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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—
ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON.

In turning over a library of old divinity, the reader may sometimes come across a scarce book entitled, *An Apology for M. Antonia Bourignon*. It gives an abstract of her life and doctrines, with copious extracts from her writings, and answers to objections. It has the prolixity and tautology common to books, especially of divinity, in the seventeenth century; but though on this account it may be a little tedious to lovers of the "run-and-read" style of literature, its perusal will well repay the diligent student who reads with other purpose than mere amusement; he will find in its subject a striking and beautiful exemplification of the humility, self-denial, and absolute surrender to the Divine will, which the Great Teacher enjoins upon all his faithful followers; and an instance of one who in a remarkable degree experienced the Divine light and guidance. It is from this book that our present account is chiefly taken.

Antoinette Bourignon was born at Lisle, in Flanders, January, 1616. Her parents were well to do in the world, and brought up their daughter in the doctrines of the Romish Church. She was thoughtful and pious from childhood; and hearing much of what Christ had done and suffered and taught, and reading the *Lives of the Early Christians*, she inquired of her parents, "Where are the Christians? Let us go to the country where the Christians live." From her infancy, we are told, "she turned herself unto God by prayer," and "had daily conversation with God, he speaking inwardly to her heart; and she thought this Divine conversation was a thing common to all." As she grew older the influence of her companions, and especially the raillery of a sister, caused her to draw her heart from God and devote herself to the gaieties and amusements of the world: and as this took place in her soul God withdrew from it by degrees, and she ~~no longer felt~~ her former pleasure and contentment in prayer; this made her melancholy, and the more she endeavoured to

divert it by company the more it increased ; but she had not the courage to withdraw from these pleasures and frivolities, notwithstanding the inward monitions she experienced. At length the death of some that she knew arrested her course, and made her think deeply of the eternal world, and the transitory nature of the present life. Her soul was filled with anxiety, and she experienced those deep and bitter inward struggles of which we find so frequent mention in the history of devout men and women. She practised great austerities, frequented the churches and sacraments, and visited the poor and sick, "not knowing by what means she could recover the favour of God." She spent whole nights in prayer, oft repeating, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" One night, in a most profound penitence, she said from the bottom of her heart, "O my Lord! what must I do to please Thee? For I have nobody to teach me. Speak to my soul, and it will hear Thee." At that instant she heard, as if another had spoke within her, "Forsake all earthly things. Separate thyself from the love of the creatures. Deny thyself." She was quite astonished, not understanding this language, and mused long on these three points, thinking how she could fulfil them. At first she thought of entering the cloister, and sought admittance to one, offering to work for her bread, and be content with little; but the director only smiled and told her she could not be admitted unless she brought money with her; whereupon she resolved she would live a retired life till it pleased God to show her what she ought to do, and whither to go.

She was told that as she had failed in finding a society of true Christians, she must aid in re-establishing the Gospel spirit, and that many would follow her teaching. She could not comprehend how this could be, as she was ignorant and had no authority, and prayed that God would deliver her from this enterprise and choose another; but it was said to her, "Behold these trees in the churchyard—they seem dry wood without leaves or fruit, or any appearance; nevertheless, when the season comes, they shall bring forth leaves, flowers and fruit in abundance, without anybody touching them. So shall it be of my work." She went to Fenelon, the Archbishop of Cambray, and laid before him how that God taught her to lead a Gospel life, and to live as the first Christians, and that many would follow her therein; and begged his permission to take a place in the country in his diocese to begin it. In reply to his enquiry for a more explicit statement of her purpose, she told him, "We will labour the ground, and have our necessaries from the fields, without asking money of those who would come thither. Poor and rich shall be alike welcome; we aiming at no commodity on earth but pure necessaries, and to please God." He said she proposed

great things, and he would think of it. Two days after, he sent Pere du Bois, superintendent of the oratory at Maubeuge, to examine her, who left her persuaded that she was indeed taught of God; some nuns also of the house in which she was lodged had the same conviction, and understanding her purpose, resolved to follow her. Hereupon the Jesuits endeavoured to persuade her that she was deluded by the devil, which they told her needed no other proof than her living without a director. On this, we are told, she had recourse to God, "but her spirit being tost with divers passions, she discerned nothing, being wholly in darkness." She went to the Archbishop, who, being persuaded she was guided by the Holy Spirit, thought she ought not to take the direction of men. Pere du Bois confirmed this view. For further satisfaction, she begged leave of the Archbishop to read the New Testament, that she might discover her errors by confronting them with the Gospel. She says, "She no sooner began to read attentively the Gospels than she perceived in them such a conformity with her inward sentiments that, if she were to set them down in writing, she should write such a book in substance as the New Testament." Though the Archbishop, with the consent of his council, judging her undertaking to be from God, had given her permission to begin a society at Blatton, where she had purchased a piece of ground for the purpose, yet, such was the violent opposition of the Jesuits, that they at length induced the Archbishop to retract his permission, and the undertaking had to be abandoned.

In 1653 she undertook the care of an institution for the maintenance and religious education of orphan girls. The fund provided only for ten or twelve, but such was her pity for destitute and untaught children that she increased the number to more than fifty, teaching them herself, and maintaining them at her own cost. She also commenced the writing and publication of works setting forth the truths communicated to her. In 1667, at the solicitation of M. Christian de Cort, Superior of the Fathers of the Oratory, at Mechlin, she went to Holland to get printed *The Light of the World*, a work which contains the substance of her religious teachings. She had some hesitation about going to a country where the Roman Catholic religion was not professed, but commending the affair to God, she was told "that these common differences of religion do not bring salvation, but the love of God only and virtue, which we ought to love in all persons who aspire to it, without regarding the outward religion they profess; that she ought to do good to all, and communicate to all the light of the divine truth, of what religion soever they be." "This," her biographer says, "wrought in her soul such perfect impartiality, that she never afterwards inquired of

what religion one was, provided only he desired to put in practice the doctrine of Jesus Christ, and to recover the love of God." When Dr. Swammerdam consulted her about his joining the Church of Rome, she told him that there was nothing but vanity in the change of communions, and that he might labour to be a true Christian in the communion in which he was. She affirmed that were men more careful of the essentials of Christianity they would pay less regard to those things that were merely accessory and external to it. The declension of Christendom she attributed to the corruption and worldliness of its guides and pastors, who being generally void of the spirit of God, were deprived of the true and living knowledge of the things of God, and retained only the outside and the letter, varnished over with learning and human doctrines; and being void of true faith and true charity, they placed religion in a system of opinions and rites, on which they divided, disputed, quarrelled, formed parties, and instead of the charity, peace, and concord which Jesus Christ left his disciples, they beget hatred, strife, persecution, and bloodshed, "whereas the church of God should be united in peace and love, in the meek spirit of Jesus Christ." She, however, carefully distinguishes between the priestly office, for which she expresses the greatest reverence, and the character of those who fill it; of the latter she says, "They ought all to thank God that he has permitted their faults to be known, that they may amend them while they are yet in the world." Instead of this result, however, her representations seem to have had only the old effect of such plain speaking; it brought down upon her the most bitter persecution of the priesthood, both Catholic and Protestant. Among Catholics, being stigmatized as a heretic, she could not go to church without hazard of her life; one priest wished he might send fuel to burn her; and several times, zealots, thinking it would do God service, sought to kill her, and it was only by Divine warnings that she escaped their malice. The Protestant pastors caused her books to be burnt by the hangman, and under their instigation her house was broken open: the pillage of it continued two days. Her press, books, papers, and goods to the value of more than six thousand florins were destroyed. She was hunted from town to town, and from one garret to another: the pastors represented her as a sorceress, and so blackened her character that the people thought that to receive her into their houses "was to take in one worse than the devil." They would have procured her perpetual imprisonment, but for General-Major Vanderwyck. From one of his soldiers he had taken a sheet of one of her books torn up in the streets at the pillage of her house, and on reading it he was astonished, and enquired if this could be the doctrine and people of which so much evil was spoken, and who

were so ill-treated; and so effectually did he exert his influence as to procure from the prince a revocation of the sentence which the pastors by their representations had obtained from him. Under all her troubles she maintained an even mind; sustained by faith in God, her temper and disposition was serene and cheerful. Her life was a continual prayer, and her last words on earth were addressed to Him in whom she had trusted, and to whose service all her powers were devoted. In the 65th year of her age, she passed away to that better land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

In the words of her biographer, "She was most humble and self-denying, always ready to serve others rather than be served by them, and to take to herself the meanest and the least of everything. . . . Such was her love to men's souls, that she spared nothing to persuade them to the love of God, and to imitate Jesus Christ. She had an invincible firmness and constancy in what was truth: nothing could shake or alter her. . . . Her constant rule was righteousness in all things. She did not despise the good that was in her enemies, nor excuse the evil that was in her friends. She never judged according to passion, but according to equity. . . . She hated nothing but honour and sin. . . . Simplicity and sincerity of heart were her nature; there was no guile in her spirit; she not only would not deceive men, but also would not deceive herself; and because of this single eye, her whole body was full of light; for God makes wise the simple."

That we may understand, as clearly as the nature of the subject admits, the mode in which she received Divine communication, let us hear her own explanation of it. She says:—"So soon as my soul is free of every image, and delivered from the agitation of its passions, and the imagination ceases to operate, then I hear the voice of God, and his reasoning, not with my ears, but with my understanding. And after this manner He makes me see and hear all that I need to know, both for my own conduct, and that of others; which many have experienced, and found that I have told them the most secret things of their hearts, which neither men nor devils could know." And in reply to an eminent lawyer, she writes:—"That I may satisfy the question so oft proposed by you, how I understand and speak with God, I shall tell you in simplicity what I can say of it. God is a spirit; the soul is a spirit; they communicate in spirit; they are not verbal discourses, but spiritual intimations (*intelligences spirituelles*), which nevertheless are more intelligible than the best eloquence of the world. God makes himself to be understood by the soul, by inward motions, which the soul understands and comprehends according as it is freed of earthly ideas, and in so

far as the faculties of the soul cease, the motions of God are so much the more intelligible unto it. The intimations of God are infallible when the soul is free of all images, and in a forgetfulness of all created things; but they are doubtful when it acts by imaginations and sensibilities (intellections and sensations) or any other thing that is not purely God. The purified soul is transformed into Him, and has no need of words nor of sight to understand Him, more than we need an eye or a tongue to understand our own conceptions."

In another passage, speaking of the operations of the Holy Spirit in her own case, she says:—"He does not dictate to me all the words that I must pronounce, but the substance of all that I say. For the Holy Spirit speaks so succinctly, that one word makes me comprehend many things. He gives subtlety to the understanding to conceive great things by one of His small motions. It is just as if one were in a fine room, well adorned with divers furniture and rarities, but having no light in it whereby to see these things. In such a case it would require a great many words to make him who had never seen them, understand in particular all the fine things and furniture that were in the room, telling him that here are such and such things, such tables, such seats, and such like things; and yet we could not make him comprehend well the beauty of such things and such rarities. But if a light were brought into the room, though it were but that of a candle, in a moment it would give him more knowledge of all the things that are in the room than all the discourses that were uttered to make them known. So it is with the light of the Holy Spirit when it enters into the soul, it makes it know and comprehend all things very clearly. Nevertheless these things cannot be seen by souls who are yet in the darkness and obscurity of their own passions. It is thus that I say all my words do not come immediately from the Holy Spirit, but indeed all the substance of what I say, because I never had any other Master, nor any other study, but that of purging my soul from earthly affections. By this I received the light of all the things which I have spoken to you, with many more, which nevertheless I could not make you understand, but by words and discourses accommodated to your capacity, which are not all precisely indited by the Holy Spirit word for word, except that in general they are produced by the gift of wisdom, which the Holy Spirit always brings along with Him into the soul where He resides, giving it the skill to express itself, and to make Divine things be understood by those who are in darkness. But if you would maintain a precise inditing of words, the enemies of the truth might surprise you in some terms not well expressed, or some word of a contrary significa-

tion, or other faults of my language, which come from my weakness or ignorance. For the Holy Spirit can commit no faults. He always gives his light perfect and complete to the soul that is purified from itself. But He does not always give precise words and terms to make it be understood by others, because it does not remain always precisely hearkening to the inditing of the Holy Spirit, being often distracted by earthly objects, which divert it sometimes without its being aware, and in this diversion it may commit many faults, even though it had received the Holy Spirit. For this cause our life is always dangerous, and we ought still to watch that we be not surprised by our enemies. Sometimes the Holy Spirit gives notices of things which the soul never saw nor thought of; at other times he makes it understand something which it saw or understood imperfectly. But, for the most part, the light is demanded by the soul when it prays for it, or for somewhat else. Then, if it be well recollected, it receives the understanding of what it asked; either God grants it, or makes it see wherefore He denies it, or else what it ought to do or forsake to co-operate with the designs of God, and to obtain its request. You may learn in a moment more things in these matters than I could tell you in a whole day; for one word from God contains more than ten thousand discourses of men, which are still accompanied with many defects and imperfections; whereas the Holy Spirit has a perfect accomplishment in every thing, and envelopes Himself according as the soul is emptied of itself. We have nothing else to do, but to empty ourselves; because God being always in the centre of our soul, He would enlighten it abundantly, in case the hindrances were removed; for take them away, and we receive light."

