

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. IV.]

DECEMBER, 1863.

[No. 12.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.*

M. MATTER has produced a very readable biography of Swedenborg, comprising nearly all the common stories about him; and as we believe no biography of the Swedish Seer had previously appeared in France, he has filled a vacuum in French literature. In England, Dr. Wilkinson's volume, *Swedenborg: a Biography*, published in 1849, is not likely soon to be superseded. M. Matter is not a Swedenborgian, but he writes, as he says, "with most lively sympathies on the one side, and the most lively version on the other." He evidently has been led to his task by his interest in the mystics, and he inclines to regard Swedenborg as a link in the chain between Jacob Behmen, Jane Lead, Mesdames Guyon and Bourignon, and Saint Martin. Swedenborg, however, does not fit into this rank at all. Except for the fact that, while living here on earth, he professed himself a citizen of the Spiritual world, and a comrade of angels and devils, none would call him a mystic. In the mystical temper Swedenborg was peculiarly—some will say, unhappily—deficient. A mystic, we take it, is a dealer in mysteries,—one with an awful, and, it may be, an oppressive, sense of the infinite and unknown; but Swedenborg had little or nothing of this sense. Benjamin Franklin had only been favoured to talk with spirits, he would have been very like Swedenborg. Some of those who have called Swedenborg an impostor have credited him with a powerful imagination; but his imagination, if powerful, was essentially prosaic, and kindred to Defoe's. If we were disposed to complain of Swedenborg and his disciples, so far as we have known them, it would be to charge them with the absence of that faculty of wonder and reverence which seems

* "Emmanuel de (sic) Swedenborg, sa Vie, ses Ecrits et sa Doctrine." Par MATTER. Un tome. Pp. 436. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1863.

"De Cælo et ejus Mirabilibus, et de Inferno. Ex Auditibus et Visis," Quarto. 272. Londini: 1758.

"The Future Life: a Relation of Things Heard and Seen." By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Pp. 260. Price Ninepence. London: F. Pitman, 1860.

to us the crowning grace of the noblest characters. They profess to know everything and to explain everything, in heaven above and on earth beneath; nothing is hid from the light of their eyes. You feel, indeed, after converse with them, as if the creation of a world was no whit more mysterious than the making of a dumpling. Now, of nothing need we be more certain than that so far as we yield to such a feeling we yield to a sad illusion; for we are never farther from the truth than when we imagine that the largest human knowledge is anything but as the light of a taper in the sunshine of the Infinite, or when we cease to perceive that we are girt about on every side by mystery.

The external life of Swedenborg is soon told. He was the son of a Swedish bishop, and was born, in Stockholm, in 1688. He was educated at Upsala, and, after taking his degree as Doctor in Philosophy, travelled for four years in England, Holland, France, and Germany. In 1722 he was appointed Assessor to the College of Mines. His tastes appeared to be wholly scientific. He wrote on chemistry, geology, astronomy, and mechanics. In 1734 he published three folio volumes, entitled *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*. The first of these contained a mathematical theory of the origin of matter, in which he wrought up the known facts of magnetism and carried them to new issues, and in which, it is said, he anticipated some of the most advanced theories of our own day. The second and third volumes are technical,—one on iron, and the other on copper and brass. Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Metallurgy*, thus expresses his opinion of their value: “The metallurgical works of this remarkable man seem to be very imperfectly known,—at least they are rarely, if ever, quoted: and yet none are, in my judgment, more worthy of the attention of those interested in the history of metallurgy. They form two tolerably thick folio volumes, copiously illustrated with copper-plate engravings, and magnificently printed.” About the same time Swedenborg published a *Treatise on the Infinite*. His next occupation was the study of anatomy and physiology, with the purpose of discovering the soul, hidden, as he fancied, in the inmost tissues of the body. This pursuit resulted in the publication of his two works, entitled, respectively, *The Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, and the *Animal Kingdom*,—both treating solely of the structure of the human body.

About 1744, when Swedenborg was in his fifty-sixth year, occurred the great change which altered the whole drift and business of his life. He asserted that his “spiritual sight” was opened, and that he became cognizant of the presence of angels and devils; and he believed himself divinely called to publish

“the things heard and seen,” for the use of a new Church, to be raised up among the Gentiles, and described in the Apocalypse under the figure of the New Jerusalem. He resigned his Assessorship of Mines, forsook his scientific studies, and spent the remainder of his years in writing and printing Latin quartos expository of the “spiritual sense” of the Scriptures, descriptive of his other-world experience, and developing the theology of the New Jerusalem. The old bachelor died in London, in 1772, in his eighty-fifth year,—in a lodging over a barber’s shop in Clerkenwell.

For some unknown reason, the world has declined to have acquaintance with Swedenborg. A small sect has arisen from his teaching, and the study of his writings is confined within its pale. It may be said that his writings are too voluminous for ordinary readers, and probably they are; but it may be replied that there is no necessity to read the whole. Such a book as his *Heaven and Hell*, for instance, one might have thought would have possessed interest for the lovers of the marvellous, and for those who crowd for interviews with Mr. Home and the Spirits; but it is not so. *Heaven and Hell* has been translated over and over again, by clergymen and by quakers, and advertised for sale at the price of paper, printing and binding; hundreds of copies have been distributed among libraries and likely people; but by no artifice can the book be made popular. We have a copy before us, (price 9d. or 10 copies for 5s.) with the title softened into *The Future Life*; but it will certainly prove a bad speculation. No publisher need hope to make money by printing anything of Swedenborg’s.

This curious book, a request for which at Mudie’s is probably rare indeed, we have recently read through, and made notes of some of its most characteristic statements, which, much better than any number of detached passages from M. Matter, will give the reader an idea of Swedenborg as a Spiritualist. As our space is limited, we shall confine ourselves to narrative, and leave the reader to interpolate his own criticisms at discretion.

In the first place, it may be well to premise that Swedenborg did not regard the Spiritual World as far off in space, like Japan, or Jupiter. On the contrary, he asserts that every man, even now, is in Heaven, and a companion of angels, so far as he is good; and in Hell, and an associate with devils, so far as he is evil. Our material body, he says, is only a gross vesture, interwoven in every tissue with a spiritual body, having members and faculties corresponding, in every particular, with those of the material body. All, then, that is required for our instant presence in the Spiritual World is the removal of the material body by death, or, as in his own case, by the opening of the

spiritual eyes,—by their release for a time from their fleshy sheaths. By this means he maintained that he was himself able to hold converse with spirits, as freely and as perfectly as with men.

At death, he tells us only the decidedly good pass immediately into Heaven, and the decidedly bad immediately into Hell; the great majority abide for a while, varying from days to thirty years, in an intermediate state, called the World of Spirits. No essential change is there wrought in the character; but character is there reduced to unity, to symmetry, being made strictly conformable to the ruling love or passion, whether celestial or infernal. Imperfections of habit and temper are removed from the good, who, if they hold false doctrine, are instructed in the truth. On the other hand, the wicked are divested of every pretence to goodness, and deprived of all truths whereby they may work mischief and deceive the unwary. It is the law of Heaven and Hell that every one must appear just what he is at heart, with inside and outside perfectly as one; and as soon as this end is effected, the discipline of the World of Spirits terminates.

A man, having risen from the World of Spirits into Heaven, finds himself spontaneously associated with Angels of a character kindred with his own, who recognize him at once, as though he were an old friend, and with whom he instantly feels at ease and at home. The bond of heavenly community is similarity of disposition. Angels who are like each other dwell together; angels who are unlike dwell apart, and near or far apart according to the degree of their diversity. Angels of the same society have a general likeness of countenance, just as though they were members of one family.

As in the angelic host there are infinite varieties of character, so Heaven is divided into numberless societies, "some larger and some smaller, the larger consisting of myriads of angels, the smaller of some thousands, and the least of some hundreds." Viewed as a whole, Heaven consists of two Kingdoms, a celestial and a spiritual. In the angels of the celestial, love predominates, and intellect in those of the spiritual kingdom. There is an ancient controversy as to whether the cherubim, who love most, or the seraphim, who know most, are to be preferred. Swedenborg gives his judgment emphatically in favour of the celestial angels, asserting that, in glory, holiness, and felicity, they greatly excel the spiritual angels.

The common notion of an angel is of a creature with wings, or of an ethereal intelligence without form or body. To both of these assumptions Swedenborg opposes his experience, and maintains that angels are as perfectly men and women as when on earth. "I have seen a thousand times," he writes, "that

angels are human forms of men ; for I have conversed with them as man with man, sometimes with one alone, and sometimes with many in company, and, from all my experience during many years, I can declare and solemnly affirm that the angelic form is in every respect human ; that angels have faces, eyes, ears, breasts, arms, hands, and feet ; that they see, hear, and converse with each other, and, in a word, that no external attribute of man is wanting, except the material body." The beauty of the angels is in proportion to their goodness. " I have seen," says Swedenborg, " the faces of angels of the inmost Heaven, which were so beautiful that no painter, with the utmost power of art, could depict even a thousandth part of their light and life ; but the faces of angels of the lowest Heaven may, in some measure, be adequately depicted." They who are in Heaven are continually advancing to the spring time of life, and the more thousands of years they live, the stronger and more lovely they grow. Good women who have died worn with age, return to the flower of their youth, and into a beauty exceeding all earthly conception. In fine, to grow old in Heaven is to grow young.

Not only does the *physique* of an angel correspond with his character, but so likewise do his dress, his habitation, and the scenery which surrounds it. Whatever he is within is reproduced without ; the nobler the mind, the more beautiful is its environment. Garments are various, according to the intelligence of the angel. The most intelligent have garments which glitter as with flame, and some are resplendent as with light ; the less intelligent have garments of clear or opaque white, without splendour, and the still less intelligent appear in coloured vesture. Swedenborg tells us further that " the garments of the angels do not merely appear to be garments, but really are garments, for the angels not only see them but feel them, and have many changes, which they take off and put on, laying aside those which are not in use, and resuming them when they come into use again. That the angels are clothed with a variety of garments, I have witnessed a thousand times ; and when I enquired whence they obtained them, they told me ' from the Lord,' and that they receive them as gifts, and that they are sometimes clothed without knowing how."

The habitations of the angels are varied on the same principle as their garments, some dwelling in magnificent palaces, girt about with paradises, and others in humbler lodgings. Houses in Heaven are not built by hands, like houses on earth, but each angel finds his dwelling erected for him, in exact conformity with his spiritual condition, and, whether it be large or small, it is a place perfectly adapted to his taste, and sweet with all the pleasantness of home. " Whenever," says our author, " I have

conversed with the angels, mouth to mouth, I have been present with them in their habitations, which are exactly like the habitations on earth, but more beautiful. They contain chambers, parlours, and bed rooms, in great numbers; courts also, and around them gardens, shrubberies, and fields. Where the angels live in societies their habitations are contiguous, or near to each other, and arranged in the form of a city, with streets, ways, and squares, exactly like the cities on our earth; and it has been granted me to walk through them, and to look about on every side, and occasionally to enter the houses. This occurred when I was in a state of full wakefulness, and my interior sight was opened."

It was said that Swedenborg's angels have no wings, but he endows them with a power of progression far exceeding anything which wings could supply. Space in Heaven, is an appearance, subject to the minds of the angels, and not the dreary reality whereby in this world long months are fixed between friends in England and Australia. When two angels desire intensely to see each other, that desire at once brings about a meeting. When an angel goes from one place to another, whether it is in his own city, or in the courts, or the gardens, or to others out of his own city, he arrives sooner or later, just as he is ardent or indifferent, the way itself being shortened or lengthened in proportion. Distances in Heaven express differences of character; hence it is that those who are alike dwell together, and those who are unlike, apart.

On this principle he answers the question, Shall we know each other in the future life? We shall, if we are of kindred character; but if not, we shall be divided, though without pain, for we shall have no desire for acquaintance. "Natural affinities perish after death, and are succeeded by spiritual affinities. Of ten who are brothers in the world, five may be in Hell, and five in Heaven, and each of the five in different societies, and should they meet, they would not know one another."

