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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.—THE SEERESS  
OF PREVORST.

INFINITE are the uses of Biography—of all biography, in so far as it is genuine, unfolding to us something, ever so little, of the real life of man; which sort of biography is indeed rare, much that is so called being simply extracts from the parish register; glimpses of things about a man rather than of him, telling us indeed little more than the epitaph:—

“ Here lies the body of John Tompkins, who  
Departed this life, aged forty-two,  
After a long and painful illness, that  
He bore with Christian fortitude, though fat;  
He died, lamented greatly by this poem,  
And all who had the happiness to know him.”

Lives that are outwardly uneventful, could we “through all forms of show and fashion” penetrate to their centre, and there read the history of “the Soul, its Sorrows and its Aspirations,” would often be found of far greater significance than those of many who play their part on the stage of life with much pomp and circumstance, and on whom the curtain falls with universal *acclat*. “The true Shekinah is Man,” and next in value “to know thyself,” is the lesson “know thy neighbour—thy fellow-man; know him by loving sympathy and communion, for thus only canst thou know him and experience that man is dear to man:

‘ For this single cause,  
That we have all of us one human heart.’ ”

How many great cosmical truths, and truths transcending this visible cosmos, lie folded up within the human microcosm, and may be learned by a reverent study of the spiritual forces operating upon and within us! How seldom does a ray of light on those subjects which it most concerns us to know, beam in upon us from the published lives of even the world’s greatest men! And where there is light, how frequently instead of being placed on a hill is it placed under a bushel! How frequently is

the subject of the biography so draped as effectually to disguise the true image and lineaments of the spirit-man !

At the best, 'tis little we can know of the soul and its workings ; we may catch glimpses of its divine beauty, but it is a veiled Isis, and the veil cannot be raised by mortal hand :

“ We are spirits clad in veils ;  
Man by man was never seen,  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.”

Only in the spirit-world can the genuine biography be fully written and the character perfectly daguerreotyped ; only there where the veils and wrappings of the spirit are removed, can the man be fully revealed in the spiritual majesty and beauty of angelhood, or in the monstrous fruition of his evil lusts embodied in all horrent and terrific forms !

The little that is to be learnt from books of men and women—that is of their spiritual selves, where not gathered from some form of autobiography, is, for the most part, to be gleaned from incidental passages in their experience which have escaped the vigilance of biographers and editors, fearful lest the publication of some “ weakness ” on the part of their idol should diminish its reputation with the world.

There is a resemblance, a oneness combined with an infinite diversity in human nature, of which the unity in variety in the human countenance may be regarded as the outward correspondence and expression : while then to most of us the spirit-world is as a fountain sealed—a fountain, it is believed by many, whose waters have long ceased to flow, and is now wholly dried up, it is no wonder that there are some gifted with an inner vision that can pierce the veil which separates the world of spirit from the world of sense, and discern somewhat of the “ open secret ” that lies beyond ; and who, being in an especial manner open to spiritual influx, are constituted channels and conduits through which the influences of the spirit-world—the streams of a present living inspiration may flow forth to water the arid soil, and refresh the thirsty traveller. Such persons may again be regarded as spiritual electrometers ; or, as lenses, by aid of which may be seen, with more or less distinctness, spiritual realities invisible at present to ordinary and unaided vision.

There is no department of literature that I have found more suggestive—more capable of yielding instruction—more rich in its illustrations of Spiritualism, than is to be found in the pages of biography. Sometimes a whole life is thus lit up with the halo of a spiritual glory, sometimes it darts a fitful gleam, once or twice only in a lifetime, or the record of these is all that is preserved to us. These instances it is the more necessary to collect, as

they are apt to be neglected or forgotten, and when viewed apart from facts of a kindred nature are more easily explained away. Believing that what has so interested me may not be without interest for others, I purpose to present "Spiritualism illustrated in Biography" in a series of papers, in which some of these scattered rays may be gathered into a focus, sometimes, as the result of my "gleanings" in this department of "the corn fields" of literature, offering an entire sheaf of biography—at others, bringing home only a few golden grains, but not without hope that better qualified labourers may soon enter upon the field and gather abundant harvests.

Perhaps I cannot better commence this gallery of illustrations than with Frederica Hauffe, the Seeress of Prevorst. I know of no case in which the varied phases and phenomena of Spiritualism is so fully exhibited. "We might safely say," says Dr. Rogers, "that the wonderful phenomena presented in this lady's life cover nearly, if not the whole field of the present 'manifestations,' and extend much beyond." Her life is written by the late Dr. Justinus Kerner, chief Physician at Weinsberg, a man of unquestionable ability and integrity. His translator remarks:—"The sincerity and good faith of Dr. Kerner in this affair has never, we believe, been impugned, even by the most determined sceptic. He is well known in Germany as an exceedingly sensible, amiable, and religious man. . . The point of attack for those who seek one must be his sagacity; but except the assailant were one who had the same opportunities for observation and investigation that he had, the gratuitous imputation of credulity should be cautiously received." I must in this, as probably in other instances, claim the indulgence of those readers familiar with her history; but as the translation of Kerner's work, by Mrs. Crowe, is becoming scarce, even a slight sketch may be of service to those unable to procure a copy of it; and her experience is too important to be omitted in any design like the present.

The little village of Prevorst, in which Frederica Hauffe was born, is situate in a mountainous region; the inhabitants are a simple, hardy race; like mountaineers in general, they are peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influences; and are familiar with the application of the divining rod, as it is called, to the discovery of springs and water-courses: notwithstanding their generally robust character, they are frequently, especially in youth, subject to nervous derangements, and have great susceptibility to sympathetic remedies.

Among this simple peasantry, the daughter of a forester, brought up in the midst of nature, inured to the keen mountain air, Frederica grew up a blooming joyous child: "at a very early age" she displayed a peculiar openness to spiritual impressions,

exhibited in presentiments, prophetic dreams and "instructive, premonitory, or prophetic visions;" and even while a child, in her hand, the hazel rod pointed out metals and water. While yet quite young, for the sake of instruction, she was placed under the care of her grandparents at the neighbouring town of Löwenstein. They were good, pious folks, "but, to their extreme regret, she became too early acquainted with spiritual and supernatural matters; for there was something in the nature of the girl that could no more be kept back than could the growth of her body."

Her extreme susceptibility to physical impressions "was accompanied by a consciousness of the presence of spirits." Thus, in the Castle of Löwenstein was an old kitchen which she could never look into or enter without being much disturbed. In the very same place, we are told, some years afterwards the spectre of a woman, was to her great horror, seen by a lady who had never been informed of the sensations experienced by the child.

The first apparition she witnessed, as was generally the case with those she saw in after life, occasioned her no apprehension. She calmly looked at it, and then going to her grandfather, told him that "there was a strange man in the passage, and that he should go and see him; but the old man, alarmed at the circumstance, for he also had seen a similar apparition in the same place, though he had never mentioned it, did all he could to persuade her that she was mistaken, and from that time never allowed her to leave the room at night. So far indeed from such experiences causing her any alarm, she continued "the most joyous among her companions," until recalled to her native village by the prolonged sickness of her parents, when sorrow and night-watchings by the sick-bed began to sadden her life, and, probably, tended to farther develope in her a consciousness of things ordinarily hidden from mortal vision.

In her nineteenth year, she was by her family betrothed to Herr Hauffe, a worthy man, and one with whom there seemed every reason to believe her future would be a comfortable and happy one; but, whether from a presentiment of the years of suffering and sickness before her, or, from other hidden feelings, of which we only knew with certainty that, if such there were, they were not occasioned by another attachment, she sank into a dejection, for which her friends could in no way account, she past whole days in weeping, did not sleep for five weeks, and became absorbed in the overpowering life-feeling of her childhood.

It happened that her wedding-day was also the day of the funeral of her much-respected pastor, the venerable minister of Oberstenfeld, who was upwards of sixty years of age. His

preaching and personal intercourse had had considerable influence on her life, and his death to her simple and susceptible nature occasioned considerable grief. She followed the beloved remains to the churchyard. Her heart, till then so heavy, was suddenly relieved and calmed as she stood beside the grave. She remained there long, and left it tranquil, but indifferent to the world and all its concerns; henceforth, the peculiar inward life, which her biographer dates from this period, went forward without a pause. Later, in somnambulist state, she alluded to this occurrence at a time when her departed pastor used often to appear to her as a form of light, cheering and protecting her from the influence of an evil spirit. I transcribe the translation of a few of her simple lines referring to this event:

“ I prayed upon thy grave  
 For one blessing only,  
 That the wings of this angel  
 Might henceforward  
 O'er the tide-path of life,  
 Waft around me the peace of heaven,  
 There standest thou, angel, now; my prayer was heard.”

After her marriage she lived at Kürnbach, a place on the borders of Württemberg and Baden. Its position is low, gloomy, shut in by hills; in all the influences of earth and atmosphere the reverse of Prevorst. Considering the extreme susceptibility she afterwards manifested to sidereal and imponderable influences, it is probable that this change of place exercised a prejudicial influence over her; at all events, her experience confirms the observation that places situate low, induce, especially on persons of delicate organisation, spasmodic attacks; as mountainous regions, on the contrary, augment the magnetic influence.

After a severe spasmodic attack, in which the only relief she experienced was from a physician who had been called in placing his hand on her head, when she not only became calm, and obtained sleep, but, so long as he remained in the room, saw and heard him alone, and was insensible to the presence of all others; her grandmother, of Löwenstein, appeared to her at night, standing by her bedside, and silently looking at her. Three days after, she was informed of the death of that lady, who had expired on that very night. From that time, she frequently in her sleep alluded to the presence of her grandmother, and she afterwards recognized her as her protecting spirit. It was at this period, also (March, 1822), that, in a dream, she described a machine and its construction, the use of which, she affirmed, would restore her to health, and drew the figure of it upon paper, but no attention was paid to this intimation.

Magnetic passes and breathings on the pit of the stomach relieved her, and it is probable that a regular course of magnetic

treatment at this time would have been highly beneficial to her, but the distance at which her physician resided, and the scruples of her husband about her leaving home, prevented it. Her susceptibility to all sorts of spiritual influence became deeper; "prophetic dreams, divinations, and prophetic visions in glass and mirrors, gave evidence of her inner life." Thus, in a glass of water that stood on the table, she saw persons half an hour before they entered the house; a travelling carriage, with the horses and passengers, were in like manner described before their arrival. She also manifested the power of second sight. She saw a coffin in the hall, impeding her way, and in it the body of her paternal grandfather. So distinct was this to her apprehension, that she called her parents and the physician to see it. On the following morning, the same vision was presented at her bedside. Six weeks afterwards the grandfather died, having been in perfect health till a few days before his death. She now began to speak and write in a strange language, which she called her inner tongue. She affirmed it to be the natural language of all men. Kerner says that "it was very sonorous; and as she was perfectly consistent in her use of it, those who were much about her gradually grew to understand it. She said by it only could she fully express her innermost feelings; and that, when she had to express these in German, she was obliged first to translate them from this language. It was not from her head, but from the epigastric region that it proceeded. She knew nothing of it when she was awake. The names of things in this language she told us expressed their properties and quality. Philologists discovered in it a resemblance to the Coptic, Arabic, and Hebrew." After giving some examples of this, he adds, "The written character of this language was always connected with numbers. She said that words with numbers had a much deeper and more comprehensive signification than without. She often said, in her sleepwaking state, that the ghosts spoke this language; for although spirits could read the thoughts, the soul, to which this language belonged, took it with it when it went above; because the soul formed an ethereal body for the spirit." The seeress further observed concerning this inner language, that "one word of it frequently expressed more than whole lines of ordinary language; and that, after death, in one single symbol or character of it, man would read his whole life." "It is constantly observed," says Kerner, "that persons in a sleepwaking state, and those who are deep in the inner life, find it impossible to express what they feel in ordinary language. Another somnambule used often to say to me, when she could not express herself, 'Can no one speak to me in the language of nature?' The Seherin observed by Mayers said, that to man, in the magnetic state; all nature

was disclosed, spiritual and material; but that there were certain things which could not be well expressed in words, and thus arose apparent inconsistencies and errors. In the archives of animal magnetism, an example is given of this peculiar speech; the resemblance of which to the eastern languages, doubtless, arises from its being a remnant of the early language of mankind. Thus, sleep-wakers cannot easily recall the names of persons and things, and they cast away all conventionalities of speech. Mayer's Seherin says, that as the eyes and ears of man are deteriorated by the fall, so he has lost, in a great degree, the language of his sensations; but it still exists in us, and would be found, more or less, if sought for. Every sensation or perception has its proper figure or sign, and this we can no longer express. In order to describe these perceptions, Mrs. H—— constructed figures, which she called 'her sun-sphere,' 'her life-sphere,' and so forth. Many instances proved how perfect her memory for this inner language was. On bringing her the lithograph of what she had written a year before, she objected that there was a dot too much over one of the signs; and, on referring to the copy which I had by me, I found she was right. She had no copy herself.\*

At one time she spoke for three days only in verse. Her visions of spirits became more frequent; she also began to see her own image. She first saw it "clad in white, seated on a stool, whilst she was lying in bed. She contemplated the vision for some time, and would have cried out, but could not. At length she made herself heard, and on the entrance of her husband it disappeared." This she always called the "nerve-spirit," and regarded it as the dynamic of man's temporal existence. She said that "through it the soul was united to the body, and the body with the world," and that by its means spirits were "brought into connexion with a material in the atmosphere, which enables them to make themselves felt and

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\* Concerning this inner language, Swedenborg, in his treatise on *Heaven and Hell*, remarks:—"Writing in the inmost heaven consists of various inflected and circumflexed forms, and the inflexions and circumflexions are according to the form of heaven. By these the angels express the arcana of their wisdom, many of which cannot be uttered by words; and, what is wonderful, the angels are skilled in such writing without being taught, for it is implanted in them like their speech . . . and therefore this writing is heavenly writing, which is not taught, but inherent, because all extension of the thoughts and affections of the angels, and thus all communication of their intelligence and wisdom, proceeds according to the form of heaven, and hence their writing also flows into that form. I have been told that the most ancient people on this earth wrote in the same manner before the invention of letters, and that it was transferred into the letters of the Hebrew language, which in ancient times were all inflected. Not one of them had the square form in use at this day; and hence it is that the very dots, iotas, and minutest parts of the word contain heavenly arcana and things Divine."

heard by man, and also to suspend the property of gravity, and move heavy articles." Speaking of this at a subsequent time, she said, "It often appears to me that I am out of my body, and then I hover over it, and think of it; but this is not a pleasant feeling, because I recognize my body. But if my soul were bound more closely to my nerve-spirit, then would this be in closer union with my nerves; but the bonds of my nerve-spirit are becoming daily weaker." Other spirit-seers have also described a state, in which they perceived their spirit out of their body, which only enfolded it as a thin gauze.