She admits that it is hard to declare how this is done, that it must be hard also to believe it, and that in effect it is subject to deceptions and delusions of the devil, or of the imagination. "The same thing may be holy, diabolical, or human, according to the inward intention and motion of the soul that operates; in which so many deceive themselves who presume to discern spirits, and to guide souls by their own natural light." She sets down as "the chief mark and ground of discerning spirits," that "the Spirit of God has this quality that he never operates but for things divine and eternal; and that the natural spirit never acts nor aims but for things earthly and temporal; for all that is from nature tends to its centre, which is the earth and time, wherein nature is bounded." And again, "The good spirit, and the evil may be known by the qualities which they have. The Spirit of God has in him a peace and sweetness that comforts the soul, and draws it to an inward quiet. But the spirit of the devil

disturbs the understanding, disquiets it, and robs it of tranquillity and rest. All that comes from the Spirit of God is always accompanied with the qualities of God, which are goodness, righteousness, and truth; and that which comes from the spirit of the devil carries always the qualities of the devil, which are malice, injustice, and lying." And she gives this caution, which is equally applicable now as then, "Never amuse yourself with discourses, visions, or revelations made to you or others, if you do not perceive assuredly that they are accompanied with the good qualities of the Spirit of God, or otherwise you will be easily deceived." In evidence that she was herself under Divine guidance, she writes:—"I know well that I am a poor creature, subject to many miseries and infirmities, which makes me often humble myself before God and man; but I well know also that God dwells in my heart by his righteousness, truth, and charity, and that he makes me govern all my actions by the square of these virtues; and there cannot be a surer testimony that a soul is guided by the Holy Spirit than that it is possessed with the righteousness, truth, and charity of God." But, though regarding herself as taught of God, she disclaims all pretension to infallibility, and treats the question whether there is any human element in her teachings as ridiculous, seeing that she is human and that God does not cause all the natural faculties to cease that he alone may operate; but "always makes use of human creatures to speak to men, and to make known His will to them by the organs of those like themselves. . . . It is the Spirit that teaches me the doctrine which I write, but as for the faults which are in the words, it is I who commit them, and not the Holy Spirit. . . . Ought I, therefore, to hold my peace and not to write, because the Holy Spirit does not dictate to me all the words, and because I make use of those which I speak in my homely vulgar language?" She affirms that revelation is not limited to time or place, but that "where God finds pure and self-denied souls, He delights to communicate Himself to them, and to make them the organs of conveying His light and Spirit unto others, who are not capable of receiving it immediately themselves." She maintains that it is no more against the nature of God to enlighten pure and well-disposed souls than it is against the nature of the sun to send its light and heat wherever clouds and walls do not shut them out. Christ said to his disciples, "Receive the Holy Spirit; and when He shall come, He will teach you all things." This Holy Spirit is never idle. "Wherefore," she asks, "should men not increase in a knowledge of spiritual things as they do in natural things?" And she urges that we should pray continually for greater light in Divine things, for we can never have so much love for the unknown as for the known.

She affirms that she obtained her knowledge of spiritual truths, "without school or study, without books, and without masters. All my books consist in the conversation of my spirit with God; and my school is to learn to purge my soul from sin, and to withdraw its affections from all earthly things, that it may love only those which are eternal."

Concerning the manner in which her books were written, she says:—"They who see me write, know very well that I do it without any human speculation or study, and that it flows from my spirit as a river of water flows from its fountain, and that *I only lend my hand and my spirit to another power than mine.* Many persons are witnesses of this." Her biographer says that "when she put pen to paper she wrote as fast as her hand could guide the pen, and what was once written, was written without blotting out or change. And when she returned to any writings that she had laid by unfinished, though it might be for months or years, she did not apply herself to read them over, but having read only five or six of the last lines to see how the period ended, she immediately wrote on with her former swiftness, her sentiments flowing from her as water does from a fountain."

Her biographer regards it as "No less than a miracle, and beyond the power of nature, that she knew the thoughts in other person's hearts and their inward dispositions; not that she always did so, but when God thought fit to discover them to her, either for her own safety, or for the good of others. This is oft-times declared, and instances given of it, not only by herself, but also by M.M. de Cort, Poiret, Tiellens, Francken, and many others." She was enabled in this way to discover the plots which her enemies contrived against her. Thus, on one occasion, when they were conspiring to seize and imprison her, she said to the friends who were with her, "I see in my spirit, such and such enemies (naming them) met together, who devise how to seize me: they have sent for the grand officer; they propose to him to seize me, and treat me as M. de Cort was (imprisoned), otherwise they will pursue him. He hears them, he wavers somewhat; but I perceive there is yet in his heart piety and the fear of God, that hinder him from yielding to their solicitations." Her biographer adds, "This was so true, that the grand officer declared more than once all the same things to two of her friends."

She also declares, "I have sometimes had dreams and visions coming from God, as I may afterwards make appear by experience; but I do not rely on these dreams and visions, unless the same things that I have seen and dreamed be confirmed unto me by a secret notice (*intelligence*) after the manner that I converse ordinarily with God." Her biographer tells us that when in "retirement and interior prayer, the devil failed not to disturb her therein by

spectres and other noises." She herself affirms that she had seen persons of whom "some were blind for years, and received their sight in an instant; others were dumb, and recovered their speech by supernatural means; others did hang and flee visibly in the air, before all the people; others were without pulse and motion for some nights and days, and in an instant would arise and walk cheerfully." And though she thinks that these things may be done by the power of the devil, and that therefore miracles are "not the true touchstone to discern if a person has the spirit of God;" she is careful to add, "Not that I would exclude true miracles from souls that love God; for they would certainly do them in this present time, as much as the Apostles did them in their days if it were necessary for God's glory. . . . But these things ought not to be valued in respect of faith and charity which unite souls to God. These are true miracles. . . . With these philosopher's stones they change earthly souls into the pure gold of Divine charity." And she acknowledges that "Men's minds are generally so extraverted and turned towards things of sense, that they cannot be affected with the things of the spirit of God, unless they be conveyed to them by means that may affect their senses."

Those converted by her direct personal agency she styled her "spiritual children." I find in Chalmer's *Biographical Dictionary* the following statement of her singular experience in relation to them. Speaking of M. de Cort, the writer says:—"This proselyte was her first spiritual birth, and is said to have given her the same kind of bodily pangs and throes as a natural labour, which was the case also with her other spiritual children; and she perceived more or less of these pains, according as the truths which she had declared operated more or less strongly on their minds."

The student of spirit-manifestations will distinguish between the facts of Madame Bourignon's experience and her theory about them. She held the common view (not even yet exploded) that all facts of a clearly supernatural origin proceed immediately from either God or the devil, without recognition of any medial agency. She was fully assured that the influence she felt, and the communications she received, were of a quality that could not proceed from the devil, and she thence inferred that they were from God. And in a sense she was right, fundamentally so; for all good is from God; all truth and light come to us from the Father of Light; every good spirit, whether of man or of an higher order of intelligence (if such there be), in so far as he makes known the Divine will, and is assimilated to the Divine nature, is a messenger and representative of God. That Madame Bourignon was under such guidance and teaching is a view that meets all the facts of her experience, and is one which, to many,

will seem most accordant with reason, analogy, experience, and Scripture. We may accept as true all the alleged facts of her life, without believing that she held direct communication with God. In her case this opinion does not appear to have been productive of any ill result; but in how many instances has it led to the wildest extravagancies, to the most dire fanaticism? So, we need not share the view of her biographer, (probably entertained also by herself,) that the spirits she saw and the rappings she heard when in retirement and prayer were artifices of the devil to hinder her devotions. From the fuller experiences of a like kind of the Seeress of Prevorst, and of other seers, and from facts within the knowledge of many, it seems more probable that these were unhappy spirits who sought thus to attract her attention in order to solicit an interest in her prayers. This, too, I am informed, is the view taken by the Romish Church in such cases. In most Protestant Churches the general rejection of the doctrine of a middle state has inclined them to reject all narratives of this kind. But to return.

In her statement of "The Essentials of Religion," she says: "The only essential command is a constant dependence upon God, and the resignation of our wills to Him; and all the other commands teach us only the means to attain this resignation, and how to remove the hindrances to it. The essence of true virtue consists in the love of God, and the essence of sin in the love of ourselves and of the creatures. All the actions of God partake of His three Divine qualities, righteousness, goodness, and truth; and nothing we do can be well pleasing in the sight of God if it be not just, and good, and true." Again, she says:—"I protest before God and man that I aim at nothing by all my words and writings but to persuade men to return to the love of God. . . . I have obtained all my design when I have shewn clearly that those only can be saved who take up the practice of a Gospel life." The whole doctrine of the Gospel she regards as "nothing else but so many means to withdraw man from sin that he may recover the love of God." This end she considers may be best attained by different persons in divers ways. "Some attain to it by the means of seriously reading the Holy Scriptures, others by humble assiduous prayer, others by retirement and solitude. It is of small moment to know by what means others have attained to this love of God, provided we take the means that are most fit for us to attain it also."

So much for what she regards as "essential" in religion; all else in her teaching she distinguishes as "accessories." She does not teach them as articles of faith; the belief of them is not necessary to salvation. "They who do not understand or relish them may let them alone." These mysteries that have been

revealed to her she esteems but as a cluster of grapes of the garden of eternal life, that men may in some measure comprehend the abundance and fruitfulness of it. It is not the purpose of these papers to enter upon theological doctrine, but as some will be interested in comparing her statements with those of other seers and persons under spirit-teaching, I will present an abstract of those which seem most characteristic, with as much brevity as possible.

Concerning the primal state of the world and man, she taught that there was no deformity in any of God's works: all was beautiful and luminous; the earth was as transparent as the air; all were representative of Divine qualities according to their several kinds. The soul of man was wholly Divine,—his understanding clear-sighted, penetrating all the secrets of nature, as well as all things supernatural and Divine. His body was not as we see it at present, but incomparably more beautiful and perfect, the master-piece of nature—clear, subtle, agile, and transparent. It was formed of the quintessence of all natural things; all nature obeyed it. If he went upon the water, it supported him; if he sought to penetrate to the centre of the earth, it yielded to him; if to pass through the air, it was a chariot to him. He was also complete and perfect in the sense that he had within himself the nature of both man and woman, and could produce his like without the help of another, when actuated with ardent Divine love. As he soon began to lean too much towards things of sense, that he might not fix his affections wholly on things earthly and material, God took one of the principles of fecundity out of man, and therewith formed the woman; that she "being formed more beautiful than any of the creatures, and being a more lively representation of God, he might love her in God as God's image, being endued with a Divine soul as he was, and so she might take off his affections from the other creatures." When he turned from God, and sin corrupted his soul, his senses also became gross, dull, and feeble, and could discern nothing but the outsides of things; and his whole body became subject to disorder, and at last to dissolution and death. The elements too became gross, dark, barren, and unfruitful; the creatures shook off their allegiance, and became hurtful and mischievous to him. After describing the means of man's redemption by repentance and returning to the love of God through Christ, she expresses her belief that "in the end of this world, at the coming of Jesus Christ in glory, all things shall be renewed and restored into that primitive integrity in which they were at first created." There will be a "restitution of all things." Man shall be re-established in his original and perfect state. She even goes so far as to say:—"So that in the

kingdom of heaven there will be eternal propagation, but altogether holy, altogether pure and deified, without concupiscible appetite; but by pure acts of love to God, which will extend itself to the production of new creatures, to the glory of their Creator. There there is not male and female; they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven."

