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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.
HANS ENGELBRECHT.

THE terms mystic and mystical have come to be generally regarded almost wholly in an unfavourable sense. In the minds of practical Englishmen especially, they excite feelings of mistrust and repugnance. The reason of this we need not go far to seek. The name has so often been applied to writers whose meaning, if they have had any, has been so cloudy and obscure, that "mystical" has come to be regarded by many as a synonyme for "unintelligible." But here, as in most things, we must discriminate. Obscurity, no doubt, often arises simply from confusion of thought, from want of clear perception, or from lack of proper arrangement or fitting expression of the ideas to be conveyed; but it may also arise from the very nature of the subject-matter. Assuming that there is a spiritual world, the Materialist himself will admit that it must be extremely difficult for any language to convey to us clear and definite ideas of supersensual things. So utterly different in kind must that world be from all our present surroundings and conditions, that the moulds of language into which these ideas should flow, and which should represent them, do not exist. There is no fitting body with which they can be clothed and appear to us. And if we further assume that there are persons who, under special conditions, may, as to their spirits, be intromitted into the inner world during their existence on earth, however clear may be their perceptions of that world, yet, when they come to speak of them, they must be in a similar condition to the missionaries who, when they would discourse to certain savage tribes of gratitude and obligation, find that these people are destitute of all words that could express these ideas. All that the seer can do is to dimly shadow forth his visions in symbols and correspondences, as the blind man newly restored to sight sought to convey his impression of the colour of scarlet by comparing it to the sound

of a trumpet. And the more limited is the seer's knowledge of things and his faculty of language, the less likely is he to employ those natural correspondences and forms of expression which would be best adapted to convey in pictured parables the things which have been disclosed to his spiritual vision. Those books of Scripture which are the most spiritual, are also the most mystical—the farthest removed from the apprehensions of the natural mind, for spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned; but that there are latent faculties in our nature which can over-

This bank and shoal of Time,

and which, being in themselves spiritual and divine, can come into more immediate and direct relation with spiritual and divine realities, is a fact indubitably established by these experiences.

One of this class of mystics—spiritual seers or mediums, Hans Engelbrecht. He was born at Brunswick, on Easter Sunday, 1599. His mother died soon after he was born, but his stepmother "kept him as closely to the fear of God as his father did to school; where, however, he scarcely made so much proficiency as to be able to read a gospel, and to write his own name." As soon as he was old enough, his parents being working people, he was "kept close and tight to manual labour," serving three years with a clothmaker to learn his trade.

From his youth he was exceedingly sad and sorrowful; the anguish and despair of soul he attributes to evil dæmonic infection. "What this anguish of soul was is not to be described," he says, "neither can any man have a right knowledge of it unless he were to be tempted and attacked by the same fit of anguish. . . The Lord also hath cast many devils out of me, who were my tormentors from my youth up . . . who were so tortured and disquieted me to such a degree, that from the greatness of my anguish and anxiety, I was incapacitated for learning, or doing much: who also instigated me so mightily that through despair, nothing would satisfy me but to put an end to my own life . . . and which would have certainly been effected, according to my purpose, had not God in a singular way prevented it. Now, from this dire calamity the Lord God delivered me by driving the devils out of me; so that at this time out of their power to torment me any more." The means by which this was effected furnishes a striking comment on the text, "This kind (of evil spirit) goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

At the time of penning the foregoing passage Engelbrecht was in his twenty-third year; and he proceeds to describe how he was delivered from these obsessions; and the subsequent development of his spiritual faculties; and his visions and in-

missions into the world of spirits. He went daily to church in the hopes of obtaining comfort, but this did not do him any good; some of his neighbours and fellow-workmen jeered at and taunted him, but this too was to no purpose. At last, his spiritual distress increasing, he several times daily prayed earnestly to God to take pity on him, and to take him out of the world into His heavenly freedom. After a while he acquired such a distaste for food that he could neither eat nor drink; as he appeared to be dying, he desired the Sacrament, and this he was enabled to receive, though he had been unable to swallow "a single drop of anything liquid, much less the least morsel of bread." His anguish of soul and bodily pains became so great that he could not forbear loud cries, which drew several of the neighbours to him, who, together with his father, knelt and prayed for his deliverance. Prayers were also offered for him in the churches of the city. Having remained in this condition for about eight days; he tells us that:—

"It was on Thursday noon, about twelve o'clock, when I distinctly perceived that death was making his approaches upon me from the lower parts upwards; and thus I died from beneath upwards; insomuch that my whole body becoming stiff, I had no more feeling left in my hands and feet, neither in any other part of my whole body—nor was I at last able to speak or see; for my mouth now becoming very stiff, I was no longer able to open it, nor did I feel it any longer. My eyes also broke in my head in such a manner that I distinctly felt it. But, for all that, I understood what was said when they were praying by me; aye, and I heard distinctly, that they said one to the other, 'pray feel his legs, how stiff and cold they are become; it will now be soon over with him.' This I heard distinctly; but I had no perception of their touch. . . . At midnight the bodily hearing failed and left me too. Then was I (as it seemed to me) taken up with my whole body; and it was transported and carried away with far more swiftness than any arrow can fly, when discharged from a cross-bow. Which, indeed, made me afterwards enquire particularly whether my body had not been taken away. But they informed me afterwards that my body had not been taken away; but how long my soul was gone away from it, was a matter they could not so properly discern. Yet was I, however, so far dead in their eyes, that my mother had already procured the winding-sheet, or shroud, and was minded to put it on. This, however, was not permitted."

His return to life was gradual, occupying the same length of time as its cessation, but exactly reversing its process, or from the head to the feet. During his death-like trance he had been, as he afterwards affirmed, "set down before hell and transported

into heaven. . . . This was done supernaturally in spirit." "Being now conveyed back again out of the splendor of glory" (of heaven) "it seemed to me," he says, "as if I had been replaced with my whole body upon the same spot; then I first began to hear again corporeally something of what they were praying in the same room with me. Thus was hearing the first of all the senses I recovered again. After that I began to have a perception of my eyes, so that by little and little my whole body became gradually strong and sprightly. And no sooner did I get a feeling of my legs and feet again, I arose and stood up upon them with a strength and firmness I never had enjoyed before through the whole course of my life. The heavenly joy invigorated me to such a degree that the people were greatly terrified at it; seeing that, in so rapid and almost instantaneous a manner I had recovered my strength again to my great advantage, and that now nothing could serve me but to die, I must go, and thus make a beginning with shewing unto the priests what had been revealed unto me. But they would not let me go out, being utterly at a loss what to think and make of me. Whereupon I sent for the priest, telling him immediately what had befallen me before hell, and also in heaven. But the priest was astonished beyond measure at my having recovered my strength again with such speed, and without any sorrow, eating and drinking, or even doctoring."

In describing his vision, he contrasts the "dreadful, gross, thick darkness," the "horribly bitter stench," and the "dreadful, harsh, howling voices" of hell, with the "great light and splendor" of heaven, the "immeasurably sweet, agreeable, lovely fragrance," and the "divine harmonies of heaven, above measure ravishing." He attaches however no undue stress to this vision; for he says, "verily, whoever will not believe that which I have there seen, may let it alone; for this as little damns as it can save a man;" but he claims authority for the message he was charged to deliver "under pain of forfeiting his own happiness." The substance of this charge, like the burden of every prophetic message, was to warn men against their sins, and especially against that hypocrisy which cloaked them with a mimic sanctity; and to call them to repentance and faith, not "a ratiocinative or human faith," which he says, "is of no use at all," but a faith in God's heart. If their religious services and their alms-giving is done in this faith, and from a principle of Christian love, he warns the people that it is, after all, nothing but an abomination in the sight of God; and he was to tell the people what he had seen and heard before hell, by way of warning to the wicked; and what he had seen and heard in heaven for the comfort of the afflicted. He tells us that:—"This is proper

the substance or sense of the charge, as I now translate the heavenly meaning, and the heavenly language, and publish it in my own language. For you are not to take the thing in such a manner as if in an outward, local, or extensive way this was uttered thus to me word for word; just in the same manner, for instance, wherein I now speak and publish it locally and extensively, word for word. No, no, in such a way as this it hath not been revealed and told to me, it having been told me by means of a sublime angelical understanding, and in the angelical language. What a voice that is, which the angels in heaven utter, and wherein they speak with God, and one with another, and the language of it, would be a perfect impossibility for me to explain to you in writing, during this time. For the Holy Ghost, by means of an angel, taught me in a moment the total sense and meaning of all the Bible; at which time it also was, that the angel gave me in charge what I should say in the world. In very deed, I there learnt in a moment more than any doctor is able to study and learn in an earthly university, should he even study and learn there for several hundreds of years successively: nay, to all eternity would he not be able to study and learn this in any earthly university."

Hundreds of persons, including many of the clergy now daily flocked to hear him. He spoke and preached to them incessantly from early morning till late at night, for six days after his recovery, without tasting food; his strength remaining unimpaired and his body unwasted. His friends implored him to eat, but he could not, till, to satisfy them, he prayed that his natural appetite might be restored, and soon after he began to eat as usual. What is even more remarkable, for nine months together he neither slept nor felt the want of sleep. His parents sent for a physician who gave him "a sleeping draught which was extremely strong; but it proved of no use at all to me for that end." "Moreover," he says, "God knows that for one-and-forty nights together I have heard the holy angels singing and playing on the heavenly music to my bodily ears, insomuch that I could not forbear joining in and singing together with them;" and in evidence that this was "no fond conceit or vain imagination of my own," he states that it was so ordered "that a certain woman must also hear the same sound, or musical harmony of the holy angels; who is very capable of attesting it. . . . She was a pious widow, her name was *Schermunn*, and she lives the very next house but one to my father. . . . But she was not able to hear it any more afterwards, it was for that once only. . . . Neither does this woman know how to commend and praise it enough."

Again he writes:—

"But of my having been in heaven, this is my testimonial,

which I am to this very day able to produce, namely, I am qualified to discourse concerning holy writ out of the Bible, and know how to speak the true sense and meaning of holy writ, notwithstanding that I have not heretofore read the Bible. . . . Here lies the wonder, that a man should know what stands in a book which he has not read, and be not only acquainted with the texts, but should also have a right understanding of them, according to the Holy Ghost's intention; whereas, for all that, he never heard of any such exposition from any man whatever." He further adds, "and amazing indeed it is what manifold other wonders I have met with, and what has befallen me hitherto during the three years I have now been in this situation; and how frequently, when I have been *bodily and broad awake*, the angels of God have made their appearance to me, which by other various visions and writings discover."

At first, the people were "much affected and moved by his narratives and representations," many of the clergy of the city adverted to his message in their pulpits, and urged the importance of its being duly attended to; but after a while they summoned him to their conference, and strictly enjoined him to "hold no more discourses with the people out of the word of God, as he had a tendency to bring the ministerial function into disrepute and discredit. His business only was to tell *them* what might possibly be revealed to him, when *they* would be sure to deliver it to their hearers again; he himself should stick close to his own trade."

As he answered them in apostolic language that he obeyed God rather than men, they became very wrath with him, denounced him from their pulpits, drove him from the city, and refused to administer to him the sacrament. A few of the clergy, however, defended him, and the controversy ran so high that for a time he went in danger of his life; finding that the whole city had become embroiled, and that his exhortations in consequence no longer had their former effect, he withdrew from the city; but the persecutions of the clergy followed him wherever he went, and he was hunted from place to place as if he had been a criminal. He continued to be greatly encouraged and instructed by visions and conversations with angels; and frequently he lived several days—once as long as six weeks together without food. On one occasion "that it might no more be possible to be said, that he had a way of eating and drinking clandestinely, he, upon the 27th day of the month (September, 1639) surrendered himself up to be closely confined under lock and key in a room that was in the House of Correction of Hamburg; here he was carefully watched for nine days, during all which time, notwithstanding his entire

abstinence from food, he experienced still greater strength and viracity than he had done before.

At Gluckstadt, he was examined in presence of the King of Denmark, and although no crime or misdemeanor could be charged upon him, yet the king, yielding to the solicitations of the clergy, ordered him to be removed from the city under a guard of soldiers. Engelbrecht predicted on this occasion that the governor of the city, by whose order he was banished, would, himself, ere long, be forced to quit it by night, which prediction was singularly fulfilled; for soon after, quarrelling with a lady of high rank, she had such influence with the king, that he was arrested, dragged forth by night, divested of all his posts and dignities, and had literally to beg for bread.

Once, he tells us, he neglected his commission, being grieved at the indifference with which it was received, whereupon he was punished "in so singular a manner, that for nine days successively I lay dumb, and was not able to speak." Another time, when in bed, he was told to get up and write something which was then given him. He did not immediately do so, but was indolent, when he received a blow on the eye which caused it to flash fire, and he was told that in this way would be punished all who were disobedient. The next day the pastor at whose house he was then staying, asked him the cause of his discoloured eye,—the effect of the blow. This showed its reality. The correspondential nature of the punishments is obvious.

In 1641, he returned to his native town, where, in the words of his biographer, "this simple, God-taught and genuinely pious man softly and happily departed this life the year following," at the age of forty-three. The clergy persecuted him to the last, and refused to let the church bell be tolled for him or the collect sung. The church-book records this fact, and says "the reason was because he died in his error, and was never reconciled to the body of ministers."

