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AN ESSAY UPON THE GHOST BELIEF OF SHAKESPEARE.

By Alfred Roffe.

III.

THE GHOST IN HAMLET.—DR. JOHNSON.

The following remarks by Dr. Johnson, concerning the plot of *Hamlet*, seem to be *curiously infelicitous*, especially as coming from a celebrated Moralist. However, it is interesting to note the views of such a man as Dr. Johnson, and it is wished to give those views a respectful attention. The doctor observes that—

> The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it, and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

Of the Ghost in *Hamlet* we thus find Dr. Johnson remarking, that he "left the regions of the dead to little purpose," and this was evidently *a critical objection* in Dr. Johnson's mind.

Now, as it seems to be impossible but that it would occur to Shakespeare that such an objection might be offered, we then have, it is submitted, an additional presumption as to what his views of the case must have been.

If Shakespeare believed, or, to speak more properly, *knew*, that every spirit is a man, and every man a spirit, his conduct of the story seems to be altogether artist-like. The ghost is actuated by a just desire (in a *pagan* sense), for revenge of his great injury. It does not appear that he either knew, or sought to know, what other consequences might flow from what he was doing. We may be sure, that during his earthly life he would have done likewise, for the mere fact that a man has quitted the

external, natural body, does not alter his inner nature. Had Shakespeare simply written for what is called *effect*, it would have appeared to him, as it did to Dr. Johnson, and possibly to many others, inconsistent that the supernatural appearance should so far fail as to cause, not only the death of several innocent persons, but also that of Hamlet himself.

The whole, indeed, of Dr. Johnson's critique is singular to those who think that Shakespeare's beliefs are involved in the complete question of *Hamlet* as a work of art; nor is it, moreover, very easy to see how any tragedy at all could be written so as to escape some such remarks, if they were really applicable to *Hamlet*. It is quite true to nature, that things which we speak or act, with only a limited end of our own in view, produce the most unlooked-for effects, and Shakespeare would not think himself obliged, upon his views of truth and art, to suffer any particular person to rule events, merely because that person had left the world of nature. It is also to be observed that the Ghost, from his own account, is very far from being a good spirit, and his state is one of suffering. Upon our views, the author of *Hamlet* must have believed in a future state, which state would be coloured by the life led in nature; and, to the most of men, in that doctrine of a future state, is confessedly to be found *the only solution of numerous enigmas, of which we are all sensible, quite as dark, and apparently as inconsistent, as anything in the story of Hamlet.*

Although Shakespeare has not, as Dr. Johnson observes, executed what is called "*poetical justice*" as respects the fate *in this world*, of the different persons of the piece, yet he has been careful throughout to indicate or involve *a higher justice.* The whole texture of the poem of *Hamlet* assumes a spiritual world, with its various states, and therefore when the ghost speaks of the sufferings consequent upon his sins, when Laertes expects that his sister will be "a ministering angel;" when Hamlet invokes "the heavenly guards" to "save and hover over" him; and when Horatio, at the last, calls upon the "flights of angels," to sing Hamlet to his rest, this texture of the poem requires that all these things should be understood as truths, and not as merely being poetic licences. In short, Shakespeare may be seen not to have forgotten himself at all, in any respect, if we will only do *what Dr. Johnson omitted to do;* namely, *consider the whole poem; the spiritual part*, as well as the natural.

Dr. Johnson himself has been not unfrequently smiled at, for his tendency to believe in the supernatural; but is it not true, that, although strongly *feeling* the importance of the subject, he did not sufficiently *see*, what he thus strongly *felt*, since he appears to have had some idea of a kind of *legal evidence* being wanted

for the fact of spiritual appearances. Thus, "talking of ghosts," as Boswell informs us, he said—

> It is wonderful that five thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.

And again, when a ghost-story of John Wesley's was spoken of, Dr. Johnson said,—

> "I am sorry that I did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it." Upon this, Miss Seward, with an incredulous smile, said, "What! sir, about a ghost?" "Yes, Madam;" replied he, "this is a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human mind."

Such was the style in which Dr. Johnson treated the subject, and it is to be regretted that so able and religious a man should thus have thought as to the *argumentative* force upon his own side. Had he perceived that all argument *was for*, and not against, spiritual appearances, we should have had a very different, and far more valuable critique upon *Hamlet* from his hand. The doctor seems to have considered that the strongest evidence for a spiritual appearance should be of that legal kind which is possible concerning anything in nature; yet his knowledge of mankind might have taught him, that, *to those who begin with mere unbelief*, such evidence is impossible. They do not profess to doubt that people have seen ghosts; that is, *fancied that they saw them;* it is the *objective reality* of which they doubt, and of which it is absolutely impossible to convince any one who *thinks from the natural eye alone*, when the object in question is of *the spiritual eye*. Accordingly, although the Spiritualist feels every proper interest in what he conceives to be any well-authenticated spiritual appearances, he would not lay the greatest stress upon them, in seeking to convince the sceptic, who is to be more legitimately reached, if at all, in another way. Had Dr. Johnson taken up the absolutely affirmative view and had requested of the sceptics, who profess to settle everything by reason, to reason concerning *Hamlet*, he would have been impregnable. He could have shewn them that this work, taking a supernatural appearance for granted, was admired by all sorts of people, and that, both in simple perusal, or in stage representation. He could have called upon the sceptics to explain how this had happened, *if the whole foundation of Hamlet was false*, and as it would have been impossible for them, upon their views, to offer any sound reason for this universal admiration of *Hamlet*, they must have been forced to the acknowledgment that *reason itself* was against them. We might then have had a real critique upon *Hamlet*, for Dr. Johnson, as we have just seen, deeply felt the importance, both in theology and philosophy, of

the question involved in such a critique. As it was, he allowed to the sceptics, that "all argument" was against ghost-belief, and thus quite incapacitated himself from writing anything valuable upon *Hamlet*, a work which most assuredly could no more have existed, and have been received as it is, if spiritualities were not *realities*, than a shadow could exist without some real object from which it might be projected.

Let us then learn to give criticism a more complete basis than it has hitherto possessed, by *no longer omitting to consider the supernatural;* and as an indispensable step in that direction, let us cease to think of that supernatural, as being either the *suspension* or the *contradiction* of material external laws, but as *the manifestation* of spiritual internal laws. We should not then find ourselves exclaiming "Why should the Divine permit his laws to be *suspended, or contradicted,* for this or that insufficient end?" And then, on the strength of our own assumptions, refusing to examine into facts, and often putting forth a very narrow and unjust critique upon the works of the greatest artists; men whom we ought, even for our own sakes, to be slow indeed in pronouncing to be wrong.

THE GHOST IN HAMLET.—AN ILLUSION.

The following passage from a work by Mr. Charles Ollier, strikingly shows how even able writers can *forget* what is in the author whom they admire and write about:—

"It faded at the crowing of the cock," says Marcellus to Horatio, speaking of the grand phantom of Hamlet's father, the most awful apparition evoked by the imagination of man—a royal shade, more potent as the monarch of spirits, than when, in the body, it wielded the sceptre of then mighty Denmark. But with all its attributes of power, "the majesty of buried Denmark," could only "*revisit the glimpses of the moon,*" making "*night hideous.*" As *dawn* came on, the "*illusion faded.*"

The above is the opening paragraph of a volume written to shew the fallacy of ghosts, dreams, and the like, and by one who is most clearly an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, but whose want of faith in the supernatural has here led him, unconsciously, to quote from *Hamlet* with a most strange one-sidedness. Who, not having read *Hamlet*, but would imagine that Mr. Ollier actually had Shakespeare upon *his* side of the question, or could conceive that every means had been adopted by Shakespeare, in order to give all the marks of reality to "the grand phantom," as Mr. Ollier styles the ghost.

Shakespeare has made the ghost visible and audible to three persons at once, and, as to Hamlet *communicating facts before unknown to him;* yet Mr. Ollier appears only to have remembered those things which *seemed* to harmonize with his own

views; namely, the *night-appearances* of the ghost, and his *fading* at the approach of the morning.

Mr. Ollier owns, as we perceive, to being deeply impressed by the ghost, and it cannot but be regretted, that instead of endeavouring to explain away the supernatural, he had not rather sought the still more difficult task of explaining away Shakespeare's *artistic right* to use supernatural themes, and *the right* of his readers to be delighted with that use. This, would at least have been *new*, and would have given an infinitely greater scope for argument and ingenuity than can possibly be shewn by any attempts to annihilate supernaturalism, those attempts being founded upon views merely physical; spiritual views and *art-considerations* being altogether set aside.

ANTIGONUS.—HOTSPUR.

In a volume entitled *Philosophy of Shakespeare*, in which passages from the poet are ranged under certain headings, with occasional remarks, the author, Mr. Rankin, thus expresses himself—

> Shakespeare's superiority to the superstitious times in which he lived, is absolutely amazing; especially when we consider that such a mind as Sir M. Hale's succumbed to them. Read the speech of Antigonus on ghosts, the reasoning of Hotspur on omens . . . . . and then admire a genius that was centuries in advance of his age.

Now it is sufficiently curious, that Mr. Rankin has altogether forgotten that Antigonus, who intimates that he is a sceptic, *is shewn in the play to be quite wrong*, at least for once. The dream which had so much wrought upon him, as to make him say (after having pronounced "dreams to be toys"), that he will, nevertheless, be "superstitiously squared by this," is fulfilled, and the just inference might be, that the scepticism belongs to Antigonus alone, and the belief to Shakespeare. Those who have really gone into the subject, know what powerful evidence there is for the fact of prophetic dreams, and are satisfied that Shakespeare knew it also. Those who think that Shakespeare would introduce a prophetic dream, without having studied the subject of prophetic dreams, are requested to consider that a painter who loves his art, and seeks for lasting reputation, does not allow himself to introduce anything into his picture, even the meanest weed, without studying it.

The case with respect to Hotspur equally illustrates the forgetfulness of Mr. Rankin as to the real point in question. In the fine scene between Hotspur and Glendower, there is a great deal of smart, cutting scepticism evinced by the former. He is, however, checked by Mortimer, who assures him that Glendower is—

> A worthy gentleman, exceedingly well read, and profited in strange concealments.

And how does Shakespeare carry on the scene? Why, by making Glendower give an auricular proof of his open communication with the inner world. When Mortimer says that he will sit and hear his wife sing, Glendower replies:—

> Do so;
> And those musicians that shall play to you,
> Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
> Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

He then speaks some Welsh words, and then the music plays. But does this produce any effect upon Hotspur's unbelief? None in the least; and Shakespeare here has given the absolute proof of his observation upon a certain species of scepticism, which, instead of being at all moved to gravity or examination by some noteworthy fact, is only disposed to turn it into ridicule. Thus Hotspur, when he hears the music, only says,—

> *Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;*
> And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
> *By 'r lady, he's a good musician.*

Shakespeare has also kept close to nature in not giving any remark upon Glendower's power to the other persons present, to whom, supposing that power to have been familiar, it had ceased, in some sense, to be marvellous. Had Shakespeare, however, been a sceptic, and yet so regardless of his own ideas of truth, as to have introduced the spiritual music for the sake of something called *effect*, there could not have been this *quietness* of treatment; light jesting on the part of Hotspur, and absolute silence with the rest.

It may be added, that even Mr. Charles Knight also, has evidently overlooked what Shakespeare has made Glendower *do*, and the unavoidable inference from his doings. Mr. Knight contrasts "the solemn *credulity*" of Glendower with the "sarcastic *unbelief*" of Hotspur; but we have now seen, that, on Shakespeare's shewing, it should have been "solemn *certainty*, and not "solemn *credulity*," which is to be affirmed of Glendower; for in this scene, he not only believes that he can, and says that he will, do a certain thing; that is, summon musicians of the inner world, but he *actually does* do it.

It is, certainly, one of the most striking proofs of the effect which preconceived opinions have upon criticism, that such points as the above, in a writer like Shakespeare, should have remained totally unnoticed, nay, *unseen*. Every one will admit, that in order to be a critic upon Shakespeare, human nature must be studied by the critic, otherwise he cannot appreciate the author's treatment of it. It remains to be admitted, that the manifestations of the inner world must also be studied by the critics for the same reason.

TROILUS.—THESEUS.

