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“THE LATEST EXPERIENCES OF SPIRIT-LIFE.”

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A NEW ZEALANDER'S DESCRIPTION OF A PHARISEE.—Mr. Hone Hake, a native teacher, in a sermon preached before Lieutenant-Governor Wynyard, on the Waikato River, in February, 1855, said, “A Pharisee is like a bag tied half way down. The bag is open at the top, but anything put into it would not reach the bottom. So it is with the Pharisee. When he prays, he opens wide his mouth, but keeps his heart close shut; he asks with his lips for things which his heart cares not for. Besides, he always talks for effect; for even if God were to grant him the things he asks for, it would be only a waste of good gifts, for they could not reach the bottom. His pride, like the string that is tied round the bag, preventing them; they would, therefore, do him no good, as they would reach no farther than his throat.”—*Maori Messenger*, 1855.

THE Pharisee, whether religious or philosophic, is the same all the world over. The simplest savage sees him through and through, and that his pride, tying him up half way down, makes it impossible for him really to digest any new truth. Hornung found the Pharisees of science in abundance in Germany, and whilst they treated him with a coldness which ill concealed their uneasiness at the mass of facts which he was accumulating, he calmly reminded them of their apostacy from their own principles of investigation, and went steadily on his way. Dr Schindler, in his *Magical Spirit-Life*, observed, in reference to the conduct of the scientific world:—“A party in these days flings away, in the dark envelopes of their learnedness, every fact which does not accommodate itself to the explanations of their theories. Whilst, according to their canons, in any track of inquiry, we can only advance from facts, rejecting the merely ideal products of thought, and submitting ourselves rigorously to the force of experiment; they have the face, with most outrageous inconsistency, to brand all facts as lies and deceit which do not conform to laws hitherto ascertained: this is, certainly, a very

convenient mode of proceeding; but who may set bounds to infinite nature? Who shall assert that nature possesses no greater field of possibility than the understanding of an individual? Who imagine that with a certain sum of knowledge the field of science shall be closed? Who shall concede to any man or men the right to mete out the measure of faith, or the privilege of setting bounds to our knowledge? I can as little agree with him who treats the thousand and ten thousand-fold evidences of all past times and peoples as lies, as with him who explains everything by spirit-power and spirit-presence, and would subject man and nature to demoniac dominion."

Pursuing this liberal and impartial course, Hornung went on to the end of his life ascertaining and recording facts, and preferring to leave the consideration and adjudication of their real nature an open question, than to fall into the Pharisaic error of dogmatizing upon them. He was satisfied that they had convinced him, and he left them to convince others as their minds became open to conviction. In 1858 he published his second volume, *The Latest Experiences of Spirit-Life*.

In this volume but a small portion is devoted to his own experiments; his friends in various places supplied him by their correspondence with a rich amount of facts drawn from their daily observations. The Ritter H. S., of Sesana, near Trieste; Günter, the celebrated odist, or magnetizer, in Mayence; Franz Ammann, in Zürich; Dr. Kasperowsky, in Geneva; Madame Henrietta H. . . . r, of Dresden, the distinguished founder of the "Counsel and Help Union" for the benefit of the poor; Friedrich Sturm, of Suhl, the great manufacturer and inventor of machinery; the widow of the Chief Forester M., of Frankfort; distinguished circles in Stuttgart, in Stallupönen, and Joseph Henry Stratil, of Vienna, a gentleman of high official position, furnish the bulk of the contents of this volume. The communications of any one of these correspondents would require a long article to do justice to the wealth of spiritual manifestations witnessed and related by them, and which present new traits of spiritual life, or confirm the truths already made known through others. To these Mr. Hornung has added a copious account of Spiritualism in America furnished by a countryman, Otto Kunz, the chemist of Pittsburg. The details conveyed to Hornung by this correspondent of the marvels taking place in the United States in 1857, must have been very cheering to him, as shewing amid the indifference or hostility of the learned of his own country, what a mighty inundation of the spirit was overflowing that great continent. Amongst the most remarkable articles translated by Otto Kunz is one purporting to be the confession of Voltaire to a Mrs. Sweet, a medium, penned down from her dictation by her husband. It

is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary expositions of character ever made, and had Mrs. Sweet been capable of herself of writing in this eloquent and philosophical manner, she would be one of the most famous writers of the age. When Voltaire announced himself to her, and stated that he wished to convey to the world his experience in the other life, as a small compensation for the mischief he had done in this, she was greatly alarmed, having never read anything of his, but having always heard him represented as a person to be regarded with horror. When at length, however, she consented to communicate his inspirations, she described his influence upon her as very powerful, his aims as high and noble, his thoughts as far-reaching, great and exalted. Whilst he spoke through her, she imagined that she travelled with him and saw the things that he spoke of. Sometimes she seemed to float aloft, where the splendour and magnificence of countless glowing worlds were so extreme that she shuddered, and endeavoured to return, fearing that the effulgence of the light and glory forced upon her might destroy her reason. The account was first published in the American journal, *The Sacred Circle*. In this most eloquent paper, Voltaire depicts the darkness and silence in which he found himself on awaking in the spiritual world; a darkness more than Egyptian; a silence unbroken by the presence of a single living soul. Here he remained till he was completely emptied of himself, and inspired with a most vehement desire for human sympathy. This desire grew to a frenzy that in the earthly condition must have become madness, and he found himself calling humbly and impetuously on God to give him light and the inexpressible solace of the communion of other souls. The whole description of the course of discipline is most masterly, and is so accordant with the character and the moral reformation of a daring and dominating nature like that of Voltaire, that it would be impossible for it to be conveyed to a mind totally unacquainted with his writings except by himself. The manner in which he, who had made himself the despot of opinion, trampling on all the rights of the human mind to its own free exercise, and reigning by his wit, his sarcasm, his audacity and blasphemies, the spiritual autocrat of his age, was taught the great lesson that God had conferred on every rational soul its own inviolable liberty of belief, and in which his unconquerable aspirations were thrown into a new and nobler track, is the work of a genius not less vivid and trenchant than that of Voltaire himself, and Voltaire morally purged and renovated in the school of divinest discipline.

In his correspondence with Geneva, and also in a visit there in 1857, Hornung found that there were four schools or sections of Spiritualists there, each having some peculiar theories regarding

spiritual agency, or its uses. Dr. Rössinger, the editor of the *Journal de l'Ame*, and of several works on medical and electrical subjects, as *Fragment sur l'Electricité, ou Attraction Mutuelle*; *Manuel théorique et pratique du Rhumatisme et de Maladies Nerveuses*; as well as *La Science se rallie à la foi*; was of opinion that the enquiries of Spiritualism should be chiefly directed towards the attainment of medical and scientific knowledge, and for this purpose he employed a clairvoyant. M. Mestral, on the other hand, held that religious and moral progress should be the object of spiritual enquiries, and that scientific research and experiments should be kept apart from it; yet, remarkable enough, he had a little screw steamer, lying off his beautiful residence on the Lake of Geneva, which was projected and designed, all its dimensions and fittings, and even its captain and crew prescribed and appointed by spiritual intelligence. The object of this steamer was to visit the different places on the Savoy shore of the lake, to introduce the new teachings to the inhabitants. M. Mestral had, moreover, a medium residing with him, named Emil Bret, who, totally ignorant of the painter's art, yet in visions was shewn pictures on sacred subjects of a most splendid kind, which, when awake, he painted. These, Franz Ammann, who was the guest of Mestral when Hornung was there, describes as of a most superb and surprising beauty. One of these, the Crucifixion, hung in the hall of M. Mestral, and is described as most wonderful, from the light proceeding from the body of the Saviour and streaming into the gloom at the hour of the deepest darkness. Still further, in M. Mestral's hall also stood an organ, the plan of which was dictated by spirits, and through Emil Bret had been given musical pieces of eminent merit, especially a very original *Te Deum*. Mestral was author of several works of a spiritual character:—*Du Repentir envers Dieu*; *Revelations Divines et Mystérieuses, ou Communications entre les Ciel et la Terre*; *Rome, Geneve et l'Eglise de Christ*. Besides the circles of Mestral and Rössinger, there were those of Melan and Kasperowsky. In many of these new writing mediums; but Mestral would not admit of writing mediumship, holding dictation through the alphabet to be much more reliable. The best of Mestral's writings have been translated into German by Franz Ammann, himself an eloquent writer on Spiritualism.

From Dresden Hornung gives a very interesting account of Madame Henrietta H r. This lady, when there was much talk of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, resolved to apply the Fraternity on a Christian basis. She, therefore, established "The Counsel and Help Union," and the "Labour-promoting Institution." A woman of education and much experience of life,

she went amongst the poor, and stimulated the priests to do the same; to ascertain their real wants, and to seek to supply them by introducing them to employment; to endeavour to introduce habits of cleanliness, industry, and moral improvement amongst them. She bought raw material, and gave it out to be wrought up, in many cases taking the goods, and disposing of them. When she heard of table-turning in 1852, she made a personal examination of it, and went on from that to receiving communications through the alphabet. From this, however, she soon advanced into a higher condition—that, in fact, of Swedenborg, in which, even when conversing in company, she would pass into the spiritual sphere, and converse with various spirits. In this state, without going into any condition of somnambulism, she would assume the manner, voice and character of very different persons; being impressed or, as it were, possessed by them, and through her these spirits thus conversed with the persons about her, answering their questions on subjects out of the usual track of Madame H . . . 's knowledge. Suddenly, and by an almost unperceived change, she would revert to her own normal condition, and go on conversing in her usually sensible manner. In all conditions of life, as wife, as mother, as a member of society, she is represented as of an active, wise and superior mind and habit. Till she was sixty she had never written or attempted to write a line of verse, yet, since her spiritual experiences, writing, both in prose and poetry, have been given of a religious and beautiful quality, with various specimens of which Hornung has presented us.

The letters of Herr Sturm, of Suhl, abound with deeply interesting matters, especially the experiences of a gentleman who was killed by falling into a mine; and another who had been buried alive by the haste of a brother-in-law who was anxious to be in possession of his property, and in opposition to the endeavours of his mother, who doubted his being dead. The spirit of the unfortunate man on entering the invisible world immediately meets with the spirit of his father, who tells him he knows all that has happened, and says they will go together to see what the brother-in-law, a tricky lawyer, is doing with the property, and the eighty-year old mother. What they see, so excites them, that they commence a noise and a haunting, to the great terror of the criminal.

The communications at Stallupönen are still more curious, but I pass on through an ocean of tempting details to say a few words on the communications made to Herr Stratil, of Vienna. One of the many surprising features of all these communications is their copiousness. Unlike the stinted dribblets of many communications in this country, these seem to have flowed forth like

so many brooks ; the most ample conversations take place, and poems of a remarkable excellence are given in abundance. The communications made to Stratil amount of themselves to one hundred and two large and closely printed pages. They are nearly all from persons who had been well known to him, and abound in statements and revelations that throw a flood of light on the nature of the spiritual world. There are things in these papers that ought, by all means, to be translated and made common property amongst us. The communications of Stratil's grandfather are of a very able and, in some respects, very surprising character. Stratil asks him how it is that spirits have let so many ages pass over without writing to us as they now do? Franz B——, the spirit-grandfather, asks in reply how long it is since men in general wrote to one another? and whether the present pretenders to universal knowledge know all that has passed in the cells of monasteries ; in the studies of adepts ; in the laboratories of the gold makers? He himself on earth knew nothing of all this, but now he has learned that the manifestations of the spirit-world are not confined to the pen, the pencil, the chisel, the table, but that all that we have received from the science of the ancients, point to this source, and that the prophets of the Jews, the Pythia of the Greeks, chiromancy, and many other forms, all drew from the great wisdom fountains of the spirit-world.

There is the spirit of an old lady of upwards of seventy years of age, well known in Vienna as a very clever but wicked woman, whom we may call Josepha Wensbach, which comes forward, and talks like an archbishop or rather like an apostle. Any preacher who could command the same form of nervous eloquence, pregnant with the same masculine sense, in London would have all the world running after him, and might build a chapel as big as Spurgeon's. She is asked if the spirits interest themselves in our fortunes, and think of us when we no longer think of them, or trouble ourselves about them. She replies :—
“ Away with all doubt about our being or our human sympathies ! You do not know the interest we take in you. How great is the discovery, through the goodness of God, that you have made in Psychography ! Now we can express our interest in you ! O ! how inconceivable it is, that there are people who do not see the value of this gift to men ! How much do those lose who doubt or reject this noble present. Is it not the highest enjoyment to become satisfied of the future ? To be assured that there is another and a spiritual world where there is recompence ? Can there be any path which can better conduct men to true knowledge than this ? Punishment and forgiveness, despair and felicity, eternal joy and terrible torment,—who shall now doubt of these

things, when the dead themselves come back and proclaim them? Comfort inexpressible; balsamic assuagement of your anguish, joyous hope springing up in the depth of your misfortunes. These are the rewards of the faithful and the good, and yet you do not believe." The reader will naturally suppose that the spirit of Josepha Wensbach has purged itself of its earthy stains, and now inhabits some luminous sphere; how great then must be his astonishment to find that, on the contrary, she is still dwelling in darkness; and sees no light, and that it is only when she is permitted to raise herself and to visit the surface of the earth that she catches glimpses of the more favoured regions, and of those whom she knows there. But she adds, when the sinner awakes to the other world, he first sees the greatness of his sins; then his punishment, and high above him his pardon, which, after long years and wrestlings, he may attain. That is the only comfort, the only refreshment that trickles into their existence. That is her life, her hope, her inspiration. Aloft she sees perpetually the sign of her forgiveness and restoration, and she works courageously towards it, and calls on those yet on earth to take that upward path with her in the language of one inspired. Death, she says, only shews us the real nature of things; and opens before us the true pathway to perfection. Yet, in coming to earth she says it is not merely to communicate, but to receive. She is benefitted as much as she benefits:—"My medium is my teacher; his mind is my library, his heart is my church. In his knowledge, in his piety, I augment my own;" and, as if reflecting on the progress she is thus making, she burst out: "God! how happy I am!" Similar sentiments on this curious point are uttered by other spirits in these communications. But we must now come back to Hornung's own experiences.

