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SWEDENBORG AS A HEBRAIST, AND ON THE
FINAL STATES OF DAVID, PAUL, LOUIS XIV.,
AND GEORGE II.

The writer of the article in the June number of the *Intellectual Repository*, which is the organ of "the General Conference of the New Church, signified by the new Jerusalem in the Revelation," it styles itself, insists on Swedenborg's assertion of verbal inspiration, and alleges as one of the two main reasons for it, that verbal inspiration was necessary to those Scriptures containing the literal and spiritual sense, of which Swedenborg was the appointed medium of revelation. This theory, however untenable, makes the letter of the Bible of extremest importance to Swedenborgians, and indeed it obliges them to fight, tooth and nail, for the equal infallibility of the prophets and of Swedenborg. If they should succeed in always obtaining the victory—if, at any part, the point of the spear should get through the joints of their armour, they are at the mercy of their adversaries—not necessarily, by any means, the adversaries of Swedenborg, but only the adversaries of the false pedestal on which they have placed that great and simple man. Swedenborg, therefore, they say was not a medium, but divinely taught, not by any angel or spirit, but by the Lord himself, and therefore infallible. This is dangerous ground to have taken, as they must now see, after the proofs we have given, of the gross blunders he has made in his translation from the Hebrew. These shew that he entirely lost the meaning of certain passages of which he gives the spiritual sense as "from the Lord himself," and the critic who undertook to answer us, was reduced to say that this was quite unimportant, unless it could be shewn that the literal sense was as wrong as the translation. The editor, however, in his last remarks has very properly thrown his critic on board, and he makes the crucial admission that "The spiri-

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tual sense, as Swedenborg perceived and gave it; was, according to his understanding, of the literal sense. So far as this basis in his own mind can be proved to be faulty, so far may the superstructure be faulty also;" but then he adds that as Swedenborg's system, of the spiritual meaning, is intact, such blunders only amount to this, "That he had applied a right law to explain a wrong scientific." It is difficult to argue with such slippery people, who contradict one another, and still are always right; but we must leave them to the common sense of our readers.

It seems passing strange that they should not see the common points of mediumship, now so well understood, in the great Swedish seer, and, which at once account for all the grand truths, and all "the minor exactnesses" which we find in him. This view leaves him quite great enough, without his infallibility, and sets his real friends and lovers at liberty to find out all the good that is in him, and that is truly immense. How little Swedenborg himself would have agreed with his injudicious friends, who have kidnapped him, may be judged of from the fact that he came of a medium family, and that his father had nearly all the range of the present so-called modern manifestations in his house. Swedenborg was not only a medium, but an hereditary medium.

Again, how strange to find his devotees, of all persons in the world, disavowing modern Spiritualism, which is the root, and trunk, and branch of Swedenborg from beginning to end, both in his truth and in his error. Let the editor give us this candid statement in his own words: "Swedenborg's case is not however to be confounded with, or measured by that of the spiritualist medium. *His condition was peculiar to himself—it was not ordinary, but extraordinary;*" and then come words which seem to us exactly to contradict this, and to shew him to have been a common medium. "Not only were spirits and angels with him, and spake with him in natural language, but he was with them, and spake with them, and heard them speak with one another in their own spirit language." And then the editor asks in triumph, "BEYOND PROVING THE EXISTENCE AND NEARNESS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD, WHAT HAS SPIRITUALISM YIELDED FOR THE AID OF HUMAN FAITH AND PRACTICE?" What beyond indeed? Is that then a small thing in this day of universal Scepticism, and of the eclipse of faith, and of the gradual decay of the Swedenborgian sect itself? Should it be a Swedenborgian, of all the persons in the world, who should try to put down such a gift from God, as that which has the power to prove the existence and nearness of the spiritual world now so virulently denied? Why that, of all other proofs, is the very basis for the whole of Swedenborg's system, and without it Swedenborg was

have been the madman which the world still thinks him. We shall further on give some curious instances of Swedenborg's spiritual experiences, and observations of David, Paul, Louis XIV., and George II. How could he be in communication with these spirits and not be a modern Spiritualist and medium? that is the point on which we should like to have some very precise and definite information. If it be wrong for us to be in communication with these spirits, how was it right for Swedenborg? If our mediums come away with cock-and-bull stories from the spiritual world, so we shall see did Swedenborg. If they make atrocious blunders occasionally, so we shall see did he. If they are blown up with crude absurdities and mis-information, so we shall see was he in his time.

When these criticisms of Swedenborg's Hebrew scholarship appeared, a gentleman in every way competent to appreciate their merit pronounced them unanswerable, and asked how the Swedenborgians would receive them. "Unanswerable!" we exclaimed. "They will be answered; a Swedenborgian can answer anything within his own circle." "I suppose you mean," he rejoined, "in the same sense, that if you or I were caught picking pockets, we should find an advocate at the Old Bailey who would answer for us that we were delivering tracts, where we were accused of extracting handkerchiefs?" "Precisely so."

As we foresaw, we have been answered, but with that sort of plastic logic which is as good for anything as it is for nothing. For example (not to trench on our Hebraist contributor's ground, which has now been made good on every point), we referred to a series of papers by Mr. Noble, *An Inquiry into the Integrity of the Word*, in which he shewed that Swedenborg was completely mistaken in his assertion that—

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

How are we answered? Thus:—

"The alarm which Noble's articles excited did not arise from his having cast doubts on Swedenborg's accurate knowledge of the Hebrew language, which he never does, but from his having maintained that no one known copy of the Scriptures is free from verbal errors—errors that have been introduced by the mistakes of transcribers."

This is no answer. Swedenborg asserts, as under divine sanction, that the Hebrew Masoretic text was immaculate. Noble proves he was mistaken, yet Noble "cast no doubt on Swedenborg's



accurate knowledge of Hebrew!" The Swedenborgians in 1824-26 thought very differently. They felt, and felt justly, that Noble was sapping very effectually Swedenborg's infallibility. Moreover, some of them knew, as well as we do, that it was ridiculous to credit Swedenborg with accurate knowledge of Hebrew. He was, as the criticisms we have published prove, deficient in the language. In his *Arcana Cœlestia* he holds closely to the Latin version of Sebastian Schmidius. Where Schmidius is wrong, he is wrong, and where he quits Schmidius it is often to plunge into greater errors of his own. Mr. Noble knew enough of Hebrew to know all this, but he was too much of a Swedenborgian to escape the casuistry which pertains to the character; and therefore, having thus made a breach in the fortress of infallibility, he, according to the editor of the *Repository*, fell on this notable device to close it up:—

"Mr. Noble, however, expresses his conviction that Swedenborg, though technically wrong, was substantially right, since there is every reason to believe that the Word *has* been preserved in its integrity as to every particular, not indeed in any one copy, yet in all copies taken together, and he expresses his belief also that, aided by the internal sense, the true reading of the sacred text may be restored."*

Said we not truly that a Swedenborgian could answer anything? At that rate, no text is lost or corrupt, for inasmuch as nothing can be annihilated, everything exists. "Imperial Rome dead and turned to clay" might be revived, and the Roman Empire with him. One reads such a *tour de force* with the same amusement with which we hear Hamlet, when reproached by his father for not bidding him adieu, reply, "Farewell, dear mother; father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother."

To some of our readers we fear this critical linguistic controversy must have proved a tedious business, but we think we can produce something which will excite sensation in the most apathetic, and give even those familiar with sectarian craft a new conception of its hardihood.

* Certainly one does not see why the Swedenborgians might not do this once, so far as Swedenborg has given the internal sense. It will be only retarding the operation of translation, and should on their principles be by no means an impossible task. It is also to be considered that in doing this they would have a much lighter office than those who accept the whole of the Bible as inspired. Swedenborg did not accept a portion of the old, and but a small portion of the new, which he reduces to five books, excluding the Acts and all the Epistles. Of the Old Testament he says, "The books of the Word are the five books of Moses, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, the Psalms, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, and the minor prophets. In the New Testament, the four Evangelists and the Apocalypse."

It will perhaps be remembered that incidentally, and as a matter of course for which no evidence was requisite, we spoke of Swedenborg's "odd estimates of character, which caused him to see King David and St. Paul in Hell, whilst he found Louis XIV. and George II. in Heaven." Imagine therefore our amazement when we read in the Swedenborgian *Repository*—

"The fact is, Swedenborg does not describe the *final* state or condition of any of these men. What he records of them relates to their condition in the World of Spirits, or that region of the Spiritual World which is intermediate between Heaven and Hell. He never, so far as we are aware, speaks of Paul and David as in Hell."

There are some occasions upon which one is justified in using strong words, but we will be forbearing and designate the lines quoted as a somewhat bold prevarication, or free handling of the truth. When contradiction is not expected, the unscrupulous sometimes find it convenient to treat an adverse statement with a point-blank denial; but such tactics are perilous. In a speech in the House of Commons on Italian affairs, Mr. Hennessy denied that Poerio and other Neapolitan patriots were in irons in prison; unfortunately for him Mr. Gladstone was present, and to his utter confusion rose, and with force and solemnity declared, "with my own eyes, I saw them." But for this contradiction it is very likely that a few in the House and out of the House would have yielded credence to Mr. Hennessy and have thought Bomba a much maligned person. Now we have got the editor of the *Intellectual Repository*, in just such a predicament as Mr. Gladstone put Mr. Hennessy into. The Editor knows his Swedenborg as well as any of the sect, and he could hardly fail to know that what we stated concerning David, Paul, Louis XIV. and George II. is true; but inasmuch as should the world become acquainted with Swedenborg's opinion of St. Paul, it would not be well for the respectability of the New Jerusalem Church, he and others concerned in its proprieties are not ashamed to descend to methods which they dare not employ in secular affairs. His disingenuousness in the present case is not a whit worse than that displayed in his unscholarly treatment of the Hebrew criticisms, but the case has this advantage, that we can make his disingenuousness manifest to every understanding, and enable those who cannot enter into the intricacies of the linguistic discussion, to appreciate the value of the testimony of a registered citizen of the New Jerusalem. It will be now our business to cite what Swedenborg himself actually says of David, Paul, Louis XIV. and George II.

Let us premise, that Swedenborg divides the Spiritual World into three regions—Heaven, the World of Spirits, and Hell. The World of Spirits is the intermediate state where souls are pre-

pared on leaving Earth for their eternal place in Heaven or Hell. Since 1757 no one is allowed to remain in the World of Spirits longer than thirty years.* Previously to 1757 Souls remained there for centuries and organized imaginary Heavens, or fools' Paradises. These imaginary Heavens consisted neither of the decidedly good, who went straight to Heaven, nor of the decidedly bad, who went straight to Hell, but of undecided characters, superficially pious and internally evil, and simpletons whom they could impose upon. The World of Spirits is compared by Swedenborg to a stomach, which digests humanity. † Previously to 1757 it had fits of constipation, and at intervals had to receive a purge called a Judgment or Crisis. At the time of our Saviour's advent the World of Spirits was cleared out and its contents distributed into Heaven and Hell; and again, for the last time this was done in 1757; since which date it is warranted by Swedenborg to perform its digestive functions with regularity and dispatch.

Behold, then, what Swedenborg testifies of King David:—

“23 October, 1748.—David is possessed with the lust of being chief in Heaven. . . . Persuaded that he was a god he claimed himself one.”

“24 October, 1748.—He openly confessed and asserted that he did not understand what he wrote; that he might have thought that his writings included arcana, but what they were he knew not; that he might have known a certain Personage to come into the World, but that he had no further knowledge respecting Him; and that he applied all things he wrote to himself and the Jews. He said a Spirit spake through him as a Spirit speaks through me, and thus that he and I were of the same quality; but it was given me to tell him, that he had no knowledge of the Lord, and had therefore no knowledge of faith.”

[*] In his treatise on *Heaven and Hell* he says thirty years; in a subsequent work, *The Apocalypse Revealed*, he reduces the years to twenty.

† It is curious to note the idea on this subject of a man who did not lay claim to inspiration. Tom Paine in his *Private Thoughts on a Future State* says:—

“One part of the world are not all good alike, nor the other part all wicked alike. There are some exceedingly good: others exceedingly wicked. There is another description of men who cannot be ranked with either the one or the other. They belong neither to the sheep nor the goats; and there is still another description of them, who are so very insignificant both in character and in power, as not to be worth the trouble of damning or saving, or of raising from the dead. My own opinion is, that those whose lives have been spent in doing good, and in endeavouring to make their fellow-mortals happy—for this is the only way in which we can serve God—will be happy hereafter; and that the very wicked will suffer some punishment. But those who are neither good nor bad, and are insignificant for notice, will be dropt entirely. This is my opinion. It is consistent with my idea of God's justice, and with the reason that God has given me, and I gratefully know He has given me a large share of that Divine gift.”

was ignorant of the interiors of the Word and remained only in its letter; that he did not understand what the Spirit spoke through him, and thus that he and I were very different. . . . To this he had no reply.