Though always expressing in a most decided manner an unfaltering conviction in the reality of his visions and of his mission, he imposes no obligation on others to receive him as a divine messenger: if they cannot receive his visions they can let it alone; he alone is responsible as to that. He says "If what I write and state is not strictly true, in fact, then must I answer for it, and not another." Still less does he lay claim to infallibility. He affirms that, "Now, though the Holy Ghost doth actuate and guide me, it doth not necessarily imply, for all that, that I might not be liable, for my own person, to entertain some erroneous thoughts, and to mistake in opinions; for in such respects I am, for all that, liable to mistakes, as all other saints have been heretofore." And so far from arrogating anything to himself, he

speaks of himself as "only a dead instrument, an organ-which, if the keys are not struck by some skilful finger, is un- to give forth any right sound;" and again, he compares him- to a glove; "if no hand be put into it, the glove can neither nor move of itself. . . . So the very same is the case with too." Though he knew by experience the reality of spiri- visions and communion with angels he estimates them according to their intrinsic worth. He says on this head:—

"Yet will I also have no contention with any man a- visions; provided only the doctrine be good which the spirits t- me then can I not be deluded if I abide by that good doct- Neither can any man be deluded by me, if people abide by- good doctrine I teach them by the impulse of the Holy Sp- for good doctrine is alone from God, whether by instrum- and by men, or without instruments and by angels." And ag- "Were an angel to insinuate to me anything that is wi- and contrary to God's word, then I should listen no longer to- though he had before taught me ever so much good."

At the beginning of his mission, that is, soon after his first vi- he tells us that God "sent an holy angel" to him, who, an- other things, taught him distinctly, certain marks and charac- whereby he might easily perceive and discern when the devil- sowing his tares among the wheat: there were two mark- signs in particular, which it may be well for all medium- take a note of. "The first was, if the devil should ever te- me to ambition; the second sign was, if he should tempt m- covetousness. Therefore, the angel told me that I must be u- my guard against anything like ambition and pride in the- of God; instead of which I was to abide in the most prof- humility and resignation; in which case the Holy Ghost w- have power to work in me. For no sooner does a man bec- proud, arrogant, and assuming on account of the gifts of G- no sooner does one man slight and despise another . . . exal- himself above his neighbour on account of his gifts; wishing- and courting honour because of his gifts;—but the influence- sway of the Holy Ghost ceases, and is withdrawn from h- against such vices I was to be upon my guard. And I was- enjoined to be equally circumspect and careful not to be cove- on the same account. I was to accumulate no money upon- footing; for, having quite freely received from God, I was- to communicate again to others in the same purely free man- Neither was I ever to discourse with the very least, or most dis- view and desire of getting money by it."

Allusion has been made to his numerous visions. I- enumerate some of them. At the beginning of 1625 he ha- Weisner "a vision concerning the Three States, Ecclesiast-

Civil, and Economical;" which was presented to him "when perfectly awake;" and in the same year, in an "extatic rapture, during which," says his translator, his body had every appearance of a dead corpse, he had "a vision of the Mountain (of salvation)" which "the holy angel" whom he had seen in the vision, "expounded to him on his return from the extatic rapture." He had a "vision of the New Heaven and the New Earth;" a "vision of an angel in a field by night;" a "vision at Brunswick in the church in open daylight;" a "vision of the Holy Angels round about the good, and the Devils round about the wicked." Besides these and other visions, constant mention is made by him of the appearance to and conversation with him of angels; and this "not in a dream, as to Joseph, but they appeared to me in the same (substantial) reality as they had done to Jacob, to Zacharias and to Mary." To give one instance: he says, "Thus then did God the Lord send an holy angel to me the second time, in great glory, here at Hamburgh, in Mr. Dietric Nenheur's chambers." Before the conclusion of his vision of a New Heaven and a New Earth, of which in his book there is a long description; he saw and spoke with three young persons who had lately died at Weinsen. The first was a little child who "smiled in my face in a very loving manner." Whereupon he said to him, "Little Christian, what, art thou here too?" The child replied, giving him a message to his mother, full of gentlest love and consolation. The next was a young virgin, who rejoiced in the prospect of marriage with her heavenly bridegroom. The third was a youth who also sent a word of consolation for his mother. When this conversation was finished, a golden flagon and a golden cup were given to Hans, with the charge to return to earth, and "pour out to every one a little sup of the heavenly wine."

There is a breadth and catholicity in the teachings of this simple man which transcend all limit of sect and party; and which was especially remarkable in his time, and from one who had had so little of human instruction. He says with a noble simplicity—

"Each sect wants to have me on its own side; and I am expected to guarantee for good all that they give out for truth and teach; whereas I do not so much as know what they teach and give out for truth, nor what that group of articles consists of which they deem necessary unto salvation. But when I speak of the *Christian Faith alone* they will not be satisfied with that; but they want me to guarantee some *human* faith or other for a right and good one: either that of the Papists, or of the Lutherans, or of the Calvinists or Reformed, as they call themselves, or of the Mennonists [*qu.* Baptists]; or whatsoever other human faith it may be, of which there are a great number besides. Whereas, when I was in heaven, not the least syllable was said or revealed to me about any such human names and human faith. Neither has any Angel at any time told me in this world to direct any person to any such human name, or human faith what-

soever; but rather do the Angels bid me direct all men to Christ and to his name. 'For the name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth in and is safe.' Hither was I to direct all people alone, to the genuine Christian faith, to Christ, and to His holy Doctrine and Life; and not to any means whereby each person may understand the Scripture according to his own knowledge whereby no man attaineth salvation or happiness."

He told the priest with whom he conversed immediately after his first vision, "You are only to submit to the rule and governance of Christ within you to surrender and resign yourself up wholly and entirely to Him you be the instrument of the Holy Spirit, suffering the Holy Spirit to bear the sway in you, and not the astral spirit or reason." He tells us that a regenerate person doth "live in the love of Christ, in meekness and humility and in all Christian virtues; all his endeavours are bent towards the living in truth more and more, so that thus he may grow up and increase in them; he is the follower of Christ in the regeneration; denieth his own self, taking up his cross, and bearing it with patience after Christ." All such he says "are the *right-orthodox* under whatever divided part of the Christian religion they may happen to have been brought up; which is a matter of no special capital concern as it is given out to be." And he reminds that "God hath his own, as well among such as are out of the Christian pale, as among the Christians within it: just as the Devil has his own, as well amongst Christians within the pale of the Christian Church, as amongst those who are without it."

His teachings and visions constantly remind us of what we meet with in the writings and statements of other mystics and seers; of Tauler, and Böhme, and Fox, and Swedenborg. Indeed, a fair critical analysis and comparison of this class of writers, I believe would show that under all superficial differences arising from their several idiosyncracies, there are essential agreements, sometimes an almost or absolute identity in their statements and disclosures. Engelbrecht's visions, the most part, are highly symbolical, and it is probable that a reader familiar with the "Science of Correspondences" would detect in them a depth and fulness of meaning of which other readers would mostly be unobservant. Perhaps the best illustration of this is his *Vision of the Three States, Ecclesiastical, Political, Economical*; which he had at the beginning of the year 1675 in the house of the pastor at Weinsen, six miles from Zell, in the Duchy of Lunenburg. At the time of seeing it, he says, "I was broad and perfectly awake, and saw it clearly with outward eyes, and not in the spirit without my bodily eyes, which latter way I own, I did see the vision concerning the new heaven and the new earth." He goes on to state that because he was in great anguish of heart he was speak-

with God in a believing prayer within his heart, and that while thus engaged:—

I received the joy and the power of the Holy Ghost corporeally in my heart. Upon which a divine flame having sprung up out of my heart, it went into my eyes, by the will and agency of the Holy Ghost, so that my corporeal eyes being opened, I saw a bright and shining cloud over me in the chamber, which gave such a light and resplendency to the chamber, as was far superior to any lustre which a great number of earthly lights would have shed by being brought into it: nay, the chamber was so resplendent as if all the walls of it had been on every side overlaid with the brightest burnished gold. And thus also I saw an altar of gold, upon which were three men sitting in white, upon chairs, and fast asleep, with their heads in their hands, poised and reposed upon their elbows. Now, one of these men in white had two swords lying at his feet. Another had a golden rod and a golden book lying at his feet. And the third had a sword and a balance lying at his feet. And thus I also saw twelve men more in white, standing upright in the chamber, who divided, and formed themselves into three bands, four and four. Four of them had musical instruments in their hands: one of whom had a lute, another a harp, the third a guitar, and the fourth a violin. But four of them had music books in their hands; and this party or band, being eight in number, formed themselves into a circle in such a manner that each of the four who had instruments in their hands, had one of the other four with the books in their hands at his side; so these eight formed a circle in this order. And in proportion to the extent of this circle, I saw a great, bright, and glittering star, which overspread these eight persons. Hereupon the eight began to sing and to play the "Te Deum Laudamus."

"Lord God, we praises bring!
Lord God, we to Thee sing!"

Which doxology they sung and played out in accompaniment, and in concert, from beginning to end. The other four meanwhile divided themselves again into two bands, two and two, and thus they walked (about the chamber) backwards and forwards engaged in conversation, one with another. Two of them were speaking concerning the lamentable and woful state of things in time, and the others were speaking concerning the joy of everlasting life. Yet, for all this, the three men kept sitting in the very same sleeping posture upon the altar; and they slept on without being at all awakened by this charming voice of jubilee, expressed by the singing and playing. Now, after these eight men had thus sung and played out this charming doxology, they vanished out of my sight, the star was removed, and the four other men retreated likewise. But the three first men remained sitting upon the altar, and slept on without intermission. But the twelve men and the star being withdrawn and gone, an holy angel then came flying out of the bright and shining cloud. He was clothed with a long white robe, which he had girded about him pretty high, in manner of a person in his travels, so that the robe might not trail about and encumber his feet, and that he might be able to advance with a more expeditious and easy pace. This angel had a golden key in his right hand, and a chain of gold hanging upon his arm, and in his left hand he had a golden stick or wand. Thus, then, having swiftly passed along to the altar, and laid the key and the chain upon the altar, he took the stick into both his hands, and with it struck one of the three first men—him who had the two swords lying at his feet—such a violent blow on the head, that he fell down from the altar to the ground, which made so loud a noise that the other two were awaked by it, and cast their eyes round about on every side. However, the angel did not smite them to the ground, but they kept sitting, as they had done, on their chairs. Whereupon, also, the angel, laying his stick likewise upon the altar, raised the man up again whom he had felled to the ground, and reseated him on his chair upon the altar, putting the two swords into his hands, and saying to him, "Judge aright." Likewise he proceeded to put the golden rod into the one, and the golden book into the other hand of the second, and said to him too, "Judge aright." There-

upon, also putting the sword into the one hand, and the balance into the other of the third, he then said to him also, "Judge aright." To which he further superadded as follows:—"Antichrist has reigned in you long enough—Christ will also now at length rule and reign in you." Thus then did the three men sit, and hold these their ensigns or instruments quite fast in their hands, looking intently upon the angel. Upon which the angel said to the three men, "Have no occasion to look so hard upon me, but rather turn ye your eyes to him who sent me; and do ye make use of your ensigns to the purposes for which they were given you. Be not slothful with them, neither do ye fall asleep again, lest ye should let your instruments drop out of your hands again. Should He come, who hath sent me, and find you sleeping, so as again that your instruments drop out of your hands, he will smite and hurl you into the abyss of hell. Therefore let this be a warning to you, and do ye make use of your instruments to the purposes for which they were given you." Now the angel having made an end of this declaration, took his flight back again into the cloud, carrying along with him the stick or wand, in token of his having executed a good work with it. But the key and the chain he left where they were, in token, that with them likewise should a good work be executed at a future time. Yet did the three men still keep their seats as they were before upon the altar, holding their instruments fast in their hands, and casting a bright and vivid look everywhere around them, like men that were now, in deed, alive. They also looked hard at me, which I very much wondered at, thinking with myself what could be the meaning of it. And I considered with myself, "The twelve men in white are gone again; the star is gone; the angel is gone; and yet these three still remain upon their seats, as they were sitting here at first!"

Now, whilst I was thus engaged in wonder, another angel came flying out of the bright shining cloud, who was clothed in a long white robe. This was very beautiful, that it looked as if it was embroidered with pearls and crowns of gold interspersed like a group of little crowns of gold, which, upon the white robe were all around beset with pearls. And where there were no crowns of gold there the embroidery was made with pearls, disposed and dispersed over all the robe throughout. This was a garment beyond all measure, glorious, beautiful, and resplendent to behold; yet, had not this angel girt himself up like the former angel, but this robe of his had such a long flowing train as to intercept the sight of his feet from me. Moreover, with a slow and solemn pace he advanced towards the altar, upon the pavement, as soon as ever he was alighted upon it: and verily this pavement was likewise as beautiful and bright as if it had been overlaid with the most resplendent burnished gold. And when the angel was come up to the altar, he said nothing to the three men, but taking the key and the chain, came to my bedside, and laid them upon the bed before me, asking me, "whether then I knew the meaning of these wonders which I had there seen and even yet saw?" Then I said to him, "No; I do not know." The angel made answer—"Because thou dost not know this—God hath sent me to thee, to reveal the meaning of all thou yet seest, and hast seen." Thus did the angel proceed to explain the vision to me, expounding in a spiritual manner according to God's Word, everything which I had there seen, and which I saw corporeally.