She affirms that God created all men for salvation, ; that it is blasphemy to assert that God created and predestined any for eternal reprobation; and also that it is a vain imagination that Christ came to save us "in a speculative way, or by some incomprehensible mysteries, seeing our redemption is accommodated to our capacity." She holds it to be "a great error" to believe that all men shall be saved by the sufferings of Christ without being obliged to suffer themselves, "because the sufferings of Jesus Christ will never be applied to any but those who shall follow his life and doctrine." And this not that God has need of our penitence, but that "we stand in need of it to recover the love of God." She distinguishes between conversion and regeneration: conversion being the turning away from evil to good, from sin to God; regeneration, the renovation of the whole man after the image of God. Consistently with this view, she held that there is a state of purification after this life for souls truly converted, but yet not wholly free from corruption, and not immediately capable of heaven; a state appointed not in wrath, but in mercy; as the Divine light and love, which is the element of heaven, would only torture the soul not transformed into the Divine nature; even as weak eyes cannot endure intense light and heat without pain, and require them to be moderated to their state of sensibility.

She teaches that Divine Faith is not mere intellectual apprehension. It "does not consist in believing only with the understanding the twelve articles of the creed, which may be done by a human faith, as we believe the recital of some history when a person worthy of credit relates it: this gives not to the soul any Divine virtues which God only can operate in us. Faith is a Divine light which God infuses into the soul, which makes it to know and desire eternal things, and despise temporal. It is not a natural quality, as our reason, but a Divine quality, which proceeds from God, as the beams do from the sun, as nothing can make us see the sun but the sun itself. . . . When it (faith) shines in our souls, it warms them with the love of God and of men who bear his image and likeness, and produces charity: and this charity regulates all our life, and gives weight and measure to all our actions." She taught that Christ's church is everywhere where there are souls possessing his doctrine and conforming their lives to his teaching, and nowhere else; and that he has

ordained that it be maintained not by money, authority, or controversy, but by holiness.

Of the Trinity, Madame Bourignon says:—"It is enough for our salvation and His glory, that we know that there is one God, in whom is a Divine Trinity, and that the Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ is He; and that He is the fountain of all wisdom, the accomplishment of all power, the perfection of all goodness, who never had beginning, and shall never have an end; and that he has given us an understanding to comprehend all these divine attributes, through the operations which they produce in our minds. He who knows God will always know himself; and he who knows himself will assuredly know God, for the one is linked unto the other. . . . If God were man, we would say that His heart is the Father, His mouth the Son, and His understanding the Holy Spirit; because the heart of man is the seat of love, his mouth is the channel by which this love is communicated, and his understanding is the garden wherein the conceptions do grow to make his love be comprehended. These three things are but one person, though it have these three diverse operations. The Holy Trinity is but one God, who is all love, and loves man incomprehensible. We may call this love the Father. Now no being is perfect if he be not communicated. The Word has communicated unto man this love, therefore it may be called the Son. And this Word cannot be comprehended without understanding, which has likewise been given unto man to comprehend this love, which understanding may be called the Holy Spirit. . . . There are not in God three persons, as people imagine. When we are told that there are three persons in God, it is to be understood that there are three powers, that love is His essence, that His word communicates this love, and that His understanding makes man to comprehend it." And she reasons that as man possesses an understanding to conceive, a memory to remember, and a will to act, and is therefore in some manner an image or resemblance of the Holy Trinity, and yet cannot comprehend what memory, understanding, and will is, it is presumptuous to expect that he should comprehend the mystery in the Divine Trinity; and especially is it presumptuous when he would penetrate this mystery not to honour or love God the more, but for purposes of talk and disputation.

Madame Bourignon declares that men "deceive themselves as to the revelations and Word of God, taking it too literally. God's main design, when He speaks, is to shew and give the spirit which is contained and hid under these words, which men after their way of conceiving do not so easily comprehend, for it is much more ample than the letter, beyond its bounds, and extraordinary. So that whosoever will tie himself to the letter of

God's Word, and to the appearances of the Divine visions, do what he will, he cannot miss to be much mistaken, and to come short of, and be confounded as to the full and true meaning, because he has followed his way of conceiving, and has not given place to the spirit, emptying himself of his own sentiment; the letter kills, says St. Paul, but the spirit quickeneth. Thus we see we may be easily mistaken by our way of understanding the words and revelations of God. They are an abyss and depth of spirit, which our natural sense cannot comprehend." Among other examples of the spiritual sense of Scripture, she instances the passage in the Apocalypse about the stars falling from heaven. She asks—"For how could the stars fall from heaven since the mathematicians tell us, that one star alone is seven times greater than all the earth? If we take the mystical sense, calling by the name of *stars* persons luminous in doctrine, this sign would also have at present its sense accomplished, for we see every day such persons fall from righteousness and truth, who from some worldly interest, or human respects, fall from the truth of the gospel, which is the true heaven of souls, and wallow in the earth among its riches and pleasures as secular persons do, so that it may be said that the stars are fallen from heaven, and that the sun also is become without its light. For *truth*, which is the true sun of righteousness, can hardly appear openly; it is become black and hateful to almost all the world. These two signs of the *sun* and of the *stars*, appear at present in their full accomplishment in the mystical and inward sense, which is much more than if they did appear in the literal and material sense. . . . Jesus Christ, speaking of the last times, in which we are fallen, says, that a man must get out of Judea, and flee, even without returning to his house to take his clothes. Judea is the church and the sanctuary, where the abomination of desolation is now so increased that it is at its height."

Madame Bourignon had many followers both Protestant and Romanist in Great Britain as well as on the Continent, especially in Scotland, where, under the name of the Bourignonian doctrine, her views occasioned much controversy, and were condemned by the General Assembly. Dr. George Garden, a minister of Aberdeen, was deposed in 1701 for teaching its "damnable errors." It is to this day one of the heresies renounced by candidates for holy orders in the Church of Scotland. She wrote twenty-two volumes, most of which were printed at a private press that she carried about with her for the purpose. The greater part of these have been translated into German and Dutch; two only, so far as we are aware, *The Light of the World*, and the *Treatise on Solid Virtue*, have been translated into English, and these are rarely to be met with.

An abridgement of *The Light of the World*, the largest of Madam Bourignon's works, edited by Mr. Salmon, one of the earliest of the admirers of Swedenborg's writings, was published by Robert Hindmarsh, who designates himself "Printer to the Society for promoting the Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church." Mr. Salmon, in his preface, earnestly recommends the writings of Swedenborg to the notice of the readers of Madam Bourignon's work. After specially recommending Swedenborg's *True Christian Religion*, he says, "I have long considered Madam Bourignon's works as a preparation for the same, being fully persuaded that none can partake of the exalted glories of the *latter*, without first witnessing the humiliation of the *former*, for according to the Lord's own words, only he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The publication and circulation of Madam Bourignon's works by the followers of Swedenborg may, in some measure, explain Dr. Hurd's meaning when, in his *History of all Religions*, he says that the proselytes to her opinions "increased daily, and some of them came over to England. They published a considerable number of books, by which they disseminated their sentiments all over the kingdom. They ran into wild extravagances, and though they were at first very inoffensive, yet in the end they became most mysterious indeed. Their successors, however, have become more sober, and several great men both in the Church of England and among the Dissenters, have embraced their opinions."

I would ask of those who deny spirit-manifestations how they explain the fact that so many of the modern phenomena occurred in the experience of this estimable and pious lady, two centuries ago. It is a question that admits of much wider application—a question that constantly meets the student of history and biography. In the case of Madame Bourignon the evidence is the more striking from the circumstance that she lays no stress on these phenomena, but relates them quietly, and for the most part only incidentally; not for the purpose of drawing observation upon them. Yet we have seen that she had experience in spirit-apparitions, spirit-rapping and writing, in spiritual dreams, visions, presentiments, and warnings; in clairvoyance and thought-reading, and in that spirit communion by the communication of ideas and images to the interior faculties which has been designated "The Blending State." We have seen, too, that she testifies to a knowledge of persons blind, dumb, and incapable of motion, some of them for years, who had been cured instantly by supernatural means, or what is now called "healing-mediumship;" whilst others again were visibly suspended in and carried through the air. And the reader will bear in mind that all this is recorded in a book that does not bear on its title page the

imprint, "F. PITMAN, 20, *Paternoster Row*, 1862;" but, "Printed for *D. Brown*, at the *Black Swan*, without *Temple Bar*; *S. Manship*, at the *Ship*, in *Cornhil*; *R. Parker*, at the *Unicorn* under the *Piazzas* of the *Royal Exchange*; and *H. Newman*, at the *Grashopper*, in the *Poultry*, 1699."

The reader may not subscribe to all the opinions of Madame Bourignon, but I think few will deny that we may justly apply to her what Margaret Fuller said of Swedenborg, that he was "not only a seer of ghosts but a seer of truths." T. S.

PROPHETIC VISIONS AND IMPRESSION.

WHEN Mr. Kitson, the railway contractor, was engaged upon the construction of one of the Prussian Railways, he was living in apartments at Berlin, with his wife and a little child about three or four years old. One evening whilst they were all in the room together, and the tea was being got ready, he was sitting opposite the fire with the little girl on his knee, and the tea kettle boiling at the side of the fire. Suddenly, whilst the child was on his knee, and he still holding it, he saw the *fac-simile* or double of his child get off his knee, go to the kettle, and drink the boiling water from the spout. He was paralyzed with fear, and at the same time confounded by knowing and feeling that he still held the child on his knee; and in the midst of this confusion the child actually got off his knee, went to the kettle, and drank the boiling water as its double had done just before, he being fascinated or confused to such a degree that he could offer no resistance, not being even roused by the shrieks of his wife, who saw the child taking its deadly draught. The poor little thing died in great suffering.

The following is a remarkable prophetic vision of the civil war in the United States:—*

"In the year 1803, probably in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the fields, and observed that the sun shone clear, but that a mist eclipsed the brightness of its shining. As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence, the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed, for it seemed as if all my faculties were laid low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself, "What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings." And I heard a voice from heaven say, "This

* From the *Life of Joseph Hoag*. Published by A. W. BENNETT, Bishopsgate Without.

that thou seest, which dims the brightness of the sun, is a sign of the present and coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I planted them here among the people of the forest. I sustained them, and, while they were humble, I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people; but they have now become proud and lifted up, and have forgotten Me, who nourished and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and I have taken quietude from the land, and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold." And I saw them dividing in great heat. This division began in the Church upon points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Society, and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close the effect was nearly the same; those who dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their organized sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when this dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as any I had before discovered, and, as before, those who separated went with lofty looks and taunting, censoring language; those who kept to their ancient principles retired by themselves. It next appeared in the Lodges of the Freemasons, and it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered politics throughout the United States, and did not stop until it produced a civil war, and an abundance of human blood was shed in the course of the combat. The Southern States lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical power arose, took the government of the States, established a national religion, and made all Societies tributary to support its expenses. I saw them take property from Friends to a large amount. I was amazed at beholding all this, and heard a voice proclaim, "This power shall not always stand, but with this power I will chastise my church until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming on thy native land for their iniquity, and the blood of Africa; the remembrance of which has come up before Me. This vision is yet for many days.' I had no idea of writing it down for many years, until it became such a burden, that for my own relief I have written it."

An Italian lady, Signora Berrurier, has been for many years resident at St. Leonards-on-Sea, and whilst living in the house of Mr. Beck, a baker there, she was one morning painfully affected by the impression of a dead body being in the room next to hers. She felt sick and ill, and desired Mrs. Beck to get

her some tea that she might get out of the house as quickly as possible. Mrs. Beck tried to persuade her that it was only the effect of a dream, but she said, "Oh no, it is there—do shut the door; it is there still—I feel it." This was about seven in the morning, and the Signora went out to her usual occupation of tuition, still being pursued by the uncomfortable feeling which had come over her in the morning. As she was returning home in the evening, about seven o'clock, she saw a crowd of persons returning from the direction of the house, and she was then told that they had just been taking home the body of Mrs. Beck's son, a young man who had been killed that evening at Hastings Castle by falling over the rocks, whilst playing at the game of hide-and-seek. There was thus in the very room where she had twelve hours previously sensed it, the dead body of Mrs. Beck's son.

MANIFESTATIONS AT LUCERNE.

HAVE you ever been at Lucerne, that most beautiful, most enchanting of all the beautiful and enchanting scenes of the happy free Switzerland? Have you stood between the stately, frowning, rugged Pilatus, and the broad Rigi, that watch like sentinels over the blue lake below? Surely this Lucerne with its lake and mountains, its gorgeous blue and opal tinted water shining like a glistening sapphire in the sun that we poor Islanders know not of—with its Alpine snowy heights rising all round and before us, out of the very depths of the Lake, springing like nature's buttresses to form its beauteous lines, is the most charming spot on earth!