"I spake with him also concerning the Gentiles of whom he had so great a hatred, saying, that Abraham was an idolator, that the Jews were worse than the Gentiles, that the Church had been transferred to them, and that now Christians were worse than Gentiles.

"25 October.—David is wicked, and a slave of deceitful Spirits, who say they treat him like a dog. His mind is full of cruelty and adultery, and without conscience he meditates and contrives mischief."

David joins a Conspiracy to annihilate Swedenborg.

"4 November.—When I went to bed Evil Spirits formed a sign to destroy me, and for this end took measures to call out all and every malicious Spirit. They first drew the Dragon to their side, but having used him badly he got away. They endeavoured to summon all Hell, and surround and attack me in a body, and make an end of me, as so often they have tried before. . . . They evoked David also, who appeared before me in a dense cloud. For some time they persisted, doing their worst, whilst I reposed in safety, fearing nothing, but observing their efforts. At last they gave up, confessing their attempt to be in vain."*

We may very safely leave our readers to their own comments on these passages about King David. That Swedenborg, in good faith, is describing David's final state, is evident from his statement, that all in the World of Spirits were judged and consigned to their places in Heaven or Hell, at the time of our Lord's descent—David among them, if he had not found his eternal home long long before. Nor will any one, conversant with Swedenborg's opinion of the Jews, be surprised at the character he assigns to David. His *Arcana Cœlestia* abounds in passages wherein "the chosen people" are described with painful iteration as the basest of mankind; and in the *Apocalypse Explained* he ventures to assure us "that but few Jews are saved."

Now for Paul.

"24th October, 1748.—A certain Spirit came to me of a sudden, and inquired whether I was not speaking ill of him. It was perceived that he was Paul. It was replied, that I was not thinking about him.

"10th July, 1749.—A certain Devil fancied himself the very

* *Diarium Spirituale*, Nos. 3,656-65, 3,674-76, 3,682-84, 3,688, and 3,851.

Devil who deceived Adam and Eve, according to the vulgar opinion. . . . It was given me to hear Paul speaking with him, and saying he wished to be his companion, and that they would go together and make themselves gods. . . . but they were rejected wherever they went.

"During my sleep I have been infested by adulterers, and this Devil and Paul have lent their aid to my infesters, and so stubbornly held me in an adulterous train of thought, that I could scarcely release myself. . . . Hence Paul's nefarious character was made known.

(No date) "Paul is among the worst of the Apostles, as has been made known to me by large experience. The love of self, whereby he was governed before he preached the Gospel, continued to rule him afterwards; and from that love he had a passion for scenes of controversy and tumult. He did all things from the end of being greatest in Heaven and judging the tribes of Israel.

"That such is Paul's character is manifest from very much experience, for I have spoken with him more than with others. The rest of the Apostles in the other life rejected him from their society and refused to recognize him. Besides he connected himself with one of the worst Devils, who would fain rule all things, and pledged himself to obtain for him his end. It would be tedious for me to write all I know about Paul; were I to do so the report would be long enough to fill sheets.

"That Paul wrote Epistles does not prove him good, for even the impious can preach well and write epistles. It is one thing to be good and another to speak and write about goodness, as was said to him. Moreover, he has not mentioned in his Epistles the least word of what the Lord taught, nor cited one of His parables; so therefore he received nothing from the Lord's life and discourse, when nevertheless the very Gospel itself is in the Evangelists.

(No date) "Paul associated himself with the worst Devils and wished to form a Heaven in which he should be the dispenser of pleasures. This he attempted, but became worse in consequence, and was cast down. I told him his purpose was hellish and not heavenly. He wished especially to have hypocrites about him. There were hypocrites with me for several days, which I know from the aching of my teeth. They tacitly pressed upon me without intermission, and it was perceived and said, that the pressure was from Paul. He hates the internal sense of the Word, and the anger of his hatred draws hypocrites around him. Such is the connection of things. Hypocrites believe nothing, but they value the literal sense of the Word because they can use it to overawe the simple and appear pious.

... " Paul underwent many dangers and punishments on earth that he might be the greatest. . . . Hence he rejects the inner truths of the Word, because they testify against the glory of the world and self-righteousness.

(No date) " Spoke with Paul. He wished to be an introducer to Heaven, and that the Lord would receive those whom he should send. The proposal is absurd, for there is no entrance to Heaven by favour, but by life, and life is known only to the Lord. I told him that he might see from the letter of the Word, that he was neglecting Peter's office, to whom the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven had been given. He said he wished to take the office from Peter for he had done greater service. Paul utterly dislikes Peter, and says he understood nothing and could do nothing."*

The matter is too shocking for ridicule, but it is difficult to escape from a sense of the humorous as one reads of the great apostle of the Gentiles exciting Swedenborg as he lay in bed to sultry, and afterwards giving him the toothache!

The Editor has the advantage, that Swedenborg wrote this prior to what he calls the *Last Judgment* of 1757, but there is not the shadow of a doubt that he was depicting what he saw as Paul's actual state, and if Paul's character was anything like what it is ascribed to have been, it could not according to his notions well be otherwise. The whole argument of the description points to his condemnation. It is black without relief. It is distinctly said, that he was governed by self-love," and that according to Swedenborg, the prime characteristic of a Devil; nor according to Swedenborg in one in whom self-love rules be changed; "it were easier," he says, "to change an owl into a bird of paradise, or a leopard into a lamb than a Devil into an Angel." We have seen too that Swedenborg, very consistently with his bad opinion of Paul rejects the whole of his Epistles from forming part of the New Testament. It is not easy to see why he adopts a different idea with respect to the psalms of David, who was equally bad, unless it were that, as he says, he did not understand what he wrote. How is it then that the Editor can say in the face of these facts, "Can there be any doubt therefore that the Apostle of the Gentiles and the sweet singer of Israel were among the good, and that Louis XIV. may have been among the evil?" All this the Editor knows as well as we do; and if it were not that Swedenborg's lecture of St. Paul is calculated to damage the supposed interests of his sect, we should never have been put to the trouble of exposing his quibble.

The account of Louis XIV. was published by Swedenborg in

* " *Diarium Spirituale*," Nos. 3,728, 4,321, 4,412-13, and " *Diarium Minus*," Nos. 4,561-62 and 4,631.

1763, six years after the *Last Judgment*; so that there is no room for even the pretence that his final state is not described. Louis died in 1715.

"It was granted me to speak with Louis XIV., grandfather of the reigning King of France, who, whilst he lived on Earth worshipped the Lord, read the Word, and acknowledged the Pope only as the head of the Church; in consequence of which he had great dignity in the spiritual world, and governs the best society of the French nation. Once I saw him, as it were descended by ladders, and after he descended, I heard him saying, that he seemed to himself as if at Versailles, and then there was silence for about half an hour; at the end of that time, he said, that he had spoken with the King of France, his grandson, concerning the Bull Unigenitus, advising him to desist from his former design, and not to accept it, because it was detrimental to the French nation; he said, that he insinuated this into his thought profoundly. This happened in the year 1759, on the 13th of December, about eight o'clock in the evening."

"The case of George II. requires some little preface. In 1719 Swedenborg published anonymously in London five Latin treatises, *Heaven and Hell, New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine, the Last Judgment, the White Horse, the Earths in the Universe*. These, he relates, he "presented to all the Bishops and to many of the nobility." As a matter of course they were read with no attention. Seven or eight years passed away. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Bath, Worcester, Winchester, Exeter, Salisbury, and three Bishops of London, in the meanwhile died. Swedenborg met some of them in the World of Spirits, and inquired why they had neglected his books. They answered, that "they had both received and seen them, but that they did not think them of any value, although they were skilfully written; and, further, that they had dissuaded every one, as far as possible, from reading them. I asked the reason, when yet they contained arcana relating to Heaven and Hell and other important subjects, which were revealed by the Lord for the use of those who will be of his New Church which is the New Jerusalem." They replied, "what is that to us? we began to abuse them, as they had done on Earth." Then they read to them, Rev. xvi. 12. to 16, and they were pointedly informed that they and others like them were signified by the unclean spirits like frogs which came out of the mouths of the beast and the dragon, and the false prophet. At this juncture George II. who died in 1760, comes on the scene.

"This conversation with the Bishops was heard from Heaven.

of their King, the present King's" (George III.'s) "grandfather; who, with some degree of warmth, asked what was the matter." One of the party, who sympathised with Swedenborg, answered and set forth the theological difference between him and the bishops, and concluded "with exposing the hierarchy which any of them continually affect and also exercise, establishing it by the strict union and connection which they form with each other and all of their own order, by means of emissaries, messengers, letters, and conversations, supported by ecclesiastical, and at the same time by political authority, so that they are bound together like sticks in a faggot; and it was by means of that hierarchy that the above-mentioned works for the use of the new Jerusalem, although published in London, and presented to them, were so shamefully rejected, as not even to be thought worthy of a place in their catalogues.

"On hearing these things the King was astonished; but more especially at the thoughts they entertained concerning the Lord, and charity, which is the very essence of religion. The interiors of their mind and faith were then laid open by means of light from Heaven, on perceiving which the King said, 'Get you hence! alas! how is it possible for any one so to harden his heart against hearing anything that relates to Heaven and life eternal?'"

Enough! we daresay; but there follows a bit of information about ecclesiastical patronage as exercised in England, which by a great blundering may serve to indicate the value of other atonements which he would palm upon us as of divine authority, at which cannot, like it, be tested by experience.

"The King enquired by what means the clergy were kept so universally in subjection to the Bishops, and he was informed that it proceeded from the power which every Bishop has in his diocese of nominating for the King's approbation a single person to a living, and not three candidates, as in other kingdoms; and that in consequence of this power they have an opportunity of promoting their dependents to more distinguished honours and larger incomes, each one in proportion to his obedience."*

In another place Swedenborg describes George in "a society of the superior Heaven," and in the midst of Angels, and presents him in the act of lecturing two English Bishops and six hundred clergy in advocacy of Swedenborgian doctrine, and enquiring in the most natural way, Did I not tell you so and so on earth?†

It would be a waste of time to discuss the character of Louis XIV. and compare it with Swedenborg's account; or that of George II., which may be found within a very handy compass

* *Apocalypse Revealed*, No. 716.

† *Ibid*, No. 341.

in Thackeray's *Four Georges*; yet when we see him set high in Heaven and reproving Bishops who would neither read Swedenborg's books nor let any one else read them, a reminiscence from Carlyle will rise to memory:—

"Queen Caroline is dead." [George's able wife.] "Died she had lived, with much constancy of mind, with a graceful modest courage and endurance; sinking quietly under the load of private miseries long quietly kept hidden, but now become too heavy, and for which the appointed rest was now here. Little George blubbered a good deal: 'much put about, poor foolish little soul.' The dying Caroline recommended him to Walpole, advised his Majesty to marry again. 'Non, j'aurai de maitresses!' sobbed his Majesty passionately. 'Ah, non! Dieu cela n'empêche pas!' answered she from long experience of the case. There is something stoically tragic in the history of Caroline with her flighty vapouring little King: seldom but foolish husband so wise a wife."*

Our readers are now in possession of Swedenborg's testimony concerning David, Paul, Louis XIV. and George II. testimony quite familiar to the Editor of the *Intellectual Repository*, but possibly unknown, save by vague hearsay, to the majority of its readers, who have a right to complain that the Editor practised on their credulity.

The Editor can afford too to write of Spiritualists as guilty actions over which angels might weep. We are in no wise concerned to deny or defend the eccentricities of Spiritualists. It would be miraculous, indeed, if a movement of such vastness as modern Spiritualism were unattended with many indiscretions; but it is just here that an enlightened Spiritualist has a great advantage over the Swedenborgian. The Spiritualist has no fortress of dogma to defend. He has convictions, he has principles, but he frankly confesses their possible and probable imperfection; he values the knowledge he has acquired, but is ever learning, and he has a living faith, that God has far more to teach him than he has imagination to conceive. On the contrary the hard-shell Swedenborgian fancies the universe of truth is exhausted in Swedenborg's writings. Whatever is not in them, he rejects; whatever contradicts anything in them, he condemns as a delusion or a lie. An infallible Bible is bad enough; an infallible Pope is much worse, but an infallible Swedenborg is the worst of all. The infallibility of the Bible is mitigated by the pliability and diversity of its interpretations, and the infallibility of the Pope, by the many glories of the ancient corporation of which he is the head; but what is there to mitigate the

* Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, Vol. II. page 620.

hundred weight of infallibility contained in a uniform edition of Swedenborg's works? As Theodore Parker says, "A wise man may get many nice bits out of Swedenborg, and be the healthier for such eating; but if he swallows him whole, as the fashion is with his followers—why it lies hard in the stomach, and the man as a nightmare on him all his natural life." Whoever has had any acquaintance with thorough-going Swedenborgians must have noted the sterility of their minds. The faith of such in their Prophet acts like a blight—like a stiff nor'easter in which either bud nor blossom can put forth. If you had listened to a Swedenborgian preacher ten or twenty years ago, and were to hear him again to-morrow, you would hear the same formal and formal old tunes played invariable with the invariableness of death.