So debilitated had she now become, partly through bleeding and other injudicious treatment, that she seemed to exist only through the nervous emanations of others. It became necessary that some one should always hold her hand, and if the person was weak, it increased her debility. The physician prescribed magnetic passes and medicines; but she fell into the magnetic sleep and prescribed for herself. When in the deep sleep, she declared that magnetism alone could save her, and the magnetic influence of others was of frequent use to her; but, unfortunately, care was not taken as to the character and constitutions of those with whom she was thus brought into *rapport*, so that it is doubtful whether, on the whole, the harm was not greater than the benefit she received from them. At about this time, for seven days, at the same hour, she felt herself magnetized by a spirit, visible only to herself, and in whom she recognized her grandmother, who magnetized her with three fingers outspread like rays, the passes being directed to the epigastric region. She now could not endure the light of day, and became so sensible to magnetic influences, that even the nails in the walls had to be removed, and (what has been frequently reproduced in our own day) "articles whose near neighbourhood to her was injurious, were removed by an unseen hand; such objects, a silver spoon, for example, would be perceptibly conveyed from her hand to a more convenient distance, and laid on a plate; not thrown, for the things passed slowly through the air, as lifted by invisible agency." What is more singular, an amulet of black lead, prescribed by a quack, would occasionally, "untouched by any one, run about her head, breast, and bed-covering, like a living thing, so that they had to pick it up from the floor, and restore it to her. This incredible circumstance happened in the presence of many trustworthy witnesses who testify to the fact."

On the 25th of November, 1826, she was removed to Weinsberg, under care of Dr. Kerner, who determined to disregard her prescriptions, to discard magnetism altogether, and rely wholly on the homœopathic pharmacopœia. He, however, soon found that this treatment was of no service to her; his smallest



doses always produced in her effects the reverse of what he expected. "The physician," he says, "might blush to see how much more efficacious means she prescribed for herself (in the sleepwaking state) than he and his pharmacopœia could furnish." Finding his own medical treatment a failure, Kerner at length asked her, when in the sleep, whether a constant and regular course of magnetism would be of use to her? She said that she could not answer till the next evening at seven o'clock, after she had had seven magnetic passes. The result of these seven passes was that she was able to sit up in bed the following morning, and felt stronger than she had done during the whole of Kerner's medical attendance, as he acknowledges. She prescribed a magnetic treatment, and again described the machine indicated by her in the early stage of her disease. The consequence of following these directions, and laying all others aside, was, in the language of her physician, that "although restoration to health was no longer possible, and many distressing symptoms were often present, yet, by these means, this unfortunate lady was as much relieved as the nature of her case rendered practicable; but the shock she received from the death of her father entirely counteracted this beneficial influence, and for the future all that remained to her was the life of a sylph."

Both Kerner and Eschenmayer speak of the peculiar light emitted from her eyes. The latter says:—"Her eyes had something spiritual in their expression, and always remained clear and bright in spite of her great suffering. They were penetrating, and, in conversation, very varying; they were sometimes suddenly fixed, and seemed to emit sparks, a certain sign that she beheld some strange apparitions. When this happened, she would presently burst forth into words." Kerner says:—"From her eyes there shone a really spiritual light, of which every one who saw her became immediately sensible; and whilst in this state, she was more a spirit than a being of mortal mould." He also tells us that "she was sensible of the spiritual essences of all things, of which we have no perception, especially of metals, plants, men and animals. All imponderable matters, even the different colours of the prism, produced on her sensible effects." This averment of all things having a spiritual essence is common among those gifted with the higher kinds of seership. Swedenborg, Bœhme, Fox, Harris, Davis, all affirm it.

The eye has always been regarded as "the window of the soul," and as reflecting in an especial manner its movements and perturbations. When the seeress "looked into the right eye of a person, she saw, behind the reflected image of herself, another, which appeared neither to be her own, nor that of the person into whose eye she was looking. She believed it to be the

picture of that person's inner self. In many persons, this internal image appeared more earnest than the external, or the reverse: it bespoke the character of the person; but, with many, it was more beautiful and pure than the other. If she looked into the left eye, she saw immediately whatever internal disease existed—whether in the stomach, lungs, or elsewhere—and prescribed for it. In my left eye (Kerner's) she saw prescriptions for herself; and in that of a man, who had only a left eye, she saw both his inward malady, and the image of his inner man. In the right eye of an animal, as a dog or a fowl, she saw a blue flame—doubtless its soul," says the worthy physician, fortifying his position with the reflection of Schubert, "that we often see, in the eyes of an animal, glimpses of a hidden, secret world, as through a door, uniting the other world with this; and there frequently appears in the eyes of dying animals, uselessly slain, or tortured by the hand of man, a gleam of deep self-consciousness, which is prepared to bear witness against us in the other world."

When she saw people who had lost a limb, she still saw the form of the limb attached to the body: this lends additional weight to the well-known fact that persons still have feeling in a limb that has been amputated. At Weinsberg she again saw, and felt herself magnetised by her guardian spirit,\* and objects whose near neighbourhood was injurious to her continued to be removed by the same invisible agency. As was the case at an earlier period, she still often saw a spectral form behind the person she was looking at. Sometimes this appeared to be the image of his inner self, at others, his protecting spirit. Thus, behind a woman whom she had never seen, she once perceived a shadowy form, with slender limbs and palpitating movements. This woman proved to be a person of a most restless disposition; while behind a servant-girl of Dr. Kerner's, she often saw the form of a boy of about twelve years of age; on being questioned, the girl said she had no relative of that age, but afterwards recollected that her brother who had died when three years old would have been just twelve. Several prophetic dreams and instances of second sight occurring to her at this time are recorded by her biographer.

Her father died at Oberstenfeld the 2nd of May, 1827. On that night about nine o'clock, Mrs. H—— exclaimed in her sleep—"Ah! God." She awoke, as if aroused by the exclamation, and said that she had heard two voices proceeding from herself. At the same hour, Dr. Föhr, the physician who had attended the

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\* It may be worth noting, that while her grandmother appeared to her in the form she bore on earth, she did *not* appear in the same attire. She seemed to wear a robe with a girdle, and on her head was something like a veil. Margaret Fuller Ossoli remarks that her "women ghosts all wear veils, put on the way admired by the Italian poets, of whom, however, she could know nothing."

deceased, being with an uncle of Mrs. H—— in a chamber next to that where the body lay—in which there was only the corpse—heard the words—“ Ah ! God ! ” so distinctly, that he went to see who was there, but found only the body ; nor was any one in that part of the house from whom the voice could have proceeded. Mrs. H—— attributed the circumstance to her intense anxiety about her father, which had caused the going forth of her spirit to the place where he lay, and that thinking earnestly of the physician and his skill, was the reason that he heard the exclamation made by her spirit over the coffin, and which it repeated on its return when Kerner heard it.

In an article entitled, “ Spirit Rapping no Novelty,” in No. 13 of the *Spiritual Magazine*, I have given several instances of the phenomenon called “ spirit-rapping,” at times prior to the manifestations in America. The following anecdotes of the Seeress are further illustrations of this. Kerner says :—As I had been told by her parents, a year before her father’s death, that, at the period of her early magnetic state, she was able to make herself heard by her friends, as they lay in bed at night, in the same village, but in other houses, by a knocking—as is said of the dead—I asked her, in her sleep, whether she was able to do so now, and at what distance ? She answered, that she would sometime do it—that to the spirit space was nothing. Sometime after this, as we were going to bed—my children and servants being already asleep—we heard a knocking, as if in the air, over our heads. There were six knocks, at intervals of half a minute. It was a hollow, yet clear sound—soft, but distinct. We were certain there was no one near us, nor over us, from whom it could proceed ; and our house stands by itself. On the following evening, when she was asleep—when we had mentioned the knocking to nobody whatever—she asked me whether she should soon knock to us again ? which, as she said it was hurtful to her, I declined.”

And again he tells us, “ In my own house, I can bear witness, not only to the sounds of throwing, knocking, &c., but a small table was flung into a room without any visible means ; the pewter plates in the kitchen were hurled about, in the hearing of the whole house—circumstances laughable to others, and which would be so to me, had I not witnessed them in my sound mind ; but which become doubly significant, when I compare them to many accounts I have heard of the like nature, where there was no somnambule in question.”

At her father’s house, at Oberstenfeld, “ it had long been observed, by the various tenants who lodged in it, that many strange noises were heard—as knockings on the walls and barrels in the cellars, throwing of gravel, rolling of balls, and even some

times a musical sound like that of a triangle—none of which could be accounted for; and at length Mrs. H——, and other members of her family, occasionally perceived a spectral female figure. Sounds, as of persons passing to and fro, were common in the room in which her father worked; and he was actually obliged to change his apartment, because an unknown animal frequently sat on his shoulder or his foot. A noise like the ringing of glasses was also frequently heard, but no investigation threw any light on the cause.”

Speaking of a spirit who frequently came to her, Kerner says:—“His appearance was always preceded by knockings on the walls, noises in the air, and other sounds, which were heard by many different people, as can be testified by more than twenty credible witnesses. There was a trampling up and down stairs by day and night to be heard, but no one to be seen, as well as knockings on the walls and in the cellars; but, however suddenly a person flew to the place to try and detect whence the noise proceeded, they could see nothing. If they went outside, the knocking was immediately heard inside, and *vice versa*. However securely they closed the kitchen door—nay, if they tied it with cords, it was found open in the morning; and though they frequently rushed to the spot on hearing it open or shut, they never could find anybody. Sounds as of breaking wood, of pewter plates being knocked together, and the crackling of a fire in the oven, were also commonly heard, but the cause of them could not be discovered. A sound resembling that of a triangle was also frequently heard; and not only Mrs. H——, but others of her family, often saw a spectral female form. The noises in the house became at length so remarkable, that her father declared he could stay in it no longer; and they were not only audible to every body in it, but to the passengers in the street, who stopped to listen to them as they passed.”

The Rev. Mr. Hermann wrote several questions for a spirit who visited Mrs. H—— to answer. From the time these were shown to the spirit, Mr. Hermann “found himself awakened at a particular hour every night, and felt immediately an earnest disposition to prayer. There was always, at the same time, a knocking in his room—sometimes on the floor, and sometimes on the walls—which his wife heard as well as himself; but they saw nothing.”

Her power of clairvoyance in relation to both physical and mental things was of a very high order, and is well attested, but as cases of clairvoyance, are now comparatively common, instances need not be specified. It may, however, be interesting to state that by the adoption of the course prescribed by her in the clairvoyant state, the Countess Von Maldeghem was cured of insanity after all the usual remedies had been tried in vain.