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again,
I hold to you the hands you first beheld
To shew they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! Oh, sacred forms, how proud you look!" *

Oh, land of Tell and liberty, your blue waters and snowy peaks are no charm against the visitations of the vulgar hauntings which we hear of in other less favoured lands. No wonder that the proud Swiss resent the disgrace that is put upon them, and deplore what even their "doctors and ecclesiastics" cannot prevent even in these days of "railways and telegraphs." Courage, brave Swiss! Be not afraid! You are not to blame for them; they are the lot of all countries, and even your beautiful land is not free from them. Let not your free press scare you from

* *William Tell.* By SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

your propriety, nor think worse of your good Herr Joller, the parliament man, that his house is the unwelcome scene of the curious but not uncommon hauntings which the *Lucerne Tagblatt* thus describes in successive numbers:—

“NIEDERWALDEN, STANS.—A few days ago we had again a case of sorcery [*Teufelsspuck*]. This time, however, it is not a ruin only that is affected by it, but the whole house of Mr. Joller, the liberal member of the legislature. There is in the house an inexplicable knocking; doors open and shut, in spite of all physical resistance; in short, it is enough to make any one feel uneasy. All classes of people from here, as well as from the neighbourhood of Lucerne, go to witness these strange appearances. Ecclesiastics, doctors, and other learned men are sent for to aid the investigation. The police have great trouble in keeping the people in order. The inhabitants of the house have left it, and the investigators are at fault. This occurs in the year of railways and telegraphs, 1862. The solution will be given at a subsequent period.”—*August 29th.*

“UNTERWALDEN.—Respecting the spirit-rapping and table-turning [*Teufelsspuck*] cases, the *Schweitzer Zeitung* relates the following from Stans. On the 15th instant the children of a respectable family, full of terror and fear, told their parents on their return, the parents having been from home, how the tables and chairs were thrown over without being touched, and how they heard frequently, at short intervals, violent knockings at the door. The father, an educated and enlightened man, reprimanded the children and gave them such explanations as he could to correct their superstitious notions. Repeated knockings on doors and floors, however, confirmed the children's statement. The father began to be attentive, and fearlessly watched for a few days in the hope of being able to detect the cause, but in vain. The knocking continued with greater violence; doors opened and shut, and doors of neighbouring rooms received violent knocks when apparently empty. The fright of the family increased, and public attention was quickly directed to the circumstance. Many respectable people testify to the knockings, but it is strange that the persons placed in the cellar say that the knockings appear to come from the room above, whilst those watching in the room above say that the knockings proceed from the cellar. Whilst thus watching, a hammering on tables and chairs is sometimes suddenly heard; at other times silence continues for hours. As is to be expected, the house is so crowded with people, that the police have to interfere. The greater number of these curious visitors, however, have had an opportunity of witnessing some of these inexplicable phenomena, though those who cannot get inside the house shake their heads and will not credit the facts. That such

appearances should create uneasiness is not surprising, and people who placed no belief in the supernatural have, in some cases, had their faith shaken, and are beginning to think that other than human agency is at work. What may be the consequences it is not easy to tell. Learned men from far and near have not been able to discover the causes of the disturbance, and nothing whatsoever can be traced which might lead to the belief that the knockings, etc., were produced by electricity."—*August 31st.*

"TRIENGEN.—The correspondent "*Eidgenosse*" writes under date, August 28th, how in Stans, in Unterwalden, in this year of railways and telegraphs, sorcery (*Teufelsspuck*) has become again the daily topic. Do not be surprised, dear neighbours of Unterwalden, for we, here in Lucerne, have had sorcery. In the Surenthale, where civilization has overcome a belief in ghost-stories, apparitions, etc., spirit-rapping and table-turning phenomena are again occurring, this time at the house of the clergyman of the place. Every evening, large crowds of old and young assemble before the clergyman's house to hear noises such as will make the hair stand on end. Neither physical nor ecclesiastical means as yet avail in offering a solution to the mystery. How long will superstition continue to exist?"—*1st September.*

The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the numbers of the *Lucerne Tagblatt*, from which the foregoing accounts are taken, has since sent us the following letter, with the further papers therein referred to:—

Lucerne, October 4th, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—I send two other papers herewith, containing further notices of the supernatural manifestations at Stanz, near Lucerne, and I enclose translations which I have made of them, which, though correct as to the facts, may require to be made a little less literally exact, and more English in style, if you think them suitable for publication.

Stanz is a village about an hour's sail by steamboat from Lucerne. The house of Mr. Joller is from one to two miles from the shore in a charming valley, fruitful and well peopled, by no means sombre or solitary, yet surrounded by magnificent mountains. Mr. Joller is a lawyer, a man of middle age, having several children, his eldest son being about twenty. He bears a very excellent character, and is well known throughout the country. The house is his own, or, at least, belongs jointly to himself and a sister or sisters. It is a small house, containing, I think, not more than five or six rooms altogether, and has no peculiar history. Mr. Joller's grandfather built it sixty or seventy years ago, the former family house having been burnt

down when the French occupied this part of Switzerland during the revolutionary wars. The old house stood on another site at a little distance. These particulars I learnt during a visit I made a month ago to the spot. It was just at the time that the family, having been driven out of the house a week previously by the disturbances, were about to return, believing them to have then ceased, as nothing had been seen or heard during the five days the police were in possession. Mr. Joller was himself there, but I saw no other member of the family. Unfortunately I was not able to speak German sufficiently well to be able to question him, though he was very polite and communicative. To an Englishman present who speaks German well, he gave every requisite information, and shewed the door which had been burst open, its staple having been driven off by the force of one of those tremendous blows which he described. I asked if he or any of his family had studied or knew anything of Spiritualism, or had their thoughts in any way led in that direction, but he replied, "Not at all." I must say that if Mr. Joller had been amongst a hundred men, taken at random, together in a room, and I had been asked who of them was likeliest to be a medium, from his appearance, I should have selected Mr. Joller, I believe, from a peculiar dreamy look about his eyes. And since making this remark to myself, I have heard it stated that the manifestations appear to follow him especially.

In this case great numbers of witnesses have heard and seen the phenomena. Since my visit to the house I have talked with one respectable and intelligent man, who was there during the period mentioned in the paper of September 28th as that of the trailing footsteps. He described it as sounding just as though some one were brushing the floor with a stiff broom by your side. He also saw a chair close to him slide of itself along the floor, and then suddenly perform a double somersault over and over. Many other things are related, and it has furnished a fruitful topic, not only for speculation, but for suspicion and scandal, every intelligent person in the household being selected in turn as the victim of this uncharitable and unreasonable determination to believe in nothing supernatural. The newspapers throughout Switzerland, from Zurich to Geneva, have been discussing the affair, but generally in the spirit manifested by the *Lucerne Tagblatt* which I send you. It is a curious compound of a bold pretension of unbelief and ridicule, covering over a stratum of credence which refuses to be entirely suffocated.

As I have not myself witnessed any of these phenomena, my name would be of no service in any way, and therefore I should prefer that you did not publish it. I should not have any objection if I had any personal testimony to bring, but that is needless

in the present instance, as you have the evidence of the public prints. If I should learn anything more of these singular phenomena before leaving Lucerne, I shall be very happy to communicate it.

I am, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

B.

“NIDWALDEN.—For several days past has the hobgoblin in the house of Joller at Stanz again begun. ‘How long will this nonsense yet flourish?’ asks the *Neue Zurich Zeitung*. Concerning the beginning and the circumstances of the ghost, the *Eidgenossische Zeitung* gives, from an impartial person, a statement which the sender of it has received from a friend of Joller, a liberal, truthful man. With the assurance that what he says is so true that he was willing to confirm it by oath if required, this friend of Joller relates:—‘On Wednesday, the 20th of August, Mrs. Joller came over to me about 4 o’clock in the evening, and said, ‘Joller wishes me to beseech you to come to him—a remarkable phenomenon is displaying itself there.’ I went there about seven o’clock, and found the whole family assembled round the table. I remained standing in the middle of the sitting room, eagerly enquiring what had happened. Joller, wishing me good evening, seized a quiet moment to tell me about it, when there struck three heavy blows as with a hammer, near me upon the floor, so that I strongly felt it at my feet. Upon my asking who was knocking underneath, Joller replied that was just the circumstance of which he was about to tell. I seated myself looking towards the door, and listened attentively to his relation, when it struck strongly on the sitting room door, which at the same moment sprang half open, and immediately slammed heavily to. With a step I was at the door, and opened it quickly, but saw nothing except the maid in the kitchen near the hearth. On my asking whether she opened the door, she replied, with fright and terror, ‘No.’ Whether she had seen any one. ‘No.’ Scarce ten minutes afterwards, I again seated myself, and it knocked extremely heavily on the room door. I quickly seized the light, looked round the room, but found nothing at all suspicious, and the door had not the least mark of the blow. Hereupon I questioned Joller earnestly whether he believed that any one in the house was playing some trick, which he decidedly disbelieved. I then proposed to him to call in some scientific man. We agreed upon Dr. Deschwauden. Immediately I went into the village to call upon him. On the way I thought it would be well if some other credible men should be called in, that we might be able to watch at the same time, under and over, within and without. I went, therefore, to Herr Obermatt, President of the Tribunal (formerly President of the Central Committee of the

Rifle Association), and Herr Schallberger, Central Judge. We four went to Joller's house about nine o'clock, where we found the cabinet-maker, Amstad, and the drawing-master, Obermatt, who had twice heard the knocks underneath. After speaking to each other, we six separated ourselves into the sitting room, chambers, cellar underneath, and the passage; and now we made the remarkable observation that those in the sitting room and the chamber thought it struck on the outside; those in the passage that it struck within; those in the cellar that it struck from above; and those above that it struck from underneath. Mr. Deschwenden was not able to discover anything, and only conjectured that it might be occasioned by an electrical current; but could offer no reason for this, except that the roof of the house has an asphalte covering, in which the electricity might be collected. In the cellar there is a well, and into this we let down a light, which burnt clearly therein. This all occurred on the 20th August, up to eleven o'clock at night; and at that time nothing was yet made public. On Thursday evening (21st), I went with Amstad (the cabinet-maker) again to Joller's house, where we met the President Obermatt and Herr Schallberger coming away, and they assured us it went still more provokingly than on the previous evening, which we also found, and indeed so much so that we both experienced an ice-cold shudder thrill through us.' Thus closes this witness, and I join with him in saying that the two former are very strong and fearless men, the furthest possible from credulous, and that I have the same opinion respecting Herr Joller himself."—*September 12th.*

“THE GHOST-PLAY IN NIDWALDEN.—(*Correspondence.*)—Our much-talked of hobgoblin-and-ghost-apparition in the house of the Old-National-Councillor Joller has now at length, to the honour of sound common sense, found a final deliverance. For several days past the manifestations have gone on continually, and afterwards—as the housemaid testifies—a fearful voice called down the chimney, ‘*Jetzt chumi nimma.*’* [I shall come no more.] The manifestations had at last reached such a condition that the edifice of this unmeaning imposture must have sunk under the burden of its own weight. However we will tell simply what has occurred. It is known that the official examination of the house gave this significant result, that so soon as the family were removed, though watched for five days and nights very steadily, no trace of any remarkable appearance was encountered. A judicial examination of this history was not taken, but time and sound common sense, if we leave it to them, will wholly clear up

* This expression, “*Jetzt chumi nimma,*” is in the local Swiss-German, and the editor remarks in a foot-note, “The Ghost appears also to be a native.”

