly run in the whole family of Father, Son, Ghost, and Girling. For I have observed that handwriting frequently does run in families, all the members of the family of Muggeridge, for instance, writing well, and all the family of Higgins writing execrably.

The spelling of the female part of God is most accursed. But, as I subjoin a specimen, I will allow her orthography to speak for itself. Some may ask why I give such raving rubbish at all. Let me assure such that there is much wisdom in giving it. Tame and turgid though it be, inane and insane though it appear, the epistolary correspondence of Female-part-of-God-Girling is of deep significance to the psychological student, and to him who is prepared to follow up the stream of Devotion till he find its inevitable source between the mountain peaks of Ignorance and Insanity.

I am well aware that I may be branded as sacrilegious and irreverent when I state, as a mere psychological fact quite remote from prejudice or bias, that Jesus Christ himself belonged to precisely the same mental and moral type as does Mrs. Girling. He shared with her the same generous hallucinations, the same kind of irascible amiability, and the same kind of crass ignorance which rushes forward to dogmatise and assert where knowledge pauses to speculate and wonder. It is a far cry chronologically, but certainly not ethnologically, between the seamless garment of Jesus and the homely drugget of Girling—between the haddock-fishers of Galilee and the rustics of Tiptoe, Hordle; yet they are linked together by an unbroken chain of moral sympathy, an inexorable destiny. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and Judea sounds more sacred than Hampshire; but which of them is the more sacred, if we could take away alike the halo



of legend and romance from the tangled vines of the one and the turnip-fields of the other? I have never seen anything to lead me to infer that Jesus was not as ignorant as Girling; and, if I could get hold of his real letters (not his forged letter to Abgarus), assuming that he could write at all, I question whether he would be found to spell one whit better than Girling does. He lived in an age of Ignorance; she lives in an age of comparative Intelligence. The flash of his fanatical enthusiasm set fire to the dry tinder of surrounding credulity; the blaze of her religious phrenzy fails to ignite the damp brushwood of environing scepticism. Each has to suffer according to the form and fashion of the time in which they live—Girling is neglected; Christ was crucified.

Say you: "But Jesus was of a higher type of intelligence than Girling." I ask you to produce your evidence to support your allegation. Christ, as we know him, is only what his biographers make of him. In the first three gospels he is simply a well-meaning but uneducated preaching mechanic; in the Fourth Gospel he develops into a mystical Logos, a metaphysical shadow flung upon the curtain of Neo-Platonism. Let the tiara of royalty, the sceptre of empire, and the wealth and erudition take Girling by the hand as they ultimately took Jesus, and her voice will yet shake the welkin and her petticoat overshadow the world. The original Jesus of the first three Gospels has long been lost sight of. Like the victim in ancient story, out of compliment, his warriors have flung their shields upon him till they have crushed him to death. Scholarship has heaped her mountain of dry bones upon the poor Galilean, who was no scholar; and preachers and commentators in thousands have woven their esoterics and their subtleties round the name and over the few recorded sayings of the simple-minded son of Mary. Make it the interest of some Constantine and some St. Augustine to do for Girling what they did for Jesus, and see what Girlingism would be under the purple of empire and the cowl of monasticism. If it were the interests of even a single scholar, of the type of our own Julian, to write learned notes and commentaries on these illiterate effusions of Girling, and some benevolent admirer were found who would build a Beetle

house and salary a Beetle, heaven only knows how or when Girlingism would end. For some other learned pundit would write to controvert Julian, and another would write to reconcile the doctrines held respectively by Julian and his opponent, and others in dozens, especially if it paid as Christianity did, would rush into the polemical conflict with all the thousand side-lights and cross-fires of controversy. Meanwhile a few martyrs for the isms insisted upon by certain of the leading disputants would perish at the stake, and a hundred *Secular Reviews* toiling for a hundred years would not rid the world of Girlingism. Poor Jesus would simply open wide his dark lustrous eyes and let fall his jaw in dumb-founded astonishment at the subtlety and learning of Augustine and Tertullian alone, never to speak of the thousands of philosophers and divines who have explained that which needed no explanation till it required ten thousand explanations to explain the explanation. This is the way religious systems are built up. Jesus would do for the centre of one, so would Girling; and, if properly manipulated, a good broom-stick would do nearly as well as either.

Here is a letter, *verbatim et literatim*, from the Holy Ghost through his amanuensis, Mary Ann:—

tiptoe Hordle near Lymington Hants.