Nor is the deadness induced by the acceptance of Swedenborg as an infallible authority the worst evil. If his infallibility was accepted sincerely—if whatever he stated was held to be true and whatever contradicted him, to be untrue, that the Masoretic Hebrew text was immaculate, and that modern critics were mere dreamers, that the translation of Schmidius as adopted and amended by Swedenborg was divine and correct in every iota, and that Paul and David are Devils, and George II. and Louis XIV. are angels—the moral effect would not be so disastrous; the holders of the dogma might be silly, but they need not be dishonest. On the contrary they have sense enough to feel the force of the objections brought against them, but instead of yielding to the truth as Spiritualists would, they fence, they explain, they accommodate, they equivocate, and so it comes to pass, that as it is said, Swedenborgian can answer anything. "Than the love of truth because it is truth," says Swedenborg, "no other Divine grace is given to Man, Spirit, and Angel; in that affection they are heaven and all its blessedness." Such grace should not be shunned by the orthodox Swedenborgian; who, however, seems as if he dare not love any truth which does not bear the image and superscription of his Swedish master. He cannot leave all and follow Christ—Christ the symbol and eternal substance of truth—because he must wait on Swedenborg.

It is only its insignificance which preserves the Swedenborgian sect as it now exists from extinction. The few who attend its chapels are too busy or too lazy to form an exact acquaintance with the voluminous writings of the author whose name they bear. They know as much or as little of Swedenborg as Calvinists in general know of Calvin. Some of them are very anxious to attract public attention by tracts and advertisements; but do they ever consider what would be the result if the British public and press yielded to their solicitation and

commenced to explore Swedenborg from end to end? Do they imagine the public and the press would read just what they allowed them? It is very easy for Swedenborgian champions to meet and overthrow Dr. Brindley and Iconoclast, but they would find very different antagonists then. How would they like to be plied at home and abroad with such questions as, "do you believe Paul is in Hell—do you?" And a score of others, quite as piquant, but which we refrain from casting into shape, having no desire to introduce fresh matter, or to create new scandal. There are Britons with pluck enough to endure any obloquy in a righteous cause, but we will undertake to say there are not a score Englishmen who would stand by Swedenborg and maintain his infallibility if his life and writings became familiar public property, and certainly an Englishwoman. Let his adherents not tempt fate. The Swedenborgian Editor knows discretion to be the better part of valor, but if he wishes to carry this subject any further we shall be able to renew it with him on the shortest notice.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF REMARKABLE MEN

NOT long after the death of a late illustrious poet, [Byron] who had filled, when living, a great station in the public eye, literary friend, [Scott], to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which profess to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the writer had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance hall rather fantastically fitted up with articles of arms, skins of wild animals and the like. It was when laying down the book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak stood right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which his fancy (?) had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities and posture of the illustrious poet.

Here is an incident in the life of Goëthe, related by himself. The poet describes his taking leave of Frederika: "Those were

painful days, of which I remember nothing. When I held out my hand to her from my horse, the tears were in her eyes, and I felt sad at heart. As I rode along the foot-path to Drusenheim a strange phantasy took hold of me. I saw in my mind's eye my own figure riding towards me, attired in a dress I had never worn—pique gray, with silver lace. I shook off this phantasy, but eight years afterwards I found myself on the very road going to visit Frederika, and that too, in the very dress I had seen myself in the phantasm, although my wearing it was accidental."

Richelieu had occasional attacks of insanity, in which he fancied himself a horse; he would prance around the billiard-table, neighing, and kicking out at the servants, and making a great noise, until, exhausted by fatigue, he suffered himself to be put to bed and well covered up. On waking he remembered nothing that passed.

Dr. Johnson declared that he once distinctly heard his mother call to him "Samuel!" when she was many miles distant. Luther, believed that Satan frequently appeared to him, not only to have inkstands thrown at his sophisticated head, but to get into the reformer's bed, and lie beside him. Jeanne d'Arc gloried in her celestial visions.

Pope believed that he once saw an arm projecting from the wall of his room. Albertus Magnus had a vision of the Virgin, who asked him whether he preferred excelling in theology or in philosophy; he chose the latter, whereupon she told him that he would be incomparable in it, but as a punishment for his rejection of theology, he was to sink into complete imbecility before he died.—*The Rising Tide, U.S.A.*

DEATH AND LIFE.

Two spectators—one on this side of the grave, and the other beyond it—stand and look at death. One, as he looks from this side, sees only that part which relates to the physical condition. The other, *looking through angelic eyes*, beholds that part which relates to the *spiritual* being. They both look at one and the same thing, and one sees decay, while the other sees growth. One sees death, while the other sees life. One sees downfall, and the other sees uprising. One sees the end of this state, and the other sees the beginning of that state. One sees weakness, and the other sees strength. One sees dishonour, and the other sees honour. One sees mortality consummated, and the other sees immortality begun.—REV. H. W. BEECHER.

THE MAID OF ORLACH.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF DEMONIC POSSESSION IN GERMANY.

AMONGST the valuable contributions made by Dr. Justinus Kerner to the literature of psychology, none is more important, or at the present moment more interesting, than a small volume published by him in 1834, and entitled *Geschichten Besessener neuerer Zeit* (Histories of Modern Possession).

Profoundly acquainted with the mysterious phenomena exhibited both by the insane, by persons subjected to the treatment of Mesmerism, and by natural somnambulists—through the entire series of which phenomena runs a marked relationship—discovered in the group of mental and physical phenomena presented by persons proclaiming themselves possessed of evil spirits, certain special characteristics, which he regards as being of so distinct a nature as to warrant their division into a separate class, and of so interesting a description as to demand the most serious consideration, not alone of the man of science, but of the student of theology.

Himself firmly convinced, through years of personal observation, of the constant, immediate, and frequently constant operation of the world of disembodied spirit upon the world of spirit incarnate, the gospel theory of "Possession" presented Dr. Kerner's mind no intellectual difficulties—on the contrary it appeared to him at once the most simple and the most logical solution of this mysterious affliction, which, as Dr. Kerner's book proves, is still terrifically rife in the world, and has ever been rife throughout the long vista of the past, extending in one vast, mournful line of uninterrupted succession, to our own time from the days when our Lord yet walked upon the earth, laying his benign hands upon the "possessed," casting forth from their convulsed bodies their tormenting demons, in the presence and might of that Divine Power which alone can do, did, or ever will bid them depart.

Dr. Kerner, in an introduction to his little volume, brings a considerable amount of erudition to bear upon this much-disputed fact of possession; seeking to prove by the testimony of innumerable writers of the middle ages, of the Christian Fathers, of Jewish Rabbis, and Greek and Roman Poets and Historians, that these afflicted individuals, existing in all ages, under all circumstances, have and do exhibit precisely the same phenomena, mental and physical, and with common consent persistently proclaim the cause of their sufferings to proceed from the possession of their bodies by the disembodied

pirits of evil men, which sufferings can alone be terminated by the expulsion of the evil spirits, through the medium of exorcism and prayer and laying on of hands.

The first continuous narrative to be met with in Dr. Kerner's volume, and containing probably not only every known phase of "moniac" possession, but every known phase of haunting by earth-bound spirits, is as follows:—

"In the small village of Orlach, in the Oberamt Hall, in Württemberg, lived a peasant named Grombach. He was a Lutheran Protestant, and much respected by his neighbours. His family was God-fearing, although by no means pietistic. Their life was like that of all peasants—one of incessant labour, both in farm-yard and field. Grombach had four children, all occupied in agriculture; but his daughter Magdalene was his most industrious child. Threshing, hemp-beating, and mowing were her occupation from earliest dawn till late at night. Although labour of the hands came easily to her, school learning came with difficulty, and she never acquired much skill in book learning. She had never during her whole life suffered from illness, but was a strong, healthy, happy child of nature.

"In February, 1831, strange things began to occur in the cow-house. A new cow purchased by Grombach was found repeatedly fastened to a part of the cow-house different from that to which Grombach had fastened her. Grombach was the more struck by this circumstance from having assured himself that none of his own people had played a trick with the cow. Suddenly, the tails of the three cows would be plaited in the most artistic manner, as though a skilled lace-weaver had executed the work, and then fastened the three tails together. When the tails were unplaited, they would speedily be found woven together again by invisible hands, and this with the most incredible rapidity, three or four times in the course of the day. His marvel continued to occur for several weeks, four or five times in the day; neither, spite of the greatest watchfulness, could human agency be discovered.

"About this time the daughter Magdalene received, once when she was sitting milking, a box on the ear from an invisible hand, which struck her so violently that the cap flew off from her head against the wall, from whence it was picked up by her mother, who entered the cow-house, attracted thither by the sudden cry which she had uttered. A mysterious cat and bird appeared and disappeared in the cow-house no one knew how. Similar spiritual freaks continued to occur throughout 1831. On the 8th of February, 1832, whilst Magdalene was busied with her brother cleaning out the cow-house, a clear fire was suddenly served burning within it. These flames, which were seen

by the neighbours, were speedily extinguished. The Grombach family were greatly perplexed by this burning, not knowing how it could have originated except through the agency of evil-disposed persons. This bursting forth of flame repeated itself on the 9th, 10th and 11th of February, until at length at the urgent request of Grombach watchers were placed by the police day and night within the house; spite of which the flames burst forth in various parts of the cottage. Grombach now emptied the house of furniture, but the burning still continued to show itself, now here, now there, in the empty dwelling.

“A few days after the last burning, one morning at half-past six, when Magdalene entered the cow-house she heard the whimpering, as it were, of a child in the corner of the wall. Grombach's cottage had in part a very old wall in its foundation. This she mentioned immediately to her father, who went into the cow-house, but heard nothing.

“About half-past eight on the same day, the girl saw in the back of the cow-shed, upon the wall, a grey, shadowy form of a woman, whose head and body appeared closely swathed. The apparition motioned to the girl with her hand. An hour later when she was foddering the cattle, the same figure appeared to her, and began to say to her as follows:—“Remove the house, remove the house. If it be not removed before the 5th of March of next year, a misfortune will befall you. Return, however, to the present, at once into the house. If the house had been burnt, it would have happened through the evil wishes of an evil spirit. I have prevented this by protecting you. But unless the house be destroyed before the 5th of March of the coming year, I cannot protect you from a misfortune. Now promise me that the house shall be destroyed.” The girl gave her promise to that effect. Her father and brother were present and heard the girl speaking, but otherwise neither heard nor saw anything. According to the girl's account, the voice was a female one, and the language High-German.

“After this the female spirit appeared at various times to her, once whilst she was in bed, and conversed freely with her, telling her that her name had been Anna Maria, that she had been born at Orlach on the 12th of September, 1412 (Magdalene was born on the 12th of September, 1812), that she had been put into a convent against her will when she was fourteen, and confessed upon Magdalene's questioning her, that she had been guilty of sin, the particulars of which she could not reveal. The ghost always spoke in a religious manner, making use of texts which Magdalene would not, herself have remembered, and usually praying the 112th Psalm. “You will naturally suppose,” the ghost once observed, “that being a nun, I know nothing about

the Bible, but I know almost all that is in it." She appeared to read the thoughts of the girl before they were expressed in words. Once, when Magdalene wished that she should manifest herself to other persons, the spirit sighed, exclaiming, "O, God, were I only released!" became very sorrowful, and vanished. Magdalene frequently questioned her as to the reason of her great suffering, and of her being bound to so evil a companion; and why the house must come down. To all which questions he returned only evasive answers, or sighed.

"From February till May, this spirit appeared at various times, always speaking in a religious manner, and referring with much distress to her connection with the Black Spirit. At length he said that she should not be able to present herself again for a considerable period, during which time Magdalene would be subjected to persecution from her evil companion, but that she must continue steadfast, and return him no answer. Frequently the spirit foretold events which were about to occur, as that such and such a person would come on the morrow, &c.

"On St. John's day, when all the family were at church except Magdalene, who was remaining at home to prepare the dinner, suddenly she heard, whilst standing at the hearth, the report of an explosion in the cow-house. She was rushing out to see what had occurred, when she beheld a heap of yellow eggs upon the hearth; she was on the point of lifting them up her apron to keep this new kind of frog to shew to her parents upon their return, when a voice seemed to call up out of the ground to her, "Magdalene, let the frogs go," when, behold, they had vanished.

