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SPIRITUALISM IN SWEDEN.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

PART II.

THE OBSTINATE PEBBLE.

THE celebrated general, Baron Wrangel of Lindesberg, used to relate this story over his evening pipe, which minds high dried in the withering kiln of the world will consider "a very curious anecdote, very curious indeed," and which minds of a more living cast will think has a touch of spirit interference and Providence in it. "In the Finnish war of 1808, I was captain in the Södermanland regiment. I was then of a hasty temperament, and was easily exasperated. In battle and siege I was cool, and after a defeat restless and out of temper. On the 2nd of September of that year, the Russian general Kamenski took and occupied the town of Sippola, after a fierce resistance by the Swedes. He then advanced upon our lines; sought to carry our batteries and barricades by storm, but that required more forces, and he had to wait for them. We seized the opportunity to attack him, and rushed out with fixed bayonets from our entrenched height. At first the declivity was sandy and steep; in while the way became more level, and we slackened our speed. As usual, I marched at the head of my company. Just as the ground grew level I trod on a loose stone, and nearly fell; but with drawn sword in my hand and courage in my head, I continued my march. But the pebble was again before my feet. I kicked it away, but it flew straight forward, and I stumbled upon it two or three times. We were now not far from the Russian lines, and the blood boiled in our veins. The cannon balls sung over our heads, and still the little round pebble lay before my feet. I stooped down to pick up, and throw it so far that it should not by any chance incommode me again. As I

stooped, I felt a pressure on my head, and fell to the earth, and when I raised myself again there lay a whole row of my soldiers behind me in fragments on the plain. We who were left, continued our march and beat the Russians. From that moment I became calm, and I still preserve the obstinate pebble which had so greatly irritated me.

DREAM AGENCY.

F——, a young professor of philosophy, had recently become acquainted with a student named G——. With his circumstances he was wholly unacquainted; but one night he awoke after a troublesome dream, in which he saw G—— standing before his bed, wringing his hands in despair, and appealing to him concerning a matter, which if not speedily arranged would destroy all his future prospects. The next day he observed that G——, instead of the cheerful spirits which he usually possessed, appeared much dejected; he enquired the cause, on which G—— related to him just what he had seen in his dream, and added that notwithstanding their short acquaintance he thought of asking him to help him. F—— told him that he was already acquainted with the whole business and his distress by a dream, and had come prepared to set all right for him.

SPECTACLE OF FLEETS AND ARMIES.

We have next an ancient document giving an account of fleets and armies seen at different times at Rasbö and Kijl from the 18th of February to the 12th of March, 1655, and again in the same places on the 24th, 25th and 26th of March, 1671, both of them signed by the witnesses, the latter by no less than thirteen, the chief people of the places. The ships as well as the troops moved over the meadows. The troops were in black and blue uniforms; the standards of various colours, yellow, white, blue and black. On some occasions they fought, on others they did not. There were officers seen commanding, and they finally each time marched away westward, and generally disappeared in a wood. Such scenes have been seen in the Highlands and other places, and have exactly foreshewn battles on those spots; but we have no account of anything of the kind happening here. I notice them merely as proofs of some general law in such spectacles.

THE HAUNTED INN.

A traveller now gives us his experience at an inn, at Ceulenburg, in Holland. The inn was full and the landlord told the traveller, who relates this story himself, that he could not lodge him. As the night was stormy, he asked to be allowed to sit by the kitchen fire, or stretch himself on a few chairs till morning, and then the landlord says he has one room vacant, but that he never allows any one to sleep in it, as they always complain of being disturbed. The traveller, however, prevails on "mine host" to permit him to sleep there. All is quiet till midnight, when his bed begins to swing about like a hammock at sea, and the entertainment is varied by a heavy sack being dragged about the room. Our traveller gets up, lights a candle, and searches, but in vain; goes to bed again and the same swinging and sack-dragging is renewed. Then all ceased, and he slept well till morning. Such things have happened so often that it is only worth while to notice this, except as another proof of the same variety of these phenomena taking place everywhere. Nor the next fact—that of a student, in the University at Upsala, suddenly exclaiming in the midst of a lecture, "Oh, my God! at this moment my father dies!" the truth of which was soon made known by letter.

A MAGISTRATE'S WARNING.

A more curious experience was that of a magistrate, who had an old servant-man, on whose death-bed he engaged him, if possible to appear and prove to him a future world. Some time went on without any sign of the old servant's spiritual visit, but one evening, as he sat profoundly considering the evidence of a criminal case, the old servant suddenly stood before him, held up his right hand showing three fingers, and exclaiming, "Three!" disappeared again. Greatly startled, the magistrate immediately thought that he had but three seconds to live, but they passed over; three minutes,—they went over too. He had then three hours, and he set about to arrange his affairs the best he might in the time. But three hours, three days, and three months rolled over, and the magistrate began to breathe. At least, he thought, I have now three years of life. The three years passed over, and the magistrate was never in better health. The very day arrived, evening arrived; he was well as ever, and said to his family, "Well, it may be three-times-three for aught I know." At twelve o'clock, as he sat again deeply engaged in official papers, there was a noise in the outer room. He hastily rose and opened the door, and fell dead, pierced by a bullet. In the enquiry which followed



it came out that the house maid had admitted a lover, believing the magistrate in bed; and the man hearing the door about to open, seized a gun which stood loaded in the corner close by, not, as he said, to shoot the magistrate, for whom he had the greatest respect, but merely to push the door to with it, when it went off, and killed the vaguely forewarned man.

A STRANGE GHOST.

In the year 1632, on the very day that Gustavus Adolphus was killed at the battle of Lützen, in Germany, a trooper rode up to the parsonage of Eric Andrew Rogstadius, at Sköldinge, in Södermanland, Sweden. Rogstadius was well known as having, in 1627, contributed greatly to the passing of the Söderland navigation laws, and had been pastor of Sköldinge since 1629, where he lived till 1630. He died in 1652. Rogstadius asked the trooper, who was mounted on a splendid horse, whence he came. He replied, from Germany. "Ha!" said the pastor, "right welcome then, for thou canst tell us news of our gracious and valiant king. How fares it with him?" "Alas!" said the trooper, "he fell to-day, on the field of Lützen." "Nay," said the pastor, "we are not come so far as that yet, that we can have news from Germany, and so far inland as Leipsic in a few hours!" "'Tis even so," said the trooper, "for I saw him fall." "God forbid!" exclaimed the pastor, "then must thou be a spirit." And the account assures us that the spirit-trooper located himself with the pastor, and could not be got rid of. In vain did he call in his brother clergymen to assist in expelling the intruder. He laughed them to scorn, saying the pastor had bid him welcome, and there he meant to stay. On this he wrote to the Consistory, at Strengnäs, whereupon the Bishop, the chief Canon of the Cathedral, and the Notary went to Sköldinge to try their power. On their arrival they all slept in the same room, for the parsonage was not large. The bishop and canon soon fell asleep, fatigued with their journey, and after a hearty supper. But the notary lay awake, and saw the trooper enter the room, and taking the light that was purposely left burning, go to the bishop and looking at him, say, "Oho! Father Lars," (Laurentius Paulinus Gothus) "is that thee? Upon my word, thou art nothing to boast of. I know thee well." Then he went up to the canon, and looking at him, said, "Aha! art thou here too, brother Matthias?" (Matthias Jesbodinus) "I know thee; thou art none of mother's best litter of pigs." Next he turned to the notary, who drew the coverlet over his head, and began to cry out lustily, the bishop and canon awaking and asking what was the matter; the trooper took up a jug of ale which was set for

their comfort in the night, drank their healths, and presented the jug that they should drink his, but this they refused, calling on God to help them, whereupon the trooper disappeared. The next day, but not without a hard struggle, they succeeded in clearing the house of him. The widow of Pastor Rogstadius, who was also the widow of Peter Tilon, the assistant minister of Kijl and Gräve, afterwards said, that the spectre trooper could not be moved from the place till the clergy had promised to seek for a body in the cellar, and give it the rites of proper burial, and that on seeking in the cellar, the body of a man was found. A servant who had occupied the house before their coming to it, had murdered his own step-son and buried him there; and having ridden off in the night with one of the horses out of the stable, which he left somewhere before morning, then gave out that his step-son had stolen it and fled.

LANDAHL'S PARTING TOKENS.

Landahl, a native of Westgötha, a student at Upsala, lived in the Autumn of 1820 with two fellow students, Lars and Anders, in the house of a smith, in the Dragbrunnsgatan, or Drawbridge street. In student fashion they had packed themselves into two rooms. The outer room was dark and could only be used for keeping their coffee, clothes, and other articles. In the inner room they lived and slept, Landahl and Anders in the same bed, and Lars on the sofa by the wall. On the 14th of October, Landahl would quit Upsala, and a few days before he told his comrades that he wished them to understand that he never yet had left any place without having an attack from troublesome spirits, and he warned them that it might take place any night. He said this, however, in a mere passing manner, and his friends thought little of it.

That night Anders and Landahl lay and read in bed; Lars was already asleep, and they put out their candle at a quarter-past ten o'clock. In two minutes afterwards, Landahl's tinder-box and other articles fell from the mantel-piece, but they could not distinguish what the other things were, or where they fell. The tinder-box, in which was the steel, having begun to hop and fly about; now it struck the ceiling, now the floor, approached the bed, and lastly leaped upon it. "Here they are again," exclaimed Landahl, and drew the clothes over him. Anders kicked up the quilt with his foot, and the tinder-box fell on the floor. Immediately, raps were heard on the walls, and a hard blow fell on the door leading into the outer room. As soon as they could get a light, they found that it was *Möller's Church History*, which had lain in the window, and had rebounded from

the door so strongly that it lay in the middle of the room. An hour afterwards, the chair on which Landahl's clothes lay began to rock about, to crack in its joints, and to scrape and draw itself along the floor. Both the friends of Landahl were much alarmed, and Anders said, "Well, I will get up and knock the chair to pieces if it won't be quiet." At the same instant the chair was knocked over and the tinder box and other articles were thrown against the footboard, and Anders again drew his head into the bed. Then began the water-caraffe, which stood near the bed, to screw itself about, was carried forward, and knocked at the door of the dark room. This increased the terror of Landahl's comrades, who asked what this could mean. Landahl said that he imagined that it meant that the door should be opened, and that the things necessary for his journey should be taken and put into his trunk by the unseen visitors, for that had happened once before. This they would not endure, but insisted that Landahl should get up and strike a light. This he did with another steel, for he would not meddle with the one that had seemed bewitched. He begged the young men to continue talking to him till he had accomplished this. Two candles were lit and placed on the table betwixt the beds. It was then just twelve o'clock.

All was silent for about an hour, when some small articles again began to move. The flint flew from the table against the walls, the cork flew out of Landahl's ink-horn, his seal fell down from the shelf, and then they saw the chair on which his clothes lay, drag itself to and fro, and then fall over carrying another chair with it. *Möller's Church History*, which had lain on the floor, was taken up and laid in different places, but would not lie still. Lars said he saw the table begin to move, and Anders seized one of the candles, and the next moment the table was knocked over, and everything on it scattered on the floor. Landahl and Lars each now held a candle, but the table was again thrown over in the full light, and with such force as to shake the floor. Towards one o'clock the confusion increased; the seal flew about, the water-caraffe did the same, sprinkling the water over them, one of Landahl's goloshes flew up and stroked itself against his hand, and then the table rose high into the air, and appeared about to pitch itself on Landahl's head. Anders cried out "I will shield Landahl," upon which the table turned as if to attack Anders, but lowered itself the next moment, and stood on the floor. Landahl then took the New Testament and laid it on the table, and it remained quiet. All continued at peace for the remainder of the night.

The next morning the three students went and told another friend what had occurred. He went back with them, and the

disturbances began again by broad daylight. Whilst Landahl was absent for a short time, the door betwixt the two rooms stood open, and a number of Landahl's things, his penknife, snuffers, steel and tinderbox, flute, soap dish, razor strop, seal, &c., flew one by one from the inner room to the outer where his trunk stood. At one o'clock the friends went out to dinner, and brought back a fourth student, who did not quite believe their accounts, but he was very soon satisfied. Numerous things flew before their faces from the inner room into the outer one, to the trunk. As this fourth student was going away at two o'clock, a book flew out of a corner in the outer room, and slid along the floor, and then all remained quiet for the day.

The following night two other of their countrymen joined the party. The light was put out at a quarter to eleven; the table began its former movements, and threw off two paper knives with a loud noise. Landahl's keys were flying about with a great jingle. D——, the last-comer, who just then entered, opened his mouth to utter a solemn abjuration, when a slipper flew and hit him on the mouth. Without permitting himself to be disconcerted, he said with a loud voice, "In the name of the Triune God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I charge thee to say what is the object of all this?" The only answer was that the table was hastily thrown down, and knocked down a chair with it. Light was then struck: the New Testament laid again on the table, and the candle again extinguished. The candlestick then appeared shaken, and the snuffers fell on the floor. Once more the light was struck, and all afterwards remained still. In the daytime, when Landahl and D—— only remained in the house, Landahl opened the door into the outer room and said, "Now will I abjure the spirit;" but he started back wild and pale, siezed D——'s arm, saying, "Come along with me, and you will see him!" and with that he fell in a swoon.

Landahl left Upsala, became a clergyman in his own district, and died not long after. Of the cause of these attacks upon him, he is said to have spoken differently at different times. Once that a working man on his death-bed cursed him; at another time that he might attribute the evil to himself, having committed a great wrong, without knowing it to be such at the moment; and that only in this manner could it be atoned. Such, at least, was the rumour: but probably his remarks referred to one and the same transaction, not fully understood by the hearers. However that may be, the circumstances just related are entirely true.