Son beloved of the Lord

As you so kindly ofered to send the Lord £5. 0. 0

the Lord direct me to ask you if you have forgot to send it to  
him

as God your Holy farther always expect when any thing is Promised to him that his beloved children meen what they say

Or have you changed your mind and *think* as many do that it is better to use (*Gods*) silver and Gold to build Temples of stone and Bricks and mortar that can never returne the gratitude to *him*. for they cannot ether see or hear or feel and yet thousands are expended upon them dayly while the *true* and liveing Temples of God are left to suffer the want of the common nessaries of human Life

I writ this in Obedence to the true and holy spirit of god the great farther of you all trusting the love of Honesty of hart towards him whom you look for so goyfully will lead you to answer it. for I love him to dearly to see him dishonerd by any meens that can be Prevented and thinking it forgitfulness on your part in the Multitude of thoughts and Business

Yours most respectfully

MARY ANN GIRLING

The Lord formerly had Mary, and "the other Mary," and ever so many other Maries, one of whom was ornamented in the inside with seven devils, and now he has got "Ann the Word" and Mary An Girling. This last "An," who is too frugal to waste two *n*'s on her name, is wonderfully useful to the Lord in looking after his petty cash, as will be seen from the above epistle. It is apparently no joke to owe the Lord £5 when he commits the collecting of it into the hands of An of Tiptoe, Hordle. There are thirteen fearfully-written and terribly-spelt letters before me, and they are all about gentle Jesus and this irrepressible £5.

The "Holy farther" must be in rather low water when he is permitting his female part, An, to kick up such a fuss about the sum of £5. Perhaps he is hard up for some new pen-feathers for his left wing, or a good kid glove for his right hand at which his son sits in such glory, with a halo or hoop round his head. I hope my Secular friend, to whose courtesy I am indebted for the sight of the letters, sent on the money. It grieves me to think of a penniless and destitute God trudging about "the sweet fields of Eden" with dilapidated boots, and his stockings not neighbours, and advising his female part, An, to say, in the deep pathos of indigent simplicity: "The Lord direct me to ask you if you have forgot to send it to him." The Omniscient does not know whether the debtor has forgotten to pay, and wants to know. Application is made to An to illumine the ignorance of Omniscience.

An does not say how she is going to remit the money to her poor destitute deity. Is there any ready way of sending a crossed cheque from Tiptoe, Hordle, to Heaven? Possibly An herself may spend it in "this poor perishing world," and, somehow or other, account for it to the "Holy farther" when she goes aloft and joins the "souls of just men made perfect" and the sanctified beasts of the Apocalypse. "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," so possibly what is gin for An may be gelt for Jehovah; and no man knoweth what glory awaits you in heaven if here on earth you have given the poor a shilling to get drunk with. I have paid in poor rates many a pound I could ill spare, and

have thereby lent to the Lord. He will have a tidy account to settle with me some day ; but I understand from the parson that the Lord has also some entries against me, which it may be a trifle difficult for me to square up, and which may occasion some dispute as to the climate of my everlasting lodgings.

Meantime the painfully-impressive words, "The Lord direct me to ask you if you have forgot to send it to him," thrills the tenderest chord of my sympathy. I must sell some back numbers of the *Secular Review*, and send the proceeds at once to An of Tiptoe, Hordle, with an urgent request that it may be immediately forwarded to the kingdom of heaven. Is impecunious and destitute Deity wandering about in the New Jerusalem with ragged pants, that hardly cover his hurdies, that he advises so urgently the collection of £5 by his glorious Mary An of Tiptoe, Hordle ?

One of these days he may present himself at the door of the Lambeth Workhouse, and, when asked who he is, may reply : "I was your God till yesterday ; but I am insolvent and ruined. I had outstanding debts to the amount of £5, and I entrusted the collection of the same to my friend, Mary An, and she cannot get a stiver." We shall never thoroughly realise the significance of allowing things to come to such a pass till, some morning, the earth stands stock-still, God no longer being in heaven to keep it birling round with unremitting kicks from his great toe.

The following account of his visit to Mrs. Girling has been communicated to me by my friend Virtus :—

"As you are dealing with religious dancing manias in your 'At Random' notes, I may as well give you a short account of what I saw and heard at the Shaker's camp at Hordle, near Lymington, in the New Forest, some seven or eight years ago.

"I may first mention that, although of late not much has been heard of Mother Girling and her followers, yet some few years back they were occasionally brought prominently into public notice by their reverses and other circumstances. The wolves, profiting by a State-paid system of absurdities and superstitions, not really less

contemptible, being jealous of the attractions offered by these poor Shakers, did all they could to remove the rivals by taking petty legal proceedings against them.

"It was while on an autumn visit with friends at Brockenhurst that my host there kindly proposed that his son should drive me over to the Shakers' camp on a Sunday morning—a distance of six miles. Nearing the place, we passed little parties, chiefly women, who were also on their way to the Hordle camp for morning worship, with whom my young friend and jarvey wag cracked some very queer jokes, which were evidently appreciated, and no less readily than rudely parried. All this was, of course, without my approval.