In his enquiries he is indefatigable in endeavouring to ascertain how far in these operations extends the influence of mere magnetism; what is the result of mere thought-reading, and what of purely spiritual action. The gentlemen who are most assiduous and persevering in joining him in these *séances*, are the Barons von Forstner and von Zedlitz, a General A. D., Colonel von Bock, Drs. Diesterweg, Steinbeck, Wolf, Fisher, and Hermann, the Castellan Riess, Achilles, the architect, the chemist Stöcklein, Professor Hasert and War-minister von Pfuel, the magnetizer Gehrig, and merchants Wurmman, Neubart, Wittels-höfer, the manufacturer Frick, &c. These gentlemen meet, at intervals of from a week to a fortnight, and they have at different times as mediums a young man who is only denoted by the letter X, a Mathilde, and a Caroline. In order to prevent any possibility of the mediums influencing the communications, the letters of the alphabet attached to the emanulector, were

continually changed. Sometimes they were reversed, sometimes placed hap-hazard, and on a third occasion thrown into another order; always, moreover, being turned from the medium, and the medium's eyes being carefully bound. Under these circumstances they received some very extraordinary relations from their invisible visitants. Amongst the more strange was the long story told by a spirit calling himself the Ritter Epplein, who came first in a house which he had long haunted at Regensburg, with all sorts of fun and random rhymes, but finished by relating a long biography of himself, asserting that his real name was Louis de Vernon, his father a French nobleman, his mother a German lady. During the French revolution, he asserted that he brought his father, elder brother, and sisters to the guillotine, in order to enjoy all the family estates, and then became possessed by the furies of remorse, spent the whole property in dissipation, and died pursued by the fiends; hence his haunting of the earth. Finally, he calls on the members of the *séance* to hear his confession, and his agonized prayer for forgiveness. An account of a less romantic kind is that of Phillipine Senger, the magnetic girl of Bergzabern, in the Pfalz, whom Hornung visited in the hospital at Frankenthal. Her story was published by Baron Du Potet in the *Journal of Magnetism*, and shews her to have been exactly of the class of Angelique Cottin, Elizabeth Squirrel, and the magnetic girl, now Mrs. Fawcett. She was the child of poor parents, and just as great a stumbling-block to the doctors as these other mediums. Knockings first began in her parents' house every evening immediately after she fell asleep. Then there came scrapings, rumblings, drumming of marches. The parents, alarmed, pulled up floors, and broke into the walls to find out the cause of the noises. Now the child began to talk in her sleep to somebody, and ordered him to knock and drum in different ways, which was always done exactly. The thing took wind, by the father fetching the police, and numbers crowded to the house. It was soon found that whatever was put into her hand, hung to it, and only with difficulty could be forced away. Cigar cases, keys, pieces of gold, iron or other things, touching her hands, hung by her finger-ends firmly. By rubbing her hands on those of others she could impart for a time the same property. In one instance, a compass being placed near her, the needle was deflected fifteen degrees; but this did not occur again. Everything proved a magnetism in her, but not the ordinary magnetism. Then things began to fly forcibly about the house; pieces of wood, cushions, rulers, a tailor's sleeve-board, a smoothing-iron of six pounds weight, were forcibly flung from one place to another. It was found that the bed on which she lay would, when ordered by visitors, move across the floor, and four men

sitting on it could not stop it, but when ordered to stop it stopped instantly. A harmonica laid on a chair in the room played of itself. The doctors took up the case and watched it, and came to the sage conclusion that the noises were made by some disease in the girl's muscles; but the disease in the articles that were flying about the house was beyond their science; so she was sent to a sort of Government pauper school, where Hornung saw her, and where she was threatened with severe whipping if she ever said a word of what had occurred to those then about her. Here the spirits seem to have spared her the magisterial floggings by letting her alone, for there all was quiet. That the phenomena, however, were real, Du Potet himself, as well as hundreds of others, had witnessed.

The most remarkable of all Hornung's experiences yet remains to be told, and to this I must now confine myself. As one of the most extraordinary that has yet taken place in the history of Spiritualism, it will require some breadth of detail.

On the 1st of November, 1856, during one of the *séances* of Hornung and his friends at Berlin, X—— being the medium, a spirit startled him by the smartness and insolent tone of his replies. To the question from Dr. Diesterweg:—"How many grandchildren have I?" came, "Have you forgotten, that you ask *me*?" To the next, whether he could tell what had happened to the querist in Upper Bavaria that year? came, "Your question is just as ridiculous as your faith. I shall answer no question while you are but hovering on the confines of reason." Being now regularly mystified, they asked whether he could give them off-hand a poem, and with a rapidity that equally astonished them was spelt out the following:—

THE VALUE OF A TEAR.

Still! be still! for long nor weakly
Should the son of woman sorrow.
See thou how the gods eternal
Pass their day without a morrow.
See how carefree in their pleasure,
Joyous in their heaven they live,
Yet that whole immortal heaven
For a single tear they'd give.

Being asked who gave these verses, the reply was, "Herwich." "Who is Herwich?" was asked, and the answer was, "A soap-boiler of New York." "Had he ever lived in Europe?" "Yes, in Bellevue and Pesth." As Herwegh, the celebrated republican poet, had lived in Bellevue near Constance, it was asked whether the name was quite correct, and it was answered, "Yes, a soap-boiler." On being further pressed, however, the spirit announced himself as "Heinrich Heine, who died an atheist." Astonished at this avowal, the members of the *séance* enquired if it were really

the celebrated poet, Heine? "Yes." "Was he happy?" and he answered, "I have always been happy, because I have always been true to myself."

As Heine died in Paris on the 17th of February, 1856, and this *séance* took place on the 1st of November, he had, consequently, been in the spirit-world nearly nine months. Heine, whose poetry had seized with an enthusiastic force on the lovers of poetry all over Europe, and whose free-thinking had made him especially the favorite of the sceptical and republican class, was born of Jewish parents at Düsseldorf on the 31st of December, 1799, so that he was fifty-six only at the time of his decease, but he had endured great sufferings from illness for a long time previous. Though he had nominally abandoned Judaism and joined the Lutheran Church, he as often avowed Atheism as anything else. His mind was never long in the same mood. At one moment he was penning the most mocking and sarcastic things against religion and all faith, at another uttering the deepest sentiments of remorse, and professions of piety. His mind seemed to fly from extreme to extreme, assuming all moods and capable of the most contrasted views. He resembled Hood in the possession of wit and sarcasm at one instant and the deepest pathos at another. He resembled Byron in rising, under momentary influences, to the height of truly religious thought, and then plunging down again into sheerest jesting over the most sacred things, and even into the wildest blasphemies. Though he now avowed himself to have died an Atheist, yet Meissenfels, his friend and biographer, says though both Christianity and Deism were hated by him, yet on his death-bed he lamented his aberrations, and implored pardon of God in the deepest contrition for his mockery of sacred subjects, and for his literary assaults against morals and good manners; yet this could not be lasting, or could have taken place only at the very last moment, for Meissenfels again says, that only some hours before his death, on some one asking him how he stood with his Creator, he answered smiling, "Be at rest on that head. *Dieu me pardonnera, ç'est son metier.*" And again Meissner, another of his friends says, "Once Heine sighed, 'Could I but get out on crutches, do you know whither I would go?' 'No,' said Meissner. 'Directly to church.' 'No, you jest,' said Meissner. 'No, no,' he replied 'certainly to the church; why where else should a man go on crutches? Truly, if I could now go out without crutches, I should prefer to walk the gay boulevards, and make a part of the Bal Mabille.'"

Such was the mocking, blaspheming, ever-changing being, the soul of pathos, of harmony and inspired beauty; the chameleon of genius, of Atheism and flashing wit, which surprised the Berlin

séance by his presence. The same character still possessed him. He declared himself immortal by his writings, yet he still declared that man was a mere parasite springing out of the ground. He pronounced God to be only the phantasy of minds that must have something to enslave themselves to. When asked whether he still thought God a myth, he replied, "Only fools acknowledge anything higher than themselves. I am, in my constant and undisturbed self-consciousness, the highest being who can give laws to me. So I thought, and so I think still." Yet with all his vaunts of his happiness, and of his spiritual independence, he was soon brought to confess his misery, and his dread of Christ. When asked to name the place where he was, he said, "I am where the Jews licked manna and honey." "What is the place called?" Avoiding this question, he only answered, "It stinks infernally there; the manna and honey have operated damnably." At another *séance*, being asked if he were in purgatory, he said, "Yes." If he were not really in hell? He replied, "They are all one; and I think I have given you hellish proofs enough to satisfy you."

In the midst of all this he spouted splendid poetry as his own, and then laughed at them, and told them he had stolen it from Herwegh and Körner, and on referring to their works they found this true, but that he had transposed and altered these quotations in a strange manner. They soon found that through the medium X he was especially scoffing, irreligious and atheistic, but through Mathilde and Caroline he was more serious and even open to better impressions. When asked how this was, he replied X was exactly of his own way of thinking, and even if he tried to give a better sentiment through him, without any resistance on X's part, it could not pass. It was only through the lady mediums, who were Christians, that he could respond to a Christian sentiment; for he observed, as all mediums besides have done, "You must be in perfect *rapport* with the medium to speak through him." At the commencement of *séances* his constant cry was, "Away with the cigarres," and refused to communicate till this was done. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Because the mother of Beelzebub spins just such burning things out of her one eye." On being asked to come on a certain day, he said it was "Good Friday, and he could not. That the sufferings of Christ began that day, and he feared him." "Why so?" "Because Christ had already begun to punish him, and that he fled from him lest he should induce him to reform, and that he was resolved not to do. The only punishment that he feared was to be despised on earth." He assured them that the great days of the Christian religion were kept in heaven just as on earth, and that at those times the evil spirits were unusually active, because they hated the Christian triumphs. He offered to come

on the day before Good Friday, because on that day he could command many spirits of his own class. In his communications with Hornung he was continually most abusive, calling him "Old Screw," "Old Youth," "Old Dromedary," and the like, and adding that he was too stupid for anything except a bedlam, and that they must build one on purpose to get such an enormous ass into it. All this Hornung coolly records, and says he believes it was the spite of Heine, because he was always endeavouring to awake a religious sentiment in him.

These *séances* with the spirit of Heine were continued about every ten days from the 1st of November, 1856, to the 29th of May, 1857. During this period a series of the most extraordinary manifestations went on. Heine offered to make himself visible in a darkened room, and as the company sat forming a circle, all holding each other's hands, the medium, X, repeatedly said that he saw him distinctly, described him, and drew a portrait of him. None of the rest of the company, however, saw him; Achilles, the architect, and another saying only on one occasion that they saw a luminous outline. But there were demonstrations of a more decisive kind. As they sat in circle, holding each other's hands, and the Generals Forstner and Zedlitz held the hands of the medium, his chair was frequently violently drawn from under him and flung over their heads, X being laid on his back on the floor. At other times, the spirit flung the chair with him in it upside down, and on one occasion flung another chair upon it, and broke the back of it. On no occasion, however, was the medium hurt in the slightest degree, though apparently dashed down with great violence.

The celebrated Bois-Reymond being invited to attend the *séances*, said that he would consent if Heine could move a pendulum hung in a glass cylinder twenty inches high and six inches in diameter. This cylinder was to be made fast on a board, set upon a table in the middle of the room, and the company sitting round in a circle of twelve feet in diameter, locking each other's hands, so that no one could possibly approach the table. The room was to be darkened, but a person with a light was to be outside the door ready to spring in at a call. To prevent any possibility of the pendulum being moved and striking the cylinder through the shaking of the floor under their tread, the gentlemen, before seating themselves, trampled violently all round the table, but without moving the table or cylinder in the least. On the first occasion the experiment did not succeed, but afterwards not only was the cylinder rung by the striking of the pendulum, but a hand bell screwed to the edge of the table was rung violently, and some sledge bells laid on it were rung too.

On the day preceding Good Friday, on which Heine had

promised such wonders, a most vehement display of spirit power took place. No sooner was the circle formed and the room darkened, than time was beaten by the foot of one of the empty chairs outside of and at a distance from the circle, to the popular song, "*Heil dir im Siegerkranz*"—"Hail to thee in thy wreath of victory"—as well as to the "Dessauer March." The medium then saw the spirit of Heine, and cried out, "He seizes me by the breast." Light was instantly brought in, and it was found that X's watch chain was torn asunder and was hanging down. The two generals protested that they had never ceased to keep hold of the medium's hands, so that it was impossible for him to have done it himself. X then, with his eyes bound, wrote: "Close the circle, for only in a circle can the witch's imps dance, for to-day spirits of hell serve me, Heinrich Heine." Then the circle was again formed and the room darkened, the medium immediately saw the spirit of Heine standing on a chair in the middle of the circle which began to crack, knock, and scrape on the floor. There was a loud detonation from the chair, which was flung at the feet of the two generals. The bells rung, the piano played of itself; tunes asked for were instantly given on it *con fuoco* and then *fortissime*; cannon shots and platoon firing were wonderfully imitated, and a veritable witch dance began, a long, continuous, deafening and most infernal storm of music, apparently four-handed, was executed, through which the deepest bass tone predominated. The door being suddenly opened it instantly ceased, but commenced as instantly when it was closed. An actual concert of music then took place, performed with a surprising skill. Whilst this tremendous music proceeded there was heard from a distant wall, by which the sofa stood, a rushing and clapping of the picture-frames hanging over the sofa. Light being called for, a folio of music which had lain on the piano was found reared upright on the sofa. Various cushions and other things were flung about the room. The generals stated that they had held the hands of the medium during the whole performance, and they now requested that the *séance* might be closed by the chair standing in the centre of the circle rapping out on the floor the various names and dates of birth of every-one of the company, which was accurately done.

