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REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER OF SWEDENBORG'S  
TRANSLATION OF GENESIS, AS GIVEN AND  
EXPLAINED IN HIS "ARCANA CŒLESTIA."

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THE character of a translation of any book or document from one language into another will, apart from the necessary requirements of the rendering, depend both on the particular purpose which such a translation is made, and on the relative affinity or non-affinity in which the two idioms stand to each other. If the chief object of the translator is to produce what is called a "readable" translation, his business will be to construct a suitable frame or clothing in his "native" tongue, for the ideas which he has recognized and appreciated in a foreign dress. In such a case many of the outward habiliments will have to be changed, altered, and re-cast, in order to make the new composition presentable in his new sphere; and after all, take what pains you please, the odds are that he will still show some outlandish ways about him. However, after all, this is the most likely way of forming a tolerably close acquaintance with our distinguished foreigner, provided namely, that our "mutual friend" has been to his duty.

Far different is the case with what may be called documentary translations, that is to say, translations in which not the spirit or the meaning of the text is the principal object to be attended to, but the very *phrase* itself. In this case the chief business of the translator is to follow the text sentence by sentence, and if possible, to find words and phrases in his own language which will adequately, or pretty nearly so, express the *meaning*, that is to say, the *dictionary-meaning* of the sentences he has to translate. In this case the spirit of the original will have to be considerably disregarded, and it will be found necessary, again and again, to add notes in order to *explain* what, after all, is meant by the translation. A third mode of translation is the one called *verbal*,

if it be really at all allowable to call this kind of transferring, a translation. Here the translator cares for nothing but for the words, which according to their form, connexion, and individual meaning, he has to register on his paper, and the sum total of which register of translated words he calls his translation.

Looking at Swedenborg's translation of Genesis, as given in his *Arcana*, we find that from its character it belongs mainly to the third class of translations we have mentioned. That this is really the case, any reader who is a little acquainted with Hebrew will at once allow. Whatever the advantages may be which a translation of this kind may be hoped to secure, experience as well as the nature of the case itself, prove that the disadvantages necessarily connected with it, are so formidable as to render any useful result impossible. The reader of course will bear in mind that we do not here refer to cases where both languages present precise equivalents of words and phrases, but to those cases in which the idioms differ so essentially that a literal translation would not only render the meaning of the original obscure, but would make it necessarily altogether unintelligible and void of sense. Swedenborg has paid this penalty of his mode of translation to the full, more so even than the authorized English Version.

A few passages chosen at random will illustrate what we mean. In Vol. VII., p. 276, of the *Arcana*, being a translation of Genesis xlii. 15, we read, "In this ye shall be proved: Pharaoh live, if ye shall go forth hence, unless your young brother come hither." If this translation convey any sense, it is beyond our skill to discover it. The original simply says "by the life of Pharaoh, you shall not go hence," &c. This is simple enough, and satisfies all the requirements of the context. Swedenborg, however, is apparently at a loss what to make of this passage according to his own translation. In his note relating to the "internal sense" he says, (page 301) "That signifies that it must needs be that the truths appertaining to this are of such a character, unless they be conjoined to spiritual goods cannot so well be explained according to the signification of the expressions themselves. In Vol. VI., page 8 (being the translation of Genesis xxxii. 20), we read the following astounding declaration of Jacob:—"I will expiate his faces in the present generation before me, and afterwards I will see his faces; peradventure I will lift up my faces." What the natural or human sense of these words is, Swedenborg does not in any way inform us. As to the internal sense he assures us (page 31) that, "the manner in which each of these circumstances here mentioned occur cannot possibly be explained to the apprehension; for so long as the common or general principles of a subject are not known, the

singulars cannot rise into any light, but fall into mere shade." We suspect that the shadiness of his own translation must bear the blame of this declaration.

Vol. VI., p. 88 (Genesis xxxiii. 14), we read, "Let my Lord, I pray thee, pass over before his servant, and I will proceed to the foot of the work which is before me, and to the foot of the children," &c. Here we are again quite at a loss to conjecture what kind of work that can be, to the foot of which Jacob intends to proceed; still more, we wonder what the foot of the children can mean, to which he means to proceed. In the notes explaining the internal sense, Swedenborg says, that "hereby is signified, according to common or general principles." But why fall back upon such an out-of-the-way interpretation? The word, here translated by "*work*," elsewhere occurs in the signification of *cattle*; and the simple and quite satisfactory meaning of the text is, that Jacob proposes to follow Esau at a rate of locomotion, such as the walking powers of the cattle and of the children will allow.

However, let these instances be sufficient, as a few specimens of the very unsatisfactory lapses into which Swedenborg has been betrayed by his want of a thorough scholarlike acquaintance with the original text. It would be a useless task to enlarge the list, for his translation positively swarms with them. On the contrary, we wish to call the attention of our readers to certain passages in his translation, where, whilst the original text is wrongly rendered, a pointed "internal sense" is foisted upon this false rendering.

Vol. I., p. 109 (Genesis iv. 22), we read; *And Zillah, she also bare Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron,* &c. The word here translated "*instructor*," signifying "*hammerer*," or "*smith*," and never "*instructor*;" and the word here translated "*artificer*," signifying "*cutter*," "*cutting instrument*," the simple meaning of this passage is, "*Tubal Cain, a smith (or forger) of all kinds of cutting instruments of brass and iron.*" This is also the rendering of the Septuagint; *καὶ ἦν σφυροκόπος χαλκῆς χαλκοῦ καὶ σιδήσου,* and of all modern scholars. What then will become of all that Swedenborg says, p. 142, about the difference as to the internal sense, between *father* and *instructor*, and, p. 142, about the meaning of *artificer*? It merely falls to the ground.

Vol. I., p. 305, Swedenborg translates Genesis viii. 3, "And the waters receded from off the earth, *in going and returning*;" and v. 5, "And the waters were *in going and decreasing*;" and being strangely ignorant of a well-known Hebrew idiom, according to which the verb "to go" is used, instead of the adverbs "continually," "successively," "steadily," he gives, pp. 312-13, a long account of temptations and *fluctuations (!)* a

view which was apparently only suggested to him by his erroneous translation. Compare also Genesis xii. 9, and Swedenborg's version.

In Genesis xvi., we have the account of Hagar's vision in the wilderness. Verse 13, it is said, "And she called the name of Jahveh that spake to her; thou (art) the God of my vision, for she said (thought), do I *really live after my vision?*" by which she meant to express her astonishment at finding herself still alive after her vision, according to the old belief that no one can see God and live. Swedenborg, after the fashion of his time renders this; "And she called the name of Jehovah that spake to her, Thou, God, seest me; *for she said, have I also here seen after Him that seeth me?*" which latter clause is pure nonsense. How much better the LXX *ὅτι εἶπε καὶ γὰρ ἐνώπιον εἶδον ὀφθέντα μοι.* Swedenborg, however, apparently suspecting nothing wrong, gives a full account (p. 397) of the inner sense of this unintelligible passage, which he had previously made not only entirely wrong, but unintelligible.

Genesis xxi. 18, we read the following exhortation addressed to Hagar; "Arise, lift up the lad, and *hold him fast.*" The last verb is in the original expressed by the well-known phrase "make strong thy hand on him," which corresponds to the Greek phrase *ἐηφύειν χεῖρα*, or *κρατεῖν τινος*. Swedenborg apparently is not acquainted with this idiom, and renders it in a manner conveying the sense that her own hand was to be made strong by him, "*strengthen thine hand in him.*" In his note to this passage he coolly remarks, Vol. III., p. 320, "What is here meant by strengthening the hand in him, cannot be understood by any one, except from the internal sense."

Genesis xxx. 11, the name of Gad is explained by the circumstance, that at his birth his mother used the words, "with luck," corresponding to the Latin name Felix, or as the marginal reading suggests, "Good luck is coming." In the same manner the LXX have *ἐν τύχῃ*, and the Vulgate, Fortuna. Swedenborg, like the English bishops in the authorized version, bowing to the authority of some fanciful translator, renders the word, *a troop*, by which he is of course obliged also to reject the reading of the text, and to adopt the marginal conjecture. As he does not give an account of the natural sense of the Biblical text, we are of course left in the dark as to what he might think the natural meaning of this translation really was. What he gives as the internal sense of the troop, &c., of course hangs in the air without any legitimate connection with this passage of the Bible.

In Vol. V., p. 301, we meet with a most astounding specimen of translation, if this name can possibly be used with reference to a series of words which absolutely preclude every sense

Genesis xxxi. 4, is there translated, "And Jacob sent and called Rachel and Leah the field to his flock." These words yielding no natural sense whatever, it might easily occur to the reader to amend the text by supposing that by an oversight of the compositor, the word "into" had been omitted before field. But on turning to page 312, we find, amongst other things pronouncing the "internal sense" of this passage, so remarkably mistranslated, the following statement:—"That to send to these (Rachel and Leah) *and call the field to his flock*, denotes to adjoin himself, is manifest." This mode of explaining the Bible defies any criticism whatever. It is neither literal, nor accurate, nor true. The simple, plain meaning of the text is, "And Jacob sent and ordered Rachel and Leah into the field to the cattle."

A similar case of utter incapacity to understand the simple meaning of the text occurs, p. 303, where Genesis xxxi. v. 29, translated, "*Let God have my hand to do with you evil*," &c., and at page 336 in the notes about the internal sense we read, "Let God have my hand to do with you evil, signifies *a state of indignation if he had ability*." How badly and negligently this is expressed! a state of indignation if he had ability! But turning to the Hebrew text, we find that nothing is there said about indignation, but on the contrary, Laban clearly tells Jacob that he had the power to do him serious injury, but that he refrained. The Hebrew text reads, "*It is in the power of my hand to do evil unto you*, but the God of your father said to me last night," &c., just as the English Bible has it. Swedenborg's translation is utterly inadmissible on a variety of grounds, which is not necessary to detail. They are manifest to any competent Hebraist.

Vol. VI., p. 280, Swedenborg still subscribes to the "*coat of various colours*," although a little reading in Josephus and some other authorities, as well as the etymology of the Hebrew word itself, might have shewn him that the "various colours" are a specimen of that well-known fancywork in which the LXX translators most freely indulge, when they find that they are at the end of their solid knowledge. At all events, it would have been more satisfactory to the natural interpreter of the Bible if Swedenborg had here unfolded the internal sense of "*long sleeves*," instead of giving that of "*various colours*," which he should have known was a simple but serious blunder of his.

We have thus exhibited a few of the specimens of the kind renderings which a competent reader may find in the pages of Swedenborg's *Arcana* by a cursory examination. It is not our intention to weary the patience of our readers by giving a more extended list; but we cannot help, in conclusion, referring

to a very odd and striking "curiosity," for which, so far as we know, Swedenborg alone is responsible.

It is a well-known fact that the Jews, from a superstitious feeling, do not pronounce what is called the sacred name of the Lord, whenever it occurs in the text of the Old Testament, but substitute instead of it the word *Adonai*, the Lord, and that whenever this latter word occurs, coupled with the sacred name, they read instead of the latter the word *Elohim*, God, in order to avoid the repetition of the word *Adonai* twice over. This they indicate to the reader according to their custom by putting the vowels of the words *Adonai* and *Elohim* underneath the consonants of the sacred name, which thus remained unpronounced, for they were thus invariably reminded to read either *Adonai*, the Lord, or *Adonai Elohim*, the Lord God.

The true pronunciation of the sacred name itself is sufficiently evident from its origin (Exodus iii. 14), from its etymology, as being derived from the verb *havah* to be, and from the testimony of ancient authorities, such as Hesychius—compare *Gesenius*, Lex. Hebr. sub voce, from which it results that the name means neither more nor less than *He is*, and is to be pronounced *Yahveh*. Swedenborg, however, who evidently was entirely ignorant of this fact, not only accepted the time-sanctioned misnomer *Jehovah*, but also finding the word sometimes furnished with vowels, which (if Hebrew vocalization would allow of it, which it does not) might be read *Jehovih*, he boldly informs his readers that in the Old Testament the Lord is described by two names, *Jehovah* and *Jehovih*—both, he assures us, having a definite and distinctive meaning. See, for instance, Vol. II., p. 209. This is certainly a curiosity, which, if Swedenborg had at all given evidence of his competency for his self-assumed office as translator of the Old Testament, might have attracted the notice of scholars, and probably would not now disgrace the pages of his *Arcana*. As the matter stands, were it not for that kind of infallibility which Swedenborg apparently claims for his work, we should say, *Prove it.*

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Swedenborg's biographers commonly inform us that he possessed "a competent knowledge of Hebrew," but they leave us to conjecture what "a competent knowledge of Hebrew" is. It appears clear from the preceding remarks, by one of the first Hebrew scholars of the day, that the biographers were mistaken, and that Swedenborg was by no means a proficient in the language. This should not be considered extraordinary, inasmuch as in his time the knowledge of Hebrew had made, but very little

of the progress towards its present state. At this day Swedenborg would hardly pass muster as an ordinary student on many points of what are now an ordinary knowledge of the language. Hebrew is by no means an easy language, and until 1745, when he was fifty-seven years of age, there is no evidence, and little likelihood that Swedenborg had ever overcome, or even imagined its difficulties. It is further stated, by the same authorities, that he read the Hebrew Scriptures twice through, and probably this was the extent of his discipline in the language. At any rate, when he commenced his commentary on Genesis and Exodus, under the title of the *Arcana Cœlestia*, he did not attempt a new translation, but made use of the Latin version of Sebastian Schmidius, with occasional variations, as whether in fact or fancy he thought he could more accurately express the original. Swedenborg's Hebrew, we apprehend, was of a very elementary character, so that he could not venture far beyond reach of his lexicon and literal translations. From the above critical remarks it is evident that he has made transparent blunders in the literal meaning of the original, and has crowned his want of knowledge by actually giving as from "the Lord alone," a spiritual reading based upon his false rendering.