As space is subject to the minds of the angels, so are the times and seasons. In Heaven there is no bleak winter and no dark night, but there is brightness and there is dulness, corresponding accurately to similar mental conditions. The angels are sometimes in states of intense love, sometimes in states of placid enjoyment, and sometimes in states verging on sadness, and, the world without answering to the world within, there appears morning, noon, evening, and twilight. There are, therefore, no clocks in Heaven. That which we call time, marked into days of certain length by the reel of the earth on its axis, and into years by its race round the sun, is unknown to the angels. Beyond themselves, they have no guage for time. Day

and its brightness last as long as they are in delight, and evening comes as their delight subsides. Time is subject to them, and not they to time; their only clocks are their hearts, and their days are long or short, bright or cloudy, in harmony therewith. Even here it is much the same. Our life is never rightly measured by external days and years; we are old as our hearts are withered, and ever young if they keep tender and true.

Divine worship in Heaven he describes as much the same as in the world. All the preachers are appointed by the Lord, and no others are allowed to minister. "That I might understand the order of the angelic service, I have" he says, "been sometimes allowed to enter the temples of the angels, and to hear the preaching. The preacher stands in a pulpit on the east: in front of him sit the wisest, and on the right and the left the less wise. They sit in the form of a circus, so that all are in view of the preacher, and no one sits on either side of him, so as to be out of his sight. Novitiates stand at the door. No one is allowed to get behind the pulpit, because the preacher would be confused by it; and he is confused if any one in the congregation dissents from what he says, so that the dissenter is bound to turn away his face. The sermons are fraught with such wisdom that nothing of the kind in the world can be compared with them."

The language of Heaven, he says, is an universal language. It does not require to be learned; every one at death finds he has it, and speaks it instinctively. Its sounds are sounds of affection, articulated by the intellect into words. No one in Heaven can utter a word out of agreement with his heart, and the wiser angels can discern the whole life of another from a few sentences of his speech. The speech of the angels, being thus a direct outflow from their affections, is exquisitely sweet and musical. An angel once spoke to a certain hard-hearted spirit, and he was at length so affected by his discourse that he burst into tears, saying that he could not resist it, because it was love speaking, and that he had never wept before."

When angels speak with man, they converse with him in his mother-tongue; thus in French with a Frenchman, in English with an Englishman, in Greek with a Greek, in Arabic with an Arabian, and so forth. Swedenborg thus limits spiritual communications to investiture in the words and facts contained in a man's own memory: spirits and angels, he says, are not allowed to speak with man out of their own memories, but from the man's. Supposing we admit the fact, it serves to explain the cause of the common complaint that spiritual communications contain nothing new, and never transcend the capacity of the medium. If Swedenborg is right, that the case should be so becomes a matter of course.

Angelic writing is as spontaneous as angelic speech, and is executed without instruction; nor does an angel pause for the choice of a word, but sets down his thought as fluently as his pen will fly. The kind of writing practised by the angels of the highest heaven involves arcana which no thought can exhaust; a few words express more than a man could set forth in several pages. The writing of the lower angels is like that practised on earth, but not intelligible to man, because in the angelic language,—which has nothing in common with human languages.

Swedenborg tells us that the angels have houses, clothing, and food, provided for them as freely as we have light and air; speech and writing, moreover, are no trouble to them, but flow from their lips and fingers with perfect ease. What then do they find to do? Are they idle? Is Heaven a synonyme for *dolce far niente*? By no means, he replies. Heaven is a place of usefulness; every angel has a function to fulfil, and finds his supreme joy in his occupation. The wise govern, the less wise obey. Redeemed from the drudgeries of the world, having neither houses to build, fields to cultivate, nor cloth to spin, the energies of the angels are left free for spiritual culture and social intercourse. Some angels spend their existence in the care of infants received from earth, some in the education of children; some instruct simple souls in the truths of faith, and others perform a like service to the Gentiles; some busy themselves in the reception of new comers from the world, protect them from evil spirits, and help them through the trials which in the World of Spirits prepare for Heaven; others find their joy in defending men from false thoughts and sinful desires, and infusing in their stead wisdom and holy inclinations. The employments of the angels, he further says, are innumerable, compared with those of men, and indescribable to our gross apprehension. In Heaven every office is filled by some one whose nature expressly qualifies him for the post. Thus, usefulness and inclination are made to coincide, and the perfection of order and freedom are at once attained.

The magnificence in which an angel lives is proportionate to his usefulness. Angels who are governors do not domineer and command imperiously, but minister and serve; they do not make themselves greater than others, but less, and put the good of the society in which they preside in the first place, and their own in the last. “Nevertheless, they enjoy honour and glory, and dwell in palaces, but they accept honour and glory, not for the sake of themselves, but for the sake of obedience.” Method and order pervade Heaven throughout. “In every house there is a master and servants; the master loving the servants, and the servants loving the master, so that they serve each other from

love. The master teaches the servants how they ought to live, and directs what they ought to do, whilst the servants obey and perform their duties."

With this practical conception of Heaven, it will scarcely excite surprise when it is said that Swedenborg maintains the existence of sex and marriage among the angels. A man is a man in Heaven, and a woman a woman, as much as here. The marriages contracted in the world, however, are seldom continued in Heaven. The wedding of two angels results from a thorough sympathy and affinity of mind, and this union is so intimate that, says our author, "two married partners in Heaven are not called two, but *one angel*." Marriage, likewise, is the rule of Heaven; and though there are bachelors and spinsters to be found in the celestial regions, yet they are confined to a frigid zone out of the range and influence of connubial warmth.

Here let us ask, Has any one observed how frequently in recent literature marriage in Heaven is assumed! Not to stray far in the production of examples, who does not remember the lines in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," in which Guinevere exclaims—

And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin,
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God.

Although there are marriages in Heaven no children are born there, but all infants, without exception, who die on earth are taken to Heaven. "Some believe," says Swedenborg, "that only the infants who are born within the Church are admitted to Heaven, but not those who are born out of the Church; and they assign as a reason that infants within the Church are baptized, and are thus initiated into the faith of the Church; but they are not aware that no one receives heaven or faith by baptism; for baptism is only a sign that a man is to be regenerated, and that he is capable of being regenerated who is born within the Church, because the Church possesses the Word which contains the divine truths whereby regeneration is effected, and in the Church the Lord is known by whom regeneration is accomplished. Be it known, therefore, that *every* infant, where-soever born, whether of pious parents or of wicked parents, whether within the Church or out of it, is received by the Lord at death, and is educated in Heaven."

Infants, as soon as they die, are received by angels who had loved infants tenderly while in the world. By them they are trained in perfect ways, each infant according to its disposition and faculties. As they grow up, they are transferred to masters, who train them until they arrive at early youth, at which age

they remain to eternity. Angels who have grown up from infancy in Heaven have no idea, except from hearsay, that they were ever in the world, and confess no father but the Lord.

In the same spirit Swedenborg asserts the salvation of such Gentiles as live according to their light. "That Gentiles are saved as well as Christians," he says, "may be known to those who understand what constitutes Heaven. Heaven is *in* man, and they who have Heaven in themselves appear in Heaven after death. It is Heaven in man to acknowledge a Divine Being and to be led by Him, doing His will as far as known." This, he maintains, is the case with good Gentiles. Their goodness is from the Lord, and after death they receive instruction in the truths of faith, and live consciously in that Heaven into which a righteous life in the world had unconsciously brought them. "Of all the Gentiles," he says, "the Africans are most beloved in Heaven." We have observed that Swedenborg, having slight hopes of converts in Christendom, looked to the Gentile world for the materials out of which the "Church of the New Jerusalem," professing his doctrines, should be constructed.

Swedenborg tells us there are no created angels; that every angel in Heaven was once a man on our earth, or on some other earth of the universe.

His chapter on "the Wise and Simple in Heaven," abounds in many acute observations on the relations between the Will, the Reason, and the Memory, which we may approve without any reference to his other-world application of them. The root of all true and enduring intelligence he maintains to be goodness. The Will is a king which holds Reason and Memory in service, and whatsoever in them is not in accordance with its desires, is sooner or later extirpated. Hence, in the future life, a good heart drops off false doctrine, and accepts truth in correspondence with itself; and an evil heart, on the contrary, rejects every truth which does not consort with its selfishness. Goodness and truth, evil and falsehood, have an invincible affinity. Goodness loves truth, finds it and cherishes it; evil lusts for falsehood, finds it and burrows in it. Goodness and truth are one; and as the only home of truth is the good heart, the good man is the only wise man, and with him alone can truth form an eternal union. Such is the order of the spiritual world; a man is as wise as he is good, and is an idiot if he is evil.

From this it is not to be inferred that Swedenborg teaches that the culture which the mind receives from science, literature, and business in this world passes for nothing in the next; far otherwise. The difference to eternity remains wide between the good man who has cultivated his reason by science and reflection

and the good man who has been pleased to fulfil the routine of life without hard intellectual endeavour. What a man is here, he is hereafter: the simple good man is the simple good angel; the good man with the cultivated reason is the wise angel, the leader and helper of the less wise. "All," says our author, "are received into Heaven who have loved the true and the good for their own sake: they who have loved much are called *wise*, and they who have loved little are called *simple*. The wise in Heaven are in great light, but the simple in less light, and every one in light according to his goodness and love of truth."

Learning, he continues, is not to be mistaken for the culture of the understanding. The intellectual discipline which stands a man in good stead beyond the grave is that by which he was enabled to comprehend the why and wherefore, the causes and connections, of things; in short, the development of the reason; not a gorged memory, but an understanding which has used the contents of the memory to grow by. Facts in the memory are as much outside a man as food in his stomach is outside his body; nothing in the memory can be said to be the man's until incorporated by the reason, any more than food in the stomach is bone and healthy tissue until digested and appropriated by exercise. Pedants and book-worms, therefore, who have crammed their memories with languages, names, and historic gossip, whatever their reputation here, find themselves of little account in the future life. Their acquirements, having no hold of their life, vanish away, and as they essentially were in the world, there they openly appear.

Dependant as the Memory is on the Reason, the Reason is on the Will. In the Will alone is the basis of eternal intelligence: in the love of truth for good ends,—in the love of truth for its use, for itself, for its service to mankind. Continually, in the world, is truth sought, not for its own sake, or for its use, but for the glorification of the seeker. Now, whoever seeks truth for selfish ends, may find it, but with him truth has no real, but only an accidental, connection. He loves truth because it promotes his glory or interest, but when it ceases to do so he is indifferent to it, and, should it thwart him, then he hates it. To be eternally wise, therefore, is to be good. Moved by self-love, we may gather up learning, turn every scrap into display, and reason and discourse to the world's admiration; but there ends our reward. We have loved ourselves, and not the truth; and when the masks and shows of this world have for us passed away, we shall enter the spiritual world insane with self-conceit, and far removed from the angels, who love the truth, because it is the truth; who could even say to God, in their pilgrimage below, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee."

“It is not so difficult as many suppose to live the life which leads to Heaven,” teaches Swedenborg. “Some imagine that they must renounce the world, divest themselves of the delights of the flesh, and live immersed in pious meditation about God, salvation, and eternal life, and spend their time in prayer, and in reading the Word, and other pious books. This they call renouncing the world, and living to the spirit, and not to the flesh; but that the truth is far otherwise has been revealed to me by much experience, and by conversation with the angels. Hence I have been taught they who renounce the world and live to the spirit in the manner described, contract a melancholy life, into which the joy of Heaven can find no entrance; and we have seen that such as a man is in the world he remains to eternity. In order that a man may receive the life of Heaven it is necessary that he should live in the world, and engage in its business and duties, for thus by a moral and civil life he receives spiritual life, nor can he be prepared for Heaven by other means. It is allowable for a man to acquire riches and accumulate wealth, so far as opportunity is given him, provided he use no cunning or evil artifice; that he may eat and drink delicately, provided that he does not make his life to consist in such things; dwell magnificently according to his rank in society; converse with others as others do; frequent places of amusement, and talk about worldly affairs; and that he has no need to assume a devout aspect, to be of a sad and sorrowful countenance, and to bow down his head, but that he may be glad and cheerful; nor is he compelled to give to the poor, except so far as he is moved by affection. In one word, a man may live outwardly just like a man of the world, and such conduct will not hinder his admission into Heaven, provided he think interiorly in a becoming manner of God, and deal sincerely and justly with his neighbour. Since, therefore, a man may live outwardly as others do, may grow rich, keep a plentiful table, dwell in a fine house, wear splendid apparel according to his rank and employment, and enjoy delights and gratifications, it is evident that it is not so difficult to enter the way of Heaven as some believe. *The only difficulty is to be able to resist the love of self, the love of the world, and to prevent their predominance, for they are the source of all evils.*

“The poor do not go to Heaven on account of their *poverty*, but on account of their *life*, for whether a man be rich or poor his life follows him; nor does Divine mercy favour one more than another; but he who lives well is received, and he who lives ill is rejected. Besides, poverty seduces and withdraws men from Heaven as much as wealth; for great numbers of the poor are not contented with their lot, but are greedy of many things, and

believe riches to be real blessings. They are angry, therefore, if they do not receive them, and cherish evil thoughts concerning the Divine Providence. They also envy others the good things they possess, and are as ready as the wicked amongst the rich to defraud others, and to live in sordid pleasures when they have the opportunity; but it is otherwise with the poor who are contented with their lot, who are careful and diligent in their occupations, who love labour better than idleness, who act sincerely and faithfully, and who live a Christian life. From much conversation and living experience with the angels it has been given me to know most certainly that the rich enter into Heaven as easily as the poor; that no man is excluded from Heaven because he lives in abundance, and that no one is received into Heaven because he is poor. Both rich and poor have entered into Heaven, and many of the rich enjoy greater glory and happiness than the poor. These statements are made in order to shew that the life which leads to Heaven is not a life of retirement from the world, but of action in the world; that a life of piety without a life of charity,—which can only be acquired in the world,—does not lead to Heaven; but only a life of charity, which consists in acting sincerely and justly in every situation, engagement, and work, because such conduct is agreeable to the Divine Law. Such a life *is not difficult*, but a life of piety alone without charity *is difficult*, and it leads *away* from Heaven as much as it is commonly believed to lead to Heaven.”