The substance of this spiritual exposition has been so well condensed by a writer in *The Dawn*, for June, 1861, that, for the sake of brevity, I extract the summary there presented, which follows:—

In all the three conditions of life signified by the three men, great numbers are asleep. Indeed, the state of the world generally is symbolized. The first man, the spiritual or ecclesiastical state—has two swords—faith and love. The second man, signifying specially the family relationship, had the book and the sword. Instruction and wise training are both neglected. The third man had the sword of love and the balance of justice, both lying unused. The angel striking the first, or ecclesiastical, signifies that with that condition is the beginning

mischief, and that must first be corrected. The others will then be awakened to their duty. Engelbrecht speaks of this vision as prefiguring a visitation which was to come upon the church and the world. The "angel with the wand of lustration will severely plague and punish mankind with war and bloodshed, fire and sword, hunger and anxiety, and all kinds of diseases." These things will awaken many and cause them to turn to Him. The ecclesiastical state will then be restored, and the other conditions of life re-awakened to their just uses and duties. The key which the angel brought is the Holy Spirit, which will unlock men's hearts and minds; and the chain, he says, "signifies God's word: for the word of God connects together in the manner of a chain. And as, in a chain, one link is fastened and hangs in another, so is God's word fastened, and hangs one part of it by another; and has, in the spirit, no discordancy or contrariety to itself at all. For though, according to the letter, it doth sometimes seem to reason to clash and to be contradictory to itself; yet is it in the spirit, and in faith, not contradictory to itself; so far from it, that it hangs together in mutual dependency like a chain.

There are many lessons which even the wisest may learn from this simple-minded pious Brunswick weaver of two centuries ago.

T. S.

A REMARKABLE VISION.*

I SHALL here relate some matters mentioned to me at Marly by the Duke of Orleans, who had just arrived from Paris on his way to Italy. The singularity of the statements, verified by the event, which could not have been foreseen, induce me to place them on record. The duke was curious and inquisitive as to all sorts of arts and sciences, and to considerable powers of mind united the weakness so common at the Court of Henry II., which Catherine de Medicis had, with other evils, brought from Italy. He had employed all the means in his power, but without success, as he has often told me, to obtain a sight of the devil; and also to behold extraordinary sights, and obtain a knowledge of the future. [This Duke of Orleans was the nephew of Louis XIV., was married to one of his illegitimate daughters by Madame Montespan, and held the appointment of Regent of the Kingdom during the minority of Louis XV.]

La Sery (one of the duke's mistresses) had residing with her a little girl of eight or nine years of age. She had been born in the house, and had never quitted it; and had all the ignorance and simplicity characteristic of that age, and of such an education. Amongst the various artifices employed for the discovery of the secrets of futurity, of which the duke had seen great numbers, was one exhibited to him in the house of his mistress. This assumed to represent in a glass filled with water all that it was wished to know. He requested that some young and simple

* *Mysterious Representations of Distant Places, Absent Persons, and Future Occurrences, alleged to be Exhibited in a Glass filled with Water.* As reported by the Duke de St. Simon in his *Memoires*, vol. iii., 8vo., pp. 296-298. (Translated.) Paris: Hachette & Company, 1856.

person should look at a glass in the room so filled ; and the little girl just mentioned was selected as proper for the purpose. The persons present amused themselves by expressing a wish to learn what was at the time passing, even in distant places. The little girl kept her eyes on the glass, and from time to time reported exactly what she beheld. The duke, in a low tone, pronounced some words over the glass, which immediately exhibited the vision sought for.

The duke, having previously made several experiments, he resolved to make one trial, which might serve to settle his convictions. He whispered to a servant to go instantly to the house of Madame Nancre, close by, to ascertain who were there at the time—what they were doing—how the furniture was arranged—and the exact state of all that was passing. He desired not to lose a moment, to speak to no one, and to repeat the whole to him in a whisper. This commission was executed without a moment's delay. No one present was at all aware of what had been done ; and the little girl remained all the time in the room. As soon as the duke had received the report of the servant, he requested the little girl to look at the glass, and to tell him what she saw. Immediately she repeated word by word the statement made by the duke's messenger—described the persons, countenances, and dresses of the persons present—their position in the apartment—the parties who were playing at tables at different tables, those who were looking on, those who were conversing, and those who were standing—the arrangement of the furniture—and, in short, every other particular. The duke instantly sent Nancre to examine, and he reported that he had found everything—as the little girl had stated—as the valet had previously reported to the duke.

He hardly ever spoke to me of these matters, because I used the freedom to endeavour to make him treat them with contempt. I strongly animadverted upon the statement he had made, and tried to persuade him not to give credit to such fancies, especially at a time when his attention ought to be occupied by more important concerns. He replied, "This is not all ; I have named these circumstances to you only to lead you to others." He then proceeded to remark, that, encouraged by the accuracy with which the little girl had described Madame Nancre's apartment, he had felt a desire to see something of more importance. He had wished to learn what would occur on occasion of the king's death, without seeking to know the time of his decease, which indeed, could not be indicated by the glass. With this view he put the question to the little girl, who had never heard any one speak of Versailles, or seen any person belonging to the Court, excepting himself. She looked at the glass, and instantly mentioned in detail all that she beheld. She described accurately

the king's chamber at Versailles, and the furniture it contained at the time of the king's death. She gave an exact description of the king's bed, and also of all the persons who stood near the bed, or were elsewhere in the room. She noticed, especially, a little child held by Madame Ventadour, and on seeing her uttered an exclamation, because she recognized it from having seen it at Madame de Sery's residence. From her description they readily recognized Madame de Maintenon, the remarkable person of Fagon (the king's physician), the Duchess d'Orleans, the Princess of Conti, and the Duke of Orleans. On seeing whom she uttered an exclamation. In a word she described all whom she beheld of the princes and the domestics, the lords and the valets: when she had concluded her enumeration, the Duke of Orleans, surprised that she had noticed neither the Dauphin, nor the Duke of Burgundy, nor the Duchess of Burgundy, nor the Duke of Berri, asked her if she had not beheld such and such persons whom he described to her. To every one of his questions she replied in the negative; and again repeated the enumeration she had before given. This answer the duke could not understand. He expressed to me his surprise; and endeavoured in vain to account for it. The event explained the whole mystery. This scene occurred in 1706. The four persons whose absence was noticed were then alive, and in good health, but all the four died before the king. The case was the same as to the Prince of Conde, the Duke d'Enghein, and the Prince of Conti, whom she did not see, but she saw the children of the two latter persons. She saw also the Duke of Maine and his children and the Count of Toulouse (the duke and count, two of the king's bastards by Madame Montespan). But until the decease of the king, the circumstances which perplexed them remained in obscurity.

After his curiosity had been so far gratified the Duke of Orleans was desirous of learning what fate awaited himself. He was no longer to be seen in the glass. But a man who was present offered to shew him himself, as if painted on the wall of the apartment if he were not afraid of beholding himself there. After a delay of about a quarter of an hour, occupied in various gesticulations, the figure of the Duke of Orleans in his natural size, and habited in his usual dress, appeared, as if painted on the wall of the apartment, and wearing on his head a crown. It was not the crown of France, nor of Spain, nor of England, nor was it the imperial crown. The Duke regarded it with profound attention, but could not comprehend the fashion of it. He had never seen one like it. It had only four circles, and it bore nothing on the summit. It completely enveloped the head.

From the darkness, in which were involved both the former

exhibitions and that just described, I took occasion to animadvert on the variety of curiosities of this sort, and pronounced them to be the proper artifices of the devil, which God connived at for the punishment of the prying spirit, of which he forbade the indulgence—pointing out the obscurity and the nothingness which they terminated, instead of the illumination and the satisfaction which it was expected to obtain from them. At the time of this exhibition the duke was far from being the Regent of the Kingdom, and from even dreaming of such an appointment for it was this perhaps which the crown was supposed to prefigure.

All that I have related passed at Paris, at the residence of his mistress, on the evening preceding the very day on which they reported them to me. I have deemed them so extraordinary that I have been induced to give them a place here—not, indeed, as a testimony of my assent, but to record them for the information of others.

STRANGE AND YET TRUE.

WE have read with pleasure the article with this name in *the Year Round*, for August last. We should have been glad to have transferred it entire for the benefit of our readers, had we been at liberty to do so, for its reasoning is good, and its facts are interesting. There is, however, no name to vouch for the facts, and therefore for their veracity we must trust to the candour and character of Mr. Dickens, though we see no reason to doubt the truth of the allegations on intrinsic grounds. They consist of ghost or spirit stories, dreams, impressions and visions, such as we have often given in these pages, and they are introduced in a few sensible words, which we entirely commend:—

“Whatever be the cause, the fact will hardly be disputed that a taste for the supernatural has greatly augmented of late among the educated classes of society. It has indeed, as might be expected, abandoned its ancient form of bold credulity. We neither believe in the ghost nor shoot at him. We require to know something of *his* nature who walks uninvited into our dwelling, and what may be his immediate business there, but not with rudeness nor intolerance. In a word the indulgent spirit of the time is the welcome child of progress. As every age stamps itself upon the roll of time with the seal of some grand discovery, as every successive year reveals its half-suspected wonders, the mind becomes less and less inclined to impose limitations upon that vast unexplored ocean, which, like the natural horizon, seems to know no bound but God; and man, as he grows wiser, grows humbler.

“To this improved feeling and to this better discipline

reason we are indebted for many an interesting narrative, which would else have never passed the bounds of the family circle, or in doing so would have at least been carefully denuded of such corroboration as name, place and time afford. In the incidents hereafter to be related these have been supplied without scruple, and without desire for any greater reticence than the editor in his discretion may impose. The circumstances of each case have been verified with unusual care, because another object than simple curiosity suggested the inquiry.

"To assist analysis, we must compare. To aid comparison, the least possible reserve should unite with the closest possible adherence to facts, so far as facts can be ascertained after passing through strongly susceptible imaginations. Even were these extra-natural occurrences not explicable, which we hold them in every case to be, there is surely nothing terrible or revolting in the pursuit. It is, for example, a simple, touching, and beautiful faith, that the last earthly regards of the liberated spirit should be fixed upon its best beloved. If such be the work of a mocking spirit it wears a wonderfully heavenly dress.

"However, the purpose of this paper being rather to suggest than to demonstrate, enough has been said if we reiterate the opinion that inquiry is better than ridicule, that the object of relating 'ghost stories' is not to propagate idle stories, but to elicit philosophic truth, and if there be among our readers one whose nerves are not trustworthy, it may comfort him to know that in our experience, none who have been the subject of what, until we better comprehend their nature, must be called extra-natural visitations, have ever at the trying moment, experienced the slightest agitation or fear. The inference is that the witnesses themselves are, though unconscious of the fact, *intimately concerned in the production of those phenomena* which they have been hitherto disposed to attribute to influences entirely independent of their own bodily and mental organization."

This is certainly a vast improvement on the general mode of treating this question, and as such we welcome it, though we do not agree with the theory with which the writer closes his remarks, which we have placed in italics. That the witnesses are concerned in the *production*, we think some of the writers' stories themselves disprove, as for instance, what part did the witnesses take in producing the midnight ringings at the door-bell, heard by all the household, which preceded the appearance of Mr. D. to Lady S? Lady S. might unconsciously supply the magnetic relation, or receptivity, by which the spirit could be rendered visible to her, but the question of real spirit existence *ab extra*, is of too great importance to allow of its being said that she was concerned in the *production* of the spiritual Mr. D.

BERG-GEISTER.—CLAMPS-IN-THE-WOOD.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

It is a curious question to what extent variety of spirits reigns in the invisible world. The variety of animated life in the visible world is infinite, measuring from the elephant to the animalcule, which requires vast microscopic power to perceive it. May we not then suppose that some such analogy prevails in the spiritual world; and that such spirits as are but a little lower than the grade of men and angels may have almost identical powers with them, and may be distinguished only by lesser stature, different hue, or by peculiarity of habits? We know that the classical antiquity peoples air, earth, wood and water with so many varied beings. The Naiad, the Dryad, the Hamadryad, the Nereid, enlivened mountain, forest, and ocean, to their imaginations, and have added a whole world of creation in their poetry to the natural one. The middle ages abounded with imps, incubes, brownies, necks, pixies and fairies, and even yet there are those who maintain that these are more than poetic entities. We know that the miners of Germany and the North have always asserted and do still assert the existence of Kobolds and of Berg-Geister, or spirits of the mountains and the mines, and that they assist or thwart their exertions in quest of ore, according to whether they are irritated or placated. They describe them as short, stout, black, and declare that when they are attached to certain mines they go before them in the solid subterranean rock, knocking with their hammers, and thus indicating the presence of metal and the devious course of the vein. If it is lost by a break in the strata, or a fault as they call it, the sound of the Berg-Geister's hammer directs where again to seek for it; and when there is a busy and energetic thumping of many hammers, it is the certain announcement of abundant ore.