It is not to be denied that this was a scene of a demoniac character, and it may be reasonably asked how Hornung, a truly religious man, could take part in such a manifestation. It must be recollected that it was the great object of Hornung to place the reality of spirit agency, both for good and for evil, beyond every possible doubt. Nothing could be more decisive than these *séances*, for, not on this occasion only, but on others the bells were rung, the pendulum rung in the cylinder, bells

screwed to the table were torn off and flung far away, and the ringing became of such a character that it seemed to be that of some passionate man who, not being able to make his inmates hear him at a late hour, was resolved to tear the bell down. But this last scene seemed to have satisfied all present; to have warned them to go no further. No such exhibition was repeated. One more sitting and the Heine *séances* were closed. At this sitting some questions were put to Heine as to his real condition, and then one of the company put this query: "Canst thou tell me at what day, at what hour, and what minute the finger of my watch at home has stopped?" As no answer was given, the querist called expressly on the spirit of Heinrich Heine to state this. Immediately the answer was given through the hand of the medium with his eyes bandaged, thus:—

"Hark! the bells together clanging!
But thy watch-finger will not frisk it,
Since purposely thou left it hanging—
And wound not up thy ancient biscuit."

"The rhyme does not make the verse, but only the ideas of the poet, and then the poet the verse. For the joke's sake thou wouldst know how thy watch stands, but that shall not so easily be granted thee, 'for in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread,' as the dear God says in the 1st Book of Moses, chap. iii. In Dantzic lived, in the 17th century, the celebrated bell-founder, Hans Sinnig; he died on the 12th of May, 1653. If thou takest the day and year of his birth, subtracting it from the above date, thou hast then the desired numbers.—Heine."

As none of the company knew the date of Hans Sinnig's birth, or whether there had been such a bell-founder, Heine was entreated to give this, whereupon in an instant was written out through the medium—"Hans Sinnig was born 1 May — 1 — 12 = 11; so 11 o'clock, in the year 1611 = 1653 — 1611 = 42; so 42 minutes — 1653 = 1 + 6 + 5 + 3 = 15

Died 12th of May 12

—
3

Born on the 1st of May—add 1

—
= 4

seconds; so the watch stands properly at 4 and not 5 seconds.—Heine."

The enquirer had noted the position of the watch finger at home, and now drew from his pocket the notes, which stood thus:—11 o'clock, 42 minutes, 5 seconds; so that Heine's reckoning was correct to a second; but on returning home, the enquirer found that the second finger stood scarcely beyond the

fourth second, so that Heine had noted the time to a fraction of a second. As he had said before the memorandum was produced, "4 not 5 seconds."

Here we must quit Heine and Hornung together. Perhaps, some one may remark that the absolute identity of this spirit and Heine is not, after all, proved. But if this spirit was not Heine, then we can only close the matter, as such matters have often been settled; if it was not Heine, it must have been—the devil. A spirit that could thus assume and display all the qualities and characteristics of Heine—his poetry, his wit, his insolence, his mockery of sacred things, his moments of remorse, and pride of intellect and fame, must, if not Heine himself, be an *alter idem*. Hornung felt the importance of the carefully conducted series of Heine *séances* so greatly, that he published them separately in a little volume, as well as giving a summary of them in his *Neueste Erfahrungen*.

Since the publication of these volumes, Hornung has taken the place of one of the translators of American works of Spiritualism, especially of those of Jackson Davis, which have been carrying on at Breslau. In the course of the last year he closed his most valuable labours on behalf of psychological truth and entered that world the evidences of which he had laboured so staunchly to establish. Few men have left behind them richer garnerings of that experimental knowledge which must eventually render Materialism as apparently, as it is really, the shallowest of creeds.

MR. HOME'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPULSION FROM ROME.

I ARRIVED at Rome on the 15th November, 1863, for the purpose of studying sculpture.

On the 2nd of January, 1864, I received, at five o'clock in the evening, a letter requiring my attendance at the office of the chief Police Station. Feeling sure that this summons could be connected with nothing but Spiritualism, I could not help thinking how sad it was that men who ought to be more enlightened should treat as a crime a matter that the Church ought rather to encourage and support. In order, however, to avoid any disturbance, I determined to do as was required of me, and so, with a companion who kindly consented to accompany me, at half-past eleven on January 3rd I presented myself at the Palazzo-Citerio. We were shewn into an ante-room, where there were some straw chairs, but no fire, and as the roof was covered with snow we

found it very cold. After waiting for more than half-an-hour, I began to get a little impatient, and, calling a servant, I asked him if it was the custom to treat in this manner people who had been summoned; and told him to warn those who had desired my presence that I would wait no longer. After a short absence he returned with excuses for my detention, and saying that M. Pasqualonni was ready to receive me. We were shown into a large room, where that gentleman was seated at an office table with drawers. The apartment was scantily furnished—a few chairs, a plaster of Paris bust of the Pope; an engraving of the Holy Virgin was suspended behind M. Pasqualonni, in the frame of which some visiting cards were placed.

Upon my entrance Mons. P. bowed to me, and motioned me to seat myself opposite to him; the friend who accompanied me sat at the end of the table, on the left of Mons. P., who commenced his remarks with—

Q. You are Mr. D. Dunglas Home?—*A.* Yes, sir, and here is my passport.

Q. (Without taking it) Very well, I must ask you some questions.—*A.* For my part, sir, I am ready to answer you.

Q. Were you born in Scotland?—*A.* Yes, sir.

Q. Are you thirty-seven years old?—*A.* No, sir, I am only thirty years old.

Q. But, sir, you are thirty-seven.—*A.* No, sir; I was born in 1833; next March I shall be in my thirty-first year.

Q. (Taking a paper from a drawer, and looking at it) According to my notes you ought to be thirty-seven.—*A.* I am sorry that I am unable to corroborate your information; but I am only thirty years old.

Q. Your father's name?—*A.* William.

Q. Your mother's?—*A.* Elizabeth.

Q. Her maiden name?—*A.* McNeil. (Here I interrupted him with a request that I might be furnished with pencil and paper.)

Q. For what purpose?—*A.* To write.

Q. To write what?—*A.* I am a free man, and should wish to preserve questions and answers of such great importance.

Q. (Handing me a sheet of paper and a red pencil.) How many times have you been in Rome?—*A.* This is my third visit.

Q. When and of what duration were the other visits?—*A.* In 1856, I remained here two months, then it was that I became a Roman Catholic; in 1858, I passed three weeks here; and upon this occasion I have been here since the 15th November.

Q. Nay, you have been here since the 1st of November?—*A.* Here is my passport, which will shew you that I have been here only since the 15th.

Q. Is it your intention to remain a long time here?—A. No, sir, I propose in April to return to Paris.

Q. Have you a house there?—A. No, sir.

Q. What was your object in coming to Rome?—A. For my health and to study sculpture.

Q. What was your religion before 1856?—A. Protestant.

Q. Have you published any works—how many—and under what titles?—A. *Incidents in My Life*.

Q. Was the book published in Paris by Dentu?—A. It was.

Q. You say that you are a medium, that you become entranced, and that you see spirits?—A. Yes, sir, I have said so, and it is true.

Q. And you hold communications with spirits?—A. When they think proper.

Q. How do you summon them?—A. I do not summon them, they manifest themselves of their own accord.

Q. How do they manifest themselves?

I was about to answer, "Sometimes in one way, sometimes in another," when raps were made upon the table close to him and far from me; he asked me in a tone of great astonishment the cause of these noises. My companion answered him by saying: "These are the spirits, and it must be evident to you that Mr. Home has no volition in the matter." "*Spirits!*" replied M. Pasqualonni, looking all about the table more and more astonished; then he said, "Let us continue our examination. Proceed."

Q. So you consider your gift as a gift of nature?—A. No, I consider it a gift of God.

Q. Since the year 1856 have you never exercised your power?—A. Neither before nor since, seeing that I am passive in these manifestations which are spontaneous.

Q. In your opinion what is the object of these manifestations?—A. To assure sceptics of the immortality of the soul, and to afford heavenly consolation.

Q. What religion do the spirits teach?

I was about to answer that the spirits retain the same religion they held when on earth, but my friend explained to me that it would be better merely to say, as I had become a Roman Catholic, that the teaching of the spirits was rather in favour of that religion, and, I further added that there was actually in Rome a family of father, mother, and seven children, as well as a Protestant clergyman who had become Roman Catholics under the influence of the spirits, and that, moreover, the Protestant minister had become a Roman Catholic priest.

Q. You relate in your work on miracles performed by you,

amongst others, cases of cure?—*A.* These cures are truly miracles.

Q. How did you accomplish them?—*A.* I know nothing about it. I am but an instrument.

Q. You have given *séances* in France, England, and Russia?—*A.* At friendly assemblies met for the purpose, manifestations sometimes occur. But why do you ask me all this? My book answers this question in the affirmative; all persons therein named are prepared to corroborate what I have printed, and I will maintain, even at the risk of my life, the truth of what my book asserts.

My friend, considering me a little fatigued, requested M. Pasqualonni to postpone the examination to another day, but I replied that I preferred finishing it then.

Q. You say in your work that articles of furniture move; why does not this table start off for a walk? Do you see spirits when you are awake or asleep?—*A.* In both states. With regard to the cases of locomotion you speak of, they occur sometimes, but not by any will of mine own. (As I said this, a cracking noise was heard on the table which moved slightly. M. Pasqualonni looking about, said in a troubled voice, "Let us continue.")

Q. Did you not say in your book that your mother was a medium?—*A.* Yes, sir, and my son is also.

Q. What is the age of your son?—*A.* Four years and a half.

Q. Where is he?—*A.* At Malvern.

Q. Where is Malvern?—*A.* In England.

Q. Has he a nurse?—*A.* Yes, sir.

Q. Is she a Catholic?—*A.* No, sir, she belongs to the Greek Church.

Q. With whom is your son?—*A.* With Dr. Gully, one of my friends.

Q. Is Dr. Gully a Catholic?—*A.* No, sir.

At this point my friend began speaking in a low voice with M. Pasqualonni, and I learned that the subject of their conversation was my expulsion from Rome. Then I demanded that the order for it should be made in writing, which was done, and I was told that within three days I must leave Rome.

Q. Do you consent to do so?—*A.* (Rising up) Certainly not, for, having infringed no law, my consenting to go would look as if I had committed something of which I was ashamed. I expect to find this the cause of much scandal before I go. I warn you beforehand, and upon my leaving you I shall at once seek advice from my Consul.

Then he said to me, "I hope, Mr. Home, that you will not

refuse me your hand." I gave him my hand, at the same time saying, that I was sorry to see him the instrument of authority such as this. I went to my Consul and told him what had happened; it being Sunday, nothing could be done, but the next day he promised to see the Governor of Rome. I then betook myself to a person of considerable importance, who was kind enough to go immediately to Monseigneur Matteuci, which Cardinal, in a long conversation, told my friend that he had nothing to say against me except on the matter of sorcery.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, the English Consul went to see the Monseigneur, who said to him that if I was willing to sign an engagement, in which I would promise not to give any *séances*, I might remain in Rome. I lost no time in writing the following declaration:—

"I give my word as a gentleman that, during my stay in Rome, I will have no *séance*, and that I will avoid, as much as possible, all conversations upon Spiritualism.

DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME.

Palazzi-Paoli, 4 January, 1864."

My Consul, not satisfied with this, wished me to make known why I had come to Rome and why I was anxious to remain, then I wrote on the same paper:—

"I have only come to Rome for my health and to study art, therefore I should wish to be left alone.

D. D. HOME."

This document was dispatched to Monseigneur Matteuci, and for the remainder of the week I heard no more on the subject, until Saturday afternoon, at 5.30, when I received the following letter:—

"M. Daniel Dunglas Home will have the great kindness to present himself at the passport office between six and eight o'clock, provided with his passport."

I begged of my friend, who had accompanied me on the previous occasion, to perform once more the like service, and we both of us went to the Palazzo-Citerio at a quarter before six. I went to the office of M. Pegallo, who, after having taken and looked at my passport, said to me:—"But, sir, you ought first to have visited your Consul." "For what purpose?" was my reply. "That he might *viser* your passport, as you intend to go." I answered that I had no intention of leaving. Then he said, looking at the passport, "In that case your passport is quite correct: with such a passport you can remain a whole year." I bowed and thanked him. The next morning, at a quarter before ten, one of the sons of the mistress of the house where I lodged entered my studio in a state of alarm, and said:—"Sir, there is a policeman awaiting you at your house." I replied that

he might make himself quite comfortable at my place, for I had no intention of returning home just yet; and that if he wished to see me he must come to my studio. Ten minutes afterwards the man came and said that he was obliged to seek me in consequence of my not having the preceding day appeared at the passport office, where I had been summoned. I replied that not only had I been there, but that I had been accompanied by a friend. He then said, "Your friend had been, but you had not." Upon this, with difficulty keeping my temper, I answered, "Come along, the same person will accompany me again:" which he did. Going to the same apartment, I went to the same desk, and gave my passport to M. Pegallo, who said, "I was waiting for you till eight o'clock yesterday, and you did not come." I answered him that I had come at a quarter before six, and that having to come twice I did not find it particularly gratifying.

Q. But you did not come?—A. I tell you I did come; you took my passport, and told me that I might remain a year. Now, say no more on that subject; don't lie unless your position requires that you should do so.