GRATITUDE AFTER DEATH.

A boy called by the people Näsman's Johannes once lived in the depth of a pine wood in Smoland with an old widow called in the neighbourhood Saddler Ingeborg. The boy Johannes had frequently sharp attacks of illness. One afternoon he went to a neighbouring village called Ljunggordsköp, and promised to return before night; but as he did not return that night, the old woman next morning went to the village to inquire after him, as she was afraid that he might have had one of his attacks. On her arrival they told her that he had been there, but at twilight he set out to return. This caused a search after him, and he was found lying dead at a little distance from the path in the wood.

Some days after his funeral the old woman one night lay awake, and observed a light circling about her room. Believing it to be the apparition of her Johannes, she called out, "Is that thee, dear Johannes?" Instead of answering her, the light approached not her but the opposite wall, where it evidently moved the moss that stopped up a crevice, and having circled about it several times it disappeared. The next morning the old woman examined the spot, which she had well noted, and in pulling out the moss found nine or ten pieces of money which had been concealed there.

A NEW YEAR'S VISIT IN 1831.

The author relates that in the beginning of December he received an invitation from his friend B——, the possessor of a considerable estate in the country, on which he had been living many years. Circumstances prevented his leaving Stockholm till New Year's Eve, and he arrived at his friend's house about nine o'clock that night. He was agreeably surprised to find an old University friend invited to meet him, who was about to spend some weeks there. The family consisted of the owner, his mother and one sister. It was arranged that our author and his University friend should occupy one bedroom, so that they could enjoy full freedom of conversation over their pipes before retiring to rest. This room was in one of the wings of the house, at some distance from the rest of the family, and they passed to it, first across the open court, and then through a large hall. Their friends wished them good night and a happy new year, when they retired. After a chat over their pipes, they got into their beds, which stood on the opposite sides of the room. Our author, however, did not sleep at once, and as he lay he saw a white figure approach the table which stood near his bed, take up the tinder-box and light a match, which, however, quickly died out again. He imagined that his friend, being sleepless like himself,

had thought he would light his pipe, but as he lay some time and perceived no odour of smoke, he said "Are you awake?" His friend replied "Yes;" and on comparing notes they found that they had both witnessed the same thing.

The following and for four successive nights they observed the curtain of a window near one of the beds continually in motion, as if a draught came through. One of them rose and felt for the draught, but there was none at all. For a time the notion of the curtain ceased, but anon began again. As these mysterious things tended to prevent their sleep, they agreed that one or the other should read some interesting book as they lay in bed, till they grew sleepy. The book they chose was Fryxell's *Passages from Swedish History*. As one read the other soon exclaimed, "Whisht! do you hear nothing? some one went across the room and shook my bed." The reader listened, but perceived nothing. The following night, however, betwixt the 4th and 6th of January, he perceived as well as his friend a step traversing the room as he read, which always ceased when attention was called to it. Frequently, too, they felt their beds shaken.

To satisfy themselves they enquired whether any one besides themselves slept in that wing, and were assured that no one did; whether rats were known to run about, and the reply was "no such thing as a rat had been perceived in the house for years." The following night as they read, they heard from the next locked-up room, three and four times, a melancholy voice as of some one in sorrow. They listened attentively—it was repeated; broken, complaining voice, as of one dying. In the next moment one of them cried out that he was touched on the hand by something intensely cold, and it was long before the feeling left him.

The next day they had this room opened and went into it, and it was clear that no living person had been there during the night. Thus twelve days had passed. The daily life was charming, rides, walks, in the evenings, conversation and music with the ladies, made the visit delightful. The nights only were the drawback. The last which they thus passed they employed in finishing the part of Fryxell, which describes the celebrated Massacre of Linköping." They read how Gustaf Banér layed with his children some days before his death in his prison. How his noble wife, worn out with sorrow, laid her head on his shoulder the night before his execution, and fell into a little slumber, but immediately waking, exclaimed, "Well might our Lord say to me as it stands in the Scriptures, 'Could you not tarry with me one hour?'" And how, when the children fell weeping on their father's neck, and said they would die with him, he replied, "My children, you should not wish to die for my sorrow, or live for any pleasure." Again, they seemed to

hear the sad voice outside the room. They went on and read where Eric Sparre, at the place of execution, said, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*" The reader stopped and said, "I hear some one reading aloud also in the hall." "That," said the other, "I have heard a long time, but I would not interrupt you." "We must see who it is," exclaimed the one who read. They rose silently, threw on their clothes, took light, and hastened into the hall. There was no one. All was silent, the doors all closed, the furniture standing all orderly each thing in its silent place. They went forward, looking and listening. They entered the lobby, tried the front door, which they found locked and barred. They returned to bed, and again endeavoured to conclude the reading of the terrible passage in Swedish History. But when it came to the place where Thors Bjelke on his knees at the place of execution, threw from him the white bandage which should cover his eyes, and said, "Yes, I will offer to my God, with a pure and uncovered face" they heard a deep sigh out in the hall, and then began again the old, trembling, but solemn voice to read, though the words could not be distinguished. They again rose, listened at the door, and at the same moment the one who had been reading perceived a gentle rustling close to him, and the same trembling voice which they had heard without, whispered some incomprehensible words in his ear. So finished the last night of their visit, and they did not seem to have obtained any solution of the mystery from the possessor of the house.

The volume closes with an account given by a gentleman who, living solitarily in the old castle of Halmstad, employed by day in official duties, far from his friends and connections, was alone with only a servant or two at night in the old castle, spent his evenings in again reading his *Horace* and other classical favourites of his youth. All at once, as he often lay awake, he heard tunes beaten, first as by water dropping, then the droppings growing softer, and blending into each other, became like the music of a flute of the softest and most melodious tones. All his endeavours to detect the player were in vain. Now it seemed to be close to him, between the wainscot and the wall. Now in the ceiling, now in the next room. Determined to find out the musician, for he knew that his man-servant could not play a note, and that no one could approach the castle at night, the gates being locked, he had his servant to sleep in the ante-room, and lay ready with the door open to rise and follow the sounds in a moment. They had not long to wait; the music seemed in the wall betwixt the two rooms. He called his servant and they sought to enclose the sound, but it had shifted in a moment, and went from room to room as they followed it, till at

last it appeared to be playing outside the wall, in the air, and far from the ground. Satisfied that no corporeal musician could pass through a number of old thick walls of the castle rooms, and then stand and play in the air many yards from the ground, he gave up the chase, and resolved to enjoy the music so kindly offered, which was not melancholy or complaining, but, to use his own expression, "seemed the glad outpourings of the soul of some great master, like audible tears of joy falling on the earth from the fountain of happiness." As he ceased to hunt after this mysterious music, it used to come and play when he was troubled, as too often, with wakefulness, and under its soothing tones he insensibly fell asleep.

The history of Sweden contains many facts of a supernatural nature. The vision of Charles XI., as seen by himself, his Prime Minister Oxenstierna, and the two Privy-Counsellors Bjelke, seeming to prefigure the revolution and change of dynasty from the Wasas to the Bernadottes in our own time, has often been reprinted, and may be found in *Eschenmayer's Archive für die Theirischen Magnetismus*, Vol. VII., in the Vaterländisches Museum, Hamburgh, 1810, and the *New Monthly Magazine*, London, 1819. In the life of Gustavus Adolphus IV., who was deposed in 1809, and who afterwards assumed the title of Colonel Gustavson, will be found an account of the apparition of King Erik XIV. appearing to him when confined in the castle of Gripsholm, in which Erik had been confined in his time.

In the castle of Widksköfle a chamber is shewn, which, being notoriously haunted, no one would ever sleep in it, till a young Count, well primed with wine at a ball, ventured on lodging there. In the night a monk appeared and struck on a certain place of the wall, which next day being examined revealed papers which led to the long suit betwixt the De la Gardies and the Barnekows.

In the castle chapel of Krageholme, a manor of Count Piper, were celebrated in 1732, the nuptials of Count Erik Brahe, with a lady of the Piper family. Amongst the guests invited, a certain admiral said, "I cannot arrive till late, but I will do my best to come." As the newly-married pair were about to receive the benediction of the priest, the expected guest entered, and beheld to his horror, a headless body kneeling by the lady's side. It was that of the bridegroom, Count Brahe. The admiral told his vision. Some laughed; others looked grave. They noted it down in the church book, where the entry may still be seen. In 1752, twenty years afterwards, Count Brahe was beheaded in the square of the Riddarhus, Stockholm. The chapel was henceforth closed, and even the last possessors liked not to enter it.

Witchcraft made its appearance in Sweden at the same period that it spread over Europe and the New England States of

America. Two blue books have been published, giving an account of the Blokulla persecutions, extending from 1668 to 1677.

One of the most singular, recent, and well-attested cases of the supernatural, however, is that attending the death of Queen Desideria, wife of Bernadotte. As a lady of honour sat by the palace window, gazing at the bright shining stars, a sound of horses pawing the deep snow echoed through the court-yard. "Oh! 'tis Queen Desideria," said she, "starting for the theatre. Then turning, she saw the aged queen descend, and enter—oh horror!—a black hearse, drive off, and the funeral procession vanish. Greatly alarmed, the lady related what she had seen, startling all who heard her. Queen Desideria reached the opera house; leaning on the arm of her chamberlain, slowly she mounted the stair-case. On passing the tambour of the royal box, a pane of glass, breaking suddenly, fell shivered to pieces. "*J'ai froid*," said the queen, shuddering, and entered the *salle* just as the curtain fell on the last scene of "Life is but a Dream." The queen was dead before the next morning.

With the exception of the last four or five items, taken from general history, such are some of the contents of this volume, collected by its popular authors at a time when modern Spiritualism was not yet known. It is to be regretted that many of the narratives are deprived of their full weight by the withholding of the names of the parties concerned, or the substitution of mere initials and asterisks. But in this we may observe a great fact. All the old accounts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are fully and fully attested by the names of people and places, dates and signatures. They were openly recorded at the time, signed by those persons of note or standing who witnessed them, and were carefully consigned to the neighbouring archives. This occurred up to the time when the sceptical philosophy began to spread over Europe, and here, as in every other country of Europe, we have direct evidence of its effects by the shrinking of people from education from their open avowal of such phenomena. The dread of ridicule and the charge of superstition had taken possession of men's minds everywhere. Mrs. Grundy had asserted her reign even then; and may now be said to be the greatest specimen of longevity known, for she yet flourishes hale and unabated in vigour, keeping all feeble minds in awe.

Amongst the truths which Spiritualism has made clear to our mind, is that of the observation of our Saviour—"How can they believe who receive honour one of another?" Why cannot they? I have often and often asked myself, as I read that passage. Why should men who receive honour one of another not be able to believe? But Spiritualism has made the cause patent. People who love to receive honour one of another, dare not receive an

unpopular truth, because it would deprive them of that honour. Mrs. Grundy would cut them. They are selfish, self-loving, self-seeking people. They are greedy of flattery, and the honour of their neighbours. They are of the same class as those who in Christ's time loved greetings in the market-place, the chief seats at feasts and in the synagogue, and to be seen of men. The whole tissue of their minds is become effeminated and corrupted by the selfish craving after

The world's regard, which soothes, though half untrue.

The poet might have said nine-tenths untrue. They have a rot of the soul. They suck in the dew of personal favour, though it only adds to their thirst, and makes their spiritual issues more bloated and fuller of death.

Now this disease is become the disease of the age and of the whole civilized world. Never did any age present a population so thoroughly saturated with this diseased lymph, which makes us shrink at a sneer or a cold look from our neighbours, from knowing truth when truth is unpopular. How many of us dare love and seek the truth for itself? How many of us are risk the loss of honour and the smile which means nothing and costs nothing, by venturing even to cast a side glance at truth sitting tarred and feathered by the highway of so-called science; on the temple-steps of so-called Religion? The whole head of Society is sore, her whole heart is sick with this depraved love of popularity—this craving to receive honour one of another.

Men and women of to-day! ye who dare to call yourselves civilized and enlightened, and followers of the spit-upon and sacrificed Christ! if you ever hope to be worthy of the names you assume—the names of Christians and of Englishmen, you must say to God day and night to shut you up in some Turkish bath of souls, and steam this morbid, dropsical, sickly and contemptible lymph of moral corruption and effeminate egotism out of you, though it should leave you as thin and ghost-like as is the dried unlock stalk in the winds of March. If ever you hope to deserve the name of men and women; if ever you hope to add one smallest stone to the temple of human progress; if ever you hope to stand before the lightning-flash of God's countenance with the truest hope of the "well done, good and faithful servant," cast off this accursed crouching and fawning to the rotten images of social honour; stand erect in your various places, and say in truth what you so often say parrot-like in your prayers, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." As it is, you and we are so far from the spirit of heaven, that we are bowing to and giving to our children the foulest, the dirtiest, the most infernal slavery, the thralldom of the base yoke of human opinion

instead of the divine liberty with which Christ has sought to make us free. We are infecting the very records of our race, suppressing the very evidences and testimonies of truth, and the truth on which the progress and final victory of the mind of man over the cruelties and the sorceries of earth depend. This is the wisdom and the warning which lie in the divine declaration: "How can they believe who receive honour one of another?"