"After this commenced a terrible time of persecution. Magdalene, going forth in the early dawn to the meadow with her father to mow, would now hear a voice, as though it were that of a neighbour, calling upon her to stop, and that he would go along with her, then followed scornful laughter, and she would receive the apparitions of animals, now a black cat, dog, foal, and a black horse without a head, none, however, of which could be seen by her father. Once, at mid-day, whilst she was raking the hay, a black man came to her, walked beside her up and down the meadow, and said to her, 'That's a regular bag-bones that comes to thee, what does she want? Thou must turn her no answer, she is a very bad person. But answer me, then I will give thee the key to the cellar beneath your house. There are lying in it eight firkins of the oldest wine, and many, many valuable things. Thy old father could make himself rich with that wine for a long time, it is worth something, I can tell thee.' Then he laughed contemptuously, and vanished. On the 4th of July at three o'clock in the morning, a black man

without a head appeared, and said, 'Magdalene, help me to make hay to-day, I'll give thee for every swath, a French dollar. If thou wouldst only see how beautiful my dollars are, thou wouldst certainly help me to make hay. If thou wilt only help me, I'll give thee beer also, the next time I go into the cell.' The black man always laughed contemptuously when he spoke such words as these, and in departing, said, 'Thou art just a bag-of-bones, like the one who comes to thee;' meaning the white spirit. Again, at five o'clock, he appeared to her, wishing to sharpen her scythe, and promising her money. At noon, also, walking behind her, and turning the hay with a rake which he carried in his hand, and endeavouring as usual to make Magdalene speak to him, saying, amongst other things, 'Thou must have a mass said, Magdalene; in order that the weather keep fine thou must have a mass said.' Both Magdalene and the district were Protestant.

"The black man's dress reminded Magdalene of that of a monk, and a monk he later on declared himself to be. On the 5th and 6th of July he again appeared to her in the hay-field, imitating the voices of her neighbours, and endeavouring to induce her to speak to him, but in vain. He was full of fear because Magdalene's father had taken a Bible with him as a means of exorcism, constantly repeating that the mass was much better, much grander, &c. On the 8th of July he appeared in the hay-field to her, whilst she was making a bed, and nearly succeeded in causing her to speak, through assuming the voice of a friend of hers, the servant of the inn at Orlach, but catching a glimpse of a black monk's figure she in time avoided replying. On the 10th, whilst she was giving the cattle water, at a retired well in the woods, the black spirit came and said to her in the voice of her neighbour Hansel, 'Thy father told me to come to thee here in the woods, fearing that the black monk should arrive and get an answer from thee, which might cause thee much ill-luck. Now therefore I am come, and the monk is not now with thee, is he? But now I will also say something to thee. Yesterday, when I was at your house,—it was yesterday, was it not? or was it the day before?—and thou wast carrying my little lad in thy arms, and went into the garden. When we were alone thy father spoke very angrily about thee, and said that he could never keep thee at home; that he must send thee away, either into a convent—or not that odd of thy father?—or get thee married. This is what thy father said, and I cannot say that I think he is very wrong. Now what dost thou say to the convent? When I was a soldier I was once in a convent, and it's not so bad as people think. Now thy friend, the landlord's daughter, is thinking of going into a convent. Wilt thou do so likewise, or wilt thou marry? Speak and tell me. If thou art inclined to marry, I know the right fellow.

Whom dost thou think? Then thou canst do what thou likest. But if thou goest into the convent thou need'st do nothing. What is the reason the landlord's Catherine is going into a convent; she likes to do nothing. Well, whether thou wilt marry or go to a convent, thou shalt have no more hay to stack. Are you pleased with your rick? Heh?—' The girl gave him no answer. Although the Black Spirit could disguise his voice he could not entirely disguise his figure, and thus she recognized him. But as he had said, neighbour Hansel (in his own person) that evening helped her with the rick, without knowing the promise that had been made for him by the black monk at noon, in his name.

"About this time Magdalene and her sister discovered upon a beam in the cow-house, a small bag, which as it fell down was spoiled. She opened it and found within it several *thalers* and smaller coin, altogether about eleven *gulden*. It was inexplicable how the money had come there. No one in the house had missed it and no one else claimed it. Then appeared the Black Spirit and said, 'Magdalene! that is thine, that is for the box on the table which I gave thee in the cow-house one day. That money I have taken from a gentleman in H——, who has cheated to the amount of six Carolines. Thank me for this, Magdalene!' But whether did this make her speak to him. In the evening the White Spirit appeared and said, 'It is well that thou didst not reply to my speeches. And that money thou must not keep, but thou must give it to the poor.' A third of the money was given to the Orphan House, in Stuttgart; a third to the Orphanage, at Orlach; and the last third to the school-fund of Orlach. The White Spirit further said, 'The next time that thou art in Orlach, walk straight through the town, until some one calls thee; I will give thee a present of money, and with this purchase thyself a hymn book.' Soon after this Magdalene really went to Orlach, and as she was passing along the street, a shop-keeper called her into his shop, and asked her whether she was the girl from Orlach, about whom he had heard; asked her to relate what had occurred to her, and then gave her a gulden, with which she immediately purchased herself a hymn book.

"On the 15th of July, early in the morning, when she was quite alone, the Black Spirit appeared to her under the form of a bear, and said, 'Now I've hit it, finding thee alone! Give me an answer! I've given thee money enough! Why dost thou give that bag-of-bones an answer, and she promises thee money? What is the worth of thy miserable life? Thou dost nothing but trouble from early in the morning till late at night—clearing out the stable, milking the cows, mowing, threshing! Only give me one answer, and thou shalt be rich all thy life, and need'st not worry thyself ever again! Only one answer,

and I'll trouble thee no more, and that bag-of-bones, who only tells lies, and never gives thee anything, will come no more either. But if thou dost *not* answer me, then thou shalt see how I will plague thee !'

" From this time forth the Black Spirit appeared under the threatening aspect of some abominable animal, as that of a bear, a serpent, or a crocodile. Now he promised her money; now he threatened her with torture. In her distress she many times held the Bible up towards him, upon which he would vanish.

" On the 21st of August the spirit appeared to her in the form of a monster with his neck in the centre of his body. She was sitting upon a bench knitting. She fell into a swoon, only exclaiming, 'The Black One.' She lay unconscious several hours, and similar attacks followed each other throughout the course of the ensuing day. She struck at everything which approached her with the left arm and the left foot. Especially violent was the movement of the left side of her body when the Bible was brought near it.

" The parents sent for a clergyman and a doctor, this strange condition of their daughter being inexplicable to them. When the physician asked whether she had cramp, she replied, 'No.' 'Art thou otherwise ill?' 'No.' 'What is then the matter?' 'The Black Spirit,' she replied. 'Where is he?' 'There,' and with this she struck her left side with her right hand.

" She was bled both with a lancet and with leeches. She was in a magnetic, sleep-waking condition, and said to the physician, 'This will do no good. I am not ill, you are giving yourself needless trouble. No physician can help me.' 'Who, then, can help thee?' was asked. Whereupon, she suddenly woke, and said joyfully, 'I am helped!' and when asked who had helped her, she replied, 'The lady has helped me' (the White Spirit).

" She now related that upon her fall, the Black Spirit in a horrible form had flown upon her, pressed her down, and endeavoured to throttle her, unless there and then she would answer him. That just as she was at the point of death, the White Spirit had appeared, and placed herself at her right side, the Black Spirit still standing at her left, when it appeared to her that the two spirits contended together in an unknown tongue, speaking quite loud. At length the Black Spirit had given way to the White Spirit, and she came to herself. She knew nothing regarding the questions which had been put to her while in this mysterious swoon.

" She now wept much, bewailing her strange condition, and especially because people said that she had attacks of *gout*. On the 23rd of August, whilst she was still unhappy regarding these things, the White Spirit appeared, and said, 'God greet

thee, Magdalene! Do not distress thyself. Thou art not ill. No one can understand this. However often thou mayst swoon, I will always protect thee, so that no harm shall happen to thee, and this shall be an example to unbelievers. People will say, why does such a spirit come to a girl who knows nothing, who has learnt nothing, who is worth nothing? And the spirit was a nun, and nuns know nothing except about Maria and their little crosses. These people know not that it is written, 'And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.' Even when doctors and learned people come to see thee, they will not know all. Some of them will say, 'she is crazed,' others that 'she is in a trance,' others that 'she is epileptic.' But nothing of all this shall trouble thee, Magdalene, what thou hast, is none of these things, and upon the 5th of March of next year thy sufferings will have an end.' Upon this, the spirit prayed the 112th Psalm, and vanished.

"From this time the girl's father made preparation to pull down his house and build up a new one, however strange his conduct might seem in the eyes of his neighbours.

"The White Spirit, appearing on another occasion, told Magdalene, in connection with many holy and comforting texts from Scripture, that soon the Black Spirit would gain full possession of her body, but that she should be consoled; for each time that this mysterious condition fell upon her, she, the White Spirit would be there, and would conduct her soul into a place of safety, away from her body, possessed by the Black Spirit.

"From the 25th of August, her struggles with the Black Spirit became continually more violent, and he appeared to enter into her body and spake out of her mouth with his demoniac speech. The process was, from her account, as follows:— She would see, even when in the midst of her work, the figure of a man clothed in a monk's frock, formed, as it were, of black mist, the countenance she could never accurately describe. And this figure would approach her. Then she would hear him utter a few words, generally the following; 'Wilt thou still give me no answer? Take care, I shall plague thee.' And as she steadfastly preserved silence, he would say, 'Now I will enter thy body in spite of thee.' Whereupon, she would always feel him tread upon her left side, seize her with five cold fingers at

the back of her neck, and with this seizure enter her. At this moment her consciousness appeared lost; even her individuality. She, Magdalene, no longer appeared to inhabit her body, but a bass voice spoke forth from her, not in her own character, but in that of the monk. The speeches uttered through her lips during these mysterious conditions of body were worthy of a demon.

“Magdalene lay during the whole time with her head sunk towards her left side, and her eyes firmly closed. If the eyelid were raised, the pupil would be discovered turned upwards. The left foot constantly moved up and down upon the ground throughout the attack, which frequently lasted four or five hours. The boards would be rubbed smooth by the friction of the bare foot, her shoes and stockings being removed, and occasionally blood would be discovered upon the sole, although not the slightest abrasure could be observed on the skin. The sole, as well as the whole foot, would remain cold as ice. Upon her awakening, she would feel nothing the matter with her foot, but would be able to walk a distance of many miles. Her right foot would remain warm. Her awakening was like that of a person out of a magnetic sleep. A struggle appeared to take place between the right and left side (between good and evil), the head would move itself from right to left, until it fell upon the right side, at which movement the Black Spirit would depart out of her, and her own spirit return to her body. Upon awakening she would retain no recollection of what had occurred, nor of what the Spirit had spoken out of her lips. Usually it appeared to her that she had been to church, then having prayed and sung with the congregation. This was the fulfilment of the promise of the White Spirit to protect her soul whilst her body was inhabited by the Black Spirit. The Black Spirit, when with her, would answer to questions. Holy names out of the Bible, nay, the very word holy, the Spirit appeared unable to pronounce. A Bible held near to the girl's body excited the greatest indignation of the Spirit; he would endeavour to spit upon it, but in vain, and his voice would sound like the hissing of a serpent. He would speak of God with a kind of terror, ‘The worst of it,’ he would say, ‘is, that my master has also a master.’ A wish, and even a hope, would at times gleam through his words, that he might perhaps be converted; and not so much his evil will appeared to withhold him from conversion, so much as the doubt in the possibility of his being pardoned and becoming happy.

“It was not surprising that physicians should regard the condition of the young girl as that produced by a natural sickness, considering the scepticism with which they regard even the scriptural accounts of demoniac possession.

“Neither did I myself in the least strengthen the parents of the girl in their belief in her demoniac possession, when, at my request, after the condition had lasted five months, she was brought to my house, where she remained some weeks under my careful observation. I did not strengthen their belief, in order that thereby I might the more clearly investigate the case. I pronounced her sufferings, however, such as no ordinary medical means would suffice to relieve. I prescribed to the girl herself no other remedy beyond prayer and spare diet. The influence of magnetic passes, which I endeavoured a few times to make over her, was immediately neutralized by the Demon himself, who made counter passes with the girl’s hand. Thus mesmeric, and indeed every other mode of treatment, were unemployed by me, who recognized in her a demoniac-magnetic condition, and confided in the divination of the White Spirit, who foretold her recovery on the 5th of March. Thus believing, I allowed her, without any anxiety, to return again to her parent’s house in Orlach, in precisely the same condition as that in which she had come to me. I had, however, thoroughly convinced myself, after long and careful observations, that there was not the least dissimulation, not the slightest willing exaggeration on the part of the young girl in her attacks. I most earnestly advised the parents to make no exhibition of their daughter’s condition; to keep her attacks as much as possible secret; to admit no strangers to witness them, nor yet to address questions to the Demon; conditions which I myself, on account of the girl’s health, had myself observed whilst she was with me. It was, however, owing to no negligence on the part of the girl’s parents, to whom their daughter’s condition was a great affliction, that these suggestions of mine were not followed, but owing to the curiosity of the outer world. Crowds of inquisitive people streamed to the otherwise unknown village of Orlach, to see and hear the miraculous girl in her paroxysms, which brought about this one good result at all events, that many persons besides myself were convinced of the peculiarity of her condition. One called, amongst many uncalled witnesses, was Pastor Gerber, who saw Magdalene in her last attack, and printed his observations regarding her case in the *Didaskalia*.