He said, "At three o'clock to-day you must leave Rome." "Very well. I have no intention, however, of going, and I do not mean to go." He replied, "You must by three o'clock be outside of the gates of Rome." I then said, "Do your duty; sign my passport." He signed it, gave it me back, and I went out to find my Consul, who received me with feelings of suppressed rage, saying, "Why do you make promises to break them immediately after?" I asked him what he meant, he replied, that I had been playing the fool with M. Pasqualonni. I cried out angrily, "M. Severn, I have come to you as an English subject, and not to speak to you either as to my belief or the phenomena which happen through me, and if you had examined the matter you would know that they are independent of my will. I only require of you to do your duty as Consul; any other advice is out of place, the more so that since my promise no manifestation has taken place, although in undertaking not to give *séances* I am unable to promise that no manifestations shall occur." He went to see the Governor of Rome, who told him that since I was unable to avoid having manifestations, I must not be allowed to remain longer in Rome. One of my friends called upon Monseigneur Matteuci (where I presented myself between four and five o'clock, without being received). He obtained permission for me to remain till Wednesday following. Learning that I resolved to depart on Monday, a great number of friends conducted me to the railway as a token of their sympathy.

PASSING AND RECENT EVENTS.—THE
SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* is aware that I never desire to occupy the columns of this journal to the exclusion of matter better suited to the taste of its readers. I make no pretension to literary merit, and, without affectation, I say that in comparison with the powerful and instructive articles of Mr. Wm. Howitt, T. S., Libra, and other contributors, I am very sensible of my own deficiency and inability to elevate and open up the higher philosophies to which the study and knowledge of Spiritualism tends. I am, however, told by those who conduct this journal, that a record of "Passing Events" and a collection of well authenticated facts which I acquire by reading, and others that are communicated to me by persons who shun publicity, are very useful in proof of the reality of the phenomena, and the progressive "spread of Spiritualism." The time must come—how soon I know not—when the fact that the spirits of departed persons can and do hold intercourse with spirits in the flesh, will be too generally recognized to need further proof or argument, a time when the *Spiritual Magazine* will have accomplished its mission, and its contributors have obtained their reward by the establishment of a solemn and most important truth. The strongest opponents to the spread of Spiritualism occupy two extremes—the religious, and the irreligious; the so-called men of God who stand by the Bible as an inspired history of past events which can have no parallel, and the repetition of which is not needed in modern times, and men of no God, or at least of no belief in a future, whose lives, as they think, begin and end in this world. Of the first class there is no sect of religionists, if we may judge by the conduct and language of its teachers, so bitterly opposed to the spread of modern Spiritualism as the Roman Catholics; they denounce mediums as sorcerers, and the manifestations, when admitting their reality, as the work of the devil. And yet the Roman Catholic records are full of incidents even more marvellous, but of precisely similar character to those which we are witnessing in the present day. These miracles, as they are called, are interwoven with and form a fundamental part of the Roman Catholic faith, and yet the inconsistency remains that they who ask so much to be taken on the testimony of their witnesses, and who canonize their mediums, discredit, denounce, or persecute ours. I have been led to these reflections

by the perusal of an editorial notice of a paper published in a Catholic journal on the order of the Natural and the Supernatural.

The notice to which I refer appeared a few months past in a Roman Catholic newspaper called *The Weekly Register and Catholic Standard*. The writer upholds the superiority of the supernatural order, and instances the life of Marie d'Agrēda, Superior of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, at Agrēda, in Spain, who died in 1665. It is recorded of her that she received directions in a vision to write the life of the Virgin Mary, which she accordingly did, and in many other respects proved that she was a highly gifted medium. The writer commenting on M. Hello's history of Marie d'Agrēda, says:—

And yet there are many things in the lives of those whom God has specially favoured upon earth which would seem dazzling even to the most worldly eyes. These things, which seem in this world's estimate the most wonderful, are, in fact, not the chief glory of the saints. They are rather the external effect of the internal resemblance to God made manifest in the flesh, and the internal resemblance itself is their real glory. Yet the external signs which God has been pleased to give are not to be undervalued. We pass by the sublime manifestations of the Divine Attributes as too sacred for the pages of a paper like ours, and give what seems a well-authenticated instance of the marvellous favours and honour to Maria d'Agrēda.

She was one day praying for the savages in New Mexico. Our Lord gave her to see them, and bade her instruct them. It seemed to her that she spoke to them. After her ecstasy she found herself in a place she had been in before. This was repeated more than five hundred times. In one of these ecstasies she believed that she gave away among the Indians some rosaries which she had in her room. After that ecstasy she looked in vain for the rosaries: they were gone. It seemed to her that she pointed out to the Indians the place where they would find some Franciscan missionaries, and advised them to send some of their number to seek them. The Indians obeyed, and the missionaries came."

Now, it happened one day that the missionaries in New Mexico actually saw a number of Indians unknown to them, who came and asked for baptism. The missionaries, in great surprise, questioned them. The Indians replied that for a long time past a woman had appeared in their country from time to time preaching Jesus Christ, and that it was by her order that they came to ask for baptism. The missionaries wished to instruct these Indians, but the Indians were instructed already; their king, who had received the same lessons from the same mouth, received baptism with them—the missionaries found a people who knew already what they came to teach them. Father Alonso de Benarides was at the head of this mission; to discover the instrument of this prodigy, he did not scruple to undertake a journey of more than three thousand leagues, and set off for Europe. On his arrival at Madrid he related what had passed to Father Bernadin of Sienna, the General of the Order; the General sent him to Marie d'Agrēda, giving her an obedience to answer his questions. Father Benarides asked her whether it was she who had spoken to the Indians. Marie said that it was. She spoke of the doubts which she had had as to the reality of what had happened, but she said that it had happened. She spoke of Mexico like a person who had long lived in it; she recognized Father Benarides as the person whom she had seen with the other monks in America; she mentioned the day, the hour, the place where she had seen them; she described those who had been with him, and the distinguishing marks of each of them. What she herself said on this subject was—"Whether I was really transported there in the body I cannot say. At this no one should be surprised, since St. Paul, who enjoyed so much more light, confesses that when he was carried up into the third heaven he did not know whether it was in the body or without the body. What I can assert is, that the thing really happened, that the devil had nothing to do with it,

and that I never found any bad effect from it. So much I can always testify.' She said afterwards, 'What seems to me most likely is, that an angel appeared there in my form, and preached to and catechised the Indians, and that our Lord showed to me in mental prayer what went on.' I have no desire to lay down limits to a Divine operation. Like the historian of Marie, I confine myself to submitting to the judgment of the Church this together with the other facts.

I will merely add that I am disposed to believe this story of Maria D'Agrēda, the more so that I am acquainted with one lady, Miss Laura Edmonds, the respected daughter of Judge Edmonds, a medium, who has had similar experiences, and I knew another lady who recently passed from this earth-life, who had them also.

Both of these ladies have personally assured me that they have on several occasions *projected their spirit* at will, and have appeared to and delivered messages to friends residing at a distance, who have recognized them, repeated their language and described their actions. Miss Edmonds, whose mediumship was at one time varied and very extraordinary, gave me the particulars of one instance when she made a spiritual visit to her friend Miss Sophia Mapes, the daughter of Professor Mapes, of New York, who was then residing at their country house at Newark, some twenty or thirty miles distant. Subsequently I had the pleasure of staying for a day or two with Professor Mapes and his interesting family, and Miss Sophia Mapes corroborated the fact of Miss Edmonds's spiritual visit.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPIRITUAL SOIREE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

It is a well-known fact that Abraham Lincoln and most of his ministers are believers in Spiritualism. The *Boston Gazette*, which is not a spiritual journal, contains an account of a *séance* which was recently held at Washington, at which were present, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Welles, Mr. Stanton, Mr. F., of Philadelphia, Mr. L., of New York, and the special correspondent of the *Boston Gazette*, who thus describes the events of the evening. Mr. C. E. Shockle was the medium.

We took our seats in the circle about eight o'clock; but the President was called away shortly after the manifestations commenced, and the spirits, which had apparently assembled to convince him of the power, gave visible tokens of their displeasure at the President's absence by pinching Mr. Stanton's ears and twitching Mr. Welles' beard. He soon returned; but it was some time before harmony was restored, for the mishaps to the Secretaries caused such bursts of laughter that the influence was very unpropitious. For some half hour the demonstrations were of a physical character—tables were moved, and the picture of Henry Clay, which hangs on the wall, was swayed more than a foot, and two candelabras, presented by the Bey of Algiers to President Adams, were twice raised nearly to the ceiling. It was nearly nine before Shockle was fully under spiritual influence, and so powerful were the subsequent manifestations that twice during the evening restoratives were applied; for he was much weakened, and though I took no notes, I shall endeavour to give you as faithful an account as possible of what took place. Loud rappings, about nine, were heard

directly beneath the President's feet, and Mr. Shockle stated that an Indian desired to communicate: "Well, sir," said the President, "I should be happy to hear what his Indian majesty has to say. We have recently had a visitation from our red brethren, and it was the only delegation—black, white, or blue—which did not volunteer some advice about the conduct of the war." The medium then called for pencil and paper, and they were laid upon the table. A handkerchief was then taken from Mr. Stanton, and the materials were carefully concealed from sight. In less space of time than it has required me to write this, knocks were heard and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it read as follows:—"Haste makes waste; but delays cause vexations. Give vitality by energy; use every means to subdue; proclamations are useless; make a bold front and fight the enemy; leave traitors at home to the care of loyal men. Less note of preparation, less parade and policy talk, and more action."—HENRY KNOX. "That is not Indian talk, Mr. Shockle," said the President. "Who is Henry Knox?" I suggested to the medium to ask who Knox was, and before the words were from my lips the medium spoke in a strange voice: "The first Secretary of War." "Oh, yes, General Knox," said the President, who, turning to the Secretary, said, "Stanton, that message is for you; it is from your predecessor." Mr. Stanton made no reply. "I should like to ask General Knox," said the President, "if it is within the scope of his ability to tell us when this rebellion will be put down." In the same manner as before this message was received—"Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Wilberforce, Napoleon, and myself have held frequent consultations upon this point. There is something which our spiritual eyes cannot detect which appears well formed. Evil has come at times by removal of men from high positions, and there are those in retirement whose abilities should be made useful to hasten the end. Napoleon says, "Concentrate your forces upon one point;" Lafayette thinks that the rebellion will die of exhaustion; Franklin sees the end approaching, as the South must give up for the want of mechanical ability to compete against Northern mechanics. Wilberforce sees hope only in a negro army.—KNOX." "Well," exclaimed the President, "opinions differ among the saints as well as among the sinners. They don't seem to understand running the machines among the Celestials much better than we do. Their talk and advice sound very much like the talk of my Cabinet—don't you think so, Mr. Welles?" "Well, I don't know. I will think the matter over, and see what conclusion to arrive at." Heavy raps were heard, and the alphabet was called for, when "That's what's the matter" was spelt out. There was a shout of laughter, and Mr. Welles stroked his beard. "That means, Mr. Welles," said the President, "that you are apt to be long-winded, and think the nearest way home is the longest way round; short cuts in war times. I wish the spirits could tell us how to catch the *Alabama*." The lights, which had been partially lowered, almost instantaneously became so dim that I could not see sufficiently to distinguish the features of any one in the room, and on the large mirror over the mantel-piece there appeared the most beautiful though supernatural picture ever beheld. It represented a sea view—the *Alabama*, with all steam up, flying from the pursuit of another large steamer. Two merchantmen in the distance were seen partially destroyed by fire. The picture changed, and the Confederate cruiser was seen at anchor under the shadow of an English fort from which an English flag was waving. She was floating idly, not a soul on board, and no signs of life visible about her. The picture vanished, and in letters of purple appeared, "The English people demand this of England's aristocracy." "So England is to seize the *Alabama* finally?" said the President. "It may be possible, but, Mr. Welles, don't let one gunboat or monitor less be built." The spirits called for the alphabet, and again, "That's what's the matter," was spelt out. "I see, I see," said the President, "Mother England thinks that what's sauce for the goose may be sauce for the gander.

Spiritualism in America has long passed the point at which we in Europe are still lingering. Physical manifestations such as those witnessed at the White House *séance*, which were at

one time an every day occurrence, are now, comparatively speaking, infrequent. The majority of believers in America, and they are numbered by hundreds of thousands, have passed on and contemplate the results from a higher phase. They are satisfied that the invisible spiritual is closely linked with the visible physical world, and that its development has shewn that there is some evil and much good in our intercourse with the world of spirits. One of the most excellent and intelligent women with whom Spiritualism has made me acquainted, is one who has had to pass through severe trials of body and mind as she advanced in her different stages of mediumship. These trials the initiated only can understand, and as they are evidently the order of a mysterious Providence, I am disposed to look upon them with reverence, in the confidence that a great good will be worked out ultimately for the benefit and regeneration of the human family. In a letter I have just received from this lady, who resides in America, she gives utterance to the following reflections:—

“I think what little mission I have to the world is almost unseen and unfelt, that I am living before my time and that I have been so blind and ignorant in the past as not to know it, supposing the world *loved truth*; and when attempting to utter it and live it—after paying the price of a life for it—I found the people just as ready to crucify as were the Jews eighteen hundred years ago. This startled me, coming from those in the Church; but judge of my astonishment to find the same spirit among some of the so-called Spiritualist teachers. Indeed, it has seemed that the spirits who superintended the Spanish Inquisition again incarnated themselves in the lives of the Reformers, or those who so style themselves, to play the same game upon those who would attempt to preach or live divinely. There are other prisons than the outward eye sees made of iron and stone. There are other poisonous weapons that can be hurled, and which produce similar results, besides externally barbed arrows. These have not been wanting by the spirits in the bodies of some of the teachers of the ‘ism.’

“Do not wonder then that I should cry out in the depths of this agony of soul, Who will shew us any good? and, looking around, find no organized body, no set of people on the earth, no literature, no Mecca to go to; and then, as the Psalmist did, say, ‘Lord, lift THOU up the light of THY countenance upon us.’