I have some interesting instances from the mouth of Carl Johann Nilson, a resident of the town of Falkenberg, in the South of Sweden. Nilson was for several years a sailor in English and American ships, and is now a fisherman in his native town, and as such, known to many English gentlemen who visit Falkenberg to enjoy the sport of salmon-fishing. He has paid a visit this Spring to some of his friends in England, and has given the following narrative of his experiences in his own words:—

"My father was the watchman of Falkenberg, and had to go about the town all night calling the hour. He was a man who had frequent experiences of his own throughout many years. He had to go into the belfry of the church every evening at nine o'clock in the winter, and ten in the summer, to ring the bell. It several times happened that, when he was pulling the bell, he could not make it ring, on account of the ropes being pulled the other way; sometimes this was from the clappers, the bell being prevented from sounding. At times the door closed behind him and locked. He also several times saw funerals standing in the churchyard, where shortly afterwards men were buried. He also met them during his walks in the streets. On the occasion of the death of my grandfather, who lived about three English miles from Falkenberg, I remember when our family were seated in our house in the evening, both the outer and the inner doors opened of themselves at the same time, but no one was to be seen about the house. The next morning we heard of my grandfather's death shortly after the time when the doors had opened. When I was a boy on one occasion my father was not able to go out as watchman, and I took his place as I had often done before. On this occasion I was nearly opposite the house of Mr. Aikman, the apothecary, and who I knew was at that time ill, but not seriously. I saw a funeral coming down the steps. The coffin was brought out first by bearers, and was followed by between twenty and thirty men as mourners, and I stood and watched them as they went down the street towards the church. About four or five days afterwards Mr. Aikman died, and I saw his funeral, which was similar to the one I had seen in the night.

"When I was a sailor on board the *Firefly*, of Boston, U.S.A., the beginning of March, 1853, we had left Callao, and nearly the crew were ill of yellow fever; a friend of mine, with whom I had been a messmate for two years, was very ill and likely to die—I had been ill, but was recovering. I had been with him at eight o'clock in the evening, and then I had my watch on deck and my turn at the wheel. After that was over, about ten o'clock, I turned in to the fore-castle to get something to eat, and was sitting on my chest eating, when I saw my friend Will standing about two yards before me, dressed in his working clothes, and looking at me. He seemed in perfect health. I saw that he was too ill to be out of his bed, but I was not frightened. He stood looking at me, and I said "Is it you, Will?" but he did not answer. He stood there, and I looked at him for, I dare say, some minutes; and I went on deck, leaving him there. I did not go to his berth till about twelve o'clock, when I found him very bad, and quite unable to get out. He died in two hours afterwards, and I was with him when he died.

"In 1841, I was on board the *Swan*, belonging to Warberg, when the ship was laying in the harbour at Copenhagen. I was asleep in my berth, when I was awakened by a cold hand on my forehead, and looking up, I saw my mother standing before me. She was dressed in white and looking very ill. The sight lasted only a second or two. When I returned home I found she died about that time.

"My wife generally knows when I am coming home from fishing, or from fishing in the Cattegat, and even when I am returning after being in town, by hearing the handle of the door rattle, and sounds as of the door opening and shutting. This has happened repeatedly ever since we were married, in 1855. Frequently also my carpenter's tools are heard moving about as if some one was at work with them, and when I go out to see what is the matter with them, they become suddenly still.

"My friend, J. A. Bruno, a carpenter, who often has to make coffins, always knows either himself or from his wife when some one is going to be employed in that way, by hearing his tools rattling, and the boards thrown about, and the peculiar knocks of the hammer in driving in the nails.

"In our own little town I have often heard of cases of houses being haunted, and of apparitions of persons who had died by accident or violence. One case I remember, when a fisherman was drowned in the river, and his body not found for a fortnight afterwards, he was seen by several persons at night walking in the river towards his house with his clothes dripping wet.

"Severe wrecks are frequently seen beforehand by the fishermen along the coast, sometimes many years previously to

their actually happening. An instance of this was told me by Andersören Andersson, an old man living on the coast about four miles from Falkenberg. He saw on Christmas-eve, 1801, at 10 in the evening, a ship in the offing close ashore, with a great fire burning on board, and with all sails standing, and he heard a bell sounding. He went indoors to tell his people of the wreck, and when they came out there was nothing to be seen. On the Christmas-eve twenty years afterwards, the same scene was enacted in reality, when an English ship was wrecked on the very spot, and the same light was seen on shore from a tar barrel set on fire by the crew, and the ringing of the bell was heard."

SOME RECENT EXPERIENCES.

JOHN CROCKFORD, Esq., publisher of *The Field*, the *Law Times*, *The Queen*, the *Clerical Journal*, *The Critic*, and other newspapers, died on the 13th of January, 1865, at the early age of forty-one. He had a hearty enjoyment in business, and conducted his manifold affairs with eminent skill. In the counting-house was his empire, and enforced absence therefrom was perhaps, his severest cross.

He had long been ailing, and towards the close of 1864 was confined to his house at Haverstock Hill; nevertheless, his return to business was daily expected. On Friday afternoon the 23rd of December, I was sitting writing in a room at the end of a passage of some length, on the first floor of Wellington Street, Strand. Mr. Crockford's private office was vacant and locked, adjoined the room in which I sat with my companions. Some one knocked at our door. I called out "Come in." As no one answered, my companion nearest the door rose and threw it open. To our surprise, no one was there. Probably I should have forgotten the incident, but for its recurrence the following day. I was sitting writing in the same room with one of my companions of yesterday. Editors and contributors had all departed, and the house was very still. Suddenly a series of quick, impatient knocks were delivered on our door. I thought it was my friend Mr. M., then in town from Manchester, and called, "Come in." No response being made, my companion opened the door. There was no one there. All was silent. We had neither heard footsteps approaching nor any treating. We instantly searched every room on the floor, and discovered that we were its sole occupants.

Combining the two incidents, I was led to conclude that we had had "a warning," and that Mr. Crockford was dying.

expected a repetition of the knockings, but none came. I described the occurrences to several friends, with my forebodings, but one observed, that such knockings were by no means a presage of death; that as Crockford's mind was intimately connected with his counting-house, he had, probably, in some abnormal condition made the manifestations which had so startled us; and that there were authentic cases where anxiety to be at a certain place had actually resulted in the appearance of the anxious one on the scene, when, physically, he was miles and miles away. To this I listened, but "felt in my bones," as I have heard Americans say, that I should never more see Mr. Crockford in the body. There were daily reports of his convalescence, but within three weeks of the knockings, he departed.

Discussing this experience with the companion who had heard the first, but not the second knocking, he related the following curious fulfilment of a dream, which he gave me in writing:—

"On Friday afternoon, 27th January, 1865, I posted a letter on the Strand, to Mr. D., residing at East Moulsey, on a matter of personal importance. Mr. D. is in general so prompt in answering letters, that having received no reply up to the following Monday, I came to the conclusion that my letter had miscarried, or that he declined acceding to my request, and dismissed the matter from my mind.

"The same night, however, I dreamed that Mr. D. sent me a message to the effect that pressure of business had prevented him attending to my letter, but that I should hear from him favourably before noon on Tuesday. In the morning I told my dream to a relative, but thought little about it. At noon a messenger brought me a letter from Mr. D., which fulfilled my dream to a tittle."

One of my own dreams had a remarkable fulfilment. Late one night I was making up a lot of parcels for the post of different sizes, and bearing various numbers of stamps. At the conclusion of my task, I went to bed, and dreamed that I counted the stamps on the parcels—there were 111, 9s. 3d. worth. How odd, I thought, three ones in a row. In the morning as I put the parcels in the post-bag, I laughingly said to myself, what if my dream should be true. I counted, and to my amazement found exactly 111 stamps on the parcels.

Repeating this dream to a friend, he told me something much more wonderful. He had bought a copy of *Swedenborg's Treatise on the Divine Providence*, and the same night dreamed that he read one of its chapters. In the morning he opened the book, for the first time, and cutting its leaves he perused with perfect recollection the very chapter he had read in his sleep.

WILLIAM WHITE.

THE ALLEN BOY MEDIUM'S MANIFESTATIONS.—
THE DUPLICATION THEORY.

ON this curious subject we meet with an account in the *Banner of Light*, from which we will lay full extracts before our readers. The discussion was opened by the following letter from Mr. Hall, who is the editor of the *Portland Courier*, U.S.A. :—

MR. HALL'S LETTER.

“ Our morning papers in this city are rejoicing over what they term the detection of the Allen Boy in his tricks. Some gentlemen saturated their hair with “ lamp-black,” and when it was pulled by the “ spirit-hand,” the boy's hand was found to be blacked, and forthwith he is denounced as a humbug and an impostor.

“ It is not the first time, Mr. Editor, that mediums have been abused because their hands are marked by anything the spirit-hand touches, and the frequent recurrence of this *trick* to expose a trick, and the uniform result, have led me to think that underlying this may be in operation a law that we scarcely understand but which will inevitably produce like results. When the Allen Boy was “ exposed,” I determined to investigate it, Dr. Randall and Master Henry Allen having kindly consented that I should have liberty to investigate the matter as much as I chose.

“ The results thus far have convinced me that my theory is, in the main, correct, and that not only the Allen Boy, but other mediums for physical manifestations have been grievously wronged. I am satisfied that whatever the electrical, or “ spirit-hand” may touch, will inevitably be transferred to the hand of the medium in every instance, unless something should occur to prevent the full operation of the law by which this result is produced.

“ In company with several well-known and prominent citizens in this city, yesterday afternoon, I had a sitting with the “ Boy,” to test the truth of this theory. Sitting, as usual, in a rocking-chair, the musical instruments being on a sofa behind me, and the boy sitting at my left, holding my left arm with both hands, his right hand being *tied to my arm*, the handle of the bell was *blacked*, and the spirits were requested to ring it, which they immediately did. I instantly threw off the covering from the boy's hands, and unclasping his right hand, which was tied to my arm, the fingers were found to be *blacked*, as if he had taken hold of the bell himself. To make the experiment still more satisfactory, the gentlemen present, after the boy had washed his

and, tied both his hands to my arm with a strong cord, and the other end of the cord was held firmly in the grasp of one of them, who pulled so hard that the pressure on my arm was absolutely painful.

“Under these conditions, all being satisfied that the boy could not move either of his hands a *single inch* from their usual position on my left arm, my coat was thrown over my left arm, covering it and the boy’s hands. Outside the coat I placed my right hand upon the boy’s right hand, demonstrating, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the boy remained perfectly quiet. Thus being prepared, the invisible powers behind commenced playing on the instruments; they again seized the bell and rang it. I immediately uncovered the boy’s hands; and when he let go his grasp upon my arm, where I felt it had quietly remained clasped during the manifestation, his hand was found *to be blacked as before*. The test was conclusive. Instead of proving the boy an impostor, it indicates the existence of a law of nature by which this result must be inevitably produced every time, if the medium be genuine, and the real spirit, or electro-magnetic, and is produced. Whatever that spirit-hand touches, *must* be transferred, by the simple operation of a magnetic law, which electricians will understand, to the hand *of the medium*, and when proper precautions are used, it should be taken as an evidence of the *genuineness* of the manifestations, rather than as proof of *trickery*. You will readily remember instances of the transfer of pictures of neighbouring objects to the human body by the free lightnings of heaven. The process of electrotyping is a familiar custom of the electrical transfer. And I conclude that the spirit-hand, being composed in part of the magnetic elements drawn from the medium, when it is dissolved again and the magnetic fluid returns whence it came, it must of necessity carry with it whatever material substance it has touched, and leave it deposited upon the surface or material hand of the medium. This is a scientific question. If it be true, how many innocent mediums have not been wronged; and the invisibles have permitted it, until we should discover that it was the natural result of a natural law.

“I hope others will investigate this matter, and let us see if the result will warrant the conclusion I have drawn.

“Yours for truth,

“JOSEPH B. HALL.

“Portland, Me., March 23d, 1865.”

Mr. Hall's letter induced Dr. Gardner to state his experience and observations, and which he did as follows.

LETTER FROM DR. H. F. GARDNER, OF BOSTON.

"The explanation given to the *seeming* dishonesty of the medium by Mr. Hall (whose explanation of the mystery I fully endorse), induces me to give some incidents of my experience and observation in these matters, hoping thereby to induce others to thoroughly test all the phenomena of physical manifestations, as exhibited through our mediums.

"I have for many years held the opinion that in all cases of physical manifestations there was formed what Mr. Hall terms an electro-magnetic hand, with which the spirit controlling performed the various feats so often witnessed, such as playing upon musical instruments, moving of ponderable bodies, the exhibition of hands, and in some instances, of the entire human form—that the substance through or by which these are made visible and tangible to our normal senses, is largely drawn from the body of the medium; and that it is by the hands thus formed, that the intelligences controlling come in contact with, and play upon musical instruments, &c. In short, in all cases of the class of manifestations above mentioned, there will be found to exist a *double*, or *dual* form of the medium, either in whole or in part, and it is this fact that has led so many Spiritualists, as well as honest sceptics, who have, under favourable conditions, caught glimpses of this outer form, to charge upon mediums deception and trickery, when they (the mediums) have been wholly innocent. I will mention a few cases to illustrate.

"Several years ago I had in my family a coloured girl, who was a medium for musical manifestations upon the guitar, and in this case the power came from her feet, instead of the hands. The method pursued was as follows:—Seating the medium in a chair, and securely tying her limbs, so that it was impossible for her to reach the guitar, which was placed on the floor, under a table, with the strings toward her—the company being seated around the table, in a lighted room—an accompaniment would be played to almost any tune sung. No one was allowed to look under the table, and if any one did so, the music would cease. Yet occasional glances would be obtained of something resembling long rods, or fingers, projecting out from where the medium's feet were confined, and playing upon the strings. On one occasion, a lady, whose word no one who knew her would doubt, came in after the circle was formed, and seated herself outside of the circle, where she could command a full view of the instrument, and yet not be observed by the medium. While the manifestations continued for several minutes, she the while can-

fully watching the medium's feet, which were securely tied, and could not be moved, observed these rods, or fingers, skilfully manipulating the strings of the guitar.