“On the 4th of March, at six o’clock in the morning, whilst the girl was in her chamber in her parents’ house—preparations for the pulling down of which were already making—the White Spirit suddenly appeared to her. She presented so dazzlingly bright an appearance that Magdalene could not long gaze upon her. Her face and hands were covered with a glittering white veil. She wore a long glittering white robe, which fell around her in rich folds and concealed her feet. She said to the girl
No human being can bring a soul into heaven, for that purpose

did the Saviour appear and suffer in the world, but the earthly things which still cling to me and drag me downwards can be removed through thee, since the sins which weigh upon me I can confess to the world through thy lips. O let no one wait until the end, but confess all his sins before his departure from the earth.' Having said this, she made through Magdalene's lips a confession of her sins and sorrows, the purport being that she had been seduced by a monk—the Black Spirit—who had been guilty of fearful crimes; had lived some years in sinful union with him, and partially betraying his wickedness, had herself been murdered by him. Concluding her confession, she stretched forth her white hand towards the girl, who not daring to touch the hand itself, held out her pocket-handkerchief. She felt a pull at the handkerchief and saw it sparkle. The spirit thanked the girl for having obeyed her and assured her that henceforth she was freed from earthly things. She then prayed—'Jesus, receive us sinners,' and Magdalene still heard her praying after she had ceased to behold her. Whilst the White Spirit stood before her, the girl saw always near her a black dog, which spit fire against the spirit, but which, however, did not seem to touch her. A large hole, as of the inside of a hand, was found on the handkerchief: above it five smaller ones, as of the thumb and fingers. There was no smell of burning about the holes, neither was any perceived by Magdalene when she saw the handkerchief sparkling. Almost helpless from terror, Magdalene was carried from her chamber into the house of a neighbour peasant—Bernhard Fischer, Grombach being anxious to accelerate the pulling down of his dwelling.

"Scarcely had Magdalene entered the neighbouring house when the Black Spirit appeared to her. He now had a tuft, or tassel of white upon his head, whereas he had hitherto always appeared entirely black. He said, 'Well, you see I'm here? Thou canst see something white now upon me.' Having said this, he approached her, seized her with a cold hand in the back of her neck, she lost consciousness, and he had entered her bodily frame. Her countenance, writes an eye-witness, was pale, and her eyes firmly closed. The pupils of the eyes were discovered turned upward and inward when the lids were lifted. The whole eye appeared also to have sunk. The pulse beat as usual. The left side was perceptibly colder than the right, and the left foot moved incessantly. From Sunday night until Tuesday at noon, the girl took no food. Thus incessantly was she possessed by the spirit. At first the demon announced that he could not depart before half-past twelve o'clock on the following day (which took place). Then he said, 'Had I followed what is written in Peter, I should not now have been here: For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us,

leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps, who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously; who, in his own self, bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.'

"During the day an immense multitude assembled in Orlach to see the girl, and question the Demon. According to the declaration of the questioners, he replied in a satisfactory manner, especially regarding castles, convents, and the antiquities of the neighbourhood. Several impertinent questions he put aside in jest, or with some witty reply. At night, when, according to the orders of the police, the press of staring people had diminished, the Demon is said to have prayed, and observed with joy that he could speak the words, Jesus, the Bible, Heaven, and the Church; that he could pray, and hear the sound of church-bells. Had he only inclined himself, during the summer, to good, he said, that things would even have been better with him. Having made a full confession of his horrible crimes, he observed, 'My belief was, that it was with man after his death, even as with the beast when he is slain, that where the tree falls, there it lies. But—but it is—quite different—there comes the reckoning after death.' On the following day the Demon expressed himself with perfect correctness regarding the condition of the former Monastery of Krailsheim. He then once more appeared to fall into doubt regarding the mercy which would be vouchsafed him when he quitted the old spot and the girl. 'This evening,' he said, 'I must appear for the second time before the judgment-seat with the other one,' meaning the White Spirit. It was half-past eleven in the morning when the workmen came to the last remains of a piece of the wall which formed the corner of the house, and which was of an entirely different construction to the rest of the building. It was evidently a piece of very ancient masonry. At the very moment when these last remains were pulled down, although this took place where it was invisible to Magdalene, with a movement of her head towards the right side three times repeated, she suddenly opened her eyes. The demon had departed, and she had returned to her normal condition. Pastor Gerber thus describes, as an eye-witness, what occurred the moment after the demolition of the piece of old masonry. 'At this moment, turning her head towards the right, she opened her eyes, which were clear, and filled with an expression of astonishment upon beholding the number of persons who

surrounded and gazed at her. In a moment, it occurred to her what had happened. She covered her face with her hands, as if to conceal her confusion, began to weep, rose up, staggering like a person still overpowered with heavy sleep, and went out. I looked at my watch, it was just half-past eleven. Never shall I forget the astonishing character of this spectacle. Never the astounding transformation from the disfigured, demoniac countenance of—what shall I say?—the sick girl, to the purely human, cheerful countenance of the newly awakened one; from the hollow, repellant voice of the evil spirit, to the accustomed sounds of the maiden's voice; from the partially paralyzed, partially restless possessed body, to that of the beautiful, healthful young form, which, as by a stroke of magic, stood before us. Every one rejoiced, every one congratulated the parents and the girl herself upon this release, for these good people fully believed that the Black Spirit had now appeared for the last time. The father, after this, shewed me the burnt handkerchief which his daughter had held in her hand when the White Spirit had taken her departure. It was evident that the holes in it had been produced by fire.'

"Upon subsequent removal of the rubbish, a well-like hole was discovered, about twenty feet deep, and ten feet wide. Within this, as also amongst the rubbish of the house, were discovered the brown remains of human bones, some of them bones of children (doubtless the remains of the victims of the monk's wickedness, and to whose murders he had fully confessed). Magdalene from henceforth remained in health, nor was ever again troubled by apparitions."

In conclusion, the translator of this history would suggest certain inferences with which her mind has been startled while studying the above romantic, and other less romantic histories of demoniac possession, not only recorded in the pages of books, but on the page of real every-day life.

Wherefore is it, that almost invariably; it is upon individuals of a religious, unworldly, guileless, and innocent nature, that this infestation of demons falls, usually upon youths, upon young girls, women, and even upon little children?

Wherefore is it, that neither crime, nor evil disposition, nor dissolute habits of life appear to exist as the attracting causes of the demoniac presence?

Wherefore is it, that the bodies thus ruthlessly tormented and racked, are singularly robust, unpre-disposed to disease, and frequently endowed, not only with health and strength, but with remarkable beauty? Thus, that the individuals afflicted by demoniac possession, are in their spiritual and physical natures apparently opposed to such affliction.

Wherefore is it, that the demons, as if impelled by an inscrutable doom, are ever seeking, not only to incarnate themselves in these pure, fleshly tabernacles, so unwillingly yielded up by their rightful inmates, to the usurpation of demoniac uncleanness, but when once admitted into these dwellings, clean "swept and garnished," appear still ever impelled by their inscrutable doom, to make through innocent, borrowed lips, confession of monstrous crimes committed in far-off days, together with descriptions of their present purgatorial torments?

Wherefore is it, that after this confession has been wrung from the unclean self-accusers, through the pressure of this same inscrutable doom, they announce themselves as partially loosed from the weight of the anguish of recollection, from the weight of those mysterious chains which still bind them down to the scene of former crime, hinting in strange words of an approaching reappearance before the judgment-seat of God?

Wherefore is it, that another class of disembodied spirits, less debased than the tormentors, yet nevertheless earth-bound and in intimate connection with their fate; at once victims, fellow-sufferers, and instigators to higher life, appear upon the scene as protectors of the suffering, victimised human beings, whose robust, clean bodies appear to have been granted for a time as the mysterious combat ground for a more than mortal conflict?

Wherefore is it, that if the body of the "possessed" be subjected to such violent ill-usage, the soul belonging to that body should be watched over, consoled, and kept from contact with impurity in a manner so entirely superhuman?

Assuredly in all these facts the mind of an intelligent spectator must recognize a marvellous coherence of action, tending towards some sublime end, and the thrilling suggestion must occur, becoming ever stronger and clearer, that possibly the key to the solution of the direful mystery of possession, is nothing less than a new revelation of a truth, ancient as the most ancient mythology, and the central fact of the Christian Dispensation—*salvation wrought out through vicarious suffering*. That, possibly, whilst witnessing the paroxysms of a "Maid of Orlach," the spectator has beheld the acts of an unutterably affecting "Divine Drama," planned by the Poet of Poets, where the actors are disembodied spirits, where the stage is the fleshly body of humanity, and where the final act will be—progression of all the actors towards God—yes, progression—slow though it may be—even of the blackest Demons of the lowest hells.

A. M. H. W.

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

THE rapidity with which events of a spiritual kind have followed each other during the last four or five months, has prevented us noticing what has been doing in the same field on the Continent. After all it does not appear to have been much in France. The various journals hold on their way steadily, and even increase. Bordeaux had lately its four *Spirite* journals; two fortnightly, two weekly. Three of these are now incorporated in one, *L'Union Spirite Bordelaise*. Toulouse has its *Medium Evangelique*, and to these, on the 5th of March, was added at Marseilles, *L'Echo d'Outre Tombe*. All these, be it understood, are of the Kardec Re-incarnation school. As for the journals of the general spiritual class, we have no good account of them, and M. Piérart has devoted his *Revue Spiritualiste* for the last two months entirely to a Spiritualistic Opera, by Dr. Clever Maldigny, called "Swedenborg." This opera is based on the biography of Swedenborg, and is declared by Dr. Maldigny to have been given mediumistically. It is a very able and artistic production, and if brought out with all the advantages of music and scenery would, no doubt, produce a grand effect. This, however, is not likely to take place till Spiritualism is more in the ascendant in France than at present, notwithstanding its rapid growth.

It is worthy of note that the journals of the Kardec school so far as we have seen them, do not take the least notice whatever of this opera. The *Avenir* of Paris, which appears weekly, and is very ably written, but greatly wants facts, has not a word to say about it. So here we have the first fruits of the new faith in France. Spiritualism is there divided into two sects already, and instead of showing that it has imbibed more of the spirit of Christianity than the old religious sects and parties, immediately puts forth the old cloven foot of faction and ungenerous rivalry, instead of a common soul of love and union. Neither sect will notice the existence of the other. It is not the glorious truth of spiritual return to Christian brotherhood which animates them, but the old devil of division and bitterness. Of what use is more knowledge if it lead to no better fruits?

It is greatly to be regretted that the main object of the Kardecian journals seems to be, not the demonstration of the great and constantly recurring facts of Spiritualism, but the deification of Kardec's absurd doctrine of Re-incarnation. To this doctrine, which even if it were true has nothing specially to do with Spiritualism, has neither a single leg of reason, fact, nor Scripture to stand upon, in any sense in which they advocate it.

all the strength and almost all the space of these journals is devoted. Evidently aware that it is their weak point, and that it is a mere excrescence on Spiritualism, they are incessantly pushing it forward in long articles and in all ways. It seems, indeed, that Frenchmen cannot take up a new idea without rushing off with it into the regions of wild extravagance. We have M. Pezzani week after week, in *L'Avenir*, endeavouring to prove to us that we all originate in oysters, as oysters, he contends, originate in infusoria or some more infinitesimally invisible monads of life. Arriving at our present manhood, another writer, under the cognomen of Eraste, tells us to prepare to migrate through all the planets of this solar system, some thirty-six or more in number, undergoing, of course, as many deaths and fresh births into new bodies! A comfortable prospect indeed. And these people call themselves Christians! The Christian religion not only not affording a particle of ground whatever for any such faith, but distinctly denying it. "It is appointed unto men *once* to die; and after that to judgment."—Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, ix. 27. That is the sacred avowal of the Christian Scriptures, and not such wild, insane, and contemptible balderdash as this dying and living again in one new fleshly body after another, for ages. These Kardeccians seem to think that we cannot be disciplined to virtue and moral progress in the infinite regions of spirit-life, just as well and better than in a succession of physical prison-houses. The Christian looks forward to a happier and more glorious advance, through continually refining *spiritual* spheres; a progress through those "many mansions" which Our Saviour announced to us; and to which he went, inviting first the unhappy souls in the lower spheres of the spiritual world, during his three days of bodily death, instead of sending them back to fresh incarnations. These souls, according to St. Peter, had been waiting in these lower regions of the spiritual world since the time of Noah, many of them, yet God had not sent them back again to earth, to expiate their sins in new bodies, which he would have done long ago, had this Re-incarnation doctrine a single iota of truth in it.