In addition to the cases of Antigonus and Hotspur, those of Troilus and Theseus may be adduced as fresh instances of the manner in which Shakespeare shews the sceptic to be in error, by placing him in opposition to the facts of the story. Thus Troilus treats his brother Helenus, and his sister Cassandra, very cavalierly, after the approved fashion of the doubters. He says to Helenus:—

> You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.

And when Hector, upon the entrance of Cassandra, raving and prophesying, asks,—

> Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
> Of divination in our sister, work
> Some touches of remorse.

The reply shews Troilus as only seeing that "Cassandra's mad," "her raptures brainsick," &c., yet "the high strains of divination" really were within her.

Finally, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Theseus makes a celebrated speech, every line of which is sceptical, yet *the conduct* of the play falsifies the Duke's reasonings, or, as they should rather be called, his assertions. Hippolyta having observed to him,—

> 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

He thus replies, *paying no attention*, be it observed, to the fact that Hippolyta is speaking from the testimony of four persons; a very artful stroke on the part of Shakespeare at the sceptics.

Theseus. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear.

To this speech Hippolyta very justly answers, that—

> All the story of the night told over,
> And all their minds transfigured thus together,

> More witnesseth than fancy's images,
> And grows to something of great constancy,
> But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Here again, Shakespeare shows his nice observation of the sceptical mind. Every one who has conversed on any subject, with persons *predetermined, on that subject, not to believe*, must have observed how common it is for the latter, when fairly brought to a stand-still, to lapse into a dead silence, instead of saying, as the lover of truth would do, "What you have alleged is very reasonable, and I will now examine." *They* can say no more, nor may *you*. Accordingly, to the incontrovertible speech of Hippolyta, Theseus makes no reply.

It is a truly noteworthy and significant fact, that to the sceptical Theseus should have been allotted by Shakespeare the sceptical idea concerning the poet; namely, as being the embodier of the unreal, and not as being the copyist of what is true. It is exactly in character, that the doubting Theseus should thus speak of the poetic art, and *thence we may be sure that the poet who wrote the lines for him, thought precisely the very reverse.* Owing, however, to the general doubt concerning the supernatural, and the consequent assumption of Shakespeare's disbelief, this point seems never to have been considered, and it may be safely affirmed that nine hundred and ninety-nine readers out of every thousand, would gravely quote the lines upon the poet, *as containing Shakespeare's own idea*, although, only five lines previously, *Theseus has placed the poet in the same category with the lunatic.* From the purely dramatic character of his works, Shakespeare can never *speak* in his own person, but he can always *act;* that is, so frame his story as that scepticism shall be shewn to be entirely at fault: and this he does.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, the following axioms are submitted to the consideration of those who are interested in criticism respecting Shakespeare.

1*st.* That all *good art* is absolutely *true*, or it could not be good.

2*nd.* That to the true artist, whatever he cannot feel to be *absolutely true* in its foundations, is altogether intolerable.

3*rd.* That all the difficulty in *intellectually* admitting these things, lies in the non-admission of an internal, causal world as absolutely real. It is said, in *intellectually* admitting, because the influence of the arts proves that men's *feelings* always have dmitted, and do still admit, this reality.

4*th.* That neither pure Immaterialism (nor Idealism), on the one hand, or pure Materialism, on the other, can be considered

but as *half-philosophies*, consequently, that neither of them, singly, could have been the philosophy of such a man as Shakespeare.

5th. The great artist is pre-eminently the man of fact and common sense. He sees more facts than other men do, and also the common-senseness of those facts.

6th. All good Art takes both the spiritual and natural worlds for granted, and works with both, according to the laws of both, and with such effect, that the best artists are by common consent, placed above all other men; and justly so. To be what they are, whether as poets, painters, or musicians, they must not only have the most powerful sense of the objective realities of both worlds, but they are also gifted with *the faculty of realising their perceptions*, so as to convey them to other men.

7th. That these axioms admitted, an additional evidence is gained for the highest truths of all—those of Religion, which are thus shewn to be at one with all that tends to raise and refine mankind.

MADEMOISELLE LE NORMAND, THE PARISIAN SIBYL OF THE REVOLUTION.

By William Howitt.

In one department of the great and varied field of Spiritualism figures a class of mediums who have been termed in different periods, and by different persons, fortune-tellers, conjurors, wise men and women, necromancers, sorcerers, and in almost all cases charlatans. These persons who have practised their so-called art, or as we should now rather term it, function, for gain, have by one class of mind been regarded as in compact with the devil, by another as in compact with their own spirit of chicanery, by a third as having more or less of both. Many have set down their success to a clever assurance in specious fraud, or to an acute insight into character and circumstances, but have stoutly denied them to have any real possession of the gift of prescience. Such men as Nostradamus, Cornelius Agrippa, Cagliostro, and such women as Mademoiselle le Normand, have been adjudged by different minds to belong to all these classes of *entrepreneurs*. Another order of minds is unwilling to recognise as Spiritualists such persons as do not take a religious view of the dispensation, and is disposed to treat all those included under the general head here adverted to, as persons disreputable, and about whom the less said the better.

Now it is surely time that all Spiritualists understood that

the power of spirits to communicate with those still in the flesh is not conferred on any particular section of the spirit race, but is, like all God's ordinances, open to all. As there are light and dark, good and evil, in the world, so there are good and evil spirits in operation about us; and, between these, every grade of quality, good, bad, and indifferent, as there is in the infinitely varied mass of mankind. It is not a *sacred* opening into this earth alone through which the divine agents of God can pass and repass; it is a wide and mighty gate—a great and broad highway between the worlds, through which spirits of all classes and qualities can pass, and on which they can travel. We have to choose our companions amongst the invisibles, just as we have to choose them amongst the visibles: we have to do more—to avoid and repel the approaches of the evil, by all the powers put into our hands—those of prayer, and a clinging to the pure and the noble in life, and of cultivating a firm repugnance to everything low, sensual, and unworthy. In what is truly called the battle of life, we must steadily range ourselves on the divine side, certain that the light and the dark phalanxes of the spiritual will be fighting around us, and that the trivial, the indifferent, the lazy, and the mixed characters of the other life, will gather about us in our hours of ease and ordinary proceeding.

That very much trick and an impudent mystification have been mingled with real spiritual power, in the fortune-tellers of all times, is very certain. At the same time, there are so many extraordinary predictions which have been fulfilled, at dates to which no human foresight could possibly reach—predictions uttered, and even written down at once, by these popular professors of vaticination, that it is equally certain that they were mediums of great and undoubted endowments. St. Cæsar, who died at Arles in 552, prophesied of a terrible revolution in France, including all the events of the revolution of 1789. Instead of the Christian era, he said it would occur in or about the year 1789 of the era of Diocletian, which would have been 284 years later. In the facts he was right, and in the date right to a year, supposing him only to have taken the true era—the Christian for that of Diocletian—then in use by Christian writers, as the era of Martyrs. At 1237 years before the time, such an error is not wonderful: but the prophecy so literally fulfilled is wonderful. The prophecy is written in Latin. (See *Liber Mirabilis*, pp. 55–58.) Nostradamus, as may be seen at full in his *Prophetical Centuries*, besides many other things, clearly, in 1555, foretold the French Revolution of 1789, and Napoleon, that is, 234 years in advance. But this great event was predicted still earlier; namely, in 1476, by Jean Müller, an account of which appeared in the *Odoeporicon* of 1553. He says—"That a thousand seven

hundred and eighty-eight years after the birth of Christ, there will come an astonishing period, in which, if the whole perverse race of men is not struck with death, yet whole empires will be overturned, and great calamity everywhere prevail." M. Pièrart, in the *Revue Spiritualiste*, Tome IX. 3e livraison, has noticed the prophecy of the same event in M. Turrel, philosopher and astrologer, and rector of the schools of Dijon, in 1531. It is contained in a pamphlet of sixty-two pages, on parchment, composed in Latin, in the monastery of Trois Valees. The pamphlet is so rare that M. Pièrart believes that this is probably the sole copy remaining; there being no copy of it in the Imperial Library, nor in those of the Arsenal and of Mazarine. Jean Müller hit the date to within a single year, 313 years beforehand; giving it distinctly as 1788 instead of 1789; but it is well known that all the elements of the Revolution were in active operation in the year before it fully broke out. Turrel, however, names the exact year in 1531, that is, 258 years in advance. He says, "Not only will a tremendous revolution break out then, but that it will not end for twenty-five years, that is, till 1814; and that in it will arise a man, who shall rule in that revolution, and that by a law dishonest, lying, and magical, so that no such man shall arise like him between Mahomet and Antichrist." Boyle, in his *Dictionary*, notices Turrel, and many successive predictions copied from Turrel's prophecy, as Roussat, canon of Langres, in 1550, in his *Livre des Temps*.

These are things so clear, so unambiguous, so precise in date, that, the original works in which they appeared still existing, there is no getting rid of them. They attest the existence of prophecies by persons calling themselves simply astrologers, which centuries afterwards were fulfilled to the letter and the figure. In our own time have appeared others of this same class, scarcely less extraordinary; one or two of whom, it may be interesting to notice with some degree of detail, as Cagliostro and Mademoiselle le Normand, to whom we may add in awhile, one of the religious class—Madame von Krüdener.

None of these have equalled in force and fulness of prescience Mademoiselle le Normand. This lady, who became obnoxious to Napoleon I., because, like the old prophets of Israel with their monarchs, she would not prophesy to please him, was repeatedly imprisoned by him, and was as much in favour with the Empress Josephine, whose rise and fall she openly predicted. She died in 1843, after having for fifty years been assiduously consulted by the crowned heads, princes, ambassadors, and people of every class in France, and of most of the countries of Europe. She had acquired an income of 20,000 francs, which she chiefly left to her nephew M. Hugo.

A celebrated writer says of her:—"All Paris, all France had their attention fixed on this now departed one. Her death is the event of the day, and all the journals of the metropolis devote to her a long reminiscence. 'Witch or not,' says the *Journal des Debats*, 'she was certainly amongst the women of Europe, the one who had evinced the most spirit. Name to us amongst all the poetesses in the world, one who was more eagerly sought after; amongst the finest dramatic writers, one with a more dramatic genius; amongst the spinners of romances, one who could more artistically involve or clear up an intrigue. Amidst the chaos of Parisian passions and horrors, she sate like a spider in the centre of its web calmly awaiting what chance should bring her. Unhappy love, ambition, hopes, dreams, and bubbles, broken or closed; all the anxious blows of stormbeaten hearts, were her daily bread. She lived alone for the mysterious, and the tears of fear as of hope, were not merely her entertainment, they were her pleasure—that is in a certain sense, for she was not cruel. They who are familiar with the French Revolution, are familiar too with this psychological wonder. She is a piece of the history of that ever memorable epoch, and exerted a secret although an indirect influence on it.'"

Count Adam de Gurowski, a Polish-Russian who, in 1846, published a *Promenade en Suisse, en* 1845, and who in the preceding year published *Eine Tour durch Belgien*, says in the first-named volume:—"At this period there was revealed to me a fatality attached to my existence. Who has not been tempted to lift the thick veil of his destiny? Who has not presented the lines of his hand, or tried the cards of the princess of magic? . . . . The predictions of Mdlle. le Normand have been in my case realized one after the other, and I am still always in consequence of them under the weight of a painful night-mare. She foretold to me the sudden change of my political opinions, and then that I should find myself engaged in an infatuated course, wholly opposed to my present one. 'All the ties of your youth,' said the Pythoness, 'will be violently broken; bitter and malignant hatreds will pursue you. A woman, in close approximation to a throne, by the ties of friendship will have fatal influence on your destiny. It is far north, in a city of which the name, according to cabalistic signs, begins with P.' (Petersburg), 'that you will pass your happiest years.'

"In every particular these predictions have proved true. How then, can we deny a fatality which draws us on; which warps our existence, and surrounds it with a thick fog; which hope, the kiss of the future, can never penetrate with its warmth, any more than the warm breath of the sirocco can reach the deep recesses of the arctic pinnacles of ice?" (p. 259.)

Mademoiselle le Normand was born in 1772, at Alençon, and her prophetic genius developed itself very early. When she was only seven years old she said to the Abbess of the Benedictine Convent in which she was educated, that she would be deposed, and a red woman would come in her place. This was realized by the red-capped Jacobins putting down the nunnery. From the time of this first prophecy to the full outburst of the Revolution, nothing is known of her fortunes, but in the midst of the Reign of Terror she emerged to notice like so many other extraordinary apparitions.