“When Bly was *deceiving* the people with his pretended *exposé* at the Melodeon, a few years since, a man from Milford, Mass., volunteered to make a statement of how Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain was detected and exposed. His statement was substantially this:—Four persons—two men and their wives—agreed that at a given signal a dark lantern was to be suddenly opened, thus throwing a brilliant light upon the instruments, which were suspended from the ceiling of the room, entirely out of the reach of the medium, while she remained seated. Accordingly, when the manifestations were at their height, the signal was given, and the four detectives raised their eyes in the direction indicated by the sounds of the drums; the lantern was opened, and they all declared they saw Mrs. Chamberlain standing and reaching out, playing upon the drums, and that instantly she sank back into her chair, in a fainting state, from mortification at her exposure. Now I do not doubt the entire honesty or truthfulness of these witnesses. They verily thought they saw Mrs. C., in *propria persona*, thus standing and beating the drums. But they were deceived. It was this *double presence*, before spoken of, they saw, and *not* Mrs. C. The sceptic asks, ‘How do you know what you here state to be true? Were you present?’ I answer, ‘I was not, and do not state it as absolute truth, but as my firm conviction, upon the positive testimony of the other members of the circle.’ The thousands who have attended the *séances* of Mrs. C., know that she is always seated at the end of a table, upon which most of the instruments are placed, and that two persons—one on her right and one on her left—are seated in chairs, which are so placed upon the skirts of her dress as to make it absolutely impossible for her to rise from her chair while they remain seated. These two persons, with the two seated next to them, place their hands together on the table, and, during the entire time that the room is darkened, Mrs. C. is passing her hands over theirs without cessation. They four positively assert that Mrs. C. did not rise from her chair, nor cease to pass her hands over their own during the whole time consumed in the sitting above mentioned. Had the four first named known more of the *modus operandi* by which spirits produce manifestations—and two of them had turned their attention especially to the chair occupied by Mrs. C., while the other two looked steadily toward the instruments suspended from the ceiling—the result would have been different: those looking up would have declared Mrs. C. was standing, and the others would have asserted with equal pertinacity, that she was sitting quietly in her chair; and each,

taking the sense of sight for evidence, would have been certain they were right. This is my firm conviction, founded upon many years of careful investigation.

“Again: the Davenport mediums have had repeated ‘exposures,’ and been again and again charged with being the veriest deceivers living. They have been tested by the same method that the Allen Boy was recently tested in Portland, viz., by blacking the mouth-piece of the speaking-trumpet, and the neck and body of the violin—and with the same results. Around the mouth of Ira would be the black from the trumpet, and on the hand and neck of William the marks from the violin; and that, too, while they were not only securely tied, but sealed with sealing wax, and a private seal over the knots in the rope with which they were bound; and they have borne the reproach and insults of the ignorant, as deceivers and impostors, while they were entirely innocent.

The explanation of these mysteries is found in the tests instituted by my friend Mr. Hall, in the case of the Allen Boy. I might give a long list of cases that have occurred through other mediums; but as the above illustrate the theory advanced, they must for the present suffice. I hope that those who have the facilities for so doing, will institute careful investigation in the matter of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, in order to arrive at the truth in regard to the mysterious law of *duality of individuality*, and of the electrical transfer of colours from the spirit-hand, so-called, to that of the physical hand, or person of the medium. Let the *savans* of England institute tests, of the kind referred to in the case of the Allen Boy, with the Davenports, and let those in the different sections of this country where mediums for physical manifestations can be reached, ‘try the spirits,’ and the result will be, that the truthfulness of the theory advanced by Mr. Hall will be as conclusively established as is the law of gravitation, and the opponents of Spiritualism will lose the force of the ten thousand times’ repeated assertion, that ‘Spiritualism has not given to the world any new philosophy, or any new religious ideas.’—Yours for the truth,

“ H. F. GARDNER, M.D.

“ Pavilion, 57, Tremont-street,
“ Boston, March 27, 1865.”

Mr. Hall continued his investigations, and afterwards wrote the following letter:—

SECOND LETTER OF MR. HALL.

“ When the instruments have been blacked with *burnt cork*, burnt cork has been found upon the fingers of the boy; when

blackening has been used, blackening has been transferred, under a condition utterly precluding the possibility that the boy had any physical agency in the matter. Whatever theory further investigation shall demonstrate, it is absolutely certain that the transfer *is made*, and it opens a new, and to me startling field for thought and research. I hope that seekers after truth, everywhere, will turn their attention to the matter, for if it shall prove true, it seems to me it is the most wonderful and startling development yet made in Spiritual science.

"I also learn that at the house of one of our most prominent citizens the 'transfer test' was performed under different circumstances. The boy's hands being securely tied, the handle of the bell was—unknown to Dr. Randall and the boy—thoroughly covered with flour. The bell was rung, the boy's hands instantly examined, and found marked with *flour*.

"Yours, &c.,

J. B. HALL.

"March 30, 1865."

Upon this correspondence the editor of the *Banner of Light* says: "Our theory is this: That certain qualities are drawn from the atmosphere, as well as from the hand of the medium; that these particles or atoms have a tendency to affinitize with the ink, or whatever substance is put upon the sitter's hair, or on the handle of a bell; and that these affinitizing particles, being magnetic, must inevitably return with them to the physical hand of the medium."

Miss Cora Wilburn, in a recent article, says:—

"Spirits assert that they collect material from the atmosphere when mediums are present, and organize spirit-hands or a covering over their own hands, which they shew, and with which they lift ponderable objects."

We also append some questions and the answers, through Mrs. Conant, the well-known medium of Boston.

"Q.—What is the philosophy of the electrical hands, as seen in the presence of the Allen Boy and the Davenport Brothers?
A.—That which is used to appeal to your human senses, belongs to the medium. It has been extracted from the medium by observing certain conditions or laws, and taking advantage of them. It can remain in that position but a short time, inasmuch as the medium will naturally claim back his own, and the atmosphere and natural law will assist in putting that claim into action. The hand seen is not electricity. It has no name in science. It is a power more subtle than electricity, yet more substantial. The spirit abstracts from the medium certain qualities, and clothes itself with those qualities, resembling its own when on the earth."

“ Q.—I observed once, at the Davenports', that the spirit-hand exhibited five fingers and one thumb. Was that an indication that another spirit used its power too? A.—We believe there are some forty or fifty intelligences about those lads.

“ Q.—Persons who have touched the spirit-hand, say sometimes it felt cold and sometimes warm! A.—Yes; why not? Sometimes it partakes more largely of the magnetism of the medium; sometimes more largely of the electrical quality. The one is heat, and the other is cold.”

On a branch of the same subject we have met with the following answer of Mrs. Conant:—

“ Q.—How is it that a solid ring can be placed upon the arm of a medium when the medium's hands are held tightly by some person in the audience? A.—In the first place, we would inform you that there is nothing solid in the universe. Strictly speaking, there is nothing solid in life anywhere, inasmuch as all is capable of being divided. Now the iron ring is held together by the law of attraction existing between the particles composing it. If you understand, or are above that law as to be able to suspend it for a time, you can separate it at any point you please, and again as quickly unite it. It has been said, and truly, too, that the human mind with its wondrous power can control all laws outside itself when it shall once understand them. So, then, this ring is divided and again re-united. It is not put on over the medium's head, nor is it put on by any other force, except the one spoken of. It is my opinion that the time is not far distant when this peculiar manifestation can be given in the light, where you can have the benefit of your human senses. It is hoped you will investigate these physical manifestations. Bring all the powers of your mind to bear upon them, and learn what they are, not simply by being told by any other person, but by investigation. Turn stone after stone, until you, too, shall reach that which will give you wisdom. True knowledge, it has been said, comes only by the individual soul's experience. We may tell you ever so much this is so. It is simply an assertion. We cannot demonstrate it for you. You must investigate for yourselves.”

SWEDENBORG AS A TRANSLATOR OF HEBREW.

THE Papers on the Character of Swedenborg's Translation of Genesis have called forth a notice in the May number of *The Intellectual Repository and New Jerusalem Magazine*, which is the organ of the Swedenborgians. As the article is written in a tone which seems to claim for it some weight and authority, it is necessary to say a few words in regard to it.

The object of the writer, as may be supposed, is to neutralize the force of the critical remarks by disputing both their fairness and correctness. To decide with what effect he has done it, must of course be left to men competent to judge in the matter. To expect that the writer could have completely answered and solved all the questions involved in my remarks would be unreasonable; but it should have been possible for him to have been impartial, and candid. At the outset it augurs well to find (and, indeed, how could it have been otherwise?) that he does not claim for Swedenborg's translation anything like a miraculous origin, and consequently it has no stamp of infallibility, however new this information may be to many Swedenborgians. He frankly admits what really is the giving up of the whole case, not only of infallibility, but of correctness of translation; that in Swedenborg's translation there are "discrepancies between different renderings of the same words and (which), as it appears to us, are best accounted for as indications of *varying degrees of knowledge and exactness.*" And he even complains: "Seeing, then, that neither Swedenborg himself, nor any *instructed adherent*, has set up so pretentious a claim, it is palpably unfair to attempt to test his knowledge of Hebrew, taken by itself alone, by any higher standard than that of the Hebraist of the middle of the eighteenth century. Let him be cited before that tribunal, and we are fearless of the result." But that even is not all the question, and why give it that turn? The object is not alone to ascertain the degree of Hebrew scholarship that Swedenborg may be said to have possessed, whether positively, as measured by the standard of the eighteenth century, or relatively, as gauged by that of the nineteenth, but also it is the more practical one of trying to find out what is the actual character of Swedenborg's translation as to correctness and clearness, and therefore as a basis for the spiritual meaning which he attributes to it as given to him by "the Lord alone," and that as tested by the highest standard which it is in our power to apply. This is, therefore, neither an unfair nor an undesirable proceeding, but the contrary. It is the same question as to the outer letter, which is implied in the demand for a revised

edition of the authorised version, at present so frequently heard and which will ever be insisted upon, where there is liberty in religious body. It is true that in the case of the Swedenborgian community this subject is clogged by peculiar difficulties. If the inner sense correspond to or is strictly based upon the natural sense, as Swedenborg alleges, then of course it is of the extreme importance that this relation between the two senses, as it is established by or revealed through Swedenborg, should not be altered. The anxiety therefore to keep this mutual relationship of the two senses as *fixed* by Swedenborg is quite intelligible. In fact, the question resolves itself into this: Are the contents of the *Arcana*, including the translation of the sacred text there given, a finality or not?

Our reviewer expresses himself very obscurely and reservedly on this subject, which is really the critical one. It is not clear whether he has himself arrived at any decided and satisfactory conclusion upon it. He says, "To be effectual, it (this decisive method) would require to be based on an exact knowledge of Hebrew, and still more, on a profound knowledge of the principles which, on the system exhibited by Swedenborg, regulate the relations between the literal and spiritual senses. Anything of this—and we confidently believe that every such attempt would fall very far short of such a result—would by no means detract from the perfect reliability of the whole spiritual sense which has been propounded. The discovery of a few *minor exactnesses* (if there be any) and there, in his understanding of the literal sense, might redound to the credibility of his pretension to possess the key to the inner knowledge," &c. Now this reply has been given over and over again, and seems to have become a convenient kind of catch-phrase; but if applied in detail, it is not only insufficient, but is actually an evasion and shirking of the whole question. It draws largely upon implicit faith in the infallibility of Swedenborg, but stops up the channels by which that faith ought ever to be fed and confirmed, from the side of the mental and moral activity of man's nature. It is an appeal from Swedenborg to Swedenborg, and an impossibility of getting from him reasons for his judgments. We may not possess the "exact knowledge of Hebrew *toto*," mentioned by our writer, but we may at all events find, on a more diligent investigation that we are at this day in possession of a more exact knowledge of that language than Swedenborg was, and this may include the discovery, that in certain cases he was not exact at all, but entirely mistaken, and moreover, that he has given us from "the Lord alone" the spiritual meanings of his mistakes. To such a certitude we can attain, and, indeed, we have attained at it; and our purpose in adverting to the few specimens culled from the *Arcana*, was to prove this to the world as an undoubted

fact, for whatever it may be worth, with reference to the claims set up for Swedenborg by his followers.

But the reviewer *seems* to say, and now and then attempts to shew, that we have not proved it. The method he has adopted is not altogether that of an ingenuous, candid, and just opponent in controversy, but that of a timid partisan, whose critical knowledge should have prevented the use he attempts to make of it.