I might quote whole chapters of relations of this kind from German writers, but these things are too well known to need that. I was lately reading somewhere of three or four of the spirits of the mines making occasional visits to a house in the vicinity of mines in Germany or Norway. They were described as about four feet in height, perfectly black, and seeming to enter on the approach to the fire and the society of the inmates. I have repeatedly sought for this account, not having made a note of it at the time, but in vain. My reason for this was to quote it with time and place, as a curious coincidence of what I am now going to relate. It was but the other day, too, that I met with a mechanic in Wales who has been led to the discovery of a vein of copper ore by the knocking of the spirits of the mine.

In the spring of 1859, we spent a few pleasant months

Thorpe, in my native county of Derby, near the entrance to the charming glen, Dovedale. Whilst here a poor woman from the hills at a few miles distance came to a neighbouring clergyman to beg that he would go to her cottage and exorcise some spirits which haunted it, and which she said she was afraid might frighten the children. She described them as coming enveloped in a peculiar light, which sometimes illuminated the whole house. The clergyman, a young and clever Oxford man, told the woman that there were no such things as ghosts, that all such notions were now exploded as silly and superstitious, and that the best proof was that such things never appeared to the enlightened and well-educated. He assured her that at the same time he perfectly believed her story, and did not doubt the annoyance to which she was subjected, but that she might depend upon it that it proceeded from some of her neighbours in the flesh, who probably wanted to get her cottage if they could frighten her out of it; and that the light, he had as little doubt, was thrown into her house by a magic-lantern. He advised her to keep a sharp look-out, and try to discover her disturbers. The poor woman shook her head and returned, nothing assured by this learned lecture.

Hearing of this from the clergyman himself, I asked him, much to his astonishment, whether he was quite so sure that these were not spirits? He looked hard at me to see whether I were not quizzing him; but being told that I was quite serious, he grew more astonished. He was prepared for superstition in an old peasant-woman, but not amongst the "book-larned," as they are styled up there. I added, for his further astonishment, that the visits of spirits in London, as well as all over America, were now things of daily occurrence; that I myself had seen their amazing doings, had received many communications from them, and had repeatedly shaken hands with them. It was a proof of my friend's firmness of mind that he did not at once advise my family to have me well looked after. Perhaps he did not do that because he found them all asserting the same experiences.

Naturally desirous to ascertain the amount of truth in the old woman's story, I asked the person whose cottage I occupied whether he had ever heard of a place called Clamps-in-the-Wood being haunted. "Oh," said he, "that is a very old story. Clamps, a labourer, lived there fifty years, and he always talked of the lights which every few evenings lit up his house. He was grown very fond of them, and called them his 'glorious lights.' When he was out anywhere, and it was growing late, he used to say, 'Well, I must go home, I want to see my glorious lights.'" "Does he live there now?" I asked. "No, sir," said my informant, a dry, clear-headed unimaginative

carpenter; "no, sir, old Clamps left the cottage four years ago and went to the next village, where he died. He was then about eighty years of age, and wanted caring for." "And did any one else ever see these lights?" I asked. "Oh, bless you, sir, plenty of people. They were no ways healar (shy). They would come when neighbours were in." "But were they only lights?" "Did Clamps and his friends never see any figures, ghosts, or anything of that sort?" "Not as I ever heard of. They were lights as came and went."

Finding that this was an old affair, and that it was well known all over the neighbourhood, there was an end of the magic-lantern. Very improbable as it was that any magic-lantern was to be found up there, even if such a thing had been heard of, it was still more improbable that some wag of some generation of wags had been playing it off on Clamps and his successors for half a century. But what these lights were I determined to know. According to the old woman's story, they were now visible not only lights but spirits.

On a fine afternoon in June, I therefore set out for Clamps-in-the-Wood. My way led me past the charming Ilam House, the seat of Jesse Watts Russell, Esq., and along the banks of the Manifold, that pleasant and careering trout stream, and up into the hills beyond. It was drawing towards evening when I reached the foot-path, into which I had been directed by a cottage where a woman sitting sewing in the moorland valley below, led me directly to the front of a good country mansion, with a garden enclosed by a stone wall before it, and a pair of tall, ornamental gates admitting a view of this pleasant and flowery area. There were some children at play in this garden, and of them I enquired the way to Clamps-in-the-Wood. "Oh," said they, "you must keep along the outside of the garden wall to the right, past the far end of the yard, and then you will see the road leading over the hills." Thanking my young informants, I was turning away, when I saw a gentleman rushing swiftly from the house, and beckoning me to stop. I waited, and found that he knew me by having seen me at Ilam, and would insist that I should go in and take tea with them. "We have just returned," he said, "from a picnic in Dovedale, and are having a tea-dinner."

I went in, where I was introduced to the lady of the house and to two other ladies, visitors. Tea over, I excused myself by leaving them by stating my intention of proceeding to Clamps. There was a curious expression passed over the faces of the ladies, but no remark was made. My host walked out with me saying, "The man who now lives at Clamps is my labourer; he is just-going home, and will shew you the way." He called "David," and a young, intelligent fellow appeared from the

cow-house, and his master bade him shew me the way to Clamps. He himself continued to walk with us some distance, and then saying with a smile, "David will tell you all about the ghost," turned back.

Accordingly as we pursued our way over the bare green moorland hills, I asked David, "What about the ghosts?" He told me that he could not himself speak as to ghosts, only on the authority of his mother-in-law who lived with him. All that he had seen were lights. These, he said, came almost every evening, but only on dark nights. In the summer they saw nothing of them, but about November, when the cold weather and the long nights set in, they came very often, moved about the house, sometimes made it quite light, and then sunk through the floor. His mother-in-law said she saw black figures in the middle of these lights; but for his part, he only saw the lights, and so did his wife. I asked him if they had ever been seen before he came to live there, and he gave the same account that I had received at Thorpe, that old Clamps had always had them; and that numbers of people besides them had seen them often enough.

With this conversation we were close upon the place, and a very striking place it was. A deep valley presented itself below us, its sides clothed with woods, and along its bottom ran the winding course of a stream, which now was dry, and shewed only bare, rugged stones. This was the course of that singular little stream, the Hamps, which runs for a considerable distance under ground; in winter and after heavy rains having only volume enough to appear as a stream above ground, and after a while disappearing altogether, and then bursting up in a tumultuous fountain at the foot of the cliffs below Ilam Hall, near another subterranean river, the Manifold. Around this deep, wild, solitary valley rose naked hills, and on their side, not far from this cottage, appeared the mouths and debris of lead mines. It was altogether a place apparently much suited for the haunt of solitary spirits. A paved causeway led down to the house, which stood on the edge of this lonely glen amid a few trees. As I approached, it looked ruinous. The end nearest to me had, in fact, tumbled in, and the remains of an old cheese-press shewed that it had once been a farm-house. The part remaining habitable was only barely sufficient for a labourer's cottage. On entering, I found the old woman who had invoked the aid of the clergyman, seated in her armed chair under the great wide fireplace common to such houses. There were also a stout, healthy daughter, the wife of David, and two or three children.

On telling them that my errand was to enquire into the haunting of which they complained to the clergyman, both mother and daughter gave the same account as David had done. The old woman

said that soon after they came to live in the house, where they now been four years, the lights began to make their appearance; that they would appear most evenings, for months together, and sometimes several times in the course of the evening; they would appear to come out of the wall, would advance to the middle of the floor, would make a kind of flickering, sometimes light up the whole place, and then descend into the floor generally at one spot. There was no cellar beneath the floor, but they descended into the solid rock on which the house was built. They described the light as neither like the light of a fire, a lamp, or a candle; but they could not express themselves more clearly about it. It did not at all alarm them, and the woman said that the reason that she went to the clergyman was because the children were now getting so old as to notice the light before they went to bed in the evening, and they were afraid that it might come to frighten them.

What made them think so was that the old woman saw clearly dark figures in the centre of the lights. They were generally three, like short men, as black and as polished, as if they were in a boot. Whilst they staid, she said their hands were always in motion, and that occasioned the flickering on the wall. She thought them quite harmless, for they never did any mischief, but seemed to take a pleasure in coming towards the warm fire, and looking at what was going on. She said that at first neither her daughter nor son-in-law saw anything, but she laughed at her when she said she saw old Clamps's lights; she had prayed earnestly that they might be enabled to see the lights, but they might not think she was saying what was not true, so they soon after began to see them, and now saw them regularly, but only the lights; they could not perceive the dark figures within the lights.

I expressed a great desire to see them myself, but they said it was the wrong time of the year: the nights now had scarce any darkness, and the lights could only be seen during the dark season; that if I should be there towards "the latter end"—that is, meant, of the year—I might see them almost any evening. I asked if she had ever tried to speak to the dark figures. She said no; she thought it best while they were harmless to leave them alone, and let them come and go just as pleased them. I asked if they ever heard them speak, and they said never inside of the house, but that they often heard them speaking outside when they came up to the door. I asked them if they had never been frightened by them, and they replied only once. On a dark night in winter they heard a horse coming down the causeway, dragging a log at its feet. They could hear the distinct striking of its iron shoes on the flag-stones, and the jingling

the chain, and lumbering of the log as it was drawn forward. When it came up to the door a fierce dog growled at it, and they were so frightened that one of them jumped up and bolted the door. The sounds then ceased altogether; and on going out to search neither horse nor dog were visible.

I remarked that perhaps a horse had got into their yard; but they said it could not do that, and that they had no dog. On another occasion, the old woman said that the door being open into the next room, which was the sleeping room, she saw a young woman kneeling on the bed with her back towards her, in the attitude of prayer; that she watched her in silence for some time, when all at once she became covered with spots like a leopard, and then disappeared. They had also observed when the flickering of the light on the wall was strong, that drops of blood would seem to trickle down, but no stain was ever left. Such was the substance of the statement of the old woman, her daughter and son-in-law.

On my return to the house where I had taken tea, all were eager to know what I had learned. In fact, the hostess, on my setting out for Clamps, had followed me to the door, and particularly pressed me to give them a call on my return. I understood the motive, though no word of the lights or ghosts had been uttered by them or me. They now showed themselves all familiar with the reports of the lights and the figures, yet had never taken the trouble to go and judge for themselves; but said one of their servants, being there one evening, had seen the lights very plainly.

Speaking of these curious circumstances on my return home, one of our friends, Captain D——, a scientific man, observed that he had an engagement in Yorkshire about Christmas, and that he would go round that way, and, if necessary, stay all night at Clamps-in-the-Wood. He kept his word. Taking up his quarters at the excellent fishing-inn, the Izaak Walton at the mouth of Dovedale; in the course of smoking a cigar with the landlord in the evening, he asked if they had any good ghost-stories in that neighbourhood. "Oh!" said Mr. Prince, "if you want a haunted house you must go to Clamps-in-the-Wood." Not appearing to know anything of the matter, the gallant captain asked him the particulars, and received pretty much such an account as I have given. The captain asked if he thought that there was really anything to be seen there, and the landlord replied that he could not speak from personal knowledge, for he would rather go twice as far in another direction; but that it was so commonly reported, and by so many who had been there, that there seemed very little doubt about the matter. On this Captain D—— declared that, of all things, he would like to

witness something supernatural, and that he would go and pass the night there.

The astonishment of the host and hostess was unbounded. "What, leave a comfortable inn and comfortable bed on a cold winter's night to go nearly three miles into a wild region of hills and moors, and to sit up in a haunted house!" They thought at first that he must be joking, but seeing him throw on a capacious military cloak, they then endeavoured by earnest entreaties to dissuade him from his purpose. They represented the darkness and the intricacy of the way; the almost impossibility of finding the place; the dreary solitude of the spot when arrived at. In vain, bidding them good night, our friend rushed forth, and took the way which the landlord had described to him, before aware of his purpose.

The undertaking was, indeed, a courageous one. A long march had to be made along a tolerably well-tracked road; then a bye-path must be struck to the right ascending into the hills. The manor-house or mansion at which I had called must be found, and beyond that it was not likely that the direction over the moorland hills could be hit upon without a guide. But those things did not daunt a man who had made his campaign in the wilds of hostile tribes. By inquiring at a cottage near the end of the high road, he was enabled to hit the hill-track, reached the manor-house, and there received fresh instructions. Yet he missed the direction in the moorland hills—a way there could be said to be none—and wandered about for some hours in a thick fog. At length, he managed to re-find the manor-house, and then got a boy to guide him. It was ten o'clock at night when he reached Clamps-in-the-Wood.

The astonishment amounting to consternation of the simple inmates at his knock at the door at that time of night in such a place was excessive. When they opened the door, and in walked a gentleman in a large military cloak, they stood in speechless wonder. Captain D——, however, with his affable and agreeable manner, soon put them at their ease, and told them the purport of his visit. Their amazement was, if anything, augmented; but they offered him all the means they had for insuring the success of his visit. He proposed to sit with them till their bed-time, and then, if the mysterious visitors had not appeared, to sit up alone by the fireside. To this they readily assented, and as the hour was already late for them the daughter and son-in-law retired, and the old woman and the captain sate and conversed on the subject of the lights.