Kerner distinguishes the following degrees in her magnetic condition:—"1st. That in which she ordinarily was, wherein she appeared to be awake, although she was not, but, on the contrary, was in the first stage of her inner life. She said that many persons were in this state, of whom it was not suspected, and who were not aware of it themselves. 2ndly. The magnetic dream. She believed many persons to be in this condition who were considered insane. 3rdly. In the half-waking state, which exhibited itself more especially by her writing and speaking the inner language (before alluded to). She said that she spoke this language when her spirit was in intimate conjunction with her soul. 4th. The sleep-waking state, when she was clairvoyant, and prescribed. But between the third and fourth there appeared to me an intermediate one—the cataleptic, wherein she lay torpid and cold. She said, in her half-waking state, she thought only with the cerebellum; of the cerebrum she felt nothing—it was asleep. In this state, she thought more with her soul; her thoughts were clearer, and her spirit had more power over her than in her waking state. In the perfect sleepwaking state, the spirit had the supremacy; and, when she was perfectly clairvoyant, she said her thoughts proceeded wholly from the spirit, and the epigastric region."

On the 18th October, 1827, she said, in the sleepwaking state, that henceforth she would be more awake to external life, and that the past would be to her as a dream. And so it happened. She was extremely surprised at the improvement in her own health, and did not recognize any who had been but recently about her.

Several experiments were made to test the reality of her spirit-vision. Kerner relates that "An acquaintance of Mrs. H——'s, who sometimes visited her, one day informed us that a friend of hers was dead. This person had promised her that he would appear to her after death, and we consequently hourly expected to learn that she had seen his ghost; but days, weeks and months passed without any such event happening. Then the acquaintance owned, that not believing in the reality of these apparitions, he had said it for an experiment; the person was not dead. Another experiment was made as follows: Mrs. H—— was frequently visited by the spectre of a deceased person, of whom she had never seen or heard anything whatever. A friend had her learn of this ghost the period of his birth, which neither she nor I knew. This was done; but when our friend made inquiry of his relations whether the time mentioned was correct, they said, 'No.' This our friend wrote to us; and I read the letter to Mrs. H——, advancing it as a strong argument against the reality of the apparitions. She answered, unmoved, that she

would inquire again. She did so, and the answer was the same. I wrote again to my friend, saying so, and begging him to ascertain more particularly the period of the birth in question; and, on doing this, he found that the relations had been in error; the time had been correctly named."

He adds, "I could relate many other equally remarkable facts, but that I should be encroaching too much on the privacy of the parties concerned." He details twenty-two facts that occurred at Weinsberg in evidence of the presence and operations of spirits. Concerning these he says, "Of the greatest number, I was myself a witness; and what I took upon the credit of others, I most curiously investigated, and anxiously sought, if by any possibility a natural explanation of them could be found; but in vain." These facts are further corroborated by councillors, professors, and other official persons.

Her statement concerning the spirits who appeared to her is so interesting that I subjoin a somewhat lengthened extract. Her words are:—"I see many with whom I come into no approximation, and others who come to me, with whom I converse, and who remain near me for months; I see them at various times by day and night, whether I am alone or in company. I am perfectly awake at the time, and am not sensible of any circumstance or sensation that calls them up. I see them alike whether I am strong or weak, plethoric or in a state of inanition, glad or sorrowful, amused or otherwise; and I cannot dismiss them. Not that they are always with me, but they come at their own pleasure, like mortal visitors, and equally whether I am in a spiritual or corporeal state at the time. When I am in my calmest and most healthy sleep, they awaken me—I know not how, but I feel that I am awakened by them—and that I should have slept on had they not come to my bedside. I observe frequently that, when a ghost visits me by night, those who sleep in the same room with me are, by their dreams, made aware of its presence; they speak afterwards of the apparition they saw in their dream, although I have not breathed a syllable on the subject to them. Whilst the ghosts are with me, I see and hear everything around me as usual, and can think of other subjects; and though I can avert my eyes from them, it is difficult for me to do it—I feel in a sort of magnetic *rapport* with them. They appear to me like a thin cloud, that one could see through—which, however, I cannot do. I never observed that they threw any shadow. I see them more clearly by sun or moonlight than in the dark; but whether I could see them in absolute darkness, I do not know. If any object comes between me and them, they are hidden from me. I cannot see them with closed eyes, nor when I turn my face from them; but I am so sensible of

their presence, that I could designate the exact spot they are standing upon; and I can hear them speak although I stop my ears. I cannot endure that they should approach me very near; they give me a feeling of debility. Other persons who do not see them are frequently sensible of the effects of their proximity when they are with me; they have a disposition to faintness, and feel a constriction and oppression of the nerves; even animals are not exempt from this effect. The appearance of the ghosts is the same as when they were alive, but colourless—rather greyish; so is their attire—like a cloud. The brighter and happier spirits are differently clothed; they have a long loose shining robe, with a girdle round the waist. The features of spectres are as when alive, but mostly sad and gloomy. Their eyes are bright—often like a flame. I have never seen any with hair. All the female ghosts have the same head-covering—even when over it, as is sometimes the case, they have that they wore when alive. This consists in a sort of veil, which comes over the forehead and covers the hair. The forms of the good spirits appear bright—those of the evil dusky. Whether it is only under this form that my senses can perceive them, and whether, to a more spiritualized being, they would not appear as spirits, I cannot say; but I suspect it. Their gait is like the gait of the living, only that the better spirits seem to float, and the evil ones tread heavier; so that their footsteps may sometimes be heard, not by me alone, but by those who are with me. They have various ways of attracting attention by other sounds besides speech; and this faculty they exercise frequently on those who can neither see them nor hear their voices. These sounds consist in sighing, knocking, noises as of the throwing of sand or gravel, rustling of paper, rolling of a ball, shuffling as in slippers, &c., &c. They are also able to move heavy articles, and to open and shut doors, although they can pass through them unopened, or through the walls. I observe that the darker a spectre is, the stronger is his voice, and the more ghostly powers of making noises, and so forth, he seems to have. The sounds they produce are by means of the air, and the nerve-spirit, which is still with them. I never saw a ghost when he was in the act of producing any sound except speech, so that I conclude they cannot do it visibly; neither have I ever seen them in the act of opening or shutting a door, only directly afterwards. They move their mouths in speaking, and their voices are various, as those of the living. They cannot answer me all that I desire; wicked spirits are more willing or able to do this, but I avoid conversing with them. These I can dismiss by a written word, used as an amulet, and free others from them as well as myself. When I talk to them piously, I have seen the spirits, especially the darker ones, draw

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in my words, as it were, whereby they become brighter; but I feel much weaker. The spirits of the happy invigorate me, and give me a very different feeling to the others. I observe that the happy spirits have the same difficulty in answering questions regarding earthly matters, as the evil ones have in doing it with respect to heavenly ones; the first belong not to earth, nor the last to heaven. With the high and blessed spirits I am not in a condition to converse; I can only venture on a short interrogation."

On one occasion so great was the impression made on her by a female spirit, and so distinct, that on the following morning she made a drawing of it, which was lithographed at the desire of Eschenmayer.

Three weeks before her decease, which occurred on the 5th of August, 1829, she had three times a return of the second-sight indicating (as she believed) her approaching end. "In one of her last days she told me," says her physician, "*that, during her fever, she often saw visions; all sorts of forms passed before her eyes, but it was impossible to express how entirely different these ocular illusions were to the real discerning of spirits; and she only wished other people were in a condition to compare these two kinds of perception each with one another, both of which were equally distinct from our ordinary perception, and also from that of the second-sight.*"

She was in a very pious state of mind at the time of her death, and she requested those present to sing hymns to her. At ten o'clock in the evening, her sister saw a tall bright form enter the chamber, and, at the same instant, the dying woman uttered a loud cry of joy; her spirit seemed then to be set free, and after a short interval it had passed wholly from the form.

In the *post mortem* examination, her skull was found to be remarkably well formed, and the brain, in all its parts, so sound and healthy, that Dr. Off, who conducted the examination, declared that in all his experience he had never met with one more perfect; neither in the spinal marrow, nor in the nerves of the breast or abdominal region, was the slightest trace of disease discovered.

In the night succeeding her death, of which Kerner says he had not the least idea, as she had some time before returned to Löwenstein, he saw her in a dream, with two other female forms, and apparently perfectly recovered. He adds that "it is a fact that, after her death, Mrs. H—— appeared seven times to her eldest sister—a very truthful and upright person—under such peculiar circumstances, as well warranted the interference of a friendly spirit; but, as this remarkable history is connected with family affairs, the time is not yet arrived when the particulars can with propriety be disclosed."

Here then, near forty years ago, in the life of this poor, un-



taught peasant woman, we have brought together those modes of spirit-manifestation which call forth so much denial when their occurrence at the present day is affirmed; manifestations in dream, vision, voice, touch, writing, drawing, presentiment, prediction, apparitions, second-sight, clairvoyance, crystal-seeing, movements of objects, rappings, trance-speaking, thought-reading, and the spirit-language. Her statements concerning the life-spheres, amulets, the occult properties of numbers, the sun-spheres, spiritual correspondences, the aromal state, and other matters, some of which remind us of the disclosures of other seers of a larger scope, will meet with very various reception. We have not deemed it necessary to detail them, but in her life by Kerner they are fully set forth. Of their value, or whether they possess any, in our present state of knowledge, or rather of ignorance on these topics, it would, perhaps, be premature to speak; but it may be well to point out that many facts of her life illustrate past beliefs, and that many of her impressions, especially of those from minerals and plants, coincide with ancient practices, the meaning and significance of which are now but little understood. Of her impressions from minerals and plants, it is remarked by Margaret Fuller Ossoli, that "The hazel woke her immediately and gave her more power, therefore the witch with her hazel wand probably found herself superior to those around her. We may also mention, in reference to witchcraft, that Dr. K. asserts that, in certain moods of mind, she had no weight, but was upborne upon water like cork, thus confirming the propriety and justice of our forefather's ordeal for witchcraft. The laurel produced on her the highest magnetic effect, therefore the Sybils had good reason for wearing it on their brows. The laurel had on her, as on most sleepwakers, a distinguishing magnetic effect. We thus see why the priestess at Delphi, previous to uttering her oracles, shook a laurel tree, and then seated herself on a tripod covered with laurel boughs. In the temple of Æsculapius, and others, the laurel was used to excite sleep and dreams. From grapes she declared impressions which corresponded with those caused by the wines made from them. Many kinds were given her, one after the other, by the person who raised them, and who gives a certificate as to the accuracy of her impressions, and his belief that she could not have derived them from any cause, but that of the touch. She prescribed vegetable substances to be used in her machine (as a kind of vapour bath) and with good results to herself. She enjoyed contact with minerals, deriving from those she liked a sense of concentrated life. Her impressions of the precious stones corresponded with many superstitions of the ancients, which led to the preference of certain gems for amulets, on which they had engraved talismanic figures."

The same lady concludes her notice of the seeress by observing that "certainly, I think he would be dull, who could see no meaning or beauty in the history of the forester's daughter of Prevorst. She lived but nine-and-twenty years, yet in that time had traversed a larger portion of the field of thought than all her race before, in their many and long lives." T. S.

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### MR. LOWE, OF THE "CRITIC."

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In our number for April, we observed, that

We were lately very nearly having an official opinion from Mr. Hall, the chief magistrate of Bow-street, on the subject of mediumship. The day after Mr. Lowe, the editor of the *Critic*, and his two friends were so cleverly relieved of three guineas by Mr. Foster, Mr. Lowe, smarting under his loss, applied to Mr. Hall, at Bow-street, for a warrant against the medium for obtaining money under false pretences. The charge was made against the general practice of mediumship—not for any cheating during the sittings. Mr. Hall, in the absence of this, refused to grant a warrant, stating that the charge on the general ground would be beset with difficulties, *but had there been any of the pellet reading which our correspondent speaks of, he would at once, and very properly in our opinion, have granted a warrant.* As for Mr. Lowe, and the three guineas which he is making such a weird lament over, we propose a shilling subscription to make up the sum, on condition that he will henceforth drop the subject altogether out of his journal.

Whereon Mr. Lowe, in the *Critic* of 5th April, remarks:—

We cannot imagine from what source the writer of this derived his information, but we can assure him that there is not a word of truth in this statement from the beginning to the end. Mr. Lowe makes no "weird lament" over the money, but considers it very well expended in having led up to much useful discussion, and especially to the denunciation of Foster as an impostor by the *Spiritual Magazine*. Nor did he apply to Mr. Hall for a warrant against the medium, either on the day after the *séance*, or upon any other occasion. Nor did he make any charge against the general practice of mediumship. Consequently Mr. Hall did not refuse to grant the warrant (which was not applied for); nor did he state "*had there been any of the pellet reading he would at once have granted a warrant.*" The whole statement is a pure fabrication; and although we will not mete to the *Spiritual Magazine* the hard measure of taking this as a standard of its veracity on other matters, we may be pardoned for suggesting that it affords a reasonable ground for believing that there is no great difficulty in practising upon its credulity in merely mundane matters.