We will show this—

1. We referred to the curious fact that Swedenborg not only retained the old misnomer *Jehovah*, but also adopts the other spelling, *Jehovih*, which occurs only when the word Adonai the Lord precedes. The Swedenborgian critic acknowledges that the theory referred to is now generally admitted—also that Ewald, and he might have added, many other Hebraists, both German and English, consider Javeh (Jahvé) to be the proper pronunciation. What the writer's own opinion is we do not know, but he is, doubtless, fully aware that the pronunciation *Jehovih* is an utter impossibility. Still Swedenborg says, Vol. II., p. 299, “wheresoever Jehovah the Lord is spoken of, he *is called*, not Lord *Jehovah*, but Lord *Jehovih*.” It is evident that Swedenborg lays stress on the difference of vocalisation, and consequently of pronunciation, else why should he have called the special attention of the reader to the fact? If he had known that the vowels belonging to the consonants *J h v h* are the same whether the word Lord precedes or not, and that the vowels *e o i* never belong to it, but to an entirely different word, which is not in the text, would he have expressed himself in the way he does? But why does he call the attention of the reader to this difference of pronunciation? The only natural reason is because he wished to point out the *difference of meaning* of these two words (for Swedenborg certainly speaks of them as two different names) *in the spiritual sense*. The writer admits that there is no evidence whatever to show that Swedenborg was aware of the existence of the theory above referred to, and he also admits that he has no other defence to offer but this—that Swedenborg accepted the Masoretic text as it is, and that as he unquestionably found in that text the sacred names written with vowels which, when pronounced as *written*, do produce *Jehovah* and *Jehovih*, he constantly indicated that difference, which is a practice at which those very Jewish Masorites, who put this stumbling-block in the way of Swedenborg, would have smiled in pity.

2. With reference to the remarks on Swedenborg's translation of Genesis, viii., 3, as to the waters “going and returning,” and the consequent discussion on “fluctuations” in the spiritual notes, the writer says, “To this we merely reply that Swedenborg has faithfully (literally?) rendered these Hebrew definitives by Latin

gerunds—*eundo, redeundo, &c.* This has the appearance of a reply meant to meet the argument, but is in reality only an evasion which ignores the force of our remarks. If the writer is a scholar and sincere, he ought to have said a few words more, and those should have been to the point. He will, it is hoped, understand what is meant by this.

3. In speaking of the passage, Genesis xxxi. 4, translated by Swedenborg: "And Jacob sent and called Rachel and Leah the field to his flock." We observed that these words yielded "no natural sense whatever." We also quoted a passage from Swedenborg's *Spiritual Sense*, which runs thus: "That to send to these (Rachel and Leah) *and call the field to his flock*, denotes to adjoin to himself, is manifest." We put the words, *and call the field to his flock*, in italics in order to call the reader's attention to the absurdity of the meaning of these words thus connected by Swedenborg, and we also gave the proper translation.

To this the writer remarks, "The simple fact is, that Swedenborg exhibits the original text strictly, and that *field* undeniably occurs there as nakedly as he represents it. It is a great demand on our credulity to conceive that our opponent honestly believes that Swedenborg, out of sheer ignorance of Hebrew, understood 'calling Rachel and Leah the field' as mere apposition, as in such a phrase as *he called him father*; or, that he understood it literally in any other sense than the very one which our critic explains."

This item in his defence is a signal instance of mystification. For (1.) It rests on a mere fiction of the writer when he says "It is a great demand," &c. We do not believe, nor ever said that Swedenborg meant this, and, therefore, there is no occasion to express a doubt of our *honesty* in expressing such a belief. It was said distinctly enough that the passage was unintelligible. But what made it so unintelligible was (2.) the combination of the words, *and call the field to his flock*, as quoted above, a phrase which, whether taken by itself or in connection with the preceding, yields no sense whatever, and is a mere instance of Swedenborg's faulty method of translation in preserving the letter against the sense. (3.) We cannot see how it is possible, with this translation before him, for the writer to make good his assertion that Swedenborg understood this passage in no "other sense than the very one which our critic explains." It is certainly not difficult to understand what Swedenborg means when he says in his notes, "That Jacob was in the field about his flock, but his wives were at home, or elsewhere; he sent and called them to him." But how does this explain the phrase, "and call the field to his flock?"

4. Another instance of want of candour on the part of the

Swedenborgian reviewer may be found in the following case:—adverting to Swedenborg's translation of Genesis xvi. 13, we give as the real meaning of the passage the following translation: "*ou (art) the God of my vision, for she said (thought) do I really see after my vision?*" We inserted the word "my" before vision, to avoid the phrase "after vision," which would probably sound harsh to an English ear, and we thought we could venture to do so, because Hagar certainly uttered these words with reference to *her own* vision. This might have been avoided by using the word "seeing," and we mention this merely because the writer lays an implied protest against its insertion. He admits that Rosenmüller, and others of the greatest Hebraists, agree in rendering "the God of vision." And he also admits, "that with its present vowels it must be a noun—*roei*." But that is all. However, as regards the case of the second occurrence of this word, in a pansal form (*rōi* instead of *roei*) he thinks that Delitzsch satisfactorily settles the meaning of the last clause to be—"have I also here looked *after him that he has seen me?*" This translation has in the original an essentially different meaning from that of Swedenborg. But suppose we settle this point for the present thus settled (though the writer will most likely feel that as regards Swedenborg it would have been more satisfactory if the text had read *roeni* instead of *roi*.) What does he say to the *rōi* in the first clause? He ought not to have passed over this greater difficulty (as regards Swedenborg) in silence, unless he meant to admit that Swedenborg had really committed a blunder, especially if, as he says, Swedenborg, as a Jew, adhered to the "*Massora*"—(*Masora?*)

5. With respect to Joseph's coat, the writer is less positive than Swedenborg. The word in question, *pas*, means according to its etymology, either *extension* or *extremity*, not *a bit, an end, a piece*, as the writer says, nor consequently by inference or otherwise, *patch*." The compound word therefore describes in either case a coat prolonged, or a coat reaching to the extremities—*like*, such as is described by Josephus in the passage we have cited, and many "professed scholars" have quoted this passage for the same purpose. The writer himself says—"If it means a multi-coloured robe, it is because *piece* is a kind of patch, and a piece of patch-work would be one of many colours." It is likely that others besides the writer may have reasoned in this kind of way, but that is now pretty nearly out of date, as the writer probably knows.

6. As the last case of the inconclusive method of reviewing in which the writer indulges, I will refer to Genesis xlii. 15. Let us be remembered that he eulogises Swedenborg as one who dwelt in a sphere far above mere words, the sensuous vestures

of thought; and whose writings contain frequent denunciations of the stupifying effects which mere word-grubbing exercises on the higher faculties of the soul." What then shall we say if we find the writer himself does not shrink from condescending to the practice of that same word-grubbing in its lowest form?

We translated the passage in this way:—"by the life of Pharaoh, you shall not go hence." Against this translation the writer opens his protest in the following manner:—"Now, we assert that the first five words of our critic's simple version (will the writer allow me to say that I used the word simple, because I thought that my translation afforded a *simple sense*) represent only two of the original." We find that the writer apparently entertains a high regard for "such professed scholars as Gesenius and Ewald." Turning therefore to the former scholar's Thesaurus, We find these two words translated: "*per vitem Pharaonis*." These are indeed only *three* words, that is to say *one* in excess of the Hebrew. But suppose the writer had reasons to side with Gesenius in his translation, how would he translate these *three* words into English? De Wette, indeed, is able to manage with *three* words in German, but then he contracts "by the" into one word, and is not under the necessity of expressing the genitive relation by a separate word, *of*, as we are obliged to do in English. His translation, however, is also, "By the life of Pharaoh, you shall not get from here." So also, Urner and others. The writer's appeal to Rosenmüller is a fallacy, for we find the important insertion, "and exact vengeance of me," which explains the nature of the oath, and also enables him to take the next phrase positively, instead of negatively, as with the omission of these inserted words, it must be done, for without it, the passage as Swedenborg has it is meaningless, nay, absurd: "Let Pharaoh live, if ye shall go forth, &c." which, negatively expressed, would imply, that Pharaoh was *not* to live, if they were *not* to go forth. Besides, Swedenborg as strictly adhering to the Masora ought simply to have translated in his own way, "Life of Jehovah."

7. The remaining few cases, where the writer has endeavoured to invalidate the force of our remarks, call for no special notice. They are either instances in which the "barbarism" of the form of rendering either obscures or obliterates the natural sense, as, "I will expiate his faces," for "I will appease him" (English version), or "peradventure he will lift up my faces," for "peradventure he will accept of me"—*ibid.*, (though the writer thinks I merely object to the plural, "faces," and even that is not very desirable, at least, *in English*) or they are cases relating to the real meaning of individual words, such as *instructor*, for "artificer," (English version, Bunsen, *Master*, *i. e.*, one skilled in some craft) ~~God~~

a troop, here according to Swedenborg, a troop of children (!) for which the reader may find a satisfactory account in any good modern Hebrew Lexicon.

Meanwhile we content ourselves with the declaration, that the writer has not succeeded in destroying the validity of any of the terms brought forward as specimens of the many erroneous or unmeaning renderings contained in Swedenborg's *Arcana*, and upon which renderings he has based his *Spiritual Sense*.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

THE late Archbishop Whateley was one of the most remarkable men of this generation; a close thinker, a ripe scholar, a man of action, and of multifarious knowledge well kept in hand, of large and enlightened charities, frank, genial, unsectarian, capable of seeing and doing justice to a subject from another's point of view as well as from his own. His mind was acute, critical, analytic. He was one of the first masters in the art of reasoning, both in its theory and application. His work on logic has gone through nine editions, and continues the most popular and useful text-book on that subject in our schools and colleges. His writings, on a great variety of topics, are all distinguished for truth and clearness, even when the subject itself is most abstruse; indeed, the "foggy form" of metaphysics which sometimes makes common-places look profound simply because they are put in a way which makes the meaning obscure, was his special aversion. He did not court popularity, he sought to produce, not applause, but conviction, and this by fair argument and the force of facts.

Man's spiritual nature and future life seem to have been always with him favourite subjects of thought and speculation. The particular form in which he has embodied these, is doubtless due, in a measure, to his vocation, but he evidently loved them for their own sake, and prosecuted their study in a spirit of diligent and independent inquiry. While yet "A Country Pastor," he published a volume of *Lectures on the Scripture Revelations respecting Good and Evil Angels*. In this work he points out the analogy of angelic ministration to the human mediation by which the Divine government on earth is carried on. "It belongs to the general system of God's providence to make use of the services of his creatures for the accomplishment of his purposes, which (we cannot doubt) He might have effected by His own direct and immediate agency." He alludes to our

Lord's hint (Matt. xviii. 10), generally understood to refer to certain guardian angels, and adds, "We are told by Him expressly that the holy angels have some sympathy with man, and that 'there is joy among them over a repentant sinner;'" and he concludes, that, "For aught we know, even the holy angels may be *now* employed, though unseen, in ministering to mankind."

He very ably argues for the "reality of demoniac possession," as related in the New Testament, against those rationalist critics who would explain away the narratives and the language of Christ himself as simply an "accommodation" to a vulgar superstition. He shows that the belief in spiritual possession was held, not only by the Jews and Primitive Christians, but generally by heathen antiquity, that "the heathen authors allude to possession by a *demon* (or by a *god*, for they used the two words with little or no distinction), as a thing of no uncommon occurrence."* He tells us that they represent the priests and priestesses of their celebrated oracles as possessed of a spirit of divination similar to that of the damsel of Philippi mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. He considers that the agency attributed to *demons* in the New Testament, "was not a mere figurative description in figurative language of natural diseases, but literally and undoubtedly a fact." He points out that Christ "delivered men from forcible and *involuntary* possession by evil spirits." In common with many other learned men, he traces the origin of idolatry to a degraded and perverted Spiritism. "Like all other idolators, they (the ancient heathen) believed the images they venerated to be representations or emblems of some really existing persons." Nor was this their belief only. "The gods worshipped by the ancient heathen were believed by the Jews, and indeed, by the early Christians, also, to be really existent evil demons." "We find the Jews speaking for instance of Beelzebub as the prince of the demons; and we know that Beelzebub was the Philistine god worshipped at Ekron." And he considers that "There is no greater difficulty—great though it undoubtedly is—in believing in the permission of evil spirits than of evil men."

Another work, which at the time attracted considerable attention is, *A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State*. This volume was also in the form of lectures. It exhibits a powerful mind working its way through the forms and trammels of conventional theology towards higher truth and purer light. Some passages from it may be worth quoting, not only as illustrations of Whateley, but for their intrinsic

* As Whateley remarks, "The word 'enthusiast,' is taken from a Greek word, signifying, originally, a person thus possessed."

value. In his second lecture, "General Considerations on the Intermediate State," he indulges in the following meditations. "The time will certainly come when no subject but this" (the future state) "will interest me at all; after I shall have left this world, and perhaps all my descendants to the last generation shall long have followed me, I shall *still* be living; and ages after that, shall have as much life to look forward to as ever, being in that state of existence which is to have no end; I shall still be as capable of enjoyment and of suffering as now, and probably much more so; I shall be occupied entirely with the objects and concerns of that other life, to which *this* is less than a drop of water compared with the ocean, and regarding the affairs of what will *then* be my former state as of no consequence at all, excepting as they shall have affected my eternal condition." In the following passage he happily exposes the fallacy of a popular mode of thought and speech in reference to the nature of the happiness of Heaven. "It is not, indeed, expressly asserted, but seems rather to be supposed and implied in the expressions and thoughts of most persons on the subject, that the heavenly life will be one of *inactivity*, and perfectly *stationary*; that there will be nothing to be *done*, nothing to be *learnt*, no *advances* to be made, nothing to be *hoped* for, nothing to *look forward to*, except a continuance in the very state in which the blest will be placed at once. Now this is far from being an alluring view to minds constituted as ours are. . . . The ideas of *change*, *hope*, *progress*, *improvement*, *acquirement*, *action*, are so intimately connected with all our conceptions of happiness, so interwoven with the very thought of all enjoyment, that it is next to impossible for us to separate them. We can, indeed, easily enter into the idea of Heaven being a place of "*rest*," as we are assured it is, that is, of rest from all toilsome, painful, distressing, anxious exertions; and we can also very well understand the enjoyment of rest in itself (that is, the mere absence of all exertion) for a *time*, and as a *change*. But it is the contrast with exertion that alone makes rest agreeable. Take away all exertion, and rest (or rather *inactivity*, for it can no longer be called *rest*) becomes so intolerably tedious to us, that even toilsome labour would at length be chosen by almost every one in preference."