"Did you come into the sphere of Robespierre's influence?" some one asked. "Yes, he threw me into prison in 1794." "Do you think he had personal courage?" "He was the most superstitious man of his time. When he has come to me, to inquire about his future, he trembled at the dealing of the cards, and he kept his eyes as fast closed as he did at the sight of a nine of spades."

In her nineteenth year we find her living in the house No. 5, Rue de Tournon, which she never changed to the day of her death. There was nothing cabalistic about this dwelling. A simple ante-room led to the saloon, which was ornamented with four pillars, four busts, and some pictures, amongst which was Louis XVI. taking leave of his family, and her own portrait. The furniture was of maple, very beautiful, having been intended for the Duchess of Angouleme. There were some vases, articles of real value and elegance, and, with a curious exception, the whole indicated a simple and healthy taste. She herself appeared when visited by inquirers not in any necromantic costume, but in winter in a sort of overcoat of silk trimmed with fur; in summer in a dress richly ornamented with lace. In short, she might be regarded from her appearance, as an amiable harmless woman of fashion rather than as a prophetess. Her voice in delivering her predictions is said to have had an imposing tone, and she had generally a fine cat and a handsome little dog lying near her. For the rest, her conversation was clear, precise, and in good taste. Those who asked of her revelations, she required to state the day and hour of their birth, their favourite flower and favourite odour.

She predicted to Robespierre and the partners of his crimes that their power would terminate in 1794. It must have been considerably before this time that Madame Josephine Beauharnais had sought out the sibyl, and consulted her as to her fate. A woman in Martinique had told her that she would become a queen. "Will that become true?" asked Josephine. "No," replied Mademoiselle le Normand; "You will become an empress." She assured her that she would have a second

husband, would from the splendour of her fortunes astonish the whole world, and grieve her friends by an early death. Josephine appeared terrified and ready to faint at the conclusion of this *séance*.

Some time after, Josephine met at the house of Madame de Chat the rising General Buonaparte. Many obstacles were thrown in the way of her marriage with him by her friends, and the union appeared to put an end to the realization of the splendid fortunes foretold her in Martinique, and the still more magnificent ones predicted by Mademoiselle le Normand. She married Napoleon, and afterwards called on the sibyl. "How now," said she, "about the prophecies?" "Nothing," replied Mademoiselle le Normand, "is changed in your future."

In 1793, before his marriage with Josephine, Buonaparte, irritated by many annoyances, resolved to quit France, and take service with the Sultan. He sent a secret note to Mademoiselle le Normand stating this. She replied that a passport would be refused him; he would be detained in France, and would rise to a very high rank; would marry a widow who would make him very happy, and would still further exalt his fortunes. "But," added she, "take care that you are not ungrateful to her; your fortunes hang inseparably together."

Mademoiselle le Normand foresaw and formally prophesied the separation of Buonaparte and Josephine, and, in consequence, she was thrown into prison by the emperor; but, long before he was emperor, she was an object of constant anxiety to him. A somnambulist, Mademoiselle Vanem, had predicted his conquest of Italy, in the presence of Mesdames Tallien and Beauharnais, and from that time he was greatly devoted to clairvoyance. When he was in Egypt, Fouché, his Minister of Police, had still his eye upon her, and, on her bringing a heroic comedy on the stage, he struck out the words put into the mouth of Buonaparte—"I will return to France, and never lay down my arms so long as the Republic has an enemy!"

On the 2nd of May, 1801, during the Consulate, Mademoiselle le Normand was sent for to Malmaison. She did not know who had sent for her, but supposed it to be one of Madame Buonaparte's ladies; she found, however, that it was Josephine who desired to see her, and who asked whether she could not tell her something of her future, and whether she should long inhabit that house. She says that, as it was a very important affair, she exerted all her arts both of chiromancy and cartomancy, and laid twenty results of cards before her. Her custom, be it understood, being to use both cards and to examine the hand; though she uniformly asserted that she had the aid of a high spirit, whom she called Ariel. Whether she really

divined by the cards, or used them only as a cover to her spirit's dictations, has been a question often asked. Probably, her spirit influenced the cards, and at other times, as she declared, communicated with her directly, and by voice or intuition. On this occasion she told Josephine that she perceived that she was engaged in plans for still further advancing her husband's fortunes, and bade her beware, for, so soon as he achieved the monarchy of the world, he would sacrifice her to his ambition.

Josephine spoke much of her children, and Mademoiselle le Normand said her daughter would be married to one of the Buonaparte family, but had a strong preference to another union. Josephine replied that she herself favoured this other attachment; but this was not true, for she promoted the marriage of Hortense with Louis Napoleon, thinking it would prevent Napoleon separating from herself. This hope was delusive, and Josephine was severely punished for her selfishness in the unhappiness of her daughter. Josephine asked the prophetess how it was possible that her prediction of her coming to a throne could be fulfilled, seeing that all the most active and powerful persons in France were bent on the maintenance of the Republic. She replied, "There will be three changes in the constitution before the summit is attained."

During the interview Buonaparte entered, and asked who she was. He then said, "Ah! you are the person who foretold my rise to the Consulate; but don't repeat that. Great men do not like the public to know that they are affected by such weaknesses; and remember that I forget nothing."

On the 16th of December, 1803, she was again arrested and thrown into prison, for having imprudently and openly prophesied that if Buonaparte invaded England, as he was designing, he would assuredly perish there. She was told that she would suffer a long imprisonment; but she says she cast a figure, and told the prefect that fifteen days were the term of her durance in the Madelonnettes. The prefect thought he knew better; but on the 1st of January, 1804, she wrote and sent to Fouché the following lines:

Si le préfet voulait dans ce moment,
Par an bienfait commence cette année,
Donner congé de mon appartement,
Je lui prédis heureuse destinée.

At twelve o'clock precisely that day she was liberated and returned home.

In 1805 she was arrested again. She had endeavoured to save General du B., warning him that a fatal end awaited him if he did not quit Paris. He neglected her counsel, and fell

accordingly. In examining her papers, the officer in command found one shewing that she would be arrested on this very day, but would not be detained more than forty-eight hours. The officer questioned her on this in astonishment; she made him tremble on his own account, and, to her own astonishment, he not only liberated her, but became one of her most zealous proselytes. She adds, "Would that I had known him earlier, both for my own sake and that of others."

Again at liberty, she soon was besieged by crowds of dukes, counts, and countesses, who were, like herself, thorough adherents of the Bourbons; and as little secret was made of their visits as if there were nothing to fear from the vigilant and all-powerful emperor. She predicted to her visitors every step which Buonaparte was about to make in every part of Europe. Buonaparte was the more incensed against her, as he knew, from the past, that she prophesied too truly. At the repeated persuasions of Josephine, he sent to consult her in 1807; but he took such means as he thought would surely prevent her discerning who the applicant was. He, therefore, sent a dumb girl from the country, who could neither read nor write, but who brought a paper which stated that it was given to her by an unknown person, who asked for an answer regarding his circumstances and coming fortunes. In the paper was given the date of his birth, an island; the flower and the perfume that he most loved. Her answer to this is given at great length in her *Memoires de Josephine;* but it may suffice to say that she had speedily detected who was the enquirer. It gives an account of the place of his birth; of his family relations; that he belonged to the army; that a danger lay before him, connected with some unkindness to his wife; that all good fortune came and would go with her; within twenty-eight months he would do something by advice of his wife, which would ultimately tend to their separation—an event which he would bitterly repent. She added, that this illustrious person was suffering from an eruption, which his consort at that moment was taking means to abate—which being a fact, greatly astonished them; that great danger threatened him from the Spanish war, and from interfering with the papal authority; that if he should consult her again in seven years, and then look back on all she now told him, and took warning by her revelations, so much the better for him; that he must beware of the north wind, for out of the north wind would come all his trouble.

Having read this answer, Napoleon appeared for a moment greatly struck by it: but that very day he issued orders for her arrest. Josephine sent secretly and in all haste to warn her to get out of the way. In the presence of the messenger she made

her consultations, and sent word by him that she had nothing to fear. The next day, December 11th, 1809, as she was surrounded by a numerous and distinguished company, a body of officers of justice entered, and made their way, maliciously smiling, through the throng. "You see the initiated that surround me," she said, addressing the chief officer; "I must be aware of false brethren, for to-day I shall be arrested." "In that you do not err," said the officer, "for we are here for that purpose; yet I think our visit must rather have taken you by surprise." "By no means," she replied; "there are the cards which announced your coming," and she shewed the announcement made to her through them several days before.

The subject of this imprisonment forms the contents of Mademoiselle le Normand's *Souvenirs Prophétiques d'une Sibylle*, which contain nearly 600 pages. The book is written in a somewhat fantastic style, and with a strange jumble of Christian and Pagan characters in her dreams and visions, but in her answers to enquiries and to the police she is generally clear, to the point, and acute. Great endeavours were made to draw information from her regarding those who had consulted her, but she repulsed the endeavour with scorn. She declared all such confidences were with her sacred, and she would die rather than betray them. The prefect remanded her one day, saying, this time her imprisonment would certainly be a long one. "On the contrary," she replied, "I shall be set at liberty to-morrow." And this took place. Before leaving she told Fouché that his successor would be the Duke of Rovigo; which proved true, and Fouché used to tell this familiarly in conversation.

Mademoiselle le Normand whilst in prison sent word to Josephine that the order for her divorce was secretly signed, and Josephine, drowned in tears, rushed into Napoleon's presence and charged him with it. Instead of denying it, he asked what traitor could have told her. She replied, Mademoiselle le Normand.

All the time she was in prison, though the strictest means were used to cut off all correspondence with her from her family and clients outside, yet she received frequent communications. She had prevailed on the prefect to allow her to have her dinner from a favourite *restaurateur's*, and in her soup she would have a small vial, hermetically sealed, containing notes; in a roast partridge a number of letters; in a billet of firewood, or within the collar of her dog, came others, even from Josephine herself. One of the keepers, Vautorèr, was dreadfully afraid of her as a sorceress, and was yet very kind to her, because she gave him exact news of a brother in Spain, who had been lost sight of for years. Frequently his presence in the room prevented her pro-

ceeding with her dinner, as some discovery of the letters concealed in the viands would almost have been certain.

This extraordinary woman lived to see the death of Josephine and the fall of Napoleon, and long after. All her prophesies had realized themselves, even the terrible visitation of the north wind in the Russian campaign. She was grown rich, and did not care to encumber herself with many clients. She made repeated journeys to Alençon, her native place, and retired there, living in quiet seclusion. Louis XVIII. used to give her private audiences in the Tuileries, in one of which she foretold to him the murder of the Duke of Berry. She died on the 25th of June, 1847, aged 72 years.

Many of these facts are drawn from her own accounts of them in the various works which she wrote on the transactions in which she was engaged—namely, *Souvenirs of a Sibyl*, *Historic and Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, *Anniversary of the Empress's Death*, *The Sibyl at the Tomb of Louis XVI.*, *Sibylline Leaves*, *The Sibyl at the Congress of Aix la Chapelle*, and *Souvenirs of Belgium*. These books she used to sell herself, and she had a sign over her door bearing the words, "Mademoiselle le Normand, Bookseller."

Amongst the vast number of distinguished persons with whom Mademoiselle le Normand had intercourse, either as a seeress or as a friend, were Marie Antoinette, the Duchess of Angoulême, Talleyrand, M. and Madame Bernadotte, the Princess Adelaide, Talma, Mademoiselle Raucourt, Generals Moreau and Denon, David the Painter, the two journalists Hoffman and Geoffrey, the King of Prussia, Frederick William III.; Prince Kourakin, Minister of the Emperor of Russia; Maria Stella, and the members of the Imperial family, and the greater part of the notabilities of the day. Of some of these distinguished persons a few facts in connection with Mademoiselle le Normand may be mentioned. M. Guizot was very familiar with her, who was of much use to him at the time of great perplexity, when he paid his court to Mademoiselle de Meulan, who was as poor as himself, but afterwards became his wife.

As concerned the family of Marie Antoinette Mademoiselle le Normand was persuaded, as many people now are, that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple, but was conveyed away secretly through means of his friends. And that the suddenly interupted lawsuit of the Duke of Normandy, his hasty banishment, the two attempts to murder him—once in Paris, the second time in London—and the work of M. Bourbon le Blanc, advocate of the Duke of Normandy, throw much light on this mystery.