Our readers will observe that we did not say that Mr. Hall had used the words in italics, but merely that in our opinion he would have granted the warrant under those stated circumstances. We did not notice (because we had not seen it) this contradiction in our May number, and therefore Mr. Lowe takes fresh courage, and repeats his denial in the *Critic*, of 10th May as follows:—

We have examined the current number of the *Spiritual Magazine* with some interest, excited less by the prospect of getting the latest intelligence from the world of spirits, as by curiosity to see what explanation would be offered as to the strange mis-statement respecting ourselves and a gentleman known to be connected with this journal. The *Spiritual Magazine*, however, passes the

matter *sub silentio*. This is hardly fair, and certainly not candid. Here is a matter, not spiritual at all, and therefore quite within the inquiry of any one; requiring no circle, harmonious or otherwise, for its proper elucidation and development. It was stated that an application had been made to a certain magistrate for a warrant, and that the magistrate refused upon grounds minutely described. The reply was that the application and refusal were alike imaginary; that no such occurrence had taken place. Surely the person who put forward that statement owes some explanation to himself; for us, we are not very careful in the matter. These pages of the *Spiritual Magazine* are constantly filled with marvellous accounts of spirit-hands, and spirit-pinches, and spirit-writings, and spirit-drawings, and even spirit-sleeves. What are we to think? Are they as real as the application for the warrant at Bow-street? In referring to this, we may add, incidentally, that we have heard that Mr. Foster has returned to America. Our informant adds, that the report that the interference of the law was to be invoked had something to do with hastening that event. If so, we think that society owes a debt of gratitude to the *Spiritual Magazine*.

The readers of the *Critic* would no doubt infer from this; that Mr. Lowe did not visit Mr. Hall at Bow-street, and spread his wrongs before him, for the purpose of obtaining redress. This is evidently what Mr. Lowe wishes to convey to them. If so, they were greatly deceived. Mr. Lowe's visit to Mr. Hall is a matter of common notoriety, on which we were very well informed at the time; Mr. Lowe has told right and left, that he visited Mr. Hall and laid his dealings with Mr. Foster before him, and Mr. Hall in like manner has reported Mr. Lowe's call for his assistance. Mr. Hall told Mr. Lowe that, upon his statement, he did not think that he had any means of redress at the police court, as the case was beset with legal difficulties. Mr. Lowe applied to Mr. Hall for advice, which, of course, meant for a warrant, but on this Mr. Lowe thinks that he can play off a quibble since his application was not in words for a warrant, but only for advice. Mr. Lowe talks of want of candour; let us only say, that when we wish to see "Candour with her open face," we won't look at Mr. Lowe. We distinctly accuse him of endeavouring to deceive his readers as to a plain matter of fact in which he was personally engaged.

Since the foregoing was in type, we have received the following interesting letter on the subject:—

London, May 10th, 1862.

SIR,—The *Critic* of last Saturday week calls on you to deny—or rather, perhaps, to correct a previous statement of yours, in reference to Mr. Lowe (the editor of the *Critic*) having applied to Mr. Hall, of Bow-street, for a *warrant* against the American medium, Foster, because he had taken money from Mr. Lowe and two of his friends for a sitting to exhibit his powers. As Mr. Lowe has so repeatedly called on you to give publicity to his denial as to the truth of this statement, it struck me as not improbable that you might be about to comply with his demands in the forthcoming number of the magazine.

My present object in writing is, to advise you *not* to make any retraction whatever, for your statement is substantially true—nay, it is even short of the truth, for not only did Mr. Lowe call on Mr. Hall and lay a statement in reference to Mr. Foster before him, but he, Mr. Lowe, also went to Scotland-yard with the same object—only, as it happened, he did not see Sir Richard Mayne, though he enquired for him. Mr. Lowe affects to get over the matter by an unworthy quibble. He says that he considered himself justified in laying the matter before Mr. Hall, but leaving it entirely to the discretion of the magistrate as to whether he should or not issue a warrant; and because, as he says, he did not *ask* for a warrant in as many words, you are called on for a retraction. It was with the same object he called on Sir Richard Mayne, only he did not find him. Still, I believe he laid the matter before his sub; but *he did see* Mr. Hall.\* I know what I state to be true, though I am obliged for the present to withhold my name. I would suggest that in your next number you should ask Mr. Lowe whether he did not apply to Mr. Hall on the subject, and also at Scotland-yard as well.

A FRIEND.

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### MR. L.'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

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MR. L.'s spiritual diary, continued from our last, records phenomena of increasing interest. They have now reached a point of development beyond any, we believe, hitherto attained. The *modus operandi* by which flowers and other forms having an actual substance are created or evolved, and again dissipated, has been shown by the spirits, and witnessed by our correspondent and those present with him. We shall be glad to chronicle further facts of this kind, and from new quarters, if any such should transpire, and can be properly authenticated. Possibly, in this direction we may find further explanation of a subject discussed by several of our correspondents—and which is still a puzzle to many—the costume of spirits, and other accessories of their appearance, and their substantial, or seeming substantial, nature. We hope that this particular phase of the subject may soon receive, at competent hands, that experimental investigation which, if made under proper conditions, will probably still further advance our knowledge of these novel and most interesting developments.

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\* We can add that the application was made to Mr. Hall in the presence of his clerk, who joined in the discussion.—ED.

“ *Sunday Evening, February 9th, 1862.*—My wife appeared leaning upon the bureau, with white lace hanging in front of and around her head. This lace or open work (like embroidery) was so real, that the figures were plainly discernible, and could have been sketched. As she stood in front of the bureau, the top of the mirror was plainly visible over her head, reflecting her form and surroundings. There were flowers in her hair, and in other respects her appearance was similar to those previously described. The body of her dress or robe was of spotted white gossamer, while the lace work was in diamonds and flowers.

“ *Wednesday Evening, February 12th, 1862.*—I found the power strong, and soon after entering the room messages were rapped out upon the door across the entire width of the room, 15 feet distant from the medium and myself. About 15 minutes after extinguishing the light, my wife came to us in exquisite beauty; if possible, more vividly than ever, and directly over the table. In her bosom was a white rose, green leaves and other smaller flowers. A card which she had written upon was visibly given to me, handed back, and returned to me repeatedly by her while she was in full view. Her hand, real in form and colour, was affectionately extended to me, and caressed me with a touch so full of tenderness and love that I could not restrain my tears, for to me it was really her hand, her native gentleness was expressed through it. The card was as follows:—‘ Dear C.— Beautiful spring is approaching; flowery spring. Over you lightly fall its shadows, and may no sorrow, no clouds, touch the brightness of your future. Have you not noticed, Dear C., that all your life you have been prospered, guided and directed by the guardians of your happiness? You have always been followed by an invisible protecting power, which will ever be near when danger threatens, to step between you and difficulty, to lead you into paths of happiness and peace. We are now more closely linked, from our constant intercourse. There is not a day closes without a lasting blessing from us. As life is short, live well and live purely. . . . Fear not the world; there will be a day when this great truth will be seen in its true light and prized as it should be. . . . Be happy—all is well. Good night.—ESTELLE.’

“ *Saturday Evening, February 15th.*—Atmosphere unfavourable and damp. This meeting was held especially for Mr. G——, my brother-in-law. There were present, the medium, Mr. G——, and myself. I asked for a manifestation of power, and we at once received the following message:—‘ *Listen and hear it come through the air; hands off the table.*’ Immediately a terrific metallic shock was produced, as though a heavy chain in a bag swung by a strong man had been struck with his whole power upon the table, *jarring the whole house.* This was repeated three

times, with decreasing force. A heavy marble-topped table moved across the room, and a large box did the same, no person touching or being near either of them. An umbrella which had been lying upon the table floated through the room, touching each of us upon the head, and was finally placed in G——'s hand. These physical manifestations were given doubtless to convince an additional witness of the reality of spirit or invisible power. If such was the object, the purpose was well served, for every possible precaution had been taken by him, *even to the sealing of the doors and windows.*

“*Sunday Evening, February 16th, 1862.*—Appearance of my wife and of natural flowers. I had been promised a new manifestation, ‘*something natural as life.*’ We sat longer than usual in quiet, and received the infallible message, ‘*no failure.*’ The spirit announced her presence by gentle taps upon my shoulder, accompanied by rustlings, kissed me, and asked for a card and a pin, then another pin, all of which I handed over my shoulder, together with a small strand of my hair, which latter was particularly requested. The taking of each of these articles was accompanied by rustlings, and as the spirit hand was extended over my shoulder visibly, the drapery fell upon my hand and arm. Some 10 minutes were now occupied by the spirit in arranging the card, pins, &c., when the following message was received: “*I will give you a spirit-flower.*” Immediately afterwards an apparently *freshly gathered flower* was placed at my nose, and that of the medium. My wife now appeared in white, holding the card in one hand, and the spirit-light in the other, while we discovered fastened to the card, a leaf and flower. I asked if I could have the flower, and was answered in the affirmative. My hand was then taken by the spirit, opened, and the card placed thereon, while I was particularly and repeatedly enjoined to ‘*be very careful,*’ and ‘*do not drop or disturb it.*’ With the other hand I now lighted the gas, and found to my surprise and astonishment a leaf of laurel about two and a half inches in length, pinned upon the card, and a pale pink flower pinned to the centre of the leaf, with the strand of hair passed through and tied in the leaf. We examined it carefully, smelled it, touched it, and found it fragrant and fresh. The card had not been during all this time within reach of the medium, who sat on my right, while the spirit stood at my left, and the doors were as usual carefully and securely locked. After a careful examination of five or ten minutes, we were requested to darken the room. Before doing so, wishing to preserve the leaf and flower, I placed them and the card upon a book in a remote part of the room, and returning to the medium, turned out the gas. The following message was then communicated:—‘*I gave you the sacred pri-*

vilege of seeing this flower from our spirit-home ; it has vanished.' I immediately relighted the gas, and directed my steps across the room, when I found the card and the pins precisely as I had left them, but the leaf and flower were gone. By raps—'Next time you shall see the flowers dissolve in the light.' The following was also written upon another card by the spirit of Benjamin Franklin:—'My son, we are achieving a great victory at this moment.—B. F.\*'

" *Saturday Evening, February 22nd, 1862.*—Appearance of flowers.—Cloudy, atmosphere damp, conditions unfavourable. At the expiration of half an hour, a bright light rose to the surface of the table, of the usual cylindrical form, covered with gossamer. Held directly over this was a sprig of roses about six inches in length, containing two half-blown white roses, and a bud with leaves. The flowers, leaves and stem were perfect. They were placed at my nose, and smelled as though freshly gathered, but the perfume in this instance was weak and delicate. We took them in our fingers, and I carefully examined the stem and flowers. The request was made as before to 'be very careful.' I noticed an adhesive (viscous) feeling, which was explained as being the result of a damp impure atmosphere. These flowers were held near and over the light, which seemed to feed and give them substance in the same manner as the hand. I have noticed that all these spiritual creations are nourished and fed or materialized by means of the electrical reservoir or cylinder, and that when they begin to diminish or pass off, incrassation or increase takes place the moment they are brought in contact with, or in proximity to, the electrical light. By raps we were told to '*Notice and see them dissolve.*' The sprig was placed over the light, the flowers drooped, and in less than one minute, melted as though made of wax, their substance seeming to spread as they disappeared. By raps, '*See them come again.*' A faint line immediately shot across the cylinder, grew into a stem, and in about the same time required for its dissolution, the stem, bud and roses had grown into created perfection. This was several times repeated, and was truly wonderful. We were promised the phenomenon of their probable disappearance in the gaslight when the atmosphere became pure and clear.

" *Sunday Evening, February 23rd, 1862.*—Flowers.—Atmosphere very damp, conditions unfavourable. The flowers were reproduced in the same manner as last evening. I felt them carefully, and a rose was placed in my mouth, so that I took its leaves between my lips. They were delicate, as natural

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\* Fort Donnelson, on the Tennessee River, was taken on this day by the Federal Forces, February 16th.

rose leaves, and cold, and there was a peculiar freshness about them, but very little fragrance. The following message was written upon a card: 'My dear C——. Again we have to contend with the atmosphere; but how much we have been able to do, owing to the many powerful aids who have been so kind to us. Do you realize the great blessings we are giving you? Do you realize what a great proof you have received in being permitted to see the flowers which decorate our sacred walks? . . . . The time is coming (has come) when this subject will be honored. Good night.—ESTELLE.'

"*Tuesday Evening, February 25th, 1862.*—Appearance in presence of a third witness, Mr. G——, the medium and myself. The room in which we sat was connected with another smaller room by sliding doors, but the doors and windows leading into these two were carefully sealed. After sitting about half an hour, we were directed to open these sliding doors, while the medium and myself proceeded to a window against which was hung a dark curtain to exclude the light as usual. Meanwhile, Mr. G—— remained by the table. Upon reaching the window, a vivid light rose from the floor, discovering to us the form of a male spirit standing against the white wall adjoining the window. At first his face was not visible, or rather was concealed by the unusual quantity of dark drapery by which he was enveloped; but after two or three efforts the face of Dr. Franklin was recognized. During this time Mr. G—— was not permitted to leave the table. At last the conditions having become stronger, or rather the effect of his presence having been partially overcome, the following message was received: '*Dear Friend, approach.*' Mr. G—— now came to us, when the spirit of Dr. Franklin immediately became visible to him. He saw the hair was real, for while we stood before him it was frequently placed over and on the light to shew its substantiality. He did not, however, see the spirit in the same degree of perfection that we do, but sufficiently well to recognize the face of Dr. Franklin as represented in his portraits. The eyes, hair, features and expression, together with a portion of the drapery, were all visibly perfect, but the power of the electrical light was considerably weakened from the effects of Mr. G——'s presence. These effects were very curious. With Mr. G——, in the other room, the light was bright and vivid, decreasing as he approached in proportion to the distance; again brightening as he receded, and *vice versa*, shewing that the sphere of a person in the earth-form has a direct influence upon these creations of the invisible world, and that this influence may be a disturbing one, from no other cause except surprise, fear, or any violent emotion resulting from inexperience in the phenomena."