During two hours no lights appeared, and the old woman told the captain that the lights were often shy with strangers, but that if he could come in for a few successive evenings, he would see

enough of them. As they sate with the light only of a low fire burnt to cinders, and therefore without flame, there came knockings in various parts of the room, now on the walls, then on the table, and then on the floor. Captain D——, who was perfectly familiar with the spiritual phenomenon, vulgarly called spirit-rapping, gave, however, no intimation of this, but asked what these knockings were. The old woman said she didn't know, but they were always heard when the lights were coming. No lights, however, appeared, but presently the Captain saw his cloak, which he had laid on the table, begin to move, and anon it was pulled down and thrown on the floor. The old woman said they were often doing that sort of thing, but they never did any mischief.

When twelve o'clock came, Captain D—— insisted on the old woman going to bed, and she went, leaving him a candle to light if he wished, and coal to mend his fire. As the night was cold, he now wrapped himself in his military cloak, and sate in profound silence. There was only just light enough from the fire to make the objects in the room visible, and he could hear that the people in the next room were sound asleep by a full concert of nasal music. He sate till one o'clock; he sate till two, and there was neither sight nor sound, but just as he began to despair, his ear was caught by a sound almost soundless, and turning towards the place, he saw a globular light about the size of an ordinary opaque lamp-globe issue from the wall, about five or six feet from the floor, and advance about half a yard into the room. He was all attention, and so evidently was the intelligence within the light, for there it paused as if become aware of the presence of a stranger. Captain D—— remained almost breathless, hoping that it would advance into the middle of the room, but it did not. It remained for about a couple of minutes, and then receded again into the wall at the spot whence it had issued. As soon as it was clearly gone, Captain D—— lit his candle and examined that part of the wall to see if he could discern any hole or fissure through which the light could have come. There was nothing of the kind: it was perfectly plain and sound. He then examined whether a light could have glanced through the window: that was closely curtained. Next he observed whether a light could have flashed through a chink of the door from the bed room: there was no light there, and the nasal concert was proceeding as steadily as ever. Convinced, both by these examinations, and by the globular and peculiar light, that it was one of the old luminous visitants of the place, he again wrapped himself in his cloak and resumed his watch; but nothing further occurred.

At five o'clock the old woman made her appearance, and en-

quired what success. Captain D—— told her of the appearance of the light, on which she said that was the real light, but doubt it was "scarred" at sight of a stranger; but if he come again for a few evenings the lights would get over their shyness, and he would see them over and over; but this was not in the Captain's power. He made the old woman a recompense for the trouble he had given, and having a cup of wine and coffee prepared by her, he returned to the inn to breakfast.

The captain's success was perhaps as much as could be expected for a single visit. He was quite satisfied that the haunting was founded on fact, and he determined to make another visit in the winter season. Whether he ever will become doubtful, for I learn from the clergyman already mentioned that the people have deserted the house, and Clamps-in-the-Wood is now left to the lights and to ruin. Whether these Berg-Geister may continue their visits to the deserted hearth is equally doubtful; for it must be as cold and cheerless as their own mines, which extend horizontally far into the bowels of the neighbouring hills.

But we must not quit Clamps-in-the-Wood without remarking on two or three particulars in this singular narrative which are important. As to the apparition of the lights, that has been a matter of assertion for more than half a century. They were so frequent that the old man, Clamps, had grown attached to them, and many other persons had seen them. They were a settled fact all over the neighbourhood, except among the clergymen who have been systematically educated to ignore such phenomena and to deny their existence on the authority of their own ignorance instead of their own rational enquiries. The old woman never probably heard of such a country as Germany, much less of its Berg-Geister in her life, yet her accounts most curiously agree with the statements of thousands of German miners. She had never heard of such a thing as Modern Spiritualism, or spirit-rapping, yet she had had spirit-rapping going on for years in her cottage, and knew by experience that it announced the presence of the spirits of the mine.

In her own person, she exhibited the regular operation of well-established spiritual laws. She was undoubtedly a medium, or, as Reichenbach would term it, a sensitive. She saw the lights before her daughter and son-in-law, and, according to universal human practice, was ridiculed for asserting what she saw. She prayed that her son-in-law and daughter might have their eyes opened to see, and her prayer was heard. But the old woman, who was a hale, hearty, clear-headed old soul of perhaps sixty-five, became further developed, and saw not only the lights but the spirits in them, which her son-in-law and daughter never

did see, not being equally open to spiritual impressions. Nor did they ever pretend to see more than the lights, though they boldly and invariably asserted their frequent sight of them. In all their statements to the clergyman, to myself, to the captain, their account was uniform and the same. As to magic-lanterns, I believe there was no such thing within many miles, except it might be in possession of Mr. Watts Russell, of Ilam, or of the clergyman in question. And as to any one wanting the house over the head of the occupants, the very idea was ridiculous, as it was occupied by one of the labourers of the gentleman farming the property, and lies so drearily, so lonely, and so out-of-the-way, that, independent of its reputation as a haunted spot, it was so little desirable as an abode, that its late tenants have deserted it. Whether it will become the subject of further investigation, or whether the former conditions necessary to such investigation remain, are all doubtful; it is therefore to be regretted that a proper enquiry was not instituted by the educated people of the neighbourhood years ago, when enquiry was so easy, and might have been pursued to any length. What we know of this case, however, is curious, as affording confirmation to like cases on the Continent, which have been asserted as positive facts for many generations.

In the "Facts"—Thatsacken—given at the end of the "Seeress of Prevorst," in the original German edition, in "Fourth Fact," is mentioned a spirit often appearing at the house of a watchman at Weinsberg, quite black, and the watchman's wife said to Dr. Kerner, "There often shines out of the wall by night a lustre, round as a plate, and then disappears behind the wall again." This is strikingly like the light, and the manner in which it appeared to Captain D——. In the "Fifth Fact," another spirit appeared to Madame Hauffe, with its head surrounded by a glory of light. In a case occurring at Ammersweiler, five hours' journey from Weinsberg, a spirit used to appear, the face of which emitted a light that illuminated everything in the room; but the rest of the figure appeared only as a grey vapoury column. In another part the same series of "Facts," in the prison at Weinsberg, a spirit for some time went about a particular room, with a star on his breast as large as a man's hand. The figure itself was like a shadow. In various places of the same work spirits came attended by a crackling noise, and with flashes of light, very much like those whose appearance is related by Mr. Coleman in his "American Experiences," in the case of the wealthy banker, L——, and his deceased wife, Estelle, and Dr. Franklin.

Captain D—— was informed by the inmates at Clamps, that the light was often seen in dark nights by people going past from the mines, shining out of the top of the chimney.

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—JUDGMENTS.

THERE are some who declare that Noah's deluge will have counterpart in a spiritual fire-deluge, at the return of Internal Respiration, on which occasion all those who are in fixed states of evil will perish. It must be confessed that many passages of the Bible seem to point to such a catastrophe. Most undoubtedly the apostles of Jesus Christ taught mankind to expect it. St. Peter especially in the third chapter of his second Epistle, referring to the Noahic deluge, says, "But the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." St. Paul in one place declares that Christ will descend in flaming fire to take vengeance on those who do not obey the Gospel. Jesus Christ says that "as it was in the days of Noah so shall be at the coming of the Son of Man." We have seen how it was in the days of Noah: the majority of the inhabitants of the earth were choked or suffocated, in consequence of being unable to pass through the crisis of the change.

Those passages of the Word which relate to a judgment in the spiritual world, also point to that judgment being ultimated in this mundane sphere. Many of these passages, especially in the writings of the ancient prophets, are fearfully sublime and terrific—much more so when they are spiritually understood.

Swedenborg informs us that the celestial produces the natural for all things that relate to essential life are of the celestial. When the celestial, or life principle, is inverted, or flows into inverted forms, it terminates, by an inevitable law, in contrarieties, and eventuates in death or damnation. The inversion of celestial love is hell-fire. Now, as the Bible in its deepest or most interior principles has relation to celestial things, it is no unjust inference that its predictions of judgment relate, in their more interior sense, to the effects of celestial influences, in their descent on those who are confirmed in states of evil and fallacy. The infernal becomes to such, as a devouring fire when received by the interior respiratories; as the stoppage of the internal breathing function proved like suffocating water to the antediluvians. There is a remarkable passage in Swedenborg's *Spiritual Diary*, par. 179 in which he says, "There are evil spirits who very closely surround the natural man and excite his life; who, as soon as they have power to act, instantly torment him with a certain spiritual fire." He furthermore declares that "this is the *terror* and also the judgment by which the world is to perish if it do not repent."

The Bible declares of the finally impenitent, "the fire of their breath shall consume them." In the light of this subject

that numerous class of passages in the Bible which relate to the destruction of the wicked, become fearfully suggestive of that approaching judgment which will be attendant on the opening of man's internal respiratories. As the fiery pillar which moved in the presence of the armies of Israel, as their light and glory, proved the source of destruction to the Egyptians, so the return of the long-lost gift of Internal Respiration will prove to those not prepared through a regenerative life to enjoy it, to be as the devouring fire of divine wrath.

SUMMARY.

It may be convenient to present before the reader at a glance the several points which we have endeavoured to establish in these papers:—

1. That internal respiration was a mode of breathing enjoyed by the original inhabitants of our planet.
 2. That it was occasioned by the state of their love and faith to the Lord, which was similar to the faith and love of angels, and caused them to respire with angels, to whom they were joined by their veriest life.
 3. That by internal respiration they were able, from intuitive perception, to determine what was good and true. That they had thereby communication with heaven, living consciously with angels while they lived on the earth, and were the subjects of most delightful dreams and visions.
 4. That mankind gradually fell away from this interior state of the affections, and consequently were by little and little deprived of this transcendent condition, until, at last, a crisis came upon the race, and they were wholly changed as to their thoughts, sensations, and medium of interior communion and intercourse with heaven.
 5. That man is to be restored to his birthright privileges is proved by the predictions of the Bible concerning the establishment of a new celestial church, in which love to the Lord is to become once more the ruling principle of the mind; by the assurance given to us by seers and prophets of the restoration of conjugal love; by Swedenborg's experience and profound insight into the world of spiritual verities; by the experience of other seers; by the latent spiritual outgoings of many hearts at the present day; by the hopes and aspirations of many generations towards the future golden age, which is now looming up so gloriously to the spiritual vision of modern seers; and by analogy and induction, showing that all forms of sensational life have their peculiar respirations, that natural thought gives natural respiration, and that the deeper and more interior thinking from
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love to the Lord and our neighbour must give man the inner mode of breathing.

6. That spiritual influx is descending more copiously now than ever, and that the stream of influx which is opening toward heaven the interiors of those who are in the effort to live a pure and righteous and self-denying life, and which must lead to the opening of the Internal Respirations of all such; is at the same time fraught with danger and dissolution to those who are in states sensual, worldly, and devilish.

We can anticipate many objections to the views which we have presented; but we prefer that others should state them as they occur to their minds. We have merely opened a most important subject to the serious reflection of the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*. We have by no means exhausted the subject—we have only introduced it—but we feel sure that to this higher form of Spiritualism will many serious-minded persons turn when they have been sufficiently convinced of the unsatisfactory and unsatisfying nature of external manifestations, and the inadequacy of external mediums to meet their heart wants and the deeper aspiration of their spirits.

There is a more interior Spiritualism than many now frequenting *séances* dream of, or many of those who are mediums have yet conceived. It is coming, not with outward observation, but nevertheless with power and great glory, inwardly revealed to the pure in heart. It is coming like refining fire to purify the sons of Levi until they offer to the Lord an offering in righteousness—then shall the offering of Judæa and Jerusalem be pleasant to the Lord as in former years, *and as in the days of old*.

RESPIRO.

FLOWERS FROM THE CORNFIELDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

IN a former number of this magazine it was shewn how fully some of our most powerful and popular novelists recognize the verisimilitude, and, in some cases, the reality of communications from the unseen world. Modern English poets are perhaps still richer in records and allusions of a similar nature. We have entwined below a few flowers gathered in these most beautiful cornfields of Spiritualism; few, indeed, compared to those which still remain. More careful gleaners than ourselves would be more successful. And even in those same fields in which these flowers were found we have left many others of equal beauty which may reward their search.

First of all we will cite the ethereally-minded Shelley, who

found a self-created universe of spiritual essences a very congenial sphere. The ideal world of Plato was to him a region of greater reality than that physical and social environment of semblance and falsehood by which he groaned to find himself surrounded. "There are two worlds," he says, "of life and death,"

"One that which thou beholdest : but the other
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
The shadows of all forms that think and live,
Till death unite them, and they part no more :
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires."

Prometheus Unbound, Act I.

Of some such world we suppose it was that Ianthe became an inhabitant, whose resurrection is so exquisitely described in the commencement of Queen Mab:—

"Sudden arose
Ianthe's soul ; it stood
All beautiful in naked purity ;
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame,
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace.
Each stain of earthliness
Had passed away, it reassumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal amid ruin.