"Our journey was completed in about half an hour, and I found within an enclosure adjoining the high road a few slight erections, conspicuous among which was the chapel. This was a wooden structure, but well proportioned and well constructed, and capable perhaps of seating about 150 persons. At the further end was a gallery or platform, reached by two little flights of stairs. This was already well filled by about forty men, women, and children, members of the camp, all looking clean and decently dressed. Sitting together, with a very small harmonium in their midst, were some fresh-coloured and rather good-looking young women and several men-singers, the latter being of ages from about thirty to forty-five. I was particularly struck with the apparently intelligent expression of some of these men's faces. I had been told that a gentleman of the Isle of Wight—a person of means—had recently joined the community, leaving his wife and children behind him. The gallery, then, was devoted to the members of the camp, the body of the room to outside members and other worshippers. Moveable seats, with railed backs, were placed upon the floor, with a middle passage-way, and with space enough in front of the stage for dancing, etc. We had not long taken our places with the congregation of simple country people assembled when proceedings commenced. The general form of the service was much the same as that usually followed at other conventicles. The singing—very rude and primitive—was still far superior to similar performances that I have many times heard at Methodist

and other country Bethels—less split-throat and excruciating. The first hymn over, one of the men came to the front and addressed a prayer to the Deity, presumed to be present, in a most familiar fashion and in execrable English.

“But now another hymn, and Mother Girling steps forward and gives out a text. During a rigmarole, extending over three quarters of an hour, not the slightest reference is made to the text. The whole thing is a miserable effort to string together doggerel rhymes. If the nonsense could be said to mean anything at all, it amounted to this: ‘We only are God’s people; yield to my warnings and be saved, doubt and go to hell.’ To say that I never heard anything so stupidly absurd, rambling, and nonsensical would perhaps be saying too much, remembering what I have heard during my time from country Methodist locals. But, after about ten minutes of this, the prophetess descended into the space below, being carefully assisted by the man who had prayed. She now appeared to be in a mesmerised state, with her eyes closed. She groped her way slowly up the narrow passage, turned into the opening in which my friends and I sat, and stood for a considerable time, with her petticoats so close to my knees to be anything but agreeable. She had evidently ‘spotted’ us, and hoped to make some impression, probably having a thought of our pockets. But Mrs. Girling had found her way back to the platform, rhyming all the while, when one of the girls appeared to have fallen into a kind of swoon, setting up a most unearthly and unmusical howl as she attempted to sing. Now, Mrs. Girling interprets the guttural and inarticulate sounds of the girl. This is interrupted by another of the girls descending the stairs and commencing to dance. A little old woman—an outsider—springs forward, and, hugging the girl, joins in the *dance*. This produces a most ridiculous and laughable effect; but it is not long continued before one of the men descends and enters upon an extravagantly vigorous performance. In an open letter to Mr. S. Morley, M.P., which appeared in the *Secular Review* of December 20th last, I have alluded to this dance as a hornpipe; but it was really a simple hob-nail dance, consisting of one

figure only, a bang of the left foot followed by a double-stroke with the right-heel and flat-foot. During this rough and noisy feat a sympathetic rustic near me said: 'I've a know'den peep et op ber drie quarters of a hower.' This performance and the orthodox singing and prayer brought up the close. The dancing did not surprise me so much, as I understood in my early days the diversion was more or less commonly practised by the Ranters in my native county of Somersetshire. Having to drive over six miles of very rough road to our dinner, I was unable to seek any conversation either with Mother Girling or any of her followers, which I much regretted. She is a tall, spare woman, well up in years, but looking (she was at that time) much younger at a distance, having plenty of black hair, and this worn over the neck at the back, and confined by neither bonnet nor cap. How the camp is maintained I am unable to say; but I presume that they are principally supported by soft people, and, possibly, to an extent that we should think scarcely credible; for what craze does not find adherents? Of the private and domestic relations of the persons forming the camp I, of course, cannot speak, except that they are said to disavow any distinction of sex. There is neither male nor female in Jesus Christ. I ought to mention that during the summer months the village and camp are enlivened by parties coming from far and near in waggonettès and vehicles of almost every kind, and that during this more cheering season the doings at the *services* are of a more vigorous character."

And so goes round the whirligig of the world. If Virtus had lived some eighteen centuries ago, and had visited Christ at Capernaum instead of Girling at Hordle, and had furnished a descriptive account like the foregoing, his would have been the guerdon of immortal renown; the auriole of the saint would have blazed round his head; canonised, if not, indeed, apotheosised, millions of tongues would have invoked his name for his intercessory help in their appeals to God; cathedrals would be dedicated to his glory, and myriads of candles would light up the splendour upon the thousand altars consecrated to St. Minson of Tooting.

But far otherwise is the fate of our single-hearted friend and his descriptive record. He went out into the wilderness to see a reed shaken with the wind. He saw "Jesus First and Last, Mary Ann Girling;" but the day of Jesuses is over: the old ones are dying, and the new ones meet with neglect and derision. And the record of Virtus simply reads like an account of a visit to a crazy woman, instead of sounding like the rattle of sacred thunder which should herald the epiphany of God. Saints forbend that religion proper should ever die; but it will flourish all the more majestically and sublimely when theology and sacerdotalism are no more; when, in all civilised lands, the religious dogmas and religious ceremonials of the past can be learnt only from volumes of antiquarian lore, and by peering under the glass cases in historical museums. Some antiquary may yet, in daring metaphor, describe the religious section of his museum as the umbilical cord of the world *in utero*.

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## THE SECULAR REVIEW:

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