the imposition. On the 1st September, Mr. Joller, with his family and the maid, again went into the house, and so soon also was the ghost again at liberty. The spirit which had been during five days and nights bound or departed began again his loose play; this time, however, in a changed mode. The knockings and clubbings, the before-related door-opening-and-shutting, about which the learned break their heads, had all passed away. Instead of that, Mr. Joller and his family now relate that it made its presence known by an uncomfortable wiping and brushing sound, as if heard from the trailing footsteps of an unseen person. The sight-loving public journeyed again in numbers to the lower village and the neighbourhood of the bewitched house, that they might see or hear something. It was in vain! Nobody was allowed to verify this new wonderful phenomenon with his own ears. It continued about a week, until the ghost all at once took greater dimensions. The thing grew from day to day, from hour to hour, and rose at last into the utterly incredible and fabulous. Here are some of the most palpable fables (*mährchen*) that run and fly from mouth to mouth, told by Mr. Joller and his people. From every side apparitional flutterings of white cloths and images or appearances of all sorts—but about these we will say nothing—for their number is legion. On Thursday, the 11th September, came the catastrophe with the sweeping about of tables, chairs, bottles, &c. Whilst Joller upon the sofa had sunk down, contemplating with stolid resignation the destruction of his moveables, there appeared this second miracle. The window opened of itself, and there came in from above, with the rapidity of the wind, the famous branch of a tree of which we read in the journals. The branch did not disappear, as the *Neue Zurich Zeitung* says, but it was carefully picked up by Mr. Joller, and sent to an acquaintance that he and others might be convinced of the phenomenon. The branch was unhappily not an olive branch, for soon afterwards the devil or Kobold conveyed himself into the apples. If a child of this unhappy house took hold of its hair, it had quickly an apple in its hand. If the maid went into the cellar, she came back out of breath with the hair-bristling intelligence that the apples in the cellar were loose and flying about everywhere in a frightful way. One time a bewitched apple so far lost its way as to wander through a broken window in the upper story, and hopped about as if mad. It was at last caught, and laid upon the table. "But with the powers of Fate, we can make no eternal compact"—in a moment the apple is again away out of the window—in another moment the fellow is already again there, and the second time seized. When, later, a strange lady came and wished to see the remarkable apple very urgently, Mr. Joller sought it, but

could not find it; without doubt it had in the meantime either run away, or been eaten. More dangerously than among the fruit the Kobold conducted his establishment in the house chimney. There this wicked screech-owl appears to have set up his headquarters from the beginning. But latterly it is said to have thrown great stones from the inside of the chimney, so that a child was very near being struck. Unfortunately, this wonderful event, as well as the before-named droll apple-dance, was seen by nobody but Joller and his family. In the last instance the ghost was particularly malicious, and found a high pleasure in provoking and annoying the good people by hiding their furniture and useful articles in the house. Mr. Joller one morning missed his clothes; he sought, and at last found them wrapped together in a bundle in the cellar. The other day he missed again his highly prized petrification, in which the lively fancy of its proprietor traced the appearance of a death's head. 'Bah!' thinks our Joller, 'it is surely in the cellar also.' He sought it in the cellar, in all the rooms, upon the pavement—in vain. In the end he found the treasure under the cover of his bed.

"The most vexatious of this kind of tricks took place on Wednesday, the 15th September, in the evening, when, amidst the outcries and exclamations of the whole family, out of the same bed were taken an axe and a sickle. You see that the hobgoblin, after stalking in its madness, has at last sunk down into childish silliness. Let us hope that the voice out of the chimney was a prophetic one, and that we shall be graciously spared a second representation of this rejected performance. To the honour of the Nidwalden people we must finally remark that, with a few remarkable exceptions, among whom we found some "enlightened great ones," the silly spectacle has, from the beginning to the end, been heartily laughed at."—*September 28th.*

Concerning spiritual manifestations, *Le Moniteur* is particularly cautious in its letter from London, and forbears the use of vituperative and offensive terms, the only language deemed decorous there in any reference to presumed intercourse with disembodied souls. It is not from any consciousness that thoughtful minds on this continent, as in another hemisphere, hesitate ere they so summarily dispose of a mass of facts held conclusive as to some hitherto occult agency not only physical but intelligent. It is that the Emperor himself, as well as prominent intellects in the empire, would take umbrage at insult and slang in a matter which is under their serious cognizance and study.—*Letter from Paris to "The Lincolnshire Herald."*

A MODERN MIRACLE.

On the 19th of March, 1857, Mr. Home, who was then residing in Paris, at 13, Rue des Champs Elysées, received a letter from a stranger to him, Madame A. Mavoisin de Cardonne, of 233, Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, stating that she had had a dream, in which she had seen her own mother and Mr. Home's, and that the latter had told her to seek her son at once, in order that her son, who had been deaf for four years from the effects of typhoid fever, might be cured. This was so strongly impressed upon her mind that she wrote to Mr. Home to say that she would call upon him with her son the following morning at ten.

Accordingly the next morning she presented herself with her son at Mr. Home's rooms, there being present the Princess de B— and Miss E—, who were with him previous to his leaving Paris that very day to proceed on his voyage to America. Mr. Home had been so overwhelmed by persons wishing to see him, that he had uniformly refused such visits; but on this occasion he had been so much pre-occupied by his engagements in preparing for his voyage, that he had not been able to acknowledge her letter, or to write either in the affirmative or negative. He therefore received her with considerable embarrassment, which was fully reciprocated on her part. It was indeed an embarrassing meeting for both of them, the mother yearning for her son's recovery, and Mr. Home, not knowing how he was expected to be instrumental in healing this long total deafness; the more so that operations had been performed on the boy by eminent surgeons of Paris, who had said that it was impossible he should ever be restored to hearing.

She sat down on a chair near a sofa, Mr. Home taking a seat on the sofa, and beckoning the son to be seated on his left. The son was in his fifteenth year, tall for his age, of a delicate complexion, with large dreamy blue eyes that looked as if they would supply the place of hearing, with their deep, thoughtful, enquiring gaze. The mother began her description of the boy's illness, commencing with the attack of the fever, and ending in the entire loss of hearing. During the recital, told with all the warmth and tenderness of a mother's heart, and describing the various surgical operations to which he had been subjected, Mr. Home's sympathies had been deeply moved, and he had unwittingly thrown his left arm about the boy and drawn him towards him, so that the boy's head rested upon Mr. Home's shoulder. Whilst in this position, and Madame de Cardonne was telling some of the most painful particulars, Mr. Home passed his hand caressingly over the boy's head, upon which the boy, partly lifting his

head, exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion, "*Maman je t'entend!*" (Mamma, I hear thee!) The mother fixed on him a look of astonishment, and said, "Emile," the boy's name, and he at once replied "*Quoi?*" (What?) She then, seeing that the child had heard her question, fainted with emotion, and on her recovery the scene was a most thrilling one—the poor mother asking questions for the mere pleasure of hearing her child reply. The child was able to resume his studies, and has continued to hear perfectly up to the present time.

We hope that such a relation may be a means towards curing the mental deafness of many at this day, to those facts which are speaking trumpet-tongued of the new philosophy of spiritual forces, which shall bring even miracles to be only within a higher heavenly order than that of the so-called natural. Let us study humbly in this school, accepting all God's facts, without prepossessions or prejudgments of our own, except that His facts are good for us to know and to ponder in our hearts.

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—BAPTISM OF FIRE.

JOHN THE BAPTIST came in the power of Elias, wakening the echoes of the wilderness of Judea with his bold utterances, preaching the doctrine of repentance. He was the Lord's forerunner baptizing for the remission of sins. His was an introductory mission. His position by the Jordan, his baptism by water, his food, his clothing, are all symbolical of a naturalistic and transition ministry. He stands between an old and a new dispensation to call public attention to the coming Messiah. He is, as he declares, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord. I indeed baptize you with *water unto repentance*, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." The difference between the watery and the fiery baptism is as the difference between the natural and the celestial. But Jesus must needs be introduced to His work through an initiatory ministry, therefore He comes to John to be baptized of him in the Jordan. John owns Him his superior, and refuses to administer to Him the initiatory rite; but, says Jesus, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh Me to fulfil all righteousness. And Jesus being baptized went up straightway out of the water, and lo, the heavens were opened to Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove and coming upon Him." Thus was symbolized the baptism of fire

upon Jesus Christ Himself, as the type and prelude of a similar baptism, afterwards to be shed upon His disciples, as predicted by John. Why was the baptism of the Holy Ghost symbolized by the descent of a dove? Has this representation of spiritual inspiration been considered in all its relations. The dove is peculiarly the love-bird; we are instructed by its use as a correspondence, that before the understanding of Divine truth can be of benefit to the soul, it must be aided by Divine operations, just as John's baptism and ministry were external, and required to be infilled with the spiritual ministry of Jesus—with the baptism of the Holy Ghost and with fire.

The dove is peculiarly typical of the gift of Internal Respiration. Look at it! see it when it is expressing its love in gentle cooings; observe how it inhales the atmospheric air into its expanding breast, so globe-like, and shining with its golden and purple hues. It is the very image of interior breathing. Need we wonder why its form descended on the Lord, and why it was so often offered in the Jewish sacrifices. The dove is contrasted with the raven in the Bible. The raven appears to utter its harsh and discordant notes from the root of its tongue, as if its respiration had been "annihilated in the breast." The dove utters its gentle love tones as if from some hidden depth within the bosom. The raven was the first sent out of Noah's ark, and afterwards the dove. The dove is now being let out of the ark, for the third time, to return no more, having found a resting-place for its foot in the soil of regenerated affections, after the subsiding of the waters of a second flood:—

" For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The love of truth, united to the love of good, is restoring to us the dove-like breathings of Internal Respiration; for this is nothing else but the descent of the Holy Spirit in its Divine operations in the hearts of men. It is the descent of the dove—the second baptism of fire. John's prediction was fulfilled on the memorable day of Pentecost. Another Pentecost, however, still awaits the church. We have an earnest of what a true church will be when it becomes internal, in the Pentecostal influx and in its results at the commencement of the first Christian church. The Lord at His ascension, gave His disciples the assurance that a wonderful spiritual influence would descend upon them from on high, to qualify them for the discharge of their duty as apostles and preachers of the new religion. These are

His words, "Behold, I send the promise of the Father upon you; but tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

In obedience to the Divine injunction we find them, as detailed in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, waiting during many days, instant in prayer, for the fulfilment of the promise. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one placē. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance," Thus were the Lord's words fulfilled, "Ye shall be filled with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Nor was this baptism of spiritual power confined to the twelve apostles; it was bestowed also upon the seventy, and it extended ultimately to the multitude. Under its inspiration the Apostle Peter declared to the people, "The promise is to you and to your children, and to all who are afar off, even to as many as the Lord our God shall call." This was the first instalment of that Divine influx which is yet to be poured upon all flesh in greater fulness out of heaven from the Lord's glorified Humanity. The Lord's ascension had prepared the way for its descent, as declared by the Apostle Peter in these words, "Therefore being at the right hand of God, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now hear and see." This Divine influence descended upon them *in answer to prayer*. Not once only, but again and again. Another company of them afterwards assembled for prayer, "and," it is said, that "when they prayed the place was shaken where they assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake the word with boldness." Here was truly a "spiritual manifestation," not "disorderly," nor from "enthusiastic spirits;" but caused by genuine spiritual influx from the Lord out of heaven, obtained, as all orderly influx is, by the breath of earnest persevering prayer.

What were its results—first, upon the apostles? It did not deprive them of freedom, nor make them fanatical, nor in any bad sense, enthusiastic. They were not puffed up with self-importance, nor inflated with spiritual pride. Conscious that the inspirational element was "from on high," they "magnify God." They did not lose their personal identity, or individuality of character. Their idiosyncrasies remained as before. Peter was the same plain blunt man, John was still the beloved disciple; but while retaining all their natural traits of character they were,

from that time forward, greatly intensified in the spirit. They "spoke the word with boldness," the Comforter bringing all things to their remembrance. They spoke in "thoughts that breathed, and words that burned" into the hearts of the people. They were spoken of as "men full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom." It was said of Barnabas that he "was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost;" and of Stephen that the Jews could not resist the wisdom and power wherewith he spake. But upon none of the apostles was the influence of this inspirational blessing more conspicuous than upon Peter—Peter who had denied his Master with oaths and cursing—who had faltered and lied in presence of a servant-maid. But see him now, endowed with power from on high, with holy boldness and a tongue of fire, cleaving his way with a divine energy of speech to the consciences of his hearers, pricking them to the quick, and causing them to exclaim under a deep conviction of their guilt in crucifying the Lord of Glory, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" That *was* preaching! What produced these results? Not so much what Peter had said. There was a Divine operation accompanying his words, deeper than the words themselves, more powerful than mere human eloquence, more convincing than the art of logic. It was "the demonstration of the spirit," an indescribable magnetic influence from the mind of the speaker, as the medium, for which we have no more appropriate term than unction. Peter was under the influence of the sphere of the Divine humanity. He spoke "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," hence the results. Thousands were converted at one hearing of his words.

Well did it become Peter, as the representative of the natural spiritual church, to be the mouthpiece, under Pentecostal inspiration, of Primitive Christianity. The proclamation of its simple truths began with Peter and ended with John. John will be the spokesman when the new celestial church has new Pentecosts. His testimony will be as unlike Peter's, as love differs from faith; but more commanding to lead the people in masses to a heavenly life, constraining them as at the outpouring at Pentecost, to continue steadfastly in the heavenly doctrines and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayer.

