

THE  
Spiritual Magazine.

---

---

JANUARY, 1869.

---

---

THE PASSING YEARS.

---

THE Earth and the *Spiritual Magazine* have again completed their annual revolution. As they have spun

Down the ringing grooves of change,

each, it is hoped, in its own way and measure, has added something to our knowledge and experience, and aided the good cause of progress, widening the thoughts of men with the process of the suns.

The past year has been an eventful one, with its reforms and revolutions—its changes and indications of coming change in every sphere of life—social, political, and ecclesiastical. It has sent forth its stormy petrels, warning us of coming tempests: it has, like a beneficent angel, troubled the stagnant pools of thought, that those who step in may be freed from their infirmities and made whole: it has taken from us many dear and valued friends—taken them, it may be, only that they may be more really, truly, intimately with us than before.

It is a foolish conceit that Spiritualism tends to deaden our sensibilities to all or to aught that pertains to the true interests of the present life, or that it diminishes our care and active participation in its concerns. On the contrary, it gives to them a higher significance—a deeper interest. It makes us feel the intimate blending of the two worlds; that the future life is the inevitable outgrowth from the present,—that the great Ygdrasil tree of human life reaches into eternity, and touches the very heavens. Spiritualism gives us higher motives, purifies the affections, and strengthens the springs of action, for it invests with larger meaning the needs and duties of the hour; it enables us to realise the momentous issues, the privileges and responsibilities of earthly existence as those cannot do whose horizon is bounded

by the present life, or whose faith in the life beyond is faint and dubious, or whose vision of its true character is dimmed by the films of conventional theology; it strengthens us to bear the heaviest burdens of the present, and amid our deepest sorrows and afflictions to look forward to the Future with a serene hope and joyous assurance impossible to those who feel that the vigour of youthful life, and the strength and joys of manhood, are slipping from them with no prospect but a dry and withered age, and then—"a leap in the dark—"

To die, and go we know not where;  
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling.

To the Spiritualist, the years as they sweep by but carry us on their waves to that farther shore—that "land of pure delight" where age shall bloom into immortal youth; where, in restoring to us all we love, and realising to us more than all for which we hope, we shall gain infinitely more than the years for a season have taken from us, only that with "more excellent glory" they may be ours for ever; where—"The gates shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there; and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

"For those people who do nothing, for those to whom Christianity brings no revelation, for those who see no eternity in time, no infinity in life, for those to whom opportunity is but the handmaid of selfishness, to whom smallness is informed by no greatness, for whom the lowly is never lifted up by indwelling love to the heights of divine performance,—for them, indeed, each hurrying year may well be a King of Terrors. To pass out from the flooding light of the morning, to feel all the dewiness drunk up by the thirsty, insatiate sun, to see the shadows slowly and swiftly gathering, and no starlight to break the gloom, and no home beyond the gloom for the unhoused, startled, shivering soul,—ah! this indeed is terrible. The 'confusions of a wasted youth' strew thick confusions of a dreary age. Where youth garners up only such power as beauty or strength may bestow, where youth is but the revel of physical or frivolous delight, where youth aspires only with paltry and ignoble ambitions, where youth presses the wine of life into the

cup of vanity, there indeed Age comes, a thrice unwelcome guest. Put him off. Thrust him back. Weep for the early days: you have found no happiness to replace their joys. Mourn for the trifles that were innocent, since the trifles of your manhood are heavy with guilt. Fight to the last. Retreat inch by inch. With every step you lose. Every day robs you of treasure. Every hour passes you over to insignificance; and at the end stands Death. The bare and desolate decline drops suddenly into the hopeless, dreadful grave, the black and yawning grave, the foul and loathsome grave.

“But why those who are Christians and not Pagans, who believe that death is not an eternal sleep, who wrest from life its uses and gather from life its beauty,—why they should dally along the road, and cling frantically to the old landmarks, and shrink fearfully from the approaching future, I cannot tell. You are getting into years. True. But you are getting out again. The bowed frame, the tottering step, the unsteady hand, the failing eye, the heavy ear, the tremulous voice, they will all be yours. The grasshopper will become a burden, and desire shall fail. The fire shall be smothered in your heart, and for passion you shall have only peace. This is not pleasant. It is never pleasant to feel the inevitable passing away of priceless possessions. If this were to be the culmination of your fate, you might indeed take up the wail for your lost youth. But this is only for a moment. The infirmities of age come gradually. Gently we are led down into the valley. Slowly, and not without a soft loveliness, the shadows lengthen. At the worst these weaknesses are but the stepping-stones in the river, passing over which you shall come to immortal vigour, immortal fire, immortal beauty. All along the western sky flames and glows the auroral light of another life. The banner of victory waves right over your dungeon of defeat. By the golden gateway of the sunseting,

‘Through the dear might of Him who walked the waves,’

you shall pass into the ‘cloud-land, gorgeous land,’ whose splendour is unveiled only to the eyes of the Immortals. Would you loiter to your inheritance?

“You are ‘getting into years.’ Yes, but the years are getting into you,—the ripe, rich years, the genial, mellow years, the lusty, luscious years. One by one the crudities of your youth are falling off from you,—the vanity, the egotism, the isolation, the bewilderment, the uncertainty. Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself. You are consolidating your forces. You are becoming master of the situation. Every wrong road into which you have wandered has brought you, by the knowledge of that mistake, so much closer to the truth.

You no longer draw your bow at a venture, but shoot straight at the mark. Your possibilities concentrate, and your path is cleared. On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage-ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations become a staff of strength with which you mount to sublimer heights. With self-possession and self-command return the possession and the command of all things. The title-deed of creation, forfeited, is reclaimed. The king has come to his own again. Earth and sea and sky pour out their largess of love. All the past crowds down to lay its treasures at your feet. All that the ages have of greatness and glory your hand may pluck, and every year adds to the purple vintage. Every year comes laden with the riches of the lives that were lavished on it. Every year brings to you softness and sweetness and strength. Every year evokes order from confusion, till all things find scope and adjustment. Every year sweeps a broader circle for your horizon, grooves a deeper channel for your experience. Through sun and shade and shower you ripen to a large and liberal life. The possible tomorrow has become the secure yesterday. Above the tumult and the turbulence, above the struggle and the doubt, you sit in the serene evening, awaiting your promotion.

“Come, then, O dreaded years! Your brows are awful, but not with frowns. I hear your resonant tramp far off, but it is sweet as the May-maidens’ song. In your grave prophetic eyes I read a golden promise. I know that you bear in your bosom the fulness of my life. Veiled monarchs of the future, shining dim and beautiful, you shall become my vassals, swift-footed to bear my messages, swift-handed to work my will. Nourished by the nectar which you will pour in passing from your crystal cups, Death shall have no dominion over me, but I shall go on from strength to strength and from glory to glory.”

---

AN ANGELIC VISITANT TO MARGUERITE DE LA VALOIS QUEEN OF VALOIS.—“One night, in the Autumn or Winter of 1549, while she was asleep, a beautiful female, clothed in white, and bearing in her hand a crown composed of every kind of flowers, appeared to her in a dream. The apparition approached her, and held up before her the crown, muttering at the same time the word ‘Quickly!’ The queen was deeply impressed by the vision, as being a supernatural intimation of her speedy removal, and the crown as a symbol of eternal life. She made preparations for her death, which occurred December 21, 1549. It should be stated that her health had been for some time failing.—*Ladies of the Reformation*, p. 377.

THE BARONESS BARBARA JULIANA VON  
KRÜDENER.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

MADAME VON KRÜDENER was at one time—the end of the great French war—the woman who excited the greatest attention in Europe. In her earlier years (she was now about fifty) she had been a greatly distinguished person in the most fashionable circles of Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. Her rank, her beauty, her talents and fascinating manners had given her a *prestige* which almost eclipsed the fame of her friend, Madame de Stael; but at the time of the congregation of the Allied Monarchs and their armies and ministers in Paris, after the final defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, she appeared in a new character,—new at least to those who were not well acquainted with the history of her later years. She appeared as a preacher of religion, displaying a zeal, an eloquence, an apostolic dauntlessness in singular contrast to the gaiety and freedom of her former life. She had splendid apartments in the Champs Elysée, near to the quarters of the Autocrat of all the Russias, and held prayer meetings several times in the week, which the Allied Monarchs and their ministers and generals, the astute Talleyrand and the obstructive Metternich amongst them, attended, in which she and M. Empeytas, who might be considered her chaplain; delivered discourses or engaged in prayer, in French or German. A thousand speculations on the causes of this extraordinary influence were quickly afloat in Paris; amongst which stories of her prophecies of what had recently come to pass, and her consequent conversion of the Emperor Alexander, and her influence over his allies, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, were uppermost. It was soon confidently asserted that Madame von Krüdener dictated to the Monarchs their course of action; that she was the originator of the Camp of Virtue, and of the celebrated Holy Alliance. From that time for a long while afterwards, not only was she held to be the founder of that most unpopular alliance, but she became the subject of articles of the press throughout Europe, and especially in England, in which the wonder of the writers was amusingly mingled with a desire to make themselves merry over her reported powers of inspired eloquence and divination. In our magazines of that period, many such articles are to be found. One of the most impartial and rational is that of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of ten years later; and one of the most elaborate and

pretentious is that of the very clever journal of its day, the *London Magazine*, in which Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Bowring, Leigh Hunt, &c., wrote, and whose unfortunate editor, John Scott, was shot in a duel at Chalk Farm, originating in his severe retort on Lockhart for his most offensive personalities towards the writers of the so-called Cockney school.

On the Continent the biographical and critical notices of Madame von Krüdener have displayed the same conflicting features—the excess of partizan eulogy on the one hand, the excess of misrepresentation on the other. We have at length, I believe, obtained a just and authentic estimate of her character and actions in a handsome volume published at Bern in July of the past year, 1868, under the title of *Frau von Krüdener ein Zeitgemälde*. The author, of this “Picture of the Time,” I regret to say, has not favoured us with his name, probably having sufficient reasons for withholding it in the religious jealousies still existing in Switzerland in the clerical mind in connection with the very home-thrusting Christianity of Madame von Krüdener, and the expulsion of her and her minister and friends from that country. But the author, it appears from the work, is a descendant of Madame von Krüdener’s, and as he has not only based his narrative on the best works, German and French, concerning his distinguished ancestress, but has added many private letters and facts known to the family, we may feel satisfied that this is the most complete work that we are likely to have on the subject. The writer appends a list of his printed authorities to his book, amounting to twenty, with the exception of Eynard’s *Vie de Madame Krüdener*, in two vols.; and Empeytas’s *Notices sur l’Empereur Alexander I.*, chiefly in German. He seems very impartially to have weighed these authorities, and displays no desire to veil the faults of his heroine, nor to overstate her merits. If to the references of the author we add *Brescius und Seiler, Beiträge zu einer Characteristic der Frau v. Krüdener, Berlin, 1818*, and *Wraxall and Wehrman’s Memoires of Queen Hortense*, we have the chief memoirs and criticisms on this lady, a mass of writing which demonstrate the great interest which she excited in her day.

Let us then endeavour to sketch a brief history of this extraordinary woman, who not only preached openly and from land to land the most bold and unequivocal principles of the Christian religion, but announced to the astonished and incredulous ears of kings coming events, which at the moment appeared the mere dreams of an enthusiast, but which quickly proved themselves the most startling realities, shocks of a political earthquake which had awoke not the slightest foreboding in the acutest diplomatic minds.

Madame von Krüdener was born at Riga, on the 21st of November, 1764. She was the second daughter of Privy Counsellor von Vietinghoff, who though generally called Count Vietinghoff, had refused all titles offered to him, unvaryingly saying, "I am Vietinghoff!" Her mother was the daughter of the celebrated Prussian diplomatist, Marshal Münnich, General Director of the Baltic harbours; a man who through his independent spirit had seen many ups and downs in his career, being at one time before a Court-martial, at another banished to Siberia, and again seen occupying the highest posts. The eldest daughter of Herr Vietinghoff was deaf and dumb, and was placed in a home for such unfortunate individuals of the aristocratic class. On this account all the more attention was bestowed on the education and social advantages of Juliana. During her early years her parents took her with them to the fashionable resort of Spa, to Paris, Rome and London. Music and dancing were taught her to the utmost perfection, and she acquired French, German, Italian and English with the correctness and fluency almost of a native of each of these countries. French became her habitual tongue. In Paris not only the chief Russian families but also many of the most distinguished French *littérateurs* frequented her father's house, as Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, &c. When they returned to Riga in 1779, Fraülein Vietinghoff was but fifteen, but her beauty, accomplishments and the reputation of a great heiress, made her the object of general attraction. Her appearance at that period is thus described:—"She possessed an enchanting countenance; an elegant and ready wit, with flexible features, which always expressed mind and sentiment. She was of the middle stature, beautifully formed; her blue eyes always displayed serenity, with an animation which, as Diderot expressed it, traversed the past and the future. Her brown hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders, and there was something in her person and manner that seemed new, singular and striking."