Speaking of the resurrection of the body, he says, "It is quite possible that our minds may at this moment actually possess faculties which have never been exercised, and of which we have no notion whatever, which have lain inactive, unperceived, and undeveloped for want of such a structure of bodily organs as is necessary to call them forth and give play to them. A familiar instance of this kind is the case of a man born blind, whose

mind, or spiritual part is as perfect in itself as another man's; his mind is as capable even of receiving impressions of visible objects by the eyes, as if the eyes themselves (the bodily part) were perfect, for it is plainly not *eyes* that see, but the *mind* by means of the eyes; yet, through this imperfection, one whole class of ideas—all those of objects of sight—are completely wanting in such a man. Nor could he ever find out his imperfection if he were not told of it; he learns from others that there is such a thing as seeing, and as light and colours, though he cannot comprehend what they are. And if you could suppose such a case as blind persons brought up from childhood without ever being taught that others possessed a sense more than themselves, they would never suspect anything at all on the subject; should they then obtain sight, they would be astonished at discovering that they had all along been in possession, as far as the mind is concerned, of a faculty which they had had no opportunity to exercise, and of whose very existence they had never dreamed—the faculty of perceiving the visible objects presented to the mind by the eye.

“Now, I think it is not unlikely—it certainly is not impossible—that the like may be our case, that our minds may have even now, faculties which lie dormant at present (as the power of sight does in a blind man), and that these would be *called* into action by a mere change in our bodily frame, and a *new* system of organs. And if this should take place in a *future* state, we may at once be enabled to perceive, merely by means of a bodily change, whole classes of objects as new to our minds as colours are to a blind man, and as totally different from any we are now acquainted with as colours are from sounds. And by *some* change of this kind in the *brain*, an equally great revolution may, for aught we can tell, be produced in our *thinking* faculties also—those by which we are distinguished from brutes—and an equal enlargement produced in our powers of reasoning and judging.”

Though the acute mind of Whateley saw clearly enough the physical impossibility of the popular conception of the future resurrection of the same animal body, yet the foregoing extract shews that he had not at this time entirely got rid of the belief that some physical body would be raised as a vehicle for the spirit, corresponding to the bodies we now inhabit. Had he firmly grasped the idea of death as a resurrection of the *spiritual* body out of the natural body, the above reasoning would have been still more clear and forcible. This great and good man, with his highly disciplined and well-balanced mind, after a long, careful, and thoroughly scientific investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, became fully convinced of their reality, and among friends made no secret of his belief in Spiritualism.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his recent *Memoirs of Whateley*, tells us him, that "Many years ago he became an enthusiastic believer in Mesmerism. Its various ramifications under the names of force, biology, and animal magnetism, he embraced with equal devotion. He often spent whole days in concentrating the analytic powers of his mind upon the consideration of their workings. He was delighted with the idea, and could speak or dream of nothing else. He went from one extreme to another, till he avowed an implicit belief in clairvoyance, induced a lady who possessed it to become an inmate of his house, and some of the last acts of his life, were excited attempts at table-levitation, and enthusiastic elicitation of spirit-rapping. He never was so happy as when eliciting outbursts of this sort. . . .

On mentioning to a friend some extraordinary circumstances connected with clairvoyance, he expressed incredulity. 'But I have the evidence before you,' replied the Archbishop. 'But the evidence may be deceived,' said his companion, 'and I frankly avow that I am a complete sceptic of everything connected with clairvoyance.' 'Do you presume to limit the power of the Almighty?' 'No; but does your Grace go so far as to assert that a miracle has been performed?' 'No miracle at all,' went on to say, 'only the operation of a natural law.' His companion was posed. 'Remember,' he added, as usual following his advantage, 'that Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood was ridiculed by his fellow physicians, and called a quackulator, which is the Latin for quack; and both astronomy and electricity were copiously ridiculed in their time, not only by the author of *Hudibras*, in a satire on the Royal Society, soon after its establishment, but by many others.'

It is to be hoped that when we have a more complete biography of Whateley, fuller particulars of his views and experiences in this important field of inquiry will be given, and in a more appreciative spirit. Meanwhile, it is something for the denunciations of the press—who are continually asserting that belief in Spiritualism is confined to ignorant, unscientific, untrained, and enthusiastic minds—unqualified for close, accurate observation, and sound reasoning; to consider that Spiritualism, and its various phenomena are stamped with the high authority of Edward Whateley, the man who more than any other of our age has taught the teachers of logic, and at whose feet it would well for our uninformed and shallow critics to sit as humble disciples. Professor De Morgan's Preface to the work *From Matter to Spirit*, may give them a further assurance that there is something in Spiritualism which commends itself to the logical and philosophical, as well as to the popular, mind.

THE LATE PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DEATH FORETOLD.

AMONGST the number of mediumistic predictions connected with the great American war must be reckoned the warnings which the unfortunate Lincoln received touching the danger which threatened his life. The tragic end of this great man had, amongst other things, been predicted a long time in advance. In 1863, in the month of August, Mr. Home being in the trance condition at Dieppe, at the house of Mrs. Milner Gibson, wife of the English cabinet minister, foretold the event which befell the victims Lincoln and Seward. This fact was attested at the time by the witnesses present. Mrs. Gibson told us of it some days after.—*Revue Spiritualiste*.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

The Superintendent of the New York Institution for Deaf and Dumb relates the following strange story:—"On Wednesday night preceding the President's assassination, a deaf and dumb girl in our institution got up in her sleep, went to a class-mate, and after rousing her, spelt with the manual alphabet, 'Lincoln is shot.' In the morning the somnambulist knew nothing of the circumstance till informed of it by her friend in the presence of others. The incident would probably never have been recalled but for the sad emphasis which the events gave it. It now seems one of those cases of precognition which often puzzle mental philosophers."—*Philadelphia Weekly Press, U.S.A.*

LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST.

Judge Edmonds gave an oration last Sunday evening at Hope Chapel; subject, "Abraham Lincoln." The house was filled to overflowing. The Judge spoke of the late President being in close sympathy with us in belief.—*Banner of Light*

LINCOLN A BELIEVER IN DREAMS.

It is said that Mr. Lincoln was a believer in dreams, and that he actually, on the morning of his assassination, related to his Cabinet his conviction that a great national event was about to happen, as he had throughout the four years' war always dreamed the night prior to an event of great importance the same dream—namely, that he saw a vessel rapidly sailing by!

• Notices of Books.

SCEPTICISM AND SPIRITUALISM.*

It is a matter for regret that the talented authoress of this work has, from prudential motives, withheld her name from the title-page, and that, for similar reasons, all names, initials, and localities are purposely changed. At the same time, she assures us that the facts narrated are given without emphasis, metaphor, or exaggeration—simply, plainly, and accurately, as she herself witnessed them; and Mr. Benjamin Coleman, who in a few words of preface introduces the book to the British public (the authoress being resident abroad), assures us that all the actors in the varied and curious scenes here presented are veritable living personages, whose names she has furnished to him; and as Mr. Coleman gives his address, we presume he is prepared to give sincere enquirers all needful satisfaction on this point, or put them in the way of obtaining it. Few careful readers indeed, we think, will doubt the integrity and earnestness of the writer, whatever judgment they may form of her statements and reasonings. We allude to this at the outset, as from previous experience we anticipate that the critics and the press will make the most of it; and of course ignoring the fact that these marvellous experiences do not stand alone, but are borne out by many similar experiences and well-attested facts, and that every day is adding to their number. Spiritualism is, however, at present a great inconvenience and embarrassment to the press; it may be true, but certainly it is not popular, and it does not pay; and as the primary object with journalists is to sell their wares, it is probable they will either give the book a wide berth, as they have done to others of its class; or handle it gingerly, and seek to weaken its force by real or affected doubt of the authenticity of the facts recorded. Indeed we do not see how they could well do otherwise, for if what is here related as facts are really so, sceptics are certainly in a tight place, from which they will find it difficult to extricate themselves. The inference from them is so obvious, and is so well sustained by clear and cogent reasoning, that reviewers and revilers will perhaps best consult their peace of mind by being “total ab-tainers” from the work under consideration, and from all others of like kind. There is no form of “manifestation” with which we are acquainted so rare as honesty in journalism in reference

* *Scepticism and Spiritualism: the Experiences of a Sceptic.* By the Authoress of *Aurelia*. London: F. PITMAN, 20, Paternoster Row, E.C.

to this matter. "The golden rule of equity and wisdom, that no cause should be judged without a fair and adequate trial; that no respectable, sensible, and impartial witnesses should be refused a fair and patient hearing, because their testimony does not square with the preconceived ideas and inveterate prejudices of the multitude; that no marvel ought to be persistently ignored with no other proofs, and for no better reason than because it is a marvel, ought surely to be applied to Spiritualism, no less than to every other branch of honest and earnest enquiry." No doubt this golden rule ought to be so applied, but if our authoress imagines that the British public and the British press are in general enlightened enough and just enough to treat spiritual experiences in any such reasonable way, we are afraid she will soon find her expectations sadly disappointed, and that, unless our hardened press-men have lately altered their ways, her book will meet a very different reception at their hands.

The work is aptly characterized by its title; it not only shows that Spiritualism is adapted to, and does actually meet and answer the course of scepticism, but it is a record of the writer's progress on her journey from scepticism to Spiritualism; and a very interesting record it is—frank, ingenuous, piquant, and fascinating. The reader will not want to take a nap on the road, or to alight at any intermediate station, his attention and his reasoning power will be fully and agreeably occupied all the way, and at the terminus he will feel thankful to his *compagnon du voyage* for the very pleasant and profitable time they have had together. We transcribe a few of the principal incidents.

While residing in Paris some eight or ten years since, a celebrated American medium—whom there seems little difficulty in identifying as Mr. Home—arrived there from the United States. Soon rumours of his marvellous powers filled the papers, and echoed through the penetralia of the most aristocratic salons. Princes, peers, and ladies of the purest pedigree held private *séances*, and were numbered among the converts. If the excitement had been confined to rank and fashion, our authoress would probably only have scorned the imbeciles, as, though born and moving in the higher circles of what is called "the best society," she shews, perhaps a little ostentatiously, decided contempt for blue blood, and prefers the *bonnet rouge* to the coronet. But in her eyes, "the matter began to look more serious when the celebrities of the artistic and literary world began to show signs of being infected with the contagion," and "one after another names known throughout Europe for their transcendence in art or literature were added to the lists of witnesses and believers." One evening an *attaché* of a foreign embassy paid her a visit, and the conversation soon turned on the topic uppermost at the time.

ent in every one's thoughts. She related some phenomena which a literary friend had told her had been produced at his own house. The *attaché* was not at all surprised, for things quite as extraordinary, he affirmed, had occurred in the embassy at Stockholm, in the presence of his family and friends. He stated, among other things, that on one occasion, at the conclusion of a *séance*, he had ordered the table, if animated by a spirit, to fling itself against the door, when it suddenly leapt a distance of about twenty feet, and fell down precisely at the spot indicated. Having cited from him that the medium had been no other than himself, the lady determined at once to put him to the test; she would hear of no excuses, no postponement. A small table was borrowed from the lady of the house, and at her request she was permitted to assist at the *séance*. By means of the table and the alphabet, the name Henrietta was spelt out, but neither of the company could call to mind any departed friend of that name. The family name of the spirit was then asked for. A somewhat common French name was given, but before the last two letters were indicated the Frenchwoman turned ashy pale, and almost shrieked out, "*Ah, mon Dieu!*" and when the name was completed, she exclaimed "*Dieu de Dieu!* it is the name of a young school-friend of mine with whom I was very intimate, but who died ten years ago; so that I was no more thinking of her than Malbruck. What a marvel! she died in an out-of-the-way place, and in a strange manner; if you can get her to tell us where and how, *ma foi!* I shall believe anything henceforth." The place—a remote provincial capital, near the Spanish frontier was rightly given, and other enquiries were correctly answered. The *séance* ended with a repetition of the Stockholm experiment. The table was requested to throw itself on an arm-chair at some ten or eight feet distant. The table immediately began, and continued for about half a minute to oscillate, and with increasing force, till it swung so violently, that by all laws of equilibrium and gravitation it should have toppled over. "When lo! to my utter stupor and amazement," says our authoress, "it suddenly made one strange, unnatural, convulsive bound, no longer in the previous direction, from my left to right, but *in the opposite diagonal*, straight away from me, leaping the intervening distance, and falling precisely on the foot of the designated arm-chair."

This first experience was certainly startling enough, but our authoress at this time was a strong-minded sceptic, and so, though strangely puzzled, it still seemed to her that the idea of ritual intervention in the case was too absurd to be entertained. After three months had passed over she had succeeded in extinguishing it all away to her own satisfaction—all, except the supernatural leap of that possessed table—that was an obstinate

remainder, not to be disposed of. Reason and Scepticism held high debate in her mind on this point.

"There were both intelligence and an antigravitation in the leap," quoth Reason. "Ridiculous and impossible," retorted Scepticism, insultingly.

"It is precisely because it is impossible that it makes such an impression upon me," said Reason.