* * * * *

The chains of earth's immurement
Fell from Ianthe's spirit.
They shrank and brake like bandages of straw
Beneath a wakened giant's strength.
She knew her glorious change,
And felt in apprehension uncontrolled
New raptures opening round.
Each day-dream of her mortal life,
Each frenzied vision of the slumber
That closed each well-spent day,
Seemed now to meet reality."

We have selected one or two passages from other poets referring to that old Platonic doctrine of archetypal forms, which receives not a little confirmation from the narratives of spirit-seers. Philip James Bailey, in his strange and powerful but most unartistic drama, called *Festus*, has the following:—

"The world is as a great sarcophagus,
Engraven inwardly and outwardly

With living emblems of its inner life,
 The soul-containing tenant of all time.
 The same has infinite meaning; wise is he
 Who scans and construes all in harmony.

* * * * *

Earth is the symbol of humanity,
 Water of spirit, stars the truths of heaven.
 All animals are living hieroglyphs:
 The dashing dog, the stealthy-stepping cat,
 Hawk, bull,—all that breathe mean something more
 To the true eye than their shapes show."

Next we proceed to quote from a poem which, to our thinking, is more truly spiritualistic than any other we are acquainted with. Not that it talks more about the spirit-world, but rather fearlessly rends the veil which conceals the spirit and truth of things from the superficial eye: a poem, in which both the strong realism and lofty idealism of Carlyle are worthily reflected; we mean "Aurora Leigh," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning:—

“ There’s not a flower of Spring
 That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
 By issue and symbol, by significance
 And correspondence, to that spirit-world
 Outside the limits of our space and time,
 Whereto we are bound.

* * * Without the spiritual

The natural’s impossible—no form,
 No motion: without sensuous, spiritual
 Is inappreciable—no beauty, or power.
 Every natural flower which grows on earth
 Implies a flower upon the spiritual side;
 Substantial, archetypal, all a-glow
 With blossoming causes,—not so far away
 But all, whose spirit-sense is somewhat cleared,
 May catch at something of the bloom and breath—
 Too vaguely apprehended, though indeed
 Still apprehended, consciously or not,
 And still transferred to picture, music, verse,
 For thrilling, ardent and beholding souls,
 By signs and touches which are known to souls.
 How known, they know not—why, they cannot find,
 So straight call out on genius, say, “ A man
 Produced this,” when much rather they should say,
 ‘Tis insight, and he saw this.’ ”

What Mrs. Browning feels with regard to communion with

is departed, is shown by the way in which she makes Aurora speak of her father's grave :—

“ I would not visit, if I could
My father's or my mother's any more,
To see if stone-cutter or lichen beat
So early in the race, or throw my flowers,
Which could not out-smell heaven or sweeten earth.
They live too far above, that I should look
So far below to find them : let me think
That rather they are visiting my grave,
Called life here (undeveloped, yet to life) ;
And that they drop upon me, now and then,
For token or for solace some small weed,
Least odorous of the growths of Paradise,
To spare such pungent scents as kill with joy.”

Bailey has written well upon communion with higher spirits being the result of purity of faith and life :—

“ Man's spirit, extolled, dilated, clarified
By holy meditation and divine
Love, fits him to converse with purer powers
Which do unseen surround us, aye, and gladden
In human good and exaltation : thus
The face of heaven is not more clear to me
Than to another outwardly ; but one,
By strong intention of his soul perceives,
Attracts, unites himself to essences
And elemental spirits of wider range
And more beneficent nature, by whose aid,
Occasion, circumstance, futurity
Impress on him their image and impart
Their secret to his soul.”

Festus has visions of a glorious future which is thus described :—

“ Earth's tale is told in heaven, heaven's told in earth,
Since either 'gan one only faith hath been
The faith in God of all. A thousand types
A thousand tribes have chosen. But the hour
Already hawklike preens its wing for flight,
When all shall be re-massed in one great creed.
All being shall be re-begotten, all
Worship re-dedicate, all signs afresh
Thrice hallowed ; the degenerate lapse of time
Having twice fused the symbol with the truth,
All dark things brightened, all contrariants blent,

And truth and love peradiating life,
Be the new poles of nature."

Much the same thoughts are echoed by Mrs. Browning :—

"The world's old,
But the old world waits the time to be renewed,
Toward which new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken and increase to multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men ;
Developed whence shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new economies, new laws
Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood : He shall make all new."

S. E. B.

THE EDITOR OF "GOOD WORDS" AND SPIRITUALISM.

DR. MACLEOD, the editor of *Good Words*, has given us what he calls "A True Ghost Story" in the September number of his periodical. His mode of dealing with the facts in which Spiritualists believe is very remarkable. The entire interest of his paper depends upon a belief in ghosts, or supernatural visitations. To this he appeals—apart from this there is no interest either in the story he tells, or in the general remarks with which he introduces it. He first raises our curiosity by a distinct avowal of his own belief in the kind of supernatural facts of which ghost stories are a type. By his title he promises to tell a fact of this kind which he believes to be true—not a sham, not a parody or burlesque. Then by way of fulfilling his promise he tells a ridiculous story about a friend of his who was frightened by a ghost in the middle of the night,—and leaves off by laughing at his own silly story. His own judgment of the whole matter is expressed in the words of his friend the narrator and subject of the ghost story. "'Depend upon it,' said he, 'if we could thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spiriting *et hoc genus omne*, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits ; that is—*great humbug and nonsense.*'" [The italics are not ours.]

Now, we do not know how all this will appear to the tens of thousands of readers of *Good Words*, but it appears to us simply a case of dishonesty and insincerity. The writer draws a bill not on the credulity and superstition, but on the faith and good sense of "the most thoughtful and gifted" of his readers, in their best and most reverent moods,—he gives a statement, to which

he signs his name, that he has the funds necessary to meet the bill which he draws,—and then he deliberately dishonours it, and tramples under foot the sentiments and beliefs to which he has addressed himself and for which he has professed respect and sympathy. If such a transaction be criminal in the commercial world, what is it in the moral and spiritual world? If an exactly corresponding deed would be called dishonest when money is concerned, what are we to call it when facts about the visible and invisible world are concerned? That Dr. Macleod does not perpetrate merely an ordinary innocent hoax, a joke which we are quite ready to join him and his friends in laughing at if it is good enough, will we think be perfectly clear from the following extract,—not a garbled extract, as its length will show. It is the whole of the serious part of his article.

A well-known Scotch artist, whose delineations of character delight his many friends, and who is almost as remarkable in his anecdotes as in his pictures, commences one of his stories by narrating how an old Scotch gamekeeper once remarked to him in a slow, solemn voice, "Do you know, sir, that I myself have actilly knawn men, ay, and respectable men too, who—did—not—believe—in ghaists?" And he describes how the old keeper, on being questioned as to his own belief in ghosts, replied, with face averted, half in pity, half in sorrow for the questioner, but with, if possible, deeper solemnity, "I howp I do." I am not sure if the gamekeeper stands alone in his belief; and I question whether if the great majority of the "upper ten thousand" were asked regarding their faith as to apparitions, they would not agree with the lower ten thousand who are assumed to be the only honest believers in occasional visits from the inhabitants of the mysterious ghost-land. Very possibly in broad daylight, when driving in the park, or shopping, or visiting the Exhibition, or even when the candles are lighted, and when seated round the dinner table, or in the midst of the buzz and flutter of an evening party, the realities of the palpable and prosaic world may act as such opiates to the ideal faculty, and so close the eyes and stop the ears of the inner eye which can alone discern the spirit-world, that all faith in its existence may be denied or ridiculed. But take any one of those persons singly, especially the most thoughtful and gifted; let him or her remain in the large drawing-room when it is emptied of its guests, with the lights extinguished, except one or two sufficiently bright to project "shadows on the wall," but not to illumine the darker recesses of the room,—when the fire burns low, and the cinders fall, and begin to crumble audibly among the ashes,—when the midnight winds are creeping round the house, sighing at the windows, or breaking out into angry gusts which boom over the chimney head, and shake the huge trees on the lawn, forcing one to think of ships fighting with storms on misty coasts, or drenched wretches creeping over splashing moors,—and then let the thoughts gradually slide into sad stories of human suffering, mingled with anecdotes about presentiments, dreams, odd coincidences, unaccountable appearances, and the like; and ever and anon let some strange sounds of wind and rain and chafing foliage be heard, with creaks in old timber, no one knows where,—I ask with confidence whether, in such circumstances, at two in the morning, the sceptic will not profess more faith in ghosts than he or she would at two in the afternoon?

The fact cannot be denied by any one moderately acquainted with human opinions, that there is an almost universal belief in ghosts. Or if that is a too broad and vulgar way of expressing the belief, let us rather say, a universal feeling verging on belief, if not reaching it, that there are certainly "more things in heaven and earth" than our daylight philosophy accepts of or can account for; that there are revelations from a world unseen by the carnal eye, unheard by the carnal ear, which come to the seeing and hearing faculties of the

spirit in certain states of mind and body which are alone susceptible of intercourse; that these revelations assume divers forms, it may be of strange sights and sounds, vivid dreams, sudden and overpowering impressions, apparitions, ghosts, spirit-knockings—call them what you please,—which compel belief that the ghost-world, with which we are unquestionably surrounded, impinges occasionally on the familiar, or on what we call the actual, just as strange and rare birds from another far-off clime are sometimes driven by storms on our coasts.

This is a subject to which I have paid some attention without, as far as I can discover, any prejudice to warp my judgment, or any want of such a careful and cautious induction as a detective might bestow in tracing out the facts of a crime, and weighing the evidence in the nicest balance. I have collected several unquestionable *facts*, in which I have no hesitation whatever in publicly acknowledging my belief."

We need not continue the quotation any further, for now a grin begins to be perceptible, and the language becomes equivocal. Still there is not for some time any clear indication that the writer has said anything that he does not believe in treating ghost-belief with such respect as is shewn in the sentences we have quoted. Not till the *denouement* of his story comes do we become quite convinced that he has been professing a creed which he does not believe, and shewing reverence for states of mind which he despises.

We do not object to any amount of fair opposition. We are quite willing to be laughed at, and to laugh ourselves at a good fun that is poked at us. But we protest, in the name of the most ordinary morality, not to refer to higher considerations against untruthfulness and insincerity, whether employed against us or on our side. It is scarcely honourable even to make a capital of belief and feelings which are thought to be false and superstitious—to excite a curiosity which rests on ideas which the writer believes to be mischievous. But to make a false profession of faith and utter respect which is not felt, merely to heighten the interest of an absurd story, is a playing fast and loose with truth and falsehood which we should not have expected from any contributor to *Good Words*, and least of all from its reverend editor. A writer who hoists such false colours may not expect to be believed even when he speaks the truth, and has no right to complain if his whole narrative is treated, by friends and opponents, as a pure invention.

R. M. T.

ABOUT GHOSTS.

AN article in *Weldon's Register* for June, under the sensational heading, "HORROR," and much of which is little else than a duplicate of an article from *Once a Week*, contains the following sensible passage, and as it is almost the only one to which

can apply that adjective, we skim off this small dish of cream for the delectation of our readers:—

“A ghost is not necessarily horrible because it is a ghost. There are some stories of ghosts which cause not horror to the mind, but a wonderful experience of holy awe, which might be horror, but for the feeling of calm and solemn trust which pervades them—perchance they are more than stories—how ‘women received their dead, brought to life again;’ how, in the still night watches, the spirit of a dead husband came to whisper courage and faith to a broken and a worn-out heart, which, awaking in the placid grey morning, found itself strengthened for its life-toil by the remembrance of the gentle and loving words of its night-visitant. Such stories are not many, because those who have known and felt such blessed consolation, and such an assurance of the deathlessness of love, feel it were almost like sacrilege to make them ‘common and unclean.’”

IMMORTALITY.

By the Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU.

THE feeling of impossibility which, I believe, haunts many persons in adverting to the immortality of the soul, the vague apprehension of some insuperable obstacle to the realization of anything so great, appears to arise from mere indolence of conception: and vanishes in proportion as the affections are deeply moved, and the intuitions of reason are trusted rather than the importunities of sense. There is certainly nothing in our idea of the mind, as there is in that of organization, contradictory of the belief of its perpetuity;—nothing which involves the notion of dissolution, or of limited duration. All the properties of the thinking principle, remembrance, imagination, love, conscience, volition, are irrespective of time; are characterized by nothing seasonal; are incapable of disease, fracture, or decay. They have nothing in their nature to prescribe their existence for an hour, a century, a thousand years, or in any way to bring them to termination. Were it the will of the Creator to change his arrangements for mankind, and to determine that they should henceforth live in this world ten or a hundred times as long as they do at present, no one would feel that *new souls* would be required for the execution of the design. And in the mere conception of unlimited existence there is nothing more amazing than in that of unlimited non-existence; there is no more mystery in the mind living for ever in the future, than in its having been kept out of life through

an eternity in the past. The former is a negative, the latter a positive infinitude. And the real, the authentic wonder, is the actual *fact* of the transition having been made from the one to the other; and it is far more incredible that from not having been, *we are*, than that from actual being, we shall *continue to be*.