Her high accomplishments, and the distinguished society into which Juliana von Vietinghoff had been thus early and habitually introduced, had naturally given her a keen taste for refined pleasure, and must, of necessity, greatly have fostered in her no little vanity and love of admiration. Under such circumstances almost everything tending to the happiness or wretchedness of her life's career would depend on the real engagement of her affections in her married life. This matter does not in the least seem to have been considered by her parents. They attempted to bestow her on a man of great wealth and station, without troubling themselves about her consent. Her aversion to the match, however, produced so violent an illness that it

compelled the abandonment of the project: but it was not long before the parents in the same unceremonious way conferred her on the Baron von Krüdener, a very distinguished diplomatist under Catherine of Russia, who had been ambassador at Madrid and Warsaw. At the time of her marriage she was only eighteen, and her husband was only two years short of forty. He was a man whose whole soul and taste lay in his diplomatic life; he had been twice married and twice divorced already. For the rest, he appears to have been a rather dull and decent fellow, very fond of her and indulgent to her; but Fräulein von Vietinghoff appears clearly to have gone into the connection with the full assurance that it was her fate and not her choice. She said candidly, "If they will marry me to a man to whom my heart does not incline, I shall expect him to allow me complete enjoyment of my tastes, and whatever my vanity demands." Her husband had already a daughter of nine years old, whose care and education the young step-mother, not out of her teens, was neither qualified nor anxious to discharge.

This education, terminated by this bargain of a marriage, laid the sure foundation of all the errors and aberrations of Madame von Krüdener's life for many years. Her husband became successively Russian Ambassador at Venice, Copenhagen, and Berlin. In all these cities Madame von Krüdener had to receive her husband's guests, and to live in the midst of the highest society, as became the wife of such a man. In Venice and in Italy, everywhere, she found herself as in a paradise. The charms of the climate and of the society were all that she could imagine of delightful. She was the centre of a brilliant circle where she was admired even to worship. At Venice, her portrait was painted by Angelica Kauffmann. Here a circumstance occurred which made a deep and lasting impression on her. Alexander von Stakieff, an *attaché* of the embassy, fell deeply in love with her—common report says that he committed suicide in consequence, but this was not the case; he took a much wiser course; he withdrew himself from the embassy, leaving a letter for Baron von Krüdener explaining the reason. Twice after in their lives Stakieff and Madame von Krüdener met, and on each occasion Stakieff conducted himself with the greatest propriety. Baron von Krüdener had made his wife acquainted with the fact of Stakieff's attachment, and it is evident how much this event had dwelt on her mind, as she afterwards made it the subject of her celebrated novel, *Valérie*.

Copenhagen did not much please Madame von Krüdener, and still less the atmosphere of the Court of Berlin, where the amiable and unfortunate Queen Louisa alone awoke a lively and



lasting sympathy in her soul. Madame von Krüdener had two children—her son Paul, who became like his father a diplomatist; and a daughter who married a Baron von Berkheim, and who, both before and after her marriage was her constant companion. Herr von Berkheim became one of her most firm and zealous adherents in her future religious labours. But all this time, except in her children, Madame von Krüdener found no home life which answered to her vivid yearnings after enjoyment. Her husband's mind was fully engrossed and satisfied with his diplomatic affairs. He seems to have put little restraint on his wife, and she sought for her happiness where she thought she could find it. She loved gay and intellectual society. She was formed to shine in the highest and the most brilliant, and she loved to shine there. She was ambitious of a literary and worldly distinction too. She had no lack of that vanity of a woman of talent and beauty, which she had declared that she should indulge. She had an ample income from an estate left her by her father, and she made frequent excursions to Paris and to Switzerland, and stayed there for many months together, whilst her husband plodded on amid his state affairs, and must have found his home very dreary. In Paris she made a great friendship with St. Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*; with Chateaubriand, and others. In 1793, in Germany, we find her making a visit, though only of an hour, to Jean Paul Richter, then in the zenith of his fame, who was wonderfully fascinated by her. Jean Paul said in a letter to a friend, "That unlike as Madame Krüdener was to all other women, so was the impression she had made upon him different from that of all other women," and he wrote to her:—"The hour in which I saw you floats like the evening glow still lower beneath the horizon. You came like a dream, and fled like a dream, and I still live in a dream." Jean Paul and Madame von Krüdener continued to correspond for years. At Geneva, Madame von Krüdener found a great friend in Madame de Stael and was constantly one of the brilliant coterie at Coppet.

In one of her long sojourns in France, which she excused to her husband on the ground of necessity for seeking health, she made the acquaintance of a young officer at Montpellier, Count de Fregeville, who soon acquired a complete hold on her affections. In consequence of this connection, Madame von Krüdener solicited a divorce from her husband, who would not hear of it, but received her back again, as if it were enough for him that she sate at the head of his table, and did the honours of his house. After the death of her father, however, she made another of her journeys into Germany and Switzerland. Her husband wrote her a letter, in which he upbraided her with her

desertion of her home and of him in a strain of gentleness which must have made itself deeply felt; and the news soon after of his sudden death came upon her like a thunder-clap, and caused her to review in a remorseful mood her past life and conduct towards him. Again, however, she returned to the usual career of her life of fashion; went to Paris, published her *Valérie*, and basked in the reputation and the flatteries of the literary and gay world, which it and her elegant entertainments brought her. We pass the more lightly over this portion of her life to the subsequent one, in which she came forth in a new character. Hitherto, with all her charms, talents, and accomplishments, she was but one of the thousand butterflies of aristocratic existence, who clothe their follies and vices with a delusive grace, die, and are forgotten. Providence had a nobler sphere of action in reserve for her.

She had passed some time on her estate at Kossé, and had returned to her house in Riga. One day, as she sat thoughtfully at her window, a young nobleman rode up the street, looked up, saw her, made his greeting, and in the same instant fell by a stroke of apoplexy dead from his horse. The terror of this sight went home to her soul and conscience. The idea of death came with a new and awful force. "Who knows how near I am to my own end?" was her thought. Had she laid up treasure for the mysterious eternity? She had acquired a dubious fame on earth; but how had she prepared for the other side of existence? What would be all her reputation and distinction in the presence of the Omniscient? These reflections sunk into the depths of her heart. She had no peace night nor day. The night terrified her; the day did not relieve her. She shut herself up from all society, and brooded over her condition. Sending, however, for a shoemaker to measure her for shoes, she was struck with the marvellous expression of happiness in the man's face. "My friend," she said, "you are happy!" "The happiest of men!" replied the shoemaker. All day and all night she pondered on the causes of this very poor fellow's happiness, and with the next morning she hastened to his humble dwelling. She found that he was a Moravian by profession. In her conversation with him he soon pointed her to the sole source of happiness, faith in Christ and in full forgiveness of all sins though they might be as scarlet, in and through Him. Madame von Krüdener went back a new woman. She neither sought for instruction or consolation from bishops, priests or confessors; she went to the humble Society to which this poor man belonged, and by what she heard in its teachings and in conversation with its ministers and members, a new existence broke upon her, more lovely, more inspiring, more glorious

than all her dreams and quests of enjoyment in the most intoxicating regions of this life. She commenced an eager and persevering study of the Scriptures; and in a while she came forth into the world again learned in the simplicity of the truth. She had not sought for truth at the secondary conduits of Greek or Roman or Protestant professors, but had gone to the fountain-head of Christ and His Gospel, and by this means she came forth free from all human sophistications, canons and traditional cobwebs of human churches and creeds; armed with a power above all such powers; fed and invigorated by the Bread of Life and the Water of Life, eternally administered to the hungering and thirsting soul from the banqueting hall of God and His Son, where the banner of Almighty love is over all His children. She had no longer any ambition to shine before men, but to hold up to them the lamp of faith by which every man who cometh into the world may be enlightened, and in which all human glory is veiled in the glory of the Divine, and is hidden with God in the fulness of his unspeakable felicity. She was prepared to suffer shame and persecution for the testimony of the one great Truth; henceforth her creed and doctrine,—the pardon of all sins through the love of God in Christ. This she was prepared to preach to the highest and the lowest, and spend in preaching the Gospel to the poor, not only her strength of body and of intellect, but her worldly wealth to the last farthing. In this she persisted to the end, and in this practice of pure and primitive Christianity is found the key to all her successes, her sorrows, her persecutions by kings, republics, and church-made ministers alike; for her walk in the freedom and the liberality of the Gospel was a standing censure on them all. Christ and his Apostles went forth as lambs amongst wolves; and whoever goes through life as they did, not in the mere name, but in the full and faithful discharge of the magnificent unselfishness of living, un mutilated Christianity, the love of God to the death, and the love of our neighbour as ourself, must always experience the same fate. This is the immutable law of heaven—this is the eternal verdict of the earth.

Madame Krüdener now prepared to commence the campaign of Christian duty. She put her estate into able hands, so that it might be well managed and the proceeds duly sent to her. She cut off all frivolous and unnecessary correspondence; she changed her intercourse from the fashionable world to the world of piety and usefulness, and began that work of spreading the knowledge of the Truth and of ministering to the wants of the poor, which continued her work ever after. In the winter of 1806 she was, however, suffering an affection of the nerves, and in the following summer sought relief at Wiesbaden and in

France. The horrors and cruelties of the Napoleonic war soon drove her back northwards. At Königsberg she again met with Queen Louisa of Prussia, and together they visited the huts of the poor and the bedsides of the sick and wounded in deepest sisterly sympathy. Soon after she visited Dresden, and thence went to the great Moravian settlement of Herrnhut, where her faith was greatly strengthened by intercourse with this primitive people, and especially with the earnest-souled Baumeister. The fame of Jung Stilling for piety and spirituality led her on to Karlsruhe; and in his family she saw the beauty and peace of those who lived in daily communion with God and the spiritual world. At Karlsruhe, the residence of the Court of Baden, she met with the kindest reception from the Markgräfin of Baden, and her daughters, the Queens of Sweden and Bavaria. Here also she met with the Queens of Hanover and Holland and the Duchess of Brunswick. Hortense, the Queen of Holland, daughter of the Empress Josephine, and mother of the present Emperor of the French, was especially attentive to the author of *Valérie*, and the Queen of Hanover, the sister of Queen Louisa of Prussia, was one of her most interested listeners; for to all that she came near she opened the great subject of her own new convictions. The dark and menacing aspect of the times, when Napoleon was laying all European kings and countries at his feet, made their hearts open to the voice of religion.

While Madame von Krüdener was thus appealing to the higher natures of the princely, she was equally assiduous in visiting, conversing with, and comforting the poor. Her step-daughter Sophie and her daughter Juliette were with her, and they all resided in the family of Jung Stilling. In fact, they found themselves breathing, as it were, the spiritual atmosphere of Swedenborg, St. Martin and Oberlin, and would gladly have remained there for ever. Madame von Krüdener having been forgiven much loved much, and she found means in her intercourse with the poor of reconciling them often to circumstances which appeared to them harder than they really were. On one occasion she found a servant-girl scrubbing the floor and weeping at the same time. On asking what ailed her, she said she was of a superior condition in life, and this menial drudgery was to her hard and humiliating. Madame Krüdener gently took the brush, knelt down and scrubbed the floor for her, notwithstanding her endeavours to prevent her, saying at the same time that the Virgin Mary who was of a royal race, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, did not refuse to labour with their hands, and that, therefore, manual labour could not be degrading. To do our duty cheerfully, however humble it might be, had its honour in the sight of God. Her kind words, her sympathizing manner,

and her example had a wonderful effect, and she left the poor girl smiling and happy.