Among the many theories devised to account for the original production of the Scriptures, Swedenborg adopts the extreme one of verbal—yea, literal dictation. It will be noted how destructive such a theory, if true, is to his spiritual sense where it is based upon mistranslations which introduce such incongruities between the literal and the spiritual rendering.

"I have been informed," he writes, "in what manner the Lord spake with the prophets by whom the word was given. Spirits were sent to them, so Divinely possessed, that they spoke with the consciousness of Jehovah. What they uttered the Prophets wrote, every word pregnant with Divinity.\*

"The Word which is received in the Church is Divine Truth; for it was dictated by Jehovah, and whatever is dictated by Him is Divine Truth in its purity, and can be nothing else.†

Assertions such as these, by no means peculiar to Swedenborg, should be backed by evidence, but for evidence we look in vain. The Scriptures themselves lay claim to no such origin; and Protestants who reproach Catholics with the invention of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, should remember that many of them harbour a dogma quite as fanciful. Under critical scrutiny the Bible is found to be of no uniform texture, but

\* *Heaven and Hell*, Nos. 254 and 259, and *Arcana Cœlestia*, No. 7,055.

† *True Christian Religion*, No. 85.

varied with the characteristics of many authors. When Jeremiah, smitten and set in the stocks for his disagreeable warnings, reasons:

“O Jehovah, Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived: Thou art stronger than I and hast prevailed: I am in derision, daily, every one mocketh me. For since I spake, I cried out, I cried violence and spoil; because the word of Jehovah was made a reproach unto me, and a derision, daily. Then I said, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name: but His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay”—\*

Who can fail to perceive at once in this, the transcript of a real experience, and at all events a part at least of the truth about inspiration—truth very different from the pious idea of dictation external to the Prophet and he its passive penman.

Having asserted for the Scriptures Divine literal dictation Swedenborg ventures yet further, and claims for the Hebrew text exemption from error or corruption—

“The Books of the Old Testament have been preserved entire to an iota since the time they were written. In order that nothing might be taken away from them it was so ordered by the Divine Providence, that all the several particulars therein, even to the letters, should be counted, because of the sanctity within each iota. This was done by the Masorites.” †

Such a statement at this day can only excite a smile in those conversant with the condition of the Hebrew text; but Swedenborg merely lent his sanction to the common belief of his time (in the perfection of the Masoretic editorship—a belief which was exacted as an article of faith from the preachers of some sects. Yet even while he wrote (1763) Dr. Kennicott of Oxford had initiated the destruction of the superstition by his laborious collation of text with text, whereby he elicited such a variety of readings and of corruptions, as proved conclusively that Hebrew literature was in nowise exempt from the ordinary vicissitudes of manuscripts.

A rational reader would naturally pass over these, and other mistakes of Swedenborg, and give him his great due, did not those who style themselves his disciples, and appropriate him as their exclusive possession, assume such supercilious airs towards any who believe that Spiritualism neither began nor was exhausted

\* Jeremiah, chap. xx. 7-9.

† *Sacred Scripture*, No. 13, *Last Judgment*, No. 41, and *Arcana Cælestia*, No. 1,870.



n the noble Swede. Writing of the so-called New Church of which he regarded himself the Prophet, he says—

“Since the first day of my call I have not received anything pertaining to the Doctrines of that Church from any Angel, but from the Lord alone, whilst I was reading the Word—”

An assertion which, of course, every one will accept at his own value. Unhappily he draws no line in his writings between what does and what does not “pertain to the Doctrines of the Church,” and the result is that Swedenborgians use this, and similar passages, as a warrant for the Divine authority of all his volumes, and contend with the same vehemence for his infallibility in every statement, that a devotee of Exeter Hall displays in maintaining the matter-of-fact accuracy of every detail in the Pentateuch. It is amusing to hear the Swedenborgian slang about “full receivers” and “partial receivers”—“a full receiver” being one who has bent his neck to the yoke, and yielded his reason at all points in helpless submission to Swedenborg’s *ipse dixit*, or to the Swedenborgian idea of his meaning, and a “partial receiver” one who is preparing, but has not yet found heart or head to make the unconditional surrender. Now and then “a full receiver” wavers in his allegiance, criticises or questions some doubtful passage, but is instantly pecked at with such vigour and venom, that unless resolved on utter rebellion he is compelled, for every peace, to be quiet. The late Rev. Samuel Noble (one of the few Swedenborgian preachers who have possessed a claim to ordinary scholarship), when editor of the *Intellectual Repository*, opened in 1824-26 “An Inquiry into the Integrity of the Word,” wherein he ventured to take exception to Swedenborg’s assertion that the Hebrew text had been preserved immaculate by the Samaritans; but he had to suspend the discussion, when it began to throw doubts on Swedenborg’s accurate knowledge of the language. Not even Mr. Noble’s orthodoxy and delicate handling could render it tolerable.

Of course Swedenborg is not to be held accountable for the blindness of his followers. He, liberal soul—for spite of his frequent dogmatism he was liberal—would be the first to repudiate the papal authority foisted upon him, and to disown the small sect which arrogates the title of the New Jerusalem, but which in its gotry and broils is nothing but Babylon in a pill-box! That his spiritual gifts should have failed to preserve him from error in dealing with subjects of which he was ignorant, is no more than we should infer as probable from the law of spiritual intercourse which he himself lays down. His previous education in the round of the sciences, had fitted him to be the medium for a larger share of truth than has ever been poured through any man before or since,

but precisely where this was deficient, as in his knowledge of Hebrew for instance, his mediumship fails. He tells us too, that in the Spiritual World there is a universal language which does not require to be taught, for every one after death speaks it freely and instinctively. Nevertheless, when an Angel speaks with Man he does not make use of his own, but of the Man's language; thus in French with a Frenchman, in Greek with a Greek, in Swedish with a Swede. This at first sight may seem odd. As the power to converse in spiritual language is innate in every one, we should have supposed that such language was the appropriate medium of intercourse; and the more especially as he assures us "that Angels cannot utter a word of human language." Not so, testifies Swedenborg, and adduces his experience.

"An Angel, in conversing with a Man, assumes his memory perfectly, that he is almost induced to believe that he knows all the man knows, even all the languages he has learned. I have talked with the Angels on the subject, and have said that possibly they might fancy they conversed with me in my mother tongue, for so it appeared to them; but they did not."

Here comes his explanation—

"The Angels replied, that they were not deceived by the appearance, but were aware of the true state of the case. When they conversed with Man they conjoined themselves with his spiritual thought, which flows into his natural thought, which coheres with his memory. Hence Man's language appears as their own, and likewise all his knowledge."\*

Thus, if we understand aright, Angels' thoughts are transmitted through a variety of media *in the Man's mind* to a final investment in the words of his familiar tongue. If in his memory there should be no words fitted to receive Angels' thoughts, they we presume, they would be dissipated as incommunicable, and would lack the power of human expression.

If the Angels comprehended that their ownership in Man's memory during intercourse with him was only apparent and temporary, there were Spirits who would not listen to such a doctrine—

"I discussed with Spirits the same question. They were not willing to believe that they merely spoke *from* Man, but asserted that they spoke *in* Man; and maintained firmly, that his memory was really their possession, and that he knew nothing. I endeavoured by many arguments to convince them that they were mistaken, but in vain."†

\* *Heaven and Hell*, No. 246.

† *Heaven and Hell*, No. 246.

The communications of Spirits are limited by the material to be found in Man's memory—

"It is not allowed that any Angel or Spirit should speak with Man from his own memory, but only from the Man's. If a Spirit were to speak with a Man from his own memory, the Man would appropriate the Spirit's memory as his own, and his mind would become confused with the recollection of things which he had never heard or seen. That this is the case has been given me to know by much experience. In consequence of the memories of Spirits getting muddled with Man's, some of the Ancients conceived the idea, that they had existed in some other realm previous to their birth on Earth. In that way they accounted for memories which they knew had not originated within their sublunary experience."\*

On Swedenborg's own shewing the spiritual meaning of the Word could not therefore be given through a medium who did not understand Hebrew, and accordingly we find Swedenborg subject to the same law which gives the reason also for a continual complaint preferred against Spiritualists—that they receive nothing new from the Spiritual World. On the conditions here stated by Swedenborg himself it would be plainly impossible for any news to be received. Spirits are limited by the memories of their Media: the contents thereof may be vivified and thrown into new forms by the Agents who occupy them, but they are powerless to enlarge them from their own stores. The same law likewise sheds the light we require on Swedenborg's own case. His reception was measured by his knowledge. When pressed by the Queen of Sweden as to the Spirits with whom he could converse, he answered, that he could discover those only of whom *he could form some idea*, whether from personal acquaintance on earth, or from history, or repute. He could only search for what he knew to exist. Some clue of fact, however slight, was requisite to establish *rapport*, just as a clairvoyant demands a letter or lock of hair as a starting point of exploration. We are well aware, that the law is insufficient to meet all the facts of spiritual communications, which are much more extended and better understood since Swedenborg's time, but it covers a vast number. It accounts for blunders in orthography and grammar by Mediums, and in the case of Swedenborg for his notions about Hebrew, and his giving the spiritual meaning of mistranslations which would not be found in the exercise of a school student of this day, as well as for those odd estimates of character which caused him to see King David and St. Paul in hell, whilst he found Louis XIV. and George II. in heaven.

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\* *Heaven and Hell*, No. 256.

## THROWING OF STONES AND OTHER SUBSTANCES BY SPIRITS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

### PART III.

#### THE ALTUNA HAUNTING.

THE following relation is drawn from a document deposited by the author, the Reverend Peter Simmingh, then Pastor of Wästeroker, in the chapterhouse of the Cathedral of Upsala; a copy of which was printed by his permission during his lifetime with his name and address. The statement is one of a most diabolical persecution from the 24th of January to the 21st of February, 1660. These extraordinary visitations began by the loud barking of the yard-dog, at the parsonage in the parish of Altuna, in Upland. The servants ran out, and found a couple of ducks which were hung in the court to freeze, carried off. Naturally believing it done by thieves, they rushed out, but could see no one anywhere about, and found one of the ducks under the gateway and the other thrust under a crib. As one of the maids ran to alarm the neighbours, she received such a blow at the back of the neck that she fell insensible. The neighbours came, looked everywhere, but found no one; but the next evening, about the same time, they discovered fire set to a heap of hay in the stable. All this looked like the work of thieves and incendiaries, though none were detected, but as this occurred between six and seven in the evening when it must have been dark, they might have escaped unseen. These servants said that they heard a voice at the coachhouse, and saw a person in silver-laced clothes, boots and spurs, and a tall feather in his hat, and called their mistress, but as the mistress saw no one, we may pass that and other circumstances, and confine ourselves to what the pastor saw himself.

On the 13th of February, he says, Colonel Clas Flemming came to enquire into these things, and while he was there two unbaked cakes which lay on the table flew under the bench to the wall, and were torn to pieces. As the pastor and the colonel were going through the premises, just as they came into the court, they heard in the front room one thunderclap after the other, so that the colonel thought the furniture therein must be dashed to pieces. Directly after, one tile after another flew with violence from the roof of the outside baking oven. One of the maids climbed upon the oven to ascertain the cause, and found a heap of such loose tiles collected there, and beginning to throw them down, as fast as she did so, they were flung up again before

the faces of the pastor and colonel, and even stones from the wall of a great size, loosed themselves and flew up over the girl's head, but without doing her any harm.

On the 18th, when the pastor was gone to Upsala to consult his friend, the attack was renewed in the sitting room where his wife and child were. The fire was burning hotly in the baking oven, and the clothes which were hanging on hooks in the room began to fall across into the oven and were burnt; chests, tables, and chairs began to spring from their places, and a very sharp axe which was hanging on the wall began to fly about and strike fiercely here and there. This frightful scene continued from noon till evening, "for the good God," says the pastor, "always protected us of our rights, though the peasants who kept watch said they saw something burning in the court."