“Do not understand me to say that the ‘ism’ is an ‘illegitimate offspring.’ I know it has its great mission, and divine as great; but the *who* it is, and the *where* it belongs, relative to the *great whole*, is the question; when its *true rank* is decided, we may use it for just the purposes necessary to our highest good.

But, hitherto, we have been obliged to take it, as the miner takes gold, mixed with sand and dirt. The fact that our relations and friends who have passed away from us *do live*, comes as a benediction to us. Then to realize that they can still mingle their thoughts and feelings with our own, and sometimes to have our outer senses satisfied of the fact, is truly a triumph."

"We knew there was an inner room within us that was always dark, *dark* whenever we looked in the direction of death; now it is illuminated, and in the first exuberance of joy we suppose that the last partition that divided us from final rest is taken away, and we have but to find in these instruments *divine oracles*. But, alas! we are obliged to confess the finiteness of mortals, and each has a *fragment* only of the great structure."

"The God of War incarnates himself in *one* age or generation, the God of Peace in another; consequently, it may not be expected that those who have been tearing down the old institutions of the past will be the constructors of the new. But I did hope that *they* would not attempt to slay the constructors; I have been deceived. Now, here I shall try to come in a very roundabout way to the point. Divine oracles must be had; and they will be the persons who will *die unto the world* (which means a great deal), who in their hearts are willing to be trained *at any and at every cost to themselves that they may be reflectors of the highest truths to the world*. These persons will constitute the real Urim and Thummim which the breast-plate of the Jews symbolized. I believe I am one of those persons, nor have I ever met another; no doubt there are many, but wisely kept from each other. I believe, if conditions could be provided me to-day, to get truths which the world is groaning and dying for, they would come. In my heart and will I know that I am ready, but the hearts and wills of the world are not ready to pay the price. The cost to me might be an entire separation from the world, from my husband and children even. For that I am ready; *knowing what it means too!* Every chord in my soul has been tried, and although in their very vibrations come pain and death, yet the call was, Who will die for their enemies? Believe me, my dear friend, I am not indulging in vain words. I am watching hourly the world's needs—the meaning of my strange and terrible experiences, and, as you made the enquiry of my spiritual whereabouts, I tell you what I think the good Lord would have me do. It is one thing to be a medium for personal spirits to communicate to mortals; it is quite another thing to be a medium for God, the great Spirit, to communicate to the immortal part within us. Thus we may have 'a new and living way opened to us,' which has been prophesied in the Bible. The former mediumship is like the moonlight to us; the latter like

the glorious sun. The two are as distinct in their power and influences upon us as the sun and moon upon the earth.

"This immortal part within is seeking for the absolute, and will be uneasy and dissatisfied until it gets it."

The foregoing outpourings of the mind of a well-disciplined Christian Spiritualist will not, I am aware, be understood by many readers of the Magazine; but there are, doubtless, many others by whom these remarkable words will be fully appreciated, and to whom they will afford food for deep and serious reflection.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, THE HEALING MEDIUM.

My American correspondents speak in unqualified terms of the wonder-working powers of Dr. J. R. Newton. He is reputed to effect the most astonishing cures simply by the "laying on of hands." When I was in Boston, I heard from a friend of mine of a case within his own knowledge of a man who had been blind for fifteen years, being restored to sight by Dr. Newton in one hour. The statements made with reference to this gentleman are almost too marvellous to obtain belief; but the testimony of so many credible persons, including Judge Edmonds, who speaks of him as a man of high integrity and great benevolence, entitles them to the most respectful consideration. I am informed that Dr. Newton intends visiting London in the course of this month, and it will be, therefore, interesting to the readers of the Magazine to learn the most recent reports of his progress in America. I extract the following from the *Banner of Light* of April 14, 1864:—

DR. J. R. NEWTON IN SPRINGFIELD.

The afflicted will be glad to learn that this wonderful restorer to health by the "laying on of hands," is now at work for the good of humanity in the western part of our State, where he is meeting with great success. He has been practising in Springfield for the last three weeks, and has operated on over twenty-seven hundred persons, with complete success in most cases. His power has so increased, that he now heals quicker than ever before.

The following are the diseases that most readily yield to the healing powers, viz.: Spinal disease, heart and liver disease, weak lungs, dyspepsia, St. Vitus's dance, diseases of the nerves, loss of voice, diabetes, rheumatism, ulcers, tumours, weak and inflamed eyes, &c. The cures are performed without pain or medicine.

We give the following list of some of the cures he has effected during his visit there:—

H. R. Foster, Paper Mill Village, N. H. Speechless over one year; cured instantly.

G. W. Thayer, Cedar-street, Springfield. Lame arm two years; cured in ten minutes.

Mrs. C. H. Fassaur, 13, Wilcox-street, Springfield. Cancer, with great pain; cured.

Mrs. John W. Clark, Springfield. Neuralgia, very bad; cured.

Amelia S. Phelps, Wilbraham. Spinal disease four years; cured in a few minutes, and walked two miles.

Mrs. Leverett Smith, State-street. Tumour; cured.

Mrs. Lottie Carrier, Conway, Mass. Lame and stiff knee; cured instantly.

Mrs. Caroline Nador, 3, Congress-street, Springfield. Weak and inflamed eye; cured.

Miss Amanda Hathorn, No. 149, Central-street, Springfield. Spinal disease and female weakness, very sick, not expected to live; cured in a few minutes on the evening of March 21st, so that she arose from her bed, dressed herself, and went to a neighbouring house and notified the lady who was to watch with her that her services were not needed. The next morning she walked three miles, since which she devotes her time to bringing the sick and afflicted to be healed.

Mrs. Sarah P. Cook, Hadley, Mass. Tumour of twenty-two years; cured.

Mrs. George Bosworth, Palmer, Mass. Tumour in breast; cured instantly.

Mrs. George Taylor, Granby, Mass. Sick twenty-one years, for seven years unable to walk; brought twelve miles on a bed; cured in five minutes, and made to walk perfectly well.

Mr. Josiah T. Hunt, Cummington, Mass. Paralysis entire left side, the leg entirely useless, could not feel a pin stuck into it; cured in a few minutes, walked off well, and left his crutches. His mother, who had been paralyzed five years, was cured at the same time.

Mrs. Clara D. Gardener, Chicopee, Mass. Spinal disease twenty-two years; cured.

Miss Carrie Jenks, twelve years old, daughter of Allen Jenks, Esq., of Mulbury-street, Springfield. Spine disease, and withered limb; came on crutches; was perfectly cured in a few minutes, ran and jumped as well as any one. Her limbs are now of natural size. An eminent physician of Springfield, hearing that she was to be carried to Dr. Newton, declared it was all mesmerism, and that he could do it as well as any one. He made the attempt to cure her, but without success. He then said, "If he can cure her, I will think there is something in it."

Mrs. Winthrop P. Houston, North Amherst, Mass. General debility, unable to walk for eighteen months; cured with one treatment; since reported herself perfectly well.

The doctor extends a cordial invitation to all who cannot afford to pay to come and be healed free of expense.

Our readers will be amused at the following logic by the editor of the Springfield Republican, which we clip from that paper of the date of March 20th. It is entitled:

MIRACLE-WORKING IN SPRINGFIELD.

Extraordinary things are going on at the Union House in this city. A venerable and patriarchal-looking man, with gray hair and beard, and agreeable presence, occupies one of the parlours, and from fifty to a hundred and fifty cripples and invalids visit him daily, most of whom go away thinking they have been cured by some invisible power at command of the spiritual physician. Some leave behind them the crutches and canes they have for years leaned upon; others, long helpless and carried thither in the arms of their friends, suddenly resume their former vigour and rise up and walk; rheumatic pains and contractions, and the sharp pangs of sciatica mysteriously disappear at a touch; tumours that have been growing for years vanish in a few minutes under the hand of the miracle-worker, and whatever ailment seems most chronic or incurable, yields to this strange influence, after having obstinately resisted all the assaults of the *materia medica*.

But do these marvels really and truly occur? It seems so. The spiritual doctor thinks so, and his patients think so, and some of them express the utmost delight and gratitude for relief from ailments which they had feared would carry them to their graves. If they are not cured, or at least temporarily relieved, then Dr. Newton has a power over the imagination quite as miraculous as the power to remove disease. Indeed there are some instances of apparent cure which cannot be explained by any power of imagination, such as that of a child in this city, bent over with spinal complaint for several years, suddenly straightened up and made strong; and cases, of which the doctor has evidence, of cures of persons miles distant from him, who began to mend from the moment he spoke the word. "These things can't be true." Perhaps not; nobody has a right to believe them

without sufficient evidence. Go and see, and test the powers of this modern miracle-worker.

But how does he do these things? This is easier asked than answered. Perhaps "Ould Clootie" helps him. Perhaps "the spirits" have some hand in it. Or it may be "animal magnetism," if anybody knows what that is. We asked the doctor how these things are done, and he answered gravely and with every appearance of sincerity, laying his hand on the holy book, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." But quoting Scripture proves nothing; the devil can do that with the best of them; besides, the age of miracles is long past. Who told you so? The Bible does not say it. Dr. Newton has his theory, however; he thinks that what he does is in accordance with natural law: he does not work miracles in the theological sense, but in the popular sense. He supposes that he is in some way charged with an excess of vitality, which he can impart to those who are deficient, and so enable them to throw off disease. This is a power which has been recognized by many scientific physicians, but not to the degree which Dr. Newton seems to possess. How he gets it he does not appear to know, but sometimes when dealing with hard cases he utters a prayer for help, which indicates that he has some idea of Divine interposition.

No matter about the theory. Facts are the important things; theories are of slow growth, if they are worth anything, and facts can often be accounted for by a variety of theories, from which no human wisdom can select the only true one. What the public most cares to know is: Does this man, Dr. Newton, actually cure the diseased in some way? If he does it is rather convenient to have such a man about. If he merely makes people think they are cured, and they hold of that mind any length of time, even that is worth something. But if what he claims and his patients attest as to his achievements can be proved true—and the fullest and freest scrutiny is invited—then Dr. Newton is a marvellous miracle-worker. Since he invites the poor (counting all poor who are not worth a thousand dollars) to be healed without money and without price, there is no reason why those who need his help should not seek it. They may get laughed at for being humbugged; but they can afford to be, if they are relieved of neuralgia, sciatica, or any other vexation of the flesh. If the experiment fails there is no harm done.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

It is many months since we have had any further testimony of the progress of spiritual photography in America. I have never been able to make up my mind as to the entire integrity of the specimens which were sent to us last year, and the more especially as no other instance of the power of producing these likenesses has occurred there. Mr. Mumler, the artist, has not outlived the opposition raised as to his honesty in this matter. The *Banner of Light* was the first to discredit Mr. Mumler, I therefore think the following extract from a letter published lately by the editors of that paper is worth recording, and may open a fresh interest in the subject:—

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—I found considerable excitement on the subject of spirit-photographing, occasioned by the fact of there having been the face of a child, so life-like and real, impressed on the plate as to be recognized by the lady for whom it was taken. The likeness was not a photograph, but a daguerreotype retaken from an old one that had been taken many years ago, of a mother; and the sweet face which came upon it was a representative of the child of that mother and niece of the lady who desired the likeness of the departed mother. But the lady refused to accept one on which the child's face was impressed until by repeated efforts it was found the mother could not be obtained without the

child's face also. It is thought by some who have seen the spirit-photographs by Mumler to be far more distinct and life-like than those produced by him. In conversation with the artist, Mr. B——, I found him unacquainted with the manifestations of our philosophy, and when asked how it was produced, he answered, apparently in good faith, "I cannot tell. I supposed at first it might be the re-appearance from an old plate; but selecting one from a new, unused pack, and finding it, if possible, even more perfect than the former ones, I stand in ignorance of the whole matter."

Elm Cottage, Rochester, Vermont.

E. M. WOLCOTT.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE following is taken from the *Vermont Watchman and Freeman*, an American paper unconnected with Spiritualism:—

In the course of our reading we remember to have met with a few cases where at the moment of death, a vision of the dead has appeared to friends at a great distance from the place of death, as if to give notice of the event; but these instances were in Europe, and occurred a long time ago, so one might doubt their authenticity, or at least be excused for not accepting them as verities, and all the more since nothing of the kind was ever heard of in his own region. We have now a case which is free from these objections, and is quite as extraordinary as any that have been recorded. A friend (whose name we do not give, simply because we did not happen to ask his authority for publication) recently called upon us, who has lost a son in the army, an officer of good promise, serving under General Banks. We alluded to the great loss of our friend, and in conversation upon that subject he said a very remarkable thing had happened in connection with it. When he had no reason to doubt the well-being of his son, and had no anxiety of him beyond what was usual, and was sleeping calmly, he was suddenly aroused from his slumbers by a shock as if he had been shot through the head. His first thought was that he had been shot, or, to use his own expression, "this is death." But the next instant a vision of his son appeared to him, and the impression was that his son and not himself, was killed. He had never believed in ghosts or spiritual manifestations, nor did he at the occurrence of the vision, nor does he now, undertake to account for it or call it a spiritual manifestation. He did not record the date or hour, but he did in the morning relate the circumstance to two or three of his friends. They did not record the date, but when, about three weeks afterward, intelligence was received of the death of the son by a shot through the head at Port Hudson, at six o'clock in the morning, the recollection of one of them was that the vision and the death were on the same day, and of the other that the vision was on the same day or the next day after the death of the son. Such was the account given to us, and we have no doubt of its truth. Our friend would not trifle on a matter which to him has not only the solemnity of the grave, but also touches his keenest affection.

THE PORT-GLASGOW GHOST.