These are the things which give the enemies of Spiritualism a real handle against it; these are the things which bring it into contempt with sober minds. Re-incarnation is a doctrine which cuts up by the roots all individual identity in the future existence. It desolates utterly that dearest yearning of the human heart for reunion with its loved ones in a permanent world. If some are to go back, and back, and back into fresh physical bodies, and bear new names, and, according to their new organisations, new natures, if they are to become respectively Tom Styles, Ned Snooks, Joe Giles, and Harry Dixon, and a score of other people,

who shall ever hope to meet again with his friends, wife, children, or brothers and sisters? When he enters the spirit-world and enquires for them, he will have to learn that they are already gone back to earth, or to some other planet, and are somebody else, the sons and daughters of other people, and will have to become over and over the flesh and blood and kindred of a dozen other families in succession! Surely no such most cheerless and anti-Christian crotchet could bewitch the intellects of any people, except under the most especial bedevilment of the most sarcastic and mischievous of devils.

If Spiritualism had had no better mission than shewing us, through spirit-influence, pestilent crotchets like these, tracing us first from tadpoles or fleas up to oysters, from oysters to men, from men into a succession of new men; sending back into decent families, and on to the knees of Christian mothers, all the old thieves, lechers, tyrants, and detestable sensualists, scamps and murderers, to be manufactured anew, foisted into pure and happy families as bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, spirit of their spirit—Spiritualism could well have been dispensed with. The Christian faith, clipped, dismembered, and divided as it is now-a-days, were still better than this abortion of the hells of mockery. Spiritualism, methinks, has some greater and nobler object than this. It has it in charge to shew us that the Jacob's ladder of the old times is yet reared from earth to heaven; that angels in the shape of our departed friends, parents, brothers, sisters, and children are still ascending and descending, teaching us the way to travel up thither, and preparing us by the daily purification of our souls, of all our thoughts, hopes, desires, of our whole spiritual and moral nature, to become fitted for the society of these divine regions. Never again from those regions to revert into the bondage of flesh; never again into the region of earth, except in the blessed ministration of drawing others after us; never again retrograding, but advancing onwards through pure and more spiritual spheres as we become more pure and spiritual. Never again hankering after the flesh-pots and slime-pits of earth, but drawing continually nearer to God. This is what Christianity teaches, what Swedenborg taught, what all truly good spirits teach; not the maniacal fooleries of Re-incarnation, and the origin of humanity in tadpoles, newts, mosquitos, and oysters: fit doctrine only for Bedlam!

The *La Verite* of Lyons, though holding this doctrine, keeps it more in the background, and gives us some grave and excellent articles on the "Characters of Revelation," "The Unity of Revelation," shewing that the mythologies and religions of all nations possess fundamental portions of the primal truths which culminate in Christianity. It is also giving a valuable series of

papers on the "Precursors of Spiritualism," namely, the ancient Druids, Cyrano de Bergerac, the Abbe Fournié, &c. It has also been giving a series of spirit-stories of remarkable power and eloquence. It is to be regretted that *L'Avenir* does not follow so good an example, instead of wasting its otherwise clever columns on the rubbish of Re-incarnation. The best thing in these columns is a quotation from Victor Hugo, in which he shews up the folly of scientific men objecting to new ideas, and to what they call impossibilities. "We must not forget that science is continually in movement; everything in it is in motion, everything changes, everything gets a new skin; everything desires everything, everything creates everything, everything replaces everything. That which we accepted yesterday is sent to the dust-bin to-day. That colossal machine, science, never reposes, she is never satisfied, she is insatiable of something better than the most absolute is ignorant of. Vaccination was disputed; the lightning conductor was disputed; Jenner, perhaps, erred! Franklin was, perhaps, deceived! Let us seek again. This agitation is superb. Science is uneasy about man: she has her reforms. Science in its progress plays the part of utility. Let us reverence this magnificent servant.

"Science goes on perpetually erasing herself. Fruitful erasure! Who in the meantime knows the *homœomèreia* of Anaximènes, or perhaps more properly of Anaxagoras? Cosmography is rather notably improved since the epoch when this same Anaxagoras declared to Périclès that the sun was nearly as large as the Peloponessus. We have discovered a few more planets since the four stars of the Medici. Entymology has rather advanced since it affirmed that the scarabeus was a good little god and cousin to the sun; firstly, because of the thirty toes of its claws which correspond to the thirty days of the solar month, and secondly, because the scarabeus, like the sun, has no female; and as Clement of Alexandria, improving on Plutarch, remarks that the scarabeus, like the sun, passes six months on the earth, and six months under it. Do you wish to verify this? See the *Stromata*, paragraph iv. School divinity itself, chimerical as it is, abandons the *Pré-spiritual* of Morchas, laughs at the holy ladder of John Climachus, and blushes for the age when St. Bernard, stirring the flames of the pile which was to extinguish the counts of Campania, called Arnold of Brescia a man with the head of a dove and the tail of a scorpion. The "cardinal qualities" no longer constitute the law of anthropology. The *steyardes* of the great Arnaud are decayed. Little fixed as is meteorology, it has no longer, as in the second century, to deliberate whether the rain that saved an enemy dying of thirst is due to the Christian prayers of the Melitine Legion, or to the pagan intervention of

Jupiter Pluvius. Marius-Posthumus was for Jupiter; Tertullian was for the Melitine Legion: no one was for the cloud or the wind. Locomotion, between the times of the antique car and the railway train, passing over the advice-boat, the coach, the diligence, the malle-poste, has made progress. Neither do we live in the famous times when it took a month to go from Dijon to Paris."

This single passage showing the idiocy of men of science continually resisting everything new, without looking back and seeing what the new things have done for mankind, is worth all the twaddle that ever was, or ever will be written about Re-incarnation. We may close this article with a plain fact or two, and first with a spiritual intervention which we should like to see repeated in all places and with the same precision and distinctness. If some of the spirits which come and amuse wealthy people at the west-end of London by thumbing at guitars, tugging at ladies' dresses, and talking very unspiritual platitudes, would send them off in a hurry to Bethnal Green or thereabouts, they might make them extremely useful; and render Spiritualism the great gift to mankind which we would feign see it. If our increased knowledge ends in nothing but knowledge, of what use after all will this new revolution be? *vox et præterea nihil.*

A SPIRITUAL OCCURRENCE AT ANTWERP.

An article in the *Monde Musical* of Brussels, of January 22, 1865, by A. Malibrán, says:—"A circumstance at Antwerp, regarded as one of the most intense centres of Catholicism, greatly surprised me. I encountered there a considerable number of Spiritualists. I am myself as little credulous as St. Thomas himself, but I am compelled to admit the truth of this fact on enquiring into it, and in the face of such facts it is rather ridiculous to attribute them to the devil. A few evenings ago several persons were at a *séance* at the house of one of the most distinguished inhabitants. Some of them seated at a small table waited gravely, and with confidence that an inmate of the other world would deign to come and communicate. That is what they technically call practising *typology*. All at once the table was agitated; there was a spirit. "My friends," said the invisible visitant to the attentive group, "I come to offer you the means of doing a good action and of comforting the unfortunate. In the street *la Cueller*, there is a narrow lane, terminating in a *cul de sac*. In this lane, on the first floor of a house, No. 12, you will find the family of Charles Sorels. Four children, of whom the oldest is but thirteen years, scarcely covered by some wretched rags, are lying in a corner; trembling with cold, or

some straw. A fifth child, nearly naked, is pressed by its mother against her breast dried up by suffering and want,—such is the spectacle which I have witnessed. Hasten to relieve them, you have not a minute to lose! This is why I have come to you.”

Everyone was astounded by this message, and could scarcely credit it. Nevertheless, interest, curiosity, commiseration excited them to the highest degree. Some of them were quickly on the way. They soon found the narrow street, of which before they had scarcely suspected the existence, and then the blind alley, more squalid still. On enquiring for Charles Sorels, they were soon shewn the house, where they found the family exactly in the miserable condition described by the spirit. Need we relate the rest? It does not require to be Spiritualists to be affected by such a scene, and to take measures for prompt relief: at the same time we must allow that Spiritualism that day did a great work. The family of Charles Sorels have blessed it with all their souls. At the moment that I write these lines, it is snatched from want, and relates its providential rescue to all who wish to hear it.

La Verité quotes from F. Lebeuf—*Le Châtillon et l'Auxonne*—the following case of wonderfully lucid clairvoyance:—“On the 23rd of January 1853, a shepherd of Brion-sur-Ource (Cote d'Or) named Pastolet, was plunged into a complete state of somnambulism fifty whole days. He acted as usual, but he made revelations so singular and so extraordinary that he drew upon him the attention of the whole commune and every stranger who passed through it. Pressed by a variety of questions, he replied to them with the greatest *sang-froid* and an imperturbable directness. We can only give a few of those answers. He has told to many persons their age, the day that they were born, the money that they had in their purses or about them. When shewn different articles he has told the people bringing them what they cost, when they were purchased, and from whom. A carpenter of Lorionne questioned him on the disappearance of many of his tools. He replied, it is X—— who has stolen them. He has sold them to a M. R——, carpenter at Belan, for so much. This proved true, and the articles were recovered.

The *Moniteur Universel*, placarded at Brion, was covered with mud during the night. Pastolet being consulted, replied, “It is such a one who has pelted it with mud, collected in a sabot. Go into such a garden and you will find the sabot and a piece of wood which he used to scrape the mud into the sabot with.” This was all quite correct.

An individual said to him, “I have lost a bill-hook; can you tell me when I lost it, and where it is?” He replied, “Your

bill-hook was lost a year ago from such a day. It is still under a heap of soil in such a place. You must lose no time in looking for it, for to-morrow the owner of the soil will come to take it away. P—— made you the bill-hook, and it cost you so much." The man took a pick and examined the heap of earth, and soon found his bill-hook. Another person enquired about a chain which he had lost. "It is such-an-one," he said, "who has stolen it. Go and demand it from him, and he will give it up." The chain was recovered the next day. A farmer of Brion said, "I have been robbed; can you tell me the thief?" "Without doubt," he replied. "You were robbed on the 13th of August, eighteen years ago. You lost twelve francs. He who took them is still living, but he has no longer any use for a comb—he is bald. If you wish it, I will take you to him, but at this moment he cannot repay you, for he has only five francs."

M. H—— asked if he knew how many horses he had; what they were, and where they were. He replied, "Yes; three. Two are in your stable; the third is on a journey. You have offered it to a M. V—— and a M. M——. Ah! they are flogging it! Now they are entering your court, and if you wish to satisfy yourself that they have beaten it, look at its skin; you will see the marks of the whip."

Two people passing the somnambule stopped, and one of them asked him whether he knew them, and if he could tell them where they were going, and on what business. "Certainly," said he. "I know who you are. You are called G——. You are from such a place, and you are going to Chatillon, to receive 400 francs from M. L——. As for you other, you are from C——. The inquirer was confounded. Another stranger came to question Pastolet. He demanded whether he could tell who he was—his name and surname; whence he came; whither he went, and how long he would be from home. "Certainly," said he. "You are called so-and-so; you are from such a place; you go to Chatillon to M. H——, and will be a day absent."

A proprietor demanded what was doing at home? "Your shepherd," replied Pastolet, "at this moment enters your sheep-fold to take the sheep to pasture." "How many sheep have I?" "Oh!" said Pastolet, "that is easy to tell: I will count them as they go out. Two, four, six, eight," and so on to the exact number.

All these details which could be verified quickly, were most minutely exact; but here is one which could not be known at the time, and has only recently been found to be quite correct. Pastolet appeared in a dream, when all at once he rose up and said:—"M. de C——, is very ill; they go to administer the last offices to him." This M. de C——, had left Brion for a long

time; nothing had been heard of him; and Pastolet never knew him, and could not possibly know anything about him from any external source; yet, he entered into long details of his past life, and then added "M——, the Curé, says there will scarcely be time to administer to him." Then after a quarter of an hour—"Ah! M. de C—— is dead." Pastolet is every day in this state, and answers equally extraordinary may at all times be obtained from him.

We hear from Constantinople that there are Spiritualists who obtain powerful manifestations, and that in the midst of their group, and in the presence of distinguished personages, the spirits frequently allow their hands to be felt. At Sétif, according to a correspondent of "La Voix d'Outre Tombe," a musical spirit gave lately on a small organ, harmonies which no living hand could execute on the same instrument. The keys remained motionless, it was in the interior of the organ that the spirit produced its music. Sometimes a person present will sing, and the organ accompanies with the most admirable tact and accord. Written music has been placed on the desk of the organ and it is performed by the invisible intelligence.