In these labours of love thus happily engaged, she unfortunately became acquainted with a Pastor Lafontaine the minister of St. Marie aux Mines, who had acquired a great fame as a preacher. This M. Lafontaine had a *clairvoyante* named Maria Kummrin, a peasant woman of very little education, but who frequently announced in her trance extraordinary things beforehand. It was not long before she vaticinated that Madame von Krüdener had to do a great work for the truth, by buying an estate on which a colony of the faithful should be established, whence the labourers in the heavenly harvest should go forth for the reformation of Germany. The *clairvoyante*, no doubt, spoke under the influence of *rapport* with the Pastor Lafontaine. Madame von Krüdener, who was yet little experienced in the mysteries of the lower regions of clairvoyance and Spiritualism, in her zeal for the Gospel consented. An estate was bought, as Maria Kummrin declared that it was at the express command of God. The *clairvoyante* and Lafontaine soon found themselves comfortably installed on it. The seeress, however, became too bold, and announced publicly that the Duke of Würtemberg would be made king by Napoleon. The thing took place, but the new king did not choose to owe his crown in any degree to the prophetess. He arrested her, and because Madame von Krüdener ventured to speak with her through the prison window, he ordered her to quit Würtemberg in four-and-twenty hours, and her colony of Bouingheim was confiscated. This did not open the eyes of Madame Krüdener to the real character of Lafontaine. Another time, when he had become minister of a church near Karlsruhe, he induced her through the communications of Maria Kummrin, to open an institution for the furtherance of the Gospel. Lafontaine, the *clairvoyante*, and a good-for-nothing brother of Lafontaine's were speedily in possession of it, and it very soon ended in Madame von Krudener's loss of a very large sum—the sole result of the undertaking. This teaching was effectual, and we mention these two incidents together to clear the narrative of them.

During the years in which these selfish traps were laid for her, she was still pursuing her plans of good among the people. She paid a visit to Geneva to her beloved friend Madame Armand, who shared all her sentiments and views of religion, where she made many other valuable acquaintances with people of her own mode of thinking. During these years she was often so reduced by her support of the poor under the terrible distresses of those times of the French spoliation, that she and her daughter frequently had only a crust of dry bread for their

own dinners. Frequently she had ten or twelve families depending entirely upon her, when she would find herself with only a few pence in her pocket, and her remittances from Riga cut off by the war; yet, like Stilling, she called on God to help, and was continually broken into tears by the arrival of unexpected supplies. In these times of trial of her faith she derived a wonderful support from her perusal of the works of Madame Guyon and Antionette Bourignon. Amongst her firmest adherents and encouragers was Benjamin Constant, who imbued his philosophy with her teachings. In the summer of 1810, she lost her great friend and coadjutor in works of human love, Queen Louisa of Prussia, who died broken-hearted by the miseries of her country under the insolent despotism of Buonaparte.

Almost immediately on the death of Queen Louisa followed that of Madame Krüdener's mother, to whom she had been much attached, and whose closing days she had greatly comforted. In the north, at Königsberg, Ebel was rousing a feeling of living piety, and gave origin to the class called Pietists, or contemptuously "Mucker," or fanatics; in Dresden, Pastor Stephan, minister of the community of Bohemian exiles, was doing a like work. Madame von Krüdener, therefore, once more turned her steps towards Geneva, where she now, with better auspices, revived her religious association. She there made the acquisition of a young student of theology, M. Empeytas, who, disgusted with the Rationalism openly avowed by the heads of the Theological Academy, and by the *Venerable Compagnie des Pasteurs*, had with other serious students formed themselves into an association for religious intercourse, and had, with his friend Guers and M. Merillac, a workman amongst the Moravians, established a Sunday school. These zealously came round Madame Krüdener, and M. Empeytas, eloquent and honest, became through her future great campaign for the Gospel her right-hand man. Madame Krüdener had the happiness of having her son Paul not far off, at Strasburg, where she visited and made the friendship of Count Lezay and his wife, most excellent people. By them she was introduced to the venerable apostle, Oberlin, at Steinthal, in the Ban de la Roche, whither also Empeytas came, and occasionally relieved Oberlin by addressing his flock.

Here they saw in miniature what Madame Krüdener was anxious to see over all the world. Oberlin had found his parish and neighbourhood in Steinthal in the most pitiable condition of poverty and neglect. Not only by his preaching but by his example he had stirred his people up to improve their condition. He had established schools for the children and he was himself

the great schoolmaster to the parents. He took the axe, the spade and the hoe, and taught them how to cultivate their lands and their gardens. A new spirit was awoke, the fields became full of rich produce, their cattle flourished, were well housed; cleanliness and domestic comfort became general; poverty disappeared and peace and happiness took its place. In one thing the people had taught Oberlin. They had long had their spiritual eyes open and saw visibly the forms of their departed friends. Oberlin became convinced of the fact, and after the death of his wife for nine years received frequent evening visits from her, in which she advised him in difficult affairs and strengthened him for his works of good around him. In this little secluded heaven upon earth, Madame von Krüdener and M. Empeytas passed the early mornings in the most sympathetic conversation with Oberlin and his son on the great work of God in the earth, then all went their own ways till dinner-time, and again enjoyed their evenings in discussing what they had seen and done. On fine days they made excursions into the neighbouring parishes, where the people received Oberlin as their beloved father, and their presence made quite a little festival. Madame von Krüdener and Empeytas rejoiced Oberlin with their accounts of their labours and the enthusiasm with which they were responded to by the people in Geneva, Strasburg, Bâsle, and other places.

In the midst of this delightful sojourn where they lived, as it were, already in the inner land, where the spirits of the happy departed seemed to walk almost visibly amongst them, they were suddenly startled by the news of the fall of Napoleon through his disastrous Russian campaign. The Allied Monarchs had followed him to Paris, and compelled him to abdicate and retire to Elba. In attending the entrance of the Duke of Berry into Strasburg, their friend, Count Lezay, was killed by the fall of his horse. Madame von Krüdener and M. Empeytas hastened to Strasburg to console the widow of this noble man whose hand had always been open to every good object, and who had given to Oberlin alone for the promotion of his good Samaritan labours 30,000 francs. They then resumed their Christian employment of succouring the poor. And enormous was the need of it, for the passage of the vast French army to the North and the retreat and pursuit of the vast hordes of Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and Cossacks had desolated the whole intermediate countries, and spread a scene of popular miseries inconceivable and unprecedented.

In November, 1814, the Congress of Monarchs and Ministers was sitting in Vienna. Madame von Krüdener's eye began to turn on the Emperor Alexander as the one of the royal

personages on whom there was a hope of operating towards a better state of things. He had the reputation of piety; and with her ardent and believing nature, she persuaded herself that by an earnest appeal, supported by the blessing of God, he might be induced to commence the work of a genuine reformation of society. The more she dwelt on this idea, the more her mind kindled upon it. She wrote to her excellent friend Fräulein von Stourdza, a maid of honour to the Empress of Russia, declaring her hopes of immense good through the Emperor Alexander, if this idea could be communicated to him. There can be little doubt that this was made known to Alexander from what followed.

But the monarchs were enjoying their triumph in Vienna, amid fêtes and festivities, believing Buonaparte safe at Elba, and Europe under their hands for partition at pleasure. Madame Krüdener, however, wrote again to Fräulein von Stourdza in the utmost alarm, to warn the emperor through the empress. "I speak," she said to her, "strongly, for I live at the foot of the Cross, and the coming events are shown me, and I am compelled in my conscience to declare them to you. It is no time for hesitation. It is not a time to waste in pleasures; the angel of judgment is passing over and sprinkling with blood the doorposts of the faithful; but the world sees him not, and the Congress sits on a volcano. The tempest is about to break; and these lilies, which are properly the symbols at once of purity and perishableness, which an iron sceptre crushed, but which God revived, and which should have been a call to purity, to the love of God and to repentance, have only appeared to be again swept away. Mankind has been taught in terror and agony. They forget it, and grow more hardened than ever in wild tumult. What! can they dance and parade in splendid array when millions mourn, and a gloomy spirit of vengeance is destroying the human race? What! can they enjoy pleasures which have sprung out of the bloodiest agonies of the nations? Let them awake from their infatuated feasts in which the demons wildly riot and which do homage only to the Prince of Darkness."

Fräulein von Stourdza was so struck with the warning of this letter that she immediately communicated it to Alexander, and he expressed a wish to see the writer. But Madame von Krüdener neglected no means of rousing the monarch to the sense of coming danger. She wrote to another lady at one of the courts of Baden-Baden—Fräulein Cochelet—declaring that the Congress sate over an abyss; that Buonaparte would return, and the terror and bloodshed of the year 1815 would be more dreadful than ever. "Think," she said, "on the year 1815! The Peace Congress will bring to bear no peace. The Powers



have learned no wisdom, and the scourging hand of God once more is over them. Well for those who hear and take warning in time!"

She saw Fräulein von Cochelet herself at Baden-Baden, and repeated to her the assurance that Buonaparte would return; that the year 1815 would be a most frightful year. "God has revealed it. All who take part with Napoleon will be tracked, persecuted, and punished. They will not have a place to lay their heads." She saw the Empress of Russia, and announced to her the same coming events. She saw and warned Hortense, Queen of Holland, and conjured her when Napoleon returned not to go to Paris, as nothing but destruction would attend his enterprise and connections. Messrs. Wraxall and Wehrman, in their *Life of Hortense*, describe her consternation on this warning. "Mon Dieu!" she said to Mademoiselle de Cochelet, "no one respects Madame von Krüdener more than I do; there is no danger in seeing and imitating her virtues, but let your reason discern in her what is good and what is dangerous. It is not that Madame von Krüdener appears to me mad when she says to me, 'Do not return to France,' for she may possibly be right. Seeing the turn things have taken there, I believe I shall have a difficulty in living there tranquilly. But when she tells me I ought to go to Russia; that the Congress will not finish; that the Emperor will return, and those who join him will be ruined,—how can she know that?"

Yes! "How can she know that?" was the cry of the incredulous multitude—crowned, diplomatic, military, and fashionable. To them all Madame von Krüdener was simply a mad woman, crazed by religion, whilst, in fact, she was about the only sane person of them all. March the 1st, saw Buonaparte step on French ground at Cannes; March 10th, saw him in Lyons; March 20th, he was at Fontainebleau; two days after the whole army had declared for him; March 25th, the allies signed an act of extermination against him, and were again *en route* for France. Waterloo awaited the shock of nations. The terrible tramp and march of hostile armies again scathed the springing corn of Germany, and desolated with fire and rapine the villages of France. Russians with their savage Cossacks, Prussians, Austrians, all burning with the recollection of French rapacity and barbarities, swept like hosts of fierce demons onwards over the blasted lands. Famine and fever followed on their rear. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had quartered themselves at Frankfort, the Emperor of Russia was directing his course to Heidelberg.

One evening Alexander, who had been making his way wearily for days through the crowds of exulting people, across

Bavaria and Württemberg, amid acclamations and overpowering honours, for they looked upon him as a saviour, entered an hotel at Heilbronn, borne down by fatigue. He shut himself up in his room and was sunk in deep reflection and not at peace in himself. Alexander is supposed to have been aware of the intended murder of the Emperor Paul, his father, and that spite of his wishes to be the benefactor of his people, he never could rise long above the dark memories that haunted him. "Oh! that some holy soul might be sent to me," he said to himself, "who could solve the mysterious enigma of my life?" At that moment, Prince Wolkonsky entered with an air of the greatest impatience, and begged pardon for disturbing his imperial highness, but that Madame von Krüdener insisted upon seeing him. "Madame von Krüdener! Madame von Krüdener!" exclaimed Alexander, "let her come in." The next moment she entered, and he told her he had been praying for her arrival. They sat down to a conversation which lasted for three hours, and in which Alexander was repeatedly melted into floods of tears. Madame Krüdener bade him throw himself on the love of Christ who was the propitiator for all sins, and on that of the Father who welcomed with joy every returning prodigal son. The Emperor declared that every word she had uttered was music to his soul, and would not allow her to go again far from him. This was equally agreeable to Madame Krüdener, for she had come burdened with the sights of the miseries of the people and charged with their entreaties for aid, for they were perishing of starvation, the passing of the Russian armies having cleared the country of every trace of provisions. She had witnessed the excesses of the Russians at Altdorf. Her representations were effectual, and the Emperor sent out orders to supply the perishing population with food as far as possible.

Alexander fixed his head quarters at Heidelberg in a large house facing the Neckar, a little outside the city gate, the Karls Thor. He was attracted to it by a large crucifix which stood attached to the garden wall, and which stands there now. In this house I myself resided two years, 1840 and 1841. In the hilly shrubbery behind there stood the Russian Imperial Crown on a stone pillar, and over the front door was a brass plate on which was engraved a command to any Russian army who might again invade Germany to spare that house. The last time I was there I observed that some ignoramus had painted over this inscription. Madame von Krüdener located herself at a pleasant villa about a mile up the Neckar valley, near the village of Schlierbach, also facing the river, and charmingly surrounded by forest hills. She was thus enabled to see the

Emperor daily, to strengthen his religious sentiment, and to incite him to great plans of human amelioration.