"Bah! a paltry, inert little wooden table, absurd!" pooh-poohed Scepticism.

"I don't care whether it is absurd or not, it is a patent fact; I saw it with my own eyes, and I can swear to it," persisted Reason.

"How can you maintain such nonsense? Do you not know that Professor Faraday has publicly declared it as a downright impossibility, and that none but fools or madmen can believe it," says Scepticism.

"I don't care a straw for all the professors in the universe, when they contradict the demonstration of my own lucid senses. I am quite willing to bow to his superior knowledge in electrical phenomena or scientific problems, of which, no doubt, he is a much better judge than I. But I altogether contend that on a question of plain matter-of-fact he is not one atom more competent to decide than I am. If I required his or any one else's leave to credit the fact that I see my dinner on my table, or that I have swallowed it, I must be a confirmed imbecile; and if Newton or Bacon were to come down from the seventh heaven on the same fruitless errand, they might swear never so determinedly (not to speak of Professor Faraday) that what I saw was impossible,—I know I *did* see it; I know too that I neither was nor am mad or dreaming, and that is fully convincing to *me*, if not to others," sturdily persisted Reason.

A year passed away, and our authoress found herself in Granada. Here an eccentric Count, with whom she became acquainted, finding her interested in the phenomena of mediumship, informed her of a medium there—a chubby brown-haired lad, in humble life, whom he sometimes visited. The Count agreed to accompany her thither, and, with no previous intimation, they called on the lad. Amongst other curious incidents of the *séance* that took place, was the following:—

"A small round table was introduced, about two and a half or three feet in diameter. A sheet of paper was placed on it, and on this the youth laid his hand, holding a pencil between his fingers, so loosely, I am bound to say (for the purpose, he declared, of convincing me), that certainly I could not have written with it in the same manner. In a few minutes the table began to swing to and fro, till at last it got into the most rapid violent vibratory, oscillating motion, shaking the pencil back and forward in his hand, till, under this strange jogging motion, it began to form letters, and presently wrote a running hand currently and with apparent ease. The feat was decidedly curious, for the table continued to shake with the same violent, convulsive velocity, during the entire performance; so violently indeed that my first acquaintance, the female janitor, was obliged to place her hand on one edge of it to prevent its toppling every two or three minutes."

One of the spirits who presented himself was the witty author of *Gli Animati Parlante*, who, in this singular way, dashed

off with an unhesitating rapidity, three pages of Italian *terza rima*, of which we are told "The Italian was pure, the diction was poetical, the ideas were brilliant and witty, and moreover it was addressed to me; and especially *àpropos* to the occasion for which it was evidently composed."

Two years later, while at Nice, our authoress formed an intimate acquaintance with a Russian gentleman and his wife. The lady, a Madame de N——, was particularly interested in the narrative of her new friend's experiences in regard to Spiritualism, and it was subsequently arranged that they, together with a friend of the lady's husband, should spend some time together at a villa near the lake of Como, where, free from all distractions, they might fairly investigate the subject. The first night they sat for an hour with no result; the second and third nights they had no better success; the fourth night they agreed to sit for an additional quarter of an hour, and were rewarded with some slight manifestations, and the eliciting some responses to questions by means of the table. As their *séances* continued, the manifestations became more marked, and took less time to obtain them. This is what occurred on one of these occasions:—

The third evening after our success, the seventh of our experiments, the table moved in little more than half an hour. It was in vain, however, that we endeavoured to enter into a sensible conversation with the animating power. By means of the alphabet, we extorted from it, after various negations, the answer that its name was Zulma, and that it was a native of Africa, but to no other question would it reply. In compensation the table danced, rocked to and fro, and knocked on the floor with a violence as yet unprecedented, and which could not have been caused by any one whose hands were on it without using an amount of pressure and propulsion which could not have escaped observation.

Seeing that we could get nothing rational out of it, I asked whether it would beat time to a tune I should hum. It stopped its fantastic evolutions to give me one affirmative rap, and then beat accurate time to Schubert's Serenade, which I elected as being a difficult rhythm.

As it appeared more musically than conversationally inclined, I inquired whether it would go to the piano and play. It consented.

We stood up, pushed back our chairs, and laid the tips of our fingers very lightly on the table. Immediately it wheeled round, and gyrating on its legs, using each alternately as a pivot, it advanced to the piano. On arriving at it, it proved too low to reach the notes, and began knocking its edge with extreme violence against the projecting ledge beneath them, the piano being open. I wanted to seize the opportunity to obtain a certitude, and I insisted.

"The piano has notes that respond; I want to hear music," I said.

The *guéridon* swung back about a yard, pivoting on two of its legs. Not knowing what it was about to do, we all four watched its motions with the closest scrutiny. Determined to achieve conviction one way or the other, I never took my eyes off its legs, except to glance at the fingers of my companions, whose hands were all placed lightly on the top, and, at Madame de N——'s request, near the centre, so that no one could slip a thumb or a little finger under the edge unperceived. While we were thus watching it, it gave two or three uneasy jerks, and then one sudden spring *entirely off the floor*, lighting on the notes of the piano. Not a hand had touched it otherwise than on the top, and not a foot or knee had come within reach of it, facts of which I was positive, never having taken my eyes off it, in the full glare of the carcel lamp. But this was not all. Suddenly using one of the teeth of its ornamented border, it

dragged it down from the top to the bottom of the piano, sounding every single note from first to last as distinctly and perfectly as I could have done with a finger.

"Give us melody," I urged. Suddenly it pounced alternately on various notes in the treble, bass, and centre, sounding each with the same clear, distinct sonority as before. "Let us hear harmony," I asked again. Instantly five or six *perfect chords* of six or seven notes, *without one discordant tone* marring the harmony of a single chord, responded to my demand.

I shall not easily forget my feelings at that moment, nor the looks of my companions, to which I presume that my own formed an appropriate pendant.

De M—— was fairly aghast. The *esprit fort* was as white as a sheet, his hands trembling like an aspen leaf, while Madame de N——'s dark eyes had opened to twice their usual size, and her face became preternaturally pale.

The same sudden, irresistible conviction had burst upon all of us, that what we had seen and heard was an *absolute impossibility*, not to be accounted for by any other explanation save that of an invisible, intelligent agent. The table had sprung up upon the notes without any assistance whatever; of that we were all positive, for we had watched each other too narrowly to admit of a single motion having escaped the three pairs of Argus' eyes that must have instantly detected the operator. But there were impossibilities greater still. No one could have made the table sound every successive note, and alight clearly, loudly and sonorously on the separate notes it had touched up and down, by pressing its fingers ever so intently upon its surface. Lastly, to produce the perfect chords was in every way, and under every surmise, an absolute impossibility. The teeth of the table being placed at *regular intervals* of three or four inches, if one of us even taken it up bodily, and pressed it down by main force on the top, instead of lightly touching it on the surface, the consequence must inevitably have been a crashing jumble of discordant sounds. It was beyond all question, in short, that harmonious chords could by no possibility have been produced by the table; consequently, the inference was no less incontestible, *i. e.*, that they must have been sounded by an invisible agency underneath it.

Another experiment was then tried. Madame de N—— took her guitar, held it on her lap, requesting the spirit to sound it. The table pivoted up while we three were touching it so lightly on the top that we could see the top under each other's fingers.

The table then bent over, dug one of its teeth under the great silver, and pulled it out forcibly with a loud twang, which rang through the room. This, though less extraordinary, since it might have been done by an individual lifting up the table in his arms, was no less impossible, under the circumstances, considering that we simply touched it on the top.

"This night's experiment is absolutely conclusive to me," said Madame de N——, in her decided, uncompromising way, as we sat down for rest at midnight, fairly exhausted by the evolutions of the table and our own emotions: "The positive of two facts; first, that in what I have witnessed there was neither deceit nor delusion of any sort whatever. Secondly, what is still more incontrovertible, that it *could not possibly* have been caused by any one present pressing down, jerking, or otherwise impelling the table. Hence, as I am entirely of opinion that a table is not, and never can be, a self-acting, still less, an intelligent agent; the only theory tenable to my mind is, that the marvels it has performed in our presence have been achieved by the volition and propulsion of an intelligent and invisible, consequently an incorporeal agent. *Bien*, as an incorporeal intelligence—call it what you please—is neither more nor less than a spirit, I conclude irrevocably that spiritual force is the key of the enigma; and were all the *savans* and academics in Europe to endeavour to silence me, or to disprove the testimony of my senses, they would find it out of their power to prevent my asserting in their teeth, from this hour till the day of my death, that Spiritualism is a *fact*, and spiritual intercourse a possibility even in this world. "You see," she concluded, turning to me with a smile, "the harmonious chords are the antigravitation leap to me."

After a time, to shorten the process of communications by the alphabet, the spirits anticipated, and even went beyond, the



merican orthography, in eliminating all letters and words not dispensable to convey their meaning, and forestalling Sir William Armstrong's structures on the circumlocution of the English language, they struck out an ingenious phonetic system for themselves. These innovations, however, they did not introduce till they had won some degree of confidence, and given proofs of competent scholarship.

Perhaps the most curious series of *séances* recorded in this book are those which, at a later period, took place in Naples, through the mediumship of a little Jewess, twelve years of age. One of these, among other incidents, is what was witnessed one evening:—

We were three at the table—the child, a cousin of the family, and myself. Suddenly it moved towards the door, where we followed it, slightly touching it the surface with our hands. Before the angle of the door it commenced making several low inclinations, dipping down so far on one side that I expected to fall over. "What can it mean?" said I. "It is saluting the name of God," replied the master of the house, pointing out to me a little tablet inscribed with names and attributes of Jehovah, which in the houses of strict Jews is suspended in every doorway. The table now went down the stairs, pivoting upon three legs, and performing the same evolution on every landing-place, before the next, till it came to the hall door. But the most curious part of the performance was its returning upstairs. It refused to be carried up, as we proposed, and insisted on ascending as it had descended. This it accomplished by pivoting round, stepping up and placing the alternate foot on the step above. When it came to the angle, however, this manœuvre was no longer possible, for it happened that the stairs were too narrow to enable it to take the necessary swing. After making several ineffectual efforts therefore, it took a couple of strong jerking motions, and, at the second, lighted on the upper step. Here was an anti-gravitational impossibility again, for the only persons near the table were the cousin and the child, who stood on the steps above it, barely touching it on the top with the tips of their fingers, whereas I was on the lower steps, holding a light to it, in order to verify the facts. This leap the table repeated at every successive landing-place, but always with a considerable effort, till we reached the last storey.

One further extract is all for which we can find space. Our hostess, after describing various particulars concerning the table, the furniture, and the precautions taken to prevent any possible deception, and after relating how various persons at the table felt the touch of a spirit-hand, goes on to say:—

Again the hand of an invisible was placed upon my head, clasping my forehead, whereon this time I distinctly felt the four fingers and the thumb. I took my hands off, and held it over my head. There was no tangible arm or spirit-hand, but no one whose senses are lucid and discriminating could have been in doubt upon the subject; for there was an unquestionable distinction between what I felt and the pressure of a human hand. Analysing my sensations, during the whole time, with the nicest accuracy, I distinctly perceived that the spirit-hand, although perfectly formed in human shape, and warm and soft to the touch, more like down than flesh, and that I could perceive no joints or bones in it whatever. Moreover it possessed a power peculiar to itself; for the pressure which had forced my head down was actually so light and soft that, had it been a man, it could not have moved my head at all.

On the whole, the impression produced by this, my first tangible contact with spiritual entities, was singular and marvellous in the highest degree, and not at all free from awe.

While we were thus scrutinizing our sensations, the medium cried out that she beheld the spirits; but this time it was in a sort of magic picture on the table.

"Who do you see?" I inquired.

"It is a Turkish Pacha," said the child. "Oh, I see; it is R——, Pacha of Aleppo."

"How do you know?" inquired the father from the other table.

"I see it written in letters of light upon his forehead," again said the child.

"Oh, my God!" I see him too," suddenly exclaimed the officer. "It is my dear friend; he who came the first evening to us at the Bey's."

"But how do you see him?" I asked, fevered with eagerness and curiosity.

"The table is like a field of light, and I see my friend's head upon it; but for Heaven's sake do not speak; it is too solemn," he concluded, bursting into tears and sobbing audibly.

"I see my father on the table in the same manner," now cried out the master of the house, from the other table.

Meanwhile I strained my eyes in vain. Nothing was visible to me except a few electric sparks, which I distinctly perceived, glittering here and there upon the table.

For several hours a repetition of the same phenomena took place, various spirits alternately appearing to the three persons aforesaid in the form of magic pictures, invisible to the others, while in compensation they kept touching the head to foot the remaining three who did not see them.

This manipulation, we were subsequently informed, signified that the spirits were magnetizing us, in order to enable us to see. Whether they would have been successful or not, in course of time, it is impossible to say, for after two or four hours, the officer and the other persons present got tired, and at ten o'clock we were forced to raise the *séance*, much to my regret.

We have taken our extracts from the narrative portions rather than from the argumentative part of the work, as the latter does not so well admit of detachment. It is, however, but justice to state that the argument is close and well sustained, and is neither tiresome nor common-place. The book is a decided addition to the literature of Spiritualism.

PSYCHOLOGY.*

THIS is a cheap reprint of a popular and valuable work which appeared some years ago under the title of *Somnolence and Psycheism*. Psycheism (*i.e.* the science of the soul as manifested in nature) being the term employed to signify that part of mesmerism which manifests mental and super-sensual phenomena, while somnolence was the term applied to the lower and physical stages as indicative of its sleep-like and dream-like character. It is one of the best expositions of the phenomena and philosophy of mesmerism in both of these departments; the facts given are the most interesting, and the style is clear, concise, and popular.