Madame Adelaide, sister of the King of France, had many secret meetings with Mademoiselle le Normand at her house in

the Rue de Tournon, connected with the affairs of her family; and the sibyl had in her saloon a splendid portrait of Louis XVI., presented to her by the Duchess d'Angouleme.

Talleyrand was a frequent visitor of Mademoiselle le Normand's during the Republic and the period of the Directory; he married Mademoiselle Grand through her recommendation and good offices. A letter of his, in possession of a literary gentleman, begins—"Noble sibyl, hast thou nothing but unhappiness to prophesy to me!"

Madame Bernadotte took up her residence with Mademoiselle le Normand whilst her husband was the first Adjutant-Major of the Demi-Brigade. She had announced that he would become King of Sweden. He promised her, in a letter now in possession of M. Hugo, that if this took place he would load her with honours and settle on her an income of 10,000 francs. Charles John forgot his promises; but the Queen of Sweden never forgot the obligations which they owed to Mademoiselle le Normand.

All the monarchs present at the Congress of Aix la Chapelle paid visits to the sibyl, and left her tokens of remembrance. The king of Prussia disguised himself as a peasant in order to have a consultation with her. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I am the peasant Ohne-Sorgen (Sans Souci)." "Without doubt," she replied, "since, Sire, you are the possessor of Sans Souci."

When the Prince Kourakin visited her in Brussels, she said to him, "You will be plundered by robbers in the very journey you are about to take. There will be a conspiracy against your life; you will be hanged, and yet afterwards advance to the highest dignities." "How, sibyl?" said the prince, bursting into laughter, "I shall be hanged?" "I said it, prince," replied Mademoiselle le Normand, as if piqued at the doubting of her word.

That night the prince commenced his journey towards Russia. Some miles from Brussels robbers took the horses from the carriage, and seized his money and luggage, but spared his life. Arrived in Petersburg, he found himself in the midst of a military riot. He was seized and hanged; and at the last moment cut down, the riot being quelled. He was still living, and became the favourite of the emperor.

Madame E. de G., the celebrated authoress, and one of the most beautiful and amiable women in Paris (probably Madame de Girardin) consulted the sibyl on some extraordinary connections of business betwixt her husband and M. B. "This connection," said Mademoiselle le Normand, "will be a mischievous one; the talents and influence of your husband will be grossly misused;" and she went on to prophesy the complete succession of events.

"Ah! Mademoiselle!" wrote to her Madame G——, after-

wards, "you foretold everything, as it fell out day by day, hour by hour."

Madame de Stäel before her banishment from Paris, and then from France, frequently visited and consulted Mademoiselle le Normand. One day she said to Madame de Stäel, "You have a project in your head which you will repent of." The next day Madame de Stäel obtained an especial audience of Napoleon, whose notice she was anxious of attracting, but who had already conceived a violent antipathy to her on account of her extreme liberalism. Napoleon received her with sharpness, abandoning his usual courtesy to ladies, and afterwards gave her the nick-name of Chattering Magpie, being a reference to the then popular play of the Thievish Magpie. Mademoiselle le Normand told her beforehand that she would be banished to her own house at Coppet. In one of her works Madame de Stäel mentions these visits to Mademoiselle le Normand, and says that everything which she predicted to her came true.

If we took a tithe of the curious cases of realized vaticination in Mademoiselle le Normand's history, we must write a book; but we must briefly notice one or two more. A celebrated Parisian beauty, thence called Belle Tiquet, consulted her on her troubles. Her husband was a man who, she soon discovered, had not merely married her for her wealth, but was spending it fast in all sorts of vicious pleasures. "Oh," said the sibyl, "you will soon be elevated on a theatre far above all your enemies and their malice." La Belle Tiquet was in amazement how that could be, but not many days afterwards our prophetess heard that Tiquet was found murdered, his wife was arrested on suspicion, and condemned to be executed in the Place de Grève.

Colonel Favier of Paris related the following facts to Dr. Weisskampf:—"In 1815 as I was in Paris with the Allied Army. I heard much of the celebrated soothsayer, Mademoiselle le Normand, and of the horoscopes which she had cast for Buonaparte, the Minister Malchus, Talma, the celebrated Madame George, Madame de Stäel, &c., all of which proved perfectly true, and perhaps most extraordinary, that constructed for the famous painter Horace Vernet when he was yet a child. When nothing was known of any intention on the part of France to conquer Algiers in 1807, she shewed by cards that after 30 years he would become a great painter, and that the King would send him, after a conquest in Africa, to paint the storming of a fortress; which fell out exactly as foretold. She had told to the ex-King Murat the time and place of his death twenty years before the event."

These wonderful things, however, appeared still less so than her power of pointing out the winning numbers in lotteries. She

gave to Potier, the popular comedian, nine, eleven, thirty-seven, eighty-five, which, however, were not to be drawn for sixteen years, and then in the Imperial Lottery at Lyons. This time arrived in 1826, and Potier, calling the thing to mind, not only bought these numbers, but a sixth, the number of his birthday in the then month of May, 27. By the drawing of these he won 250,000 francs, and from that hour fortune seemed to be his slave, and he went on enriching himself, so that he died worth a million and a half of francs.

Tribet also, a player of small talent, and with a large family, acting in one of the poorest theatres of Paris, and desperate with his poverty, besieged her with importunities to tell him some lucky numbers. "Ask me not," said she; "for, though the numbers will be almost immediately drawn in the present lottery, it would be your ruin. You would become a desperate gambler, neglect wife and children, go on to madness and a terrible death." Tribet promised vehemently to continue a steady and moderate man. "Very well," said the Pythia, "follow your fate. Your lucky numbers are 28, 13, 66, and one more, but it has been taken out of your hand by an accident."

"Yes," said Tribet, "by a pistol shot as I seized a thief in the theatre; but I know it—7, the remarkable number of my life. At seven years old I came to Paris, in seven weeks after I was taken into the Royal Institute of Education; after I had been there 7 years, Ricci discovered my musical talent. When I was there twice seven years I married, and received through Ricci an appointment in the Royal Opera of 700 livres a-year, and it was my landlady of No. 7 on the Boulevard who recommended me to come to you. Certainly, 7 is my fateful number."

"Good! add the number 7," said Le Normand, and Tribet rushed out of the house like a man intoxicated—it was the intoxication of transport. But Mademoiselle le Normand had told him that ill luck would attend him him if he staked borrowed or dishonestly-gotten money. Tribet had but 20 francs; he ventured them, and won 96,000 francs. He became like a madman. He ran shouting through the streets, embracing friend and stranger. He took a box at the theatre, in order now to see acting instead of acting himself. All that Mademoiselle le Normand had told him followed. He left wife and children; he never made a single visit to his benefactress to thank her; Paris was too narrow for him; he went off to London. He frequented the gaming-tables—at first winning greatly, and then losing all. In 1828, after passing eight days in absolute starvation, he was dragged up out of the Thames, a corpse.

In the year 1830, Pierre Arthur, a printer, of Paris, came to

Mademoiselle le Normand in great distress. He was the victim of an insatiable usurer, who charged him 24 per cent. for his money, and, whilst he and his family could scarcely get potatoes for food, the usurer lived in the highest luxury. Arthur knew that the usurer had a high opinion of Mademoiselle le Normand, and entreated her advice. At the very moment the usurer dashed into the house, attended by police officers, and was about to drag him to prison for the debt of 2,000 francs. Mademoiselle le Normand pleaded earnestly in his favour. "If you have so much pity," said the usurer, "pay me the money yourself." "I have it not," said she, "or I would willingly. But," turning to the poor, trembling printer, "here you have the means in your own hands. To-day expend ten francs on Nos. 37, 87, and 88 of the lottery, and to-morrow you will draw 24,000 francs.

"Thank you," said the blood-sucker, breaking into a horrible laugh, "for the information. I will draw them myself;" and he turned to depart in great joy." "Stop!" said the prophetess. "Usurer! scandal of mankind! leech! vampyre of gold! I will spoil thy luck. On whatever number I myself cast, it is never drawn. I will spend these ten francs myself on those numbers, and, as I live, they will never come to light!" So it fell out; the usurer was disappointed, but the poor printer lay in prison till Mademoiselle le Normand interested benevolent people in his behalf, and raised a subscription which discharged his debt.

Colonel Favier says that it is a certain fact that eight days before the death of Louis XVIII., Mademoiselle le Normand prophesied that the numbers 68, 29, 14, 26, and 18, being the numbers of the age of the king, of the nominal and actual years of his reign, the year of the entry of the Allies into Paris, the day of his ascension to the throne, and the number of his kingship—Louis XVIII., would all be drawn in the lottery, which was the case, and thus enormous sums were won in Paris.

In the Berlin *Magazine of Foreign Literature*, Dr. Mitte, a popular clergyman, communicated some extraordinary particulars of predictions made by Mademoiselle le Normand to the President von Malchus, having previously been assured by Von Malchus that they were, as to both the past and the future, of the most astounding truth, and had so fallen out as not to be in any manner denied or disputed.

Herr von Malchus, the Finance Minister of Westphalia, said that the Countess Morio had formerly had her fortune told by Mademoiselle le Normand, who assured her she would be three times married—first to a man whom neither of them then knew; that she would be most happy with him, but would soon lose him by a violent death. This first husband was the Count Morio, a French-Westphalian general. Malchus saw that Morio

always appeared anxious to get away as soon as their business together allowed, and was told that his wife lived in continual fear of his being killed when he was out of her sight, in consequence of this prophecy—that a great fire would break out, a very distinguished man come to their house, and directly after her husband would be murdered. All this fell out. The fire, the king taking up his quarters with them, and then, Morio being shot by the regimental farrier at the royal stables; this farrier, for his debauchery, having been dismissed by Count Morio, and a German put in his place.

When Malchus went to Paris, his curiosity was raised about Mademoiselle le Normand, both from this circumstance and from the marvellous manner in which she had foretold the fortunes of Napoleon and Josephine, but by nothing so strongly as by the statement of a very dry and matter-of-fact physician to the queen, Dr. Spangenberg, whose past and future she had most astonishingly revealed, though he himself had never gone near her, but had only given the usual required data of birth, flower, and perfume, through a stranger who knew nothing of Spangenberg's history. Amongst other things, she said he would soon receive news from his native place, and two days afterwards the messenger would die. He and the Jesuits at Compiégne, where he was then living, often joked about this messenger and his death; but, on the eighth day, the actor Narciss, who had been a long time in Cassell and other parts of Germany, arrived and brought him much news. Two days after M. Narciss died suddenly.

The Finance Minister von Malchus received still more particulars of his life, past and future. When he went to consult her it was perfectly *incognito*, and he was glad to see that the very street in which she lived was unknown to him. She told him that he had been at different times in great danger of his life from fire and water; that he was born in circumstances which did not promise the distinction to which he had arrived; that he obtained office, but very humbly, in his nineteenth year. She then described his present rank and circumstances with amazing accuracy; told him he was in deep anxiety on account of his family, which was the fact, but would receive a letter on the eighth day which, though it would bring much unpleasant news, would assure him of the safety of his family. All this occurred to the letter. She told him of the day the Allies would enter Paris, when neither he nor anybody else believed it; she announced to him that before the 25th of November, 1814, he would receive a very distressing decision. On the 21st his application to Count Munster for the restoration of his estate—Marienrode—was rejected, but his application to the Congress of

Vienna allowed. His circumstances, she said, would be unsettled and oscillating till 1817, when he would at length become fortunate.

When she had ended, he adopted a scheme to test the reality of her predictions, which was that she should write them all down. This she promised to do for an extra napoleon, he having already paid her four, but said she was so busy that she must take three weeks to do it in. Malchus said that could not be, as he should leave Paris in three days. "*Non*," she replied, "*surement vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris.*" Malchus protested that it could not possibly be, but she responded that it would be—and so it actually turned out. At the end of the three weeks he called, but saw only the maid, who assured him that Mademoiselle le Normand had been most anxious to write the statements out, but constant visitors had prevented it, but in four days she hoped to have it complete. At the end of the four days, he called again; the sibyl was out, but the maid opened a drawer and showed him the paper three-fourths done. Malchus was delighted at these delays, as it seemed to him impossible for her, amid her constant hurry and engagements, sights of strange faces and hearing of a multitude of different things, to write down accurately what she had said to a perfect stranger a month before, unless it was based on real grounds. At length he received his manuscript, and to his profound wonder saw that everything was exactly related as it had been verbally a month before, there being no error in fact, and the language only varied in expressions.