## SCIENCE AND THE RAPPINGS.

THE writer of an article in the last number of the *St. James's Magazine*, entitled "Modern Mysticism and Modern Science," appears to be at a great loss for a physical theory of the manifestations, and especially of the rappings. We are always glad to help our brethren of the press in their little difficulties on this subject, and consider ourselves particularly fortunate to be in a position to furnish the writer, as well as the readers of the above article to a much more rational and scientific theory than the old and seedy one of knee and toe-joint cracking which he has refurbished. It is quoted by Mr. Spicer, from the scientific correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*; and, as Mr. Spicer remarks, "the precision, elegance and lucidity of the explanation must make itself obvious to the meanest capacity." Our profound expositor of "Modern Science" across the water observes:—

The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps is the physiological defect of the membranous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal indicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodenum into the flandango. Now, if the taps were caused by the vocation of the electricity from the extremities, the *tympanum* would also dissolve into spiritual sinctum, and the olfactory ossificator would ferment, and become identical with the pigmentum. Now, this is not the case; in order to produce the taps, the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual zero. But, as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not subtend over the digitorum sufficiently to disorganize the stercicletum. A friend of ours, who graduated with 'distinguished honours' at one of the Northern Universities, says that he must dissent *in toto* from the idea that the "depression of the duodenum into the flandango" could, by any possibility, cause the "olfactory ossificator to ferment, and become identical with the pigmentum." He says the thing cannot be done; and after quoting several learned authorities on the subject, winds up his argument by the remark, that—"The vibratory motion communicated to the tunica albugenia by the parturition of the alveola process, effectually disintegrates the pericardiac influences of the epigastrium, and produces a compound corpuscular movement of the lymphatic glands; which abnormal and diagonal state of the nervous system deteriorates a preponderance of the lacteal fluid to the posterior portion of the cerebellum, and predisposes the patient to preternatural distension of the auricular membranous orifice; in which case, the rappings become painfully and distinctly audible."

Now, as remarked by a cute editor down south in the *Georgia Chronicle*, "whether this is or is not so, we will not undertake to say, but will leave the whole matter in the hands of the learned savans, in the full confidence that little can be added to the above triumphant and incontrovertible exposition."

## A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

A DOZEN years ago an honest country gentleman who firmly believed that he had seen a ghost, was forced to keep his belief to himself, if he would not be laughed down by his enlightened friends. Quite another view is now prevalent. A thorough disbelief in ghosts has become rather vulgar than otherwise.—*Times*.

"ST. DOROTHEA."

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Beneath the arches carved so quaintly,  
 Carved with many an image saintly—  
 Like a lily drooping faintly,  
     Goeth Dorothea slowly  
     Forth, to meet her death!

Sorely cruel tongues have tried her,  
 Yet the jeering crowd beside her  
 Cease to mock her or deride her,  
     As the maiden prayeth ever  
     With her latest breath.

In the light of that bright morning,  
 From the wassail, home returning,  
 On his cheek the wine-flush burning,  
     Met she, face to face, a reveller,  
     With his train attendant.

"Ho! whither bound? to what far aidenn?  
 With thy sweet eyes sorrow laden."  
 Calmly then returned the maiden,  
     "I my earthly life am giving,  
     Paradise to gain."

Loud he laughed—the laugh of scorning!  
 "Send me hither—ere the morning—  
 Fruits and flowers of sweet adorning,  
     Gathered by thy hand, fair maiden,  
     From the trees of Paradise!

*Then* will I believe the story  
 Of the martyred saints in glory;  
 And, ere these flowing locks be hoary,  
     I, my pleasant sins forsaking,  
     Will follow thee to Heaven!"

Went the maiden to her doom—  
 Bravely, as befitteth one  
 Who knoweth that beyond the tomb  
     There awaiteth her in Heaven—  
     The martyr's crown of glory!

As the radiant day declining,  
 In the crimsoned west was shining;  
 On his couch, the prince reclining,  
     Thought upon that maiden saintly,  
     In her bright youth dying!

Memories of the past came o'er him,  
 And his sins rose up before him ;  
 Fear and awful dread hung o'er him.  
     Tossing restless on his pillow,  
     Thoughts of duties long neglected

Stung his soul to very madness ;  
 Till remorseful tears of sadness  
 Chased away his sinful gladness,  
     Whilst upon his couch reclining  
     At the close of day,

Suddenly a strain, revealing  
 The melodious soul of feeling  
 Round the gorgeous room is stealing,  
     And a heavenly light is beaming  
     On the purple splendour.

Lo ! before the prince there stands  
 A youth from Heaven's angelic bands ;  
 Holding, with outstretchéd hands,  
     Fruit and flowers of bloom undying,  
     Gathered fresh from Paradise.

" Dorothea sends thee these !  
 Plucked from the immortal trees.  
 Arise ! and eat for thy soul's ease ;  
     Then, of all thy sins repenting,  
     Live henceforth for Heaven only !

The Lord is merciful as ever.  
 Up ! and do thy best endeavour,  
 Nothing then thy soul shall sever,  
     From the love of Him who waiteth  
     To receive thee to His glory !"

Gone and past the heavenly vision !  
 But, with tears of true contrition  
 Sought the sorrowing prince remission,  
     And his many sins forgiven,  
     Lived and died—a saint most holy !

ELIZA HAY.

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## INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—ITS RETURN.

IF the reader has carefully followed us in previous articles, he will have seen what Internal Respiration is, what it involves, what are its conditions and results, and how it came to be lost. Our attention is now to be directed to a very important inquiry, "Is it to return?" Hitherto we have confined ourselves very much to the testimony of Swedenborg, because it is in his writings alone where we find this wonderful subject considered on the points we have discussed. It may therefore be proper that we should gather from the same source whatever testimony is afforded us in relation to the point now under consideration. But we will not confine ourselves to his writings in seeking for light on the question. On turning our attention to the Epistles of the Apostles we find much which gives us the impression "that humanity is to be restored to its original conditions—physically, as well as otherwise." Paul declares, "the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the Sons of God, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God. . . . We ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption; to wit, the redemption of our bodies," Rom. viii., 19, 22. Unquestionably the Apostle had the conviction that man has fallen away from an elevated condition of the physical nature, and that there would come a time when the *body* would be redeemed. Indeed, it seems as if he were anticipating the change in his day. If we turn to the ancient prophets we find many passages which inspire us with similar expectations; as for example, in Isaiah, where it is said, "And they that spring from thee shall build up the old waste places, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in. And they shall build up the wastes of old times; and they shall restore the former desolations; and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations," chap. lx., 13 v. Those acquainted with the spiritual law of biblical exposition, are aware that in the inmost of these words are celestial things—that is, things which relate to inmost affections. Now, we have seen that Internal Respiration is a celestial condition, that is, it is inseparably connected with love to the Lord; consequently all such passages which relate to the restoration of "old times," signify the return of primeval states. This class of passages points to the return of the long lost age of gold. What has been so universally inwrought into human convictions, hopes, and intuitions, as this golden age? It has been the burden of the Seer, the theme of the Poet, and the object of the Christian's

faith, during the weary night of the world's deviation from "the old paths." In consequence of spiritual influx the expectation is a thousand-fold quickened.

The return of Internal Respiration may be strongly inferred from what Swedenborg says concerning the descent of a celestial church. This church, according to him, is to be the crown of all preceding churches, not excepting the most ancient. He enters into minute discrimination of the differences between what he calls the spiritual and celestial churches. The spiritual church comprises all religious institutions in existence since the Flood. But the new church proper is to be a celestial church—the crown of churches—a church "joined to the angels in the skies." The difference between a spiritual church and a celestial church we give in his own words. The spiritual church consists of those who have a new will formed in the understanding; but the celestial church consists of those who have the original will restored. He says, "The celestial church has place with man who is being regenerated as to the will; whereas the spiritual church has place with man who is capable of being regenerated as to the intellectual part."—*Arcana Celestia*, 5,113.

This is one of the most important declarations in the writings of this super-eminent Seer. It is the hinge on which this entire question of the return of internal respiration turns. The reason is, that the restoration of the old mind will bring him back to his primeval state, that is, it will make love to the Lord the ruling principle of the mind. We have seen that it was because of this state of the will that the most ancient people had Internal Respiration, and by means of respiration, they had perception, and conscious commerce with the angels of heaven. If this kind of affection was accompanied with these states and privileges in former ages, what reason can be given that the man of the new celestial church will not enjoy the same experience—the same, or similar gifts and blessings.

It has been questioned if man's original will-part ever can be restored. Some have supposed that the extent to which man can now be regenerated is, by the formation of a new will in the understanding: but this is only a spiritual condition, not a celestial. The testimony of Swedenborg on this point is very interesting. He says, "There are few in whom anything sound exists in the will-part, thus there are few who can become celestial men; but several who can become spiritual."—*Arcana Celestia*, 6,296. This was just as it was in the days of Noah; there were some who could pass through the flood crisis and become spiritual. We are, then, to have a celestial church—that is, a church of those who have love to the Lord as the governing principle of life. We have many prophecies in the Old Testament touching

this new condition of humanity. "After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people: and they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord, for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest of them, saith the Lord—Jeremiah xxxi. 33, 34. Such are called in Isaiah "taught of the Lord"—liv. 13. Swedenborg applies these passages to those who compose the celestial church, who are taught by direct revelation from heaven, because they have remaining soundness in the will-part.

We find men of this genius all through the history of the church—substantial men, lowly, watchers on the towers of expectation, waiting through the long night of oppressive darkness for the day-dawn of a new celestial age. Long had they waited because of hindrances in the cause world of the spirit, to the descent of celestial states in their fulness, power and glory. But these hindrances are now removed. Redecming influences are descending and preparing such men as the mediums of new conditions.

The Apostle John represents this class, for he stands as the type of that principle by which they are distinguished—love. Because he was a man of this genius, Swedenborg says revelation was made to him out of heaven; for revelation cannot be made to any but those who are in charity and love. They, and they alone have "perception," because they receive these things, not with the hearing only, but also with the love; and to receive with love is to receive fully, since the things so received are lived, and those who thus receive see those things in the understanding in which is the sensation of internal sight. "That this has been the case," says Swedenborg, "has been evident to me by much experience, and might be illustrated by much rational argument; but upon this subject it is not expedient to expatiate at present."\* See *Apocalypse Explained*, par. 8.

Here is a beautiful description of the state of the celestial man of the new church. He is to have the "sensation of internal sight," in proof of which Swedenborg adduces his own experience which we will by and bye consider.

From the descriptions given of the new celestial church in

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\* "Why is it," it may be asked, "that he so frequently declares that upon Internal Respiration and its concomitant states it is not expedient to expatiate at the present?" The reason obviously is, because these celestial conditions related to the man of the new church proper—the new celestial church—hence, to unfulfilled prophecy. It is remarkable that, in his great work, the *Arcana Cœlestia*, he stops at the very commencement of such prophecy in the middle of the 10th verse of the 19th chapter, at these words, "See that ye do it not."

he Bible, we are led to anticipate the possession and enjoyment of the most transcendent gifts and privileges. The very streets of the city are of pure gold, transparent as glass—Rev. xxi. 21. The reason given is “because all of that church is the good of love flowing together with light out of heaven from the Lord.” Hence it is said there is no need of the light of the sun or the moon to shine in it; for the glory of the Lord is the light of it, and its lamp is the Lamb. Being opened to the Lord in the interior of their minds, the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it. From love man shall once more be able to perceive Divine truth in its own light, for by light is here meant “the perception of Divine truth from interior illumination.”

The sum of the whole matter is therefore this: the ruined will-part of the human mind is to be restored; in other words, instead of self-love, love to the Lord is to become the ruling principle of man’s life. We have seen that when this state formerly existed, man had thereby Internal Respiration, and by Internal Respiration he had interior illumination; and that, according to Swedenborg, and to the hopes of every age, and the intuition of all true seers, the church of the future is also to have this interior illumination or perception. Having therefore love to the Lord and perception—the former the *cause* of Internal Respiration, and the latter the *effect* of the same—it will be for those who question the return of Internal Respiration, or who deny its return, to show how love to the Lord and perception can exist without that of which such love is the *cause*, and perception the *effect*. They are in fact co-existing states. They cannot be separated, but must be together, in mutual dependance and relation.