* *Psychology, or, the Science of the Soul, considered Physiologically and Philosophically. With an Appendix, containing Notes of Mesmeric and Psychic Experiences.* By JOSEPH HADDOCK, M.D., with Engravings of the Mesmeric System. New York: FOWLER & WELLS. London: JOB CAULDWELL, 25, ST. MARK'S PLACE.

while the treatment is strictly scientific, and as thorough as the present state of knowledge will allow. The elucidation of the physiology of the nervous system is as far as possible divested of technicalities, and made so plain that it might serve as a text-book for schools and families, the explanations being greatly helped by the engravings, which are made, not to embellish the page, but to illustrate the text. We would, however, suggest that in future editions, the engravings should be placed together at the beginning or end of the book, instead of, as now, interrupting for twenty pages, the reading of the text. The nature of man's spiritual organism, and the philosophy of *Degrees* and of Clairvoyance are well illustrated in the following passage:—

It is usual to represent man as composed of *mind* and *matter*—*SOUL* and *body*. This is correct. And as we find that the body is not a mere simple uncompounded substance, but a collection of innumerable parts and organs, so, by parity of reasoning, we may conclude, that the mind, or spiritual body, as the parent and director of the natural body, cannot be that simple entity, that *abstract nothingness* so generally represented by metaphysical writers; but rather that the controller of the animal organism must be itself organized according to the laws of its own peculiar nature, and capable of manifesting those laws under certain circumstances, through those organs of the body, that is, of the brain and nervous system, which are united with it by the law of correspondent activity and connection. St. Paul, therefore, spoke the language of the profoundest philosophy, when he declared that there were spiritual bodies and natural bodies, and that the natural body was the first in its development, and afterwards the spiritual body; and when, on another occasion, he defined the entire human organism, as existing here, to be a compound of "spirit, soul, and body," in this respect giving his apostolic sanction to the doctrine of the ancient ages of Greece. The first two terms used by the apostle to describe the spiritual part of man, are, in the original Greek, *Pneuma* and *Psyche*, and the latter term, which in our version of the Scriptures is, in the passage alluded to, translated *soul*, is, by the Latin writers called the "*animus*," and this term is always used to signify the *animal soul*, as distinguished from the *pneuma*, or more interior human spirit.

And here it will be as well to observe, that no truth is more evident to sound rational enquiry, than that the Creator has given to every department of his 'handy-work' a *specific* character, and that from the Creator to the lowest inert matter, there exists a *chain* of DEGREES—and that each object of creation can only be well and truly studied by viewing it in its *own degree*, and comparing it with objects in *another degree*. But if we confound this distinction of degrees, we shall never arrive at a clear and satisfactory solution of many important facts. Each degree will be found to have laws or properties peculiar to itself, and if we transcend the degree of the object of our enquiry, by applying to it qualities or properties belonging to another distinct degree, we may expect nothing but confusion and mystery. Now, in our investigation of the nature of man, it is especially necessary not to overlook these distinctions. By no process can matter be sublimed into spirit; and spirit having, according to apostolic authority, and the general *law of analogy* observable in all things, its distinctions and degrees, the properties of the *lower* degree may not apply to a *higher* one. True philosophy also teaches, that if spirit in no degree is material, that is, does not possess those properties which we apply to ponderable matter, still it is on that account a truly real and substantial existence—more truly substantial than the granite rock, because, more unchanging and more enduring.

Now viewing the spiritual organism of man as consisting of two distinct degrees, called by the apostle the *pneuma* and *psyche*, or as possessing both spiritual internal and external, together forming, while in this mortal life,

the *common internal* of the natural organism, the *PSYCHE* or *ANIMUS* will be the connecting medium between the pure human spirit and the nervous system of the natural body. By its connection, through correspondence and affinity, with the body, it is placed in relation with outward nature, while a spiritual entity, and by its indissoluble union with the higher spiritual principle, it has, at the same time, immediate connection with the spirit-world; because it is a subject of the laws, and possesses the properties of that world which have nothing in common with *time, space, or common matter*, it displays those powers which can be explained by no merely natural or physiological knowledge, but which receive an easy, rational, and satisfactory solution, when man is really seen to be that which revelation, philosophy, and the statements of true clairvoyants declare that he is—namely, a compound of spiritual and natural organisms intimately united by the exactest correspondence or analogy. And that although the lower, or natural organism, cannot act without the continued influence of the higher, or spiritual organism, nor can the spiritual organism be developed without the medium of the natural one, yet, when developed, the higher organism can act, not only by and through the lower organism, but even independently and when disconnected from it.

It is this psyche or animus—the *external of the spirit*—that, from all that we have yet learned on the subject, I take to be the true seat of what is called mesmeric influence; the psyche, or animal soul of the operator, influencing the same external spiritual organic principle in the subject, and from the animus influence flows *downwards*, to use analogous natural terms, and thence to the brain and nervous system.

Now as to the *psychological change* induced by mesmerism. It is a general law of our being that conscious perception should have its apparent seat at the *ultimate, or extreme*, of every development. Thus, although it is a well-established fact, that the sensorium is within the brain, and that if a sensory nerve be divided, no sensation will be experienced, yet it is as well known that when we prick a finger, the pain will be felt where the wound is inflicted. So when standing the body feels and acts by and through the spirit, our conscious perception, in the usual normal condition, is confined to the bodily organism—because, while in the present state, *the body is the ultimate development of the spirit*. When death severs the connection between mind and body, the seat of the immortal man is the psyche or animus, and *to it* is transferred all his conscious perceptions and sensations. It is from this differing seat of the conscious perceptions that, in our ordinary state, we have no *sensational* knowledge of the spirit-world, or of its laws. But psycheism, or the higher stage of mesmerism, may aptly be compared to partial death—for it is a *closing* of the *common internal* of our being, a *transfer* of the *sensational* perceptions from the *ultimate of the body* to the *ultimate of the spirit*—and thence, and simply from this transfer of ultimates, arises an awakening of the conscious sensational perception of the inner man, or spirit. All those apparently miraculous powers which we sometimes see displayed by good mesmeric subjects, are in fact, but the result of the psyche or animus being so far set free from the bodily ultimate as to enable the spiritual body to act nearly, if not quite independently of the sensual organism and by perception, and in a light from an inner world; but the connection of mind and body is yet sufficient to enable the soul's sight and feeling to be manifested to our physical senses by and through the natural organization of the clairvoyant.

From this transfer of consciousness and sensational perception, we may account for the anomalous, and often incongruous, statements and descriptions of clairvoyants. They forget much of that mode of speaking of things which is common to our external condition, but which, in itself, is often purely artificial and conventional; and they speak according to their newly-awakened and un-informed consciousness. As we have to learn to talk, and even to see, or to hear, rightly to interpret what the eye reveals, so do clairvoyants require a constant exercise of their peculiar power to familiarise them with its use.

Not the least interesting part of this work is the account given in the Appendix of the experiences of one of Dr. Haddock's

clairvoyantes, E. L. or Emma, as he usually designates her. We give as full an extract of this as our space will permit.

Frequently during the spring and summer, Emma would, in the mesmeric state, speak of the scenery and the nature of the spirit-world, in such a way as to impress the beholder with a conviction that the descriptions she gave could not be the result of any previously acquired knowledge, or of an active imagination. She also occasionally spoke of things which had actually occurred, but which it was impossible for her to know by any ordinary means. Her ideas of religion were principally derived from the teachings of a village school-mistress, in connection with the Church of England, and from occasional attendance at the public services of the church. She had been taught to read a little when a child, but had lost the acquirement through a fever; and, as before observed, at this time she could not read, nor even correctly tell the letters of the alphabet; and yet the ideas to which she sometimes gave utterance were of an elegant and exalted description. As she still continued to have no recollection of what she uttered when she returned to the normal state, I one day said to her, "Emma, I have heard of some persons having seen such things as you speak of, but they could recollect what they saw, and write an account of it in books." She replied, "Yes; because it was permitted them; and she should also be permitted by and bye to recollect what she saw." I did not tell her this when she awoke; nor did I expect then that her prediction would be verified. But subsequent events proved that she was correct in making this assertion.

In these states she preserved a recollection, at times, of the place she was actually in, and of the persons by whom she was surrounded, and, at the same time, she had a distinct and *sensational* perception of a higher and spiritual state of existence, and of a class of beings living in such a state. She would speak of these things while in the trance, and on her return to the normal state she would recollect, and would again describe what she had seen and heard. During the first trance, of four hours' duration, which occurred on the 28th of September, 1848, she was so far elevated in her perceptions that she spoke of *this* world, as the *other* world, just as if she had passed from this life by death. She said, also, that the persons in the room with her appeared only like shadows, and a long way from her. Upon examination she was found, in this and other trances, insensible to pain, and her eyes upturned, as in the ordinary mesmeric state, and her limbs continued flexible. At times she would seem wholly indrawn, and then she would, as it were, return and speak of what was passing before her mental vision. But in the next trance, of six hours' duration, and subsequently she became for a part of it quite insensible to all outward things, and perfectly cataleptic from head to foot. A gentleman from Manchester, who was present with me on this occasion, assisted me to raise her body, and we found it as stiff and inflexible as a log of wood.

One instance of her sight will be related, because it is a proof that there is a *reality* in her extatic perceptions, and that she then eminently possesses a super-sensual gift. On the 11th of July she told me, when in the mesmeric state, that an individual whom I well knew, but who had been dead for some years, had told her that on the following night they should come to her, and show her a book with some writing in, which she was to take and show to me. From some of her remarks, I concluded that one of three books was intended:—one, a small bible, *not then in the house*. Former experience having convinced me of the reality of her observations, and the certainty of her predictions, I got this little bible, and put it with the other books among many more. In the night she awoke in a state of trance, similar to somnambulism, and descending two flights of stairs, selected this book from all the others, and then brought it open to me. Owing to the darkness, I inadvertently knocked the book out of her hand, while seeking a light. She speedily found the place again, by turning over the pages right and left, over her head, in her usual mesmeric manner. The passage selected was Joshua, chap. 1st, verses 8, 9. Frequently afterward, by way of test, this bible was given to her to point out this text; and this she invariably did before many persons, without attempting to look at it, but by feeling the pages and turning them over while the book was over her head. She

also told me circumstances connected with the history of that book, which I am positive she could not know by any of the usual means; for some were only known to myself. She was asked to tell by what means she found the passage, as she could not read, and was also in the dark. She replied, that the individual alluded to, whom she said she saw in their spiritual body, had a similar book but a larger one, open upon the left arm, and that they pointed with the right hand to the pages, and the same text; that her hands seem guided in the movements, and when she had got the right place, she could no longer turn the pages, either to the right or to the left. Another instance of a similar kind occurred a few weeks later. After the lapse of some months, she was again tried with the small bible, but having then lost the connecting influence, she could no longer find the passage as she had previously done.

Her general statements represent man as a spiritual being, rising from the shell of the dead body immediately after death, a perfectly organized existence, and having a complete *sensational perception* of his fellow spiritual beings, and the beautiful scenery of the spiritual spheres; that is, provided he possessed during his natural life a moral state in harmony with those spheres. The male and female sex retaining all the characteristics necessary to a spiritual state of existence, and living together in a state of angelic union. Those who have been intermediately united here, coming again into a state of union hereafter. She represents male and female spiritual beings, thus united, as appearing at a distance as one, and says that they are not called two, nor the married, but *the one*. Infants and young children who have passed from this world by death, are stated to pass into a state of adolescence, but more speedily than in the natural world. During infancy and early childhood, they are confided to the care of good female spirits or angels, whose delight it is to instruct them by various methods, *not by representatives of things*. These spiritual spheres, and their spiritual inhabitants, are in close association with us, and exercise an influence upon us, although we are unconscious of it. "All that is wanted to have a complete knowledge of their existence, is the closing of the external consciousness, and the full awakening of the internal consciousness. In the highest state of lucidity she appeared to herself, to be among spiritual beings, as one of themselves; at other times she appeared to them more shadowy. The first receptacle of a departed spirit she describes as a sort of middle place or state, from which spirits gradually ascend to higher and more delightful places; those that are best having higher abodes than the others. All are welcomed by angelic spirits on their arrival in the spirit-world; but the evil will not associate with them, and recede, of their own accord, more or less rapidly, to darker places beyond the left; but of these darker places, she had not been permitted to know much as of the abodes of the good.

Being asked, in one of these long trances, if she now could explain to us how she saw distant individuals in a mesmeric state; she said, "Yes; I can see them now, but I could not before;" and then stated that if spirits wished to see us, distance is no interruption; and words to the effect that spirits are not subject to our laws of space and time; and that man, *as to his spirit*, is not subject to the laws of the spirit-world, even while united to the natural body. The opening of her spiritual consciousness, gives her a *sensational perception* of spirits of all to whom her attention is directed; and thus, however distant the individual, he can be mentally present with her. But this she further represented, as being accomplished by the aid of intermediate associate spirits, whom the connection is completed: and she further represented, every spirit having a connection with the spirit-world *generally*; and a more particular connection by means of this associate spirit. Whenever Emma speaks of going into a trance, she always represents it as "*going away*," and "*going a very long way*." Of any one that is dead, she says, "They have left their shell and gone away," and will never admit that they are dead. In the mesmeric state, Emma represented the fibres of her brain as falling forward, and the hemispheres expanding at the top when she became lucid; and she further said, that a *brain expansion* of these movements was necessary in order to attain a state of lucidity.