On June 21st the news of the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny reached Heidelberg, creating great alarm, but it was quickly followed by that of the decisive victory of Waterloo; and the triumphant monarchs hurried on to Paris. Alexander desired Madame von Krüdener to follow, and on the 14th of July, 1815, she entered Paris, and found that her son-in-law, Baron von Berkheim, by order of Alexander, had taken for her the Hotel Montchenu, near to the Emperor's own head quarters, the Elysée Bourbon. A private way through the garden behind the Elysée Bourbon enabled the Emperor to visit her any time without public observation; keeping himself the key of the door betwixt the gardens. Here Madame Krüdener had the happiness of having with her her daughter and son-in-law, Herr von Berkheim, and Madame Lezay, who was in Paris for the health of her son. Alexander paid Madame Krüdener a visit the first evening to welcome her arrival.

Here then we reach that point of our heroine's life, which fixed upon her the eyes and wonder of all Europe. Three times a week she held religious meetings in the Hotel Montchenu which were attended by all the princes, ministers and great generals of Europe. There, in the simplest costume, described by some as that of a Dominican nun, by others as in a plain black or dark blue dress with her hair cut close; yet, although past fifty, still bearing evidence of her former beauty. There she addressed the assembled Powers of Europe in an animated eloquence calling upon them in the plainest terms of the Gospel to put an end to the horrors which had so long made wretched the world, by adopting fully and effectively the principles of Christianity. To accept Christ in his completeness, and thus inaugurate the reign of peace and freedom on the earth. It was an extraordinary spectacle to see those who commanded the destinies of Europe sitting humbly, and often sunk in tears, at the feet of this inspired woman. The monarchs had been rescued by the arm of God from a long term of humiliation and of dreadful calamities to their kingdoms, and they felt, or thought they did, grateful for the deliverance. Madame von Krüdener, by the wonderful fulfilment of her predictions, and the inspired power of her preaching, had herself become one of the powers of Europe, and for a time directed the movements of the assembled princes. In private she laboured with Alexander to induce him to establish a real reign of Christ in his dominions, and to use his efforts with his brother monarchs to do the same in theirs.

It has been said that the result of these inculcations was the celebration of the great fête of the Russian troops in the plains

of Chalons, where Alexander, at their head, gave glory to God for their final triumph over Napoleon; whence the camp was termed "The Camp of Virtue;" a scene described by Madame von Krüdener in a pamphlet at the time. Still more, the institution of "The Holy Alliance" has always been ascribed to her influence. Her present biographer, who appears to be one of her own descendants doubts this, probably not wanting to appropriate to her the origin of a league so detestable as it proved. But Mademoiselle de Cochelet, who visited her when she was using her influence for Queen Hortense, says expressly that she told her that she had been exhorting the Emperor Alexander to raise the banner of Christ. "The reign of Christ," she said, "will come, sire. Glory and honour to those who fight for Him! maledictions and woe to those who fight against Him! Form a holy alliance of all those who belong to the true faith, and let them take an oath to combat the innovators who wish to overthrow religion, and you will triumph eternally with it."

That Madame von Krüdener never proposed a Holy Alliance such as it became we are quite sure; hers was for the promotion of truth and freedom; but truth and freedom do not proceed from despots! Their religion was for the moment a pleasing phantasm—a mere thing of sentiment and feeling. The seed had fallen on the stony ground of royal egotism, and only sprung up to perish, because it had no earth. Christ declared that His kingdom was not of this world, but the kingdoms of the autocrats were of this world and this only. Madame Krüdener must soon have perceived this; for though, on quitting Paris, Alexander pressed her to go with him to Petersburg and fix herself there, she did not do it. As one of her biographers observes, "She found to her grief that no permanent good effect was to be produced by working in the gilded chambers of the great; that revival of religious feeling has never yet proceeded from palaces, but always from cottages." The monarchs marched homeward with their armies, to forget as quickly as possible their brief fit of piety in Paris—to break every promise of liberal constitutions which, in the hour of degradation, they had made to their people in order to excite them to expel their conqueror, and they riveted still faster on them the fetters of their imperial wills.

From this period, Madame Krüdener devoted her life to preach the Gospel to the people. Before we follow her, however, we must notice two incidents which occurred during the time of her vain effort to convert Herod, Caiaphas, and Pontius Pilate to the faith. The restored French King determined, amongst his other victims, to put General Labedoyère to death. Madame Labedoyère entreated Madame Krüdener to engage the interest of Alexander to save him. He declined to interfere. Madame

von Krüdener, however, visited him in prison, spoke with him of religion, and did her utmost to comfort him. Wolf, the celebrated missionary and traveller, who saw Madame Krüdener in Switzerland, says that after his execution, Labedoyère appeared to her in daylight, and said to her, "*Madame, Je suis sauvé.*"

The other incident is that Lafontaine, with his *clairvoyante* Maria Kummrin, on hearing of Madame von Krüdener's great influence with the Emperor of Russia, hastened to Paris, forced their way even into the presence of the Czar, and began begging for money on the pretence of propagating the Gospel. They only succeeded in disgusting the Emperor, and were quickly sent adrift to make their way back to Rappenhoff.

Over the latter, and by far the most useful portion of the life of Madame von Krüdener we must, of necessity, pass briefly. It was one constant endeavour to enlighten the people on the grand and simple truth of Christianity—the forgiveness of sins by direct application to Christ, without the intervention of priests, bishops, churches, and confessionals; and the constant array of all these powers against her, and their success in driving her from country to country, where she as constantly alarmed all the legions of priestcraft by feeding and teaching the poor. The fact of a woman presuming to preach was denounced as contrary to the Gospel,—not of Christ, however, but only of Paul. Then the spectacle of a woman spending the whole of her large income—her strength and life in feeding and clothing the poor, though she thus trod in the steps of Christ—was a standing reproach to all those who taught a doctrinal Christianity, but did not practise Christianity itself,—who said, but did not; who "did not do it even unto the least of these." All the teachers of all creeds, with some noble exceptions, were against her; for she adhered to neither Papal, Greek, or Protestant Church, but only to the Church of Christ, wherever and under whatever forms it might be existing. The cry of enthusiast, fanatic, and incendiary was everywhere raised, and the arm of the State was called in to relieve the Scribes and Pharisees of her very inconvenient presence. Everybody saw that the enthusiast who produced the fruits of self-renunciation, and of unstinted love to the neighbour, was a far nobler creature than the non-enthusiast, who, in his orthodox orderliness, produced only self-indulgence and the pride of life.

Those were times when the horrors of a long war, and the marching and counter-marching of vast armies had reduced the populations to a most frightful condition of misery. Madame Krüdener did not say to them, "Be ye warmed and fed," but she set out public tables for them where she preached, and her little party of friends, her son-in-law Baron von Berkheim and

her daughter Madame Berkheim; her minister, M. Empeytas, and her agent, M. Kellner, and others exerted themselves to wait on them. Often she stood on a little hill or a table and addressed five or six thousand people with an effect that nothing but such apostleship of heart and soul can ever produce. Wherever she was heard of, the people, of all classes, flocked from the whole country round. Such was the power of her preaching, that ministers of religion, professors and philosophers, were deeply affected by it. Even learned sceptics we are told, were convinced, a miracle equivalent to the raising of the dead. These, however, were the better specimens of their different classes. The rest of them ran to the authorities, crying "Great is Diana of the Ephesians:" and the order promptly came for the dreadful aggressor who presumed to teach Christ, and feed and clothe the poor, to march over the border. When the sound of one of Gellert's hymns sung on the open hills by several thousand voices—in French or German—" *Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.*" "I have now found the ground," or "Great God, we praise thee; or "Thy grace, it is for all,"—came floating on the summer air,—to use the words of Madame von Krüdener herself, "Hell always rose and raved; for it knew that Love was at work;" and the *fiat* of expulsion came. "Neither in the early ages," said this perpetual exile of Christ, "nor in the middle ages—which eclipse this age of philosophy—should I have been reduced to the necessity of vindicating my conduct. Catherine of Sienna—to whom, indeed, I am not bold enough to compare myself—preached before assembled convents, and was always surrounded by hungry or appeased souls, who longed for, or gratefully enjoyed the mysteries of the Word of Life; she was not banished, nor compelled to plead her cause."

One of the first places from which she was driven for the intolerable offence of preaching truth and feeding the poor, was Bâsle, that cradle of the Reformation, that battle-place of Melancthon, Ecolampadius, and many another warrior of the Divine Life. She had there stripped herself of everything to relieve the dreadful necessities of others. She sold her jewels for 30,000 francs, and applied them to abate the intense sufferings of the poor. Her exertions and loving counsels were at the same time applied to recall the fallen from their immoralities, and raise the general tone of the multitude, sunk as much in vice as in poverty. As she preached, her eyes were also open to the diseases and sicknesses amongst her hearers. In her ardent faith she laid on her hands and cured them. "I have seen," says the author of *Madame von Krüdener in Switzerland*, attributed to a clergyman of Schaffhausen, the sick made suddenly well on their beds. Physicians who saw these things, and

who confessed that the complaints were otherwise incurable, became believers. Amongst these were Doctors Siegrist and Stork, who became so friendly in consequence, that they offered their services gratuitously to the poor and suffering who crowded about the inspired preacher.

Madame von Krüdener, expelled from Bâsle, crossed the Rhine, and accepted the use of a farm-house at the village of Hörnlein, which was generously offered to her by its owner. Here she and her friends were soon surrounded by the poor, the sick and the seekers after spiritual comfort. Invited to Aarau she had an extraordinary and most interesting interview with Pestalozzi in the diligence going thither. At Aarau, her labours not only in preaching to the adults, but in instructing the children of the manufacturing workmen were so exhausting that she sought a little relaxation in the village of Suhr, but in vain: the place was quickly surrounded by thousands impatient to hear her. Near Suhr she spent a day at the Chateau of Liebegg, the seat of M. Diesbach, a religious man. An immense crowd surrounded the house, and the day became a grand religious festival, the impression of which remained on the people to the end of their lives. In the neighbourhood of Grensbach she saw an old woman of 92 sitting amongst the people whom she was addressing, weeping and telling her beads. She took her aside into a private room, and asked the cause of her distress. She said she had come that day nine miles to confess to the priest; that she had made fifty pilgrimages to Einsiedel in penance for her sins. She was too old to make another and must die unforgiven. Madame von Krüdener told her that her sins were already forgiven; that Christ died for the worst of sinners, and that His last words on the cross were,—“It is finished.” His mission of universal pardon to all who accepted it was complete. The old woman listened in astonishment, was silent for a time, then starting up, exclaimed, “It is true! my sins are forgiven!” She threw her rosary into the fire and was filled with joy. It was a striking example amongst many others, of the mischief of keeping the Scriptures out of the hands of the Catholic laity. Madame von Krüdener gave her a French Testament which she could read, and she departed in the highest delight.

A second invitation came from the Chateau of Liebegg, but Madame Krüdener was withheld from going by a fore-warning of evil, and at the moment that the meeting would have been held, and the house crowded with people, the shock of an earthquake shattered the old mansion and rendered it thenceforth uninhabitable.

In Aarau, Madame von Krüdener saw Joseph Wolf, the missionary, then a young man, and addressed a very earnest

letter to him which is given in this work. The authorities of Aarau did not actually expel Madame Krüdener, but they exercised a strict surveillance over her proceedings. A policeman on one occasion drew his sword on the congregation, but Madame Krüdener's mild expostulation with him completely subdued him. The pressure on her friends at Hörnlein soon after recalled her thither. The state of distress increased, and the crowds flocking to her at Hörnlein and Unterholz became overwhelming. She and her friends spent everything they had on food and clothing. Her doctrine of Christianity was the simplest in the world. She did not trouble herself about a multiplicity of tenets and mysteries. "The religion of Christ," she said, "is love;" and her every-day life exemplified it. Often she had only a few pence left; but she knew that the Great Banker would send fresh funds, and these came; for the spirit of this noble woman had become contagious; and the people of wealth, especially the ladies, were constantly sacrificing their money or jewels to the intense needs of the poor.

The crowds were carefully watched by the police, who rendered great service by picking out and expelling mere impostors, habitual beggars, and thieves; but the excitement became so great that an order was issued for the little community to quit Hörnlein and Grensbach in April, 1817. The little band of exiles of love and benevolence betook themselves to Erlesbach, in the Canton of Solothurn, and, not allowed to remain there, they proceeded to Lucerne. There both laity and clergy flocked around them; and the head of a theological seminary published a most cordial commendation of Madame von Krüdener, comparing her to Tauler and his coadjutors. He called her, "The lady who puzzles the brains of both learned and unlearned; the lady whom people so hate and love. To me she is welcome, and must be; for she dedicates herself to the most sacred of studies, and proclaims Christ her God and mine."