Swedenborg says in his book, *The Athanasian Creed*, “with a man-angel, i.e., a celestial man, all the degrees of his life extending to the Lord are open.” Now, when such is the condition of any man, it causes him to respire again with the angels, because his will is joined to them by his veriest life; and as every degree of life, as we have seen, has its own peculiar respiration, this being the *inmost* degree of life, it must be accompanied with *Internal Respiration*. It cannot be otherwise; the conclusion is therefore irresistible. Internal Respiration is to be restored, with the restoration of the original will; it must be so. The new celestial church—the church that is to be, and which is in the morning of its advent—is described as “a woman clothed with the sun,” having on her head a crown of twelve stars, the coronal circle of all the knowledges of heaven; and the moon is under her feet, to represent that her light is no longer secondary, and from reflection, but is the result of her sunny state—superior illumination. The man of the most ancient church was solar-sun seeing,—be-

cause of the gift of Internal Respiration. The man of after ages of the church walked in moonlight, having only the obscure light of conscience for his guidance. But the promise concerning the new celestial church is "The light of the moon will be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun seven-fold, in the day the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound."—Isaiah xxx. 26.

In our next paper, the return of Internal Respiration will be argued from the restoration of conjugal love.

RESPIRO.

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### CHEATING MEDIUMS.

A CORRESPONDENT at New York has written to us, taking a view of this subject, which appears to us to be worthy of consideration. It would certainly seem, from the many instances known to us, that mediums for physical manifestations, being generally of an impulsive and passive nature, are peculiarly liable to be powerfully acted on by sudden attacks of temptation either from within or from without, and that like others who perhaps have less excuse, they frequently give way and fall easy victims to bad influences.

Another correspondent suggests that, in the general ignorance which prevails on the subject of spiritual manifestations, it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that mediums, in thus exhibiting unmistakeable depravity, prevent their being idolized, as they might otherwise be by the ignorant. Even with such a drawback, the belief in these external facts is making very rapid progress, and we have no doubt that their acceptance will ere long lead some, who are the most competent to the inquiry, to pursue it into those higher and more purely spiritual regions whence alone true knowledge of the vast subject is to be obtained. The following is an extract from our correspond of Spiritualism,

"This much we know, if we know anythingent's letter:— that there are undeveloped spirits who do all in their power to throw ridicule and disgrace on these manifestations, and if they can use mediums to do that when entranced, which they would not do in the normal state, I do not at all doubt their desire to do so. And this theory, if considered, may explain, and has long explained to my mind, the many charges of cheating which have been brought against mediums. Trance mediums, as you know, can be controlled by any spirit who can get into sympathy with them; and you also know that like attracts like. Now, if a medium's vanity and love of fame or of money has been stronger



than his love of truth, he could attract a spirit to him who would aid in gratifying his vanity or other desires in the manner we have known. I believe this to have been the case when the Davenport boys and the Fay brothers were supposed to have been detected cheating. Spirits made the boys do what they were unconscious of doing of themselves."

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## A RUSSIAN STORY.

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THE following curious incident, related by the Baroness d'Oberkirch, occurred during the journey of Paul, and the Grand Duchess, under the assumed title of Count and Countess du Nord through part of France and Flanders in June, 1782. Some remarkable stories had been told by the Prince de Ligne and others; when the prince turning to the Count du Nord, said, "And you, monseigneur, have you nothing to tell? Is Russia without the marvellous? The Grand Duke raised his head and answered, "Kourakim (Prince Kourakim his great friend and confidant) Kourakim knows that I could tell my tale as well as another. Is it not true Kourakim that something very strange has happened to me?" "So strange, monseigneur, that notwithstanding the confidence I felt in whatever you say, I can only look on it as a trick of your imagination. "It is but too true, replied Paul, "and here it is; but I must first demand from each, and all of you, that what I shall relate remain within your own breasts." "We all promised," says the Baroness d'Oberkirch, "and I, at least, have faithfully kept my word. If these memoirs ever see light, it will be when the present generation will have passed away, and none will live, who could feel interest in the tale. Here then are the prince's own words:—

"I was one evening, or rather one night, in the streets of St. Petersburg with Kourakim, and two servants. We had been together all the evening in my palace talking, and smoking, and we thought to refresh ourselves by an incognito moonlight walk. The weather was not cold, for it was the finest part of our Spring; very different however from the vernal beauty of more southern countries. Our conversation was neither religious, nor serious; but on the contrary, very gay; and Kourakim was uttering jest after jest on the people that we occasionally met. I was preceded by one of the servants, and the other was behind Kourakim, who walked a few steps behind me. The moonlight was so strong, that one could read a letter; and consequently, the shadows were very dark. As I turned a street, I saw in a doorway, a tall slight man wrapped up in a cloak like a Spaniard,

and with a military hat drawn over his eyes. He appeared to be waiting for some person; and just as I passed he stepped out, and walked on my left side; but without uttering a word. I could not distinguish a single feature of his face, and it appeared to me that his feet in touching the flags made a very strange sound, as of stone falling upon stone. I was very much surprised at this; but still more when after a little time, I felt my left side, to which he kept quite close, become icy cold. I shivered, and turning to Kourakim, said, 'This is a strange companion we have got.' 'What companion?' said he. 'This man that is walking on my left hand, and who makes noise enough, I think, to make him remarked.'

"Kourakim opened his eyes with amazement, and declared that there was no person at my left hand. 'What! do you not see there a man between me and the wall?' 'Your highness touches the wall itself, and there is not room for any person between you and it.'

"I put out my hand, and did in fact feel the stone; but still the man was there, walking in the same step as I, and his foot making a noise like a hammer. I looked at him more attentively than before, and beheld shining from under his hat the most brilliant eyes that I ever saw, before or since: they looked fixedly at me, and almost fascinated me. 'Ah!' said I to Kourakim, 'I cannot tell you what I feel; but it is something very strange.'

"I trembled, not with fear, but cold; some sensation I cannot describe was penetrating through all my limbs, and it appeared to me that the blood was congealing in my veins. Suddenly, a deep and melancholy voice came from under the cloak that covered his mouth, and said: 'Paul!' Impelled by some unknown power, I mechanically said: 'What do you want?' 'Paul,' said he again, but affectionately, and even more sadly than before. I could not speak. Again he called me by name, and then he stood still: I felt obliged to do the same. 'Paul! poor Paul! poor Prince!' I returned to Kourakim, who had also stopped, and said: 'Do you hear?' 'Nothing,' said he, 'absolutely nothing.' As for me, that voice is still sounding in my ear. I made a desperate effort, and asked this mysterious man who he was, and what he wanted. 'Who am I? Poor Paul! I am one who feels an interest in you, and who wishes that you would not attach yourself too much to this world, for you will not remain long in it. Live justly, and you will die in peace. Dread remorse—it is the most bitter punishment of a noble mind.' He then resumed his walk, still looking at me with that penetrating eye, and as I had stopped when he stopped, so I felt obliged to go on when he went on. He did not speak, and I did

not feel inclined to address him. I followed, for he was now the leader. This continued for more than an hour. I did not know through what places I passed. Kourakim cannot believe it at all. See how he smiles; he thinks still that this is all a dream.

“At last we drew near the ‘Grande Place,’ which is between the bridge of the Neva and the Palace of the Senators. He went straight towards a particular part of the ‘place,’ I following, of course, and then he stopped. ‘Adieu, Paul,’ said he, ‘you will see me here again, and in another place beside.’ Then his hat rose as of its own accord, and revealed to my astonished gaze the eagle eye, the embrowned forehead and severe smile of my grandfather ‘*Peter the Great.*’ When I recovered from my fear and surprise, he had disappeared.

“It is on this very spot that the Empress is erecting the monument which will soon be the admiration of all Europe. It is an equestrian figure representing the Czar Peter, and is placed upon a rock. I did not recommend to my mother this place, chosen, or rather divined, by the phantom; and I do not know how to describe the feeling I experienced when first I saw this statue. *I am afraid of being afraid,* in spite of Prince Kourakim, who wants to persuade me that I dreamed this as I walked along the streets. I remember the least occurrence of this vision, for I still assert that it was one, and can recall every part of it as distinctly as if it only occurred yesterday. When I returned home, my left side was absolutely frozen; and it was several hours before I could feel any heat, although I went into a warm bed, and had a great quantity of bedclothes over me.’

“On the 28th of August,” continues Baroness d’Oberkirch, “a letter was received from St. Petersburg, which contained a detailed account of the inauguration of the statue of Peter the Great on the 18th of August. It was an equestrian statue sculptured by the chisel of M. Falconet. It is erected on the Grande Place, between the Senate House, and the Bridge of the Neva, and placed on an immense rock of granite brought from Siberia. Peter seems to be trying to reach the top, an allegorical allusion to his life which every one can understand, and which is made, if possible, more plain by a serpent lying at his horse’s feet. The Empress Catherine II. presided at this fête, sitting on the balcony of the Senate House. While this letter was being read, the Count du Nord made me a private signal, by putting his finger on his lips; and, though he affected to smile, I perceived that he was almost as pale as death.”

## A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

UNDER this heading a correspondent who signs himself "Firefly," writes to *The Field* newspaper in April last, giving the following description of some mysterious noises in his country-house, which he pretends to disbelieve the origin of, though giving at the same time the best reasons to show he entirely and fearingly believes. Most likely either the young lady or the servant is a medium for such occurrences, and the gentleman had better investigate in that direction, rather than in a Sadducean spirit, which is not likely to elicit truth.

The following is his account of what occurred, and of his own feelings in regard to it:—"For the past week one of the rooms in my house has been the scene of either a spiritual or bodily rapper in the form of some animal or insect, which has contrived every night to keep the occupiers awake by a series of knocks or raps, which issue apparently at different times from various quarters of the room, and I wish to know if it is possible for any insect, timber-boring beetle or other kind, to produce this noise; the sound is exactly similar to that made by anyone striking wood-work, such as shutter or door, with a small stick or their knuckles; and the taps, which are quite distinct, vary from one to ten in number. This knocking commences about ten at night. Were I a believer in spirit-rapping (*which, fortunately, I am not*), there would here be a fine field for my imagination to run wild in, and I should request the assistance of some medium to explain these mysterious knocks; as it is I hope some of your correspondents will be able to elucidate the matter. I have occupied the house (which is a very old one) for some months, but never have heard any knocking until last week, when a young lady who is staying with me, having noticed the singular noise on retiring to her room, called my maid to listen to it; the girl, a firm believer in spirits, became very much alarmed, and called me. I heard the knocks most distinctly, and they certainly seemed to me to be too loud to have been made by any insect. The noises still continue, and I have had some part of the paper cut down, the roof, lead gutter, &c., carefully examined, but we have not yet been able to discover our midnight visitor. The most ridiculous part of the matter was, my servant believing the knocks to proceed from a spirit, and wishing to prove the fact, politely requested the unseen rapper to tap twice—two distinct raps were heard; she then tried three times, three knocks were given, and so on up to ten, when she declared she felt a hand grasping her throat, and said she was choking. I of course saw at once it was only an hysterical attack, and the imaginary hand was not anything but the *globus hystericus*—a little cold water

soon relieved her ; however, I believe she is still firmly convinced that the ghost attempted to throttle her because she addressed it ; the coincidence was, I confess, very startling that the taps corresponded with the number she asked for, but I have tried the experiment since unsuccessfully ; I have called, but the ghost will not answer me as it did her ; for if I ask it to knock twice it will tap five or six times. I really wish the mystery were solved, as the house will soon obtain the unenviable reputation of being haunted.”—FIREFLY.

We have received the following from a known correspondent at Darlington, and see no reason to doubt its truth :—

“A detached house in a small village of South Wales, was occupied by a gentleman, his wife, and one female servant ; they were continually disturbed by a ringing of bells—they rung at all hours. At first, some trick was suspected on the part of the servant, or some one in league with her ; at length, all the wires were cut—it still continued, and the circumstance getting noised abroad, the vicar, the doctor, and other respectable people living in the village, came to witness and investigate the matter. The lady became very ill through fright ; the *tongues* of the bells were all muffled, they still were violently agitated, though no sound was elicited, and although the wires were still cut ; so at last the bells were taken down altogether, and the house continued undisturbed for about three weeks. One afternoon, the lady, who had been out walking, opened the front door, and in the passage, sitting down just under the place where the bells had hung, was an old man ; she thought at first he was some one on business waiting in the hall, but a second look showed her that he was dressed in a costume, the style of which she had never seen, except in old pictures—huge shirt ruffles, and large silver buckles in his shoes. She was so terrified that she fell to the floor senseless, and had a severe illness of some months’ duration. From that time forth, no extraordinary sounds or sights have been heard or witnessed there. The lady, a friend of mine, *firmly* believes that she has seen a spirit, but I feel strongly inclined to think the bells rung by trickery, and that the vision she saw was caused by previous excitement on the subject of the bells ringing, on the commencement of a serious brain fever. I must, however, tell you that an elderly woman in the same village declared that the dress my friend described was the same as that worn by an old gentleman, who had hanged himself seventy years ago on the spot where my friend’s house was built.