We should add that the Davenports, and their treatment in the uncivilized North of England occupy a prominent position in the pages of the Paris Spiritual Journals. The smashing of the cabinet by the Liverpool and Leeds gentry, strikes the Parisians as the certain proof that Spiritualism is alive in England. The dullest creatures don't now-a-days, they say, attack nonentities. It is something real and living that they aim at.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE QUAKERS.

(From the *British Friend*, for April, the Organ of Orthodox Quakerism.)

ABOUT the middle of last century, Sarah Taylor, of Manchester, England, a faithful, humble-minded minister of the Society of Friends in the leading and appointing of her blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and with the unity of her friends, engaged in a family visit to the members of her own religious Society in the city of Norwich. She was generally kindly received, but two brothers, Edmund and John Gurney, children of Friends, who had been consistent Christian Quakers in their day, refused to receive a visit from her. They had joined a club of infidels, and wishing to believe the doctrine they professed, they had no mind to listen to a woman preaching the faith they had forsaken. There was, doubtless, in their minds a secret foreboding that they

were wrong, and a fear lest they should be brought to a humiliating confession that their avowed infidelity was but an opiate they were wilfully drinking in, to quiet the pangs of a wounded conscience. They were at least very decided in positively declaring they would not receive a visit from Sarah Taylor, and that she should not enter their houses. This honest-hearted lover of the souls of men was much distressed at their conduct, and one night retired to bed not a little depressed about this matter. She, no doubt, before giving herself to sleep, endeavoured in humility to cast her burden upon her dear Lord and Saviour, who knew that her wish to visit these young men was but from a desire to fulfil his will. At last she slept. The exercise of the previous day no doubt left its effects upon her mind, and when the sound sleep of the early part of the night was past, she dreamed. In her dream, she thought that she awoke, and finding that day had broken, arose, dressed herself, and went down stairs. She opened the front door, and walked out into the street. The public lights were not all extinguished, and this, with the daylight which was increasing, enabled her to see the names of the residents of the different houses on their door-plates. She thought she passed through several streets, making several turns, until at last she came to a house, on which she saw the name of Edmund Gurney. Stepping up and ringing the bell, a porter quickly opened the door. She asked if Edmund Gurney was in. The man replied that he was in the garden, but he had ordered him not to admit any of the Quakers into the house. Sarah dreamed that she passed right by the astonished man, and seeing a side-door, she opened it, and finding it was the way to the garden, she followed one of the walks, until she came to a summer-house. A man was sitting therein, who as she stepped within the door said, "I believe the devil could not keep the Quakers out." Sarah dreamed she sat down on a bench, and he, who had risen on her entrance, sat down beside her, when she thought she was favoured so to speak to him, that the witness for the truth in him was reached, and he was much affected and tendered. When her service seemed over, she left him, and then she awoke, and behold it was a dream. Looking out of the window of her room, she saw that day was breaking, and solemnly affected by the vision she had been favoured with, she arose and dressed herself for going out, just as she had done in her dream. On opening the door looking into the street everything seemed so entirely as she had seen it, that without hesitation or speaking to any one in the house, she started onward, taking her dream for direction. As she passed along, the same houses, with the same names on the door-plates, appeared as in her dream, and she followed, tracing them from

street to street, until the house with Edmund Gurney's name on it stood before her. She rang the bell; the porter opened the door, and to her inquiry if Edmund Gurney was in, he said, "Yes," but added, "he has commanded me not to admit any of the Quakers." This would probably have discouraged Sarah if it had not been for the dream, and had it not been for the remembrance of that, the very early hour in the morning would itself have deterred her, for probably most of the rich citizens of Norwich were still in their beds. As all things had as yet turned out as she had seen in her vision, she determined to trust it further, and so, pushing by the man, she opened a side-door and let herself into the yard. The garden appeared exactly as seen in her dream, and she soon found the summer-house, where Edmund Gurney was sitting with a book in his hand. As she entered he arose, and approaching her said, "I believe the devil could not keep the Quakers out."

Sarah sat down, and he took a seat beside her. She soon found her heart tenderly concerned for him, and her mouth was opened to address him in the persuasive utterance of Gospel love. She told him he had professedly adopted sentiments which his heart refused to own, and that he was reading infidel books to strengthen him in infidelity. Edmund was affected under her ministry, and he knew her message to him was the truth. When she arose to leave him he pressed her to stay and breakfast with him, but this she declined, saying she had nothing further to do there. Bidding him farewell, she returned to her lodgings, her heart warmed in grateful admiration of the Lord's wonderful leadings and marvellous loving-kindness.

Edmund Gurney was, through the Lord's renewed and strengthening grace, thoroughly aroused from the slumber in which the evil one had sought to keep him, to his utter ruin. He never again attended the infidel club, and as in deep abasement and sorrow of heart he repented for the past, submitted to the baptisms of the Holy Ghost and fire, and bowed in reverent obedience to the teachings of the Lord's Holy Spirit, he grew in religious experience, and in time came forth in the ministry. The effect of the blessed change wrought in Edmund was, through the Lord's mercy, made of heart-cleansing efficacy to his brother John. He also came to see that the root of infidelity is wickedness, and publicly renouncing all connection therewith, he witnessed, like his brother, true repentance towards God, and soul-saving faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

FAREWELL ADDRESS AND TESTIMONIAL TO
DR. FERGUSON.

ON Wednesday, June 14th, the friends of Dr. Ferguson met at the Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, to present him with an address and testimonial previous to his return to America. The chair was taken by Benjamin Coleman, Esq., and the address, of which the following is a copy, was, together with the testimonial, presented by Robert Cooper, Esq. of Eastbourne:—

TO THE REV. JESSE BABCOCK FERGUSON:—

DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—

I have been requested, on behalf of the subscribers, to present you this testimonial as a slight token of their confidence and esteem. In doing so I may say, on their behalf and on my own, that we feel it is no equivalent—that we can render none—for your services among us; we would only mark by it our sense of your integrity and earnestness, and your fidelity to principle in the hour of trial. We have seen you in the elegant mansion, associating with the accomplished of our land,—have heard you with delight in our public halls, and have especially sympathised with you and felt eager solicitude for your safety when, calm and self-possessed, and, doubtless, strengthened and sustained by the invisible but potent allies of Truth and Right, you have, with words of soberness and wisdom, confronted the ignorance and brutality which have assailed you. In all these varied circumstances of your position, you have never wavered or turned aside from the high path of duty. Identified as you have been in your own country with the progressive movements of the age—however unpopular they may have been—avowing your faith in the communion and intercourse of man with the great world of departed Humanity, and particularly in those phenomena and facts, which in your country, and in your own experience have, in so marked a degree, demonstrated this truth in our day and generation; and aiding there in promoting the general recognition of this truth, and all that it implies, we know that you have been no less faithful to the same work here. Our hearts will go with you across the great and wide Sea, and wherever in the dispensations of Providence you may be placed; and we beg you to be assured that, whether we again see you in the flesh or not, it is our hope and expectation to meet in higher realms—there as here to work for our kind—if need be, to return to great beloved ones on earth, and to inspire them, and others also, to thoughts and deeds of Love and Wisdom.

We would wish to convey by you to our brethren in America some expression of our feelings of good-will and friendly regard towards them. Tell, we beg of you, the friends of Freedom and Progress in your country, that the Ocean cannot separate our sympathies,—that we are one with them in all labours for the good of our common Humanity; that we share their aspirations and their hopes, and believe that not we alone, but the great and good whom we honour and revere—Washington, Lincoln, Clarkson, Cobden, La Fayette—live, and in their sphere of action, as we in ours, labour for the same Divine ends. Say to our brethren that we feel united to them, not alone by ties of kindred, of language, and of many dear associations which we hold in common, but by spiritual ties which we trust may knit us ever more closely together, and that we would cordially welcome all ministrations from them that tend to this result. While we look hopefully forward to the early connection of our respective countries by the Electric Telegraph, we feel how far more important than all external, visible connection, is the union of Mind with Mind, of Heart with Heart; and the consciousness of a common Labour, Duty, and Destiny.

Tell your countrymen, our brethren, that we rejoice with them in the restoration of Peace in their midst, and in the establishment of Freedom without restriction of Race or Colour; that while we abhor War in all its varied forms,

still more do we detest Bondage of every sort and degree; that we regard Humanity as an Organic Unity of many members, or races, of which if one member suffer, the others also must suffer with it.

Tell them, too, that we shall encourage some of our labouring millions to emigrate to their shores—to tunnel their mountains, level their forests, build their factories, work their mines, cultivate their fields, and in all ways we sincerely hope to aid them in carrying forward the work of civilisation throughout their great Republic, to whose future the toiling millions of all lands look with utmost interest and hope.

In a word, dear friend, we wish you to convey the assurance that as Spiritualists, we seek the temporal and spiritual good of all, and desire ill to none.

In the name of the subscribers, and in behalf of those you see before you, and of many absent who would, but could not, be present, we now bid you FAREWELL; and may the choicest of Heaven's blessings rest upon, guide, and sustain you in all your future labours.

ANOTHER CASE OF STONE THROWING.

THE *Tyrone Constitution* gives a letter, of which we quote the principal portion. Our contemporary states that it reached him at the time of its date, and has been held over. He adds:—

“As it has created considerable curiosity in the neighbourhood of the occurrence, we have been requested to publish it. We, therefore, give the communication of the constable as it came to us. There is not the least doubt as to its authenticity.” The writer proceeds saying:—“I send you the following details of the most curious case that ever came under my notice, and for its authenticity I could supply abundant evidence, who were eye witnesses to the greater portion hereinafter mentioned. The scene of the occurrence is the townland of Lenagh, about one and a half miles from Mountfield. Here an honest, respectable man, named Peter M'Crory, occupies a house, in which he resides, with a mountainous farm of land attached. Approximating to the dwelling-house there is one of those large mountain breaks usual in such places. The situation of the house is lonely, as his nearest neighbour is a quarter of a mile distant. M'Crory is a married man, and the only persons residing in the house with him are his wife and a small female child, about seven years old. M'Crory and his wife were never blessed with any family of their own, and live comparatively comfortable. Thursday night last, as the family, composed as before mentioned, were sitting round the fire, some invisible person threw some turf clods at them, but nothing more than the clods were resorted to on this night; but the attack was renewed on the following morning in clear daylight with greater violence. Some bricks were lying at the corner of the kitchen fire, and these were thrown from all angles of the house at the inmates, until they were reluctantly obliged to beat a retreat. In the course of some time Peter returned, and again joined his usual avocations,

when a man entered the house on private business, named Jemmy Carland, to whom all the particulars were related. Jemmy, not believing it a feasible story, shouted out at the top of his stentorian voice: 'Why the —— do they not clod me now?' The words were hardly expressed when poor Jemmy received one, two, three blows of stones on his back. This poor man picked up the stones, left them alongside the fire, and, as he himself says, precipitately left for home, not again to return for some time. On this night Peter's wife and the little girl joined issue with Jemmy, and remained at her neighbour's all night.

I should here remark that during the females' exit they were assailed on their entire route by some invisible parties keeping up stone-throwing, and most particularly directed against the younger female, Peter keeping close and covering their rear, as it appears up to this period he was less obnoxious than the females. Peter returned, and was determined to maintain his position, exclaiming aloud, 'Whatever you are, if I have injured you, in the name of God, speak, and I will make any reparation required;' but to this there was no response. However, Peter was possessed of strong nerves, and remained alone in the house on Friday night, except the early part, when a strong body of the neighbours collected, but returned to their homes before midnight. All passed off quietly save some slight symptoms unworthy of notice. At an early hour on Saturday morning Mrs. McCree and the little girl returned. Peter placed a pot of water on the fire for the purpose of making their breakfast, and it appears the moment the females arrived hostilities again began. The little girl was, from the effect of a blow of a hard turf, thrown into a tub of water. Nothing very material after this occurred until the evening, when a regular hand-to-hand fight took place between the invisible parties on the one side, and Peter, supported by his family, and a man named M'Bride, who casually happened to be on the spot, on the other. Peter brought in a quantity of turf for the Sabbath's use, piling them opposite the kitchen fire, where the persons named above were sitting. Suddenly, and in the presence of all, the turf was all thrown at Peter, striking him about the breast. Peter, in retaliation, threw every one of them back from whence they came, exclaiming he would not be banished from his home. After these occurrences Peter's wife and little girl went to bed, but the latter kept constantly shouting that they were biting her. On examination, five pins, three inches long, were found in the bed, some of them having penetrated the flesh of the little girl. The latter has left and peace is restored.

"JEREMIAH M'MEILLY, Constable.

"Mountfield, Feb. 15, 1865."

A PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

To the Editor of "The British Friend."

SPECTED FRIEND,—I take the opportunity of relating something that occurred in this city about four years ago.