It will be remarked that in all these extraordinary revelations, which were made, many of them, to the most distinguished people of her age, and talked of in all classes of society, not only in Paris, but all over Europe, and which must soon have been contradicted had they been false,—Mademoiselle le Normand never pretended to open the gates of the invisible world, and bring news thence. Her mission was that exclusively of the soothsayer, who opened up the future of this world only. No greater difference could exist in human character and function than between herself and her contemporaries, Madame Hauffe, the Seeress of Prevorst, and Madame von Krüdener, one of whom conversed with and saw tangibly the inhabitants of the inner world, and perceived and laid down many of the laws of spiritual life, and the other of whom proclaimed to kings and emperors as from the Most High the coming events of Europe, when they were to them the most improbable of fictions, but came upon them with a rapidity of approach as amazing as their coming itself.

Perhaps there was something in her mode of treating the

cards which was indicative of Mademoiselle le Normand's one-sided mission. When she had mixed various kinds of cards, she gave them to the enquirer to cut; but she made him do this uniformly with the left hand. If he varied in the least she cried out, "*la main gauche, Monsieur!*" Hers was the left-handed Spiritualism: it was of this, the *main gauche* world. She divined also with coffee-grounds. Her fee for what she called *le petit jeu*, or her "little-go," was two napoleons; for *le grand jeu*, her "great-go," four: and one more for a copy. As a mere fortune-teller, Mademoiselle le Normand stands unrivalled for the distinguished sphere of her action; for the high rank of her clients; for the lady-like simplicity of her proceedings; the length of her steady career, which never abated in popularity; and for the surprising intrepidity and correctness of her predictions.

Twenty years ago, a very dear friend of ours, a lady of position and of remarkable talents and amiability, who was educated in France, and in her youth learned the art of Mademoiselle le Normand, used, in social hours and as a matter of amusement, to tell fortunes by cards. I have seen her do this to persons in my own house, who had casually come in whilst she was there, sometimes from distant parts of the kingdom, and whom she had neither seen nor heard of, to a certainty, before. In all cases she first detailed to these strangers the leading facts of their past lives, to their utter amazement, for she was never wrong; and then dived into their future, as it afterwards proved, as remarkably. In all cases her powers were astonishing from their truth. She was the god-daughter of the Duchess of C——, and one day at her house, when amusing some friends by her art, a young nobleman asked her in sport to tell him his future. She looked at the cards, and then said, "My lord, you are in imminent danger from water: and that soon."

"Oh," said he, laughing; "then I am soon going to be drowned, of course?"

About a month afterwards, in the autumn, driving down a country lane on her way to the duchess's, a funeral met them. She ordered her coachman to draw aside, and wait to let it pass. It was clearly that of a person of rank. She told the coachman to ask whose funeral it was, and was answered, that of Lord W——. This was the very young man whom she had warned against water; but who was not drowned, but killed by drinking cold spring water when he was extremely hot, when out shooting. It is scarcely necessary to say that this lady never practised her art for money, or except as a matter of gratification to her friends, and was too kind-hearted to reveal to them anything that would cast a cloud on their lives: a tender reserve which Mademoiselle le Normand does not always seem to have exercised.

A CASE OF POSSESSION.

THE following very interesting letter is from a physician:—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It gives me great pleasure to think that after so many years isolation I have at length found those with whom I can hold rational communion on the deeply interesting and eminently practical subject of Spiritualism. Perhaps one of the sorest trials in this world is that of having special and troublesome experiences which you dare not as a simple question of discretion and expediency impart to your most intimate friends. To be in any subject much in advance of your fellows is too often taken as an evidence that you are unfitted for any post of responsibility or trust. Before I left London I think I told you explicitly that my Vampire had not left me. I was aware of this by certain unmistakable intimations which I had that morning received. I confess I was not much astonished by the discovery, for I had not entertained sanguine hopes. To attribute my condition and experience to nervousness is simply shirking the question at issue, unless the whole subjective phenomena of Spiritualism are referable to a like cause. This state of things came upon me contemporaneously with my association with and investigation of this subject, and is traceable in an unbroken line from the first moment of its accession, and is to-day no more a disease than it was when it was a novel experience. It is quite true that its tendency is to cerebral and spinal exhaustion (especially the latter) and that it may, and probably will pave the way to some organic lesion of the nervous structures, for the nervous system of man was never designed to support the burden of two individualities and their dynamical adjuncts. I may mention that no sooner had I got into the train to return home last Wednesday than a more than usual amount of oppression and distress was put upon me by this unwelcome presence. It is unnecessary to say that I have repelled it with all the force and energy of which I am master, and have brought to my assistance occupation, medicine, and exercise, and under the blessing of God I hope by a steady perseverance in these measures to rid myself of it some day altogether. If however I fail, and it seemeth well to an all-wise Providence to sacrifice me, after I have done battle with all the fortitude and strength of humanity, I trust I shall be able to submit unmurmuringly and to defy to the last my spiritual murderer. Come what may, I know I am being submitted to an ordeal that few could be found able to bear, and I am encouraged by the thought

that out of it may one day flow something that, by adding to our stock of knowledge, may benefit universal humanity. The question of Possession seems to me to be one that demands at the hands of Spiritualists a most earnest and exhaustive investigation. It seems to me that the barriers between the two worlds cannot be broken down without much risk to the zealous explorer. Spirit communion is a one-sided matter—*we* are the subjects—*they* are the operators; and till such time as we can discover laws (if they exist) which will liberate us from malignant control, we are (as sensitives) at the mercy of selfish, ignorant, unjust, and cruel minds, qualities which although abundantly human, signalize the demoniacal nature of their possessor. There is one important particular in which your experience differs from mine, *viz.*, its *spontaneity*. You did not seek, but were sought. I, by constant and assiduous seeking, seem to have laid myself open to low and wandering spirits of my locality; hence the spirit circle would seem to be a disorderly proceeding, if not an unmitigated evil. In the absence of a knowledge of the laws which govern phenomena it is very difficult to form even an approximately just conception; *primâ facie* it seems a most strange circumstance that better disposed spirits do not take up the cause of persons possessed. Why should intelligences that recognize permanent possession as an unqualified evil, (Miss H's. to wit,) stand passively by and permit a helpless human being to be tortured. They cannot be careless; the inference is they are powerless. Is evil stronger than good?

"One of the most interesting features in this connection arises from the contemplation of the possibility of being able to differentiate lunacy arising from evil and mischievous influx from those cases in which the individual mind is "out of joint." Would it be possible so to draw out these aggressors as to make their presence distinctly apparent. I think in many instances such a result would follow from simply recognizing the influence as an intelligent agency, and consistently and persistently treating it as such. Finding itself recognized it would be betrayed into some open or indirect confession of its independent individuality. This being achieved, a still more serious question is presented, *viz.*, the best means of dealing with each individual case. This would be beginning again the study of lunacy from an entirely new standpoint. Hitherto science has done little with it, and I am dearly anxious to learn what may be done in the light of these modern phenomena. It seems to me were I possessed in any other way, or did I lack the discretion to retain my secret from the spiritually uneducated, I should very naturally appear before the

world as a person of unsound mind. Suppose, for example, my possession, instead of being made evident by pain and oppression, inducing in my nervous system a contraction of my muscles leading to automatic writing, was of the nature of impressibility—if, for instance, I heard a voice in whose statements and urgings I sometimes acquiesced, and at others disagreed, this would lead to constant colloquy and to some modification of actions; and if in connection with this the senses were played with subjectively, and I was at the same time in perfect ignorance of the nature of the phenomena to which I was being subjected, should I not be on the high way for lunacy? If intuitively I referred these matters to spirits it would still further confirm my friends in the assurance of my insanity. Under such circumstances it would be a strong mind which when made the sport of incomprehensible phenomena, and deluded into the utterance of false predictions and absurd statements, would still unwaveringly assert its sanity; and possibly the majority of minds would acquiesce in the general decision. Thus we appear to be able, from the facts already in our possession, to construct synthetically a case of lunacy of the worst order.

"In my own case, were I unacquainted with the influence at work upon me, I should doubtless submit myself *secundem artem* to a course of mustard poultices, iodine painting, and other modes of counter irritation for spinal irritability; or should in the event of non-success fall back on constitution and other treatment for muscular rheumatism, *i.e.* to say, in the absence of the automatic writing and its revealments, I should regard myself as diseased in body. How many poor souls have been so treated for what might have turned out to be only scribbling rheumatics is a suggestive question.

"Again, suppose the agency influencing me possessed sufficient control (as I have witnessed in other cases of temporary possession,) to throw every muscle of my body into violent convulsive agitation, would not such a case simulate very much certain special and violent cases of jactitation usually regarded as belonging to the hysteric or choreatic class which terminate frequently in death. I have witnessed several such cases, and I have observed that the movements were increased by opposition or by the presence of onlookers. In these cases the senses appear to be but little affected, and the poor patient is oppressed beyond measure. It is also a remarkable fact that in the worst of these cases no lesion is discoverable after death.

"Some persons arguing from the theological side of the question will ask if it is possible to conceive anything more

monstrous than that a kind and benevolent God should lay poor man open to such influences and leave him unprovided with, or ignorant of, a remedy. The same question applies to all diseases, the most violent and distressing of which, for example—tetanus and hydrophobia—may be taken as illustrations in point, and till these facts can be explained away the argument is valueless."

THE CONTROL OF SPIRITS.

By Henry Ward Beecher.

There are many who do not believe that this world is the sphere of evil spirits. They do not believe that the heaven above is haunted; nor that the world beneath is haunted; nor that laws, and customs, and usages, and pleasures, and various pursuits are haunted. They do not believe in the doctrine of the possession of spirits. Nevertheless, I confess to you, there is something in my mind of sublimity in the idea that the world is full of spirits, good and evil, that are pursuing their various errands, and that the little that we can see with these bats' eyes of ours, the little that we can decipher with these imperfect senses is not the whole of the reading of those vast pages of that great volume which God has written. There is in the lore of God more than our philosophy has ever dreamed of.

Against this view of the peril of human life, because it is girded on every side by multiplied powers, potential and sublime, that mean only evil—against this view it is argued, sometimes, that the benevolence of God would not permit disembodied spirits to work mischief among men on earth. In reply to that, I have only to say that he does, right before your eyes, permit *embodied* spirits to work mischief among men on earth; and that through long years. If devils are worse than some men, I am sorry for hell! If there is more malignity, more malice, more selfishness, more heartlessness, more cruelty in the other world than in this, I am mistaken.

I do not conceive that a spirit is worse because it has lost its body. I hope it is better. We see embodied spirits that are bad enough, corrupt enough. And that is not all; not only do they love wrong, but they love those that do wrong, and hate those that do right, and seek to bring them down to their level. And is it inconsistent with the character of a benevolent God that the world should be full of wicked men?

And if God will permit embodied spirits to do evil, how can you say that it is against the benevolence of God to permit disembodied spirits to do it? It is a thing which is beyond all controversy, that God does permit evil spirits to act in this world, with plenary power, so far as their own sphere of willing is concerned. Wicked men do have power, according to their education and experience, as well as good men; and they have the same opportunity for exercising their power that good men have. God makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good alike, and sends his rain on the just and on the unjust alike. Wicked men in this world have a fair field and full sway. And why should you suppose that wicked spirits have not? I think modern mawkishness in this matter borders on the absurd. Men seem to be drifting away from their common sense on this subject.

It is argued that the notion of evil spirits is a superstition of the past; and various forms of it are accustomed to be held up as grounds for laughter. Any development or form of any notion may be superstitious, while the essential core of it is true. For example, if you look at the original notions of different races about God—the notion of Jehovah, or of Jupiter, among the Greeks; the notion of the Great Spirit, among the Indians; or the notion of Brahma, among the Hindoos—you will find that the mode of conception is the fruit of superstition. The attribution to the Supreme Being of the lowest class of qualities is superstition. But is the idea that inspires it—the idea of a Supernal Ruler—a superstition? And because the conceptions of timid men repecting the inhabitants of the other world have been accompanied by superstitious notions of witches, and sprites, and hobgoblins, does it follow that that which lies behind, and which gave rise to them—the belief in the existence of spirits—is a superstition also? I trow not.