FIREFLY.

## HOW TO SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

THIS great question seems to have been settled on the 1st October last, by the learned Dr. Ramsbotham, and he disclosed the method in his inaugural address to a class of medical students, who are certainly not unlikely to avail themselves of the Doctor's advice. We are really sorry to find youth so badly advised by the Professor of a liberal science, and that at the outset of their career they should be instructed to ignore the first principles of a true search after the coy goddess. Truly we have much work before us yet, but we shall go on with a good heart, and we will not despair even of Dr. Ramsbotham, if we can only get him to follow an improved method of courting.

He felt assured he need not caution them against being led away by such mischievous absurdity. *The gain of gold* would not counterbalance the loss of professional respectability, nor even of self-esteem. Sedulously avoiding *the puerility of homœopathy, the juggle of animal magnetism, or the blasphemies of spiritual manifestations*, let them early accustom themselves to the search for Truth. She was coy and retiring, and to be fairly won must be ardently wooed; but, though shrinking from the rude gaze of the world, *she rarely flew from her sincere and devoted worshippers*. IN THIS WAY they would arrive at what should be the summit of their desires, the haven of their hopes. They would command the regard of their fellow men—they would live useful and honoured—they would in time accumulate those temporal goods which seldom failed to reward industry.

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## Notices of Books.

### THE BLENDING STATE.

MR. RANDOLPH, who was favourably known to many in London a few years ago, when the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism was first attracting attention, has recently published a book which is perhaps one of the most remarkable of all those which this subject has brought forth. Its first title is certainly not well adapted to it, for instead of telling us of "dealings with the dead,"\* it speaks of and reveals to us an intensity of life, which for reality and objectiveness, stands out in bold relief against all the theories of the soul, and its after life, which are current amongst us. The book is full of thought not less beautiful than bold, not less deep than true. The writer travels into the Soul-land with a tenfold keenness of sense and perception, and paints for us in glowing colours the beauty and the radiant scenes of its unfolding life. The birth of the astonished soul from the dead

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\* Dealings with the Dead. The Human Soul, its migrations and transmigrations. By P. B. Randolph. Published by M. Randolph, Utica, New York, and Baillière, Regent-street.

body into its own higher life, and into the gradual perception of its new state, and the unfolding and development of its faculties for its new enjoyments, are here all told with a reality which we have never seen equalled. We do not believe it possible that such a picture could have been drawn by any one who had not really visited the scene which he portrays, although the mode in which such a scene is arrived at, whether through the physical eye, or through the psychical state producing subjective visions, is more difficult to tell. In either case the scene is equally real to the beholder, and for aught we know, may be equally real in its nature. So little do we know of the essential causes of objects presented to the eye of either the body or the mind.

We remember to have seen Mr. Randolph some years ago on several occasions during his trance states, in which he discoursed on subjects similar to those disclosed in this book, and with a power which almost enabled us to look through his eyes into the heights and depths which he traversed in his soul-flights. Since that time he himself seems to have been undergoing and suffering the pains of development and unfolding of his mind, till, as we believe, he has attained the grade of a Christian Spiritualist of a high order. Doubtless it was necessary for him that he should pass through the phases of intellectual pride, of unbelief, and of disbelief, and that he should have had personal experience of all the modes of the modern manifestations, that he should have experienced the species of perception induced by drugs and all the states of clairvoyance, and of mesmerically induced phenomena. It is, we take it, impossible in ordinary states to ascend to the highest without beginning with the lowest, and going through, with more or less rapidity, all the intervening stages. By these means alone have we the sure foothold for ourselves, and the power of human sympathy with others, which are necessary to enable us to announce, and for others to receive newly found principles of truth. By these means only can we arrive at those higher intuitional states in which the mind runs with such rapidity through the stages, that it appears to reach the resulting truth, as if it stood alone and apart from its ladder of causes. We will not regret one step in the ladder which Mr. Randolph has had to mount, since he appears to have acquired much knowledge by the way. We even think that he speaks too slightingly of some of these necessary steps in "modern Spiritualism," though it may be that he only wishes to emancipate true Spiritualism from the thralldom of many of its so-called supporters who would make it to consist in "raps and tips, and table-turning, writing, and speaking mediumship."

Accordingly he is anxious to disclaim all such modes as having been used in the production of his book, and this leads us to the

opening pages of it where he tells us that "The process by which what follows came, is to me weirdly strange, and novel as anything can well be. I call this process **THE BLENDING.**" He distinguishes the state from that of ordinary mediums, many of whom state that "their bodies are for the time vacated by their souls, and that during such vacation, the soul of some one else who has died and yet lives, takes possession of the physical structure, and proceeds to give forth his or her wisdom or folly for the enlightenment or darkening of men's minds. Another class tell us that they are *impressed* by a departed one; others declare that they are *obsessed*. This book does not owe its origin to either or any of these methods." The author proceeds to explain the meaning of *The Blending* in this way:—

"Machiavelli, the great Italian diplomat, is said to have gained a thorough and complete knowledge and insight of the state, frame of mind, and intentions of other men, through a wonderful power which he, above most, if not all men, possessed, of completely identifying himself by an intense desire and volition, with those with whom he came in contact. To such an extent and degree did he possess this power, that it was an easy task to circumvent and overreach most, if not all of his diplomatic opponents. He placed himself by a mental effort, and physical as well, in the exact position occupied for the time being by his antagonist, or the person he designed to read.

"No matter what the mood indicated by the physical appearance, or the outward manifestation of what was going on within, away down in the deeps of being, was, he immediately moulded his features by the model thus furnished. 'I am now in his place,' said he, mentally, 'and will see how to act, think and feel from his position; and, for the time being, I sink my own personality, my opinions, views—in short all my self-hood, prejudices, likes, dislikes, and all else beside;—in a word, I transmute Machiavelli into the other man:—which being effected, I shall be, to all intents and purposes, that other man for the time being, and of course will feel as he feels, see as he sees, know as he knows, and be impelled to action by the identical motives whereby he is prompted.

"All the world knows that Machiavelli succeeded to a wonderful extent; and by this power of assumption, this easy, yet mysterious blending, he often, in fact, nearly always, baffled his foes, and the foes of the State, so that now a successful diplomatist is said to be pursuing the Machiavellian policy.

"Almost any person can make successful experiments in this—Science shall I call it?—and will be surprised at the results. A man or woman appears before you with features bearing the impress of a certain kind of thought—and you can find out of what



kind, by placing your own features, so far as possible, in the same shape; keep them thus for several minutes, and you will become absorbed in the same that absorbs the individual before you, and in a short time will become an adept in the art of Soul-reading.

“Many men, and a still greater number of women, who possessed the power alluded to, have existed in all times past; but, above all others, the age we live in has been prolific of such—so that now it is not at all difficult to find those who will enter at will, almost, the very abysses, labyrinths, and most secret recesses of your being. Indeed, persons abound in nearly all the great cities of the world who attain high honour and renown—to say nothing of the benefits of competence, and even wealth—by the exercise of this marvellous faculty.

“It seems to me that the expression of the Crucified, ‘I and my Father are one,’ contains a direct affirmation of the possibility of this blending. God was to Jesus the very essence of goodness; Jesus strove to be also most thoroughly good, and succeeded in reaching that point where Himself was in perfect blending with the entire universe of Goodness, and therefore with the Fount of all Excellence. Perfect blending is perfect love; and whether that love be toward the person, the outer self, the body; or toward the soul, or the mental treasures, or the secret self of another, the results are in degree, if not in kind, the same. Mental telegraphy will be a perfect success, whenever two persons can be found in whom the power of entering the region of Sympathia shall normally exist. A few can transmit thought to, and receive thought back from others, even now; but presently scores of people will develop the ability. Now, this blending is not a mere magnetic union of physical spheres, but is a Soul-process nearly altogether.”

He then tells how in life he knew Cynthia and loved her “as sisters love.” “Often have we sat beside each other, that poor sick girl and I, and though no word broke the stillness of the sacred hour, yet not a region of our souls was there but was explored by the other; not a silent thought that was not mutually understood and replied to.” Presently she died; after a year or two he began to understand that at times her soul was near him, and often he did not seem to be himself, but had the conviction that he was Cynthia for the time. “By and bye, there came a consciousness of *this blending*, so deep, so clearly defined, so calm, that at last I began to appreciate a mighty, almost resistless will behind it all, for I was myself and Cynthia, in separate instants—now she, now myself—at first very imperfectly, but gradually approaching an absolute and complete mergerment of soul.

“This continued for nearly two years, at intervals, and after about eighteen months had passed, one portion of the process

seemed to have reached completeness—for in a degree it changed, and instead of momentary, as before, the transmutations became longer, until at last, as now, the changes last sixty, and in one instance has reached two hundred and forty-five minutes. It may here be asked: 'Where are *you* in the interim?' and the answer is: 'We are two in one, yet the stronger rules the hour.' It will be seen, therefore, that this condition is as widely separated from those incident to the 'Mediums,' as theirs is supposed to be different from the ordinary wakeful mood. They reach their state by a sort of retrocession from themselves; they fall, or claim to fall, into a peculiar kind of slumber, their own faculties going, as it were, to sleep. On the contrary, *mine* is the direct opposite of this, for, instead of a sleep of any sort, there comes an *intense wakefulness*. Nor is this all in which we differ; as are the processes and states apart, so also are the results different. The process, strange, weird, and altogether unusual, to which allusion has been made, went on for a long time; and by slow degrees I felt that my own personality was not lost to me, but completely swallowed up, so to speak, in that of a far more potent mentality. A subtlety of thought, perception and understanding became mine at times, altogether greater than I had ever known before; and occasionally, during these strange blendings of my being with another, I felt that other's feelings, thought that other's thoughts, read that other's past, aspired with that other's aspirations, and talked, spoke, and reasoned with and under that other's inspirations."

About this time the author visited the village where had lived his Cynthia—he visited her grave, and afterwards her house, and he lay him down upon the sofa on which she had reclined in the bygone days "when suddenly it seemed that I was no longer myself—for so deep and perfect was the blending, that I had not merely an insurmountable assurance that my body contained, for the time being, *two* complete souls, but even the very thoughts, modes of expression, and memory of the departed one was mine; and yet this possession did not, for an instant, subvert my own individuality. I was there, and so was she. For the time being, we two were not merely as, but to all intents and purposes, we actually were *one*. Arising from the recumbent position, my body assumed certain singularities of movement peculiar to her before she flew up to her home in the bright empyrean, and these words were spoken: 'The experiences and history of a soul must be written, for the benefit of the people. I, we, intend to write it. A book shall be produced, containing the facts of a living, dying, dead and transfigured human being—containing the reasons why men live after death, and the methods of their after life and being. This book shall contain an account of the experience of two

human beings—the one, while temporarily disenthralled; the other, when permanently so—shall contain the experience of Cynthia during her passage from earth to the grave of earthly hope and being, and a history of what befell thereafter.”

This, then, is the history of the book, and this is his account of *the blending*, in which, however, we fail to see the striking difference of which the author speaks, from that of not uncommon states of mediumship. So far as we understand the idea of *the soul in communion*, as described by Luos through the planchette, it appears to be somewhat similar, whilst we have known few mediums who would not state that hardly ever were they so possessed or impressed, or obsessed by spirits, that there was no *self* present and acting in the manifestation of writing or speaking. The author, on the contrary, in some places attributes to Cynthia the same absolute possession, which he says the mediums claim for their spirits, although in other parts he differences the states in a way which, as we have said, we do not fully understand, and states that the results are also as different, inasmuch as by the blending process he has been enabled to reach to far higher truths, and to have far deeper perceptions concerning the soul-world, than have been arrived at by ordinary mediumship.

As the book itself is the result to which the author refers, we have the means before us of forming a judgment, and which we have expressed to some extent in our preliminary observations. It would be impossible within our space to give either an analysis of, or sufficient extracts from the work itself, to give the reader a true idea of its contents. Although its origin is in the spiritual state called *the blending*, and may as stated come from Cynthia in the spiritual world, we find in it many glaring defects, and we come willingly to the conclusion that even Cynthia and our author in the blended state have not produced a perfect book, but, on the contrary, one that would be vastly improved by a careful re-writing. We are told that the whole book was written in twenty-six hours. If so, it is a miracle of what can be produced in so short a time, but which miracle was greatly surpassed by the poems of the Rev. T. L. Harris, which, though produced in correspondingly short periods, show more finish and artistic skill than Mr. Randolph's book. Nothing is more clear to us than that there is much of Mr. Randolph's mind to be perceived all through this book, and so far as we can form a judgment of his capacity from what we saw of him five years ago, and what we have read of him since, we can fancy that he might, by an ordinary process of unfolding and intromission, have himself seen and described the scenes and the soul states which make up his book. This in no degree derogates from either the truth or the grandeur of many of his descriptions, whilst it accounts for

Cynthia's wondrous narration of her passing from earth to the spiritual birth, and of her new sensations, being interpolated with long philosophical disquisitions, which keep both her and us waiting at the most critical moments of her new state, in the utmost anxiety for her next development.