On the 19th, the family had scarcely risen, when the beds began to burn one after another, and other annoyances took place, so that they resolved to remove to another house, but they had not heard such bad news of what was going on that they hurried back again. When they came in, they lit a fire in the grate to warm themselves and the child, but quickly, say they, the wicked devil carried the fire to three places at once, and set the house on fire, so that it was quickly laid in ashes. Whilst the house was burning furiously, the pastor's wife went into it with a neighbour to bring something out, and the door was suddenly slammed in their mind, and kept so fast that they could not open it with their efforts; but whilst they were screaming and knocking at it, and nearly stifled with smoke and heat, the door flew open of itself. Immediately afterwards, the cry of a child was heard from the house, and the pastor's wife thought it was her child, and would rush in through the flames, but a neighbour held her back, and she shewed her her child safe outside; still the cry was so like that of a child in distress, that she could only be prevented from going in by force. At the same moment, the whole of the roof fell in. With the burning down of the house the fiends appeared satisfied, and there was no more of the persecution. The pastor tells us that he noted all these occurrences down, day by day, and sent the account to the Simtuna Harrd Ting, or District Court; where, he says, the protocol or account would be found: that he again, shortly before falling into ill health, examined and revised the statement for publication, and so left it with the Lord.

Finally, Mr. Dickens, with his cordial love of these subjects, has just given in the number of *All the Year Round*, for January 7th of this year, a remarkable case of this kind taking place in Epirus, and related on the evidence of eye-witnesses. ~~we more~~ let the reader observe in these cases the frequent

recurrence of the law of matter passing through matter, as in the phenomena of the Davenport; and that they are occurring in all quarters of the world, with an identity of circumstances so frequent as to prove an identity of origin.

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## PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

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I KNOW that many readers would rather have my facts than my philosophy. "Give us facts," says one of my correspondents, "we have had enough of reasoning on this subject." "I wish," writes another, "there were in the *Spiritual Magazine*, more facts and sifting of facts. I am impatient of all mere argumentation." These gentlemen forget that a Journal such as this has to satisfy many readers, the majority of whom are not as I believe those impatient friends of mine once were—Materialists—and they want not only facts, but the reasoning by which they can be sustained. For my part I am overwhelmed with facts, but many of them bear so much resemblance one to another, that it would be tedious and uninteresting to repeat them, whilst others, and perhaps the most interesting of all, are of a class unsuited for indiscriminate publicity. I should be sorry indeed if the conductors of this Journal, of whom I am not one, should be unwise enough to give way to pressure from any class of thinkers.

I should deem it unjust, and a great loss to my readers, were I not to give prominence to some of the reflections which occur in the course of an extensive correspondence, especially as I feel that they are much more valuable than my own.

I accordingly extract the following from a lengthy letter written to me by a very intelligent correspondent, after having made a visit to the Davenport *séances* :—

"It does seem difficult to understand how any reasonable being can resist the cumulative force of all the evidence presented even in the space of an hour at one of these *séances*; but if we consider the thorough Materialism of the age, a materialism which has been increasing for centuries past—which has been inherited internally and handed down externally, from generation to generation, and fortified by science, until it has petrified Christianity itself in its visible form in the churches—it is, perhaps, wonderful (I had almost said miraculous), that the modern spiritualistic manifestations are attracting so much attention from their opponents as they are. In the so-called 'dark ages,' even

tolerable conjuring and some of the scientific wonders of to-day, would have been attributed to spiritual agency; *now*, spiritual agency of the most manifest kind is attributed to conjuring. At the same time, it seems to me that those who shout out most loudly that it is all imposture, have a secret dread that it is not so, and that they use the names of Houdin and Frikell as a kind of cabalistic spell, to keep their courage up, and scare away intrusive doubts, rather than suggest an explanation of the phenomena.

“ Looking to the objects likely to be accomplished by the visit of the brothers to Europe, I regard their mission as most opportune, inasmuch as it is more likely to lead to practical results, if only in the way of breaking down the solid walls of mere materialistic philosophy, than the efforts of a hundred congregations with the aid of most persuasive preachers ever can do. Dr. Ferguson has chosen, with a wisdom higher than his own, the greater and more useful mission, for which no one seems to be more qualified, of bringing immortality to life and light in a very practical and living way. It appears to me, too, that he takes the most effective way in the end, by leaving his audiences, for the most part, to draw their own inferences, and to form their own theories from the facts presented to them.

“ Experience teaches me that, so far as possible, when men are allowed to draw conclusions for themselves, the force of conviction is stronger and more lasting than if a theory had been rudely forced upon them. No fear but they will adopt the right one in the end, unless they are very great philosophers indeed, in which case they may be able to build a scientific fortress to withstand a spiritual siege for a short time longer than their more unlearned brethren. As to the seemingly puerile character of the manifestations, unworthy of the dignity of spirits, most people who urge such reasons believe or profess to believe in the Divine mission and work of Samson, whose acts, to say the least, were as rude and disorderly as those of the wildest and most ricksey spirit. Yet these people would account it very profane in any one to say that such a work as that of the Brothers Davenport is, so far as anything can be more divine than another, higher than that of Samson; who at best only gave his nation temporary deliverance from an outward bondage, while the work done by their means aids very sensibly in undermining Materialism, of which the Christian world has been so long in subjection. The manifestations are just those likely to confound, if they do not convince doubters. A railway contractor does not advertize for men of science, intelligence, and high morality to begin the work which is to end in a more speedy journey from one city to another; neither are the highest angels the best pioneers to open up the

long-closed roadway from 'matter to spirit.' And as to receiving money for the manifestations, there is simply no other way in which they could be brought so advantageously before the public. Even when the price of admission is made low, the result is a tumultuous assembly, instead of one of calm observers."

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SPIRITUAL MESSAGES AND PREDICTION VERIFIED.

In the 4th Volume, p. 32, of this Journal, I gave, on the authority of my friend, Mr. F——, a full account of some very remarkable manifestations which had taken place through the mediumship of his wife, when, among other extraordinary facts, it was related that the spirits frequently carried away various articles from one room to another through the closed doors. Mr. F—— has recently informed me of another curious fact, to which his friend Mr. W——, holding an official position in the War Office, also bears testimony.

Mr. F—— and his wife were sitting at their own table with Mr. W——, when the name of a deceased uncle of Mr. W—— was spelt out, and the following message given to him:—"You are entitled to a house I owned at Brighton; you will find it in my will at Doctors' Commons."

Neither Mr. F—— nor his wife had ever heard of this uncle's name, and Mr. W—— knew nothing of the fact conveyed in the message. Without the slightest faith in the communication, Mr. F—— and his friend nevertheless went on the following day to Doctors' Commons, saw the copy of the will, and much to their surprise found that a house at Brighton had been bequeathed by the testator to Mr. W——'s father as residuary legatee, and Mr. W——, being the eldest son, was, as representative of his father, entitled to this house.

Major E—— and Mr. C——, with whom I am acquainted, commenced the investigation of Spiritualism a few months ago, both entirely sceptical. After one or two visits to the Marshalls, the well-known public mediums, they obtained evidence sufficient to change their opinions, and they ultimately found that they themselves were mediums. Sitting together one evening, the major obtained this message: "I have left the earth life—Mick Connolly." This was the name of the major's servant, whom he had left in charge during his temporary absence from the camp at Colchester. On the following morning Major E—— received intelligence that his servant Mick Connolly had died suddenly on the morning of the previous day.

Mrs. P——, a lady with whom I am acquainted, informs me that she became a writing-medium some few years ago.



Sitting on one occasion with her niece, a young lady seventeen years of age, Mrs. P.'s hand wrote out a message addressed to the former, in which she was told that she would be married before the month of March following, which would be within ten months of that time. She had not contemplated the possibility of such an event, as no suitor had yet presented himself. They asked the natural questions suggested by this strange announcement and obtained clear and very definite replies.

Among others, his complexion, age, and stature were described, and finally, the name—though that question was not asked—of her future husband was given: Wilfred Bingham. Neither the medium nor her niece knew any one of that name, but the young lady recognized the personal description as agreeing with that of a gentleman, who had sat opposite to, and had taken much notice of her, at church on the previous Sunday morning. Nothing more was thought of this strange, and as it seemed, amusing prediction, until some few weeks after, when, to their astonishment, the young lady's father introduced a Mr. Wilfred Bingham to his family, the identical gentleman the young lady had seen at church. He had fallen in love, at first sight, with Mrs. P.'s niece and made himself known to her father, giving him the necessary references, and begging permission to visit his house with a view—if the acquaintance should prove mutually agreeable—to offer marriage to his daughter.

Mr. Bingham continued his visits, secured the young lady's affection, and ultimately also her parent's consent to their marriage—the mother merely stipulating that as her daughter was still very young they should not marry for a year or two.

The courtship proceeded without interruption, for some months, when Mr. Bingham finding that his business arrangements would take him away to a distant part of the country, he determined to take the young lady with him, as his wife, and proposed that the wedding should take place at an early day. Her mother declared it was impossible for her to prepare at so short a notice, and begged Mr. Bingham to defer it at least for a month longer. His arrangements, however, did not permit delay. He accordingly carried his point and fixed upon the 26th of February, upon which day they were actually married, thus fulfilling, to the very letter, the whole prediction made through Mrs. P.'s hand ten months previously.

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#### STRIKING MANIFESTATIONS AT THE HOUSE OF A BARONET.

Mr. B——, a gentleman of high social position, informs me that his attention was first arrested by some very curious facts which occurred in his brother's family two or three years ago.

His nephew, a boy of ten years of age, proved on that occasion to be the medium, and through him the usual phenomena were witnessed, including the carrying about and ringing of bells without any visible agency. The medium's power continued but for a few months and has now altogether ceased. Mr. B—— was recently visiting at the family seat of a well-known baronet, situated in the Midland Counties, with several friends. In the course of an after-dinner conversation, one day, when speaking of a murder, loud knocks were heard upon the table. Not one of the party but Mr. B—— had ever sat at a *séance* for obtaining spiritual manifestations, and when he suggested his belief that those sounds were spirit-raps, he was met with the usual derisive unbelief. They, however, permitted him to ask a question, and an intelligent answer was given, rapping out the recognized name of an individual supposed to be connected with the murder.

Mr. B—— then placed a clean sheet of writing paper and a pencil on the floor under the centre of the table and asked the spirit to write his name. Putting their hands upon the surface of the table the party continued to elicit responses, and after a brief interval the paper was taken up and the name of an old friend, long since passed away, was found clearly written thereon.

Two days after this, whilst they were seated at the same table loud knocking was again heard, and on the host putting a sheet of paper as before under the table, the names of his father and mother were written upon it, accompanied by a written message exhorting him to be calm and patient. The name of a gentleman who resided in a neighbouring parish, and who was buried that very day, was also written, and I am assured by Mr. B——, that on being shewn his natural hand-writing he found the signature on the paper an exact counterpart.

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#### MANIFESTATIONS IN GLASGOW.

I have recently received letters from three working men residing in different parts of the country, and they are by no means the least intelligent of my various correspondents. The following extracts are from the letters of one who resides in Glasgow:—"I can conceive how much your leisure moments will be invaded by correspondence from all quarters on the subject of Spiritualism. Nevertheless, I feel it to be my duty to write you a brief note, if it were only to thank you for the valuable book you sent me, *viz.*, *Wilkinson's Spirit-Drawings*, the more so that I have derived great pleasure from its perusal, and I trust also some little instruction. In this case of Mr. Wilkinson and his family, I am fully persuaded that the phenomena are not only

genuine spirit communications, but also that they are of a very exalted kind. I felt this conviction deeper as I went on, and I must say they produced in me feelings hallowing and refreshing in the extreme, and there is no doubt but that such communications tend to strengthen our faith and kindle our hopes in a blissful future, while to bereaved relatives they must afford great consolation.

“ I have seen very little in the way of manifestations, but the following may be worth mentioning. Two friends and I sat down one night to test the phenomena. One of the two was a determined Materialist, the other rather inclined to Spiritualism. We had sat with our hands upon the table for about five minutes, when the hand of the former began to contract, to his no small astonishment. He asked me with a very puzzled look what it meant. By this time his hand had taken the position of writing; seeing this, I put a pencil and sheet of paper on the table. He lifted the pencil, and in a few seconds he began slowly to trace figures on the paper, but the pressure was so faint that we could discover nothing. I then placed a porcelain slate on the table, and put the question, ‘ Is there a spirit present?’ His hand wrote, ‘ Yes.’ I again asked, ‘ Would you please to give us your name?’ His hand then wrote, ‘ John Burell.’ Finally I asked, ‘ Have you anything to say?’ The hand then moved in the most rapid and excited manner, ‘ Tell my mother I am happy.’ Here I may state that John Burell was the name of his eldest brother, who died many years ago. He then sat communing with himself, and after a time told us that the spirit found difficulty in writing, and would act upon him by impression. In a moment his voice altered in its tone, and he began to deliver a lecture on the subject of the spirit-world like one inspired. My friend took notes of the lecture, which ended abruptly, and drawing a long breath, the medium looked round him with surprise, as if he had awakened from a dream. For days after he was greatly puzzled, and was anxious to give it another trial, but though we tried again and again, we had no result, thus shewing that, whatever the cause, it was quite beyond our control. He has now gone to Ireland.”

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#### PHENOMENA SIMILAR TO THE DAVENPORTS.