A serious woman with whom my wife and myself are acquainted, felt an impression on her mind one evening to leave her cottage and go towards the centre of the city. She thought, 'It is near ten o'clock and I don't want to buy anything; why should I go? The impression remained, and she went. [I will give her own words as I heard her relate it to my wife a few days ago.] "I was passing through Northgate-street, and I saw by the light of the gas a young woman leaning against the wall of the church, whom I knew, for I had seen her in a family where I was employed in my business as cook. She was looking very distressed; I passed on a step or two, but turned again and said, 'Ann, how is it you are here so late; what is the matter?' She said, 'I have no place where to lay my head;' and wept as she spoke. I said, 'Come to my house, you shan't want for a lodging; I know now why I was sent into Northgate-street.' She went home with me, and it came out by degrees, that her sorrow was too great to tell it all at once—that she had lost her place of service and gone to live with her sister. There she had a home while the money she had saved from her wages lasted, but as soon as that was done, this unnatural sister turned her out of doors. She was almost in despair, and thought, 'I have no money and no home; I will not live a life of sin, so there is but one way for me: I will drown myself in the Severn.' She went down by the river, near Westgate Bridge, for that purpose; when this thought came to her mind, '*Go up into Northgate-street and seek for a friend.*'

"I kept her with me for about two weeks, making inquiries until I heard of a place of service for her at Ross. She lived there a few years and gave good satisfaction, as her mistress told me herself. When she had been there about a year, she came to me and paid me for her board and lodging, though what I had done freely. The last time I heard from her was about six months ago. She was living with a family near London and doing well." It is not likely that the poor cottager who was thus made helpful to the destitute when she had a family of her own to maintain, will ever know that her good deed is thus chronicled.

I am thy Friend,

W. L. BELLOWS.

15, Westgate-street, Glo'ster,
14th of 3rd Month, 1865.

HAZLITT'S TESTIMONY TO THE SPIRITUALISM OF ARTISTS OF HIS TIME.

MR. RICHARD HOWITT, of Nottinghamshire, sends us the following passages from the writings of Hazlitt. He says, "I send extracts from Hazlitt only for this reason that, almost in every book, even such as Hazlitt's, clever and comprehensive in their character, you are sure to meet with something connected with Spiritualism, and sure enough, the more you read about the remarkable men the world has produced—they turn out to have been Spiritualists. Hazlitt's work was published in 1828. Speaking of Blake, he adds:—"Flaxman is another living and eminent artist, who is distinguished by success in his profession and by a prolonged and active old age. He is diminutive in person, like the others. I know little of him, but that he is an elegant sculptor, and a profound *mystic*. This last is a characteristic common to many other artists in our days—Louthenberg, Cosway, Blake, Sharp, Varley, &c.—who seem to relieve the literalness of their professional studies by voluntary excursions into the regions of the preternatural, pass their time between sleeping and waking and whose ideas are like a stormy night, with the clouds driven rapidly across, and the blue sky and stars gleaming between."

The above is from a lecture "On the Old Age of Artists." The mark under *mystic* is mine. I cannot give all he says about Cosway as the paragraph is long—only I ought to say he does not sympathise with the *mystics* in their belief. He had great strength of mind, and as strong prejudices. "He believed whatever was incredible. Fancy bore sway in him: and so vivid were his impressions, that they included the existences of things in them. The agreeable and the true with him were one. He believed in Swedenborgianism; he believed in animal magnetism; he had conversed with more than one person of the Trinity; he could talk with his lady at Mantua through some fine vehicle of sense, as we speak to a servant down-stairs through a conduit-pipe."

I give another paragraph—or parts of one:—"His wife, the most lady-like of Englishwomen, being asked in Paris what sort of a man her husband was, made answer—'Toujours riant, toujours gai.' This was his character. He must have been of French extraction. . . . When more than ninety he retired from his profession, and used to hold up the palsied hand that had painted lords and ladies for upwards of sixty years, and smiled at the vanity of human wishes."

Notices of Books.

EXPERIENCES OF THE REV. DR. FERGUSON.*

BEFORE this reaches the reader Dr. Ferguson will have left our shores for his native land. To those therefore who have had the pleasure of listening to his public addresses, still more to those who have had the privilege of his personal friendship, this book will be specially welcome as a memorial of one whose talents they admire, and whose virtues they respect. But even apart from this, judged on its own merits alone, it will be cordially received for its interesting facts and its many suggestive thoughts. The newspaper critics, if they have not completed their education, and are not past learning anything, may now discover what a banner of man it is they have been so ignorantly vituperating. They will find that when but a lad of thirteen, he was selected as the best qualified and most suitable person that could be found for the office of public school teacher in that part of Virginia where he was then residing, and received a gratifying testimonial from the county trustees and the magistrates for his success in conducting it. At the age of twenty-five he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Bacon College, Kentucky; and at thirty-four the degree of Doctor of Laws from Franklin College, Tennessee. He was ere this favourably known as editor of more than one widely circulated religious periodical; and when called to the ministerial office, he soon became the most popular preacher in his State, and a magnificent church, with sittings for fifteen hundred persons was built for him, and in which for eleven years he laboured with undiminished popularity.

While residing in Tennessee, the Governor of the State appointed him Trustee of the State Asylum for the Blind, and the State Lunatic Asylum, and visitor to the State Penitentiary; and by the authorities of the capital, he was often made almoner of the public charities. He was constantly called upon to deliver orations, lectures, and sermons before the State Legislature, conventions of the people, and the most distinguished literary societies in the Southern and Border States.

When the Southern Convention met in Nashville, in 1849, he was unanimously elected its Chaplain, and invited to preach a sermon in his own church to its members.

* *Supra-mundane Facts in the Life of REV. JESSE BABCOCK FERGUSON, A.M., D.D., Including Twenty Years' Observation of Preternatural Phenomena.* London: LITTLE, Paternoster-row.

In an early stage of the present spiritual manifestations in America, Mr. Ferguson in his own experiences, soon became convinced of their reality, and did not hesitate to risk his popularity and position by publicly avowing, both in the pulpit and the press, what he knew to be the truth in this matter. Again, when the time came that Mr. Ferguson recognized considerable divergence between his views and those of the majority of his congregation, he voluntarily resigned the edifice which had been erected for him, and so carried with him the respect even of those who deemed him most completely in error on the points in question.

Though living and educated in the South, Mr. Ferguson never had any personal complicity with slavery. He recognized the right to freedom in all men, and believed that this end could be achieved by legal and peaceable means, and with due regard to varying conditions and interests. And until the heated passions of men led them to appeal from the arbitrament of the ballot to the bayonet, his counsels met with respectful consideration in both sections of the country. In 1860, when these passions were on the eve of culminating into armed rebellion, Mr. Ferguson was waited upon by the most distinguished men of both parties, in Tennessee and at their request he delivered an Address on the crisis that had arrived, in the hall of the House of Representatives, in the State Capital, to an audience of several thousand persons. In 1861, he was candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and his eloquent and stirring addresses made a deep impression. When Fort Donaldson was attacked, he was called upon to address the State Legislature, at Nashville, and predicted the capture of the fortress, when his hearers believed such an event impossible. When it occurred, and the Federals in consequence were at the gates of Nashville, at the call of the authorities, he used his influence and eloquence in calming the popular dismay and tumult.

Mr. Ferguson has since specially applied himself to the advocacy of an International Congress, to settle by peaceable arbitration those differences which have been hitherto and are still determined by brute force. He laid his views on this question before the Northern Government and the Confederate authorities; and later, before the Emperor of the French, who, as is well known, has sought to carry the idea into practice, and before members of the British Cabinet. By President Johnson, Dr. Ferguson is personally well known, and much respected. He has had free communications with him on public affairs, and he returns to his native country to add by his personal efforts to representations already by him made on the course of action to be followed in the present crisis, and which, it is to be hoped, will

be not ineffectual in promoting or strengthening a policy of wise and generous clemency in the hour of victory.

Of his work in this country in connection with the Brothers Davenport, we have kept our readers fully informed; and the book under review, and the Biography of the Brothers Davenport, by the same editor, will give abundant particulars. Any further notice from us on this point is, therefore, at present unnecessary.

With this brief and rapid *resumé* of Dr. Ferguson's career, we leave our readers to form their own opinions of the intelligence, or the honesty, of the conductors and contributors of those newspapers which have disgraced themselves and outraged decency in their persistent defamation of a man honoured alike by the people and by the highest authorities of the State where his life has been passed. To us, we confess their conduct is either the very effrontery of ignorance, or the exhibition of open dishonesty. If shame is not altogether an unknown quantity in the editorial sanctum, the editors who have perpetrated or permitted these outrages, will hasten to acknowledge and recant their hasty and turbulent utterances, and so escape the reproach which now lies so heavy against them. In any case, it will be a caution to newspaper readers not to put their faith in editors.

We have thought it best to sketch the course of the general life of Dr. Ferguson rather than to dwell on those "supra-mundane facts," in his experience, which it has been the chief object of Dr. Nichols to present. For these facts we must refer the reader to the book itself; they will find it replete with interest. Among the most novel and startling of its revelations are those contained in the chapters on "Spiritualism among the Shakers;" "Formation of matter by Supra-mundane Power;" and "Supra-mundane Powers of Healing."

We cannot dismiss the book without referring to the excellent introduction by the editor, in which the popular objections to Spiritualism are anticipated and answered. It would be well to reprint it as a tract for general circulation.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Liverpool, 8th February, 1865.

SIR,—It was my intention to send you some account of the "riotous haunting" in Westmoreland, had I not seen that in your last number Mr. Howitt gives a fuller narrative than it was in my power to give. I may yet, however, add a few items which may be interesting.

The haunted house stood on a dreary upland moor called Orton Fell (not

Orlon), about two miles from Teebay Station, on the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway. At the time the disturbances took place—about sixteen years ago—I had frequent occasion to travel on that line, was well acquainted with the enginemen and others employed upon it, and heard a deal about the "Orton Boggart," as it was called. At first I received the rumours as a hoax; but they became so numerous, and were given with such circumstantial minuteness, by people I knew to be entirely trustworthy, that I, along with a friend, was induced to pay a visit to the place. But when we got to Teebay station, we were told we need not go any farther, as the disturbances had ceased. We went, however, to see the house, and when there we got from the inmates a somewhat similar account to the one Mr. Howitt extracts from the Westmoreland paper. In addition to that, we were told that the police had come from Kendal to investigate the case, that suspicions had fallen on the servant girl, whom they had handled rather roughly and taken with them to Kendal, and that during her absence there were no manifestations. This seemed to give some colour to the suspicions of the police that the whole affair was a trick of the girl's, and this, indeed, was the conclusion most people, without thinking, jumped to. But that a young girl of about fifteen years of age could have done the things both seen and heard, is too preposterous to bear a thought; and if they really did not take place unless when she was present, the only reasonable conclusion is that she was the necessary *medium*.

We were somewhat disappointed at not seeing or hearing something direct from the *Boggart* itself; but the people of the house spoke so seriously about it (always alluding to it as *It*), that we could have no doubt of their truthfulness; and if the *effects* of the noisy proceedings could add to our belief, we saw abundance of these in the shape of broken dishes.

Some most curious incidents we got from the engineman, who with his engine was then stationed at Loup's Fell, and whose duty it was to assist goods trains up the steep incline to Shap. He told us that one Sunday morning he and his fireman determined to visit the *Boggart House*. They had better than two miles to walk, and, passing a small farm-steading, the fireman robbed a hen's nest of two or three eggs, wherewith they had rum and eggs at a public house about half way. On entering the haunted house the engineman respectfully took off his cap and sat down, but the fireman rather rudely took a seat, leaving his cap on, when immediately it was snatched off by an invisible hand and slapped in his face, and right upon the back of this an egg was thrown across the room and hit him in the breast. They had scarcely time to feel amazed at all this, when other phenomena attracted their attention. The child's cradle was rocked without any one touching it, the clothes were thrown out of it, and, when replaced, were immediately tossed out again; the chain that hangs on the crook in the chimney was violently shaken; spoons came from the plate-rack, and like birds flew across the room; and, more remarkable still, the lid of a pot rose on its edge, tumbled across the floor, turned a corner, rolled along the passage, then rounded another corner, and lay down at the outer door.

These incidents were told us with a degree of seriousness that made them the more amusing. We declared to the engineman that he wanted to make merry with us (strange enough, his name was Peter Merry), and tried to laugh him into confessing as much, but he stuck to his statement, and solemnly averred that every word he had told us was strictly true. His fireman did the same, and it may be worth remarking that the egg incident seemed to give his mind a serious turn. Certain it is, that he was afterwards afraid to tamper with hen's nests that did not belong to him, lest other eyes than his own might be upon him. I forgot the fireman's name, but I knew both him and Peter Merry intimately.

Yours truly,

ROBERT LEIGHTON