The *North British Daily Mail*, of April 21, 1864, has the following ghost story:—

The mysterious rappings in the house of Hugh Carl, Scott's-lane, continue to attract attention. On Tuesday night, several respectable inhabitants attended, and after sitting for a considerable time they distinctly heard, first scratchings as if of a rat about the bed, and then rappings. Two gentlemen set to work and examined the bed thoroughly, to try to account for the knockings. One got on his knees and crept under the bed, and managed, it is alleged, to come to a preliminary understanding with "the ghost" as to how they were to interpret each other. One rap was to signify an affirmative, and two a negative. The gentleman seemed to indicate that he was able to hold intelligible communion with the ghost. He crawled under the bed and whistled "Kelvin Grove," and the rather

appropriate air in the circumstances of "There's nae luck about the house," to both of which the ghost is said to have rapped good time. There were a number of people, including two policemen, in the apartment; the lobby, the stair under the bed, and the lane opposite to the house were thronged with curious visitors; and care was taken to observe that no one rapped from the stair. The ghost is said to have made some strange revelations—one being that it was the restless spirit of one who had died about King-street some months ago. Whether the ghost or the visitors tired first is not said, but the *séance* was adjourned about eleven o'clock, the ghost promising to meet some of those present on the following evening. *We would not give currency to what must seem to be childish absurdity were it not that the gentleman who is our informant was himself present, and distinctly states that he heard all that we have above described.*

Spiritualism is spreading in Scotland, despite the educated prejudices of the people and the severe denunciations of the Presbyterian priesthood.

J. B., the writer of the pamphlet published in Glasgow some months ago, has awakened considerable attention to the subject, though his statements were fiercely assailed and his social position imperilled for a time by the facts related of experiences obtained through the mediumship of members of his own family.

A correspondent, writing from Glasgow, informs me that he, with many others, was led by the publication of J. B.'s pamphlet to undertake a serious investigation, which has led to results insufficient as yet to satisfy him that unseen intelligences are at work, though he is forced to declare his belief in Spiritualism, owing to the nature of the testimony in its favour. "As an indication," he says, "of the progress of Spiritualism in Glasgow, I may mention that in a Young Men's Literary Society with which I am connected, I introduced the subject by reading a paper on it, which was received with decided favour, there being a majority in favour of the phenomena, while the objectors were forced to take refuge in that very stale one, its absurdity."

MYSTERIES OF NATURE AND OF SPIRIT.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

"Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of." WORDSWORTH.

It is a shallow philosophy which judges only from appearances, which regards the material as alone real, which would have all plain and level to the understanding, and, impatient of mystery, exhausts itself in impotent struggles against whatever does not at once surrender its secret treasures and yield itself to the embraces of the cold and sensuous mind.

To expect that spiritual existence should be within the cognizance of the senses is as absurd as it would be to require that

we should judge of music by the sense of smell, or distinguish colours by the ear. There are subtle, ever-present, ever-operating elements and forces that (save by some of their effects) are utterly inappreciable to the senses. As we push onward and inward our researches, and dig deeper in our investigations, we everywhere touch the domain of the invisible.

“Let the reader sum up the influences that meet in the room where he sits with our paper in his hand. There in that room is, first, the atmospheric air, with its oxygen, azote, carbon, hydrogen, and various gases. There is the light, with its green, yellow, scarlet, violet, and various component elements. There is gravitation, connecting that room with every orb of immensity, one cord of which binds it to the sun, another to the moon, another to the planets and satellites, and others still to the most distant stars which twinkle on the mantle of night. These cords of influence, meeting and twining into a complicated network, now pervade the very space where the reader peruses this article, thus connecting him, by invisible ties, to the whole frame-work of nature. There, besides, is electricity, magnetism, galvanism, and how many more agents we know not. An electrical machine would reveal electricity; a magnetic needle magnetism; and a galvanic battery galvanism. Yet none of these powerful agents around you make you sensible of their presence, except as you learn the fact by the discoveries of science. In the same room, your mind exists, with its world of interests and sympathies and the minds perhaps of your family and friends. Each one has in this same space, the passions, hopes, fears, loves, hatreds, aspirations, revulsions, and all the elements of distinct organic and spiritual life. Still the mind of each one is a sanctuary upon which the others cannot obtrude, except so far as he shall admit them to share the secrets of his bosom. Each one is also destined to an immortality of life; so that in this room where you are reading are beings whose hopes grasp the infinite realities of a life to come and connect them with the throne of God.”*

No doubt, judging from appearances alone,—from the intimate connection between soul and body, and the dependence of the spirit on the corporeal organs for its ordinary manifestations,—from the seeming completed circuit of human life from infancy to old age,—and still more, from the great changes in the mortal frame at the close of earthly life, there is much at which we may pause, and ask in doubt, “If a man die shall he live again? When the hand no longer returns the friendly pressure; when grief pours its lament into a deaf ear, and the tongue refuses to comfort us; when the eye no longer beams with affection, and

* *New York Chronicle.*

the sensible warm motion in the beloved form has become a clod of kneaded clay, and of all that pulsing breathing life nothing visible remains; then, unless other considerations correct our mere sense impressions, we may well despair, and feel that the separation is eternal and irrevocable.

We may, indeed, ask whether this unquenchable yearning—this reaching forward from the inmost centres of our being—this kindred sympathy which can cease only with the cessation of our being, does not point to a different conclusion;—whether it is not itself an ineradicable instinct implanted by the Creator, and which He would not have placed there had He doomed it to disappointment.

But waiving on the present occasion this line of argument, let us ask whether Nature itself, the more we study it, does not teach that truth lies deeper, and is, indeed, often contrary to appearances. Familiar examples of this, such as the rising and setting sun, the apparent as distinguished from the real form of the earth, and the straight stick in water which appears bent, will readily occur to every one; indeed, every branch of science teaches us to distrust the conclusions from appearances alone; and, we may add, will furnish hints and analogies to support the belief that the sentient thinking personality survives the dissolution of the physical body.

In the science of chemistry, for instance, we find abundant illustrations of this truth in the phenomena of solution, evaporation, rarefaction, decomposition, and combustion. As a familiar illustration, take the phenomenon of evaporation. A drop of rain falls upon the window; we watch it gradually diminish, till not a trace of it remains; it is apparently annihilated, and the superficial observer would conclude that it was lost for ever; there is no apparent menstruum in which the water could have mingled; and, were we ignorant of the existence of an aëriform invisible fluid around us, we could not conceive the possibility of its continued existence after every particle had melted away before our eyes into seeming nothingness, not leaving even a trace of its existence behind; and yet the simple experiment of placing a drop of water in a tightly-corked flask in a warm room till the flask appears perfectly dry, and then removing it into a colder temperature, when the vapour will be condensed into minute globules, which collected will be found exactly equal to the drop of water, will convince us how false would have been the judgment based on merely superficial observation.

Another illustration of the commonest kind is the phenomenon of combustion. We light a candle; in a short time the wick and the wax have disappeared, utterly consumed: their destruction seems so complete, that were any one to assert that the

constituent parts of the candle remain,—that not a particle of the material has been lost or destroyed, we should, judging only from appearances, regard such a statement as evidence of a deranged intellect; and yet the most satisfactory experiments would demonstrate that the assertion was literally true. Were we obliged to form our opinions solely from external appearances, the balance of probability between the reproduction of water from seeming nihility, or the indestructibility of matter by fire, and the continued existence and indestructibility of the soul by death, would, we conceive, be greatly in favour of the latter. Is it credible that while the least particle of matter is indestructible, spirit—the crown and masterpiece of creation, is doomed to annihilation?

So as to the difficulty arising from the intimate connection between soul and body, a correct understanding of nature will show that this is not something strange, exceptional, unknown, contrary to all observed facts; for we find that all the active forces in nature are distinct and separable from the material substances in which they are manifested. “The existence of light is not dependent upon the bodies which reflect its rays; a substance which appears, so long as it is the subordinate agent for communicating light to the eye, to be the source of the light we behold, may be destroyed and yet there may be no diminution in the absolute quantity of that subtle property, though it is not perceptible to our visual organs, after the removal of the reflecting agent. The phenomena of heat afford a beautiful illustration of the same fact, as they present that property at one time actually developed, at another latent, but in all its changes still existing undiminished and unaltered, independently of the matter which it modifies—always ready, under every circumstance, to be called into activity by the agency of chemical attraction. Electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity, also afford clear exemplifications of their existence, independently of the matter which they qualify. The active principle, or principles, of which those attractions consist is evidently something distinct from the bodies with which it is combined, and when that principle seems to be destroyed its powers are in reality in active, though imperceptible, operation.” When we find that subtle essences, as heat and light, so similar and closely connected as to appear identical, may be separated, and exist, apparently at least, independently; where can be the difficulty in believing that the power which can think, will, love, and worship, may be liberated from physical organization, and exist apart from the chemical substances of which that organization is constituted?

We may follow the same thought into other domains of science. Thus, mathematical calculations demonstrate that two

bodies launched into space millions of miles asunder, would, if uninfluenced by other attractions, be drawn to each other in a constantly accelerating ratio of speed, until they met and formed one mass. How could this invisible attracting force, to which we give the name gravitation, operate through all this intervening space, unless the operating force be distinct from the matter operated upon?

So with regard to the forces of mineral magnetism, and which operate through solid, opaque, interposing substances. "Let us for a moment conceive that the properties of the magnet were unknown, and that a traveller from a distant part of the world were to announce the discovery of the loadstone and its singular powers. Imagine, for instance, that he were to communicate, for the first time, that there existed a substance which possessed an attractive power sufficiently strong to lift bodies many times exceeding its own weight, but that this powerful attraction was only exerted on iron;—that this peculiar force was not obstructed in its operation by the interposition of the hardest substances between the attracting power and that metal;—that this wonderful property produced not the least apparent variation in the bodies that possessed it, and that by mere contact it might be communicated to steel, not only without occasioning any loss to the original source whence the attractive power was derived, but with a positive increase to its energy by the communication of it to other substances. Let us suppose our traveller to state, in addition to these circumstances, that when this attractive property was communicated to a piece of steel, the two ends possessed different kinds of attraction, and that one would repel the end which the other attracted; that if this newly-discovered substance were broken into a thousand pieces, each piece would possess attractive powers, and the opposite ends of each fragment would possess opposite kinds of attraction; and, to conclude his tale of wonder, that if all the pieces were suspended freely, they would all point in the same direction.

"We can readily conceive that the traveller who revealed this discovery would be overwhelmed with ridicule, and his statements would be deemed scarcely more deserving of credence than those of Baron Munchausen. If the subject were thought to be worthy a moment's attention, there is not one of the alleged properties that would not be assailed by plausible arguments, founded on fallacious premises, that might serve for the construction of logical syllogisms to prove the existence of such a substance to be impossible. It is upon the same narrow system of philosophizing, which presumes all things to be impossible of which the human faculties can form no conception, that the arguments adduced against the existence of the sentient principle in

a separate state from that of the body have been principally founded. Every succeeding discovery, indeed, trenches upon the territory of presumed impossibilities, and shews that the operations of nature are not to be circumscribed by the limits which the ignorance of man would impose. But, regardless of these repeated checks on his presumption, he adheres to his narrow-minded system of reasoning, and will persevere in denying the possibility of states of being that cannot, from their inscrutable nature, be brought to the test of positive proof; though the arguments by which these objections are attempted to be supported are merely a repetition of those that have been previously refuted in the material world by the advancing progress of knowledge."

Ascending from the inorganic world, even more striking illustrations may be found in the processes of vegetation, as in germination, nutrition, decay and periodical renovation, and the development of seeds into woody fibre, leaf, bud, blossom, fruit and seed;—the successive outworkings of the principle of vegetative life, existing prior to and independent of these its manifested products.

Advancing another step in the scale of creation, let us briefly regard the wonders of insect transformation, of which the butterfly is the standing representative; but to take a less hackneyed illustration, the water-gnat for instance. We find that during the first stage of its existence this insect lives in water and subsists upon aquatic products: its organization and vital functions are adapted solely to this state of existence, and it would die if removed into another element; yet, after being for a short time enveloped in a hard inanimate substance, it bursts its shell and emerges from it in a totally different form, lives in a new element, and is furnished with powers adapted to its wants and enjoyments in the new state of existence upon which it has entered. It is also remarkable that "the aquatic as well as the terrestrial larvæ are subjected to a state of temporary stupor resembling death, during the final process that prepares them for their perfect state of existence."* Have we not in this a striking emblem of the death of the body being but the accompaniment and sign of the birth of the spirit into the higher life? "With the daily and hourly miracles (so to call them) of the vegetable and animal world before our eyes; with creations, renovations, transitions, and transmigrations innumerable, going on while yet individuality and identity are preserved, nothing ought to be thought incredible, or even unlikely, concerning the destiny of man, which comports with these common wonders, and which in itself is only an analogous

* See on this subject a little work entitled *Insect Transformations*, and KIRST and SPENCE'S *Introduction to Entomology*, Letter III.

transaction. . . . Everything belonging to human nature is mysterious: or, rather, bespeaks the existence of powers and instincts *undeveloped*, and which, though they just indicate their presence, do not reach their apparent end in the present state.”*

Waiving analogies and illustrations of this and kindred truths to be derived from a study of the processes and functions of the animal economy; from the co-existence of perpetual mutation with personal identity; from the connection between volition and the active powers; and from the mysterious nature of the vital principle and its union with animal corporeity; let us for a moment contemplate the subject from another and comprehensive point of view.