She located herself in a charming country house, and in the midst of that glorious scenery which she had always so deeply loved, seemed to have found at last a place of rest. But the same causes, the jealousy of the priests, soon sent her forth, and she removed to Zürich, only to pass through the same process of admiration and hatred. The venerable Antistes Hess, the friend of Lavater, now deceased, was her zealous advocate; but she was soon conducted by the police over the borders to Lottstetten, which was on the forbidden ground of Baden.

At Lottstetten, many celebrated people flocked to her from Schaffhausen, Professor Schleiss, George Müller, the brother of the celebrated historian, &c., &c. Pastor Hurter who wrote against her, like the objectors of our time, took care never to



hear her. Expelled from Baden she pursued her way northward through Leipsic to Königsberg, and thence to Petersburg. Two years had passed since Alexander had so warmly invited her thither. But now she only received a letter of eight pages from him, explaining the difficulties of his situation, excusing himself for his lukewarmness towards the liberation of Greece, for which Madame von Krüdener had boldly upbraided him ; and advising her not to remain in Petersburg. She retired awhile to her estate at Kossé, and thence with her daughter and son-in-law Berkheim, she followed the Princess Gallitzin to a settlement which she had founded at Karassu-Bazar in the Crimea. Her eloquent coadjutor Empeytas had married and settled down in his native Geneva ; her stout friend and manager, Kellner, who had accompanied her to Petersburg, was dead. She felt these bereavements acutely. Her own constitution was worn out by her long career of exertions, excitements, exposures and persecutions. She longed for rest, and found it with her beloved and faithful daughter and son-in-law, and a few other congenial friends. One of her last enjoyments was the reading to her by her daughter of the spiritual poems of Terstegen, one of the noblest of the Mystics.

On the 13th of December, 1824, Madame von Krüdener calmly and happily closed her extraordinary pilgrimage. Her work was done. In Switzerland alone, it is said that 25,000 souls had become her adherents, and she had scattered the seeds of faith in Christ, as the all-sufficient far and wide. She was another proof of the divine assurance that whosoever follows Christ in absolute faith shall have enough and to spare, *with persecutions*. Her daughter and her husband, the Baron von Berkheim, continued to live in the Crimea, and both died there. The remains of Madame von Krüdener were deposited in the Greco-Catholic church at Theodosia in the Crimea. I will terminate this notice with the estimate of one of her biographers, when she was living, and not by any means one of the most favorable to her:—"Whoever sees and hears her with an unbiassed mind will allow that she is as venerable and praiseworthy as she was formerly amiable and full of feeling. Neither vanity nor hypocrisy are the motives that have led her to this strange and trying mode of life. From the imputation of fanaticism, perhaps, it may not be so easy to free her ; but to the dull observer, every motion of a mind that outflies his own seems fanatical. This nobly-formed female stands above her contemporaries ; she has passed her early years in pleasure and gaiety ; she has enjoyed the intimacy of kings and princes, and now she knows of nothing better than to preach happiness and the doctrines of Jesus to the poor. Surrounded by a small but

faithful band of friends; inhabiting a wooden cottage; clad in a plain blue dress, she is accessible to every one, during the few hours that she abstracts from solitary contemplations; and then she speaks with decent eloquence and lively inspiration, the words of exhortation to a Christian life,—words which she always admirably adapts to circumstances of time and place, and the characters of those whom she is addressing. Her two great objects not even scandal can defame. The first is that of bringing together Christians, disunited by doctrines, in the universal grasp of holy charity; and the second, the regeneration of society and the establishment of peace on earth, by causing the rich to become brethren of the poor. In the pursuit of these objects, she is chargeable with faults. She goes to work with pious levity and blind zeal; yet she not only surpasses many of our clergy in eloquence and spirit, but also sets them an example by discharging intrigues and pretension from the service of religion.”

---

### T. L. HARRIS AND HIS “BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE.”

(By a Clergyman of the Church of England).

MR. HARRIS has made for himself a name in certain quarters. He was first known to me through a gentleman in London. This gentleman, who was one of Harris's enthusiastic admirers, sent me a few of his sermons, and lent me a volume of his *Arcana of Christianity*. I was struck with the extraordinary character of his language, which certainly is not thin and bald, but thick-set and, in many places, unkempt and inextricably matted together. He has evidently the gift of words, and he too frequently revels in words simply for the sake of words. An intimate and dear friend of mine compares his writings to Turner's later pictures—there is too much colour and too little form. This, in my opinion, is true of all his writings that have come under my notice, and from first to last I have attentively perused no inconsiderable number of them. He has an extraordinary imagination; its sweep is vast and wonderful; and had his mind been carefully educated and accurately balanced, he might have been a grand and most instructive poet. But his reasoning powers are very defective; his logic is not logic at all; his arguments are generally as ropes of sand; his conclusions have no more connection with his premises than his so-called celestial sense has with texts in the early chapters of Genesis; as far as his writings go, he is often wanting in sober, practical common

sense; he is an enthusiast and a visionary, and in my opinion a very dangerous visionary, as I intend to shew before I have done. That he is a man of uncommon experiences is indisputable; that he has a wide and keen perception of the evils which have long been devouring society is also obvious; that he has given expression to many holy aspirations and sublime truths I willingly and thankfully acknowledge; and that portions of his writings have fed and nourished the devotional spirit in many of his readers I fully admit and am glad to believe.

During his first visit to this country, he, by his impassioned preachings, shook the Swedenborgian sect to its very foundation. This sect, calling itself the New Jerusalem Church—not knowing that the New Jerusalem, contradistinguished from the *old* or earthly and ceremonial Jerusalem, is the Christian Church in the souls of all who are Christian indeed, irrespective of name or creed, of class or country—was chained and imprisoned in English translations of Swedenborg's theological writings, without, generally speaking, understanding, or wishing to understand, the grand philosophical principles which underlie these writings, and by which alone they can always be correctly read; this sect, dwarfed and starved by the husks of verbiage—settled upon the lees of dry verbal statements—a creed-bound thing that was hard and unsympathetic—was startled by the freedom and range and heart and spirit of Harris's preaching, which was independent of any man's *dicta*, which was something more than the bare repetition of another man's words, and which made some of the best minds that listened to it feel that, whether all that he advanced were true or not, one thing was certain, *viz.*, that the church of the living God was a something warmer, higher, freer, and more comprehensive than the sect which called itself the New Jerusalem Church. Harris disputed the accuracy of some of Swedenborg's statements, showed up the narrowness of the Swedenborgians, and taught the gospel doctrine of universal redemption. The blow which his vigorous preaching gave to this sect literally staggered it; and though it continues to serve a providential use in the publication of Swedenborg's works, it is not probable that it will ever recover from the shock which it then received, since, as enlightenment and religion increase, revealing and realising the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all mankind, sectarianism of every description must necessarily dwindle and die away.

But whilst Harris struck a fierce and telling blow at Swedenborgian narrowness, and broke the fetters by which some of the best of the Swedenborgians were bound, thus setting them free, he attracted to himself a number of admirers, who, unfortu-

nately, exaggerated his powers, and paid to his words and pretensions a kind of adoration which should never be paid to any human being. Some of these admirers became ardent Harrisites. Between the Harrisites and the Swedenborgians there were bitter feuds. Swedenborg was accused of wordiness; and the coldness and narrowness of the Swedenborgians were attributed to the cold and narrow spirit which was said to be found in the writings of their "author." On the other side, the Harrisites were reproached as *Spiritists*; Harris was denounced as an egotist, and his writings were excluded from the catalogue of "New Church publications." The Swedenborgians were New Churchmen; of course the Harrisites were not. Harris and Swedenborg were two targets for the opposite parties to shoot at. Shooting in the blindness and bitterness of party spirit, no wonder they frequently missed their marks.

Such was the zeal for Harris on the part of his friends, that every new scrap from his pen was devoured with joyful avidity. When his *Great Republic* appeared, the Harrisites made such a noise about it, that I was induced to get it and read it in my Lancashire retreat. The following, as accurately as I remember, may express my unbiassed judgment on the book.

(a.) It contains many passages of surpassing beauty. Many high truths are given in exalted language. It reveals a vast and uncommon amount of spiritual experiences.

(b.) It shews a wonderful insight into the rascality which is abroad in the world.

(c.) It takes a false and exaggerated account of human evil. No human being is or can be so thoroughly and abominably wicked as the Jews are described to be, for at bottom all men are good—being sustained by a never-ceasing supply of the purest life from its Infinite and Eternal Fount. Evil is necessarily external and mortal.

(d.) There is a great deal of revolting sensualism in the book. Subjects of delicacy are treated in a manner at once unseemly and shocking.

(e.) Harris's ideas about internal respiration are utterly delusive. It is to be the grand means of human regeneration. Why, then, does not God give it to us? It is said the most ancient races had it, and that because men at length profaned it, and consequently fell, morally, intellectually, and physically, it was withdrawn. What proof have we, then, that men would not profane it again? How, then, with safety can it be pronounced an infallible saviour? Moreover, Harris declares it will be utter destruction to the wicked. What! Is the Lord, then, a destroyer? The Father of the human race, the Good Father whose tender mercies are over all His works, the Divine

Shepherd who goes after every lost sheep until He finds it—until He finds it safe within the heavenly fold,—is He to be thus libelled as the destroyer of His wayward children? Not without an emphatic protest against the libel, as one of the wildest superstitions that ever proceeded from a disordered brain. But, whether we are all conscious of it or not, we all must have this internal respiration, if our bodies, which breathe, be the exponents of our souls; and this internal respiration is nothing else than the continual reception on our part of that life from the Creator by which we are from day to day borne up and sustained in our being. Besides, neither salvation nor spiritual destruction ever comes independently of man, as would be the case if Harris's imaginings respecting the "opening of the internal respiratories" were true. This is the old horrible Calvinistic doctrine in a new form—a doctrine which every rational intellect has only to examine in order to discard.

(f.) Harris describes the institutions of some distant sphere which he had visited, I think the sun, as the prototype of the regenerated institutions which are to be upon this poor earth, of course after our "respiratories" have been opened. But this also is a manifest delusion. Every people, having an individuality of its own, must have institutions possessing an individuality too. These institutions, then, cannot be duplicates of institutions either in the sun or out of the sun.

(g.) This book reveals the fact that Harris is a despot, whether he has fully acknowledged it to himself or not. He laughs at all modern reformers. He will have it that the great mass of men have not and cannot have time and ability to think for themselves; rare and elect minds must do the thinking for them; all these inferior ones must accept the Word of God at the hands of their illuminated guides; these guides will in time be dotted over the face of the earth, and will attract and group around them large bodies of men, who will receive the law at their mouth and execute their high behests, without a doubt, without a question, without hesitating for a single day! Then the earth is to be redeemed and regenerated by a few autocrats and vast multitudes of obedient slaves! This is what we are destined to come to through the gift of internal respiration!

This despotic spirit in Harris is the worst and most dangerous element in the man. Many who have read his books have not detected it, but there it is, coiled up and almost hidden like a crafty snake. Much that he has written may amuse, without doing any mischief. The monstrous demon that he describes as having stolen into the garden of Eden and there tempted Adam and Eve; the stoppage of the earth in its rotations when it is to be struck with a devouring comet, whirled out of its orbit, purified

by fire, and afterwards brought back into its position to serve as the hallowed habitation of redeemed men; the instantaneous suffocation of all devildom; the re-creation of every suffocated devil into a pure human being; fairies and aromal men,—all these, and a good deal besides of a similarly eccentric character, may serve to amuse some minds, and cannot do very much harm to such as are childish enough to believe them. But the lurking despotism is a mischievous power to all who are either proximately or remotely brought under its sway. I know of excellent persons, longing for a heavenly life upon earth, and taking Harris to be the purest personal embodiment of the Christian spirit; I know such persons who had read many of Harris's works, who had made his personal acquaintance, and who had not had the faintest suspicion that he had or could have a passion for ruling despotically or popishly over the souls and bodies of his fellow-men; I know persons of this description who broke up their house in England and went with their little children to Lake Erie to join Harris's community, thinking they were going to join the wisest and happiest society in this world, where they would have the best chance of being prepared for the world to come; but no sooner had they got fairly within the precincts of this new community, called "The Brotherhood of the New Life," than they found they were required to resign into Mr. Harris's hands their own personal responsibility; they were not to think for themselves and express opinions of their own; Harris was to stand between them and their God; he was to interpret to them what was the will of God, and they were to be automata under his directions. These good people had too much soundness of character to allow themselves to be thus deluded and practised upon by a fanatic and a despot, though they required all this hard experience to open their eyes to Harris's true character. They might have seen what he was if they had read his books with discrimination and sober judgment; but this they had evidently not done; neither could anyone who was able to estimate Harris at his true value have disenchanted them; they had to go all the way to America before the scales could drop from their eyes.