These passages are highly characteristic of Swedenborg, and serve to illustrate the remark we made at the outset, that, whatever Swedenborg was, he was no mystic. Whenever he treads on common ground we feel we have no dreamer, but a shrewd man of the world, to deal with. Franklin himself could not have indited a more practical recipe for getting to Heaven, and when Mr. Binney published his popular prescription, “*How to make the best of both Worlds*,” it is not surprising that the Swedenborgians suspected that he had been holding counsel with their prophet.

Swedenborg has chapters on the Wisdom, the Joy, the Peace, and the Power of the Angels, but with these we shall not meddle, alike for want of space, and because their contents are readily conceivable. Nor shall we discuss Swedenborg’s Divinity, for it is beyond our sphere, nor enter into the intricate question of the organization of Heaven, which, he says, is modelled on the human form. With a few notes from his description of Hell we shall close the extraordinary volume.

Hell is the assembly of the evil,—of all who love themselves first and others last. Hell is thus the reverse of Heaven, in which all love their neighbours first, and themselves second. In

Hell, selfishness, which in right order forms the circumference of human nature, is the heart of the devil. Hell, therefore, consists of those who live for themselves alone, who consider others merely as implements of service whereby they can gratify their lust for power, or praise, or pleasure. It is the lot of selfishness to be stupid, to believe in means as ends, to live in lies. In avarice, a common form of selfishness, this is manifest. The avaricious love money for the sake of money, pinch and screw and strive to heap up gain, for what they know not! Tantalus up to his lips in the lake from which he could never drink, Sisyphus eternally rolling his stone to the mountain top, the Danaides for ever pumping water into their sieves, are true effigies of avarice. If truth is what *is*, if to know truth is to know what *is*, if to be wise and happy is to be brought into subjection to the truth, therefore, into right relation to, and knowledge of, what *is*, evidently then the avaricious live in an atmosphere of lies, for they think what *is not*, and struggle after what can never be attained. They trust in riches, thinking gold in itself a blessing, when, in reality, in itself it is worth no more than ashes, and takes its value at all times from the love to whose use it ministers. Moreover, had the avaricious any eye for facts, they would see that the world will go on as it has ever done, that fair and honest wants will never lack satisfaction, and that their fret and fume to amass treasure is in very deed the inspiration of him "who was a liar from the beginning."

What is the case with avarice is true of all other forms of self-love,—of pride, or hatred, of lust. The thoughts of selfishness are inevitably falsehood and insanity. Shew Swedenborg a selfish man, and he will shew you one whose thoughts are lies.

It was observed in Heaven that what an angel was he saw; that his dress, his house, his scenery, were in correspondence with his spirit; that the order and loveliness within were repeated in beauty and magnificence without. By the operation of the same law, Hell is created out of the mind of the Devil. "I have been permitted," writes Swedenborg, "to look into the Hells, and to see what kind of places they are.

"The Hells are everywhere under the mountains, hills, rocks, plains, and valleys of the World of Spirits. (the intermediate state) The openings or gates of Hell in the mountains are fissures in the rocks, some wide and large, some strait and narrow, and many of them rugged. They all appear dark and dusky when looked into, but the evil spirits who dwell there are in a light like that of burning charcoal, to which their eyes are adapted. The openings to the Hells in the plains are of various forms; some are like those in the mountains, others are like dens and caverns, others like chasms, bogs, and pools of stagnant

water. These openings are concealed, except when an evil spirit is prepared to be cast in, when there issues from the pit an exhalation of fire and smoke.

“In some Hells there appear as it were the ruins of houses and cities after a general conflagration. In these ruins the devils dwell and conceal themselves. In the milder Hells there appear as it were rude cottages, which are, in some cases, contiguous, like the lanes and streets of a city. Within the houses, infernal spirits are engaged in continual quarrels, enmities, blows and butcherings, while the streets and lanes are full of robberies and depredations. In some Hells there are thick forests in which infernal spirits prowl about like wild beasts, and hide themselves in dens when pursued by others; in others there are deserts where all is sterile and sandy, where the devils dwell in caverns and huts.

“It is impossible to give a description of the horrible forms of the spirits of Hell. No two are alike, although there is a general likeness of those who are in the same kind of evil. In general they are forms of contempt of others, of menace against those who do not pay them respect, of hatreds of various kinds, and of revenge; and in these forms outrage and cruelty blaze from within; but when others commend, worship and venerate them, their faces are drawn up, and have an appearance of gladness arising from delight. Some of their faces are direful and void of life, like corpses, some are black, and others fiery like torches, others are disfigured by pimples, warts, and ulcers, and frequently no face appears, but instead of a face, something hairy and bony, and sometimes nothing but teeth. Their bodies are monstrous, and their speech is the speech of anger, of hatred, of revenge; for every one speaks from his own delusion, and the tone of his voice is from his own evil. In a word, they are all images of their own hellish love.”

Because Hell appeared thus horrible to Swedenborg, he would not have us conclude that it appears so to the devils. Far otherwise. Among themselves, the devils appear handsome fellows, and their abodes everything that can be desired; for in self-love (and the devils are forms of self-love) there is perfect self-satisfaction. The light of Heaven maddens them with pain, and they fly with horror from its presence to congenial darkness.

As Swedenborg maintains that all angels were once men, so likewise, he holds, were all devils. Hell, as a whole, is called the Devil, or Satan; there is no one spirit, so called, who is the leader of the infernals. The common idea of the Devil, as a fallen angel, Swedenborg rejects as a fable.

It need scarcely be added that Swedenborg denies the resurrection of the body; the flesh and bones laid in the grave

will, he says, never be resumed. The last judgment is executed on all, at death, and thirty years thereafter, at the furthest, every soul has found an eternal habitation, in Heaven or Hell.

Swedenborg, in his lifetime, had few followers; he made no effort whatever to form a sect, and died in communion with the established Lutheran Church of Sweden. Indeed, as the son of a Bishop, he was strongly attached to ecclesiastical order, and it is probable that he would have shrunk with terror from the formal creation of schism. In 1778, six years after his death, his treatise on *Heaven and Hell* was translated from the Latin into English by William Cookworthy, a minister of the Society of Friends, and the Rev. Thomas Hartley, rector of Winwick, Northamptonshire, and published by Phillips the Quaker bookseller in George-yard, Lombard-street. Both Cookworthy and Hartley were personal friends of Swedenborg, and receivers of his doctrines, yet both lived and died apparently without a thought of breaking away from their religious connections. By far the most distinguished advocate of Swedenborgianism was the Rev. John Clowes (born in 1743, died 1831,) for sixty-two years rector of St. John's Church, Manchester. He made no secret of his faith; he translated the *Arcana Cœlestia*, Swedenborg's most voluminous work, published a multitude of tracts and books in defence and illustration of his opinions, and held his living in the Church undisturbed.

The Swedenborgian sect owes its origin to Robert Hindmarsh, a printer in Clerkenwell-close, London. When a young man he became a reader of Swedenborg, and, being of an unscrupulous and enterprising spirit, he straightway determined to institute a new church. He advertized in the newspapers, inviting any who were Swedenborgians to meet him, and in 1788 public worship was commenced in a room in Eastcheap. He and his friends proceeded to construct a petty hierarchy; they resolved that they were "the New Church signified by the New Jerusalem in the Revelations," and that the sacraments of baptism and the holy supper were invalid, save from their hands. Chiefly in the towns of Lancashire, and from the influence of Clowes, this organization took root and extended, and it exists, as the small Swedenborgian community, at this day, though with somewhat less than the audacious pretensions of Hindmarsh. Next to Lancashire, Swedenborgianism has flourished most in New England, and particularly in Boston. The sect, as a sect, has for many years been stationary in England, if it have not retrogressed. By reason, perhaps, of the freer intercourse which travelling, and commerce, and newspapers induce, the air of the world grows every year less and less favourable to sectarian exclusiveness and isolation, and the capture of the entire people

of England by the Church of England becomes daily more practicable. Again, whoever has studied the little sects, such as the Unitarians, the Plymouth Brethren, the Swedenborgians, and the Quakers, will have observed that in each there prevails a common physiognomy, and may have come to the fair conclusion that they are quite as much affairs of breed as of opinion. Hence, as soon as a sect reaches the limit of its peculiar breed in the nation, it attains the limit of its increase, and from that hour its propaganda is ineffective.

WILLIAM WHITE.

Weldon's Register.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

“THE more a man is versed in business the more he finds the hand of Providence everywhere.” Such is the statement, not of an ignorant or dreamy enthusiast, but of one who had had large experience in public affairs. It was the utterance of the celebrated William Pitt to the British Parliament, in 1759. And there are few persons, if any, who have not met illustrations of its truth in the course of their reading, or in their own experience.

Take, for instance, the following, related by Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*:—“In a very short time after the action (of the Monongahela) had commenced, he was the only *aide* remaining alive and unwounded. On him alone devolved—in an engagement with marksmen, who selected officers, and especially those on horseback, for their objects—the whole duty of carrying the orders of the commander-in-chief. . . . He had two horses killed under him, and four balls through his coat; but to the astonishment of all, escaped unhurt, while every other officer on horseback was either killed or wounded. ‘I expected, every moment,’ says an eye-witness (Dr. Craik) ‘to see him fall. His duty and situation exposed him to every danger. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him from the fate of all around him.’ Bancroft tells us an Indian chief singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors do the same. Their rifles were levelled at him in vain, ‘Some potent Manitou (good spirit) guards his life,’ exclaimed the savage. Washington wrote to his brother:—“Death was levelling my companions on every side of me; but by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected.”

Again, Motley, in his *History of the Netherlands* relates this remarkable instance of preservation of the Prince of Parma, on the occasion of the destruction of the bridge at Antwerp, by one

of the fire-ships of Gianbelli:—"A certain ensign, De Vega, moved by some instinctive and irresistible apprehension, fell upon his knees, and plucking the general earnestly by the cloak, implored him with such impassionate words and gestures to leave the place, that the prince reluctantly yielded. It was not a moment too soon. . . . Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of St. Mary's Fort, at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The "Hope" disappeared together with the men who had boarded her, and the block-house, against which she had struck, with all its garrison; while a large portion of the bridge with all the troops stationed upon it, had vanished into air. It was the work of a single instant. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time."