Let our imagination stretch backward and strive to realize the actual condition of our planet in that far, far remote time ere man or any contemporary forms of life were in being,—ere the megatherium, the mastodon, and the luxurious, gigantic vegetation of earlier life upon our earth,—ere fauna roamed or flora bloomed thereon;—ere bird or insect skimmed the air or fish the deep,—ere the faintest indications had appeared of even the simplest forms of animal or vegetative life,—“ere the mountains were brought forth or ever the hills were;”—when all was incandescent, molten, a fire-sea with its surging waves and steamy vapours;—no life,—no cosmos;—only a wild, weltering chaos, “without form and void, and darkness upon the face of the deep.” Could it have then been deemed possible—could it even be conceived (unless by an intelligence gifted with prophetic vision) that in this seething liquid-fire ocean there would be the successive orderly development of life from its simplest to its most complex forms and phenomena:—organization, assimilation, growth, decay, reproduction; sensation, locomotion, instinct; and at length, a being in whom would be superadded intelligence, reason, volition, language; a moral sense; aspiration, love, reverence:—a being who would circumnavigate the globe, dig from the bowels of the earth its hidden treasures, yoke not only the inferior creatures, but the elements of nature to his service, penetrate the secrets of creation, and in its open book read something of the mind and will of its Creator, and piercing beyond the shows of sense and time, enter into communion with the Infinite Spirit in loving worship, filial trust, and labours of disinterested beneficence?

On any theory or hypothesis of creation and life, that man should be at all, must have been an infinitely greater antecedent improbability than that being, he should continue to be, even though the material organization of the living personality ceases to be the vehicle of its manifestations. If the subtle essences of the impon-

* ISAAC TAYLOR'S *Physical Theory of Another Life*.

derable elements are only liberated by changes in the forms or separation of the particles with which they are combined, and suffer neither diminution nor decay, may we not, on this ground alone, warrantably infer that the infinitely more subtle power which thinks, wills, loves, worships, will survive and be unaffected by the decay and wreck of its mere material investiture?

Not only does such a survey teach that the strongest negative case may be wholly fallacious, but it shows a soul working under the ribs of death; and supplies evidence of a positive law extending from remotest time, and to all created beings;—the *law of Progress*, which, operating through forms, series, and degrees, in the mineral, vegetable, and animal creation, culminates in man, the sum and crown of things.

And in man, as from a new starting-point, we trace a fresh series of developments,—in language, art, science, religion;—in all that pertains to civilization. And in the individual equally as in the race, do we see the progressive unfoldment of character,—of the physical powers,—of the percipient, reflecting, reasoning, judging, willing, imaginative, æsthetical, and religious faculties. Yet no careful student of human nature but must be struck by the enormous amount of *undeveloped* faculty, even so far as we know of it, of *imperfection* and *arrested development*, and this not in isolated cases only, but in *all*, and most sensibly in the consciousness of the *highest minds*. “Now I begin to perceive what may be done in music,” was the dying exclamation of, I think, Mozart; and every schoolboy knows how our greatest physical philosopher compared himself to a child gathering pebbles on the shore while the vast ocean of truth lay before him unexplored. How great is this disparity between aspiration and achievement, between the almost infinite possibilities of the spirit and the limitations of mortality! Well may the sword sometimes wear away the scabbard,—the action of the spirit break down the too feeble instrument through which it is here compelled to act! True, infancy to old age completes a cycle of existence,—a growth, maturity, and gradual decay; but nature is not like the serpent with the tail in its mouth, it does not return into itself, and repeat an endless unvarying circle, it moves not in the circle, ~~but~~ in the spiral, each completed cycle being the basis of another and a higher round in the infinite ascent. Man, at best, develops here but a small portion of his known faculties, and these, how imperfectly! Is it conceivable that the law, which carries so far, should break down here; that the wide fertilizing stream should be arrested almost at its fountain; that while the ages have been leading up to man, he in his duration should be more limited than the trees of the forest; that God’s performance should belie His promise, and man remain a solecism in creation?

That the nature of the future life is to us a mystery, is only what we might reasonably anticipate. No doubt the chrysalis, if it could reason, would be equally puzzled to know how it could leave its watery bed, or its crawling on the earth, to soar through the atmosphere; or the child in the womb, how it could exist separated from the maternal structure, or what could be the nature of the new life so contrary to all its experience and possible conception.

Quarrel with mystery, my friend, you may as well—nay, you must then, quarrel with your bread and butter. Literally so, for is there no mystery in the conversion of the buried seed into the harvest of golden grain; of the wheatsheaf into the quartern loaf, and of that into the living brain and muscle? Mystery! Why all is mystery from the polyp, or sea-anemone, up to thyself, —an omnivorous, locomotive, chattering, and haply, thinking biped, with two hands and five senses, and let us charitably hope the rarer sixth, or common sense; and for certain, a spirit to which the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding. Thou comest,—whence? and goest,—whither? Every moment a man dies, every moment a child is born. “Think of that, Master Brooke.” What indeed, is every—the commonest phenomenon but a wonder and a mystery;—every flower a riddle; every blade of grass an open secret; every mite that glistens in the sunbeam a point from which the universe opens outward? This world is no less a mystery and a wonder-world than the world beyond, and were it not for our close familiarity with it, by which our sense is blunted we should at once perceive it to be no less so. We soon come to regard that alone as a wonder and a mystery which is new and strange to us. The bird now singing at my chamber window—would not he and his blithe song be a veritable miracle had no singing bird appeared in the world before? and the green foliage which clothes the woods in this early spring time,—is the mystery of it lessened by having been so many thousand times repeated? “The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Celeste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all laboratories and observatories, with their results in his single head, is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye. Let those who have eyes look through him, then he may be useful.”

If spirit is to us a mystery, matter of which we talk so glibly is no less so; for who can tell what matter is. True, “it is that which has length, breadth, and thickness.” But, O! my sagacious mentor, what is *that* in which these qualities inhere? What is the substance which underlies these properties? Who can tell

me that? If we know spirit only by its manifestations, we know matter only by its properties. Of the real—the inmost nature of both we are equally ignorant. Scepticism in relation to spirit has been met by a scepticism profounder than its own, challenging proof of the existence of matter;—a challenge which can be successfully met only by an appeal to consciousness, *i. e.*, a recognition of the *ego*, or spiritual self-hood which the Materialist has called in question.

Let this, too, be noted, that the most potent forces in nature are not the gross—but the subtle, the imponderable. The solid oak stands for centuries, but it is rived by the electric flash, and crumbles to decay under the devouring but invisible elements; the firm rock is wasted by the yielding wave. Attraction, repulsion, chemical affinity, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, od; these are not only the potent, but the permanent invisible forces in nature, separable from the particular forms of matter with which they are associated, surviving their dissolution, and, apparently indestructible, save by the Omnipotent Power which called them into being. So far, have we not here the analogies of spirit, and may not these or other inward and subtler forces of nature, of which we are yet ignorant, be the elements through which spirits operate on the grosser forms of matter? Faraday, if I am not misinformed, has avowed his conviction that the ultimate particles of matter are but points of force. Thus, then, do we rise from the grosser forms of matter through continuous and discrete degrees; from passive substances to active forces; from the evanescent to the permanent; from the ponderable to the imponderable; from matter to spirit. “All the phenomena of nature point to immaterial agents as their ultimate causes; and as we pursue the investigation into the more intricate processes of the properties of matter, every material and invisible agent refers us to a subtle and invisible cause, which is past finding out. It is only when we take our position on the low level of ignorance that our views are limited to the material objects which immediately surround us; but when we occupy the vantage ground of science, our views are expanded, we behold other and more distant scenes, and the mind is raised above this world to survey the prospect of a superior, a better, and a more enduring state of existence.”*

Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! A race without a goal!
Unshortened by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning still, where computation ends!

* *Natural Evidence of a Future Life.* By F. C. BAKEWELL. A work to which I am indebted for several illustrations in the foregoing article.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.

II.

THE readers of the paper hereon, which appeared in the April issue, will probably, if so disposed, have perceived not only the doubtfulness and invalidity but the complete self-destructiveness of an argument resting upon the interpretation of an indefinite term, and supported only by the applicability of that term to endless or Divine nature. It appeared from a critical examination of the declaration in Matt. xxv. 46, that if future punishment (whatever "punishment" may mean) be endless, its endlessness must be revealed in other places of Scripture than those which describe its everlasting or æonian duration, and by other arguments than are adduced by those who loudly profess to have the letter of Scripture on their side, but are in reality defeated by the canon of interpreting Scripture by itself. Dr. Hartley says it is by no means consonant to the nature of the Christian religion to interpret the New Testament in a strict literal manner, or adhere to phrases in opposition to the general tenor of it; and we may perhaps be permitted to doubt the possibility of a full and unrestricted belief in any doctrine which has no further evidence to support it than that which the mere letter affords. But these are quite unnecessary considerations on the present occasion. Let the advocates of endless punishment be met fairly on their own ground of literal interpretation; and it will clearly appear that such a doctrine if true could not fail to have been declared in more express terms than those which can be shown inferentially to mean the reverse. For consider the denunciations themselves. The unquenchable fire is well known to be a figure—our Lord spoke in parables or figures—taken from a place called Gehenna, or the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, where the dead bodies of criminals were thrown to be consumed by fire. This place had formerly been the scene of the sacrifices to Moloch, and being afterwards made a receptacle for carcasses of animals and dead bodies of criminals, it is employed by our Lord to symbolize or represent the final state of the damned. We read also in the Old Testament of Jerusalem and other places being burnt with a fire that was never to be quenched. It is also said by Isaiah that the smoke of the burning of Idumea shall go up for ever—an expression precisely parallel to the passage in Revelations—"The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." And the passage in Jude has often been pointed out in which Sodom and Gomorrah are said to be "suffering the vengeance of eternal fire," *i.e.*, the fire which consumed them and which is "an example" of the judgment reserved for "the angels who kept not their first estate." The letter of Scripture further informs us that the unrighteous shall be consumed like chaff, stubble, tares, thorns, briers, unprofitable branches, and as natural brute beasts shall utterly perish in their own corruption. And in the passage, "Fear Him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell," it has been argued that to destroy means to kill outright, the same word being used at the judgment hall before Pilate when the multitude were persuaded "to ask Barabbas and *destroy* Jesus." The Psalmist also says "the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away." Hence it may appear from the literal sense of Scripture, that whatever the fire of hell may mean, its duration cannot be inferred to be endless, for that they who are cast into it shall like the fat of lambs consume away, and not remain endlessly unconsumed. Thus, "the end of the wicked shall be cut off" in the day when "God shall be all in all."

Such at least would be the literal meaning of the "second death," as derived from those denunciatory declarations of Scripture which have been supposed to inculcate a belief in endless misery; and here, at all events, is a way in which the end of disorder may be conceived to be brought about. We are bound to confess that, whatever the shortcoming of such a theory, this, at least, is so much in its favour. Evil is no longer accepted as an indelible stain in God's creation. The finite no longer triumphs over the infinite. A crisis is effected; a cure of the disordered universe obtained; the "plague-spot of corruption" purged; and the memorable words of ONE, whose words have a wider meaning than Jewish times or Jewish scenes convey, realized to the full,—"It is finished!"

But the question arises, Is there no alternative, according to Scripture, between the notion of endless misery on the one hand and the absolute annihila-

tion which has been inferred on the other? The answer can only be, Death is not annihilation.

“ Look nature through, 'tis revolution all,
All change, no loss ; all to re-flourish fades,
As in a wheel all sinks to re-ascend,
Emblems of man who passes, not expires.
The world of matter with its various forms
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the dark mass, and shall for ever roll.”—*Night Thoughts*.

Thus we know of no annihilation ; something necessarily survives destruction. We know of no endless corruption ; life is necessarily born from death. Death implies corruption, disintegration, dissolution, loss of consciousness in the state in which death occurs. The death of the body involves resurrection of one kind, why should not the death of the soul involve resurrection of another kind? “ To suppose a work of Divine Wisdom to end in nothingness, is to imply a defect in the Infinite, which is an absurdity.” The word which spoke each even the lowest into being, “ shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” Isaiah lv. 11.

“ A period to the torment of cursed souls ” by death is, no doubt, more awful and mysterious than by progression or development out of evil into righteous conditions. But death is at all events more Scriptural, and it may be doubted that progression is more reasonable. Errors beget reactionary errors, and people have heard so much of the endlessness of hell which they see to be absurd, and so little of its nature which they feel to be true, that a certain luxuriance threatens to smother the growth of enlightened Christianity among the opponents of the orthodox (?) theory. Convinced of the goodness of God, some argue that there can be little or no suffering hereafter, an opinion which appears contravened not only by the whole tenor of revelation, but also by the lessons of the visible creation which teach in characters of flame that evil does exist in spite of the goodness of God. Indeed, were it not for the Book of Revelation, which these theorists neglect, we might have more difficulty in admitting this paramount goodness of God, on which they so much insist. At all events it is far less palpable to the evidence of the senses than the existence of evil which wells up most disagreeably on every side. In fact the God of *Nature* is, on the whole, a being of very doubtful beneficence. If it be replied, that suffering here is not the execution of an arbitrary sentence to that effect, but results spontaneously from the violation of the laws inscribed upon creation, it must be rejoined that suffering hereafter is precisely analogous in its cause, nature, and effect. Arbitrary or vindictive punishment is a fiction of the schools. For, just as the most beneficent laws of creation, when violated or abused, destroy—the antagonism they appear to offer being solely the result of *our* opposition and abuse, so the wrath of God is only the manifestation of His love operating in inverted conditions of its reciprocity, and experienced in the organism of an inverted state. Love, however unchangeable in itself, becomes mercy or wrath according to the conditions in which it is received, just as the heat and light of our sun is converted into beauty or ugliness, food or poison, by the nature of the organic forms in which the solar influence is received. Thus God is good to all and withholds not his love from any, even the most abandoned, in this life or the next ; but the consequence is, not that the sinner is unpunished, but that the sinner is chastened. The operation of this law of Divine Providence is to some extent obvious to all even here. We like to think, in charity, that it is far more stringent, hereafter, and that the spirit sphere may be the scene of an ampler and more liberal purification for those who require it—and who does not?—as well as for those who are equal to it, than can be effected by the trials of this world. “ It may be that an evil man (after death) is so immersed in his lusts and phantasies that he does not wish to leave them ; yet it may appear to the omniscient eye of God that by suffering he can be purified from those evils, which are bearing him down to hell, and that by such purification he may be brought into a state to regard goodness and truth as the great end and blessing of his existence.” To such an one suffering is necessarily the means of his redemption. On the other hand, it is not only possible but probable enough that, “ as some bodily disorders advance from one stage of inveteracy to another

till they are absolutely irremediable and must ultimately terminate in dissolution, so vice, considered as a growing and deadly disease of the mental constitution, may end in its total derangement and final destruction." And does not development depend on the existence of certain conditions in which the germ is developed? It is true that great mystery hangs upon the future. It is not for us to discern the laws of development inscribed upon "what a man soweth." No scrutiny of sense will detect the huge oak in the little crownless acorn; yet who doubts the result if it lives, and who talks of development if it fail of the conditions of life?