There are still persons living in this Harrisian colony, hugging their chains, and willing to hug them; I say living, but this is hardly a proper word, for they cannot truly live and grow whilst their individuality is crushed down into an artificial uniformity. Their faculties are in prison, and they must burst open the doors of their prison before they can freely live and develope and rise up to the manhood and womanhood which is their rightful inheritance. As God has given to every man distinctive faculties, every man is bound to cultivate these

faculties according to *his* light, which would not have been given to him if he had not been intended to follow it. If God had not intended every man to use his own reason and obey his own conscience, He certainly would not have wasted upon him either reason or conscience ; but having these gifts, it is clearly man's duty to employ them, taking the Lord for his God, never allowing any man upon earth, or any angel in heaven, to come between his God and his soul. No human being should ever yield himself up to spirit dictation, as Harris himself did at one time, whereby he could not fail to weaken his intellect and deprave his conscience ; neither should any man take any other man as an infallible authority, whereby he would necessarily reduce himself to the condition of an irrational imitator. Spiritualism has done good, and I believe is destined to do more good. It has opened to sceptical minds the existence of the inner world—the second life. It has also helped to disperse, to some extent, the dreadful fictions of an angry God and an endless hell, together with all the enfeebling superstitions of priestcraft and sectcraft, among which I may instance tripersonalism, salvation by substitution instead of obedience, a bodiless soul and an almost omnipotent devil, ascription to the Lord of one day in the week, one book, one kind of house in a parish, *viz.* the church, one world, *viz.* heaven, one species of occupation, *viz.* praying and preaching, &c., &c. ; whilst all other occupations, all other worlds, especially this world, all other houses, books, and days are stigmatised as not the Lord's. Against these and many kindred dogmas, Spiritualism has erected tremendous batteries which cannot fail to pulverise and annihilate them. Moreover, many high practical truths will doubtless reach the earth through the instrumentality of the Spiritual worlds. But, then, we should be very careful not to admit anything as truth unless it commend itself completely to our heart and reason. I would use books, men, angels &c., as helps ; none of them would I accept as my ruler ; I would judge them all for myself impartially and strictly ; I would take nothing on trust ; I would doubt where I saw ground for doubt ; I would condemn where I saw reason to condemn ; I would freely disprove whatever I was able to disprove ; and I would accept only what I saw to be worthy of acceptance. Thus I keep clear of Harrisism, Swedenborgianism, Spiritism, &c., though assimilating what I find to be good from any of these sources ; and if my words should lead any other to similar independence and freedom, what I have here written will not have been written in vain.

3, Richmond Terrace,  
Middleton, Manchester,  
December 3rd, 1868.

WM. HUME-ROTHERY.

On the subject of the foregoing article we have received the following very important letter. The statements in it may, we believe, be relied upon.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—You ask me to put on paper the gossip I told you about Mr. Harris and his followers on Lake Erie. I comply with this request, premising that the subjoined matter was told to my household in my absence by a lady lately come from Erie, and by them was told to me. On her arrival among Mr. Harris's people, this lady, whom I will call Mrs. X— asked for pen and ink to write to her husband, but was told that these things were not allowed in this place. She submitted, and two days afterwards she was supplied with writing materials.

She took her young son with her, and during her stay Mr. Harris informed her that this boy was designed to play an important part among the children of the New Age.

She saw among the people some of her friends whom she well knew in England, but found that all intercourse was forbidden, that forced silence reigned in the houses. Once she came upon an inmate who was drinking out of his hand from a water vessel, and she offered him a cup which she carried with her; but he put his finger to his lips as a sign of non-intercourse.

The rule seems to be, no speech. When Mr. Harris was in London with his wife, he usually silenced her when she spoke in my presence on the ground that it disturbed his state. He now seems to have extended to his community the command of silence which he first put in force upon his wife. The life at Erie is gagged.

Mrs. X— left, as I gather, because she found it impossible to put up with the vagarious injunctions of Mr. Harris. Her son voluntarily remained behind her; but he was sent away after her two days subsequently to her departure.

"Internal Respiration" is the creed of the Erie people. And they take orders for each day's work from Miss Waring, who is the administratrix of the whole affair under Mr. Harris. Field-work, garden-work, house-work, handicrafts are the employments here. The aim seems to be to do everything on the premises. The whole machinery of existing social service is set aside, and ladies and gentlemen, and their children have to commence society anew by hard labour from the very bottom. Inspiration is supposed to guide all the commanded day's works of this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Y—, whom I know well, went there to enter the new life. Mrs. Y—'s delicate daughters were ordered to do garden-work in the hot July sun, and on refusal, to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning for the same task; Mrs. Y— expostulated, but Mr. Harris counselled her husband to send her from the place. He and she were however of the same mind. Their property was to be invested in the Erie community; and Mr. Harris insisted that absolute faith should be placed in him as the depositary of the trust. Mr. Y— demurred, and wished to see the deeds. He was told that he and his family must leave within four days. Shortly afterwards a command came that they must leave in two hours. This they did, being forced to take temporary shelter in the hovel of a neighbouring farmer.

It is long since Mrs. Harris was sent away to New Orleans: Mr. Harris says she is no longer "a pivotal woman."

Mrs. Z— still continues devoted to the New Life. She is cook among the people; but does not see Mr. Harris more than once a month. Her husband is away, disciplining himself with the lumber trade in Michigan. After his departure his wife had a miscarriage, and Mr. Harris told Mrs. Z— that this was well, for that the creature was a monster, and had it attained birth, and lived, would have destroyed all his work of internal respiration, and the New Life therewith.

Mrs. Z—'s living son Mr. Harris declared would be a pivotal man; but of late he says he is a common-place person.

Mr. Harris took with him some Japanese, on the ground that he had a new revelation of a Japanese New Testament to deliver to them, which would induct



Japan into the New Christian Life. The Japanese have left him long ago. Mr. Harris proclaims himself infallible, and says he is an incarnation of a part of the Word of God.

Whatever he says is divinely right, and must be done. 'This seems to extend to all mundane things. Obviously, the faculties, the affections, the ties, the hearts of other people about him, and who yield to him, only hinder his holy ghost in so far as they do not obey utterly, and speechlessly. They are a desert before him: through his breath they blossom as a rose.

Mr. X— reports that Harris has his yacht on Lake Erie, and is out yachting for days together—a privilege not allowed to others—and that his house is furnished luxuriously. When a new comer arrives, his or her baggage goes to Harris, and is rummaged by him, and what he has need of he appropriates. All the silver plate of Mr. and Mrs. Y— was thus taken possession of, and their carpets; and when they left, Harris brought them in a bill of £200 for expenses. They sent in a counter bill for carpets. They got away ultimately, paying £200 in full quitance. Harris's meddling with the personality of his people, and with their deepest relations is indescribable. Since they have left Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Y— sometimes are stricken with long laughter at the awful ludicrousness of their experiences in the Brotherhood of the New Life.

In this "New Life," which seems to be a final form of irresponsible despotism, there is internal breath, but no speech, no thought, no intercourse, no inviolate family, no acceptance of the vastness of social service, no publicity, and no recognized worship. Menial drudgery for persons unfit for it, the prison of mute unsociality, the gothead of Mr. Harris, and the goddesshead of Miss Waring, are all I can see of distinct figures in what has reached me of the New Life in Erie.

I could say more from letters I have seen, but am precluded from using them.

Yours,

W.

[Can anything be more painful than the grim weird details here given of the vagaries of a man possessed of such a soul as was that of Harris—perhaps rather we might say—how painful to recognize such opposing qualities in so great a soul! Greatly admiring very much that Harris has done, and written, and spoken, we are bound to ask ourselves how it is that he has come to make shipwreck of himself in this pitiful, almost ludicrous, fashion. How is it that he has made himself so miserable an antithesis to himself, and has brought his admirers to shame. One hardly knows whether to laugh or to weep over so strange an exhibition as these last doings in "The Brotherhood of the New Life." We believe that the solution is not far off to seek, nor exceeding difficult to find. As we read, and have read, the character of the man, we find him to have been penetrated, amongst his most prominent qualities, with a love of dominion and of power, which has never been absent from him, and has never ceased to be observable throughout his successive changes. Yet it was not so prominent in his earlier phases as in these latter days. His ambition has grown by what it fed on, till now the lean kine have eaten up the fat kine, and selfhood stands as the stark and most distinct figure in this miserable hoax of a new life. This is the lesson we have to learn from this great-little man—that selfhood is a devouring vampire, which gradually destroys the life of all that is good,

and great, and noble, and true. And we may also learn from his example how this overwhelming vice grows and grows from small beginnings, till it outshadows the whole soul—till the man, who commenced with the words on his lips that he was a servant of the Lord Jesus, sets up at last as a god on his own account, and whilst he thinks that he has evolved a vast new heaven and a new life of brothers, is seen to be really ruling over a little hell composed of himself, and himself alone.—ED.]

---

### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

---

#### SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH SHELLEY'S DEATH.

"A YEAR before Shelley's death" writes his widow, "he had poured into verse, (in writing the *Adonais*, a poem upon the death of Keats) all such ideas about death as give it a glory of its own. He had, as it now seems, almost anticipated his own destiny; and when the mind figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea; and then, as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been—who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the *Adonais*?"

The breath, whose might I have invoked in song  
 Descends on me; *my spirit's bark is driven*  
*Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,*  
*Whose sails were never to the tempest given*  
*The massy earth; and sphered skies are riven!*  
*I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;*  
*Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,*  
*The soul of Adonais, like a star,*  
*Beacons from the abode, where the Eternal are.*

"Captain Roberts watched the vessel with his glass from the top of the lighthouse at Leghorn, on its homeward track. A storm was driven over the sea—it enveloped them. When the cloud passed onward, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner which had vanished."

Mrs. Shelley relates that during the whole of their stay at Zerici, previous to the loss of her husband, a terrible presentiment of coming evil hung upon her, and seemed to brood over the beautiful scenes by which they were surrounded, and to make melancholy the brightness of an unusually glowing summer. When the hour of Shelley's departure with his friend Captain Williams, who was to share his melancholy fate, arrived, Mrs. Shelley's foreboding increased she says "till a vague expectation of evil shook her to agony," and she could scarcely bring herself to let them depart; not that she anticipated any

special danger for them at sea, since Shelley's love of boats and ships had caused the ocean to lose for her all association of danger.

Shelley himself was in unusually "brilliant spirits" during the week of his absence upon his fatal voyage. Mrs. Shelley, however, remarks "not long before talking of presentiments, Shelley had said, the only one that he ever found infallible *was the certain advent of some evil fortune when he felt peculiarly joyous*. Yet if ever fate whispered of coming disaster, such inaudible, but not unfelt prognostics hovered around us. The beauty of the place seemed unearthly—all things seemed to lead the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and to lift it above common every-day life, and make it familiar with the unreal."

---

JEALOUSY OF FAITH.

"There are, in all ages, certain pious persons whom nothing more disturbs and annoys than when any one points out how their faith is to be found also under other forms. In other words they fear to lose their *own* God, if He should become a common possession of mankind."—BUNSEN'S "*God in History*."

---

SOME OBSERVATIONS BY THE POET SHELLEY UPON DREAMS.

In two volumes published by the wife of the Poet Shelley, after his death, and containing various essays on philosophical subjects, fragments of diaries and translations, are several curious and noteworthy references to things spiritual. It was, we believe, Captain Medwin who tells us, that at one time Shelley, who always experienced extraordinary and very vivid dreams, proposed to himself to each day write out the remarkable dreams of the night previous; but that he was soon obliged to abandon his chronicle, finding that were he to carry out his idea, each day would be absorbed in transcribing the dreams of the night, and that no leisure would be left him for other occupations.

In the fragments of an essay in these volumes on the study of metaphysics, we discover some results of Shelley's observation of his own dream-world, and can only regret that he has given us simply a glimpse of his experiences, and but here and there an inference drawn from these experiences.

Shelley evidently regarded the study of our internal nature as the sole means possessed by the most metaphysical mind, of unravelling the mysteriously involved clue of our mental and spiritual life,—that clue which can alone lead us up to a real perception of Deity, or lead to a comprehension—however

vague—of the connexion existing between man and God. He tells us that “we do not sufficiently attend to what passes within ourselves.”

In another place he says, “First, I am bound to present a faithful picture of my own peculiar nature relatively to sleep. I doubt not that were any individual to imitate me, it would be found that among many circumstances peculiar to their individual nature, a sufficiently general resemblance would be found to prove the connexion existing between those peculiarities and the most universal phenomena.” The poet here evidently possessed a vague perception of the universal and individual or concrete “law of correspondence” to be observed in all dreams, or *clair-voyant* or prophetic vision. The universal use of certain objects from age to age, and in every nation, to express certain general ideas and spiritual conditions,—as witness in the Scriptures the constant repetition of the self-same images, varied according to variation of circumstance and individual—and the more subtle, and at first the far more bewildering correspondential symbols taken out of the private life’s experience of the dreamer or seer. It is as though in dreams, two modes of expression mingled, were invariably employed; one the language in general use, the other a dialect; a full comprehension of the idea to be conveyed being alone possible to a person conversant with both the language in its general, and the dialect in its more narrow sense.