It may seem to some a bathos to refer in this connection to the case of William Huntington, who, from an illiterate coal-heaver, became a zealous and popular preacher of the Gospel among the poor, and the minister of a large congregation at Providence Chapel, London;—the author of the *Bank of Faith*. It must be confessed, that in this work he sometimes relates needless trivialities and particulars. On these critics have eagerly fastened to make sport; but, in truth, the whole history (beside instances of prevision, prophecy, and spiritual dreams) is a narrative of manifest and particular providences, so numerous and continuous, that he was "daily exercised" therewith. He says:—"I really believe it has pleased God to raise me up and send me forth, not only into the ministry, that I might tell them that fear God what He hath done for my soul; but it hath pleased Him to keep me depending on His Providence, from hand to mouth throughout the whole course of my pilgrimage, that I might publish to the Church at large, not a recital of what Providence has done for others, but as a living witness of the facts, what He has done for me to encourage the faith of others. And God has so done it that infidelity itself cannot give this my testimony the lie; for these things were not done in a corner. The persons whom God has raised up and made use of to assist me in times of need, being in number about five hundred brethren, are all witnesses of these facts, for of these 'the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.'"

The chapel he built was named by him PROVIDENCE Chapel, for the reason he sets forth in the following passage:—"When I laid the foundation of the chapel I was £20 in debt for the necessaries of life; and when I had finished it I was in arrears £1,000 more; so that I had plenty of work for faith, if I could but get plenty of faith to work: and while some deny a Providence, Providence was the only resource I had. I had £47 per annum ground rent, and almost £50 per annum for interest, a

large chapel, and a small congregation; and those who lent me the money a poor, industrious people, and weak in faith, being but young in the ways of God; and there were plenty of hypocrites in Zion to tell them that all who had a hand in that chapel would burn their fingers." And this "only resource" did not fail him. The whole debt was cleared off and the creditors honorably paid.

On one occasion he had to pay a sum of £20 for tithes, and was much troubled as to how he should meet the demand. He says:—"I looked different ways, and chalked out different roads, for the Almighty to walk in; but his paths were in the deep waters, and his footsteps were not known. No raven came, neither in the morning nor in the evening. There was a gentlewoman at my house on a visit, and I asked her if she had got the sum of £20 in her pocket, telling her, at the same time, how much I wanted it. She told me she had not; if she had, I should have it. A few hours after the same woman was coming into my study, but she found it locked, and knocked at the door. I let her in, and she said, 'I am sorry I disturb you.' I replied, 'You do not disturb me; I have been begging a favour of God, and I had just done when you knocked: and that favour I have now got in faith, and shall shortly have in hand, and you will see it.' The afternoon of the same day two gentlemen out of the city came to see me; and after a few hours' conversation, they left me, and to my great surprise, each of them, at parting, put a letter into my hand, which, when they were gone, I opened, and found a ten pound note in each. I immediately sent for the woman up stairs, and let her read the letters, and then sent the money to answer that demand."

Another time he had been greatly exercised with debt and embarrassment, and his patience was severely tried, not only on account of himself, but of a friend, who was in distress, and stood in need of relief. His never failing resort was to the Great Father of bounties, in earnest and sincere prayer. And God who heareth the ravens when they cry, thus answered him. It was in the evening that he made the subject a matter of special supplication. The next morning a person knocked at his door, desiring to see him. He was shown into his study. Huntington says:—"I looked at him, and perceived him to be a gentleman that I had never seen before. He told me that he had once heard me preach at Dr. Gifford's meeting-house, and once or twice in Margaret-street Chapel, and that he had heard me greatly to his satisfaction; and the reason of his coming to see me now was, that he had been exercised last night with a dream—that he dreamed the Word of God came to him saying, 'If thy brother be waxed poor, thou shalt open thy hand to thy poor brother,' &c. He asked me if there was such a portion of Scripture; I answered

the words were these:—‘If there be among you a poor man, one of thy brethren, within any of thy gates, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand from thy poor brother ’—(See Deut. xv., 7, 11.) He then told me that these words came to him in his sleep; and in the morning when he awoke, he felt the power of them. In wondering who this poor brother could be, he informed me it was impressed on his mind that I was the brother about whom he had dreamed; and asked me concerning my circumstances; I then told him of the trial I was in; and as he was fully satisfied it was of God, he wondered much at it. At his departure, he gave me money and goods sufficient to relieve my own circumstances, and also the condition of my friend. Thus, God, who commanded a widow to sustain Elijah, commanded this man to relieve me.”

The Rev. Woodbury M. Fernald in his deeply interesting work, *God in His Providences*, after relating this anecdote, remarks:—“Such a circumstance will undoubtedly be viewed lightly by those who have scarcely any faith in such Providences, and the more so because they do not understand the method of them, and have no idea of their frequency. But is it at all unreasonable that by means of the supplication the night before, some angel or spirit could be commissioned to the sleeping man, and thus a connection be established which was efficacious? How many such instances there are!”

In confirmation of this view, M. Fernald, among other instances, relates the following “well-authenticated account,” which I have slightly abridged:—A poor, industrious, pious collier lived among the hills between Abergavenny and Hereford, who was generally known by the name of Caleb. He had a wife and several small children. One winter there was a severe frost which lasted many weeks, so that he could not work for the support of his family. One night they had eaten up all their stock, not a morsel was left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but Caleb’s mind was composed in firm reliance on a provident God, who neither wanted power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door; he went and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative; the man desired him to help him take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, “Provision.” On his enquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God had sent it; no other answer could he obtain. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles; bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, &c., which served them through the frost, and a little over.

Caleb related this circumstance to his minister, Dr. Stennett, of Abergavenny, who was much affected by the account. Two years after Dr. Stennett was on a visit to Dr. Talbot, a well-known physician of Hereford, a good, generous man, though called "infidel" by the orthodox. One evening the conversation turned on the subject of prayer. In illustration of its efficacy, Dr. S. instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled, and said:—"Caleb! I shall never forget him as long as I live." "What! did you know him?" said Dr. S. "I had but a very little knowledge of him," said Dr. T.; "but I know he must be the same man you mean."

Dr. Talbot then related the following circumstance. He said that the summer before the hard winter above mentioned, riding on horseback among the hills, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, he observed a number of people assembled in a barn, and rode up to the door to learn the cause; when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped and observed that they were very attentive to what the preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his notice, who had a little Bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in turning to the places. When the sermon was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed, happened to walk by his side.

The doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and the minister, and found him very intelligent. He inquired also about himself—his employment, his family, and his name: his name he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed—he could not tell for certain whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, '*Send provision to Caleb.*' He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he heard the same words repeated, but *louder* and *stronger*. Then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard; but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again.

But the doctor's mind was so impressed that he could not sleep; at last he heard the voice so powerfully saying, '*Get up and send provision to Caleb,*' that he could resist no longer. He got up, and called his man, bade him bring his horse, and went to his larder, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could of whatever provision he could find, and having assisted the man to lade the horse, he bade him take the provision to Caleb.

‘Caleb, sir?’ said the man; ‘who is Caleb?’

‘I know very little of him,’ said the doctor, ‘but that his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go, and you will be sure to find him.’

The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, ‘God sent it, I believe.’

Many cases are on record of this kind of providential interposition by a guiding or warning voice. Sometimes, as in the instance just quoted, the person is so addressed in behalf of another; at others, as in the following, related by Grotius, it is a warning to the individual himself:—‘When M. de Saumaise was councillor of the Parliament at Dijon, a person, who knew not a word of Greek, brought him a paper on which was written some words in that language, but not in the character. He said that a voice had uttered them to him in the night, and that he had written them down, imitating the sound as well as he could. Mons. de Saumaise made out that the signification of the words was, ‘Begone! do you not see that death impends?’ Without comprehending what danger was predicted, the person obeyed and departed. On that night the house that he had been lodging in fell to the ground. In the same letter (Epistle 405, second series.) Grotius mentions a person at Landrecies who, warned in a dream of impending danger, rose, and left the house, and had scarcely done so when the roof fell in, and, had he not removed, would have crushed him.

Dr. Abercrombie, in his *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers*, after instancing the case of a clergyman, on a visit to Edinburgh, at a short distance from home, who, awakened by a dream of seeing a fire and one of his children in the midst of it, immediately hastened home, found his house actually on fire, and got there in time to save one of his children, who in the alarm and confusion had been left in a situation of danger, adds:—“The following anecdotes I am enabled to give as entirely authentic.—A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant; and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three in the morning the gentleman hearing footsteps on the stair, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress’s fire; which at that hour in the middle of summer was evidently impossible; and on farther investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals.—Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been

drowned along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion in the Firth of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement. His companions went, and were all drowned."

Cases of special providence by the agency of dreams might easily be collected in sufficient number to form a volume.

In one of the cases cited from Dr. Abercrombie, it was the means of the preservation of life and the prevention of crime.* A similar providence as the result of presentiment occurred to the illustrious Talleyrand. The anecdote was given to Dr. Sigmond by the widow of M. Colmache, the private secretary and friend of Talleyrand, and is recorded in Dr. Forbes Winslow's *Psychological Journal*:—

"One day, in the presence of the minister, the conversation had turned upon the subject of those sudden warnings which have been looked upon as communications from the world of spirits to man: some one observed, that it would be difficult to find a man of any note, who had not, in the course of his life, experienced something of the kind.

"'I remember,' said Talleyrand, 'upon one occasion having been gifted, for one single moment, with an unknown and nameless power. I know not to this moment whence it came; It has never once returned, and yet upon that one occasion it saved my life. Without that sudden and mysterious inspiration I should not have been here to tell my tale. I had freighted a ship in concert with my friend Beaumetz. He was a good fellow, Beaumetz, with whom I had ever lived on the most intimate terms; and in those stormy times, when it needed not only friendship to bind men together, but almost godlike courage to shew that friendship, I could not but prize most highly all his bold and loyal demonstrations of kindness and attachment to me. I had not a single reason to doubt his friendship. On the contrary, he had given me, on several occasions, most positive proof of his devotion to my interest and well-being. We had fled from France; we had arrived at New York together, and we had lived in perfect harmony during our stay there. So, after having resolved upon improving the little money that was left by speculation, it was, still in partnership and together, that we freighted a small vessel for India, trusting to all the goodly chances which had befriended us in our escape from danger and from death, to venture once more conjointly to brave the storms

* The *Dublin Review* for May, 1861, in an article on "Crime and its Detection," gives a number of cases in which crime has been brought to light and its perpetrators detected by means either of dreams or of some secret inexplicable impression or impulse.

and perils of a yet longer and more adventurous voyage. Everything was embarked for our departure; bills were all paid, and farewells all taken, and we were waiting for a fair wind with most eager expectation, being prepared to embark at any hour of the day or night, in obedience to the warning of the captain. This state of uncertainty seemed to irritate the temper of poor Beaumetz to an extraordinary degree, and, unable to remain quietly at home, he hurried to and from the city with an eager, restless activity, which at times excited my astonishment, for he had ever been remarkable for great calmness and placidity of temper. One day he entered our lodging, evidently labouring under great excitement, although commanding himself to appear calm. I was engaged at that moment in writing letters to Europe; and looking over my shoulder, he said, with forced gaiety, 'What need to waste time in penning those letters? they will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us take a turn on the Battery; perhaps the wind may be chopping round; we may be nearer our departure than we imagine.' The day was very fine, although the wind was blowing hard, and I suffered myself to be persuaded. Beaumetz, I remembered afterwards, displayed an unusual officiousness in aiding me to close my desk and put away my papers, handing me, with hurried eagerness, my hat and cane, and doing other services to quicken my departure, which at the time I attributed to the restless desire for change, the love of activity with which he seemed to have been devoured during the whole period of our delay. We walked through the crowded streets to the Battery. He had seized my arm and hurried me along, seemingly in eager haste to advance. When we had arrived at the broad esplanade—the glory then, as now, of New York—Beaumetz quickened his step still more, until he arrived close to the water's edge. He talked loud and quickly, admiring in energetic terms the beauty of the scenery, the Brooklyn heights, the shady groves of the island, the ships riding at anchor, and the busy scene on the peopled wharf, when suddenly he paused in his mad, incoherent discourse—for I had freed my arm from his grasp, and stood immovable before him. Staying his wild and rapid steps, I fixed my eye upon his face. He turned aside, cowed and dismayed. 'Beaumetz,' I shouted, 'you mean to murder me: you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can.' The maniac stared at me for a moment; but I took especial care not to avert my gaze from his countenance, and he quailed beneath it. He stammered a few incoherent words, and strove to pass me, but I barred his passage with extended arms. He looked vacantly right and left, and then flung himself upon my neck, and burst into tears. 'Tis true—'tis true,

my friend! The thought has haunted me day and night, like a flash from the lurid fire of hell. It was for this I brought you here. Look! you stand within a foot of the edge of the parapet: in another instant the work would have been done.' The demon had left him; his eye was unsettled, and the white foam stood in bubbles on his parched lips; but he was no longer tossed by the same mad excitement under which he had been labouring, for he suffered me to lead him home without a single word. A few days' repose, bleeding, abstinence, completely restored him to his former self, and, what is most extraordinary, the circumstance was never mentioned between us. MY FATE was at work.'