And if there be no speculative impossibility in the immortality of the soul, it cannot be rendered inconceivable by any physical considerations connected with death. We are apt, indeed, to be misled by the appearances of the last hour; appearances so appalling, so humbling, so associated with the memories of happy affection and the approach of bleakest solitude, that it would be surprising if we did not interpret them amiss, and see them falsely through our tears. As we turn away from that last agony, we are tempted to say in our despair,—there, there, is the visible return of all to darkness; the proof that all is gone; the fall of the lamp into the death-stream. Yet it is clear that neither the phenomena of death, nor any other sensible impression, can afford the least substantive evidence that the mind has ceased to be. Non-existence is a negation, which neither sight can see, nor ear can hear: and the fading eye, the motionless lips, the chill hand, establish nothing, and simply give us *no report*: refusing us the familiar expression of the soul within, they leave the great question open, to be determined by any positive probabilities which may be sought in other directions. In life, we never saw or heard the principle of thought and will and love, but only its corporeal effects in lineament and speech. If the bare absence of these signs were sufficient to prove the extinction of the spirit which they obey, the spectacle of sleep would justify us in pronouncing the mind dead; and if neither slumber nor silence have been found to afford reason for the denial of simultaneous thought, death affords no better ground for the dreary inference. It is to no purpose to say, that we have not experience of the separability of consciousness from bodily life; for originally there was no experience of the separability of consciousness from bodily waking; and with the same reason which would lead us to mourn the extinction of a friend's spirit in death, might Adam have bewailed the annihilation of Eve in the first sleep of Eden. Nay, if we are not to conceive of the existence of a friend, where there is no physical manifestation, it will follow that till there was a visible creation, there was no Infinite Spirit: and that if ever the Creator shall cast aside the mantle of His works—if the order, the beauty, the magnificence of the universe, through which He appears to us and hides His essence behind the symbol of His infinitude, are ever to have their period and vanish, if ancient prediction shall be fulfilled, and “the heavens pass away with a noise, and the elements melt with

fervent heat," that hour will be, by the same rule which declares human annihilation, not only the end of all things, but the death of God.

Indeed, there is that in the very nature of the immaterial mind, which appears to me to exempt it from the operation of all material evidence of its destruction. It is impossible to form a steady conception of *thought*, except as originating *behind* even the innermost bodily structures, and intrinsically different from them. However much you refine and attenuate the living organism, yet after all, thought is something quite unlike the whitest and the thinnest tissue; and the most delicate of fibres, woven if you please in fairy loom, can never be spun into emotions. Nor is it at all easier to imagine ideas and feelings to be the *results* of organization, and to constitute one of the physical *relations* of atoms; and if any one affirms that the juxtaposition of a number of particles makes a hope, and that an aggregation of curious textures forms veneration, he affirms a proposition to which I can attach no idea. Agitate and affect these structures as you will, pass them through every imaginable change, let them vibrate and glow, and take a thousand hues; still you can get *nothing* but motion, and temperature, and colour; fit marks and *curious* signals of thought behind themselves, but no more to be *confounded* with it, than are written characters to be mistaken for the genius and knowledge which may record themselves in language. The corporeal frame then is but the mechanism for making thoughts and affections *apparent*, the signal-house with which God has covered us, the electric telegraph by which quickest intimation flies abroad of the spiritual force within us. The instrument may be broken, the dial-plate effaced: and though the hidden artist can make no more signs, he may be rich as ever in the things to be signified. Fever may fire the pulses of the body; but wisdom and sanctity cannot sicken, be inflamed, and die. Neither consumption can waste, nor fracture mutilate, nor gunpowder scatter away, thought, and fidelity and love, but only that organization which the spirit sequestered therein renders so fair and noble. To suppose such a thing would be to invert the order of rank which God has visibly established among the forces of our world, and to give a downright ascendancy to the brute energies of the matter above the vitality of the mind, which, up to that point, discovers, subdues and rules them; to proclaim the triumph of the sword, the casualty, the pestilence, over virtue, truth and faith; to set the cross above the Crucified; to surrender the holy things of this world to corruption, and shroud its heaven with darkness, and turn its moon into blood. Think only of this earth as it floats beneath the eye of God,—a speck in the blue infinite,—a precious life-balloon freighted with the

family of spirits He has willed to come up and travel in this portion of His universe. Remember that at this very moment, and at each tick of the clock, some fifty souls have departed hence, gone with their tempestuous passions, their strife, their truth, their hopes, into space and silence: not either with the appearance of forces spent and finished; for there are children fallen away, with expectant look on life, nothing doubting the secure embrace that seemed to fold them round; there is youth, raised up to self-subsistence, not without difficulty and sorrow, with the clear deep light of thought and wonder shining from within, quenched in sudden night; there is many an heroic life, built on no delusion of sense and selfishness, but firm on the adamant of faith, and defying the seductions of falsehood and the threats of fear,—sunk from us absolutely away, and giving no answer to our recalling entreaties and our tears. And will you tell me that all this treasure, which is nothing less than infinite, is *cancelled* and puffed away, like a worthless bubble, into emptiness? Does God stand ahead of this mighty car of being, as it traverses the skies, only to throw out the boundless wealth of lives it bears, and plunge them headlong into the abyss midway on their voyage through eternity? Put the question in conjunction with any overwhelming calamity, which perceptibly plunges into sudden silence a multitude of souls, like the dreadful destruction just announced from the Western world, of a ship* freighted with priceless lives, with the wealth of homes, the hopes of the oppressed, the lights of nations. Let any one think over the contents of that fated ship, when it quitted the port at even, amid the cheerful parting of friends, and consider well *where they were* when the morning broke. There were travellers from foreign lands, ready with pleased heart to tell at home the thousand marvels they had gathered on their way. There was a family of mourners, taking to their household graves their unburied dead. And there was *one* at least of rare truth and wisdom, of designs than which philanthropy knows nothing greater; of faith that all must venerate, and love that all must trust; of persuasive lips, from which a thoughtful genius and the simplest heart poured forth the true music of humanity. And does any one believe that this freight of transcendent worth,—all this sorrow, and thought, and hope, and moral greatness, and pure affection—were *burnt*, and went out with flame and cotton smoke? Sooner would I believe that the fire consumed the less everlasting stars! Such a galaxy of spiritual light and order and beauty is spread above the elements

* The steam boat *Lexington*, which left New York for Boston, 13th January, 1840, and was burned that night in Long Island Sound, with the loss of all on board except four. Dr. Follen was among the number that perished. The present discourse was suggested by that event.

and their power, and neither heat can scorch it, nor cold water drown. The bleak wind that swept in the morning over the black and heaving wreck would moan in the ear of sympathy with the wail of a thousand survivors ; but to the ear of wisdom and of faith, would sound as the returning whisper and requiem of hope.—*Endeavours after the Christian Life.*

BY THE SHORE.

I.

OVER the sea—from the land of the free—
 From the far spirit-shore, they whisper to me :—
 Playmates and friends of a happier day ;
 Dear companions on earth who have long passed away ;
 Softly they speak of their happier clime,
 Sweetly they whisper in musical chime,—
 “ We come from the land where no shadow can fall,
 Where grief cannot enter, nor evil enthral ;
 Where peace sits enthroned in the hearts of the blest ;
 Where earth’s troubles have ceased, and the weary find rest :
 Whatever the troubles the Father may send,
 Take courage, and faithful, endure to the end.”

* * * * *

I watch by the waves as they break on the shore,
 I listen, and long for those voices once more :
 I listen in vain—in vain, yet, ah, no !
 Still they whisper of hope from the days long ago :
 Yet I watch by the waves as they beat on the shore,
 And sadly I wish that life’s voyage was o’er.

II.

The sea-gulls scream along the cliff,
 The wild waves beat upon the shore,
 In slow, sad requiem, as if
 O’er joys now lost for evermore :
 But see !—the bow of promise gleams
 Through tear-clouds in the laughing sky,
 Which yonder, bright and placid seems
 As e’er to babe looks mother’s eye :
 And so, though waves of trouble roll,
 And harsh notes sound of coming ill,
 God’s sunshine steals into the soul,
 And Christ doth whisper “ Peace, be still.”

T. S.

PHENOMENA AT BOULOGNE.

WE hear of some striking phenomena occurring during the past month at Boulogne in a circle of friends, nearly all of whom are strict members of the Swedenborg Church; and it appears that the Rev. Dr. Bayley, the minister of that church in London, who has been so active in preaching and praying against the phenomena of Spiritualism, being on a visit to Boulogne, formed one of the party, and shewed extreme interest during the *séance*, displaying his knowledge of the method of directing what was done. Such a conversion as that of Dr. Bayley is of great importance to Spiritualism, and it may fairly be hoped that many of his congregation may follow his example. With the zeal of a new convert he at once assisted the investigations of a sceptical friend, by introducing him to some other mediums of his acquaintance. One of the questions asked by Dr. Bayley of the spirit communicating by means of the raps on the table was whether the spirits take food in the spiritual world, as in which there is much to be learnt, by pursuing the enquiry which we hope the doctor will do, and communicate to us the result. The medium on the occasion was a lady, to whom her possession of mediumistic power was previously unknown, and it was then only accidentally discovered. On her first touching the table it moved with great vivacity, and presently the raps also were heard and gave intelligent answers to questions. In order to satisfy the scruples of a sceptic present, it was found to move on her touching it only with the tips of her fingers, and the presence of this remarkable power in her was acknowledged by all.

THE NERVE-FORCE.

FROM experiments upon the electric states of the nerves of animals, Mr. H. F. Baxter (*Phil. Mag.*, July, 1862) concludes that "nerve-force is a higher form of force than electric force," and that in fact the former is a force *sui generis*, not convertible into the latter on any principle analogous to the laws of the "conservation of forces," whereby heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, are convertible one into another. Mr. Baxter's experiments lead to the further conclusion, "that the electric state of the nerve may be considered as one of the properties of the nerve, but not as its *essential* property."—*Weldon's Register*.

FROM CHATEAUBRIAND.

I LEFT my mother and went to see my eldest sisters in the environs of Fougères. I staid a month at the house of Mdlle. de Chateaubourg, who had two country houses named Lascardais et le Plessis, situated in a barren country of rocks and woods near St. Aubin-du-Cormier, a place celebrated for its tower, and for a battle.

My sister had for her steward Monsieur Livoret, who was formerly a Jesuit, to whom happened the following strange adventure. When he was made steward at Lascardais, the Count de Chateaubourg, the father, was just dead. Monsieur Livoret, who had never known him, was appointed keeper of the castle. The first night he slept alone there, he saw an old man come into his apartment in his night dress and night cap, very pale, and carrying a small light. The apparition went to the fireplace, put the candlestick on the mantelpiece, lighted the fire, and sat down in an easy chair. Monsieur Livoret trembled violently. After two hours of silence, the old man rose, took his light, and went out of the room, shutting the door after him. The next day, the steward told his story to the farmers, who said, from the description of the apparition, it was their old master. But this was not all; whenever Monsieur L. looked behind him when he was in the forest, he saw the phantom; if he had to get over a fence in a field, the apparition was there sitting astride on it. One day the miserable possessed man ventured to say, "Monsieur de C——, leave me;" to which the ghost answered "No."

Monsieur Livoret was a man of cool and positive temperament, with very little imagination. He often told this story, and always in the same manner, and with the same belief in its truth. —*Memoires d'outre-Tombe.*

Notices of Books.

Predictions Realized in Modern Times. Now first collected by HORACE WELBY, Author of *Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity, &c.* London: Kent & Co.

CONSIDERABLE industry and patient research have evidently been bestowed on this volume, which contains much curious and entertaining reading, and is a fund of quotation, anecdote, and illustration. The anecdotes and narratives are of various grades of value and authenticity, and call for constant exercise of judgment and discrimination in the reader. Had they been somewhat more carefully sifted they might have been less in number, but the residue would have been of greater value: at all

events, this book still leaves room for one in which the subject of predictions proper might be more strictly adhered to, and instances of verified predictions be more completely authenticated. Mr. Welby's aim seems to have been less definite and exacting than this, his book covers a wider area, and presents in a very readable form a diversity of facts and materials for the amusement and use of readers and students. He employs the term "prediction," as he tells us, "in its widest sense, of Prophecy (or sacred prediction), Prognostication, Foreboding, and Divination. He must be a very fastidious reader indeed who does not find in this book something to interest him under each of these heads.

However variously it may have been explained, the reality of prophecy, prediction, or prescience, has been almost universally recognized. Those who could not accept it as a result of divine or spiritual enlightenment or monition as distinguished from the operation of the merely natural faculties, have invented other hypotheses, or, at least, phrases, to express their belief or conceal their ignorance of its cause. One of the writers in the *Essays and Reviews* speaks of prophecy as "a sort of natural clairvoyance of particulars;" Dr. Rogers, of America, puts his explanation into the scientific-looking formula of "presension of the brain;" though how either of these phrases can help us to better understand the subject I am at a loss to conceive. Others have been content to explain predictions and their subsequent verification by attributing them to "sagacity," "chance," "coincidence," or some other equally unknown and powerful goddess whom they have supposed to rule sublunary affairs.