We revert, then, to our position that there may be an ultimate dissolution of the spiritual as there now is of the natural consciousness, and that there will be a resurrection from the second death as certainly as there is a resurrection from the first. When the vessel was marred in the hands of the potter, so as to be "without remedy," then, says the prophet, "he returned and made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it." So the breaking to pieces of the former vessel is followed by making another out of the broken materials. Thus the dead shall rise.

By what means and in what state this second resurrection may be supposed to be effected; whether it takes place now or shall be deferred until a great crisis in the world's history, are questions we cannot enter into, but may refer the inquirer for the latest, and, perhaps, fullest investigation of the subject which we have met with to a work which we hear will now shortly be published, entitled *Primeval Man: His Birth, Fall, and Restitution*. Meanwhile we are content to oppose an erroneous dogma with the statement of a belief, which, however mysterious, at least contributes in our judgment to reconcile the requirements of reason and revelation with each other, and both with the mercies of God. For although much has been offered in vindication of the nature and the permission of future suffering, we see no other evolution than this of the still more irresistible belief that in the counsels of Him, to whom a thousand years are less than yesterday, the misery which sin has introduced into the universe and which to our vision seems so endless, is not to be considered even as a grain of sand on the shores of future ages, but rather as something which shall be converted, as Jung Stilling surmises, into the groundwork of a sublimer happiness and a closer conjunction with God than could have been attained, had man never fallen, and never thereby provoked the descent of Deity.—W. W. F.

EPITAPH ON LORD WESTBURY.

RICHARD BARON WESTBURY,
 Lord High Chancellor of England,
 He was an eminent Statesman,
 An energetic and successful Christian,
 And a still more eminent and successful Judge.
 During his three years' tenure of office
 He abolished
 The time-honored institution of the Insolvents' Court,
 The ancient mode of conveying land,
 And
 The Eternity of Punishment.
 Towards the close of his earthly career,
 In the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,
 He dismissed Hell with costs,
 And took away from Orthodox Members of the
 Church of England,
 Their last hope of Everlasting Damnation.—*Spectator*.

Correspondence.

Cambridge, March 22nd, 1864.

SIR,—There is one class of spiritual facts of more frequent occurrence and much more generally admitted than any other—namely, the appearance of dying persons to their distant friends. Mr. Dale Owen, in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World* (Book I, chap. 1), speaking of the Cambridge Ghost Club, the account of which was furnished to him “by the son of a British peer, himself one of the leading members,”* says,—“The same gentleman informed me that the researches of the Society had resulted in a conviction, shared, he believed, by all its members, that there *is* sufficient testimony for the appearance, about the time of death or after it, of the apparitions of deceased persons; while, in regard to other classes of apparitions, the evidence, so far as obtained, was deemed too slight to prove their reality.” Similar remarks will be found in most other books which treat of these things. Several such “apparitions” have been described to me by personal friends of my own, by whom they have been seen. Indeed, on one occasion, when a friend of mine was relating a story of this sort in the presence of Dr. Elliotson (the well-known physiologist), the doctor remarked,—“Oh! such stories are as common as blackberries;” and proceeded to tell some similar ones amongst his acquaintance. But the great Mesmerist insisted on explaining all these phenomena as the effect of a Mesmeric action by the mind of the dying person on distant friends—a theory which he has also put forward in the *Zoist*. In reply to this explanation, my friend (the late J. C. Robertson, the founder and editor of the *Mechanics’ Magazine*) asked Dr. Elliotson, how, in accordance with this theory, he would explain the following fact which occurred to himself and a brother. The two brothers (both very young at the time, I forget their exact ages) were in bed together at their father’s house, when they both saw the apparition of a lady to whom their father (a widower) was engaged to be married. She died suddenly that same night. The father was away from home, and not with the boys. In this case it seems as if the dying lady had been desirous of appearing to the father, and had come to his usual dwelling in the expectation of seeing him; but was disappointed, finding only his sons instead. “Oh!” said Dr. E., “the

* I presume it will be no great violation of secrecy to say that the gentleman here referred to is the Hon. A. H. Gordon, now Governor of New Brunswick.

ghost made a mistake," and so the story passed off with a joke as usual. But there is something more than matter for jesting in such a narrative. *If*, as the doctor said "the ghost *made a mistake*," it would seem as if the spirit did actually come to the house in search of the person whom it wished to see—and not as if the vision were the mere effect of a Mesmeric "rapport;" for it is not likely that the dying lady was thinking of the two boys. It so happened that Mr. Robertson himself died a few months after the above dialogue, and the brother referred to in it was with me in the same mourning coach at the funeral, and confirmed the story as told by his deceased brother. The elder brother was, I believe, more alarmed at the apparition than the younger.

It is very desirable that all those who know of similar cases should publish them—authenticated by their names, and when permitted, by the names of all the persons concerned. Especially valuable would be cases where the dying person is seen by *strangers*, or by some one of whom it cannot be supposed that the dying person is thinking at the time—such a case, for example, as that of the officer killed in the Crimea, and who appeared not only to his wife in Cambridge, but to another lady in London (see the account in Owen's *Footfalls*, and Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*).

The two following are of the more ordinary kind, but both told to me by intimate personal friends of my own:—A lady in Cambridge, whilst lying *awake* in bed, in the early dawn, was terribly alarmed by seeing a man who drew aside the bed curtains and stared at her. She awoke her husband, who searched the room in vain. An uncle, very much attached to her, and who had been thinking much of her, died that same night. A merchant in Newcastle-on-Tyne was walking on the quay, in the busiest part of the day, when he suddenly said to his friends, "Why! there is my friend So-and-so," and left them to go and speak to this unexpected visitor, but could not find him. The person thus seen died at that same time, at a distant place (Liverpool, I believe). Whilst one of these stories was being told, another gentleman related the following:—His father was captain of a ship. One day, on the voyage from Newfoundland, the mate came in from the bowsprit looking very pale, and on being questioned, said he had just seen his brother, whom he had left in Jersey. They noted the event, and, on their return to Jersey, found that the brother had died at the time he was thus seen.

I have sent you a translation of a paper in a German journal, to which reference has often been made by writers on this subject. If the facts in it related by Herr Wesermann are true, they are certainly most wonderful, and bear very strongly on the theory of mesmeric will-influence. Being, however, isolated, and not

well authenticated, they are scarcely worth much until confirmed by other and numerous similar cases.

I am, yours &c.,

ALFRED W. HOBSON.

TRANSLATION

Of an Extract from an Article by H. M. Wesermann, in "Archiv für den Thierischen Magnetismus," Band VI., Stück 2, page 136-139 (dated Dusseldorf, 15th June, 1819, in a Letter to the Editor of the "Archiv").

I HAVE myself made experiments on Far-seeing (*das Fernsehen*) in natural sleep, concerning which I have, from various works, collected a theory which I submit to your judgment. I represent to myself, in fact, the universe as an aggregate of invisible forces which are capable of acting according to their qualities on the human soul. The air, for example, is capable of conveying the sound of distant music with a velocity of 1,026 to 1,085 feet in a second through the ear to the soul. The finer ether conveys the forms of distant objects by means of the rays of light through my eye to the soul, and with a velocity of 43,000 miles in a second. Whereupon I ground the conclusion that the still finer magnetic fire (as Mesmer calls it) must be able to convey my thought-pictures (*Gedanken-bilder*) to a distant sleeping friend through the nerves, on which I have made the following confirmative experiments:—

First Experiment at a Distance of Five Miles.—To my friend, the Hofkammerrath G——, whom I had neither seen, written, or spoken to for thirteen years. I tried to make known my visit by presenting my form (*bild*) to him whilst asleep, through the force of my will; and when I unexpectedly went to him on the following evening, he evinced his astonishment at having seen me in a dream on the preceding night.

Second Experiment at a Distance of Three Miles.—Madame W—— was in her sleep to hear a conversation, between me and two other persons, on a certain secret, and when I visited her on the third day she told me all that had been spoken, and shewed her astonishment at this remarkable dream.

Third Experiment at a Distance of One Mile.—An aged person in G—— was to see in a dream the funeral procession of my deceased friend S——, and when I visited her on the next day, her first words were that she had in her sleep seen a funeral procession, and on enquiry had learned that I was the corpse. Here then was a slight error.

Fourth Experiment at a Distance of One-eighth of a Mile.—Herr Doctor B——, desired to receive a visit to convince him, whereupon I represented to him a nocturnal street-brawl, which, to his great astonishment, he also saw in a dream.

Fifth Experiment at a Distance of Nine Miles.—To Lieut. N—— there was to appear in a dream by night, at eleven o'clock, a lady deceased five years, and who was to incite him to a good action. Herr N——, however, contrary to expectation, had not gone to sleep at eleven o'clock, but was conversing with his friend S—— on the French campaign. Suddenly the door of the chamber opens; the lady, dressed in white, with black kerchief and bare head, walks in, salutes S—— thrice with her hand in a friendly way, turns then to N——, to whom she nods, and then returns through the door. Both follow quickly, call the sentinel at the entrance, but all had vanished, and nothing to be found. Some months afterwards, Herr S—— informed me by letter that the chamber door used to creak when being opened, but did not do so when the lady opened it, whence it is to be inferred that the opening of the door was only a dream-picture (*traumbild*) like all the rest of the apparition.

My friend, Privy Councillor H——, and Doctor W——, have made similar experiments with success; others have not succeeded. Such extraordinary apparitions to persons whilst awake seem explicable by the statements of the clairvoyants of Messrs. Ghert and Bährens, according to which a stream of light proceeds from the magnetizer and leads to the distant friend when the former directs his thoughts strongly and without distraction upon him. If this explanation is correct, we have the explanation of the visions in Jung's *Geisterkunde*, (Jung Stilling's book on apparitions) as for instance the "White Lady" and other similar appearances, or that they are dream-pictures caused by others. Dark and incomprehensible to me, nevertheless, remains the gift of divination, where the seers perceive the future in shadowy forms, since here there is no one present to excite the soul of these persons.

The mathematicians have, by persevering investigation, discovered the formulæ by which eclipses of the sun and moon can be foretold many years in advance. If, now, any such order existed in the affairs of mankind in all ages, so that, for example, after the completion of a revolution of our solar system round the great central sun, there was a recurrence of former events, the problem would be easy as soon as the requisite formula had been found.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

May 3rd, 1864.

SIR,—I am, I suppose, somewhat of a *rara avis* in these days, being at once a clergyman of the Church of England, and for six or seven years a believer in Modern Spiritualism. It was brought to my experience unexpectedly at first in a quiet circle, where I was asked to spend the evening, and I accepted it at once; any approach to the events of apostolic days seeming to me a blessing, and events having occurred in my own family, generations ago and of later date, which led me to believe that spiritual gifts had not forsaken the earth. About four years ago I had the opportunity of attending three or four *séances* of an extraordinary character, or what would be ordinary under such men as Mr. Home, but since that time I have seen no further experiences of the sort. Surrounded by unsympathising influences in my own family, who having faith need not any further proofs, I am silent on the subject except in upholding the truth when it is called in question, but I am nevertheless daily more convinced of its efficacy in bringing the certainty of a future life of rewards and punishments before the eyes of the unbelievers and profane. I have nearly finished a little *brochure*, in which I put forward the universality of the Church of England, in combination with the late judgment in Privy Council on the subject of purgatory—not the Romish doctrine of purgatory, to which latter our Articles object—as subjects in which the modern Spiritualists may well sympathize. I will send it to you when finished, if you wish it, and you will perhaps be able to tell whether you think it worthy of publication; but for the sake of my family, not for my own, if published, it must be done so anonymously. I must say the same also of this letter, although there seems nothing in it worthy of being made known to the world. I am often comforted by receiving messages and advice, by no seeking of my own, from causes external to the circle in which I live, but not by rapping or writing, though I do not say this to condemn them.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

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To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—As a supplement to and in corroboration of the powerful reasoning of "W. W. F." on the subject of everlasting punishment, in the April number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, I send an extract from a work out of print, and only occasionally to be met with, *The Divine Government*, by Southwood Smith, M.D. At p. 327 of the 4th edition, he says—"It is when we consider the minute shades by which different sins and even different characters are discriminated, that we perceive in the most forcible manner the impossibility both of the doctrine of endless misery, and of limited punishment terminated by destruction. How slight is the difference between the worst good man and the best wicked man! how impossible is it for the utmost exertion of human sagacity to distinguish between them! yet for this imperceptible difference in character there is, according to these doctrines, an infinite difference in destiny. He who is lowest in the scale of goodness, and who differs from the best wicked man only by the slightest shade, is admitted to infinite happiness; he in whom wickedness preponderates upon the whole, but in so small a measure that no human penetration can discern it, is shut out from the enjoyment of Heaven, doomed by one doctrine to inconceivable torments through endless ages, and by the other to dreadful suffering for a very protracted period, and then to endless extinction of being. According to one opinion the positive *torment*, according to the other the positive *loss*, is infinite, yet the difference in desert is undistinguishable." A new edition of this work is much to be desired.

X. Y.