"It was whilst watching by the bed-side of his friend that Talleyrand received letters which enabled him to return to France; he did so, and left Beaumetz to prosecute the speculation alone. The Prince Talleyrand could never speak of the preceding event without shuddering, and to the latest hour of his existence believed that 'he was for an instant gifted with an extraordinary light, and during a quick and vivid flash the possible and the true was revealed to a strong and powerful mind,' and that upon this the whole of his destiny hinged. 'This species of momentary exaltation,' says Dr. Sigmond, 'which is not again repeated, but is remembered with the most vivid impression, is what is more immediately known by the name of *fantasia*:' in France and England it is named *presentiment*."

A somewhat similar instance is related by Frederick Douglass, in his autobiography. He and some fellow-slaves had planned an escape. The morning of the day on which it was to have been executed, they were in the field at their work. "While thus engaged," says Douglass, "I had a sudden presentiment, which flashed upon me like lightning in a dark night, revealing to the lonely traveller the gulf before, and the enemy behind. I instantly turned to Sandy Jenkins, who was near me, and said to him, '*Sandy, we are betrayed; something has just told me so.*' I felt as sure of it, as if the officers were there in sight. Sandy said, 'Man, dat is strange; but I feel just as you do.' *If my mother—then long in her grave—had appeared before me, and told me that we were betrayed, I could not, at that moment, have felt more certain of the fact.*"

The presentiment was but too well founded. "In thirty minutes after that vivid presentiment came the apprehended crash." But thus forewarned, they were enabled in time to destroy the evidence which would have substantiated the charge against them. Speaking of another event, which he regarded as a special providence in his behalf, Douglass says in so regarding it, he may be deemed superstitious and egotistical, and he adds:—"But the thought is a part of my history, and I should be false to the

earliest and most cherished sentiments of my soul if I suppressed or hesitated to avow that opinion, although it may be characterised as irrational by the wise, and ridiculous by the scoffer."

Professor Boehm, of Giesen and Marburg, an eminent mathematician, a man of integrity and religious principle, though "anything else but an enthusiast," used frequently, says Stilling, to relate the following narrative:—"Being one afternoon in pleasant society, where he was smoking his pipe and taking his tea, without reflecting upon any particular subject, he, all at once, felt an impulse in his mind to go home. Now, as he had nothing to do at home, his mathematical reason told him he ought not to go home, but remain with the company. But the inward monitor became stronger and more urgent, so that, at length, every mathematical demonstration gave way, and he followed his inward impulse. On entering his room, and looking about him, he could discover nothing particular; but he felt a new excitement within him, which told him that the bed in which he slept must be removed from its place, and transported into another corner. Here, likewise, reason began again to operate, and represented to him that the bed had always stood there: besides which, it was the fittest place for it, and the other the most unfit, but all this availed nothing, the monitor gave him no rest; he was obliged to call the servant, who moved the bed to the desired place. Upon this his mind was tranquillized, he returned to the company he had left, and felt nothing more of the impulse. He stayed supper with the company, went home towards two o'clock, then laid himself in his bed, and went to sleep very quietly. At midnight he was awakened by a dreadful cracking and noise; he arose from his bed, and then saw that a heavy beam, with a great part of the ceiling, had fallen exactly upon the place where his bed had previously stood. Boehm now gave thanks to the merciful Father of men, for having graciously caused such a warning to be given him."

Stilling also relates the following:—"The merchant in whose employ I was formerly, from the year 1763 to 1770, and whom I have called 'Spanier' in the narrative of my life, frequently related to me a remarkable presentiment, which he once had in Rotterdam. On commencing business, he took a journey into Holland, for the purpose of forming connexions for his extensive iron-works. But his chief attention was directed to Middleburg in Zealand, to which place he had several recommendations from his friends, as well as to other towns in Holland. Having finished his business at Rotterdam, he went in the morning to the Middleburg market boat, which was lying there at anchor, ready to sail at noon to Middleburg. He took and paid for his place, and then requested that a sailor might be sent to him at an inn, which

he named, when the vessel was about to sail. He then went to the said inn, prepared for his voyage, and ordered some refreshment to be sent up to his room at eleven o'clock. When he had almost finished his repast, the sailor came to call him, but as soon as the man opened the door, and the merchant cast his eyes upon him, he was seized with an unaccountable trepidation, together with an inward conviction that he ought not to go to Middleburg, so that all his reasoning against it was of no avail, and he was obliged to tell the sailor that he could not accompany him; to which the latter replied, that if so he would lose his fare, but this mattered not, he felt himself compelled to stay. After the sailor was gone, the merchant coolly reflected on what might be the probable reason of this singular mental impulse. In reality, he was sorry and vexed at thus neglecting this important part of his journey, as he could not wait for the next market boat. To banish his tedium and disappointment he went out for a walk, and towards evening called at a friend's house. After sitting there a couple of hours, a great noise was heard in the street; inquiry was made, and now they learnt that the Middleburg market boat, having been struck by lightning, had sunk, and that not an individual was saved! My readers may think what an impression this intelligence made upon the mind of the worthy traveller; he hastened home, and in retirement thanked God for this gracious warning. I can solemnly vouch for the truth of this relation.

Instances of special providence, of warning, guidance, and protection are indeed sown broadcast in history and biography, and in common life. That their true character does not meet with more general recognition is, I think, mainly due to a false philosophy, which can see in the idea of special providence only an arbitrary interference with the laws established by Infinite Wisdom. But here, Spiritualism, rightly understood, supplies a ground of reconciliation on which philosophy may well "rest and be thankful!" In all this wide class of facts it finds nothing incompatible or inconsistent with the ordinary operation of laws. It does not indeed see in the universe only a celestial mechanism, a piece of clock-work wound up by Fate and Nature; but a spiritual cosmos of free intelligences, working by and within a higher range of laws than those of mere earth and Nature. The laws of the lower physical, being included in the higher spiritual, and together forming a divine unity. Specialty, there is none, in respect to any occurrence taking place without law, or contrary to law; but providences often become to us special, "not as taken out of the universal, but as included in it; yet as projecting out of it *to our view*, so as to convince us of more than mere laws, and of personal and Divine agencies working with those laws.

. . . . Indeed, Providence must be particular to the smallest iota, because the universal is made up of nothing but the smallest particulars!"

Philosophers tell us that the atom that glistens in the sunbeam on a summer's day,—that the solid globe itself,—that the solar system to which it belongs,—that the stars and constellations, the suns and systems that people the boundless univercælum, hold each their appointed place, and move in their respective orbits by virtue of the simple law of the attraction of gravitation. Now, that which gravitation is to the physical, sympathy is to the moral and spiritual world. It binds together individuals, tribes, nations, races, yea, the whole intelligent creation of God. It is the golden chain which was represented by ancient mythology as fastened to the throne of God, whence it fell in perpetual folds, embraced the whole earth, encircled with one or other of its golden links every created being, and then returned to Him from whom it descended. It is the ladder seen by the patriarch resting on the earth, but reaching to the highest heaven, while upon every step of its infinite length angels of God ascended and descended for ever. Well then may "all" the angels be "ministering spirits!" Well may there "be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth!"

And "Do not the angelic ministrations come under the head of *spiritual* law? For behold the analogy. An angel is not moved to come from his high abode to relieve the distresses of a suffering mortal, or to minister to his spiritual good, by any *less* of law, than that by which a stone falls to the ground. The stone falls by the law of gravitation. The angel comes by the strong law of *sympathy*, by which, in a certain degree, he is *impelled* to draw near to a suffering mortal, and to impart the needed relief. He comes *because he cannot help it*; just as a good man cannot refuse to give a loaf of bread to a starving beggar. It is the law of His *goodness* that prompts and urges him on. Or, in other words, it is spiritual attraction of soul to soul, instead of material attraction of earth to earth. But surely, there is something in the contemplation of *angelic* performance—help from the heavens—and in that personal *will* and *effort* which an angel, like a man, puts forth in our behalf, which takes the occurrence out of the common order of nature, and invests it with a Divine specialty and importance. These, then, although in a high sense special providences, yet are no more out of the sphere of law and order, than the growth of the grass or the falling of the rain. They are special with man but not with God. Highly opportune and timely, but with God they were always so! They come under the operation of a *higher* law, and of personal agencies acting *by* those laws, and that is all the

difference. Yet this is a difference which wonderfully affects the heart of man. It touches more peculiarly his *religious* nature, and causes him to look up. . . . The universe of existence thus contemplated becomes a connected *chain* of being and operation, from inmost God to outmost nature; and as the impulses of Divine love and care first stir in the heart of the Infinite Father, so they are communicated to the angels nearest Him, or nearest the Divine Centre of being, and thus on, out and down through the vast ranks of glorified spirits, till they reach to earth, and protect the merest child from injury and danger."

T. S.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES IN ENGLAND.

AN extremely visible change has come over the Press in this country within the last six months. Frantic as was the outbreak on the publication of the *Incidents of My Life* and the *History of the Supernatural*, and reckless as were the expressions of anger and feigned contempt on the part of the reviews and newspapers, a wonderful calm has now fallen on them, and those journals which have taken time to think, have made many and large concessions to the spiritual principle. We need not recapitulate these cases, they are sufficiently known to our readers; but we may note briefly the last appearance of this kind. This is on the part of the organ of the Methodist body, the *London Quarterly Review*, which has devoted nearly fifty pages to prove that Spiritualism is, and that it had rather that it wasn't. It goes to work with an air of great candour, but nevertheless digs at the foundations of the spirit theory with a sly tenacity. It makes no question about the facts recorded in all ages, and especially in our own. It admits that it would be a folly and a madness to call them in question. It has watched the troop of the learned who had already made their displays on this subject, and profited by their folly. One had strongly recommended a committee of the scientific to determine whether the thing lived or not; another with haggard looks and hurried words not only declared that the thing did live, but was about to spring upon them; a third thought it was no living creature, but only a *property of matter*; a fourth thought it might be alive but would soon die out; a fifth that it was dead already; a sixth, a very longheaded fellow, put a lemon to his nose and declared that it was an epidemic; and a seventh that it was a very odd thing that it had frightened so many mighty editors, and therefore, it must be the great OD itself.

All this appears very contemptible to the *London Quarterly*.

As for ghosts, it claims them as old friends of John Wesley's, and claps them on the back with a "Well, old boys, here you are again!" It doats on them, and introduces fresh ones to their acquaintance, but yet, after all, it would fain persuade itself that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are not the work of ghosts, or spirits, which are the same thing. It would rather have them to be magnetism or zoo-magnetism, forgetting that this principle was the other day as violently rejected as Spiritualism is now, and that it is so yet by a large public. Forgetting that the few rounds of the ladder of belief that it has got upon, are yet denied by others to be in the ladder at all. Forgetting that in admitting the facts it has admitted the spirits as the agents of them; for no part of the facts is more palpably proved than the agency of spirits in these manifestations. Spiritualists don't reason upon this point, because they know it, and can any day bring volumes of proofs of such facts followed by such a host of living witnesses as would put them and the whole army of sceptics out of any court in the three kingdoms. We must regard it as very unkind in the *London Quarterly* towards its friends the ghosts, after having endorsed their reality and respectability, to refuse to admit them to *séances*. And when they venture to leave their old ruinous castles, and haunted houses to warm themselves by Christian fire-sides, to insult them by denying their entity, and nicknaming them magnetism or zoo-magnetism. Does it not know that on all occasions at these *séances* they insist and persist in asserting that they are spirits? Now if they had denied regularly that they were spirits, and claimed to be od, or magnetism, or the like, would not the *London Quarterly* and every other London journal have most kindly and politely admitted their right to name themselves as they thought proper? Undoubtedly they would; most gladly they would. Why then this reluctance to admit them to be what they uniformly say they are? There must be a reason for this reluctance on the part of the men of letters, if they would obligingly tell us what it is.

But, in truth, the literary and religious worlds are already reduced to a dilemma. They say as plainly as possible:—

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?