Dr. de Boismon, in his able work *On Hallucinations*, says: "Let it not be forgotten that men possessed of the highest intellects have admitted the existence of prevision, at the same time they acknowledge their ignorance as to the cause. Bacon has observed that we meet with remarkable examples of persons being forewarned of events in their dreams, in states of ecstasy, and at the time of their death.* 'I cannot give the reason of it,' says Macchiavelli, 'but all history, both ancient and modern, attests the fact, that no great misfortune happens either to a town or a province which has not been foretold by some one possessed of the power of prophecy, or else it has been announced by prodigies or other celestial signs. It is very desirable that the cause of this should be discussed by men acquainted with things both natural and supernatural, an advantage we do not ourselves possess. Whatever may be the explanation, the thing itself cannot be questioned.'"

Waiving, however, the discussion of the cause, let us cull

* Bacon: *De Dignitate*.

from Mr. Welby's book one or two illustrative facts. Under the head of *Omens* he gives, at page 79, the following narrative, entitled "Warning at Cambridge:"—

In 1706-7, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Jesus College, Cambridge, communicated to the Rev. Mr. Bonwicke, the following "unusual story:" "One Mr. Shaw, formerly of St. John's College, and late minister of Souldern, within twelve miles of Oxford, as he was sitting one night by himself, smoking a pipe, and reading, observed somebody open the door; he turned back, and saw one Mr. Nailor, a fellow collegian, an intimate friend, and *and who had been dead five years, come into the room.* The gentleman came in exactly the same dress and manner that he used at college. Mr. Shaw was something surprised at first; but in a little time, recollecting himself, he desired him to sit down: upon which Mr. N. drew a chair, and sat by him; and they had a conference of about an hour and a half. He told him that 'he was sent to give him warning of his death, which would be in a very short time;' and, if I mistake not, he added that his death would be sudden. He mentioned likewise several others of St. John's, particularly the famous Auchard, who is since dead. Mr. S. asked him if he could not give him another visit: he answered no, alleging that 'his time allotted was but three days, and that he had others to see, who were at a great distance.' Mr. Shaw had a great desire to inquire about his present condition, but was afraid to mention it, not knowing how it would be taken. At last, he expressed himself in this manner, 'Mr. N., how is it with you in the other world?' he answered, with a brisk and cheerful countenance, 'Very well.' Mr. Shaw proceeded: 'Are there any of our old friends with you?' he replied, 'Not one.' After their discourse was over, he took his leave, and went out. Mr. Shaw offered to go with him out of the room; but he beckoned with his hand that he should stay where he was. Mr. Nailor seemed to turn into the next room, and so went off. This Mr. Shaw the next day made his will, the conference having so far affected him; and not long after, being taken with an apoplectic fit while he was reading the divine service, he fell out of his desk, and died immediately after. He was ever looked upon to be a pious man, and a good scholar; only some object that he was inclinable to melancholy. He told this story himself to Mr. Groves, fellow of St. John's, and a particular friend of his.

"Mr. G., upon his return to Cambridge, met with one of his college, who told him that Mr. Auchard was dead, who was particularly mentioned by Mr. Shaw. He kept the business secret, till, hearing of Mr. Shaw's own death, he told the whole story. He is a person far enough from inventing such a story; and he tells it in all companies without any manner of variation. We are mightily divided about it at Cambridge, some heartily embracing it, and others rejecting it as a ridiculous story, and the effect of spleen and melancholy. For my own part, I must acknowledge myself one of those who believe it, having not met with anything yet sufficient to invalidate it. As to the little sceptical objections that are generally used upon this occasion, they seem to be very weak in themselves, and will prove of dangerous consequences, if applied to matters of a more important nature." Mr. Turner, writing to Mr. Bonwicke, from Cambridge, within the next fortnight, says:—"There is a circumstance relating to the story of the apparition, which adds great confirmation to it; which I suppose Mr. Hughes did not tell you. There is one Mr. Cartwright, Member of Parliament for Northamptonshire, a man of good credit and integrity, an intimate friend of Mr. Shaw's, who told the same story with Dr. Groves (which he had from Mr. Shaw), at the Archbishop of Canterbury's table: but he says further, that Mr. Shaw told him of some great revolutions in state, which he will not discover, being either obliged to silence by Mr. Shaw, or concealing them upon some prudent and politic reasons."

On the next page to this we have "Omens of the Murder of Mr. Blandy":—

Several awful passages are stated to have alarmed the family of the unfortunate Mr. Blandy, of Henley, in Oxfordshire, previous to his untimely death. A few days before the decease of his wife, a chorus of voices was heard

by his daughter and the servants, at midnight, as if proceeding from the garden in the rear of the apartment where Mrs. Blandy lay. This was succeeded by three distinct knocks on the window of Miss Blandy's chamber, adjoining to that of her mother. Meanwhile, the old lady, though insensible of these sounds, was terrified by a dream, in which she saw her husband drinking from a cup administered by her daughter; presently he swelled to a great size, and expired, about two years before the memorable murder of Mr. Blandy, of the approach of which he himself is also said to have had some ominous presages. When Mrs. Blandy awoke in the morning, she told the dream to her waiting-maid, and died the same day. The story of this dreadful parricide is briefly as follows. Mr. Blandy was an eminent attorney, and by practice had accumulated a handsome fortune: he had an only child, Mary, whom, as a kind of pious fraud he gave out to be worth thirty thousand pounds. A short time before the death of Mrs. Blandy, Captain William Cranstoun, brother of Lord Cranstoun, being upon a recruiting-party in Oxfordshire, and hearing of Miss Blandy's fortune, found means to introduce himself to the family. He soon gained an ascendancy over the mother; and the daughter smiled upon the soldier. But there was an almost insuperable obstacle to their mutual happiness: the captain had been privately married in Scotland; this, however, he hoped to get set aside by a decree of the Supreme Court of Session. In this he failed: and the father would not, therefore, consent to his daughter continuing to receive the captain's attentions. The mother, we have seen, died suddenly. The father remained inexorable, and could not be induced to grant his consent. This set the captain's sanguine mind to work. The affection of Miss Blandy for this profligate man, almost double her age, was violent. He imposed upon her credulity: sent her from Scotland a pretended love-powder, which he enjoined her to administer to her father, in order to gain his affection, and procure his assent. This injunction she declined, on account of a frightful dream, in which she fancied her father falling from a precipice into the ocean. The captain wrote a second time: told her his design in words rather enigmatical, but easily understood by her. This so elated her with the project of removing her father, that she was heard to exclaim, before the servants, "Who would not send an old fellow to hell for thirty thousand pounds?"

The die was cast: the powder was mixed in a cup of tea: the father drank, and soon after swelled enormously. "What have you given me, Mary?" said the unhappy dying man, "you have murdered me; of this I was warned, but alas, I thought it was a false alarm! O fly—take care of the captain!" Thus he died, a most melancholy spectacle. Miss Blandy was taken while attempting to escape: she was conveyed to Oxford Castle, and lay there till the assizes, when she was tried for the parricide, was found guilty and executed. Captain Cranstoun went abroad, and died in a miserable state of mind soon afterwards.

Possibly the foregoing narrative, together with the account of Jarvis Matcham, who was compelled by the apparition of his murdered victim to surrender himself to justice, as quoted by our author, at page 271, from Sir Walter Scott; and his narrative of the circumstances that led to the discovery of the Polstead murder, page 259 (extracted from *Notes and Queries*), may give some satisfaction to those ladies and gentlemen who think that Spiritualism is of no use, unless it can be organized into a department under Sir Richard Mayne, as an auxiliary to the police force. If we may credit the following anecdote, it has promoted the ends of justice and served the state in a case of far higher public importance; and Dr. Dee ought to be made a saint in the Protestant calendar—at all events, be duly commemorated at Exeter Hall. The story is this:—

John Varley, the painter, well known to have been attached to astrology

used to relate a tradition, that the Gunpowder Plot was discovered by Dr. John Dee, with his Magic Mirror; and he urged the difficulty, if not impossibility, of interpreting Lord Monteaule's letter without some other clue or information. Now, in a Common Prayer Book, printed by Baskett, in 1737, is an engraving of the following scene:—In the centre is a circular mirror on a stand, in which is the reflection of the Houses of Parliament by night, and a person entering carrying a dark lantern. On the left side are two men in the costume of James's time, looking into the mirror: one, evidently the king; the other, from his secular habit, not the Doctor (Dee), but probably Sir Kenelm Digby. On the right side, at the top, is the eye of Providence darting a ray on the mirror; and below are some legs and hoofs, as if evil spirits were flying out of the picture. The plate is inserted before the service for the 5th of November, and would seem to represent the method by which, under Providence (as is evidenced by the eye), the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was, at that time, generally credited to have been effected. The tradition must have been generally and seriously believed, or it never could have found its way into a Prayer Book printed by the King's Printer. (A.A., *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 201.)

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

September 10, 1862.

SIR,—Mr. Coleman and I had an interview with Miss W—— of Norton, near M——, who informs us of wonderful spiritual communications which she had received at various times, from her very childhood up to the present time. She does not see the spirits, but receives aural communications from them. Sometimes they enforce her attention by seizing her wrist; at other times, by tapping against the walls. At times, she sees passing before her scenes which are afterwards verified by actual occurrences. In early childhood, the spirits used to ornament her dresses with patterns of flowers, of a most beautiful kind, stamped on them. Sometimes they were crimped merely. These dresses were shewn by her mother to her neighbours, but as they only ridiculed her statements, she ceased to exhibit them. Even now, she states that beautiful patterns of flowers are sometimes impressed on her bed.

F.R.C.S.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Malton, 22nd August, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—From the great interest you feel in Spiritualism, I am induced to send you an account of a *séance* held at my house on the 10th of July last, when were present Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a Miss S——, Mrs. Morton and myself. After sitting about fifteen minutes, the movements of the table became very powerful, when questions were put and answers given as follows:—

"Is any spirit present?" "Yes."

"Have you any communication to make?" "I will spiritualize you mysteriously. Put your trust in the Lord."

"By what means?" "Gospel illustration."

"Will you give a name?" "S——." (the name of the young lady for whom the communication was intended).

"But will you give your other name?" "Yes; Catherine S——."

"What relation?" "Mother."

"Has my dear mother anything to communicate to me?" "Yes; go to Scarboro' to-morrow, William is not well."

"In what way is he ill?" "Mentally."

"Will you, my dear mother, be with me there?" "Yes."

"Why must I go to-morrow? I had intended going on Saturday." "I wish you to go to-morrow—I will go with you, to Scarboro'."

Miss S—— was a comparative stranger to all of us; she had never sat in circle before, and none of us knew the Christian name of her mother. She followed the directions given by her mother, and was not at all astonished to find her

brother (whom she had left but a few weeks previously in so state of great mental excitement. I say she was not at all impressed was she with the truthfulness of the communication.

I have on several occasions, when in London, visited Mrs have been touched by spirit hands, and had the guitar and whilst held in my right hand out of *all reach* of the medium; thrown three times from my chair by an invisible force, and as presence. I have seen, on other occasions, in private circles, the several seconds. I have given the narrative of this *séance* in peculiarly and truthfulness as also from the good that *I know* it

You are personally acquainted with all the parties who were *séance*, but should you require my letter for publication or other goodness to use only the *initials* of the young lady's name; if is concerned, I am unwilling to state facts anonymously, or upholding truth.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Very truly yours

EDWARD

Benjamin Coleman, Esq.,
London.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—At the request of a friend interested in the spiritual phenomena, I transcribe the following case of person spirit-writing through the guiding of my hand.

In the autumn of the year 1856, I had an esteemed friend—Barlie—then residing at Ealing. He was a confirmed invalid sufferer, but at the period above stated, he laboured under the acute disease, and was apparently in the very grasp of death. No surprise to me, when I received, at my house in town, the following dispatch—"Come, Barlie is dying." My daughter and I made preparations to obey the summons. She was a "writing medium" power, though on this occasion she did not call her gift into impression, however, came to my mind, that I should myself take had just laid aside, for the purpose of trying whether any communication be transmitted through my hands. On placing my pen steadily I soon perceived the involuntary action. Slowly letter followed after word came forth—every finger of my hand seemed under control of a directing intelligence foreign to my own will. The sentence "———," naming my daughter's spirit-communicant, "is with your friend, Mr. Barlie, comforting those that mourn with so says he cannot write through you; he is with your friend, who brother—no, he is not writing to his brother, but to another person to his brother's wife—" Here the idea came strongly into my letter *f* was about to follow to complete the word *wife*. But I statement altogether, not deeming it *possible* for my departing either pen or pencil, much less to write to any one. However was carried upwards to form as I confidently expected, order to complete the word *wife*, referring to a lady with acquainted, but contrary to my expectation, my hand was round to form the letters *d o w* immediately following, making the a lady with whom we were unacquainted. This gave me the although the ability of involuntary or spirit-writing had been full me, yet that what I had received must be an untrue statement, the concluding words, "Now no more from your loving ——" of my deceased wife. I nevertheless folded up the piece of paper my pocket. We then proceeded to Ealing. Arrived at the house entered the sick chamber alone, my friend was lying still and calm the stupor which frequently preludes death: I therefore felt still in my impression that a *false* spirit-message had been delivered. But before quitting the room, I gently asked the dying man, "writing? In accents barely audible I received this answer, "I say something to M——" (the brother's widow.) I remain yours
Lower Norwood. H: A