We much wish that she had confined the first portion of the book to a simple description of the great change, from the mortal and physical to the immortal and spiritual, and that the other parts had been also put together in chapters by themselves. There is matter enough to make it worth while to do this in any new edition, and in its present state all the glowing beauties of the book would be lost upon the ordinary critics of the press, who would only be anxious to parade its defects of authorship, and ignorantly to demand if this were the best method of book-making just communicated from the spiritual world.

Such a book is worthy of far more than twenty-six hours, or days of writing and re-writing, and we wish that more had been bestowed upon it. So far as we are acquainted with spirit-writing and spirit-speaking, both would always have been greatly improved by more thought and careful pruning. In saying this we say nothing which lessens the value of intuition, but only that probably we are not yet in the best state for high intuitions to come through. Intuitions and inspirations of the modern kind require perhaps all the more labour upon them after they are born, in order to bring them into their full forms of use and adaptation to the general mind.

In a future number we hope to present to our readers the history of Cynthia's birth through the gate of death, and her unfolding in the immortal state. We think it the best that we have met with of all those purporting to come from spiritual sources.

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*Outlines of Ten Years' Investigations into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.* By THOMAS P. BARKAS. London: Pitman, Paternoster-row. Newcastle: T. P. Barkas.

It is a very common notion, that Spiritualism is only a vulgar superstition which can have no lodgment in minds acquainted with natural laws and familiar with the facts and methods of science; it is useless to point to Hare, Ashburner, Wilkinson, Gregory, Townshend, and Reichenbach,—names not unknown to science, as among its believers and defenders; those who ought to know have ruled that Spiritualists are a benighted people who know not science, and are groping in outer and utter darkness. It may then encourage some of the more timid votaries of the goddess to read this work of Mr. Barkas, when we tell them that

the author has devoted a considerable portion of his life to the study of the natural sciences, and that in a Newcastle paper, that always intelligent person, the "able editor," while opposing the views of Mr. Barkas on this subject (as of course the editor of a respectable family paper is bound to do), recognises him as "our scientific townsman." When they further learn that Mr. Barkas has had this subject under investigation for ten years, that in addition to witnessing its phenomena, "he has read scores of books and hundreds of pamphlets and papers" relating to it; and, moreover, that he is a cautious man, "careful rather to understate than overstate the facts," they may think it just possible that his conclusions are as likely to be right as those of the smart young men who, having already decided that the alleged facts are impossible, deem it superfluous and a waste of their valuable time to investigate the evidence, and generally read nothing on the subject—what is published in the papers and the brilliant effusions of their own genius alone excepted.

Mr. Barkas's letters on Spiritualism in the *North of England News and Advertiser*, "drew forth eight leading articles from the editor, forty-three letters from correspondents, the majority being on the negative side, and five poetical effusions burlesquing the inquiry, and ridiculing the inquirers." The interest thus excited is a sufficient reason for the republication in a more permanent form of the substance of the letters and lectures that called it forth. The value of the book, however, would, in our judgment, have been materially increased if it had been recast in another mould, with a simple allusion in the Introduction to the form and circumstances under which it originally appeared.

Beside narrating experiences and discussing theories of the "manifestations," Mr. Barkas has brought together a number of facts and testimonies from various sources. This makes it a useful book for inquirers; and, combined with its low price, should obtain for it an extensive circulation.

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*America and her Destiny; an Inspirational Discourse.* By  
EMMA HARDINGE. New York.

Miss Hardinge is an Englishwoman who has been in America about seven years, and is well known there as a trance speaker and an earnest advocate of Spiritualism. But it is more for her noble and humane efforts to establish an institution which will provide healthful means of support to outcast and homeless women than for her mediumship, that Miss Hardinge has won the admiration and interest of the public. Yet the credit of the enterprise this lady gives entirely to her spirit associates. She affirms that they inspired her to the effort—that she had neither

thought nor desire for such reform. When the work was first broached to her for acceptance, she shrank from it; it was repugnant to her tastes. But the invisibles bent her unwilling hands to the task, and now it is not only the medium but the woman who is engaged heart and soul in the enterprise.

In this labour of philanthropy Miss Hardinge has travelled in America from state to state, enlisting the co-operation of all parties, though, as might be expected, it has been chiefly the believers in Spiritualism who have responded to her appeal. As an evidence of her own disinterestedness and generosity, we may mention that, previous to the commencement of the present unhappy struggle in America, which has made it advisable to almost suspend her public labours in this direction for the present, she had placed 1,500 dollars, the proceeds of her nightly lectures, in the hands of a committee, in furtherance of the institution to which her advocacy was devoted. We doubt not that, as soon as men's minds can be turned from the feverish excitements of war, her efforts will be resumed, and that ere long a substantial monument of her untiring enthusiasm in behalf of the fallen of her sex, as well as a practical evidence of the goodness and sympathy with suffering humanity of the "ministering spirits" who influence her, will be erected.

Of the present extemporaneous and inspirational discourse, we have only to remark that it is earnest and eloquent in its expression of great principles; while fully recognising the evils of the past and present, it looks with hope and confidence and enthusiasm to the future. The following description of America will convey some idea of its picturesque and glowing style:—

The spicy breath of a burning South, the hardy strength of a frozen North, with the full range of every intermediate temperature. Not a blossom, fruit, or root of far Ind or temperate Britain, but what finds here a soil adapted to it. Song birds of mild zones, gaudy-coloured beauties of tropic climes, rich furred beasts of the North, dainty-skinned creatures of the South, grain and roots, stuffs of fine and coarsest loom, all are the spontaneous wealth of your varied land! Exhaust the mineral treasures of your mountains if you can; count up the wealth of gold and glittering gems that burnish your mines; measure your mighty rivers, and drain your inland seas; sigh for wider prairies, or fairer nooks and glens. Virginia's hills and springs, and brave Ohio forests, the Alleghanies' heights, and wild Kentucky's caves, shall join in one vast choral hymn of challenge to the wide, wide world to rival. And with all this luxury of varied wealth and beauty, the planet-gemmed flag of this family of States waves over *an unit!* One in speech, in manners, costume, interests—one in commerce, institutions, mutual dependence. Less difference of rank, dress, and opinions, disunites the vast range of American States, than splits up human love and kindness in the east and west of London's seven-mile length. A chain of lakes girdle in one embrace your North and West; from out their hearts rush forth, like veins and arteries, vast rivers, connecting in one unbroken length the West and South. Your telegraphic lines and rails, like nerves, bind up the whole; your postal stations make up one speech; your trade one interest; your ships one voice to every distant land. From farthest Maine to Louisiana swamps, your land is traversed by intersecting lines of interest, to break or read

the least of which would destroy the whole. But even if you would suicidally thus unnerve your human institutions, you must drain your lakes and dry up your rivers, pile up your hills till they touch the skies, and overflow your prairies, before you can destroy the glorious union of physical body and members which God has built up in the great continent of America. She floats one mighty body, cradled in the arms of Atlantic and Pacific Oceans! The South is her barning left hand, giving produce; the North her hardy right, the manufacturer; the East is her busy brain; the West her giant feet; and when you talk of "Union," you forget SHE IS ONE ALREADY. America is God's, not yours, to make or unmake, and having made it ONE, He has left you nothing to unite, nothing but your own ambitious passions to disunite each other, not the country. Oh, man! child of a destiny grander and wider than the limitations of time or country, has God, in the womb of time and rolling ages, created lands, called nations into being, and reared up America a standard for the world, that you, like peevish, discontented children, should tear it as a rag, and mete it out like sops to feed ambitious, hungry wolves! He rocked it in the cradle of great seas to hide it from ye till, in the fulness of time, it was strong and vigorous, and fit for the possession of the highest types of civilization—fit to be a refuge for dying nations, a strength to weak ones—a central heart, from which goes out the tidal flow of life, to which returns the ebb from every nation. Purpose to thwart such purposes as these! Had ye the strength of fabled Lucifer, you would only war, like him, against your God, to fall like him. YE CANNOT DO IT.

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## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

Sir,—Perhaps it may not be uninteresting just now when spirit communications are being generally considered either as delusion or imposture—or, when granted as facts, are regarded only as the work of the Devil—to afford some information relating to spiritual-rappings recorded as emanating from spiritual beings, and to be found in "The Wisdom of Angels," by T. L. Harris, pp. 81, 82. Can any of your American friends say in what state of bodily condition the Rev. T. L. Harris now is, if alive and moving about in the ordinary condition, and affording instruction to others?

Yours, &c., B. D.

London, May 1, 1862.

"It is true, that various modes of communication are liable to abuse, and also that they are greatly perverted in many instances. Bear in mind however, that whatsoever is perverted, in many instances, may be reverted; and whatsoever is abused, used; and that all things which are unlawful are the perverted phenomenal manifestation of that which is lawful, and, indeed, in its origin, Divine; as, for instance, the phenomena termed 'spiritual rappings' which indeed were practised in the golden age.

"There is a peculiar essence generated in the human organisation, and produced by the combined elements of thought and feeling, which serves as a basis for the sphere of harmony of the human form. This fluid is detached from the inner coatings of the nerves. When the nervous system is actively employed, the fluid in question, being taken up into the tissues, produces an agreeable warmth, and is rapidly emitted from the pores; when the system, however, is passive, it is generated in great abundance, and held in suspension throughout the organisation. By means of this fluid the explosive intimations alluded to have been produced with great facility by spirits, whenever organisations have been discovered capable of retaining in sufficient quantities that electro-spiritual fluid of which I speak, when, therefore, it is needful to produce spiritual concussions, a nerve is selected, and a current, surcharged with the electro-spiritual element, impelled through the nerve, until it is projected into the externals of the atmosphere, where it meets the repellent circulations of the terrestrial magnetic fluid, and bursts into sound, accompanied with a bluish flame, which, however,

to external sight is invisible. Were the sensory organisation of man fully quickened, in cases where regeneration is far advanced, the auditory nerve would sense the quality, the character, and sphere position of communicating spirits, through the quality and character of each explosive intonation. When, therefore, spirits make use of this method of communication, they cannot lie to those whose interiors are sufficiently quickened, the interior essence pervading the vibrations reveals the character of the communicating spirit, and his position of orderly or disorderly mind. Neither will explosive intonations cease, but, on the contrary, gradually, though with periods of partial suspension, increase, until the phenomena become universal as practised in the golden age.

There are earths in the universe where the phenomena termed 'Spirit-rapping' precede the appearance of angelic Intelligences; and wherever the peculiar vibrations, which have now become familiar on earth, are heard, it is a token that Divine appearances are about to occur. By Divine appearances is meant visible manifestations of Divine Truth. Wherefore it is evident that spiritual manifestations of the character alluded to, are within the bounds of Divine order."

### "GHOSTS."

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—Your recent confirmation of the story respecting the spiritual appearance at Hackwood is interesting, as it shows that the vision was apparent to three persons, all of whom are in the habit of dealing with evidence, and who are not likely to be imposed upon or to accept with alacrity as truth the alleged appearance of any spiritual being. The vision seems to have been of the same character as that of the "Radiant Boy," seen in Ireland early in his life by the eminent Lord Castlereagh, and at a castle in the North of England by several persons, some of whom I believe are still living.

In *Collins's Peerage*, vol. ii., page 271, there is a pedigree of Lord Townshend's family, which refers to Dorothy, daughter of Robert Walpole, of Houghton, in Norfolk, and sister to Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Oxford, and who died 29th March, 1726, leaving issue by her husband, the second Lord Townshend. This Dorothy exactly answers the description given in Vol. I. of the *Spiritual Magazine*, p. 321, of the ancestress of this family who appears at certain times and seasons, to give warning of a death. As a believer in the happening of spiritual phenomena, and in the real appearance of spiritual beings under certain conditions, I am not surprised to read of these things which so mightily amaze our modern sceptics.

Yours, faithfully,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

13, Chatham Place, E.C., May 19th, 1862.

INVISIBILITY OF MATTER.—Some people think that we know a great deal about matter, but almost nothing about spirit. This is an error. We know just as much about spirit as we do about matter. It is true that we know nothing of the essence of spirit; it is equally true that we know nothing of the substance, or essence, of matter. But perhaps the reader will say: "We cannot see spirit, and, therefore, we know but little about it." It is true we cannot see spirit; but did it ever occur to the reader that we cannot see matter either? When we look at any object, it is not the object, after all, that we see, but merely the image of it formed on the retina of the eye. When I look at a house a mile distant, the object that I really see is not a mile distant, but within the eye. I do not see the house at all, but I see an image of light representing the house. Thus it appears that matter is just as invisible as spirit. We know some of the properties and laws of spirit, and this is precisely the extent of our knowledge of matter.—*The Ambassador.*