Whilst the Davenport controversy was going on in this country, and the preternatural manifestations were denied simply because in the opinion of the doubters there is no such power, corroborative testimony has come to me of precisely analogous phenomena having been obtained by a farmer in England, by a party of gentleman in India, and through the mediumship of the boy Allen, previously alluded to, in America.

Mr. Woolfit, a farmer residing in Nottinghamshire, says, that being a medium, and familiar with the ordinary character of spiritual manifestations, he, after reading of the Davenport exhibitions, determined to try whether he could not obtain similar results, and in company with his wife, his son, a boy of eight years of age, and two or three friends, they formed a dark circle and put a violin, the only musical instrument he had in the house, upon the table. After receiving several messages the instrument was carried about, the strings were actively thrummed and touched all present several times upon the head. Mr. Woolfit describes the incidents of several sittings, when they received messages spelt out by rapping, and two or three written by the spirits.

Three ladies begged permission to join one of the *séances*. They were all very sceptical, and treated the matter with great levity. They constantly broke the circle, pulled the strings of the violin when they were in the dark, and attempted to turn the whole into ridicule, but the manifestations became too strong for them, and at length they rushed out of the house greatly alarmed. The spirits rapped out, "They are gone home, the dunces." Lights of various colours were seen descending from the ceiling, and one of the party saw a dark shadowy form moving about.

On one occasion the party formed a circle by joining their hands and sitting some distance from the table; in this position the violin was moved about forcibly, the table glided from east to the other repeatedly, and messages were rapped out upon it. Placing their hands upon it, the table rose up and floated for some time out of the reach of the shortest person present. It then became very violent, and drove them about in all directions; chairs were overturned, and a tumultuous scramble ensued, during which sparks of light resembling the aurora borealis burst forth in all parts of the room, and at one time the illumination from these lights was so strong that the party could distinctly see the outlines of each other's forms.

Mr. Woolfit is a very respectable middle-class farmer, residing at Newark, and has filled the office of churchwarden of his parish for many years. A gentleman residing at Windsor, who was on a visit at Newark, and who attended several of Mr. Woolfit's *séances*, has written to confirm Mr. Woolfit's statements.

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#### MANIFESTATIONS IN INDIA.

My friend Captain Fawcett lately received from a friend in India an account of a *séance* which some gentlemen held at Goojranwalla. It originated in a desire to establish the fact that the astounding feats of the Davenport Brothers might meet with a parallel elsewhere.

This *séance* is thus described:—"A party of five gentlemen assembled and sat in a semi-circle with joined hands; the apparatus consisting solely of a harmonium, a native horn, and an ordinary banjo. Immediately after the lights were extinguished the most extraordinary sounds were heard; subdued cries, and a sound resembling the breaking of crockery being clearly recognized, and decided blows were experienced by several of the party. After extinguishing the lights a second time, hands were joined, and a dead silence ensued, succeeded, however, by a loud cry, somewhat resembling the ordinary tones of the human voice, and at intervals a rattling sound was heard to issue from the body of the harmonium; an extraordinary rushing sound was also heard, and on lighting the candles the banjo was found at the other end of the room and the Indian horn in the verandah," &c., &c.

Captain Fawcett sent the foregoing account to the editor of the *Star*, who returned it, saying the account was "too indiscreet." "It is not stated," Mr. Lucas says, "whether there was any professional medium present or not. As I am unwilling to contribute in any way to the Davenport delusion, I return the copy."

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#### SPIRITUAL HANDS SEEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

I have letters from Mr. Daniel Farrar and Mr. Epes Sargent, Boston, America, in which they minutely describe the *séances* held at their houses with the boy Henry Allen, who is 13 years of age, and quite a green country lad. Hands of various sizes were seen and felt—not shadowy, but of a substantial flesh-like character, which remained in view for five or six minutes at a time; musical instruments were played upon; messages written on a slate, and the whole round of the Davenport Manifestations were obtained in BROAD DAYLIGHT OR A FULLY-LIGHTED ROOM. Mr. Farrar (who is a merchant and the head of the firm of Farrar, Follett & Co.) says:—"In the course of seven or eight years during which I have tried on my investigations, these are the most satisfactory of any I have ever witnessed."

Mr. Sargent (who is a well known *litterateur*, and author of a popular novel, *Peculiar*) says:—"Through this boy Allen we had some remarkable manifestations *in the light*. While his hands were held by me, hands were seen over and around my head, and felt them distinctly on my face and hair. All precautions were taken against deception."

Mr. Sargent adds:—"I have read with much interest your article on the Davenports, in the December number of the

*Spiritual Magazine.* What do the *savans* make of the phenomena? The marvel to me is, that men go and witness these things, admit their genuineness, and then allow them to remain dead lumber in their minds without fructification or result. After I was once convinced of the *reality* of the phenomena, for months I could think of little else, and yet the meditation was never accompanied with any undue excitement."

Poor deluded Mr. Sargent! You are, notwithstanding your clever writings, the victim of a mental epidemic. Though Mr. Lucas, of the *Morning Star*, appreciates your eloquent denunciations of slavery; though your friend Mr. Francis Adams, the respected ambassador of your country at our Court, may assure all enquirers of your high reputation, and that you are a very intelligent gentleman, yet Mr. Samuel Lucas and his clever knight of the "free lance" know intuitively that you must be little less than a fool, or how could you assert that you have actually witnessed and believe in the reality of phenomena even more marvellous than that which they have been labouring for months to prove "a delusion and a snare?"

#### WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS IN LONDON.

The first two *séances* which the Davenports gave in London were to a party of gentlemen connected with the Stock Exchange, and, with but few exceptions, the members of the intelligent body have been the fiercest opponents of the Davenport manifestations—depreciating their marvellous character and unduly magnifying the stupid imitations of the conjurer. Herr Tolmaque was the *protégé* of a party of Stock Exchange men, who furnished him with money, took St. Martin's Hall, and there gave what was intended as an *exposé* of the Davenports, and which proved a complete *fiasco*. Strange, therefore, is the relation I am about to make, that a member of the Stock Exchange is endowed with the same power which his associates have disputed, and exhibits phenomena even more extraordinary and puzzling than the Davenports.

These are the facts, and, although I have not witnessed them, I have the statement from two leading members of the Stock Exchange, upon whose intelligence and veracity I entirely rely.

Rumours were current that Mr. A——, incited by the Davenport controversy, had been experimenting, and, step by step, had actually accomplished all that the Davenports do, *and much more!* Mr. S—— and his brother (the two gentlemen who have made the statement to me), were invited to Mr. A——'s house, where he had provided a strait jacket, a pair of handcuffs, and a set of iron manacles for the legs, such as are used for convicts.

and a large-sized box, with a lid and lock. Mr. S——, in the first place, put the jacket on Mr. A——, lacing it behind, and bringing the long sleeves across his chest, tied them behind his back. Mr. A—— then retired behind a screen, and in one minute and two seconds he walked forth free from the strait-jacket, which he handed to Mr. S——, and on which the knots and lacing remained as they had been left. This experiment was repeated with the addition of sealing the knots, and in the same short space of time Mr. A—— again stepped from behind the screen, freed from the jacket, the knots and seal being undisturbed. The handcuffs were then fastened on Mr. A——'s wrists and the key kept by Mr. S——, and in one minute he handed them to Mr. S——. Taking them again, locked as they were, Mr. A—— presented himself with his hands fastened. His legs were then manacled, the handcuffs locked on his wrists, and a sack put over him and tied at the top. He was then led behind the screen, and in two minutes he appeared to the astonishment of the spectators, with all the articles in his hands.

Finally, he was placed in the box—made of plain deal, and only large enough to hold him in a crouching position—the lid was closed and locked by Mr. S——, who retained the key, the spectators retiring by arrangement to another room. In two or three minutes they were called in, and found Mr. A—— quietly taking a glass of wine, the box remaining undisturbed, fast locked, as it had been left. This experiment, Mr. S—— was told, had been done more than once, with the addition of a cord fastened round the box.

The dining-room, in which the exhibition took place, was lighted throughout; nothing but an ordinary screen was used, and Mr. A—— showed no sign of physical distress. There were three witnesses present. In answer to their questions, Mr. A—— declined to give any explanation. He would not assert that he accomplished these surprising results by a conjuror's contrivances, nor would he admit that they were effected by supernatural agency. The spectators were, therefore, left profoundly mystified with this startling and, to them, entirely inexplicable exhibition of superhuman powers.

The foregoing statement was made to me in the presence of Mr. James Hutchinson and Mr. Kennard Gibbons, and I have since made the acquaintance of Mr. A——. The facts as stated are undoubted, and, in addition, he says that he possesses the power of making himself invisible.

This extraordinary exhibition has all the appearance of the mysterious powers possessed by the magicians of old and the so-called Indian Jugglers. Travellers in India describe some of these Indian performances as most marvellous and incompre-

hensible. One of them, for instance, was described to me by an eye-witness. A party of officers and soldiers formed a compact circle round the juggler, who produced an ordinary wicker-work basket, under which a boy was placed, on the bare ground in open day-light; in an instant after the boy was shut from the sight of the bystanders, they ran their swords, at the request of the juggler, through and through the basket, by which, under ordinary circumstances, the boy must have been sacrificed. The basket being raised by one of the soldiers, no trace of the boy remained, and whilst all around were lost in amazement by his mysterious disappearance, the boy himself forced his way through the closely-packed circle of soldiers, and stood again before them uninjured. This and similar exhibitions have been repeatedly witnessed by many Europeans; but the mystery, I believe, has never been explained.

Assuming the statement made to me by Mr. S—— to be true, and I have not the least doubt of its literal accuracy, it is probable that Mr. A—— is possessed of the occult powers of the Indian, and we may at least obtain through him an insight into the mysterious character and capabilities of the human organism, though we may not be able to arrive at once at a clear solution of *how* these extraordinary effects are produced. Unhappily for the cause of truth, the majority of mankind are led away from the investigation of *facts* which pass our ordinary comprehension by one class or another of public teachers—the flippant journalist—the scientific Materialist, or the fanatical priest. One class of these teachers will satisfy their followers by ignoring the evidence and laughing the witnesses out of court. The second will reason from their educated prejudices; the laws of matter or of gravitation preclude in their minds the possibility of such occurrences, and without stopping to enquire whether—*if these things be really true*—there *may* not be other laws in operation yet unrecognized by them, they at once trample upon human testimony and brush it aside as unworthy of serious consideration. Whilst the third, the well-meaning divine, admits the reality of supra-mundane facts, but believing them to be demoniacal, the work of wicked and seducing spirits, exhorts his followers to avoid them and forbids their investigation. Thank God, however, there is yet a small minority of the human race who must and will probe to the bottom of every new fact that presents itself, disregarding popular stupidities, scientific negations and religious fanaticism, seeking their reward in the establishment of some yet unrecognized principle, which properly understood will ultimately prove to be a truth in nature, consistent alike with the laws, moral, scientific and religious, which govern the universe.

This gentleman (Mr. A——), is evidently afraid to proclaim



that he must know, *viz.*, that the means by which he accomplishes such marvellous effects, are *not* those of an accomplished juggler. If they are, he would have no hesitation in distinctly asserting so, and when he had sufficiently mystified his friends he would no doubt take pleasure in explaining how it is all done. But having himself seen so much that is mysterious and unaccountable, I am prepared to believe that Mr. A—— is a medium with powers more advanced than anything we have yet heard of in modern times. Why not? The Davenports are in advance in some respects of their predecessors, and since they left America there is already, as I have stated, a youth who has powers in advance of theirs. Should Mr. A——, a member of a large commercial body in the City of London, a man of known respectability, be able, in his own person, to shew that he possesses what are called preternatural powers, it will be a providential interposition at this moment to confound the sceptics, and shew the folly and nonsense that has been written and spoken during the last four months against the existence of preternatural phenomena.

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#### SPIRITUALISM IN MALTA.

An accomplished English lady, residing at Malta, has written me on the subject of her conversion to a belief in Spiritualism, and intends shortly to publish very remarkable experiences obtained during her travels in various parts of Southern and Eastern Europe. The title of the work, which I have read in S., is *Scepticism and Spiritualism; the Experiences of a Sceptic*. It contains some very extraordinary facts, and is written with clearness and ability which make the authoress, who is a confessed convert from extreme scepticism, a most valuable acquisition to the cause of Spiritualism.

This lady, whilst suffering from a severe domestic bereavement, became a medium, and found in the gradual development of her newly acquired powers the greatest solace and consolation. I make the following interesting extracts from one of her letters to me:—

Speaking of the spirit of her husband, who writes through her mind, she says—“He writes me pages on pages of the most various scientific and philosophical information on the spiritual world—the nature of the spiritual body—the relation of the spiritual to the material world—of his awaking in the spiritual world—of the nature of God’s providence—of the future of this world, &c.