Consider some points in this regard:—

An evil spirit may be consummately refined, may be learned. Our first thought in contemplating this subject is, that an evil spirit must be a vulgar thing. Doubtless there are vulgar spirits; but it does not follow at all that spirits that are the most potential, and most to be feared, are vulgar. On the contrary, where spirits are embodied, it is supposed that those that are the most cultured are the most powerful for evil. The most exquisite artists, the most deft and subtle statesmen, the men that have the most conciliating and plausible ways, they who have such qualifications as corrupt lobby-plotters possess, are regarded as capable of doing the most mischief. And I can conceive that a spirit of evil, so far from being a grotesque Caliban, vulgar, debased, and representing

the lowest passion, should be made up of intellect, yea, and of some degree of moral sense, with pride intense, vehement, and cruel. And I do not feel repelled from this doctrine by the presumption of the vulgarity of spirits. There may be endless vulgarities about them; but I can conceive of ranks and files of spirits that excel in nobility, and that are crowned. And that is the presumption here. The apostle did not, as many do, suppose an evil spirit to be some toad, squat at the ear of men for the purpose of temptation. He says, "You fight, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spirits of wickedness in high places."

There is no presumption, either against the supposition that there are certain spirits whose office it is to assail particular faculties. I may say by way, not of analogy, but of illustration, that there is no leaf that grows that has not its parasite. There is no fruit that grows which has not a special worm or enemy. There is no animal that has not some antagonist, either among insects or other animals. And we may well conceive that spirits of evil should address themselves to particular faculties. As, of physicians, some attend exclusively to the eye, some to the ear, some to the throat, and some to the chest or heart; so we may believe that of the evil spirits that are disintegrating human society, and deteriorating men, one may deal with the intellect, another with pride, another with approbativeness, some with the affections, some with the appetites and passions, and some with the moral sentiments themselves—for I suppose that by "spirits of wickedness in heavenly places" is meant those spirits that take hold of the religious elements.

There is no reason why we should not imagine spirits that employ, mould and direct separate faculties of the mind, and that are in some sense educators. We know that there is an unconscious education going on all the time upon every one of us. We are what we are, not merely by our transmitted nature; we are what we are by the soil that we live on; by the mountains and plains that are near us: by the laws and customs that act upon us; by the employments of the town and village where we dwell; by the controversies of our day; by the political institutions that surround us. All these things are, positively or negatively forming us. By action or reaction, we are affected by them. And a man is what he is not merely by the qualities that belong to him naturally, but by the unconscious influences that are around about him. And why is it strange to suppose that there is an action going on of spirits? why is it strange to suppose that there are spirits of evil and

of good, assailing and defending the understanding. Why is it strange to suppose that there are spirits at work upon the passions, the tastes, and the sentiments?

Moreover, there is great reason to believe that the spirits of evil—these principalities and powers; these dynasties; these cohorts, that seek to bring into subjection the mind—have taken possession of the great facts, and events, and constituted agencies of this world. There is reason to believe that they direct social influences. Why? Because we see that men, when they attempt to do good or evil, at once perceive that there is a mode by which a man can inject his influence upon the customs of the community, and make them work for the benefit or for the injury of that community. They perceive that those customs can be corrupted to the degradation of society, or ennobled to the purification of society. The analogy is perfect. Spirits probably do the same thing.

The organic forms of society—its laws and institutions—we have reason to believe that they are acted upon by a force besides that which men exert. We perceive that, when men legislate for justice, they come far short of that at which they aim. We perceive, when laws and institutions are established to destroy that which is evil, and to defend that which is good, that they fail; and we say, "How little they accomplish of that for which they were ordained!" And I can conceive of no reason why we may not suppose that these dynasties, these powers, these principalities, these spirits of evil, are able to control the great organic forms of society so as to make them pestilent and and dangerous, and that may do it.

And the great industries and wealth-forms of life, with all their tendencies toward civilization, and refinement, and morality—which is the alphabetic form of piety—it is quite possible that these may be possessed so that they shall come under the control of pride, and vanity, and selfishness, and be made to serve the lower rather than the higher instincts of men.

And religious organizations—these may be perverted. And have they not been? Have not the customs of society worked downward, in spite of the Gospel, institutional influences, and personal preaching and labour, that have been brought to bear to prevent it? And if it had not been for the winning influence of God's spirit on earth, would not justice in human affairs have rotted into corruption? And is it not true that the organic forms of society have tended to oppress men, and hinder their advance toward purity? Is it not true that the way of men has been blocked up, that the integrity of the law has been destroyed, and that the institutions of the community

have been perverted, so that those things which were intended for men's protection have risen up about them like prison-walls, and deprived them of their ordinary liberties and safeguards? As a mere matter of fact, are not the great producing agencies and exchanging agencies—manufacture, merchandising, commerce, business of all kinds—under the supreme dominion of the God of this world? Are not the men that administer these things selfish and wicked men?

Now, when I say that Satan, by his spirits of evil, takes possession of customs, civil laws, the organic forms of society, and the business of communities, and inspires them, and controls them, and employs them, many say, "That is correct reasoning; for do not men act as though the devil was in them?" Is it not the perpetual testimony of men that these things work degradation, and that there is something or other the matter with them? We know it is. And when God says that they are under the dominion of bad spirits that are seeking the destruction of men, where is the reasonableness of saying that it cannot be?

You will see, too, that these things take place, not by the ignorance and wickedness of men alone. Your natural answer to what I have been saying will be that these things are corrupted by contact with man; that it is on account of his wickedness that they work mischief. I admit that to a great extent man does corrupt what he touches, but that is not a sufficient explanation. For we know that this degradation exists in spite of knowledge, and in spite of the most earnest strife to the contrary, as if there were some mightier power than man's confined in these institutions, and laws, and tendencies. Good things that men long for—things that society suffers for the want of—these, when they are procured, tend to run down.

Now, you cannot say that it is because men are ignorant about justice. You cannot say that it is because they are so imperfect as not to be able to behold it. There is a force that seems to degenerate it and bear it down. And I know of no explanation more natural and philosophical than that principalities, powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, spirits of wickedness, even in heavenly places, are striving for the possession of the great essential ideas and instruments of the present life. I believe it thoroughly.

The slow growth of the human race; the endless succession of failures of nations; the thwarting of men's best intentions; the bankruptcy of the best tendencies of society, and the powerful augmentation of the worst; the subordination of the higher faculties of the mind, and the supremacy of the lower; the weakness of that which in the economy of God was meant

to be the strongest—reason and moral sense—and the almost omnipotence of that which was meant to be the weakest—the passions and the appetites; the incompetency of the best laws to restrain the evils of society; the perversion of moral ideas; the suborning of all things to selfishness; the want of truth and equity; the corruption of religion—these things are inexplicable on any other supposition than that there are mighty powers at work above the agencies of nature, and beyond the will of men; that there are spirits of wickedness that are abroad in the world, and that render life unsafe.

Ah! you can lock and bolt and bar your door against the burglar or the thief; but who can find lock or bolt or bar that shall keep out malaria and atmospheric diseases, that make their way through every crack and cranny and crevice of our dwellings. If men only had to contend against their fellow-men, they might find relief; but since it is the mighty agencies of time and space, subtle, wonderful and inexplicable, against which they have to contend, who can forge weapons with which to oppose these? It is not safe to live. Human life is in danger under the best conditions. There are no circumstances, except where a man sits under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty, in which there is safety. If God stands between me and my adversaries I am safe. Without God's protection there is danger—multiplied danger—danger which no man can estimate. We may exaggerate in this or or that particular representation of this subject; but the fact of the peril of human life cannot be exaggerated. It is not in the power of language to exaggerate it. It is more multifarious, more intense, more fatal, and not less, than the most extravagant statement can make it appear to be.

On the other hand, I believe that there are angels of light, spirits of the blessed, ministers of God. I believe, not only that they are our natural guardians, and friends, and teachers, and influencers, but also that they are natural antagonists of evil spirits. In other words, I believe that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body. And, as here the mother not only is the guardian of her children whom she loves, but foresees that bad associates and evil influences threaten them, and draws them back and shields them from the impending danger; so these ministers of God not only minister to us the divinest tendencies, the purest tastes, the noblest thoughts and feelings, but, perceiving our adversaries, caution us against them, and assail them, and drive them away from us.

The economy, in detail, of this matter, no man understands. All we can say is, in general, that such antagonism exists; that there are spirits that seek our good, and other spirits that seek

our harm; that there are spirits that seek to take us to glory and honour and immortality, and other spirits that seek to take us to degradation and destruction and damnation; and that God superintends the mighty trial. Human life comprises a vaster sphere than it ordinarily enters into our narrow minds to conceive; and God looks on to see the results of the experiment which is being wrought out.

In view of these remarks, I would say, first, that evil spirits are neither mean, nor little, nor despicable. Though they are wicked, they are grand, their ambition is grand, their powers are wonderful, their sphere is sublime. And no man is living sensibly who lives securely and trivially. No man is a sensible man who says that the doctrine of evil spirits is a mere superstitious notion, and treats it as such. It is a reality—an august reality; and every man who values his soul, and who has a sense of manhood and immortality, should take care how he indulges in light, casual, trifling thoughts on this subject, and give heed to such solemn words as those which were uttered by that honest truth-speaking man, Paul, when he said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spirits of wickedness in heavenly places."—*Banner of Light.*

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

By A. E. Newton.

Every person is constantly giving forth spiritual emanations, to which the terms aura, sphere, vital electricity, magnetism, &c., are applied. This aura or magnetism may be specially directed, or projected, by specific acts of the will, so as to reach and act upon particular persons and external objects, or it may generally affect all persons and things that are in proximity with its source. The common phenomena of mesmeric and spiritual influence are understood to be effected through such an agency. In fact, no act of the will is executed except by the projection of electric force, either upon and through the nervous system, or independently of it.

Sensitive persons are distinctly sensible of these spheres or emanations, especially if concentrated upon themselves. They can detect their presence in material objects, as in manuscript, in a ring, or any article which may have been carried about the person, as shown in the now familiar delineations of psychometry.

These magnetic emanations possess all the distinctive personal *qualities* of the persons from whom they proceed—in fact, are in some sense *the persons themselves*, projected into contact with others. Hence, sensitive persons can *feel* and delineate the characters, mental and moral, of those whose spheres are thus sensed.

If the person is gross or external, this aura is of a coarser and comparatively impotent quality; if refined and spiritual, it is correspondingly fine, subtle and powerful. In so far as it proceeds from the animal body, it may be termed animal magnetism; and in so far as from the inner man, whether embodied or disembodied, it may be called spiritual magnetism or spirit influence—the two being mingled in the atmospheres of all persons while in the body.

Its effect necessarily is to propagate or reproduce, in the one who receives it, mental and spiritual states corresponding with those of the person from whom it proceeds; and this in proportion to the degree of receptivity and sensitiveness on the part of the receiver.

Now, if we are right in conceiving the Deity to be a proper personality, it is readily apprehended that He is and must be continually giving forth, from the great Will-Centre of the universe, an emanation possessing all the personal qualities of the Divine Being. This must be the finest, subtlest, most potential and vital of all magnetisms, containing in itself the germs of essential life, and capable of generating that life, or imparting divine qualities, wherever receptive conditions exist.

This divine emanation, or sphere, like human emanations, is far too subtle to be recognized by the external senses, but it has its plain correspondence and representative in the emanations of the natural sun—whose sphere, consisting of *light* and *heat*, illumines, vivifies and fructifies the natural world, and without which no healthful growth proceeds. Though unseen and silent, it is *felt* in the interior or finest part of our being, there giving birth to all pure affections—all the graces and virtues of the divine man—in proportion as its influx is received and welcomed. Of course, all impure, gross, or mere selfish affections in man are diverse from and antagonistic to it, and must disappear before its incoming.

Human beings, in proportion as they are purified, regenerated, or truly spiritualized, become receptacles and channels of this Divine Spirit,—or, to use other terms, become Leyden jars and batteries for accumulating this potential personal force and distributing it to others. Hence the propriety of the anciently originated custom of imparting the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands.