The conviction of the truth is bursting upon them, and they cling convulsively to every twig of sophism, which they hope may delay awhile their fall into open confession. The great Methodist organ admits that numbers of Atheists and Deists may have been converted to Christianity through Spiritualism; but then it says, "Men are so much more easily converted by *visions* than by *arguments*." If the Methodist writers really think this is true, would it not be desirable that they should

earnestly recommend all their preachers to lay aside their pulpit arguments, and pray for visions? Let them recollect that St. Paul was converted by a vision. Whatever means are found the most effectual for men's salvation, it behoves Christian ministers instantly and energetically to adopt. It is a sacred and indispensable duty. Now, we do not hear of any of their mighty host of preachers converting Atheists and Deists by "the foolishness of preaching;" but men must be saved, and if "visions" will save them, by all means let visions be adopted. Like St. Paul, let them "be all things to all men, so that they may save some." This is our view of the matter, and we think it is a Christian view. But let it be clearly understood, that the employment of visions is not our idea, but that of the *London Quarterly*. The Atheists and Deists to whom the "History of the Supernatural" alluded, were not converted by either arguments or visions, but by plain and simple facts. These facts the *Methodist Quarterly* thinks poor and mean facts; and that if Spiritualism is to be judged by its facts, "it is lost." But surely facts that convert Atheists when the preachers' arguments cannot do it, must be infinitely less mean and poor than the arguments. And facts that re-assure souls in the faith of their own immortality; which reconstruct the mere breath of air residing in the brain, or the heart, or somewhere to which the orthodox religions had reduced it, into the real, complete, and undying man, of which the body is but the covering, as a glove is of the hand; which brings the future world of the race palpably before the soul, with its mountains, seas, and cities; a magnificent fact, and no longer a misty idea to be obtained, after ages of lying in the damp senseless grave;—the facts and doctrines that demonstrate that world as a world of progress in purity and felicity to those who desire progress, instead of a world of useless and senseless eternal damnation; facts which commission the departed to bring to us tidings of re-union with them and with God: these are facts infinitely more noble, and more consolatory; more partaking of the Divine and glorious nature of Christianity, than the flat and repulsive doctrines which have destroyed in the soul the vitality and substance of the hope of salvation, and driven countless thousands into the remorseless regions of Materialism.

The *Methodist Quarterly*, casting about for something to weaken, if but for a moment, the effect of "The History of the Supernatural," at one instant represents its author as a Friend, on the principle that an old frog must still be a tadpole, because it was so twenty years ago; and at another instant, that he must have turned Papist—the author of the *History of Priestcraft* turned Papist, because he accuses Protestantism of having de-

stroyed all faith in the spiritual, which it admits to be a fact, and on the same showing must itself be Papist too.

All these are miserable displays on the part of the orthodox, whether of Church or Dissent; but grand testimonies to Spiritualism. This very organ of Methodism declares that a change has become obvious in the public mind; that the stolid and petrified infidelity of the last and present age, is fast breaking up; that there is a rapid return to belief in the invisible. What has produced this? That despised and foolish Spiritualism, with its tables, and raps, and spirits, and a few things besides; such as good writing and fine spiritual drawings, and useful inventions, by-the-bye, such as they will hear of anon. These, like the foolishness of preaching to the Jews and Greeks, are, as the enemies are compelled to confess, turning this old infidel and earthly world upside down. The entire race of the learned, the scientific, and the theologic, feel that the whole scaffolding of their fabric of incredulity is giving way. In vain they run distractedly hither and thither, propping and tying, shoring up and holding on—it is going, going, going, slipping irretrievably down with them and beneath them, and great will be the fall thereof.

W. H.

A PROPHEPIC INCIDENT.

MR. DANIEL D. HOME has placed the following letters at our disposal. We leave them to tell their own story.

Boston, May 17th.

MY DEAR DANIEL,—I can most fully sympathize with you in your sorrow, having recently met with a great bereavement myself. My daughter Mary (Mrs. Higginson) was taken with bleeding from the lungs, and in eight weeks she passed from earth-life to the inner world. She died of *rapid* consumption. While John has been ill for three years, he is still with us, awaiting humbly and patiently his summons and release. He looks like an angel, and is like one for his goodness.

Mary was my youngest daughter, and she had a gentle, lovely temper and disposition, that twined her close round my heart. She was to me all that a daughter could be, and my loss is very great, but I shall not have very long to stay away from her. During your last visit to us, at one of our *séances*, you asked me for paper and pencil. I gave them to you, and you then asked for wafers to seal up your writing. The paper was sealed up very carefully, handed to me, and you told me to keep it till the spirits made it known that it was to be opened. I kept it thus seven

years or more, and then having a good opportunity, I inquired if I might open it. The answer was that I had better not, as the contents were not what I might like. After a while I asked again, and was told that if I were so desirous I might open it. I therefore broke the seals, and found the following words:—"Mary will be the *first* to leave earth. Grieve not. All will be well with her. It may be years."

You may judge of my feelings at this announcement, and when she was taken with the hemorrhage I felt that she would be the first, although for weeks we had almost been daily feeling that John would leave us. We laid her body away last Tuesday, just five days ago, and John breathes yet.

D. D. Home, Esq.

Yours, &c.,

A. S. JARVES.

Boston, July 5th.

DEAR DANIEL,—I have postponed writing you since John passed away. His spirit was released from the body on the 21st of May, just eleven days after Mary had left us. Strange to say John did not ask to see his sister as we did not tell him what a *surprise* was awaiting him there. George (his spirit brother) told us that he had impressed John not to think of Mary, and now John tells us that when he met his sister he thought it must only be a vision.

D. D. Home, Esq.

Yours, &c.

A. S. JARVES.

Notices of Books.

FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT.*

JUDGED by one of the best tests—the growth of literature devoted to the subject—Spiritualism is everywhere making rapid progress. The works of this class issued in America, constitute, in themselves, a library. In France, the spiritual journals and reviews advertise a goodly list of books of the same kind. In Germany, besides native works, the writings of American Spiritualists are being translated. Mr. Howitt's *History of the Supernatural* is being translated into Portuguese. Even in bigoted Spain, Spiritualist works are so numerous that they were recently collected by the clerical party for an *auto da fe*. Here, in England, the better sort of works on the spiritual philosophy is on the increase, and is forcing the consideration of the question more and more on the public mind, especially among the educated and

* *From Matter to Spirit; the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations. Intended as a Guide to Inquirers.* By C. D., with a Preface by A. B. London: LONGMAN & Co.

literary classes. Among those calculated in an eminent degree to help in this direction is the new work—*From Matter to Spirit*; which, as a careful statement of the results of ten years' investigation, and an exposition of the philosophy to which this investigation has led the writers, bids fair to achieve a high and permanent place. It will be seen that we speak of the authorship of this work in the plural number, the forty-five pages of preface being written by one hand, and the book itself by another. Though generally cognizant of each other's views, both had substantially finished before either set eyes on what the other had written. The circumstances which first led A. B. and C. D. to enter upon their joint investigation is thus detailed in the preface by the former:—

Ten years ago, Mrs. Hayden, the well-known American medium, came to my house *alone*. The sitting began immediately after her arrival. Eight or nine persons were present, of all ages, and of all degrees of belief and unbelief in the whole being imposture. The raps began in the usual way. They were to my ear clean, clear, faint sounds, such as would be said to *ring*, had they lasted. I likened them at the time to the noise which the ends of knitting-needles would make, if dropped from a small distance upon a marble slab, and instantly checked by a damper of some kind: and subsequent trial showed that my description was tolerably accurate. I never had the good luck to hear those exploits of Latin muscles, and small kicking done on the leg of a table by machinery, which have been proposed as the causes of these raps; but the noises I did hear were such as I feel quite unable to impute to either source, even on the supposition of imposture. Mrs. Hayden was seated at some distance from the table, and her feet were watched by their believers until faith in pedalism slowly evaporated. At a late period in the evening, after nearly three hours of experiment, Mrs. Hayden having risen, and talking at another table while taking refreshment, a child suddenly called out, "Will all the spirits who have been here this evening rap together?" The words were no sooner uttered than a hailstorm of knitting-needles was heard, crowded into certainly less than two seconds; the big needle sounds of the men, and the little ones of the women and children, being clearly distinguishable, but perfectly disorderly in their arrival.

On being asked to put the question to the first spirit, I begged that I might be allowed to put my question mentally—that is, without speaking it, or writing it, or pointing it out to myself on an alphabet,—and that Mrs. Hayden might hold both arms extended while the answer was in progress. Both demands were instantly granted by a couple of raps. I put the question, and desired the answer might be in one word, which I assigned; all mentally. I then took the printed alphabet, put a book upright before it, and, bending my eyes upon it, proceeded to point to the letters in the usual way. The word *chess* was given, by a rap at each letter. I had now a reasonable certainty of the following alternative; either some *thought-reading* of a character wholly inexplicable, or such superhuman acuteness on the part of Mrs. Hayden that she could detect the letter I wanted by my bearing, though she (seated six feet from the book which hid my alphabet) could see neither my hand nor my eye, nor at what rate I was going through the letters. I was fated to be driven out of the second alternative before the sitting was done,

At a later period of the evening, when another spirit was under examination, I asked him whether he remembered a certain review which was published soon after his death, and whether he could give me the initials of an epithet (which happened to be in five words) therein applied to himself. Consent having been given, I began my way through the alphabet, as above: the only difference of circumstances being that a bright table-lamp was now between me and the

medium. I expected to be brought up at, say the letter F; and when my pencil passed that letter without any signal, I was surprised, and by the time I came to K, or thereabouts, I paused, intending to announce a failure. But some one called out, "You have passed it; I heard a rap long ago." I began again; and distinct raps came, first at C, then at D. I was now satisfied that the spirit had failed; and I thought to myself that it was rather hard to expect him to remember a passage in a review published in 1817, or thereabouts. But stopping to consider a little more, it flashed into my mind, that C. D. were his own initials, and that he had chosen to commence the *clause which contained the epithet*. I then said nothing but "I see what you are at; pray go on," and I then got T (for *The*), then the F, I wanted—of which not one word had been said—and then the remaining four initials. I was now satisfied that the contents of my mind had been read which could not have been detected by my method of pointing to the alphabet, even supposing that could have been seen.

I gave an account of all this to a friend who was then alive, a man of *ologies* and *ometers* both, who was not at all disposed to think it anything but a clever imposture. "But," said he, "what you tell me is very singular; I shall go myself to Mrs. Hayden: I shall go alone and not give my name. I don't think I shall hear anything from anybody; but if I do I shall find out the trick—depend upon it I shall find it out." He went accordingly, and came to me to report progress. He told me that he had gone a step beyond me, for he had insisted on taking his alphabet behind a large folding screen, and asking his questions by the alphabet and a pencil, as well as receiving the answers. No persons except himself and Mrs. Hayden were in the room. The "spirit" who came to him was one whose unfortunate death was fully detailed in the usual way. My friend told me that he was "awe-struck," and had nearly forgotten all his precautions.

The things which I have narrated were the beginning of a long series of experiences, many as remarkable as what I have given; many of a minor character, separately worth little, but jointly of weight when considered in connexion with the more decisive proofs of reality; many of a confirmatory tendency as mere facts, but of a character not sustentive of the gravity and dignity of the spiritual world.

Accustomed by the bent of his genius, as well as by education and many years' familiar handling of topics which require and admit of strict demonstration, A. B. feels his way among the wondrous facts of spirit manifestation with the utmost circumspection, and his remarks exemplify that rigorous and vigorous reasoning which this eminent mathematician has accustomed us to expect in everything proceeding from his pen. Here, for instance, is "a palpable hit" at "philosophers of our own day," which exhibits both his vigorous reasoning and his cautiousness in admitting any conclusion as a final one:—

I hold those persons to be incautious who give in at once to the spirit doctrine, and never stop to imagine the possibility of unknown power other than disembodied intelligence. But I am sure that this calling in of the departed spirit, because they do not know what else to fix it upon, may be justified by those who do it, upon the example of the philosophers of our own day. Some flints are found in what they call the *drift*, curiously cut, and, for various reasons believed to owe their shape to agents different from those which give other flints their multitudinous configuration. These queer-shaped things are tolerably like the tools of savages. The geologists do not hesitate a moment; these are the *works of men*, and the whole history of the human race must shift its basis. And why are these flints the works of men? I can learn nothing but what amounts to this, that the geologist does not see *what else they can be*. He calls in *his* higher power the moment he wants to steady his mind upon an explanation; as to waiting awhile for further knowledge, that would not suit the

hunger of the theory-bag. At last, human remains are found, in positions which favour the supposition that we have got the bones of those who owned the axes, as well as the axes themselves. Does this provoke new inquiry into the epoch of these remains? With a few it may, but not with the many. The rapid arrival at conclusions is as conspicuous among the geologists as among Spiritualists. For reasons above given, both are in the right track.