“I am told that I am to be a poet, an artist—one of the most remarkable of living mediums, and much more, which is so transcendent, that I can only hint it to you till evidence comes

to confirm his assurances. I have begun medium drawings, and though the first were miserable, though strange, now they are already charming, and if they progress as wonderfully as they have done during the three weeks I have worked a few hours in the evening, I must soon be an artist indeed. The first were heads with strange crowns, &c.; the next were busts, then three-quarter figures—now full lengths, and already two groups—every one is better than the last. I can paint in oils, and have strong natural capacity for drawing, but I never could do anything but copy, from want of study of design. Now I am drawing figures from inspiration, so perfect in design as to be charming—very delicately finished in pencil, which previously I could not handle at all. I have not the slightest idea what I am going to draw—sometimes it turns out a head-dress, when I think I am doing hair. The figures are about a foot long—the faces beautiful, and they are generally dressed in quaint, beautiful old costume, though some are naked. He tells me that he is developing my natural talent with spiritual rapidity, and certainly nothing human could do it thus.

“I have also written a spiritual poem (commenced before her husband's death). It was a strange inspiration; I had never written nor imagined anything of the same description before. It began with a vivid picture of the horrors of the dark ages and Catholic superstition. Then a picture of the dawning light of the love and happiness of pure spirits, and went on to describe with numerous beautiful scientific comparisons the futurity of the soul, its ascensional destination—and just as I was about to describe the spiritual spheres, I stopped unaccountably short, though I knew what I wanted to say, and for six weeks never could write another line. This, too, looks providential, as if I had been brought to the point where I was to receive glorious information, and forced to wait for it. Now, indeed, I can write about them, for the information I am receiving is magnificent, scientifically beautiful, logical, and interesting to a supreme degree.”

My readers will see from the foregoing extracts, that this lady has natural talents of no common order, and aided spiritually, as she assures me she has been whilst writing her “experiences,” her forthcoming book will, no doubt, be considered a valuable addition to the literature of Spiritualism.

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#### A SOMERSETSHIRE MYSTERY.

During the last month the local press of Somersetshire has given an account of “loud rappings” and other mysterious noises and disturbances at a cottage in Yatton, a village near Bath.

crowds have flocked to the house, but no discovery of the cause as yet been made. It being reported that the Rev. J. H. Barnard, vicar of the parish, had been to the cottage, and heard the rappings and other sounds, a friend of mine wrote to the everend gentleman on the subject, enclosing the paragraph from the newspaper containing the report, and received the following reply:—

“The Vicarage, Yatton, February 1st.

“Sir,—In reply to your enquiry respecting the ‘Somersetshire Mystery,’ I beg to say that it was not true that I heard the noises at the cottage mentioned in the paragraph. I went there several times with the hope of hearing them, and discovering the cause; but was always *too late*. However, from what was reported to me by many respectable persons, there were undoubtedly very remarkable noises under and around the boy, which have not yet been accounted for. The boy is a quiet little fellow of eight years of age, and could not make them himself; besides, he was most strictly watched while the noises were going on. The cottage is small and isolated, with no place for concealment. The boy, at last, was removed to a neighbour, and all has been quiet since. Should the noises return, I intend to try what can be done to discover them. At present I am at a loss to explain them.

“I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

“HENRY BARNARD.”

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#### SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

As a passing event illustrating the spread of Spiritualism on the Continent, I take the following from *Public Opinion* of the 11th ult. :—“A new magazine, bearing the title of *Psyche*, has just been established in Germany, to serve as the organ of the believers in Spiritualism, clairvoyance, the ‘Od’ force, and other strange beliefs, now fashionable in Central Europe, as well as in America.”

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#### THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS AT LIVERPOOL.

These mediums have made a provincial tour in Yorkshire and Lancashire, attended with marked success and fair treatment, especially by the press of the towns they visited, until they arrived at Liverpool, where, after giving a private *séance*, at which Mr. Fay sat *alone*, and obtained the usual manifestations, (which were stated by the *Liverpool Post* to have been most strange and entirely unaccountable,) they had public exhibitions. After the first of these, it appears that the persons who despaired of

exposing them by argument, organized a violent physical attack upon them, which ended in a riot, and the destruction of the cabinet. I understand that Mr. Palmer at once went to Liverpool on hearing of the outrage, with the view of testing the English law on the subject, and I hope he will succeed in vindicating it. Liverpool once made itself known as the scene of a riotous attack upon Clarkson, the philanthropist, for his opposition to slavery, and it was with difficulty that he was rescued from being thrown into the river by the Hulleys and Cummins of that day. I am old enough to recollect, also, that the experimental apparatus for proving the feasibility of substituting gas for oil lamps, was riotously destroyed in the market-place of Liverpool by those who did not believe in such innovations. Liverpool ought not to allow itself to be thus disgraced by a section of its least respectable and intelligent townsmen.

Mr. Edmund Yates, as *the Flâneur* of the *Star*, chuckles over the violence of the Liverpool mob; and not content with that, stigmatizes Mr. Ferguson personally as "a long, bland, oily humbug." I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Edmund Yates, but it would be interesting to know exactly the extent of the moral elevation and social domestic conduct which enable him to speak in this way of a gentleman, who, so far as I have been able to judge between the two, is infinitely his superior in every way.

The conductors of the *Morning Star* think it necessary, I suppose, to provide a column of low literature adapted to a certain class of its readers, and this is entrusted to Mr. Edmund Yates, who, from the use he makes of it, gives me the impression, too, that to his other avocations he has added that of a private advertising agency business.

This person's "manifestations" from the beginning of the Davenport controversy have been of the most captious, disingenuous, and puerile character, so much so that I have not hitherto thought his conduct worthy of comment. But now that he descends to vulgar slander, I do think it time to ask, Who is Mr. Yates? Is he anybody in particular? Is he, as he on one occasion claimed to be, "a representative of the press?" In a word, will his antecedents bear comparison with those of the man who has, I believe, treated him with the greatest courtesy, who has never uttered a personally offensive word to him, and whom he now coarsely designates as a long, bland, oily humbug?

It is disgraceful to any newspaper to allow such language to occupy its columns, and it is as great a disgrace to Mr. Lucas, the responsible editor of the *Star*, as it is to Mr. Edmund Yates. Mr. Lucas a week or two ago allowed two similar personal attacks

to be made by Mr. Yates upon Mr. W. E. Hickson, who had written to the *Star* the only honest account of the Davenport *séances* which has appeared in that paper. Mr. Yates used very offensive language towards him, and asked, "Who is Mr. Hickson?" Mr. Lucas well knew that he is a distinguished man of letters, of high character and position, and that he was for eleven years the proprietor and editor of the *Westminster Review*, and yet he allowed Mr. Yates to vent his ill-bred words upon Mr. Hickson, out which would have been equally disgraceful were he even as little known in the world of letters as he is the contrary. I do not wonder, however, that he should be unknown to Mr. Yates, or Mr. Hickson and he were not likely to move in the same circles of society.

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SPIRITUALISM AT BRIGHTON—THE DAVENPORTS' DOUBLE.

I have recently visited Brighton, where I find there are many among the educated classes of society much interested in Spiritualism, and among them are several recognized mediums. One young lady, to whom I was introduced, is likely to become most interesting writing medium. The following answer was obtained through the *indicator*, which is another and simpler form of the *planchette*.

It was asked of the communicating spirit, "What is the best religion?" The reply spelt out by the indicator, pointing rapidly to the letters of the alphabet, was, "There is good in all; the piety of the Catholic is good, the purity of the Protestant is good, the devotion of the Mahometan is good; the name matters little—unite the three, and do your duty."

Among the most intelligent enquirers with whom I conversed at Brighton, was a lady of title. She told me that she was one of those present at the Davenport *séance*, held at the residence of Sir Hesketh Fleetwood. She was seated in the dark *séance* by the side of a gentleman, whose previous scepticism, he confessed to her, was fast disappearing in the face of the facts they were witnessing, when a light was suddenly struck, and both of them distinctly saw the form of Ira Davenport glide close past them. This incident very much disturbed the confidence of lady L—, and entirely satisfied the sceptic that imposition was practised, and he left the room a confirmed unbeliever. I told lady L—, that on his return to London Mr. Ferguson spoke to me of this very fact, as one of the most curious that had yet occurred at any of the *séances*. He was holding, he said, the box of matches, as he usually does, when the box was snatched from his hand, and a light was struck by the invisible operator, and during the momentary ignition of the match, he plainly

saw a form, apparently of a human figure. He said nothing at the moment, but whispering the fact to Mr. Fay, he confirmed it, and afterwards several of those present admitted that they too had seen it. Mr. Ferguson, however, was not aware that any one present supposed it to be the actual person of Ira Davenport, as no observation to that effect was made, and as Ira Davenport was seen instantly afterwards when the light was restored, fast bound to his chair, it was simply impossible that the suspicions of Lady L—— and her friend could have been well founded. But admitting that two competent witnesses did actually see the form of Ira Davenport on that occasion, it is corroborative of a very important and interesting fact, and distinct phase of these puzzling mysteries of spiritual appearances, *viz.*, the duplication of individual form. Mr. Ferguson, who did not on that occasion recognize the resemblance to Ira Davenport, nevertheless has, as he solemnly asserts, seen at other times, when alone with them, the entire duplicated form of Ira Davenport, and a part of Mr. Fay; and, in my first conversation with the Davenport Brothers, they told me, among other curious facts of their extraordinary history—that persons had said they had met one or the other of them in places where they had not been. On one occasion their father went to a neighbouring shop to order some fruit, when he was told by the shopkeeper that his son Ira had just been there, and had already ordered the fruit. It was however satisfactorily proved that Ira had not left the house, and that the man must have seen his “wraith” or “double.”

The same phenomenon has been witnessed with other recognized mediums. It will be recollected by those who have read my American notes that Miss Laura Edmonds, daughter of Judge Edmonds, told me that her spirit in natural form had more than once appeared to friends at a distance; and Miss Mapes, the daughter of Professor Mapes, assured me that her friend Miss Edmonds had appeared to her and delivered messages, though bodily they were living twenty miles apart.

It is also well known to many Spiritualists in London that the late Mrs. N—— had the power of projecting her spirit and appearing, by a pre-arrangement, to persons living at a distance from her, and doubtless there are many other instances of this peculiar development known to others. Admitting the fact that the spirit of the living person can assume the natural form, and by action and speech impress the witnesses with their bodily presence, many hitherto unaccountable and mysterious events may be reasonably explained.

I am not aware that this phase of Spiritualism has ever been brought prominently under consideration by any writer on the

subject, but it is very important that we should endeavour to collect all the facts, so that the varied phenomena which so many have witnessed may be classified, and a sound theory tending to reconcile some of the difficulties which beset the subject may be arrived at.

I may as well anticipate the question that will no doubt arise in the minds of many—"That, supposing the spirit of a living person can assume a natural form and become an active intelligent agent, producing mechanical effects—may not that account for much of what we are accustomed to attribute to the presence of the spirits of departed persons?"

I answer yes! but not all. We have too much evidence of spiritual individual identity, and too many instances of direct intelligence perfectly independent of surrounding witnesses, to admit the possibility of our own spirits acting on all occasions the double and deceiving our senses.

Again it may be asked—"Do you think that *any* of the phenomena which we are accustomed to attribute to spirits of the dead may be produced by the spirits of the living?" and again, I answer, "Yes!" After close observation and calm reflection upon the whole range of these Davenport manifestations, I am inclined to believe that the rope-tying and untying, the handling and carrying about of musical instruments, &c., are partly effected by their "doubles" and it may be that they are in part assisted by other spirits. The unerring certainty with which the same phenomena are produced in the presence of the Davenports day after day tends to confirm the opinion that their own "spirits," or "doubles," produce many of the mechanical effects which we witness. On one occasion when they were bound in the usual manner within the cabinet, and the test of filling their hands with flour was applied, a group of four hands was seen, *and one of them I plainly saw was covered with flour.* And another idea occurs to me; as it is certain that four instruments are played upon at one time, requiring the agency of six or eight hands, it may be that the medium's hands are not only duplicated, but that they are triplicated and multiplied according to the necessities of the case, and the existing conditions and strength of the medium's power. We know that there is upon record ample evidence of apparitional appearances of persons still living, sometimes seen at the point of death, sometimes days before, and held to be death warnings; and at other times of persons in health, and remaining so for an indefinite period, and again there are instances of persons seeing themselves. This phenomenon, in Germany, called DÖPPELGANGERS, is attested by many learned physiologists and psychologists of that country, and Mrs. Crowe, in her interesting work, *The Night Side of Nature*, written and pub-

lished I believe before the modern spiritual manifestations were recognized in Europe—has a chapter of *facts* which establish the certainty of the appearances of what are called Wraiths in Scotland, Fetches in Ireland, and Apparitions or Doubles in England. Mr. Dale Owen, in his very excellent book, *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, has also collected a number of well-attested ghost stories, which support a belief in these spiritual or apparitional visitants.

From these, and many other sources, much corroborative evidence may be obtained to establish the fact that the spirit forms of living persons have been seen at various times and places, and the theory, which I now venture to suggest is, THAT MANY MANIFESTATIONS WHICH SPIRITUALISTS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO ATTRIBUTE TO THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED ARE, IN TRUTH, EFFECTED BY THEIR OWN DOUBLES.