None, however, can impart that which they have not, nor can they confer the Divine Spirit in any purer degrees than it exists in themselves. It becomes mingled with their own personal emanations, and whatever is imparted partakes of their individual qualities. An unbroken current of apostolical succession, therefore, kept up from generation to generation, by successive impositions of ecclesiastical hands, which some branches of the Christian church plume themselves upon, may become a very muddy stream after all—in fact, may be little else than an *imposition*.

Disembodied spirits, or angels, also become channels of the Holy Spirit, in proportion as they are pervaded by it. But in them, too, it must be mixed with their own individual spheres, corresponding with their states and qualities.

Ignorance on this subject has been one prolific source of delusion, folly, and fanaticism in the religious world. Enthusiasts and impressible persons, in all ages, who have felt themselves moved upon by intelligent invisible powers, ignoring intermediate intelligences, have supposed these to be the direct and undiluted operations of the Holy Ghost, the infallible Third Person of the Divine Trinity. In fact all the vagaries which are now attributed to the action of disembodied human spirits, and even if possible still greater follies, have been ascribed to the Spirit of God. The jerkings, shoutings, trances, hysterics, &c., of modern camp and revival meetings are still so ascribed by many.

On the other hand, some attribute all such erratic operations to a great spirit of evil and his satellites. But it is easy to understand how persons who are sincere, well-meaning, unselfish, and truly devout, may yet be greatly lacking in wisdom, little qualified to analyze their own emotions, or to teach clear views of truth. Such persons, removed to the spirit world, still retain the same characteristics, and delight to hover over religious assemblies which are in sympathy with themselves, operating upon the emotional natures of susceptible men and women, and producing those "demonstrations of the spirit" which are so often mistaken for the special "presence of God" in their midst.

In so far as these influences are on the side of God, of purity and true piety, they are, no doubt, primarily from the source of all good, or in degree pervaded by the Divine Spirit; but in so far as they are wild, erratic, irrational and fanatical, they betoken the admixture and co-operation of intermediate beings, who, though they may be well-meaning, yet lack that full-orbed embodiment of divinity which expresses itself in wisdom, for ends of *use*. Hence the necessity of discrimination—of trying all

spirits whether they be of God. And herein we find the value of modern Spiritualism, revealing as it does so clearly the fact and the character of these intermediate agencies.

In the light of these suggestions, it is clear that personality may be ascribed to the Divine Spirit, as the primal instrumentality of all Deific operations, without involving the "inscrutable mystery" of a triple personality in Deity.

THE NATURALNESS OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

By J. S. Loveland.

If it can be shewn that modern Spiritualism has evolved one idea distinctly new, one which has never been stated before, then may it claim the world's homage. I affirm this to be the fact, and I support the affirmation by stating the idea revealed by it, and which is this: *The Naturalness of Spirit Manifestations.*

I claim this for Spiritualism wholly. I have yet to see, or hear of the author, or teacher who has announced this idea, prior to the advent of modern Spiritualism. Judaism, Christianity, and all other forms of religion have claimed the occurrence of various manifestations, but they were all assumed to be supernatural, or miraculous in their character. The Evangelical form of Christianity has accepted those recorded in the New Testament, and rejects and denounces all the rest as demoniac, or imposture; while, on the other hand, the Rationalist, or the so-called Infidel, sees the same reason for rejecting the whole, and on the ground of reason he repudiates them *in toto.* He can find no good reason for admitting the miracles of Judea and condemning those of Greece and Rome. The religious world sees in them the work of a Divine Providence, and the rationalist world, only hallucination and deception.

Modern Spiritualism here comes in and reconciles the world to itself. It affirms, and demonstrates by tangible facts, the actuality of spiritual phenomena, but it also shows that all these multifarious manifestations are natural, in that they are the product of human beings, dissolved of flesh, and acting through and with the forces, or imponderable agents, of Nature. There is, in our experience, the same class of facts asserted in the records of the ancient religions, and amply vouched for; but the old interpretation—the supernaturalistic idea—is superseded entirely in our philosophy, whose mode of explanation is scientific, because its central idea is harmonious with nature. Now a new idea is a power among men, and it is impossible to foresee what it will finally

accomplish. Logically, the head and heart of the world is reconciled. We are not compelled, on the one hand, to ignore the palpable facts of sense, as is the Rationalist; nor on the other, are we forced to call the special agency of God to our aid, in order to explain the ever-recurring phenomena of human history. Consequently, we are at rest with ourselves. The vagueness of blind credulity, and the desert baldness of ultra-rationalism give way, and are replaced by a faith resting upon demonstrated facts, and according with the profoundest reason.

There are two aspects of this subject. The superficial mind views it in its phenomenal aspect only, while the philosophical mind inquires at once for the ideas suggested by it. Those who have spoken in the negative have confined themselves almost entirely to a mere cursory view of some few instances of phenomenal manifestation. I recur, therefore, to the position that modern Spiritualism has evolved in, or revealed to, the human consciousness a *new idea: the Naturalness of Spirit Manifestations.* No one has shewn, or attempted to shew, that this idea has had an existence or expression prior to, or outside of, our movement. Now let us see what is the value of this idea in the solution of the ever-pressing problem of human existence. On the one hand we have the religious world with all its multitudinous array of sects and forms, representing the aspirational and spiritual side, or attributes of humanity. It abounds, in all ages and among all peoples, with countless instances of strange and marvellous phenomena. The religious sects have classified them as divine, in part, and the rest, because of inability to comprehend them, they term demoniac or imposture. Christianity, as interpreted by the sects of Protestantism, declares the miracles of Catholicism, as well as those of Paganism, to be imposture, if not demoniac. And why? Because it sees that there is an imperfectness attaching to them which it cannot attribute to the All-Perfect One. But the Rationalist, on the other hand, sees these same marks of imperfection in the whole series, from first to last, and, therefore, he ascribes the whole to imposition, illusion, hallucination, imagination, to anything, in fact, which will ignore the idea of an origin in the spiritual realm of existence. As has been said, "They only evidence a power equal to their production." Very true; and it is self-evident that the Almightiness of Deity is not requisite for their production. Human, finite beings, operating through and by the imponderable agents of Nature, are equal to their manifestation. This statement reveals the antagonism between the men of faith and the men of reason. And it also discloses the subtle, yet fearful contest waged in the bosom of every earnest thoughtful man. His intuitive, aspirational or religious nature, on the one hand, stretches away into the realm of the unseen, the

eternal, while the relentless logic of the intellect proclaims death and darkness to all these budding hopes and flowering aspirations.

How will you reconcile the battling hosts? How harmonize the doubting, hoping, fearing and tortured soul of the individual man? You have never done it. Theodore Parker, Emerson, with their noble compeers in the field of mental emancipation, have all failed in solving this vast problem—the relation of Time to Eternity—of man on earth with the invisible spiritual future. All the attempts made thus far, have only resulted in multiplying sects, and in cultivating antagonism of thought. In this grand climacteric period of human history, Modern Spiritualism appears upon the stage, and claims to be the interpreter and reconciler. With a broader faith, and a profounder reason, it essays the solution of the heretofore defiant problem of faith and reason. With reverence, it sees and admits the mass of facts, which, like star-gleams, light the pathway of the toiling ages; and in the revelatory radiance of its own phenomena, declares them to be the material exponents of a living, conscious personality behind them. It thus accepts the core of all religions. But, instead of falling down in the wild delirium of joy or fear, and saying that God has come down to earth, it recognizes reason as the supreme monarch of the human faculties, and, in its normal exercise, freed from superstitious fears, it finds all this vast aggregate of seeming strange and weird phenomena to be the natural product of men and women, who have passed from the seen to the unseen life. Thus reason is not outraged by the monstrous supposition that Deity violates, suspends, or overrules His own established laws; or that He specially and particularly interposes to rectify the wrong or defective working of His own Providence. Thus the spiritual idea, while it relieves the reason from the monstrousness and absurdity of the supernaturalistic mode of interpretation, leaves intact the great fact of spirit life, and spirit manifestation. It retains all the sweetness and beauty of all religions, sloughing off only the crudities of imperfect, or superstitious interpretations; while, at the same time, it ennobles and makes divine the reason by making it the expounder and measurer of all spiritual, as well as natural things.

Here is harmony! This, is indeed reconciliation. The deep, soul-love of hearts bereaved, is here answered, as it sends its sad prayer into the great unknown, by the cheering voice of the angel life, while the tormenting doubts of the ages are dissipated on the threshold of a demonstrated future. Spiritualism is the only universalism—it alone is truly catholic. It embraces all the creeds of all religions and only strips them of the tattered garments of their superstitious interpretations. Is there no good in this? What else can accomplish this work, and adjust man's

"warring attributes" in peaceful harmony? We ask then, not to have judgment passed upon Spiritualism by the success, or failure of any particular phase of phenomenal manifestation, and appeal from such a form of trial to the broad field of philosophic thought. Ideas move the world. Facts are but the outer symbols of ideas. The phenomenal facts of our movement are, simply and only, the exponent indices of the real power—the divine ideas, which constitute their incarnating life. I have pointed you to the fountain of good, you can follow from thence the outgoing rivers of beneficence, which flow therefrom, through all the fields of human thought and experience.—*Banner of Light.*

THE REV. MR. OGILVY AND THE LAIRD OF COOL.

THERE lived, in the year 1784, at Innerwick, in Scotland, a clergyman of the name of Ogilvy, whose life and sermons were published by one Robertson, a printer, of the Saltmarket, Glasgow.

After the death of the Rev. Mr. Ogilvy there was found among his papers, in his own handwriting, a curious account of several conferences he had had with the spirit of Mr. Maxwell, the Laird of Cool, a former friend and neighbour.

Ogilvy was riding home, at seven o'clock, in the evening of the 3rd of February, 1772, when there came riding after him, on a grey horse, the Laird of Cool, who told Ogilvy not to be afraid, as he meant no harm, but wanted him to do him a service. Cool then told Ogilvy that he was aware that he had condemned Mr. Paton and the other ministers of Dumfries for dissuading Mr. Menzies from keeping his appointment with him, and he had therefore sought Ogilvy, in the hope that he would do what he required, and which several others, who were more obliged, had refused. Ogilvy hesitated to make a promise, when Cool broke away from him, "through James Dickson's enclosure, below the churchyard, with greater violence than ever any man on horseback was capable of, with such a singing and buzzing noise as put me in great disorder," &c.

Upon the 5th March, 1772, Mr. Ogilvy, being at Harehead, where he had gone to baptize the shepherd's child, returning a little after dark, the Laird of Cool rode up to him as before, and, after saluting him, bade him not to be afraid.

Ogilvy replied: "I am not in the least afraid. In the name of God and Christ, my only Saviour, in whom I trust, I have free access to complain to my Lord and Master, to the lash of whose resentment you are as liable now as before."

"You need not multiply words," said Cool; "you are as safe with me, and safer, than when I was alive."

"Well, then, Cool," replied Ogilvy, "let us have a free conversation together, and give me some information about the other world."

Cool asked what information he wanted, and Ogilvy asked him if he were in a state of happiness or not? Cool replied that there are many things of which the living are ignorant that he could answer, having acquired much knowledge since his death; many that he could not, and others that he would not, answer—and his question was one of the latter.

"Then," said Ogilvy, "I know not how to manage our conversation, and shall profit more by conversing with myself."

Encouraged, however, to go on, he asked, "What sort of a body is it that you appear in, and what sort of a horse is it that you ride upon?"

"You may depend upon it," Cool replied, "it is not the same body that I was witness to your marriage in, nor that in which I died, for that is rotting in the grave; but it is such a body as serves me in a moment, for I can fly as fleet with it as my soul can be without it. I can go to Dumfries and return again before you can ride twice the length of your horse. Nay, I can, if I have a mind, go to London or Jerusalem equally soon, for it costs me nothing but a thought or a wish."

Ogilvy then asked if he had never yet appeared before his God, nor received any sentence from Him as a judge? Cool replied, "Never yet."