So soon as any matter excites warm discussion and lively curiosity, attempts at imposition commence. Some forged flints—perhaps also bones—have certainly been put into the drift; and some forged spirits have made their communications. The philosophical world is easy of belief in fraud; they can credit any amount of skill and ingenuity, provided only that what they cannot otherwise explain, except unpalatably, may be thereby shown to be trick. If it were meted to them in their own measure it would go hard with their characters: but the outer world is not so unreasonable as they are, and of this they get the benefit. I do not wish to be understood as discouraging suspicion; my own admissions show that I ought to stand up for the keenest scrutiny. What I reprobate is, not the weariness which widens and lengthens inquiry, but the assumption which prevents or narrows it; the imposture theory, which frequently infers imposture from the assumed impossibility of the phenomena asserted, and then alleges imposture against the examination of the evidence.

The keen requirements of the author of the preface, as the great logician of the day, are well verified even as we write, by a paragraph in the papers, which states that a comparatively modern iron horse shoe has been found in the same fossil-bearing drift, which has created such a sensation amongst geologists. Whether or not such an unwelcome horse shoe may ultimately turn up in Spiritualism, we will not forejudge; but the professor's logic is sufficient to prove to sceptics that at all events their theories of imposture and delusion are utterly unfounded. The bent of this masterly essay is to shew that, under any circumstances, the theories of sceptics are good for nothing, that the true causes must be sought in some other description than theirs, and that in the meantime the Spiritual theory is the best that has been brought to view. One cannot but be struck with the vast logical power displayed in handling this subject, and what a different mind it proceeds from, than the silly flea-bites of the ordinary press writers. What a rebuke the preface contains for the Hepworth Dixons and Dickenses of the day, who would furnish hardly a mouthful for such a giant. The preface will be a standing entertainment for all such small fry, and we shall take care often to remind them of it. It is written not only with great power, but there is a quiet vein of humour pervading it, and even some broad jokes, which shew a writer who is able to play with any antagonist of the puny sort who form the sceptics of the day. He reminds us of an elephant who can either pick up a pin with his trunk, or thrust out a house side by simply leaning against it.

The *Publishers' Circular*, in its *Literary Intelligence*, remarks:

Mere *littérateurs* and writers of fiction may be pardoned for a little tendency to the visionary and unreal, but the fact that the well-known author of the standard works on Formal Logic, the Differential Calculus, and the Theory of Probabilities, should figure with his lady in the characters of believers in spirit-rapping and table-turning, will probably take most people by surprise. There is,

perhaps, no contributor to our reviews who is more at home in demolishing a fallacy, or in good-humouredly disposing of an ignorant pretender in science, than Mr. De Morgan. His clear, logical, witty, and whimsical style is readily traced by literary readers in many a striking article in our critical journals. He is probably the last man whom the sceptical in such mysteries would expect to find on the side of Mr. Home and Mrs. Newton Crosland. Yet we must record the fact that Mr. De Morgan declares himself "perfectly convinced that he has both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

To pass from the preface to the body of the work. This is an orderly and methodical exposition of Spiritualism from outermosts to innermosts; it treads with caution and yet firmness the various steps in the ascent from matter to spirit. Beginning with "Method of Experimenting," "Rapping and Table-Moving—Reality of Phenomena," it passes on to the discussion of Mesmerism, showing its affinity to Spiritualism, and illustrating by it the modes of spirit-influence and operation in producing what are known as the "manifestations"—writing, drawing, vision,* the voice, and hearing, and thence to the "Process of Death and Formation of the Spiritual Body," "The Home of the Spirit," "Correspondence and Development," "Influx and Inspiration," and "The Word of God." Those topics are all, as far as possible, illustrated, and the author's conclusions concerning them fortified, by facts within her own knowledge and experience. The work throughout, bears evidence of independent judgment and considerable scholarship, and is pervaded, especially in dealing with the higher phases of the inquiry, by a spirit of earnest reverence befitting its solemn themes. The author is very successful in drawing out the spiritual significance of some of the obscurer passages of Scripture; as well as in the illustrations of sacred symbolism, or, as it is now commonly called, spiritual correspondences.

We do not say, and are sure the author would not say, that all her conclusions are to be accepted. Many of them are confessedly put forth as suggestive and tentative only. The statement for instance (though possibly warranted so far as the author's knowledge and experience is concerned), that in *all* cases of spirit communication the *idea* only is that of the spirit, while the *language* is supplied, though unconsciously, from the mind of the medium; is, though generally true, put forward we think, too absolutely, and needs considerable qualification. But, however

* We cite the following explanation of the way in which spirits operate in exciting and directing the faculty of vision for the benefit of those who are troubled with the "ghost costume" difficulty. It is related as given by a spirit in answer to an inquiry on the subject. Our readers will see the wide extent of its application.

"The spirit mesmerises the eye, then whatever image is in the mind of the spirit is seen by the medium."

much or little the reader may differ from the author in any particular conclusion, he must be dull indeed who can rise from the perusal of the work without feeling his highest thought stimulated and his best affections strengthened.

In her investigations, the author seems to have been happily circumstanced, as for the most part they appear to have been conducted in her own house, the persons having the medium power being resident with the family, in some cases the author herself being the medium. Concerning one of these, through whose mediumship many striking facts had been witnessed, the author relates that: "A few days before her death, she gave me a solemn assurance that she had never deceived me in the slightest degree, in any particular connected with spiritual manifestations; 'But,' she said, 'I have, from my infancy, seen and heard far more curious things than I ever talked of to any one.'"

Here is an interesting incident:—

The name of a great poet was once given to me by the hand of a very young medium, and I, who was then inexperienced in the whole proceeding, asked for a *complete* little poem in three verses for a friend. The child, of course, could have no idea of what was coming, as my request was a sudden thought, but in about five minutes three verses were written with very great rapidity, describing the approach of an army, a battle on the bank of a river, which ran red with the blood of the combatants, another battle on hills whose *greenness* was especially noticed, and a third when the flowers were in bloom, and when the chief was dead. The metre was uncommon, and though the lines were grotesque, they were not inharmonious. One of our greatest living authors, himself a fine poet, pronounced these three stanzas to contain a poetical element which *could* not have proceeded from the mind of a young child. In the following spring, several months after the writing, the applicability of this rythmical production to the three battles of Alina, Inkermann and Balaclava was apparent. But they were written long before the Crimean War broke out.

An interesting instance is given "of the writing of one medium, the vision of another, and the hearing of a third, all independent of each other, agreeing in the same statement."

From the chapter on "Appearances after Death," we take the following narrative with the author's comments:—

Some few years ago I was in frequent communication with a friend, a clergyman, who was much interested in geology, and who had some original views connected with the causes of the various changes discovered in the earth's surface. After a month had elapsed, during which no letter reached me from him, I received an intimation from his family of his sudden death. On the evening of the day on which this intimation reached me I was engaged to meet a friend at the house of a lady who had given some very convincing proofs of her power to communicate with those mysterious beings, or powers, commonly known as "spirits." I was desirous of testing whether a spirit lately entered upon the spirit-world could or would immediately communicate with a friend on earth. I therefore adopted the following course. Having conversed for about an hour upon indifferent subjects, I at length asked the lady if she saw near me any spirits whom she had never seen before? After waiting a few seconds she replied that she did see two or three, all of whom had only lately entered the next world. She then described the appearance of one, whom she said called himself B—, and who intimated that he had died a violent death. That this person was then dead I was not aware, but some weeks afterwards I discovered that

this statement was true, he being supposed, at the time of his appearance, to be a prisoner in the East.

The second spirit the same lady described as looking older, rather tall, and with a clerical appearance about him. But she remarked *that he did not know how to communicate with her*, as he was evidently ignorant of the very elements of the laws by which spirits in and out of the body can exchange ideas and thought. After a few minutes' disappearance the same spirit reappeared, and with him the spirits of two eminent *geologists*, both of whom had before communicated with the lady whose powers were being thus tested. By their evident direction (according to the lady's description), my friend then wrote letters and words, which were described as light, brilliant words, and said, "When on earth I was known as the Rev. ———, of ———," and then he added that he had much now to tell in connection with a scientific problem (in which we had been much and mutually interested), and which problem his change of state had enabled him, in a great measure to solve.

The principal points of interest in this investigation appeared to me to be: first, that the young lady did not personally know the clergyman in question, nor did she know of his death; secondly, the Christian name, surname, place of residence, personal appearance, and profession of the person, were correctly given; thirdly, the immediate reference to a scientific investigation which we had ceased to write about only when he died; fourthly, the fact of his finding a difficulty in making his thoughts palpable to the lady, or, in other words, in communicating with her, until he was taught how to do so by those more experienced than himself. Thus appearing to indicate that there is a law in these matters and conditions which must be fulfilled, just as certain laws must be obeyed in all sciences, in order to obtain constant results.

There are many more passages we should like to quote, and which our readers we are sure would like to read, and which we hope they will read in the book itself; but we must end our extracts, assuring our readers (to adapt and adopt a well-used formula) that this is one of those works that no Spiritualist's library can be considered complete without. When they have carefully read it through we are sure they will feel grateful to Mrs. and Professor De Morgan for this their valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism.

PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM.*

THIS long title-page sets forth pretty fully the design of the volume, which is still further indicated in the author's preface, in which he tells us — "It embodies the labours, studies, observations and itinerant experiences of years. . . . I make an honest effort to sum up evidences and opinions, and leave individuals and the public to judge. I have endeavoured to guard all my positions, compilations, and statements with the utmost care and consideration." Any book of which the author can honestly say this must

* *A Hand-Book for Sceptics, Believers, Lecturers, Mediums, Editors, and all who need a thorough Guide to the Phenomena, Science, Philosophy, Religion, and Reforms of Modern Spiritualism*; by URIAH CLARK. Boston, Mass. (U.S.A.), WHITE & Co.; London: BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

be of considerable value, even though, as in the above sentences, the writer sometimes confuses his tenses, and gives other evidence that in preparing it he has not paid "the utmost care and consideration" to the laws of prosody. The author is well known to American Spiritualists as editor and lecturer; and, as may be expected, many of the topics discussed, as well as the general presentation of the subject, is from the American standpoint. But, though it has what may be called a local *flavour*, the fruit is sound and wholesome, and we doubt not, to many, pleasant withal to the palate. The author is earnest, without dogmatism; religious, without being sectarian; and practical, without the narrowness which is so often painfully conspicuous in those who claim to be pre-eminently "practical;" as witness his exposition of "Practical Spiritualism."

Practical Spiritualism is summed up in one word,—love; love to God, manifest in love to humanity. While Spiritualists seek no central creed,—no fixed platform of intellectual opinion,—no rigid system of theology, binding the conscience and trammelling freedom, they are united in the one grand central element of fraternal love encircling the family of earth and heaven. We can all agree, without controversy, in regard to this central principle; for there is one common chord of benevolence running through the great heart of humanity, which needs only to be touched aright to vibrate in harmony with the eternal world. . . . Dear departed ones from the spirit-land bend over humanity with messages of love to souls long waiting for some influences to touch them, and call forth angel responses. Nothing is so mighty and magical in the human heart as the consciousness of spiritual intercourse, the great fact that heaven is open, its guardianship constant, and its inspiration direct. Spiritualism has already redeemed thousands once darkened, buried in materialism, and hardened in heart, but now lifting songs heavenward.

In a little more than twenty pages the author has condensed "a multitude of pointed facts" in evidence of the reality of spiritual manifestations. Hints are given in the volume on such topics, as:—"How to Investigate."—Bible Evidences.—"How to conduct Circles."—"The Popular Objections and Theories Answered."

Die Mystischen Erscheinungen der Menschlichen Natur. Dargestellt und gedeutet von Maximilian Perty, Doktor der Philosophie und Medizin, Professor an der Universität Zu Bern, &c. Leipzig und Heidelberg, 1861.