This idea can in no degree destroy our cherished belief in the power of departed spirits to communicate with us. On the contrary, it tends to confirm it, for if spirits in the flesh can assume a tangible form and actually produce certain mechanical effects, why may not spirits out of the flesh be able to do all this and much more? Let it be once recognized that spirit is a living entity when separated from the fleshly body, having a dynamic power over matter, and the great difficulty which enshrouds the materialistic mind vanishes. I am not wedded to a dogma on this or any other subject. I am earnestly in search of truth, and do not, therefore, hesitate to put forward any new theory for the consideration of those better qualified to deal with it, even if the result should be to modify or to destroy my previous faith. I am only concerned to uphold—in opposition to the arrogant assumptions of ignorant sceptics—that the phenomena of which we speak are not to be attributed to delusion, to legerdemain, or to any recognized natural cause.

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#### OPENING OF THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

On Sunday evening, January 24th, this institution was opened by an inaugural meeting, Mr. Cooper, of Eastbourne, in the chair. The meeting, which was well attended, was addressed by the Rev. J. M. Spear, Dr. Ferguson, Mr. J. H. Powell and Mr. Shorter. The proceedings were of a very interesting character, and have been commented on by both the secular and religious press.

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## GHOST STORIES RELATED BY OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

ANY one having a file of newspapers and magazines, and abundant leisure, might compile therefrom a curious volume of ghost stories, or, indeed, with patience and industry, a spiritual annual—a companion volume to the *Spiritual Magazine*. Such stories would, of course, not all be deserving of credit; some, on strict inquiry, would doubtless turn out a sorry hoax, played off by ingenious noodles to amuse themselves and annoy their neighbours; others would resolve themselves into mistaken observation or inference, and the exaggeration of natural phenomena. But when winnowed and sifted, and all reasonable allowances made, and, as far as possible, all sources of error eliminated, there would still be a considerable remainder of genuine, authentic, well-attested narratives of spiritual apparitions to be accounted for, and which learned lecturers on popular superstitions and the magic lantern at mechanics' institutes, and able editors who write about the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, would find themselves unable to explain. We are not, however, about to undertake the arduous labour here hinted at, nor even to endeavour to bring home any new conviction to those popular teachers of science and literature to whom we have referred. Indeed, any attempt of the kind would seem superfluous, and would probably be resented by them as an impertinence, seeing that they already know so much of all the things in heaven and earth on which they speak and write, that it is doubtful if either man or ghost could at all add to their enlightenment. But we may ask, how comes it to pass that gentlemen whose education is already completed, and who are so well informed on all subjects as newspaper editors in all cases evidently are, allow ghosts to intrude into their columns at all?

We have heard of the "irrepressible nigger," but he may be disposed of quite easily in comparison with the "irrepressible ghost." It has, indeed, been insinuated by persons ignorant of the awful extent of an editor's acquirements and resources, that "gigantic gooseberries" are becoming scarce, that Nature must have exhausted herself in so often producing "four children at a birth," and that, consequently, as these newspaper prodigies cannot appear so often as formerly, ghosts rush in to fill up that vacuum abhorred alike by Nature and by newspapers. But, as this implies a somewhat lax morality, and as editors are well

known to be impeccable as well as infallible, the hypothesis cannot be entertained, and it must be left to the editors themselves to clear up the mystery, unless, indeed, Dr. Cumming, Mr. Tupper, the Reverend Nangle, of Skreen, or Sir David Brewster can be induced to throw some light upon it.

That "from the dead a visitor at intervals appears" has become quite an old saw, of the truth of which in our own day we have from time to time quoted from the newspapers several modern instances. Here are a few more, gathered almost at random from the journals, as they have happened to come in our way. We place them on record as a pendant to the ghost stories in current literature, presented in the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

Our first extract is from the *Times* of November 13, 1854; it is headed "A Royal Ghost Story:"—

The *Mayence Journal* contains the following letter, dated Aschaffenburg, 27th of October, under the head of "The Black Lady," a pendant to the legendary "White Lady" of the Berlin Palace, whose apparition is believed to announce the approaching death of some member of the Hohenzollern family:—"The Queen Theresa of Bavaria died of cholera at Munich on the 26th, as almost known. I hasten to communicate to your readers the following highly interesting and affecting details, of which I can guarantee the exact veracity:—On the 6th of October, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, two Princes of the Bavarian royal family, equal in birth and relationship, were seated at table in a room of the Aschaffenburg Palace. A folding door divides this room from another apartment, and a smaller papered door separates it from the ante-chamber usually occupied by the domestics in waiting. Of a sudden, the latter door opened, and a lady covered with a black veil entered, and made a low curtsy before the two illustrious personages. One of the Princes, no little astonished, asked the lady if she were invited to tea, and, pointing to the door leading into the tea-room (where the Queen and ladies were assembled), begged her to understand that she should enter. No reply, and the lady vanished through the small papered door. Both the illustrious personages were extremely agitated by this wonderful apparition and its mysterious disappearance. One of them immediately hastened to the ante-chamber, to inquire of the servants about the mysterious figure. No one had seen it come or go except Arvat, Queen Theresa's body hussar, who had met it in the passage. No other trace could be discovered. Both illustrious persons narrated what had occurred, and it soon came to Queen Theresa's ears, and she was so overwhelmed thereby that she became greatly indisposed, and wept during the whole night. The journey to Munich was fixed for the following day. All the luggage and half the servants were already on the road. To remain longer at Aschaffenburg was scarcely possible. Queen Theresa was filled with the most sorrowful forebodings. She asked several times if it were not possible to remain here. It would be so painful for her to quit Aschaffenburg this time. The mysterious and ominous Black Lady glided constantly before her imagination. Somewhat calmed, at length, by judicious observations, she at last sorrowfully commenced the journey, which it was not possible to postpone. But still, at Munich, where she was at first indisposed, but recovered, her mind was preoccupied with the apparition of the Black Lady, of whom she spoke to many persons with trembling apprehension. She was sought to be consoled by saying that the sentries on duty had seen the lady enter the Palace. But all was in vain. The idea that the apparition of the figure had a sinister foreboding for her life never quitted her mind. Twenty days after the mysterious evening Queen Theresa lay a corpse in the Wittelsbacher Palace. Your readers are at liberty to judge of the incident as they please. I must, however, solemnly protest against suspicions being thrown upon the exact

truth of these facts, derived from the highest authority, as I took the above narrative *verbatim* from the statement of the best-informed persons before I had the slightest suspicion of the Queen's death. The two illustrious persons narrated the circumstance of the apparition minutely to several persons, so that the whole town heard of it next morning, and on the same evening the whole *personnel* of the Palace and the soldiers on duty were strictly examined, and requested to state all they knew of the matter—a good proof that the occurrence cannot be set down among ordinary nursery tales."

A correspondent of the *Atlas*, (as quoted in the *Essex and West Suffolk Gazette* for April 28, 1854), writes as follows:—

A Spanish girl has been discovered to be perpetually guarded by the ghost of a deceased monk, who was her spiritual guide when he lived. She is now being exhibited, and the ghost as well, at Paris. The medium, when thrown into a state of somnambulism will command the ghost to appear. Sand or flour is thrown upon the ground, and his footsteps become visible as he moves hither and thither according to her bidding. The answers to questions put by the consultant are written with invisible fingers in the sand; and, in short, everything but the visible and tangible person of the monk proves that *he is* amongst the company.

Under the heading, "A Ghost at Chelsea," the *Morning Herald*, of September 10, 1853, gives us this account:—

The neighbourhood of the Fulham-road has been in a state of extraordinary excitement from the rumour that a supernatural apparition had thrown several persons into fits. The following is the story:—At 6, Pond-terrace, College-street, Chelsea, resides a family named Ward. Ward's family consists of two sons, excavators, aged 25 and 27, and a daughter aged 17. In the same house resides a family named Parsloe. On Thursday night, Emma Ward, upon going into her bed room, saw the apparition and fainted away. Upon her brother James coming home he entered the same room, and was so terrified by the sight that he also fell into violent fits. The noise alarmed the lodgers, and Mrs. Parsloe, an elderly matron, opened the door, and she likewise went into fits at the sight of the spectre. The eldest son, upon coming in and ascertaining how matters were, made up to the ghost and endeavoured to clutch it; but, to his horror, although the spectre stood before him, he could feel nothing substantial, and he straightway followed the example of the preceding ghostseers. His fits, however, required several men to hold him down, and lasted hours. By this time hundreds of people were collected outside the house, and the policeman on the beat being informed that it was a ghost, deferred entering the house until he had a reinforcement. Having received the aid of three of his comrades in blue, an entry was made by bursting in the door. What they saw is not clearly known, but they audibly declared that they would not stay in the house for untold gold, and advised the inmates to leave the ghost in uninterrupted possession. Ward, senior, came in at this juncture, and stayed the emigration. By this time the streets were impassable, and hundreds of people were outside the house as late as five o'clock in the morning. This brought up another reinforcement of the blues, and although they remained and searched the premises in every direction, the most horrible screams and noises continued. The doors kept opening and slamming to without any visible agency. The noises still continue, and a nomadic preacher was on the premises on Thursday to exorcise the spirit. The description of the spectre given by each of the witnesses is the same—a man with deathly features and snowy garments falling to the ground.

The *Bristol Mercury*, of January 21st, of the present year, presents our readers with the subjoined paragraph. It reads something like the account of the "Rochester Knockings" of fifteen years ago, which may be considered as the starting point of the so-called "spirit-rappings" and kindred manifestations in

the United States of America. Yatton, we may remark, is about twelve miles, and Cleeve about nine miles from Bristol:—

MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS AT YATTON.

For the last few days the good people of Yatton have been in such a state of open-mouthed amazement relative to certain peculiar goings on in their midst, that had the heights of Cadbury suddenly betaken themselves to Lower Claverham, or Cleeve Toot reared its dizzy summit in Kenn Marshes, the astonishment could scarcely have been exceeded. They have discovered that a mysterious agency is at work in their parish, and high and low, clergy and laity, have as yet been unable to explain the matter. On the road leading from Yatton to Cleeve, and not far from Hollow Mead, is a detached cottage, inhabited by a family named Beacham, and it appears that a few nights ago one of the children, a little boy, was heard by his parents, whilst in bed, making a noise as if driving away a cat or a dog. He complained that something was scratching at the bed clothes, and a search was made for the intruder, but its whereabouts was not apparent. On the following night the scratching was continued, and now a loud rapping succeeded that was plainly heard by all in the house. Puzzled as to the reason of the noises, the Beachams mentioned the subject to the neighbours, and they having visited the premises, heard the noises likewise, and, after a rigid investigation, acknowledged themselves unable to solve the mystery. As might be expected, an affair of this nature soon spread through the whole of the village, and crowds flocked together to listen to the raps, which became louder and louder. Nor was the excitement confined to the humbler class, for the vicar of the parish, the Rev. H. J. Barnard, and Mr. Hurst, amongst others, proceeded to the spot, and having listened to the rappings and scratchings, confessed themselves in the dark as to the reason for the disturbance. On Sunday, to crown the ghostly noises, shrieks and wild laughter were audible, while the raps continued unabated. One peculiarity in this matter is that the sounds are more frequently heard in the morning than at night, and before breakfast-time the cottage is filled by startled villagers, who listen to them with breathless astonishment. It is almost needless to add that the dwelling has been well searched, and there being no other house near, the difficulty of accounting for the manifestations is increased. Sometimes there will be heard a sharp series of raps resembling the clapping of hands, and then the sounds will seem to be like violent blows struck with a stout stick, and the scratching prevails constantly. The affair somewhat resembles that referred to in an old ballad:—

There's a going before, and a coming behind,  
And a following slowly after;  
A looking for what we ne'er shall find,  
And shouts of unearthly laughter.

The boy with whom the matter commenced is regarded with mingled feelings of awe, pity, and dread, as in some measure the cause of the uproar, and sure enough where he is, although narrowly watched, it would be quite idle to exclaim, "Cease dat knocking." Old ghost stories almost forgotten are now once more rife in Yatton and its vicinity, and relations of the marvellous prevail at every fireside. The rural population for many miles round have suddenly become decided converts to spirit-rapping, and would, doubtless, consider the Davenport tricks as evidence of supernatural agency.

The next number of the *Bristol Mercury* (January 28th), has the following:—

MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS AT BEDMINSTER.

*To the Editor of the Bristol Mercury.*

SIR,—If you can find a small space in your columns to insert an account of strange knockings heard in my house you will greatly oblige.

Several times during the night these knockings are heard, which alarm me and my family very much: the rapping was so furious one night that it broke a

paraffin lamp. I have been told by the neighbours that these strange noises have been heard these last twenty years, ever since the death of Mr. Dingley, the fortune-teller.

I am, sir, yours, &c., SAM'L. TRENCHER.

No. 5, Whitehouse-place, Bedminster, Bristol, Jan. 26, 1865.

*Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1840, has an article entitled "A few Passages concerning Omens, Dreams," &c. The following seems original:—

I find the following letter among some family papers—you will see it is from the principal in the strange occurrence. The letter, of which this is a copy, is addressed to the Duke of C—; it was given to one of my family by the brother, who calls it his late brother B—'s letter. I can vouch for its being authentic. It runs thus:—The *Hawk* being on her passage from the Cape of Good Hope towards the Island of Java, and myself having the charge of the middle watch, between one and two in the morning I was taken suddenly ill, which obliged me to send for the officer next in turn; I then went down on the gun-deck, and sent my boy for a light. In the meanwhile I sat down on a chest in the steerage under the after grating, when I felt a gentle squeeze by a very cold hand. I started, and saw a figure in white: stepping back, I said, "God is my life, who is that?" It stood and gazed at me a short time, stooped its head to get a more perfect view, sighed aloud, repeated the exclamation "Oh!" three times, and instantly vanished. The night was fine, though the moon afforded through the grating but a weak light, so that little of feature could be seen; only a figure rather tall than otherwise, and white clad. My boy returning now with a light, I sent him to the cabins of all the officers, when he brought me word that not one of them had been stirring. Coming afterwards to St. Helena, homeward bound, hearing of my sister's death, and finding the time so nearly coinciding, it added much to my painful concern; and I have only to thank God, that when I saw what I now verily believe to have been her apparition (my sister Ann), I did not then know the melancholy occasion of it.

The same writer relates also the following story:—

Here is a story that seems to rest upon the most undoubted evidence, for acts have followed it. It may be ascertained, and I believe *the* person for whose benefit the appearance was made, is still living. I will not, therefore, give the name at full length; but I will say, had such an occurrence happened to myself, I would have published the whole transaction. We gossip and relate trifles from our biography; and matters deep and grave as this we omit, from a fear perhaps of being laughed at for credulity, or a fear of much questioning. Colonel B— with two other officers of the names of D— and S—, were stationed in America some years before the American War. Colonel B— was sent up the country to quell an insurrection of the natives; the other two remained behind. A very short time after the colonel's departure, D— and S— were sleeping in the same apartment in two separate beds, when Colonel B— entered the room some hours after the gentlemen had been in bed. S— (a light burning in the room) perceived him enter, and expressed much surprise to see him return so soon; the colonel told him that he was now *no more*, having been killed by the natives early in the action; that his reason for appearing was to request S— to find his infant son, who was then in England; and directed him where to find his will. He then left the room; S— asked his friend D— if he had seen or heard anything, to which D— replied that he had seen the apparition, and had heard every syllable of what had passed. Returning to England, they found every circumstance exactly coinciding with the apparition's account, and the affair was represented to her Majesty (Queen Charlotte) who, in consequence, kindly adopted the infant.

I take the following from the same article. The writer says:—

I cannot but think it much less a matter of astonishment that the spirits of those who have existed should assume form and appearance, than that, as in

dreams and the like, "coming events should cast their shadows before." I once knew a gentleman, who held high rank in the army, who made several attempts at suicide; but was always prevented, as he himself asserted, by the apparition of his father—that once he was going to throw himself into the sea, and his father appeared to him out of the water, directly in his way, so as to impede the act. It may be said this was the effect of imagination. It may have been and it may not.

Perhaps, after all that we have said, our readers may not place a very high value on the testimony of our friends the editors and their contributors, whom we have thus put in the witness box. But as Blackwood has just attacked Spiritualism in what the *Spectator* calls "a really bad article," entitled "Demonology," and as the newspapers in general have also lately been pretty free in their strictures and denials, they may perhaps be a little edified by being confronted with some of their own testimony. Whether it be good for much or not, we can at all events assure them and our readers that there is plenty more of it.

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#### CARDINAL WISEMAN.

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We cannot allow the departure of this eminent prince of the Catholic Church to pass unnoticed, nor without a word of tribute to his high character. During his life it was perhaps difficult, if not impossible, from the prejudices, as well from the reasonable objections of Protestant Christians against the aggressive nature of Roman Catholicism, that Cardinal Wiseman should obtain a just appreciation at the hands of his countrymen; but now that his life here has ended and it can be seen in its completeness, it is very visibly one in which Englishmen and as Christians, we may take an honest pride, and be glad that he was one of us. The talents which he brought to bear on all of the many subjects which he studied, would do honour to any man, and his earnest Christian life and manful efforts for Catholicism, would be an ornament to any form of religious organization. If he was a true Catholic, he was also a true Christian according to the highest standard of that Church, of which aggressive intolerance of other creeds form part of the faith, and if the peculiar bigotry of the Romish Church causes it to ignore the existence and worthiness of the Christian life in other creeds, it is not for us to follow its example, in dealing with the life of this good great man. It is our part to recognize the good there in all forms of religion, three-fourths of which according to our pharisees proceed from the heart, and are common to all creeds, whilst the remaining fourth proceeds from the head, and serves as the battle ground for all fanaticisms and other evil passions. Englishmen will now do justice to the late Cardinal, and we feel sure that a wish will be realized to which he gave expression to a faithful friend, who is our informant, a few days before his departure, that "after he had gone some few would miss him, and that many good English Protestants would cease to think of him as a monster." With reference to Spiritualism he was by no means the same uncompromising opponent as many of the less wise bishops and priests of his church. An instance is known to us in which he withdrew the interdict which a bishop had placed on two well-known members of his Church making use, whilst he authorized them to pursue its study and to extend its use, of these good and simple words:—"I fully believe in Spiritualism myself. I could not be a true member of the Church if I had any doubt of it."

## P E A C E .

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

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“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.”

ISAIAH xxvi. 3.

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WHAT is this thing with the delicious name—the very lisp of whose title by the lips carries with it such spell of enchantment? What is this thing which the weak sigh for, the strong struggle for, the unhappy pray for, the wicked hope for?

Peace, is the state of mind which results from the perfect adjustment of man to his circumstances. All the unrest of man comes from the fact that he does not lie easily in his bed. Enceladus is not comfortable under his *Ætna*. We are hungry, cold, feeble, sick; our house is too small, or too large, or too something else; our society is not to our taste; we are not in sympathy with our relatives or friends; we have less to do than we wish we had, or more to do than we can; we are in a false position; the weight is unevenly distributed among our faculties; here there is too much friction on our minds; there too much rubbing against our feelings; our conscience cannot rest easy under the wrongs of society; our souls lose purchase on the order of the world and slip off into unbeliefs. The times are out of joint; there is no correspondence between the real and the ideal. All the turmoil and tribulation of the earth, the sorrow, the penitence, the contrition, the rebellion, the private and public war, came from this want of adjustment of man to his circumstances. The litanies of nations, the *eleisons* and *misereres*, priests, confessionals, doctrines and sacraments of atonement, all attest this unfitness of the mind to its condition. Revolutions in society attest the same thing. The world is awry. It may be the little world of our body with its sensations, or the larger world of our home with its inmates, or the yet larger world of our social circle, the world of fashion or business: no matter whether it be larger or smaller; no matter whether it be the shell of matter by which our souls are protected here for a few years, or the boundless domain limited only by the thoughts that wander through eternity and the aspirations that touch the shores of the infinite; no matter how large or how small the world is, its adjustment to our minds results in peace; its non-adjustment to our minds results in the want of it.

But then comes the question: How is peace ever to be attained? For this adjustment of the mind to its condition is in simple fact a thing impossible; It is a thing to be looked for only in the state which we know by the name of Heaven. For

all these thousands of ages man has been trying to fit himself into his condition, and to how very moderate an extent he has succeeded in doing it! The whole history of his progress thus far is just a history of his turning and tossing, his stretching and struggling to lie comfortably in his bed, to walk easily in his clothes, to live decently in his house. It is a long story of unrest, and we are now only at the beginning of the story. Nobody is completely adjusted to his circumstances; nobody is perfectly fitted to his whole estate. Probably nobody ever has been, except in blessed moments, or more than blessed hours. Since this is so, since peace is the adjustment of the *spirit*-man to the world he lives in, and since this adjustment is to be effected only by painful experience in the indefinite lapse of the centuries, is not the promise of it now to any soul a delusion? Is peace a thing to be spoken of, or even to be dreamed of? Yet men *do* hope for it, *do speak* of it; nay, they more than hope for it; they expect it, they demand it, they claim it, they think that, whatever else they may be deprived of, this they *can* and *should* have.

See now how they go about to get it. There are two ways of effecting this understanding—The first is to break circumstances into the soul; the second is to break the soul into circumstances.

Break circumstances into the soul. Get money, ease, comfort, luxury; weed your lot of care and trouble. This is easier said than done. The world is full of stubborn facts. Care and trouble will not be weeded out with a garden hoe. You pull at them, and their roots go down into the centre of the globe. Thor, the hero of the Scandinavian mythology, tries to lift a cat; the back rises and rises, but the feet do not leave the ground. He pushes her backbone against the moon, still the paws cling to the soil. The cat is not a cat, but the earth-spirit. So the little facts of existence, the incidents of the day, have their roots at the core of being. To get money, comfort, ease, privilege, friends, and other good things, takes a lifetime of unrest; and when you have them, you have not them—for you want more.

It is very well to talk about smoothing matters over on the surface. Talking will not smooth them, and nothing else will smooth them. Nor would there be any peace if they could be smoothed; for so long as the mind remains as it is, it will be perpetually cracking the crust, blowing its jets of flame through new vent-holes, terribly damaging and deranging the fine artificial order.

The effort to obtain peace by an artificial arrangement of circumstances is a delusion. Upon the arrangement of circumstances much less depends than we fancy. The most peaceful



men have not been favoured by a comfortable arrangement of circumstances. The most peaceful men have lived in circumstances the most gloomy. Take Paul; his life was one continued exposure to every kind of untoward fortune. *He* knew poverty, hunger, cold, loneliness, friendlessness. His career was a ceaseless toil and march. Yet, Paul, for the most part, was filled with a peace that passed all understanding; the benediction of peace is familiar on his lips. Would he have been a gainer by altered circumstances? Would his life have been more truly peaceful if it had been more comfortable? Would he have had more rest if he had had less labour? more content, if he had had less distraction? more quiet, if he had had less turmoil?

On the other hand take Byron. He was rich and noble; society opened to him all its doors of privilege; he was admired, flattered, courted, loved; he was handsome as only the favoured few are handsome; he possessed a singular power of fascination; he was gifted with a peculiar and bewitching genius; he ranked among the very foremost poets of his age; he had the ravished regard of the world; he was the spoiled darling of his generation—he was envied, the idolized. But what existence so tortured as his? He was the incarnation of the spirit of unrest; he was the very genius of discontent; his versés overflowed with salt tears; his strains melodious as the songs of angels, musical as *Æolian* harps, were steeped in scorn and unbelief; he made his generation ring with his cries of agony, and shudder with his awful glooms of despair. He was at war with destiny every hour; in his very attitude he put himself at sword's point with God. He mocked every idea of peace, and had no words for his contempt or derision of those who pretended to have it.

Man's *soul* being what it is, no conceivable disposition of his lot will help him to rest. We come, then, to the second method of gaining peace. The first method was to break in the circumstances, the second is to break in the *soul*. A very favourite method this. Take things as they are, and suppress the feeling that rises against them. Are you out of sorts with society? become a hermit. Is your peace disturbed by doubt? stop thinking. Are you suffering from unrequited affections? cease loving. Are you made unhappy by the ills and wrongs of humanity? put the ills and wrongs of humanity out of your mind. Is your heart bereft of quiet by the loss of friends whom death has taken away? fill the empty places with toys; let memory sleep; try to forget, seek distraction, dissipate, cover the sore place with rose-leaves. Have friends deserted you? swear friendship—turn bitter or sour; cease to care about men and women; cut your ties that bind you to your kind, and leave yourself all further rending of the heart-strings by not

having any heart-strings to rend. It is the popular way—kill his soul, and the man will be well at peace. There will be a perfect accord then between him and his circumstances. All circumstances are about alike to the dead. The one absolutely irrepressible thing is the moral sense. You cannot put out its flame with all the waters of the deep, nor dry up its living water with all the flames of hell.

But suppose you *could* put out the soul, with her resolves, her aspirations, her hopes, her earnest purposes, longings and prayers; suppose you could make men *cease* to feel what sort of peace would it be? Is paralysis peace? Is the grave peace? Is that deserving the name of peace which demands the extinction of the primal elements of human nature? Is that deserving the name of peace which cannot be had but at the expense of man's highest dignity.