"I know you were a scholar, Cool," Ogilvy then observed, "and 'tis generally believed that there is a private judgment, besides the general one at the great day, the former immediately after death——"

"No such thing," Cool interrupted. "No such thing! No trial till the great day. The heaven which good men enjoy after death consists in the serenity of their minds and satisfaction of a good conscience, and the certain hopes they have for an eternal joy when the day shall come. The punishment or hell of the wicked immediately after death consists in the dreadful things of an awakened conscience, and the terror of facing the Great Judge, and the sensible apprehension of eternal torments ensuing, and this bears a due proportion to the evils they did when living. So, indeed, the state of some good folks differs but little in happiness from what they enjoyed in the world. On the other hand, there are some who may be said rather not to have been good than that they were wicked while living: their state is not easily distinguished from that of the former, and under that class comes a great herd of souls—a vast number of ignorant people, who

have not much minded the affairs of eternity, but at the same time have lived in much ignorance, indolence, and innocence."

"I always thought," observed Ogilvy, "that their rejecting the terms of salvation offered was a sufficient ground for God to punish them with his eternal displeasure; and as to their ignorance, that could never excuse them, since they lived in a place of the world where the knowledge of these things might easily have been attained."

"They never properly rejected the terms of salvation," said Cool; "they never, strictly speaking, rejected Christ, poor souls! They had as great a liking both to Him and heaven as their gross imaginations were capable of. Impartial reason must make many allowances, such as the stupidity of their parents, want of education, distance from people of good sense and knowledge. They were obliged to give attention to their secular affairs for their daily bread; the impious treachery of their pastors, who persuaded them, if they were of such a party, all was well; and many other considerations, which God, who is good and perfect reason itself, will not overlook. These are not so much under the load of Divine displeasure as they are out of his grace and favour. I assure you, men's faces are not more various and different in the world than their circumstances after death."

"I am loath to believe all that you say," objected Ogilvy, "because some things you have advanced seem to contradict the Scriptures, which I shall always look upon to be the infallible truth of God; for I find, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, that the one was immediately after death carried up by the angels into Abraham's bosom, and the other immediately thrust down into hell."

"Excuse me, sir," exclaimed Cool, "that does not contradict one word that I have said. You seem not to understand the parable, whose only end is to illustrate the truth that a man may be very happy and flourishing in this world, and most wretched and miserable in the next; and that a man may be very miserable in this world, and more glorious and happy in the next."

In their further colloquy on this occasion Cool informed Ogilvy that there are good and bad angels. There are sent from heaven angels to guard and comfort and to do other special good services to good people, and that the spirits of good men departed are employed on that errand. That the kingdom of Satan imitates the kingdom of Christ, and as his kingdom is better replenished than the other, there are in many instances, instead of one devil, two or three commissioned to attend one family or one person. That there are an infinity more souls departed to that place, loosely called Hell than what are gone to that place which, in a like sense, is called Heaven; but the good angels that attend upon mortals are stronger than the others.

On the 5th of April, 1772, Cool accosted Ogilvy as before, and now made known to him the object he had in seeking him, and the service he required Ogilvy to render him.

He wished Ogilvy to see his wife, who inherited all his property, and make known to her the wrongs he had done to several families, that she might rectify them. That he had defrauded Provost Crosby of £500; Thos. Grier, of Dumfries, of £36; Mr. Muirhead of £200, and several others, entering into full particulars, and that he could not be happy until these were rectified.

Ogilvy argued that though it was a good errand, he could not understand why Cool should not go to his wife himself, and tell her of the villanies he had committed. That if *he* went to her, he could offer no proof, and would be treated as a libeller and a madman; and entreating Cool not to send him upon such an April errand, begged him to consider the matter by their next meeting, and telling him that, whether he should consent or not, the information he had given him might tend to do as much service to mankind as the redress of all these grievances would amount to.

Before they met again Mr. Ogilvy died.

[In the notes appended to the English translation of Jung Stilling's *Theory of Pneumatology*, extracts are given from the original letters relating to this subject. Several other relations of a similar nature are also therein cited.]

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

By Thomas Brevior.

One of the most striking chapters in the romance of genuine biography is furnished in the history of Jemima Wilkinson, of Rhode Island, the American prophetess. She was a descendant of those pilgrim fathers, who, it is said, gravely resolved "That we will obey the laws of God in the government of this colony till we can find time and are able to make better." About 1760, when Jemima was twenty-four years of age, she fell into a peculiar condition, presenting symptoms more like those of death than of any known disease. Her eyes remained partially open, fixed, as if gazing on some object to others invisible; pulsation ceased, and nothing indicative of vitality remained but a slight warmth in the region of the heart. In this condition she remained for two days and two nights, and at length her physicians, having exhausted their skill in efforts at resuscitation, pronounced her dead. In accordance with custom her funeral was fixed for the following day. An immense concourse of people assembled, drawn to the spot by the popularity

of the deceased, and a desire to learn more, if possible, of the singular circumstances attending her death. The coffin was placed on the altar in front of the pulpit, where the clergyman sat in profound meditation preparatory to the solemn service that devolved upon him. The assembly were hushed in silent sympathy, when suddenly three distinct raps from the coffin sounded through the aisles, and echoed from the vaulted ceiling of the church. The awe-stricken Puritans sat in solemn amazement, as if the last trumpet had just sounded in their ears. In the midst of this silence, and while every eye was turned towards the altar, the short lid at the head of the coffin was thrown back,* and the pale hand of Jemima Wilkinson was extended upwards, as if in the act of rising. In a moment the pious divine and the family physician were at her side, the coffin-lids were struck off, and she that was thought dead sat up in her grave-clothes in the midst of that awe-stricken congregation. After a short pause, in faint words, audible only from the breathless silence which otherwise prevailed, she affirmed that her former self had died, that this which they now saw was her resurrection and spiritual body, redeemed from corruption by the power of God, as a new proof of the resurrection of the dead; that she had passed into the land of spirit, and that there, while absent from the body, she had received a commission to raise up a holy and elect Church on the earth. This astounding announcement, and the extraordinary circumstances under which it was given, produced a deep impression on her friends and kinsfolk, and many of those who best knew her moral and religious character at once became her disciples.

Soon she established regular religious meetings, and great multitudes flocked to hear her. Her appeals touched the hearts of her hearers with such quickening power that hundreds joined her. Like Ann Lee, the founder of the Shakers, she enforced celibacy upon her followers; and also, like her, renewed the practice of the Christian Church at Jerusalem of having all things in common; and all the orphans, foundlings, and poor children within reach of their operations were collected and adopted into their community. In order that the temporal wants of her growing church might be better supplied, she was directed by the voice within her, to go out into a strange country, and to a people of strange language, and was at the same time encouraged by the promise of angelic guidance. Accordingly she and her

* The coffin-lids were then made in two parts, the upper division being hung with brass hinges, and left unfastened till taken to the cemetery.

people went to what was then a strange and unknown land, to the unsettled portion of America, lying far beyond the limits of western civilization, though now forming an extensive territory of Western New York, in the county of Ontario. This land, originally purchased of the Seneca Indians, was now a township of about six miles square. The prophetess called it Jerusalem, a name which I believe it still retains.

Jemima found means to propitiate her troublesome and warlike Indian neighbours, and she ever proved herself their friend, through good report and evil report, and they, too, soon acknowledged her prophetic character.

In a few years the community which had arrived in destitution and rags had by their prosperity excited the admiration, if not the envy, of the surrounding country. The prophetess directed all their affairs, and when a cunning rogue, named Judge Potter, came among them like a wolf in sheep's clothing, and after having wheedled many of the simple-minded to grant re-leases of their rights as tenants in common, commenced against them ejectment suits, flanking this proceeding with an indictment against "the elect lady," for blasphemy; the prophetess personally defended herself and them in open court, declining all proffered legal assistance, and completely foiled her adversary, covering him with shame and confusion. Soon after, the judge was impeached for his conduct in the affair and deposed from his office, but the prophetess had the magnanimity to refuse to appear as a witness against him, declaring that his bad heart was a sufficient punishment, and that she would not place the weight of her finger in the scale to increase it.

A notion prevailed among her disciples (probably arising from a misapprehension of her statement about her resurrection body), that she was not to die. This delusion the prophetess sought to remove, and to prepare her followers for that separation which she knew was inevitable; and which she told them was needful, that she might prepare for them a habitation in the New Jerusalem above. She desired that there might be no funeral, no pomp, no parade. "I desire," she said, "but the blessing of them who loved me on earth, and are following me to the New Jerusalem in heaven." Her injunctions were strictly kept. She died in 1820, unattended, and the place of her burial was kept secret. In 1835, a few aged men and women with bent forms and whitened locks, waiting for the summons to join their leader, alone remained of the community she had founded, and it is probably by this time quite extinct. Its history is, however, one of many illustrations of the power of a faith in present revelation and in communion with the invisible world.

A METHODIST VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

W. McDONALD has written a book bearing the following title: *Spiritualism identical with Ancient Sorcery, New Testament Demonology and Modern Witchcraft, with testimony of God and Man against it.* We have not seen the work, and cannot therefore criticise it from personal inspection. The editor of the *Bulletin*, a paper published in Williamsport, not in the interest of Spiritualism, speaks of it as follows:—

"The title of this book gives a clear idea of what is aimed at by the author. It is to counteract what he deems to be the evil consequences of what is known as modern Spiritualism. The author is a Methodist clergyman, and was appointed by the 'Providence (R. I.) District Ministers' Association' to prepare a work of this kind, after having read an essay before them on the subject. He does not regard the phenomena as mere humbug, trickery, or legerdemain, but as the work of veritable demons. In his preface he yields the great point on which the world is fighting Spiritualism, when he says:—

We are frank to confess that we believe Spiritualism to be, in part at least, the work of demons.

"This is important for the believers in Spiritualism, for if they can once obtain the testimony of opponents as well as friends, that the phenomena claimed to have taken place are made by intelligences out of and beyond the believers and the "mediums," the *character* of the intelligences will ultimately be settled by facts which must occur in the course of candid investigations. He also says (page 21):—

The general facts of Spiritualism are so well attested, that few persons are found, whatever their opinion, who are willing to risk their reputation for candour on an unqualified denial of them. There may be a difference of opinion as to the force or agent by which these phenomena are produced, but that they are produced, and that, too, in many cases, without deception, cannot be successfully questioned.

"He then goes on to state what occurrences he thinks have been clearly proved, embracing a catalogue of marvels which must make Spiritualists quite content with the hard things he says of them after he has proved, to his satisfaction, that they are not impostors. He attests the facts of the rapping sounds, the moving of tables, chairs, and other articles; the playing of pianos and guitars without visible hands; rapping in response to mental questions, and many other curious things. He makes large use of the 'spiritual manifestations' in the Wesley family at Epworth, which commenced in 1716, and continued with some portions of the family for many years. His compilation of the history of ancient sorcery is curious and interesting to those who have any taste for such research. The whole he looks upon as

demonology or the work of evil spirits. His attack on the *theology* of the Spiritualists is caustic, and would be of great force if there was any organized or systematized theology among them, which hardly seems to be the case, since they are found in all religious sects, embracing D.D.s and clergymen of all grades, as well as members of evangelical churches in great numbers. The moral tendencies, as well as the theological tendencies, are looked upon as evil and nothing but evil. We are in doubt as to which party will be the most benefited by it, the believers in the righteousness of the latter-day Spiritualism, or those who believe in the demonology of the 'manifestations.' "—*Banner of Light.*

The following extract from the *Spectator*, perhaps by the pen of Addison, is from the imaginary letter of a dying wife to a devoted husband, absent in Spain, whom she does not expect to look on again in the flesh:—

"Methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be a happy one to the good and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed *in guiding the steps* of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? *Why may I not hope to go on in my usual work*, and, *though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind?* Give me leave to say to you, oh best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. *To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed—to administer slumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever—to cover thy beloved face in the day of of battle—to go with thee*, A GUARDIAN ANGEL *incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak and fearful woman;*—these, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart."

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE IN PARIS.—A great desire has been expressed by Spiritualists of different nations to hold a friendly conference at Paris with the more earnest and experienced students of Spiritualism. It has issued in the arrangement of a species of international banquet. Among the most prominent promoters may be recognised names remarkable not less for general repute than for fearless championship of Spiritualistic truth, and amongst them Dr. Clever de Maldigny, Baron de Guldenstubbe, Camille Hounmarian, the well known astronomer; A. Didier, and M. Pierart, the able editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste;* Le Comte d'Ourches, Le Baron Général de Brewern, Le Prince Schémeritien, &c. The banquet was to take place at Bouix restaurant, Palais Royal, on June 23, 1866.