THIS is a thick 8vo. volume of nearly 800 pages, to which a Supplement of 83 pages was published in 1863 under the following title: *Die Realität magischer kräfte und Wirkungen des Menschen gegen die Widersacher Vertheidigt, von Maximilian Perty.* The work is the most complete and elaborate account of the mysterious phenomena of human nature which has yet been published, and is characterized by the well-known German accu-

racy* and extent of research. It contains *thousands* of narrative cases (very brief, of course), with the name of the author and book from which each is taken, most carefully given, extending from the most ancient to the most recent times. In this respect the work is of the highest value and interest to every student of these phenomena, forming in fact quite an Encyclopædia of information on everything relating to Animal Magnetism, Witchcraft, Dreams and Visions, Ghosts and Haunted Houses, "Spirit Rapping and Table Turning," and whatever else can be comprised under the name of "Mystischen Erscheinungen der Menschlichen Natur." But when we come to the author's *theories*, we find more than the usual amount of German strangeness and obscurity. Some of his leading notions are such as we could not have expected in any sane man. The earth, according to him, is actually a living *conscious* animal, its soul or spiritual part being called by him "Geodæmon." The sun and the planets has each its own "Dæmon;" the sun's "Dæmon" he calls "Heliodæmon," that of Mercury "Hermodæmon," &c.

The "Geodæmon" is a spiritual being of higher order than the human soul, and is conscious of everything and every event which occurs on the earth. Hence he *explains (!)* the marvellous knowledge of distant places and future events, &c., displayed by clairvoyants and spirit-mediums, *viz.*, by their becoming (in some mysterious way which he does *not explain*) partakers in this higher consciousness of the Geodæmon. Without expressly denying the possibility of communication with departed spirits he denies the reality of such communication in almost every one of the thousands of cases which he has collected, and attempts to account for the facts by such wild and absurd hypotheses as the above. He rivals and even surpasses the American authors Richmond, Rogers, Mahan, &c., in the powers which he ascribes to "*unconscious*" mental action. A medium can throw furniture about the room, without having the slightest consciousness of what he is doing!!! He may produce writing on a piece of paper locked up in a box out of his reach, and even sight, without being conscious of having anything to do with it!!! (see pages 397, 411, 412, &c.) Even the "spirit-photographs" are produced by the unconscious magic power of the individual. We will quote his own words (pages 50-1 of the supplement):—"Der sehr bekannte photograph Richardson in New York, wollte eine junge person photographiren, die etwas medium war. Als die

* *German Accuracy*—"The exception proves the rule." One exception is to be found at page 393, where the author says:—"Spiritualism in its coarsest forms of table-moving and spirit-rapping has in England three established journals. The *Spiritual Magazine* alone has a weekly sale of about 15,000 copies." We wish that the last part of this statement at any rate was correct.

probe gemacht wurde, schien das bild verdorben, aber quer über dasselbe zeigte sich ganz leicht das portrat einer alten frau in ganz anderer kleidung, in welcher die junge person das bild einer verstorbenen Tante erkannte und welches R. mehreren bekannten zeigte. Das bild, ist nach meiner ansicht in diesem falle durch die junge person—nicht durch den geist der Tante—auf die gleiche weise wie die geisterschriften zu stande gekommen; die junge person war ihr selbst unbewusst im magischen theil ihres wesens mit jeuer Tante beschäftigt, imaginirte deren bild, und stellte es durch einwirkung auf das gegebene material dar, verdarb aber damit ihr eigenes." A man who can believe that a person sitting for her portrait, can, by *imagining* a deceased aunt, produce a photographic picture of this aunt—and without the slightest consciousness of having been thinking of this deceased aunt—must be himself one of the most "mysterious phenomena of human nature." Verily, the credulity of incredulity is incredible! But even he makes one admission which totally upsets all his own extraordinary attempts at "explanation." He expressly lays it down that all these wonderful effects of an *unconsciously-acting* magic power in the medium can only occur when the medium is "in a peculiar dream-waking condition," and are impossible when the medium is in her ordinary state of everyday life. "Jedes magische wirken ist bei dem gewöhnlichen Tagleben unmöglich." (page 395.) Again, in his Supplement (page 39):—"Beim geisterschreiben und der spukwirkung verhält sich der mensch als Doppelgänger; sein magisches Ich erscheint und handelt anderwärts, während der Tagmensch immer nur da thätig ist, wo sein körper weilt." That is, "In spirit-writing and disturbance (of physical objects, &c.) the individual behaves as a double-goer; his magic *I* appears and acts at a distance whilst the Day-man is only active there where his body is." We leave our readers to test this theory by the *facts* known to themselves.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—With your permission, I will give your readers an account of the little experience I have had in Spiritualism. The subject had engaged my attention from time to time, but I, like most persons are apt to do, regarded the whole thing as a myth. I had occasionally seen accounts of wondrous doings in the newspapers; these I looked upon as so much food provided for the lovers of the marvellous. I read the article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and for the first time heard of a "floating medium." This affair, though perplexing to the mind, was disposed of by supposing that the persons present were deceived by the events taking place in the dark. I next had the direct testimony of a friend, in whom I could place implicit confidence, that he himself had seen some wondrous things, one of which was a table standing in mid-air, untouched by any one present. Inexplicable as all this appeared to me, I was, nevertheless, reluctant to give in

my adhesion to statements so contrary to general experience, and for the accomplishment of which the established laws of nature must be set aside, or new, or unknown ones brought into operation. The subject was, however, soon after brought more practically under my notice. About three months ago a young gentleman was staying in this town, and Spiritualism was incidentally mentioned to him; he said that some years ago, when table-turning was in fashion, he had sat at a table and seen it move. He was asked to try again. He did so, and a very decided movements soon took place, but nothing more was done on this occasion. The next night I was invited to attend, and after being seated about ten minutes, the table seemed as if endowed with life and intelligence. It responded to questions by giving the usual affirmative or negative raps with the leg. An alphabet was extemporised, and immediately a remarkable and *apropos* sentence was spelt out, purporting to come from an old clergyman who had died a few weeks before. It will be well to mention that this gentleman held the idea, so prevalent among the clergy, that if there is anything in Spiritualism at all, it is Satanic, and that it should on no account be practised. He had given me a pamphlet to read, written by an Irish clergyman of the name of Nangle, plausibly setting forth that Spiritualism was of the devil. "There," said he, very assuredly, "that will show you where it comes from." Well, this old clergyman having announced himself, was asked if he had anything to communicate, and without hesitation was spelt out, "When I was alive I did not believe in Spiritualism." "Is it Satanic?" "No." "Then good spirits as well as evil spirits are engaged in these manifestations?" "Yes." The names of deceased friends were spelt out on this occasion, but no further communication was made, the chief interest centreing in the movements of the table, which were remarkable to us on account of their novelty, we never having seen anything of the kind before. The next evening the same description of manifestations took place; some questions of a theological character were answered, and the movements of the table exhibited greater power. An interesting circumstance occurred which is worth recording. A child was taken from a cradle and placed on the table, which at once proceeded to rock with a cradle-like motion. We were expecting the table to go along the ground, as we had seen it on the previous evening, when a person mounted it. On retiring to rest our medium was greatly disturbed by rappings, which continued the greater part of the night, and he could not be induced to attend a *séance* again. Not liking to abandon our experiments at so early a stage, we tried among ourselves, and had the satisfaction to find that two of our party were mediums, though not very powerful ones. The movements of the table, however, increased in power on repetition, and were produced more readily. I have frequently seen, at my own house, a heavy man raised on the table, the only contact with it being our finger-ends lightly resting on it. We get questions promptly answered, affirmatively or negatively, but an appeal to the alphabet is seldom successful. The name of a lady has been rapped out as a medium, but as she cannot be persuaded to join in our experiments, we have not been able to test her mediumship. "Here are fair spirits," was on one occasion spelt out; this, on enquiry, we found to mean, that the spirits present were *good* spirits.

At this stage of our proceedings, a gentleman (a civil engineer) requested permission to see our experiments. He witnessed them, and was much struck with what he saw, and became so much interested in the matter, that what we could shew him was not enough; to use his own words, he wanted to "see the hands." I recommended him to visit Mrs. Marshall in London, of whom I had heard. He went, and sent me the following report:—"Knockings and scratchings were heard about the room, and on the table. Questions were promptly answered by loud raps on the table. The name of my sister was correctly spelt out; and the place where her remains are buried, and several questions were correctly answered. After this, the table rose about three feet in the air, and remained so for several seconds, in defiance of the laws of gravitation. I watched the movements with great earnestness and care, and could discover no appearance of fraud."

On receiving this account, I made a journey to London, to see and judge for myself. On arriving at Mrs. M.'s, I found a party of about six, among whom was a lady receiving a long communication from her father; a page or two of

which she read for our edification. On putting the usual question, whether there was any spirit present who knew me, the name of "Mary Cooper" was rapped out, the alphabet being pointed to by an American gentleman, who happened to be present. Not recollecting any one of that name, I enquired who it was, and was answered, "Grandmother." She stated she died about thirty years ago, and was my guardian spirit. I have since ascertained the year of her death to be 1833. She died when I was very young, and my parents having died previously, the responsibility of my care devolved upon the old lady, who always manifested great interest in my welfare. How wonderful that she should thus spring forth to light again, at a time when I had all but forgotten that such a person had ever lived! At this stage of the proceedings, a friend, who accompanied me, inquired if any manifestation of a different kind to those we had yet seen could be produced? "Yes." "Can any spirit present give us direct writing?" "Yes." Hereupon I placed on the floor some note paper and a pencil, and on taking it up, about two minutes after, the name "Mary Cooper," was legibly written in a bold free hand. I marked the paper previous to putting it down. I afterwards placed on the table a photograph, enclosed in an envelope, of a dear deceased relative; her name was instantly spelt out, accompanied by the benedictory words, "Joy be with you." The American gentleman, before alluded to, now began singing, which seemed to increase the movements of the table (a 4-foot loo), and it rose fairly from the floor to the height of about a foot. The rappings now were not confined to the table, but were all about the floor, which shook with a tremulous motion, resembling, as one present observed, an earthquake.

I attended again a short time afterwards, when the same description of phenomena occurred. Singing was again introduced, and on this occasion, the table, a smaller one than that before used, rose in the air, and remained there with a vibratory motion till the close of each verse, when it descended, and rose again at the commencement of the next. The spirit of Dr. Esdaile was invoked, and on being told that he was present, the gentleman requested that he would, if possible, mesmerise him. The table hereupon rose from the ground, and assumed the actions of a mesmerist in making the usual mesmeric passes; the imitation was perfect. Dr. Esdaile, the celebrated mesmerist in India, was well known to the gentleman who had made the request. On another occasion, a military gentleman threw a handkerchief on the floor; the alphabet was called for, and the words, "We have made you a pretty present," were rapped out. On taking up the handkerchief it was found to be tied in knots.

Such are some of the striking incidents I saw at Mrs. M.'s; and coupled with what I have witnessed in my own house, where anything like deception or imposition is out of the question, they appear to me so conclusive, of the truth of the spiritual theory, and, indeed, so impossible on any other theory than that of spiritual agency, that I unhesitatingly give my testimony to its truth, and I believe it destined, under Providence, as the great antidote to materialism, to work marvellous results in the future of humanity. After what I have seen, I can no more doubt the existence of spirits and of these spiritual phenomena, than I can the sunshine that warms and irradiates the earth; and I feel assured that all who will take the trouble to investigate the matter properly, will very soon be of the same conviction.

2, Terrace, Eastbourne, Nov. 9, 1863.

I remain, &c.,
ROBERT COOPER.

Count Koucheleff Besborodko, the brother-in-law of Mr. D. D. Home, has made by will a handsome present to the Petersburg Academy of Arts, *viz.*, his whole picture gallery—one of the richest in the whole Russian empire—with the condition that it shall be open daily and gratuitously to everybody, without distinction of rank or dress. This means that it shall not be closed against the poor populace who still wear the Russian national costume, and have not adopted the French habiliments of the higher classes of Russia. The gallery itself consists, besides twelve sculptures—partly antiquities, partly by the hands of Canova, Livi, Dupré, &c.,—of about 500 pictures of old and recent date.—*Court Journal.*