Man and his circumstances must both be accepted as stubborn facts. Allowance must be made for them as such. Neither can be pushed aside, broken down, or covered up. We must make up our minds that both are to continue substantially unchanged. How is any man to get peace *now*, he being as he is, *things* being as they are? How is the adjustment of man to his condition to be brought about? I answer—by the *spirit*. I would say *by faith*, if that word, *faith*, had any real meaning to the popular mind; but when one talks of doing things by *faith*, he is understood to use the pious mode of saying they are not to be done at all. The adjustment I speak of, this reconciliation, may be effected *ideally*, when it cannot be *actually*; it may be effected in the *mind*, when it cannot be in *history*; it may exist as a state of inward experience, when it cannot exist as a state of outward experiment. For all *practical* purposes—and they are the only purposes worth considering—one may live *as if* the concurrence between man and his condition was complete. And thus one may so live. These are the fountains of peace:—

1. The assurance that things are as they are by *cause*—in other words, that events come in the order of Nature, by the will of God; that nothing walks with aimless feet. They stand where they do because they could not stand there; they exist by the constitution of the world; they refer back to a long succession of facts, every one of which must have been otherwise, to make this otherwise. They are links in the chain of history. It was in the regular working out of the sum of the universe that such figures as you and I are set just where we are and are made to count for precisely so much. But this you tell me with pale face and white lips—is Fate. Yes, that is what men always say when Providence becomes too large to keep pace with them in walking through life. So long as God is a being like themselves,

whom they can talk with, familiarly about time and eternity, they call him God; but when He rises to his infinite proportions, and fills the world with his presence; when his breath fills the interstellar spaces, when his speech becomes the inarticulate harmonies of the spheres, his word the hieroglyphics of the universe, his movement so large that only one or two of his visible foot-tracks can be seen in the history of a race, and his acts of volition flash upon us in the laws that govern the development of planets, and regulate the rising and setting of suns, and his separate thoughts require centuries for their unfolding; when God becomes infinite, spherul, eternal, distancing thought, imagination, worship; when He becomes *more and more* God, then He is not called God any more; then He is called Fate. Very well; give me the larger God, and call Him what you please: I call Him FATHER. The vaster he is, the more I am at home with Him; the more unfathomable He is, the more faithful my reliance; the more comprehensive and exact, and inflexible and stupendous He is in the scale of his operations, the deeper my peace as one subject to them and involved in them. If I thought that anybody could have prevented that which is and caused it not to have been; if I could detect the slightest crack by which chance could have thrust in a finger, the ground of my repose would tremble under my feet. But, assured as I am that at this hour the world could not have been further advanced than it is; assured that as the autumnal leaves take their tints by a power as inevitable as it is mysterious, and as beautiful as it is inevitable, so the hues which lie on each one's lot, that stain the fortunes of communities, that spread their crimson dyes over the condition of states and nations, start out under the action of a divine chemistry, the key to whose laboratory no mortal ever held or will hold; assured as I am that as the autumnal leaf drops to the ground not before nor behind its moment, but just *at its moment*, and melts into the soil precisely as it does, because so it was decreed from the time when each tree bore seed after its kind, so the leaves on the tree of humanity drop to the ground, wrenched from the twig by the fierce blast, rotted from it by corruption, or gently let fall, withered, dry, and weak, because so it was ordained from the beginning, when man was placed on the earth and told to subdue it; assured as I am of this, I can rest in things as they are; I can say it is good, it is best for the hour. My mind is staid on the Eternal. It is because it must have been, and the "must have been" is the evolution of the Perfect Will. To me this is the inexpressible consolation. When I would be impatient or quarrelsome, or fretful, this assurance, like an angel, places one hand in benediction on my head, and with the other tenderly shuts my impious mouth. I am quiet beneath the all-covering heavens.

2. The second fountain of peace is the immortal hope. By this I do not mean the hope of a personal immortality in another world. I mean the hope of immortal expansion and progress in *this* world. I mean the hope of the immortal Future. It is this hope that gives movement to Destiny, and makes us thrill with the presence of the Living God. It is this that changes the world from a stone into a flower. Circumstances are not stationary, events are not fixtures, facts *flow*. We look backward, and see that things *move*—see that they move *forward*—that they move from bad to good, from good to better, from better to best. Nothing *stops* them; everything helps them on; the most determined resistance becomes the friendliest of aid. Kings, conquerors, slayers, man-stealers, only drive the race onward with their iron whips, or make the road softer to its feet with their spilt blood, or frighten it into quicker motion by their horrid spectres. War-cries turn to hosannas; yells of rage change into murmurings of praise; curses fall back on the heads of those that utter them; winds of passion are messengers shouting: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" flaming fires of the pit are ministers, consuming the stubble that litters his track; the victory of Evil pricks Virtue on to a new assault. I look *forward*, and in fancy breathe an air purer for the tempest. I cannot be anxious for to-morrow, not knowing what a day may bring forth; but knowing well that it *can* bring forth nothing that will not be so much better than any wish of mine, that my best wish grows dark in its glory. What will work out the best result for my children's children cannot but be best for me now.

3. Finally, I mention the fountain of *Duty*. There is no peace without work. Even in a world administered, as this is, by higher powers, there is no peace except to those who work hand in hand with those powers. Only the living find God alive. We have our part to do in the grand task of creation. In doing that part, whatever it may be, we adjust ourselves to our time and fill our place: Just as every star in the fields of space is necessary to distribute the reflected splendors of the sun, so is every shining soul necessary to transmit the light of the spirit. Just as every little flower that blooms lends a needed fragrance to the air which envelops the earth, so every blossoming heart lends its own indispensable aroma to the moral atmosphere we all inhale. Nothing so fits us into our sphere and lot as duty. It is the great reconciler of man to his condition; it is the great answerer of the soul's questions; it is the divine stiller of the soul's complaints. Act, and you shall understand; act, and you shall be patient; act, and you shall be consoled.

Up, then, heart! Trust and toil. Wait and work. He works

patience  
Up, then, I, etc.

who trustfully waits; he waits who nobly works. The hope of waiting shall not fail if he waits on the Lord, for he at least moves with Him, his head leaning on his bosom. The hope of the worker shall not fail, if he is a fellow-worker with God.

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### VIEWES OF A FUTURE EXISTENCE AS MAINTAINED BY HORACE.

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PERHAPS one of the most interesting fields of investigation in regard to the ancients, is that afforded by a consideration of the different forms of belief which were prevalent among them in respect to man's future state. The question as to what becomes of man, when he has once passed the fearful boundary of the grave, and launched out into the unknown future always has been, and will be, one of the deepest interest to the human mind. Everywhere, and at all times have men, feeling that there was nothing within them which could not *all* die, looked forward to the future conditions of the soul, when departed from the body.

Among the Romans a few of the most intelligent and cultivated were found who believed in the real immortality of the soul: that when the body was dissolved at the touch of death, the spirit did not die with it, but survived with all its powers and abilities unimpaired; while there were others, who, having become sufficiently enlightened to disbelieve and despise the old heathen mythology, had not attained to any higher and purer faith to supply its place, but were atheists, unbelievers alike in the all-controlling power, and in any existence after death. The most by far the most common belief was that which appertained to the old mythology, and was shadowed forth by the two great Epic poets, Homer and Virgil, in their descriptions of the various regions.

With the masses of men, however, the present existence was everything, and not only filled the first place in their thoughts, but entirely occupied them. They had no future which they could look forward to and prepare for; but all beyond the grave was buried in Cimmerian gloom, so that the present life, with its mingled joys and sorrows, formed the sum of all their hopes and aspirations.

Hence, death was the greatest evil which could befall them, for it removed them from all that could confer happiness, and transferred them to Pluto's gloomy prison house, which all enter, when none pass out—a place of banishment from the joys of earth, where the departed, excluded from all they had delighted in

before, were permitted only the melancholy pleasure of attempting shadowy imitations of what had once been gladdening realities.

These appear to have been the sentiments of Horace, and are continually expressed in his poems, especially in his Odes. Thus, towards the end of the Fourth Ode of Book I., we find him reminding his friend Sextus of the dread and inevitable certainty, that sooner or later, Death would come, and remove him to the "joyless" realm of Pluto. Again, in the Twenty-fourth Ode of the same Book, addressed to Virgil on the death of Quinctilius, there occurs the following passage:—

"Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor urget?"  
"Shall then perpetual sleep oppress Quinctilian?"

This, of itself, would seem to point to a belief in the entire extinction of the soul; but as it would, in that case, disagree with the rest of the Ode, and all the other passages which refer to this subject, we are forced to seek another explanation. The most plausible seems to be, to consider it an extension of the common metaphor in all languages, which compares sleep to death, probably referring to the repose of the body in its final resting place. The last two stanzas of the Ode are, however, in a different strain, and present mournful pictures of inexorable and implacable death, and of the dark and gloomy home of Shades, to which Quinctilius had been removed.

But it is in the Thirteenth Ode of Book II. that we find the opinions of Horace most fully expressed. Here, on the occasion of a narrow escape from death by accident, he pictures the consequences of the danger to which he had been exposed, and delineates the infernal regions, as they presented themselves to his mind. He speaks of the realms of *dark Proserpine*, and of the separate abodes of the pious and the wicked; the former, permitted to sweeten the sadness of their exile by following the same pursuits which had been theirs in life, while the wicked were punished with never-ending torments; thus imaging forth a belief *not yet entirely extinct*. As examples of the former class, we have Alcæus and Sappho, singing upon their lyres the same themes which had inspired them in life, with the hunter Orion, still pursuing the shadowy forms of wild beasts.

The Third Ode of the same Book, inscribed to Delius, repeats the same fearful representations, as an inducement to enjoy the pleasures of life while they last, and be happy while he can, by reminding him that death will unavoidably and surely come, to consign him to eternal exile, and remove him from all that makes life happy.

Finally, in the Fourteenth Ode of the same Book, we have the same gloomy delineation again. Again is death paraded before us, as the terrible and most certain destroyer of all happy-

ss. All the most depressing and saddening circumstances which accompany him, are pictured in the gloomiest colours; nor is there a single ray of light to illumine the darkness.

These are the most prominent passages which refer to this subject; and, though there are some others which contain the same ideas much less distinctly expressed, they are sufficient for the purpose.

In examining this, the most common opinion among the students, we are naturally led to consider the effect of such a belief as this upon the human mind, which practically teaches that there is but one life, and that the pleasures pertaining to this existence are all that are in store for us; and to contrast it, with its results, with one which tells us of a future state, in which the mind, unshackled by the body, may participate in a continued moral and intellectual improvement.

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## Notices of Books.

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### TRACTS ON TABOOED TOPICS.\*

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One of the objects of the Spiritual Lyceum is announced to be the distribution of tracts on Spiritualism. It has long been a desideratum that there were none such as would deserve general circulation, and would be fitted to be placed in the hands of any one, whether lettered or unlearned, inquirer or sceptic. Here, however, we have one which answers all the requirements that any can desire. Mr. Carpenter has succeeded in producing a most interesting and instructive essay. It is all the more so, because at the commencement he has given us some account of himself, and of the many years spent at political and social movements in which a great part of his life has been spent. "Of the sixty-seven years of my life," he says, "forty-four have been devoted to an unflagging effort to improve the social, moral, religious, and intellectual condition of those classes especially for whom very little was done and not much cared, when I first gave myself to the work." First editor of the *Weekly Free Press*, his practical efforts for the reduction of the stamp on newspapers, brought him into collision with the Government, and he spent nearly six years in the law courts and in prison on the question of whether his *Political Letters* were subject to the stamp or not. His case was advocated by William Cobbett, Mr. Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Charles Buller, Mr.

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\* *Does Spiritualism Demand Investigation?* By WILLIAM CARPENTER. F. PITMAN, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 4d.

Joseph Hume and others, and is acknowledged as a primary cause of the agitation which has ultimately given us a cheap press. Whilst in prison, he, after a severe combat with the authorities, succeeded in abolishing the abuses to which prisoners were subject, and in destroying the illegal gains wrung from them, which made the office of Marshal of the King's Bench Prison more lucrative than that of the Lord Chancellor. Afterwards editor of the *True Sun*; then one of the two or three originators of the Chancery Reform Association; then the originator of the inquiry into the solvency of life assurance companies, which caused such a break-down amongst the unsafe offices, and has ended in the Post Office Savings' Banks. Throughout all this period of about thirty years his secular labours were interlaced with the study of Biblical criticism and interpretation, on which subjects he has published twenty-seven volumes. Many of these are praised by Bishops and Dissenters alike.

The little narrative of Mr. Carpenter's life and labours is most pleasant reading, and all this is but the introduction to the main purpose of the essay, which is to give his personal experiences and opinions in favour of Spiritualism. The former part throws down the gauntlet to the world, and says, "Here am I who have done these things before you during forty-four years, referring you as witnesses to my character, and now in return for what you have said of me, I tell you that I have, with all the force of my character which you know so well, investigated Spiritualism, and found it to be true. From my own experiences and those of my wife, I tell you so; and now having so spoken of my character you cannot say I am not a proper person to have investigated and to give you the result, which now I proceed to tell you."

We hope that this Tract No. 1 will be largely circulated to our wise inquirers amongst the sceptics and ignorant persons of their acquaintance, and that it will soon be followed by No. 2.

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### PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.\*

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THIS pamphlet seems to us to contain more true science, logic, Spiritualism, and religion than we ever met with combined within ten times the space, but then it is written by a man perhaps more competent than any to deal with those united subjects. We hope that it will be read and studied by many who enter scepticism through the door of science, and the branches of it which are taken up by the evolutionists and similar inquirers. We hope in our next to give a review of the work.

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\* *Philosophy of Religion.* By HUGH DOHERTY, M.D., Author of *Our Philosophy; or, Man's True Place in Nature.* London: TRUENNER. Price 1s.