Shelley believes that “In dreams images acquire associations peculiar to dreaming, so that the idea of a particular house when it recurs a second time in dreams will have relation with the idea of the same house, in the first time, of a nature entirely different from that which the house excites, when seen or thought of in relation to waking ideas.” He says, “I distinctly remember dreaming three several times, between intervals of two or more years, the same precise dream. It was not so much what is ordinarily called a dream; the single image, unconnected with all other images, of a youth, who was educated at the same school with myself, presented itself in sleep. Even now, after the lapse of many years, I can never hear the name of this youth, without the three places where I dreamed of him presenting themselves distinctly to my mind.”

In another place he says, “I have beheld a scene which has produced no unusual effect on my thoughts. After the lapse of many years, I have dreamed of this scene. It has hung on my memory, it has haunted my thoughts at intervals with the pertinacity of an object connected with human affections. I have visited this scene again. Neither the dream could be dissociated from the landscape, nor the landscape from the dream, nor

feelings such as neither singly could have awakened, from both. But the most remarkable event of this nature which ever occurred to me, happened five years ago, at Oxford. I was walking with a friend, in the neighbourhood of that city, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation. We suddenly turned the corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many plashy meadows, inclosed with stone walls; the irregular and broken ground, between the wall and the road on which we stood; a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf had just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common scene: the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thoughts; it was a tame, uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in serious and sober talk, to the evening fireside, and the dessert of winter fruits and wine.

“The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long—Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror.”\*

“This remark closes the fragment written in 1815,” adds Mrs. Shelley. “I remember well his coming to me from writing it, pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions it excited. No man, as these fragments prove,” she continues, “had such keen sensations as Shelley. His nervous temperament was wound up by the delicacy of his health to an intense degree of sensibility, and while his active mind pondered for ever upon, and drew conclusions from his sensations, his reveries increased their vivacity, till they mingled with, and were one with thought, and both became absorbing and tumultuous even to physical pain.”

Mrs. Shelley tells us that had not her husband “been lost to us so early, so that all his vaster projects were wrecked with him in the waves, he would have presented the world with a complete theory of mind; a theory to which Berkeley, Coleridge and Kant would have contributed; but more simple, unimpregnable and entire than the systems of those writers.”

The poet’s mind having thus familiarly dwelt upon the metaphysical character of dreams and visions, and he himself having unquestionably experienced their poetical beauty, as well as their fantastic dramatic character, it is no wonder that dreams

---

\* Doubtless, according to spiritual law, this scene corresponded with some interior condition of the Poet’s mind—was, in fact, its external expression.

and visions have been so beautifully and spiritually introduced into his poetry. Indeed many of his poems, such as *The Witch of Atlas*, the *Sensitive Plant*, and *Triumph of Life*, resemble the world of dreams far more than they resemble the world of waking life.

---

QUEEN CAROLINE A BELIEVER IN THE SUPERNATURAL.

In a fragment of *Shelley's Journal* kept at Geneva in 1816, he says, "Lewis recited a poem (upon a supernatural subject) to Byron and myself which he had composed at the request of the Princess of Wales. The Princess of Wales, he premised, was not only a believer in ghosts, but in magic and witchcraft, and asserted that prophecies made in her youth had been accomplished since."

---

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND SPIRITUALISM.

"One of the most noted American mediums, named Home, has frequently practised his magic art in presence of the Emperor: the spirits of deceased persons are supposed to enter into and possess these mediums whose faculties of articulation they make use of to speak to their earthly acquaintances: the spirit of Napoleon I. is reported to have often communicated in this manner with his imperial nephew; and it was probably in direct allusion to this, that Louis Napoleon once said to the French Senate: 'What most affects my heart is the thought that the spirit of the Emperor is with me, that his mind guides me, and his shade protects me.' . . . Those who deride the marvels of Spiritualism and regard them only as displays of legerdemain or sleight-of-hand, manifest exceeding blindness and ignorance."—*Rev. M. Baxter.*

---

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A FRIEND IN ITALY.

"I had at Bologna an interesting experience. I went to see Professor Amico, whose wife is a most clear *somnambule* for the cure of diseases. She every year receives about 2,000 letters from sick people. The daughter has also become a *somnambule*. I was present at the reading of one of the letters during her sleep. The Professor only tells her to look at his photograph and immediately the effect produced is sleep. I began to speak of Spiritualism with this family, and discovered that the Professor had lost all his faith in God, and in the existence of spirits; but the wife, who sees the spirits continually, has the most entire belief in them. She sees them whilst awake. She believes in

God ; also in the Virgin who appeared once to her when very ill. She has, however, no power to convince her husband, who laughs at all she tells him. Still the wife stands firmly to her belief. The Professor not speaking French, I found difficulty in making myself understood in Italian, but his daughter translated for me. I said to him, 'You clearly perceive that your wife sees the deceased people and can describe them ; and at the same time she tells you that she sees spirits. Would it not be illogical to suppose that she sees two beings at once and describes one accurately and the other inaccurately, when they are equally visible ?'

"He answered, without any reasoning, saying that I ought to read a great deal on various subjects and that then I should discover that he was right.

"You see these people lose their own common sense through study, because in them the primary logical principle is not developed—as indeed is the case with the Italian people generally."

---

GHOSTS.

"I have slept in old castles and houses, some rooms in which were said to be haunted, and the last of them, at the time of my thus writing, was at the ancient and interesting seat of my friend Sir Thomas Barret Lenard, at Bellhas, in Essex. The form of an old domestic female is reputed there as occasionally seen haunting the galleries and stairs between the rooms. Somehow or other, one night, perhaps a cold one, she had taken it into her head to seat herself by the fire in the bedroom in which more recently I slept, and was there beheld by one whose word I do not doubt, though she admits to having been so frightened in her passage through the room by a seated figure, 'the old shrivelled hands of which rested on her knees,' that she stayed not for further observation, question, and reply, but hastened at once to reach more agreeable quarters. In the red glare of the dying embers, or by the fitful beam of an expiring lamp, the old chair in that bedroom of the hospitable house of my kind friend, has pressed itself on my gaze in connection with the story of the ghost, but I never saw it filled by any other form than my own, nor do I wish to see that chair or any other occupied by a visitant from beyond the grave."—*Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley's Recollections.*

---

---

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF  
SPIRITUALISM.

---

BY BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

---

THE "IMPOSSIBLE" DEMONSTRATED.

"DON'T tell me, sir," said a highly cultivated and very able man, "don't tell me that inert matter can move about and exhibit force, nor that a table can be suspended without mechanical arrangement, in defiance of natural law—the thing is simply absurd—impossible! I cannot believe it! I don't think any man has ever really seen such a thing. It is a delusion of the senses and unworthy of serious investigation." Such was the tone in which I was met by Mr. H—— when speaking to him recently of what I had frequently seen and which I assured him were matters of every-day occurrence, and could be attested by thousands of credible witnesses.

"Suppose," I argued, "that I could prove my assertions by practical demonstrations, would you be disposed to ignore the evidence of your senses?"

"I cannot suppose anything of the kind," was his reply; "I have been a student of science all my life. I know that the laws of nature cannot be suspended or set aside; I don't of course believe in spirits, or, as you call them, spiritual agencies, and if tables and other solid bodies move about as you describe, there must be a rational solution. I agree with my son-in-law, Professor ——, one of the best thinkers of the day, that the whole thing is absurd and unworthy of serious consideration."

"But," I argued, "has your learned son-in-law, or have you, ever investigated the subject?" *You* have not! and yet with a full knowledge that many men of science, who were once on your plane of thought, *have* investigated and have become believers in the reality of these seeming 'impossibilities,' you think it fair and philosophical not only to deny them without investigation, but to denounce serious men who have that advantage over you, as fools or impostors! We don't say that nature's laws can be set aside! But *if* the phenomena of which we speak be real, and you may be assured that they *are*, then we say there *must be* some other law at work which you have not recognised; and it is absolute folly, if it be nothing worse, that men in authority, experimental philosophers, who won't try *this* experiment, should go on misleading the world with denials and false theories, which



humble unlearned men like myself possessed of the facts can overthrow in a moment."

It seems strange enough that we Spiritualists should have to listen to the same objections, and be obliged to repeat the same answers year after year to men of common intelligence. But despite all opposition, we know that Spiritualism spreads, and happily it is now strong enough to withstand the learned ignorance and culpable indifference of its detractors. After our second interview, Mr. H—— challenged me to demonstrate the "impossible." "Let me see some of these things," he said, "though I am not sure that I should trust the evidence of my senses: I would really be more disposed to mistrust them than to receive evidence so opposed to my ideas of the possible." Thus challenged, though the task of satisfying such a mind seemed hopeless, I determined to undertake it, stimulated in a measure by the knowledge that he was so closely related to one of our scientific authorities, who has not ventured, I believe, to grapple with this great truth, and to whom I thought Mr. H—— must state his convictions, however much they might run counter to his prejudices; and first obtaining from him a pledge that he would boldly proclaim the facts, even if they should unsettle his erroneous theories. I accompanied him to visit Mrs. Marshall, whose medium power for the display of physical manifestations as I have often said is amongst the best I have ever met with. Fortunately we were the only visitors, and I had, before an hour had passed, the satisfaction of overwhelming my sceptical friend with *unmistakeable proof that tables can move about, and rise up apparently against the law of gravitation, without human agency or mechanical contrivances of any kind.*

The room in which we sat *was brilliantly lighted.* There was with other furniture in the room a cabinet piano, a sofa, and two tables, the larger one would weigh at least fifty pounds, and upon this there remained, waiting the servant to remove it, a tray with tea things upon it. The small one at which we and the medium took our seats, is a strong and solid mahogany table, weighing about twenty pounds. As soon as the rapping sounds commenced I asked if any spirit present would give its name, and it was spelt out, "Eliza, his mother," followed by Mr. H——'s own Christian name, both names being correct, and one unknown to me. There was then some confusion, and we did not pursue the enquiry in this way, as my companion clearly indicated by a little impatient manner that that was not what he had come to see. No doubt the thoughts passing in his mind were that any one could tap on the leg of a table, and the names spelt out were merely coincidence and guess work. He did not say so, but this I know by experience

is the way that sceptics dismiss that part of a puzzling subject. "You want," I said, to see the anti-gravitation feat performed by this inert piece of wood. Now, spirits, raise this table to the level of my hand, and keep it firmly in that position!" My request was instantly complied with, the medium's fingers only touching lightly the surface of the table; and there the table stood a foot or more from the floor, remaining steadily poised without the slightest motion, whilst I deliberately counted one hundred. I then requested the medium to put her fingers upon the surface of the table at her side, and my companion to place his under the table and lift it at his side, and with this arrangement the table rose up evenly as if hands supported it on both sides, and thus it remained for a few moments suspended. This experiment, for Mr. H——'s satisfaction, was repeated three several times. Other manifestations followed of a similar character, the table being made light or heavy in obedience to my request. I went from the table and wrote, "I wish you to go to the sofa, and lie upon it." The table, without my touching it shuffled away to the other end of the room, and approaching the sofa, made a spring from the medium's hands towards the sofa, and alighting on the edge of it, tumbled to the floor. To prove that the sounds were not made by the medium, I asked Mrs. Marshall to put her hands upon the piano, which was closed, and I requested the spirits to strike ten times upon the strings; which was done, the vibrations being heard, and felt by all of us. This experiment was repeated twice. At this point I paused and invited Mr. H——'s consideration of the facts I had demonstrated. The table had exhibited "intelligence" and "force," and by some means, not mechanical, it had overcome the "law of gravitation;" all of which he candidly admitted. Whilst we were conversing, we were startled by the large table jumping up of its own accord, *no one touching it*, by which movement the tea cups were scattered about, and the sugar basin turned over and emptied of its contents. Fearing that some damage might be done, I removed the tray, and sending for Mr. Marshall to bring his violin, we three again sat down to the small table, and I requested the spirits to make the table dance to the music, which it did most gracefully, keeping exact time, by striking the floor with its legs, and afterwards at my request it went through the same movements in the air—not touching the floor, and occasionally striking out at one and the other of us with a force which was somewhat alarming, and caused Mr. H—— to retreat for shelter behind the large table, where he was hardly safe from assault, for as the music went on in quicker time, the small table like an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, frisked about in the wildest manner, and striking the

large table several times, seemed to invite it to join in the fun, and, nothing loath, it actually began to dance too; and thus for some time both tables were in active motion *vis à vis*, the medium being hardly able to keep her fingers upon the small table, *whilst no one whatever touched the large table!* With this exhibition of non-mechanical force, our very remarkable *séance* ended. Mr. H— (who I am bound to say acted with great fairness throughout,) seemed overwhelmed with the extraordinary character of the manifestations; and somewhat excited, he proposed to go away at once. I detained him, however, for the purpose of reviewing the performances of the evening.