Evidently the time is not far distant when one, undertaking the office of the ministry proper (however learned in doctrine), will feel as unequal to its duties and responsibilities, without the gift of Internal Respiration, as the apostles of our Lord who had been under His personal tuition felt, with all this advantage, while tarrying in the city of Jerusalem before Pentecost, that they were unable to face the world with the Gospel of the kingdom until endued with power from on high. Internal Respiration will be seen and felt to be an absolute pre-requisite to

the proper discharge of the work of God's new ministry, "He shall purify the sons of love, and purge them as gold and silver that they may offer to the Lord an offering in righteousness. Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord as in the days of old, and as in former years." "*As in days of old,*" that is, as it was in the time of the most ancient church. This is a prediction that, to our immense treasures of doctrinal knowledge, will be added a vast development of religious power through the medium of internal breathing.

And who can tell what flaming tongues of eloquence, kindled, at the altars of celestial love by this heavenly inflatus, may not revive of the dying embers of Christian feeling in the hearts of thousands, causing them to fly as clouds, and as doves to their windows. The Lord is our great example in all things. It was not until His baptism by John, the descent of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, and His passage through temptation combat in the wilderness, that He commenced His work of preaching the Gospel. His first utterance after these experiences was the Sermon on the Mount. A mountain sermon it is indeed, pure, sweet and pellucid as a mountain rill; inspired by the love of the baptism of fire, shining with rosy splendours of celestial truth.

It may be proper to observe, while insisting upon internal respiration as a ministerial qualification, that we by no means advocate the view that influx is transmissible, in the sense of proceeding from the speaker to the hearer. The terms *to, from, descending, proceeding,* and all other words denoting motion, nearness, and distance, as applied to Divine influence, are only appearances in accommodation to man's imperfect perceptions. Good and truth, like heat and light, are not *transmissible*, simply because they are not substances. Heat and light are caused by the action of the sun upon atmospheric substances; so the Lord, as the sun of heaven and the fountain of life and light to the souls of men, does not emit from Himself, and transmit to others any substance; but He *operates* by His Spirit upon the created substances of the human mind in proximity to Himself, which have been arranged according to a heavenly order. The Lord is not *out* of man as to space, but has His dwelling inmost in every man, together with the arcana of the heavens. Every man is an angel in potency, having his dwelling in the immediate presence of the Lord. The kingdom of heaven is within us, and the Lord is personally present with every man, with the evil as well as the good; consequently to *send* the Comforter, is to illustrate and instruct in truths of faith; and to *come* to man is to lead him into good.

Nearness to, and *distance from* the Lord, are therefore only an appearance differing according to the state of the percipient

subject; consequently, the descent of the Holy Ghost is simply the operation of His love and wisdom in and upon the human mind, and the appearance of His descending is occasioned by the arrangement into heavenly order of those created substances of the mind. We can see then how it is that the presence of the Lord, imminent in every man, descends through the medium of Internal Respiration, into ultimates—into heart and brain, lungs and speech, and into the personal sphere of the regenerating man, not to enable him to transmit good, and truth, and power from the Lord, as through a tube to others, but as a cause instrumental to enable him to operate upon the minds of the hearers—"not in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." The difference in the utterance and effects of the same truths before and after the bestowal of the gift of Internal Respiration is greater than was the difference between the preaching of the Apostles before and after Pentecost. The spiritual permeates the natural—not to deprive man of his individuality, but, as the opaque crystal receives the light of the sun and gives it out again without any change in its parts, to make his understanding luminous with the light of the Spirit, and to make his affections a medium for the expression of the Divine will, giving him sacred power and pathos in utterance. Angels have the fullest conviction that the love and truth which are in them are the Lord in them, causing them to will and do of His good pleasure; yet this connection co-exists with the deep consciousness of their individuality while acting as powers of God. So of inspired man. Through regeneration, he becomes a heavenly organized form receptive of life from God in orderly relations, and thus an executor of Divine purposes, having all his quickened functions pressed into God's service. He has become a habitation of God through the Spirit, to live in perpetual inspiration from Him, preserving his individuality, as a burning and shining light—a fixed celestial luminary—a church in its least form—immanent with the love, wisdom, and power, finitely, of God Himself. Thus was it with the Apostles, *in their degree.*

But what were the effects of the Pentecostal outpouring upon the people? It put them in possession, in a superhuman manner, of the great facts of their national history as they related to Messiah God. The Word stood before them, transfigured in their moral consciousness, like a second Sinai covered with smoke and fire. They perceived clearly, irresistibly, that they had crucified the Lord of Glory. This was a revelation to them in the spirit, filling them with an overpowering sense of guilt and shame and fear. They were at once convicted and converted, commenced a life of goodness and purity, and maintained it until death, amid

mockings, buffetings, scourgings, and the daily cross. *Thousands* were thus affected, giving us the pledge that, when the New Church shall have its Pentecost by internal respiration, instead of one here and there attracted by the intellectual charm of a new spiritual theology, multitudes will be awakened to a sense of their sins by the utterance of these spiritual truths, from lips inspired by love, and tongues of fire. The heavenly Jerusalem will come with the freshness and power of a new revelation, to those even with whom they have been household words, because aided by a Divine operation in the spirit.

Again, Pentecostal influx developed the germ of a new social fabric—the embryo promise of what is to be. “And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need.” They “were together.” What a uniting principle is love! “Had all things common.” What a breaking-up of the innate selfishness of the natural man! What an evidence of the Divine origin and source of the influx! What a finger-sign pointing to the heavenly principle of co-operation, which must supplant every scheme of private ambition, and those vast commercial monopolies, resting upon and constructed by self-love and the love of the world, whereby the interests of the many are sacrificed to the aggrandizement of the few. Good united to truth in the minds of men, will lead to the reconstruction of society on the principles of heaven, into one vast social brotherhood, when it will be again said, “Behold these Christians, how they love!” and every society will be an image of the whole, and every individual a giver of good. Pentecost sent its healthful stream of life through many generations, but at last there came “the falling away.” The world of spirits had filled with vast congregations of the evil and false; errors were superinduced on the simple doctrines of the first Christians, and evil loves polluted the human heart, consequently the influx became inverted and a source of corruption.

But changes have been effected in the world of causes which will enable the stream to descend with increase of volume, purity, and power. The next Pentecost will produce, not only the tongues of fire, but the opening of the internal organs of respiration with the breath of love—to fan them and keep them in perpetual activity. A true church, first in externals, waiting in the city of doctrine, comes into internals at the second baptism of fire. The first was natural celestial, the second is the celestial itself. Internal respiration is not a miracle; the shutting up of man was the miracle. Every approximation to this condition through orderly channels, is the restoration of man to his normal state. But how is this gift to be obtained in fruition? There is

a Divine, and there is also a human side to this question. With God is "the residue of the Spirit." His work is operation, man's co-operation. God's promise is sure. The medium of its fulfilment is prepared. He is coming to every one of us; "But who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth, for He is like a refiner's fire and fuller's soap."

This question must be answered by each in the depths of his own soul. We shall have occasion, no doubt, to go out and weep bitterly, as did Peter before Pentecost; for, like him, we shall be sifted like wheat. John will first baptize us with water into repentance. Rigid heart examination in the light of Divine claims must be instituted. We shall be called upon to cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye of the selfhood, and enter the little upper room of prayer; there, in earnest persevering supplication, to wait for the promise of the Father. When we thus bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in the Lord's house, and prove him therewith, He will open the windows of Heaven, and pour out a blessing, until there shall not be room enough to receive it. Blessed is that servant whom the Lord at His coming shall find so watching. Remember 'the ten days' tarrying in the city of the Old Jerusalem.

"Jesus breathed upon His disciples and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost." This was but the symbol of that mighty rushing wind which afterwards filled the house of prayer. He will breathe on His disciples again—yea, He will breathe *in* them as at the first, when He "formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." "To breathe into his nostrils the breath of life, is to give him the life of faith and love; and by *man became a living soul* is signified, that his external man was also made alive."

Again it is said, the reason why life is described by *breathing* and by *breath* is because the men of the most ancient church perceived states of faith and love by states of respiration. . . . It was on this account that they compared *spirit* or *life* to *wind*. The Lord also applies the same comparison when speaking of the regeneration of man. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." So we read in the Psalms, "By the word of Jehovah were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." And again, "Thou takest away their *breath*, they die and return to their dust; Thou sendest forth Thy spirit, they are created, Thou renewest the face of the earth." And in the Book of Job, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Again, "The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty

hath given me life." This accords with what Swedenborg says, "By soul, in its ultimate sense, is understood the respiration of man." Here, then, it is distinctly stated that *breath* and *breathing* signify Internal Respiration, which is coincident with the higher states of faith and love in regeneration, under which the external is made alive. Therefore, the restoration of this Divine breath in man! Wait, again we say, in utter self-abnegation, instant in prayer, for this second baptism of fire, believing that, in promise, it is yours.

RESPIRO.

SPIRITUALISM IN ALL AGES.

PLINY'S LETTER TO SURA.

THE following letter of Pliny the younger to his friend Sura, was written more than seventeen hundred years ago. In view of the relations which the facts therein detailed bear to the spiritual phenomena so conspicuous at this day, we are induced to give it to our readers entire, especially as otherwise it might be inaccessible to most of them. The first account is remarkable, not only for the beautiful spiritual appearance and accurate prophecy which it details, but as countenancing in some degree the idea of guardian spirits (or tutelar divinities, as they were called by the ancient heathens) presiding over the interests of cities and countries. The second, occurring as it did at that remote period, and forgotten by almost all the world, is remarkable for the analogy which it bears to the many phenomena of "haunted houses," so called, which, in more modern times, have, with the same general features, occurred in different countries and among different classes of people, regardless of the previous beliefs or disbeliefs of those who witnessed them. The fact that occurrences thus manifestly correlated, and by their analogies mutually confirmatory, have been occasionally forcing themselves upon human attention for so many ages, and under so great a variety of circumstances, must, in all candid minds, go far to redeem them from any imputed and necessary connection with superstition and credulity, and to place them in the category of outstanding realities. It would seem, indeed, strange that the manacled ghost which appeared to Athenodorus, was kept from his rest by no other cause than having been denied the customary rites of sepulture; but if numerous concurrent and respectable testimonies may be credited, it would appear that many other spirits have, for a long time after separation from the body, been dissatisfied from a similar cause. Whether this is owing to a mere fancy on

their part, or to some mysterious magnetic connections, is, of course, impossible for us to tell. But to the letter:—

“The present recess from business we are now enjoying, affords you leisure to give and me to receive instruction. I am exceedingly desirous, therefore, to know your sentiments concerning spectres, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of a terrified imagination. What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard from Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and unknown to the world, he attended the Governor of Africa into that province. One evening as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman, which appeared to him of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the farther events of his life; that he should go back to Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honors, and return to that province invested with the pro-consular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly, every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said, farther, ~~that~~ upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ~~ship,~~ the same figure accosted him on the shore. It is certain, at ~~least,~~ that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no ~~symptoms~~ in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery; judging, it would seem, of the future part of the prediction by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune that awaited him, by the ~~success~~ which he had already experienced.

“To this story let me add another, as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of greater horror, which I will give you exactly as it was related to me:—There was at Athens a large and spacious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night a noise, resembling the clanking of iron, was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, seemed more like the rattling of chains. At first it seemed at a distance, but, approaching nearer by degrees, immediately after a spectre appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants, in the meantime, passed their nights in the most dreadful terror imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined their health, and threw them into distempers which, with their horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the daytime, though the spirit did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imagination, that it still seemed before their eyes and continually alarmed them, though it was no longer

present. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by everybody to be absolutely uninhabitable, so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, enquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to have it, and, in short, did actually do so. When it grew toward evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the lower part of the house, and, after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night was passed with the usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle; however, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up, and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him; it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers, but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this, he immediately arose, and with the light in his hand, followed it. The ghost slowly stalked as if encumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus suddenly deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves, where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to the magistrates, and advised them to order that the spot be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found; for the body, having laid a considerable time in the ground, was putrified and mouldered away from the fetters. The bones, being collected together, were buried; and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more.