I said, "Now I know how difficult it is for a man in your frame of mind to realise all you have just witnessed, and you may reason yourself out of your present convictions to-morrow; I therefore ask you before we leave this room, to fix upon any weak point, that I may if I can remove erroneous impressions." He replied very candidly, "I do not doubt the reality of what I have seen; everything has been done with perfect fairness; I do not understand it; it is all very curious and well worth investigation. I must think over it; but to talk of spirits having anything to do with it is absurd." We went home together and on our way we talked of nothing else but of the strange scene we had witnessed, Mr. H— frequently ejaculating, "Very curious certainly," "I cannot understand it," "I must say that there is something there worth investigating."

Some days elapsed before I heard from Mr. H— and judging from past experiences, I did him the injustice of suspecting that rather than yield, he had reverted to his first position, and would be prepared after all to ignore the evidence of his senses.\* He however relieved himself of that suspicion by calling upon me to talk over the occurrences of that remarkable evening, and at once proclaimed that he was "entirely at sea without chart or compass, and saw no way of landing upon *terra firma*, since like Sir David Brewster, spirit was the last thing he would give in to," and in this condition he still remains.

---

\* One of these experiences was with another Mr. H— who also resides in my neighbourhood, and whom I accompanied at his request some months since to witness similar manifestations. I was rewarded for my trouble by an accusation that I was a confederate to palm off a gross imposture. But the spirits have since then taken up my defence in a very practical way; they have made this sceptic a medium for the lowest and most unsatisfactory order of physical manifestations. He is I am told pulled about and made to go through some very undignified and unseemly antics, if he be not himself imposing upon the credulity of his friends; he says he really cannot help it, and I believe him.

---

## FURTHER MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR. HOME.

---

THE last number of *Human Nature*, contains an account of manifestations of more than ordinary interest. We believe the following to be

### A NEW MANIFESTATION.

“Rising from his seat at the hearth, Mr. Home stepped up quickly to Lord —, and placing Glanvill’s book underneath his extended hand, made several passes over Lord —’s hand; and, after balancing the book on one finger, gently withdrew his hand. The book, only just touching Lord —’s outstretched hand, remained *suspended in space for three minutes*, and only fell to the ground upon Mrs. J — passing her hand underneath the book and Lord —’s hand. My friend described his feeling as if a cushion of steam had held the book in its position. Fortunately the full clear light of the wax tapers on the mantelpiece enabled us to watch this phenomenon with the utmost precision, and enabled us to verify the truth of what we were witnessing by our own eyes. This manifestation was repeated twice.”

In the last volume of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in the article on “Preservation by Spiritual Agency from the Effects of Fire,” at p. 217, is the letter of an eye-witness to this wonderful phenomenon. The writer of that letter furnishes in the account we are now quoting this

### INSTANCE AND EXPLANATION OF THE FIRE TEST.

“Mr. Home’s address” (in the trance) “now became interrupted, saying, ‘There are spirits present arguing with Dr. Elliotson and Dr. Jencken; they have brought many here to witness the manifestations, and they are dissatisfied with the result. They want to see the *fire test*—I will shew it them; they won’t believe it possible.’

“Mr. Home then proceeded to the hearth, and, breaking up the back of burning coal with his hands, placed a lump, the size of a very large orange, on the palm of his hand, and then, still addressing the invisible guests, continued to explain what was going on. After carrying the coal about for three or four minutes on his hand, having allowed each of us to test the intense heat, he put it back on the grate, and, to further satisfy us, showed his hands, which were not even blackened, and, strange to say, emitted a perfume, to which he called attention. After a moment’s pause, in which, evidently, a discussion was going on between the invisibles themselves, Mr. Home said,

“ They still doubt the phenomenon ; I must take another lump of burning coal ; they say one side was black.’ He then proceeded to the hearth, and selected the hottest incandescent lump of coal, not quite so large as the last, but burning hot; then turning round to us, said, ‘ Only imagine, they will not allow it possible.’ He then thrust his head into the grate, holding his face over the burning coals, and receiving the flame points on his hair. To those who have never witnessed this there is something awfully solemn, I might all but say terrible, in this ordeal, the dread fire test, that stands on the highways of the past warning mankind of the horrors of the power of superstition. Withdrawing his face from the flames, ‘ See,’ he said, ‘ Daniel has not burnt a fibre of the hair of his head.’ I cannot conceal that I shuddered. But the *fire test* did not terminate here; walking slowly up to Lord —, who was seated next to me, he said, ‘ I will farther convince you of the truth of the phenomenon. Now, my lord, if you are not afraid, I will place the coal on your hand.’ I interrupted and proffered my hand, but was soon warned that my power could not shield me; though I only touched the burning coal on the dark side, and that for a moment I burnt my finger. With singular *sang froid* Lord — put out his hand, and received the burning coal upon his palm. I closely watched what was passing; the heat of the coal was intense, sufficient to have charred an inch plank right through. Mr. Home said, ‘ Now, I will further convince them (meaning the invisible guests), and, taking the other hand of Lord —, pressed both hands firmly upon the glowing ember. The heat permeated through the back of the hands, which felt as if on fire; I could hardly bear it. After two minutes, the grasp was relaxed, and, on examining the hands of Lord —, not a trace of injury, or burn, or even blackness was visible. Fortunately we had a good clear light in the room, and those present, by their quiet and thorough investigation, aided to satisfy beyond doubt that the marvellous fire test applied to a guest who was not a medium was really being witnessed.

“ Mr. Home then again addressed us, and said—‘ I have convinced them now; their incredulity is pretty well conquered; but they want some other spirit to try, who does not understand how this is done. Well, let him, but they must not hurt Daniel; but I do not think he (meaning the spirit) knows how to manage the experiment.’ He then proceeded to the hearth, and, taking a small piece of coal, not thoroughly hot or glowing, said: ‘ Just see, Daniel has hurt his hand; the coal has blackened the hand—burnt his hand.’ Mr. Home now stepped up to a side-table, upon which was placed a flower-stand, and, holding his hand about eighteen inches to two feet above the flowers, extracted the

moisture and perfume—the finger tips becoming bedewed with large drops of perfumed liquid. Again, speaking to the spirits, he said: ‘You see this also can be done; we can extract the perfume from flowers, and carry fluids through space.’”

“He then appeared to be speaking to some of the invisibles, and, opening the door, made the usual parting salute; then, conversing with his spirit friends, he appeared to enjoy a laugh, and reiterated his satisfaction at the result, which had puzzled some of the spirits; after which, he re-seated himself and addressed us:—‘Are you aware, do you realise that the phenomena you have seen to-day is what mankind call a *miracle*; that you have witnessed the *fire test*—the terrible, traditional *fire test*? . . . Yet what you have seen is no miracle—no suspending of the laws of nature, of the laws of God. This cannot be; we only passed currents of what you call electricity round the coal, and prevented the heat from attacking Daniel’s hand. Mankind do not know their power—they, too, ought to be able to do this; their power over all materiality is boundless, only they do not know how to use their power. Faith is a potent force in nature; how few of you understand this, and yet every page of the history of the past teaches this. We repeat, we performed no miracle, nothing supernatural; all we did was by arranging the electrical currents to shield the hand from injury. Look at the hand; no harm has been done, the epidermis is as uninjured as ever—not hardened nor covered by an artificial coating. From all we have told you, you will learn that it is a natural law that has produced these phenomena—one of the laws God has created . . . We made passes over Lord ——’s hand; these shielded him from injury, whilst Mr. J——, though he willingly proffered his hand, burnt it, and yet he only touched the embers for a moment with the point of his finger. In the first instance, preparatory measures had been taken, and all understood this, whilst those who had not been protected were certain to sustain injury by contact. The selfsame coal placed upon an inch plank would have burned a hole through it. Are you now satisfied?’”

The phenomenon of the Elongation of the Body was also presented at this *séance*, but as this phenomenon has been fully described in the article *New Spirit Manifestations* in our last volume, p. 30, and is further attested by evidence in the same volume at pp. 321 and 424, we need only advert to this as a further instance of it.

---

THE OLD AND NEW.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right!  
And step by step, since time began,  
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past has had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here—  
The still small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood, the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold;  
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves  
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day  
A low sweet prelude finds its way;  
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore;  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

---

---

Correspondence.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN'S TESTIMONY.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—As I am not in the habit of taking anything for granted, without what appear to me adequate reasons for so doing;—and, as I was not satisfied with the bare assertion that Professor De Morgan, the eminent living mathematician, had really lent the sanction of his great name to these so-called delusions (of modern Spiritualism), I some months back wrote him a letter on the subject of the book *From Matter to Spirit*, published anonymously in 1863, and received from him the following reply:—

A. B. Tietkens, Esq.

91, Adelaide Road, N.W.,  
April 3rd, 1868.

Sir,—It never has been any secret that the book "*From Matter to Spirit*" was written by *my wife*, and the *preface* by *myself*.

For the last two years, I think, Longman has advertized our names. I vouch, of course, for the facts mentioned in detail at the end of the preface; but there are some in the book of the truth of which my knowledge is personal. And of nearly all I can testify that I heard them long before they were printed, and that they did not *grow*.

Yours faithfully,

A. DE MORGAN.

So then here we have a living philosopher who tells us, after 15 years of investigation of these phenomena, and patient consideration of their bearing, "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard in a manner, which should make unbelief impossible, things *called* Spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

Such evidence as this, in connection with that of Mr. Varley, Mr. Wallace, and a host of other scientific witnesses, is very significant of the fact that although Professor De Morgan's facts did not grow in the telling, Spiritualism is growing apace.

A. B. TIETKENS.

### A FEW FACTS IN SPIRITUALISM.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—In your July number I gave an account of my first experiences in Spiritualism, and offered to communicate any further results of my inquiry into the subject. Since then, my friend the Rev. F. R. Young has visited America, and come back a healing medium. During his stay in America I was permitted to recognise him in the crystal, and each day to witness some event in his history; the hour of landing and embarking was most minutely given. These facts were authenticated by a comparison of notes on his return. The portrait of Dr. Newton I at once recognised, as that of the person who had laid hands upon Mr. Young. Such manifestations as tipping, rapping, writing, have been going on continuously.

About a fortnight ago sounds began in my bed room and in other parts of the house as of a person ascending and descending the stairs. At times the room became half illuminated. Thinking that it might be some departed member of the family wishful to speak to me, I placed a slate and pencil on the table. The next morning I found a flourished circle, in which could fairly be traced the name of a very dear relative. Lights and sounds are nightly seen and heard by us between the hours of twelve and three, they are often most beautiful and pleasant. Our little circle has gained some power in medium writing, for at the Rev. F. R. Y.'s retreat for Spiritualists there is a medium, whose communications are appearing in *Daybreak*. Our messages are not very lengthy at present, still they have been very comforting to friends for whom they were given, and perhaps as much as we can bear.

After some signal manifestations on Monday last—September 28th—I received a letter from an unknown hand, apprising me of the death of my mother, alleging that she had been killed. I immediately telegraphed to my friends in North Staffordshire, but pending the answer, I consulted the spirits and obtained an answer in the negative, which was confirmed by a telegram subsequently received. I may say that I have been entranced several times, but have not had many satisfactory moments to myself at those seasons, as I am not able to remember what I say or see.

A few evenings ago I was taken into the higher spheres, where sights and sounds the most ravishing greeted me. So grand was the burst of harmony from the great multitude forming the celestial choir, and so grand was the sight. And whilst I heard in rapture, I could only look in wonder, bow in silence, and adore. When I awoke, I found myself in a state of intense perspiration, cold as death, and tears coursing down my cheek.

I cannot say how much this agrees with spirit manifestations in general. I have not, nor have my friends, sought to establish any theory in respect to it. We have the facts, faithfully and honestly attested, which I shall most jealously guard. Meantime, I leave theory to bolder speculators, and such as delight in projecting theories. This I can say, that it has banished doubt and revealed the heaven which lies so near to all of us, and has enabled us to hold communion with those, not lost, but gone before.

W. BANKS.

2, Providence Road, Swindon, Wilts.