“This story I believe upon the credit of others. What I am now going to relate, I give you upon my own. I have a freed man, named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw somebody upon his bed, who took out a pair of scissors, and cut off the hair from the top of his head. In the morning it

appeared the boy's hair was actually cut, and the clippings lay scattered upon the floor. A short time after this, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad in my family was sleeping in his apartments, with the rest of his companions, when two persons, clad in white, came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay, and as soon as they had finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found the boy had been served the same way as the other, and with the very same circumstances of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable, indeed, followed these events, unless that I escaped the prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were in my escrutoire, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may, therefore, be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off of the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then to mentally consider this question. The subject merits your examination; as I trust I am not myself altogether unworthy to participate of your superior knowledge. And though you should, with your usual scepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side; lest, while I consult you to have my doubts settled, you should dismiss me in the same suspense and uncertainty that occasioned this application. Farewell."—*Pliny's Letters*, b. vii., chap. 27.

REV. W. FISHBOUGH.

A DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT.

ON the evening before the battle of Lonato, August, 1796, after having been on duty the whole day, and riding perhaps fifty miles carrying orders in all directions, Junot lay down exhausted with fatigue; but without undressing, that he might be ready at the slightest notice. During the day he had thought a great deal about Muiron and his situation; Muiron had formed plans for his future establishment, which he had communicated to Junot.

No sooner was he asleep than he dreamt he was on a field of battle, covered with dead and dying; he was met by a powerful masked knight on horseback, with whom he fought; this knight had, instead of a lance, a long scythe, with which he struck at Junot several times, and by one of these strokes wounded him

deeply on the left temple. The battle was long: at length they closed. In the conflict the tall rider's visor or mask fell off, and Junot beheld a death's head; the armour then disappeared, and Death with his scythe stood bolt upright before him. "I could not take you to day," said he; "but I will take one of your best friends. Beware of me!"

Junot awoke, bathed in perspiration: day began to dawn: there was already heard the bustle which precedes a day such as that which was preparing; he tried to sleep again, but could not, he was so much agitated, and this dream produced an uneasiness which increased every moment; Yet, singularly enough, his apprehensions were not directed to Muiron, and on that day his anxiety was exclusively for Marmont.

The engagement began. Junot received two wounds on the head, one of which left that fine scar which he long had on the left temple, the other was near the nape of the neck: neither of these wounds appeared very dangerous, but there was a chance that the one on the temple might become so, in the state of mind in which he then was.

The moment he came to himself he inquired after Marmont. He was not to be found. When the officer who had been told to look for him returned, and imprudently told Givan, who was dressing Junot's wound, that he could not find him, Junot, calling to mind his dream, was seized with a kind of delirium, which alarmed the surgeons, the more because his blood had been for several days past highly inflamed. A messenger was sent to acquaint the general-in-chief with what had happened, he went himself to his favourite aide-de-camp, and strove to soothe him; but Junot would not listen to anything, and had not Marmont at that moment arrived from executing a commission given him by the general-in-chief (he had been, I believe, to Massena's headquarters), Junot would probably have been attacked by tetanus. As soon as he saw his friend he became composed, and seemed to think that he had nothing more to apprehend. "Ah! there you are!" he exclaimed, taking him by the hand, "there you are!" He then examined him with the only eye that was uncovered, to see whether he had received any wound, and smiled with satisfaction on perceiving no other traces of the battle but disordered hair, and clothes covered with dust and Austrian blood. All at once he was struck by the extreme gloom on Marmont's countenance; the image of Muiron presented itself to his mind. "Where is Muiron?" he cried, "where is Muiron?" Marmont cast down his eyes, and the surgeon gave Helt, Junot's valet de chambre, a significant look, to enjoin silence. Junot understood them. "The wretch," cried he "has kept his word then!" Muiron had actually fallen.—*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.*

DR. CONOLLY IN SEARCH OF THE SPIRITUAL.

IN a late number of the *Medical Critic and Psychological Journal* is an editorial article on Swedenborg, in which the writer, on the one hand, extols this seer as a man of extraordinary intellectual powers, untiring assiduity, and lofty religious fervour; on the other, as one who should be ranked amongst the mystics, and his memorable relations considered as hallucinations. This article has brought forth a reply from Medicus Cantabrigiensis, who argues for the realities of Swedenborg's experiences, (and, to our ideas, successfully) in a pamphlet entitled, *Wisdom, Intelligence, and Science, the True Characteristics of Emmanuel Swedenborg.*

We mention this article and reply as they have reference to the doubting states of mind of the learned. The well-known kind-hearted Dr. Conolly, of Hanwell, writes thus to Medicus Cantabrigiensis (who is a physician of high repute):—"I have been reading with great attention and deep interest, *The True Characteristics.* You have exhibited singular acuteness, clearness, and temper, and the doctrine deduced is beautiful, as well as consolatory. The whole would be unanswerable, if the spiritual life could be realized to our belief; I mean as of possible development in this state of being. The realm of imagination may include Swedenborg's dreams, and also the prophets and seers you so adroitly put in the same category with him."

Now here is a venerable, learned, and much-esteemed physician ready to believe in the spirit-side of nature and in spiritual intercourse, could he but see its development in the present life. He is a gentleman of such unblemished character, kindly ways, so extensively useful, and so much venerated and beloved by all who know him, that we have thought it a very pleasing duty to call attention to this short statement, and so to lay the doctor's wants before the readers of our magazine. We hope that some of them will rescue the good doctor from his doubts, by pointing his attention to the many wonderful facts contained in our pages—facts stated by witnesses of undoubted credence and respectability. If he will but examine these statements with an open feeling of the bare possibility of spirit-development, he may rise from his task a fully satisfied believer in the spirit-side of nature.

POSSESSION BY EVIL SPIRITS.

THE following letter has appeared in the *Union*, a paper advocating High Church principles. The case narrated by the writer is the more interesting, inasmuch as it illustrates several of the phenomena of Spiritualism, namely, the possession by evil spirits, the casting out of them by prayer,—the fact of special diseases being caused by spirits, and the hearing of a voice speaking to the writer, which must have been that of a good spirit, urging him to turn back and heal the sick man. We are glad to see such subjects illustrated in the religious papers, which are not under the same ban of heterodoxy, in which we find ourselves.

To the Editor of the "Union."

SIR,—The accounts of the casting out of evil spirits, as recorded in the New Testament, were vividly brought before my mind on Friday week.

My duties, as a deacon of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, had called me to the side of a deathbed on the day of which I speak. I generally wear a cassock and stole on such occasions, the former of which I fasten up with a cincture in walking about the parish in order not to attract observation—it not being perceived when worn under a coat. After leaving the sorrowful scene of weeping friends and relatives collected round the deathbed I have referred to, business called me into a house of business where several men were at work. On entering I perceived in the midst of a large workshop a man writhing in the convulsions of the most fearful epileptic fit I ever saw. Three or four strong men were holding him, but could not prevent his desperate struggles; his face was fearfully distorted, and the muscles of his arms appeared like snakes coiling beneath his skin. He had been in this state ten minutes when I entered the workshop. I had some scent in my pocket which I applied to his forehead and face to see if that would act as a restorative. Those around applied vinegar to his hands, nose, and mouth, but without any effect: he grew worse and worse. I remained some time to see if he would improve, but he did not. Having persuaded the master of the place to send for a doctor, I left, feeling I could be of no use to the poor fellow, and that it was perfectly unnecessary looking longer at such a frightful scene. I therefore went away.

When I reached the street I had only walked a short way when my steps seemed arrested by I knew not what; and I heard a kind of voice saying distinctly to me, "Go back again." I tried to shake off the feeling—a sort of (if you will) super-

stitious tremor came over me which I cannot account for. I would not go back I thought to myself, and I tried to move on: but no—"Go back again," I still heard. I stood in the street rivetted to the spot, and it was not till I saw that my look and manner was attracting the notice of passers by that I roused myself. Still the words, "Go back again," were as strong as ever, so I decided to do so. But as I went I did not know what I was going to do.

On reaching the workshop I was met by the master. I asked him, "Is the young man any better?" "No sir," (he replied): "just as bad as ever. We have sent for a doctor, but he is ill: so we have been obliged to send for another, and we have also sent for his father, for we do not know what to do with him." I said, "Would you like me to pray over him?" The master replied, "Yes sir, do." I took off my great coat and let down my cassock, over which I wear the cross of the society to which I belong; and I approached the crowd in the middle of the shop. There in the midst was the poor young man, convulsed as awfully as ever; three or four men still holding him. All, except those who held him, fell back to allow me to come near to him. At that moment I felt what I ought to do; so stretching out my hands over the writhing form, I said—"In the name of Him who, when on earth, commanded the unclean spirits, and they obeyed Him—in His name, at which the devils tremble and His saints adore—even in the name of Jesus, O unclean spirit, I command thee, come out of him. And I sign him with the sign of the cross in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." And here I made the sign of the cross over the body. In *one minute* the convulsions entirely left him, and he lay at my feet still as an infant, and as if asleep. The men, feeling his struggles cease, loosed their hold, and drew back, leaving him at my feet. None spake or moved, but looked earnestly on him and on me. I left him in this quiet sleep. In the evening I received a note from the master, telling me that he had slept in this manner for nearly two hours, and woke perfectly well; but without any knowledge of what had occurred.

The next day I went to the shop, and found the young man quite well and at work. Your readers will have different opinions of what they will here have read. I have but one—namely, that the name of Jesus and the sign of the cross still possess their miraculous efficacy; and that our Lord Jesus did cast out an evil spirit in this case as truly as He did in the case of the Syro-Phœnician's daughter. Those around were struck with the close similarity of the events: one particularly expressed his feelings to me afterwards.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., S. S. C.

Notices of Books.

TWO MAGAZINE REVIEWS.

The Dublin University Magazine has a considerable literary reputation, and on this account we had intended to examine somewhat fully its first article, headed "Spiritualism," in its number for July last; but when we inform the reader that it gives no evidence of any acquaintance with the subject beyond what may have been gleaned from articles and letters in newspapers, and from drawing-room gossip,—and that all the phenomena are resolved by the writer of the article into imposture, delusion, and nerves; he will perhaps think with us, that an elaborate and formal refutation would be superfluous. The article is one of the latest illustrations of that "shallow sciolism," which the writer of it so properly condemns. It is proverbially hard for a man to follow his own teachings, and we are compelled to include the Dublin reviewer in what he describes as the "swarm of dabblers who delight in passing off the green fruit of their untutored fancies, as if it were the ripe outcome of careful study and long experience." Why will clever writers rush into print about matters they don't understand, and place "the green fruit of their untutored fancies" before "the ripe outcome" of careful study and long experience of those who for years have tried and tested them to the utmost? Of what use are speculations and theories "framed in a closet," when they are at variance with a vast range of well-established facts, and with the results of direct experiment and careful induction? Such writers may mean well, and think they are doing good service to society in trying to write down what they regard as mere imposture, delusion, and superstition; but our would-be teachers on this matter themselves require to attend school, and learn the first elements of the question on which they think themselves qualified to instruct others. We say this in no unkindly spirit, but in simple sincerity, as the plain truth. The Dublin reviewer would have Spiritualism handed over to the doctors, for them to sit upon it as the coroners do upon a dead body. He is apparently ignorant that some of the most eminent members of the medical profession have carefully investigated it, and have concluded that it lies far beyond physic; that the cause of the phenomena is neither "nerves," nor "back-brain," nor "automatic action," nor "cracking of the joints;" that it is not a question of physiology at all, or only so in a secondary and subordinate sense, but one of psychology; not one of matter but of spirit. Of the reviewer's hypothesis, we may say in the words of Shakespeare:—

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this is of them."

But, as if to give pungency to our remarks, and to bring himself within the usual small circle of such shallow objectors, our critic, who undertook to enlighten the world with his bold denial of spiritual facts, has in his last month's number belied all his own arguments by treating his readers to a veritable ghost story. The only difference is, that this time it appears in *The Dublin University Magazine* instead of in our pages, and is seriously vouched for by the editor of that "amusing print," instead of by us. But seeing dimly his inconsistency, he gravely says that although the ghost story may be implicitly relied on as true, yet that it is not Spiritualism. We would fain hope that there may soon be an end of such blind foolishness.

Fraser's Magazine for October also contains an article on Spiritualism, to which most of the above remarks equally apply, with the additional one that it appears as if the article had been written long before, and was used in a hurry, notwithstanding its staleness. It is, in truth, quite beneath the dignity of the subject to notice such ignorant critiques. When we find an antagonist who fairly grapples with the subject we shall be glad to exchange ideas with him, but it is almost a waste of time to deal with the crude, oft-refuted hypotheses, statements, and small jokes which generally constitute the staple of newspaper and magazine criticisms on this topic.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—I beg to present to your notice the following narration of facts, occurring within the circle of my private acquaintance, to the verity of which I can bear my unqualified testimony. The parties concerned are my attached friends, our mutual connexion being of many years' standing; but I regret to say that names cannot appear, heavy responsibilities being dependent thereon. All I can venture, in this case, to say, is, that both the medium and her friend are ladies of refined manners and education, esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends and connexions. Fictitious names must therefore be given: we will call the medium "Beatrice," and her friend "Elizabeth." Some few years since, Beatrice became a "writing-medium." Her hand was involuntarily guided over sheets of paper, on which she was made to write essays or treatises on subjects beyond her previous knowledge. On one occasion a correct medical diagnosis was given in writing through the guiding of her hand. The peculiar terms and phrases current among medical men being adopted, all of which she was unacquainted with, but on shewing the MS. to a surgical friend, he pronounced every term to be correct.

At another time she was impelled to write a communication purporting to proceed from the spirit of a deceased clergyman, unknown to herself, in the course of which, mention was made of his having been, in the year 1829, presented by his congregation with a golden *Cap*, for such the word appeared to her to be. The communication being addressed to her friend "Elizabeth," she presented the document to her with the remark, "What a strange thing! he says he had a golden '*Cap*,' given him in the year 1829." Elizabeth examined the mysterious word, and soon detected an error in the medium's reading of what she had written. Beatrice had mistaken the letter *u* for the letter *a*; she should have read "*Cup*," not *Cap*. The circumstance related by the clerical spirit was true, and though unknown to the medium, it was well known to Elizabeth, to whom the communication was addressed, yet not so the *date* of presentation. How then should they ascertain the correctness of that? Elizabeth bethought her of a friend, an intimate associate of the late divine, with whom she was sure the date in question would be correctly chronicled. Some little time elapsed before she could meet this person, but on doing so, she put the question, being at the same time careful not to give him any intimation as to her reason for making the enquiry. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied by repeating the date given by the spirit—1829.

As one more instance of this lady's ability to receive direct spirit communication, I would refer to a quotation introduced into an elaborate dissertation on a theological subject, which was given through her hand; the quotation was said to be from a work, the title of which was only indicated by the initials, "*S. D.*" The medium again had recourse to her friend, but this time Elizabeth also was perplexed to decipher the spirit's meaning—neither Beatrice nor her friend could think what could be the title of the work, *S. D.*, stated to be by Swedenborg. On subsequent reflection, it occurred to Elizabeth that *S. D.* must mean *Spiritual Diary*, a work which she feared was not in her possession. She searched the top shelves of her bookcase, with little hope of finding the volume; but to their mutual satisfaction there it was, covered with dust from long disuse. They had now obtained possession of the book referred to, but how should they discover on what page the quoted passage was inscribed, for to that they had received no clue, and the volume was of somewhat bulky dimensions. Elizabeth despaired, but gave the book to Beatrice. In her hand it opened at the very page from which the quotation given in the MS. had been taken, and with an exclamation of surprise and delight the medium pointed it out to her friend. They then carefully compared the MS. and the printed page, and found that the quotation was perfect.

The hypothesis of clairvoyance, or "thought-reading," in these instances, will not avail us for an explanation. In privacy, and with much unwilling, but alas, *necessary* secrecy, has this highly gifted medium exercised her power. There have been seasons when it refused to obey her bidding. It came and went, summoned or recalled by a higher power than her own will.

I remain, Sir, truly yours,

ANNA.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—On Tuesday evening, May 9, a *séance spirite* was held at Madame de Granboulgne's, during which some wonderful phenomena were produced. The number of persons present was very limited, but three mediums were amongst them. The circle consisted of Dr. and Madame de Granboulgne, Le Comte de Laboulie, the Baron de Guldenstubbe, Mrs. Puget, and her brother, Mr. Hawkins. The instant the hands of these six were placed on the table, loud rappings were heard, and the following sentence was given by the alphabet: "I am happy to be amongst noble hearts, and fervent spirits. I greet them cordially and promise them a miracle.—CHARLES." Mrs. Puget then asked if the spirit of her daughter was also present, and on receiving an affirmative answer, was asked to put out her hand, to lessen the light of the room. Immediately a white spot was seen on the table, close to Mrs. Puget's hand, and on touching it she cried out, "It is the flower promised me this morning." The lights were again placed on the table, and Mrs. Puget found on her hand a magnificent specimen of the white flower, called by gardeners in France, "La trompette de jugement." We all examined this miraculous gift, and our wonder and admiration increased on finding written in large letters on the inside of the white petal the word, "Dieu," and underneath it a cross, with the letters "C D" on each side of it.

Dieu
C+D

On asking for the explanation the spirit of Mrs. Puget's daughter gave the following verse by the alphabet:—

"Cette fleur arrondie en trompette sonore,
Presage un eclatant destin,
Au culte que ma mere honore,
Qui ne marche encore que d'un pas incertain.

Charles gives the lily, I the heartsease and verses."

On re-examining the flower we found a heartsease enclosed in it. A rosebud was then given to the Baron Guldenstubbe, and on it was written, "E and C." Mrs. Puget was requested to place her hands on the table again, and the lights were removed, in the hope that she would see the spirit-hand of her daughter. Suddenly a dim blue light covered the table, and bright gold and crimson spots like miniature stars flew backwards and forwards across it. Two persons then distinctly saw a small hand placed on Mrs. Puget's.

Totteridge, Herts, June 19, 1862.

J. P.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The following circumstance was related to me by a member of the family in which it occurred, and who, although a child at the time, remembers it well, as anything so remarkable could not easily be effaced from the memory. It occurred about the year 1825. Mr. Freeman (her father) was a house agent, in good circumstances, living in a large newly built house. Some time after they had lived there they were much disturbed by a violent ringing of the bells; then followed a violent dashing about of large furniture. Beds were unmade as soon as made, and large heavy mattresses, requiring two persons to lift them, were thrown off the bedstead on to the ground. Chairs and tables "walked

about," even up and down stairs. All the kitchen crockery, &c., seemed alive. Plates came down from their stand; a large bottle of ink came off a shelf in the kitchen, walked round the kitchen and back to its place, but was not spilled. Even loaves of bread could not be kept in one place. In fact the whole house, with the exception of one room, was a scene of the most terrible disorder. Of course neither expense nor trouble were spared to solve the mystery. One of the servants was discharged on suspicion of trickery. A physician—a friend of the family—sat up the whole of one night, "determined to discover it;" but his pale frightened look in the morning only helped to increase the mystery, and there were strange hints that he had seen something which he could not reveal. He declared he could never pass through such a night again. The clergyman came, and prayers were read in the rooms. The most expert Bow-street officers were engaged, who searched every hole and corner, even taking the boards up; but it was all in vain, and at last the inmates were compelled to remove from the house, which was done with difficulty, as the crockery, as soon as it was packed, was unpacked by this unseen agency, and it was only by main force that they at length succeeded in escaping with their goods. The cause was never discovered, but the disturbance did not follow them to their new abode.

F. J. T.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—My grandfather died about the year 1817, at my father's house near Hull—his age about 75; and the phenomena of the haunted house I am about to relate occurred in his youth, now more than 100 years ago. It was then inhabited by some persons whose character was not much esteemed in the neighbourhood, and so far as I recollect, an old woman died in the house, and on her death-bed threatened that if certain arrangements were not carried out according to her wish, she would haunt the house as long as there was a brick standing. Some time after her death a servant girl, on going up stairs, declared she had seen the old woman on the landing, who said to her, "It's six weeks since you buried me, and I've never been out of the house yet." After that nothing was seen; but there were great disturbances in the house. Noises at night, as if dragging a heavy chain across the floor, and the bed clothes were pulled off. Some of the family were one day attempting to put some feathers into a bed, but the feathers were carried about the room in all directions as though with a whirlwind. One of the family ran to the Friend's Meeting House, where they were then sitting, and actually called one of them out in the provincial dialect. I forget the words he used, but he must have appeared very ridiculous to the quiet assembly there collected. My late grandfather volunteered to spend a night in the house, and took a man with him. After inspecting the room carefully, and being satisfied that there was no secret entrance, they went to bed together; but they did not undress, but sat up all night. They must then have laid on the bed with their clothes on, for the other circumstances I clearly recollect as related by my father, viz., that some fearful noises occurred as if all the panes in the casement had been shattered at once, yet no harm was done; then a heavy chain seemed dragged across the floor. The clothes were violently pulled off the bed; they put them on again and took firm hold of them, but they were wrenched from their grasp, and yet nothing was visible. They pulled the clothes on again, and took still firmer hold; but this time they were torn into strips by the violence of the unseen power. When they lay down again, the man who accompanied my grandfather addressed the ghost, calling it an "old witch," or some epithet, I believe rather coarser. On this a stone was thrown, and narrowly missed his head on the pillow. My grandfather kept the stone by him for many years, and he used to say that it was unlike stones in the neighbourhood, and that he had shown it to many knowing persons, but none could certainly discover its composition. We must, however, observe that chemistry was but little known at that time, and also that the door was locked and the window shut, and that the stone could hardly have been in the room when they entered it. After many years the

stone disappeared. My father supposed that my grandmother had secretly thrown it away; for she wished the story to be forgotten, and never liked to hear it. My grandfather used to blame himself for having put himself in the way of evil spirits, the people in the house also not being very respectable.

W. H.

The following letter has been received by a friend of the Editor:—

My dear Mrs. B.,—Though you may have heard of, or seen something similar, I will impart an incident as it occurred to me; and which, though half a century back, I see as clearly in the mirror of my mind now as then. You are no sceptic, or I would not tell you; but to the point. Mr. Chadwick, wishing to see his mother, who lived thirty miles off, went, saying, "I shall return in a week." A fortnight elapsed; I became unhappy, but daily expecting him, I did not write. A friend called; I told him my tale of trouble, and he said, "Have you courage to look into a glass? I can show you Mr. Chadwick, dead or alive." It flashed on my mind that he must deal with Satan; but having courage, and prompted by curiosity, I said "Yes." Standing behind my chair, he put in my hand a glass, the size and form of an egg, saying, "If you have the gift to see, it will soon change its appearance." Soon it was very opaque, then bright, when the interior of a room, with a man in bed, the arms thrown on the cover, appeared to my astonished view. "He is dead," I exclaimed. No; the figure rose up—looked full at me—it was my husband!—all vanished. In two days the same thing was enacted, when a fine Gothic church, churchyard, and a lady and gentleman emerging from an angle of the sacred edifice, appeared. I knew Mr. Chadwick, but not the lady. On his return all this was imparted. He regretted my distress, and said, "Mary you know my dislike to letter writing, and I thought you would conclude that my mother tempted me to stay. What you tell me of the glass is correct," and playfully added, "you know, born at midnight, the old gossips told your mother that you would be liable to see strange things. Taken ill when proceeding homewards I was detained at an inn some days; when better, I was strolling in Runcorn churchyard, when I met Mrs. Stocks, of Manchester, and we joined in the walk." Mrs. Stocks I had long known, and the lady my occult friend shewed me was certainly that fine, beautiful woman. I regard this occurrence as a mystery time will never solve, eternity never unravel. The character of Mr. Humphreys, owner of the mystic glass, stood high. He was learned, and a great mathematician.

MARY CHADWICK (in her 81st year.)

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—It is a trite remark that every family has some narrative of a ghostly kind in connection with it, although it is not always an easy matter to elicit it. Here is one that occurred in mine. I had a relative, housekeeper to a rich but eccentric gentleman. He had no relatives, or none that he cared for. The night before his death he sent for his lawyer, to alter his will in favour of his housekeeper, intending to leave her the bulk of his property. Thrice was the man of law sent for, but he did not arrive till it was too late, and the intention was not carried into effect. Whether this had anything to do with what subsequently occurred I do not know, but in the room where he died there was frequently heard a sound as of hard breathing, though nothing was seen. Frequently, too, his step would be heard on the stairs; I say *his* step, for when alive he was in the habit of wearing a loose slipper, and the noise which this made, flapping on the stairs, was exactly reproduced after his decease. These sounds were distinctly heard, not only by his late housekeeper, but by other persons. Once, in particular, several members of her family were together, engaged in the unghostly occupation of whist, when the sound of ascending footsteps was so plainly heard that they declared there must be thieves in the house. The men seized sticks, pokers, whatever weapon came to hand, and sallied out, ransacking every hole and corner of the house, from garret to basement; but their vigilance and valour was unrewarded by any capture. The cause of the disturbances was never discovered.

T. S.